

**Into the Looking Glass of the  
Problem of Pain**

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**In Gratitude too my parents**

# The Problem of Pain: An Essay on Theodicy

**Introduction:** As I stare into the abyss, the abyss stares back into me and I am full of remorse. I am an amateur apologist and even worse off theologian yet I feel a need to write an essay on the most difficult of theological issues, that of pain. In pain is the resurrection, the resurrection of a dead author by his creation, in the library between reality and the mythical, that of the overseeing, omnipotent eye of random chance. In random chance is the holistic whole of Hegelian dogma and Kantian imperatives. This is not a man creating himself into a voodoo doll, pretending to overdose himself with mountains of heroin in the room, only to self-discover that he is not the antichrist while his comrade takes the battery out of the hospital monitor. Making someone glitch into the equation of  $E=MC^2$  \*  $S=Q(1/T2-1/T1)$ . In the hypothesis of the law of thermodynamics, being turned into the consciousness of probability comes the rail tracking of the abused mind by trying to reverse discord, that of disorder, into order, the animate, into the inanimate of rocks and the reversal

of a VCR tape as if it is to be found in the pornographic images covering up the senior prom, not only is it possible for libertarian free will but one must decide what is truly possible to reconcile in this world without going into pseudo-science or the verse of the magical, the magicians conjuring as they make wine into water. We are sentient beings, and I believe to understand the problem of pain we must discover that we are sentient beings in the greater biological organism that is the corporative state of nature. The sphere that is everywhere and the circumference of nowhere as in the words of pascal will not show up, as time itself is not circular but transparent, a figure of speech, a random conglomeration of events as if it was a collogue on Pinterest. The tiger devours me, yet I am the tiger, the raging river drowns me, yet I am the river, time flows through me, yet I am time, I am the stillness of a leaf in a puddle, as the child splits the earth worm only to discover gene splicing. Know thyself.

- 1. Who is GOD?**
- 2. What is Human?**
- 3. The Problem of Sin**
- 4. On Redemption**
- 5. Eternal Life**

## 1. Who is GOD?

As any Christian layperson will tell you, God is all knowing, all seeing, and all powerful, the figure of predisposition in the fog, the archetype of the self-conscious, the figure we need to empty out our I to as he fills us with his I through the Holy Ghost, the feeling of goosebumps we feel when we traverse from earthly Hell, to purgatory, and then into HEAVEN, as the teenager traverses Limbo, the mental state of confusion, we can know that GOD is spirit and is never confused, traversing our landscape like the wind and speaking everything into existence through the word, through logos, our most significant thought patterns should focus on nature which will properly open up our optical lens to the majesty of God, yet the problem of evil arises. He is a loving triangle of the Holy Ghost, Jesus and the Father, he is three in one and one in three without

divulging in the unsettling effects of the Bermuda, yet he is in himself infinite and yet the problem of evil arises, from the genocides and slavery to the Bible to the deaths of children in the modern times, being tortured by their loved ones or having cancer, where is God in all of this?

Sadly I don't have the answer, the determinism of the brain in the syndicate of acting on the machinery algorithms of the neurons cannot possibly answer this question, as there is more to it than our nature or nurture can properly answer, the reality of the situation is that most of the pain imposed on human beings is done through human hands, the will of fate will have the stoic bow a knee and God is the vitality of the all being the alpha and the omega, it takes humility to discover that God gave his only son to take in the sin of the world so our sins can be forgiven, to the point of us

disliking sin so much that we can't help but dislike the unforgiveness of the philistine, the drenching of Christs blood in the day of tribulation, the basin is not going to save us what will save us is a renewal of the heart, the heart can only be renewed through the understanding that there is a light at the end of the tunnel and that wickedness will not be reconciled with holiness, that there is no need to escape because we have hope, our hope is in Jesus Christ. We are bondservants, our souls belong to Satan and yet Jesus Christ has us covered, we don't need to tarnish or seer our conscience through collecting deeds and wills in order to satisfy the devil but simply accept Christ as our Lord and savior, we do not need to feed in the blood sacrifice of legion by tarnishing ourselves anymore, but give up our I to the eternal, as the finite gives up to the infinite yet it is a part of it. God is looking at us to make a change, to make

a difference in our surroundings and step up, to grow up and challenge the evil of the world by taking on the flag not of surrender but of justice, not of simply category imperatives and making the woman bleed because she thinks she is a doll, but in the psychological evaluation of the healthy mind being renewed by God, God gave us his word so we can do the right thing, and the genocides and slavery were not that of the modern day context or even that of vengeance but of retributions, what else is there to do in the day of children being sacrificed, or the depravity of earthly sociological Hell. America slavery was nothing like that of Israel, America slavery was that of torture and humiliation to the point that the only merriment found was in the African American singing songs and dancing or that of fighting back like Frederick Douglas did or the movie Django Unchained. Israelites where

bondservants, just like in modern day America, people that were in debt to their creditors. This has been a trait of ancient civilization, that of the forking paths of the different classes in time immemorial, lets also not kid ourselves in the thought that the founding fathers based their freedom of religion and the state and their writings on their religious beliefs as they based them on the native Americans who were wise and learned to reconcile all tribes while the original immigrants were criminals sent to America that learned from the Native Americans only to be revolutionized and evolve to the state of freedom that we have today, not that of the bishops praying and hoping in divinity but the love of nature, with that being said we know God because he first knew us and we have a relationship with him because he wanted a relationship with us. God is with us.

## **2. What is human?**

I have always been fascinated with humans, their nature, their whims, their passions, weaknesses and strengths, from a man leaving Christian ministry to try to make himself the spirit of death by blowing out his temple, to the young adult not being able to commit suicide no matter how bad the situation at home is. We are traversed into nothingness yet we are everything, nothingness itself is an ontological something otherwise it will have no claim to be an area of destination, a noun as much as it is a verb. God breathe life into us, we are sentient objects, in need of relationship, friendship and love, yet loss, heartbreak, death is all good for us, we live through it but we don't need to fear it as it reconciles us to the stratosphere of the eternal. In pain is the tragedy comedic, the ability to experience life as it is now. As Hamlet said "to be or not to be". Yet it leaves psychological scars, such as a woman putting her child in the oven for disobedience, as if she was the witch from Hansel and Gretel, the statistical factual anomalies hunt the mind, yet most parents don't give up their child to the rapist or murderer for a lesson in reformation but

do it through positive behavioral methods such as positive conditioning or giving them the freedom to learn and discover for themselves, without the need to grow up into the absurdism of Camus, where Sisyphus is rolling up a rock for all of their life span only to discover the absurdity in it as the jester switches shoes the opposite direction and turns his pants front to back in order to devoid the monster of its senses. To that of the nausea's tic feeling someone experiences in existential angst as they realize that most people put on a face to fit their circumstance instead of being their true self. We must realize that the I is the biggest hurdle any human can experience in the face of tragedy, as I originally said in this essay, I stared at the abyss, and the abyss stared back at me leading me to feel remorse, there will be retribution to the unrepentant soul here on earth and in immortality, the soul will tarnish and be destroyed as the Christ said "do not fear the one that can destroy the body but the one that can destroy the soul", everything works out in the end for the believer as there is love in the heart to face any obstacle, hope for a better tomorrow and faith that today will handle itself. The delusional nature of mankind is to be feared yet there is friendship within

each one of us and within us as we are reconciled with God.

I will list here some descriptions of archetypes that face the face of evil and pain, here, from my many years of watching people.

1. Bondage: being bound or subjected to external power or control; physically restricting others.
2. Justice: administrating of deserving punishment or reward; a systematic mind that believes in punishing those who deserve it.
3. Brutality: Reckless administrating of pain or abuse of power
4. Delusion: Willfully propagating or believing false truths, lies, deception.
5. Depravity: Moral corruption or wickedness
6. Curiosity: An obsession with something, or how it is achieved
7. Celibacy: The practice from refraining from premarital or all sexual intercourse
8. Dependence: inability to operate without the help of another, inability to escape from such a relationship.
9. Misery: A state of great unhappiness and emotional distress. Sorrow and pity.

10. Masochism: desire to be abused by others, delight in being tormented
11. Languor: inertia, always tired
12. Glutton: People that seek an excess in physical goods such as food, or alcohol.
13. Clairvoyance: That guy or that girl, rapidly gaining self-discipline and success.
14. Aesthetician: The need to be aesthetically appealing.

Now you may be able to see many of this description or a single one that comes to mind in describing you, for me personally it is celibacy, justice, bondage and delusion, whatever yours is God's blood can redeem you and change you renew you from the inside out to a healthier whole person one of love and joy. The question rests now what we must be saved from and that is what the next part will go into that of the problem of sin. We go through a process of purification from that of impulse, hatred, reality, softening, fusion, and finally reconciliation with nature, one another, ourselves and with God.

### **3. What is Sin or the problem of Sin:**

Sin may be defined in two different ways either that of transgression against God or that of missing the mark. It comes from the story of Adam and Eve, when the first humans decided to eat from the tree of good and evil rendering them from free spirit discoverers discovering that water goes downstream, and that reptiles lay eggs, to sentient beings, beings that are now capable of reflecting and seeing into the seascape of the abyss, not only into discovery and hard work but that of being capable of being evil. Rather this epic story is seen in the literal contextual lens or mythology, if the latter we can say that the notion of evil or sin came with the mitochondria eve, and sin with the priests of a tribe of prehuman ancestors and latter on in the whim to please the discovered gods from fire or to give them rain. I take the literal view of creationism, but as can be discovered sin comes from the notion of good and evil, an animal lives by its laws, by the law of nature, and even if a lion can speak to us in human language we would not be able to understand him as Wittgenstein said, there is a language barrier between us and other forms of beings in nature, an experience difference and a mechanistic difference, creating a divide, and with us as the head but we are still a part of the greater organism that is nature.

We are the beneficiaries and the management team and we should not spoil it with carbon dioxide emissions and coal burning or poaching but nevertheless we must be able to commute and get around, but not in the sacrifice of others. Sin comes from pride and the curiosity of the God complex which the snake had and so does our inner snake, the part of the brain that lives on impulse or calculated malice, we must not be deceived by it but allow ourselves to be emptied out like a vessel and be filled by living water, or be shaped by the potter whom is God. Sin brings in the death wish, the spirit of death, in the sail boat that is life within the greater vortex of time, is nothing and everything, we have nothing to lose by turning to God and everything to gain, yet it can also be seen as nothingness will engulf and unsettle the mind leading us to become a tabular rosa, the reflection of the worldly, without a sense of identity, negative combability. Sin leads to death and therefore the cost of sin is the death penalty, it is a suffocating fog of cluelessness and unlove, a place where love cannot exist, since God is love, we need God for us to love, and the redeeming qualities of his sacrifice on the cross for all of mankind, though our nature is able of liking one another or even doing favors it is a scratch my back and I'll

scratch yours, with altruism mixed into the soup of life, but we need unconditional love and sacrifice, even to that of the cross which can only come through faith, the lions are coming, martyrdom of the saints in the gaze of the Madonna. Without it we are kind at our best, maybe even charitable but lost, confused, and corrupt, always willing for the bad and doing the good, we have inherent wickedness within us, the sin gene if you must that leaves us with blame and bad faith, hypocrisy if we don't go through the process of purification or as some call its sanctification. To become more like the image of Christ, through a gradual, grueling process but the yolk that we are meant to carry is made easy through Christ and due to his sacrifice and love for us.

We begin living by impulse, thinking that we are doing the best we can do and the right thing, through our inherent moral compass, God has written his law in every heart, the law of nature, when we fail, we become full of hatred for ourselves, and others. We wake up from our solipsism of subjectivity into objective reality and begin to notice the true stance we have the nature of El Shaddai and the earth around us. We then begin accepting forgiveness and realizing the faults with our previous rationalizations of putting the creator in equal

footing to ourselves and see the face of our sin for what it truly is and begin to soften up. We fuse with nature, our loved ones and ourselves doing what is best for the better good instead of rebelling against nature and we learn the truth of ourselves as we melt, our ego breaks as if it is drowning and in comes the new being, the Christ like being, the born-again Christian that will spend the rest of his life being sanctified. This is the gradual process of conversion, and we must come to terms with it and must self-realize and become more beneficial to the community by doing our best to be a contributive part in eliminating pain and bringing others to repentance, as Jesus Christ said you knew I was in prison yet did not visit me, knew I was hungry, did not clothe me, was hungry did not feed me, was in the hospital yet did not go to see me, this was paraphrased in my own words, the point is what we do for each other is and the least of us is what we do for Christ and will all contribute to our identity in the kingdom of God.

There is the problem of Children suffering and what we do with that, to tarnish a young soul, it would be better to be dead then do so, as Jesus Christ said it would be better to have a boulder tied around your ankle and thrown into the sea then mislead a young person, also

that the kingdom of God will be for those with child like faith like the child, a curiosity that can't be quenched, so doing anything to the maternal connection of a mother and child, or to a child's well-being in the Ivan Karamazov sense of human suffering is punishable with death or the promise of Hell. With that being said all of our accumulative experiences if brought to the hands of a loving elder can create fortitude and strong resolve in those that have had an impoverished childhood or life, there is hope in you yet. On the topic of cancer in a young human being, it may possibly be reconciled with the answer of God saving the young soul, and letting their lives speak for itself if not raised in the Christian household or receiving the revelation of true faith.

#### **4. On Redemption**

My childhood notion of the world was that of a separate metaphysical subject from earth, I conceived it as a voodoo doll that needed its eyes plucked out through the biological concept of the bottleneck effect. The Khan Academy defines the bottleneck effect as “the bottleneck effect is an extreme example genetic drift that happens when the size of a population is

severely reduced for an example a natural disaster.” I had taken the black pill by the age of eight, and by twelve used the alias soft dick to use soft porn to create hard-core proofs, that were anti-establishment, to fight against the symbol of rape, for the benefit of rape victims and the modern-day incarnation of Joan of Arcs’. This was done after reading Fallen Leaves by Vasyli Rozanov at a near by church library, that philosopher is known for writing in prose and trying to prove and propagate the idea to get closer to our spiritual side we need the idea of sex, in it. I was a book of contradictions. A walking paradox, an ever-evolving spiral towards the road of liberation, with the aesthetic of parody. I both feared and was fascinated with the concept of the voodoo doll and being able to swap segments of your spirit and soul with a life form, for example a homunculus to escape the pains of eternal damnation, and therefore becoming trying to become one since childhood, the idea of transfiguration, of the marionette becoming a real boy since childhood. This was all coated with gnostic turpitude.

The key phrase in all of this is the road to liberation or in other words that of freedom. I would feel guilty for desiring a bottleneck effect in the limelight of modern events if it wasn't for Jesus Christ in my life and the notion of purpose in all of the pain and suffering, which is up to each individual to reach the conclusion too, my conclusion is that of the events of COVID19, the antifa riots and the Ukraine war, opening up our eyes as to how we are using our resources and the events bringing us all together. Still the world remains 'Satan's domain, even though it can be argued as Leonid Andreyev did in his Satan's diary that man can one up Satan in deception, in this particular example that of using an airhead to trick Satan into thinking she is the Madonna, a loose woman that knows all the right things to say, and Satan giving up his fortune to the idea of being married to her and for her benefactor to be able to blow up the world of uranium, Satan is not a king without a head. So, if Satan's domain is the world and God's is the church with God having created the universe, what is the point, what is the point of not simply

pinching hallucinatory demons away or trying to control them rather it is our fear of them or to use them to our benefit, in the posh lust that is the simplicity of religion. What is the point of knowing about sin, and falling into the shadow of death, how do we go about life without feeling guilty, if we have inflicted pain on another, or how do we reconcile with pain, in a dark space of our mind, the eternal sphere which circumference is nowhere, the idea of God since ancient civilization becomes a labyrinth, a complex maze in consciousness? There is redemption knowing that no matter our history, our baggage's, the skeletons in our closet, or that of emotional wounds we can know that Christ's blood covers all and there is no reason to be ashamed that we will be redeemed on earth even though as the Bible points out here on earth through the poetry books and books of wisdom we will always be in eternal conflict with good and evil, there is an everlasting joy in the heart of the believer, rather in ignorance or malice, we may be redeemed if we repent, and we may find joy, to be reconciled with earth and man, and

become a shining example of the goodness of man. If apostle Paul can be transformed from a dead pharisee that persecuted and tortured Christians into an evangelist for the Christian faith, that shook the foundations of belief itself through an encounter with Christ it can be assumed that so can we even if the encounter was just with the sun's rays and temporary blindness, the soft gentle voice shook him inside out to becoming one of the great Christians of history. We too can say that we are bondservants that are redeemed through Christ. We won't be redeemed here, as a childhood story goes that I wrote as a child concerning Nakita, whose street name is the Dancing Devil, a woman that pretended to be wasted drunk only to carve swastikas on those that tried to have their way with her, which come from Buddhistic emblem of peace onto man for attempting to rape her or actually being raped, to warn other women about these corrupt men even if they come off as nice guys, they have the corruption of sin in them and only when they take full responsibility for their actions and sin can they be awakened. There is

no redemption to be found but only a noir semblance of making your own path, your own destiny, to the walk of death, only Jesus Christ can redeem us and redeem others.

## **5. Eternal life**

This segment will be broken down into three parts, Hell, Planet Earth, and Heaven. Eternal life is not a duration of time but living in the present with God forever lasting in timelessness or without God, without love. The idea of having to burn in Hell and knowing that I can be purified and go to Heaven, to be redeemed from my sinful self leaves me in goosebumps, I feel cold thinking about Hell, and then with the encounter of salvation goosebumps go down my spine, the art of transfiguration. In example the time Jesus turned white as light to speak to Moses and Elijah and the disciples witnessing it, or King Nebuchadnezzar witnessing a fourth man like that of the son of man in the fiery furnace.

1. Hell: I personally dislike the fact that allot of churches indoctrinate kids into believing in God through the concept of Hell, a Hell that puts fear into the child's mind, a fear that is not only unsettling but crippling but infectious, a parasite or a virus of the mind that can leave the young person crippled for the rest of their life, living in anxiety, and believing in God only due to fear instead of genuine faith this is what is coined as bad faith. I personally don't know how Hell is going to be, but it can be said that it won't be like the depictions of old, it will be a retributive place where the soul will be destroyed, a place without love and holiness as it will voided from God. It will be a place of darkness, a place for those that brought cruelty, asinine pain unto others for their own pleasure, a place that is forever in the present, and ghostly, ghostly

and eternal, a place that can help the hearts of the inflicted and their families, even if they don't want to be reconciled with the pain or forgive can know that there will be divine, sovereign justice at the end, a hope that comes from God, a hope that the sum of all equations doesn't lead to hopelessness, or that of religious poisoning, that of the cult leader speaking to his group from the grave but of a truth in sanctification and hope. In a hopeless situation, the two perpendicular lines meet in the infinite revealing the truth of the temporal human life and giving the answers that our hearts sought after her in this existence on planet earth. A light amidst the fog.

2. Planet Earth: We must toil the land, hard work not only kills time but brings us closer to God, in the idea of life on earth we must realize that

we must safely guard it, protect it and not ruin it but the eschatological sum will come from human hands. There is the question of people dying from nature, and bugs leading to illness, but both the bug and the person are living under the law of nature and the laws of nature are what direct us and control life, with the Bible giving us guidance through out life, and the ability to know God and his love for us and his creation. A great book on the dichotomy of good and evil in mankind's relationship with nature and will against it, the friction of conflict, is the Black Spider by Jeremias Gothelf.

3. Heaven: Heaven should never be seen as paradise for the lucky, as if it was trip to the Bahamas for those that won the golden ticket, or a place where there is only worshipping of God as God looks

down upon the millions of people soaking it all in, “yes, worship me, I did create you after all didn’t I and I loved all of you except for the LGBT”, God isn’t an unwanted party guest, that walks and pouts around waiting for someone to praise him, it is for our own benefit to live in thanksgiving as it warms the heart, and leaves the mind in peace, we must come to realize that Heaven is a place of love, and holiness and that worshipping includes so much more than simply singing hymns and playing the harp with angels it is a place to be reconciled with ourselves and others as we are finally redeemed, and in the ultimate Joy, the greatest blessing of all that of being reconciled with the one who pained with us and basked in our blessings, the love of God.

With all this being said it can be argued that we lose consciousness after death and reverberate to a life like the one we had before we came to earth, that the animation of the heart stops, and all is back into the abyss, yet the spirit is discovered in the blood, the life form of man kind soaks the ground and we say as Cain did “am I my brother’s benefactor?” I believe in eternal life, with the same conviction that I believe infinity exists between one and two.

**Conclusion:**

The problem of pain comes into place when we are not connected with God or think that the agenda of God is to bring in pain to ourselves, to another or nature, if it is not biblical than it is delusion, deception, that of the brain playing

tricks on us as we wonder on the will of our life, we must come to understand that the will of our life is to be reconciled with God, ourselves and others. Pain comes from being in rebellion with humanity, and earth leaving us to be separate from God, or better said the truth. Know thyself.

# God Will Provide

## Prologue:

“The key to understanding the wineskin parable is covenant, as was seen with Jonathan and David, or the Bride and the Groom of song of Solomon. Becoming one blood, one flesh with Christ through theosophy in communion, the communion of a dancing couple, dancing quartz, dancing under a street light, as the Moonlight Sonata plays in the background. It is not power but equality in a head and a body, love. In power there is Stockholm syndrome the bitterness, but in Christ love there is the grace of the dove.”

The Song of Solomon contains great love verse if not the greatest in history. To understand love, one must read the Song of Solomon. It can be read two different ways, the first is the glorification of sex by the Jews the second is a love letter between God and the church, a symbolical key in understanding Gods love for us. I believe that the songs were written by a romantic, a poet of the first degree that is capable of making the modern man blush from scalp to toe, who knows perhaps make his hair also turn strawberry red especially when

read by a virgin in front of a church or a group of women as it is concerned with mingling of souls.

I believe it was written for King Solomon, who had the greatest mind in history, especially concerning wisdom and being rivaled perhaps by the likes of Plato, Aristotle, Diogenes, Gregory Skovoroda, perhaps even Bakhtin. If they are aces in a game of dorak then he is a little joker, the big joker being Jesus Christ. Solomon's wisdom was found in zoology and marrying the foreign princesses to avoid war, seven hundred in total, only to be led away by them into worshipping their Gods, lust is the folly of the fool, as envy is the folly of the fool. With all seriousness, even though he had sex with concubines which are prostitutes or better said as side chicks he was able to realize his vanity, which included knowledge and toil, everything under the sun is vanity, except for following Gods commandments. The book of Ecclesiastes was either written by Solomon or a wandering teacher. So where is Solomon's wisdom to be found? Well I believe he fell in love with a certain woman, a woman who was willing to give her child away in order for it not to get cut in half while another woman didn't care. Through deductive reasoning Solomon saw instantly who the real mother was and

made the right judgment call, even the queen of the south visited Solomon with many gifts as she was impressed by him. He also built the greatest temple in all of history.

Back to the Song of Solomon. It is a serious book, I will be sharing a verse 8:5, in which the woman states “under the apple tree I awakened you” it is the only place in which she speaks to have sexually awakened her lover in any case, the fact that the Song of Solomon is in the canon of scripture, the fact that it harmonizes Proverbs 5:15-19 in commanding sexual delight within marriage shows that Sex should only occur after marriage, as Jesus says “a man that lusts after a woman that is not his commits adultery in his heart.

The Key themes:

1. Gods Covenant: The best way to enjoy sexual intimacy is through sexual purity. Following Gods simple law in this brings delights, sexual intimacy at its best.
2. Marriage is a gift from God and needs to represent loyalty and commitment bringing in the highest delights. This makes it a great symbol of

Gods relationship with his people in both the OT and the NT.

## **Chapter 1: Mingling in Time and Space,**

### **David**

“The materialistic space is a parody of the spiritual space. Play, create, and enjoy the divine spark of Logos: parody being understood as the dancing shadows on a theatrical stage”

Swirl, twirl, swirl, twirl, tortoise. The rhythm of time is that of a tortoise shell waiting to be caressed with consciousness. Consciousness being the biproduct of the brain creating random thoughts as if it was dissembling into millions of blocks of data, 0's and 1's, and reassembling back together to create thought, as is seen in the software ASCII or the though experiment of giving a room of monkeys' infinite time, typewriters and them producing the work of Shakespeare. Plasticity itself, electricity, created by the friction from the battles of angels and demons – debasement: the spiritual ecstasy of masochism. The brain is carnivalesque, a carnival of ideas, experiments and feeling just

watch out for the clown with a blue balloon in your dreams. I remember letting go of a blue balloon as a toddler and saying the balloon went to heaven, it sounded like a man's last name that had recently committed suicide and my older sister looked at me as if I was a prophet, in surprise as if I had just blessed a corpse or a house that fell on itself and flamed up – decaying matter. As we know the balloon goes up and comes down, and pops, as the Greek expression goes, Opa!

I created a mathematical formula that explains consciousness and how I traveled.  $C = S$  to the power of 1,  $(S$  to the power of  $2 * T)$  to the power of E. The C standing for consciousness, the first S for spirit, the second S for two spaces, T for time and E for eternity. The spirit being a universal transcendence of nature, creating life and existence nothing more than the ontological illusion, creating sparks and vibrations of magnets that pull the world together, the north pole and the south pole creating zones in time, nature and weather, day cycles and warping reality when looked at the face. The auroras of

whispering polar bear songs. If we were to sing the songs, we would tear the tower of Babel in half as if it was the walls of Jericho by Gods trumpets, or the tear of the Holy of Holies in the day of the crucifixion of the light. As my sister puts it a proof of the old earth theory.

Time as a spider web with infinite string all being able to be pulled and vibrated throughout by the spider, the spider behind time and space is no other than God and a rift can come out if snaps so hopefully this time jump doesn't do that because I can't repair it only God can. With each meow of the rift there is a day cycle change sometimes instantaneously. God and darkness, God and evil, grace and spite, the two forces that intermingle and create the timelessness of God hovering over the waters in darkness like a dove plucking a four clover leaf from the Ark, eternity is the shield of the globe that is ever expanding and extracting, retracting universe with the surface being Einstein's space waves to put it in my words, when combined you get consciousness, within the individual, within spiritual unity, and within the relationship of the

trinity all points to consciousness. I time traveled through connecting my forehead and spine to active currency, emitting electrify consciousness, and use it to catapult me through time. The most powerful AC was used by Edison to kill an elephant. At the right voltage it is possible, but it has to occur at an eclipse, it's as if it was God is fudging us, testing the principia Mathematica. Through Goethe's theory of colors anything is possible.

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1. James 1:3: For you know that testing your faith proves steadfastness
  2. Romans 12:12: Rejoice in hop, be patient in tribulation, be constant in prayer
  3. James 5:7-8: Be patient, therefore brothers until the coming of the Lord. See how the farmer waits for the precious fruit of the earth, being patient about it, until it receives the early and late rains. You also be patient. Establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord is at hand.
  4. John 3:28-29: You yourselves bear me witness, that I said, I am not the Christ, but I

have been sent before him. The one who has the bride is the bridegroom. The friend of the bridegroom who stands and hears him, rejoices greatly at the bridegroom's voice. Therefore, this joy of wine is about complete.

Jesus Christ is my savior, and Lord, the redeemer of my soul, and not only by the standard if my soul is a mechanical, talking, abominable snowman from Calvin and Hobbes, and as if I was to lick God as if he was a honey bear candy. Jesus Christ has our lives planned out and all we need to do is follow his commandments, as it is found in grace. Jesus Christ has our lives planned out and all we need to do is follow his commandments, as it is found in God. The love of Christ transcends madness and brings consciousness into the highest pinnacle of beauty we must allow ourselves to be brought up in righteousness and follow the rhythm of heaven to find Christ and be healed from all scares as Isaac was.

“In the love of consciousness Christ resides,  
I see the light, I am the light,  
I see love, yet I am love,  
I see grace, yet I am grace,  
I see mercy, yet I am mercy,  
I see justice, yet I am justice,  
What I am not is anything that scorns me.” –

Consciousness

Man’s fight with himself for the existence of  
God:

Spirit: I am god, I am now an atheist,  
therefore I cease to exist, I am a mirage

Soul: If that is true why don’t I shoot you in  
the back of the head to see if you truly are a  
mirage.

P.S

Isaac saw Abrahams’s walk with God and  
the lessons that he thought, these saved him  
from spiritual death at the altar

Consciousness is synergized into quantum,  
just like sex, starting at the sauna, then  
ending at the snow, laying, giggling and  
creating snow angels afterwards.

## **Chapter 2: The Young Faust, Olga**

“The beginning of the fall is pride, and the cherubim scorched the Garden of Eden with its flaming sword due to man’s blasphemous tongues, and man creating the carousel of fate with the tree of life.”

In the twilight of midnight, I hear a loud thud, a crash of something, as if somebody fell from the moon into the earth, on top of the roof, maybe even under a cow’s hoof. It came from the barn, I put on my slippers and went through the mud, I’m getting dirty, my dad will be furious, he has perhaps one third of his years to live, and I have still three fourths to live. He better not thinks on ruining my life due to this. As I get in the barn, I see a hole as if it was created by the four men lowering their friend to be healed by Jesus Christ. The hay has a reflection of a tint of navy blue with the moon reflecting in a bucket of water next to the large pile of

hay. It is a good thing it didn't wake up the cows otherwise we may not have received a full bucket of milk the next day. On top of the hay I see a young man, I ask him, "who are you, what are you doing here, where do you come from?"

He looks at me with a peaceful face which turns into a smile and says, "I come here to meet a beautiful young woman, call me the professor, a Faust of the time of perestroika. I come from America, I come on a giant, mystical green pig made out of devil's lettuce which I smoked and ate." I look at the eccentric man and giggle, "truly where are you from?" He looks at me and says "I am from Volodirnski oblost." I look at him no longer giggling but with a stern face "don't joke around about lettuce, especially from the Devil, just recently there was a man who was talented in all of the instruments, rumor has it that he signed a deal with the Devil himself, the devil had his way with him. He died and was laid inside the orthodox church with icons overlooking

and the doors chained up and locked. There was Grandmas placed just like the soldiers overlooking the tomb, either way they fell asleep and suddenly they feel a wind and the cross and the icons are knocked over, and the casket stolen, they scream and howl “oh Lord!” cross themselves as they run and stumble out of the doors. The deacon inspected the church the next day and saw a cabbage role where the casket once stood.” He looked at me and says with a shrug of his shoulders, “backwoods, village, superstition probably a phantom menace, a conman that snorted too much cocaine, the village drunkard in the church.” I look at him with a frown and say “don’t be the devil’s child.”

I think and ponder what should I say to this mysterious man that talks about lettuce pings. I ask him, “what are your opinions on God and the Devil?” He looks at me and says “God is a being with a God complex and a death wish, the Devil is everything the world wants to be, the greatest idol of mankind, a shapeshifter that mocks people

while having sex with them to be able to later transform into them.” He writes in a piece of paper Big S to the square root – (LR)squared little s squared by 2. S is for shapeshifter, L is for lust, R is for resurrection, s is for sex. He says this with a sparkle in his eyes and then says “who are God and the Devil to you?” I look at him and say “you’re crazy, a fantastical man, at the edge of a knife, the devil has his way with you. I understand the phantom of your imagination, you are boring me.” He looks at me pulling a pall mall, lighting it up and saying, “then you will find the moralist Bogdan interesting.” I look at him with eyes of bewilderment, “what did you just say.” He blushes and says, “oh nothing!” He is as soviet man, he smiles and says “how I hate the USSR it is the wolf from nu pogodi, trying to catch the rabbit that is Christianity and the best it can do is catch it by the ears or scream “nu zyats, nu pogodi.” Or a young girl begging a rich man for money, not getting it goes on too steal his

money that is hidden under his mattress and then burns down his house, truly the soviets are beasts.” I look at him surprised and tell him “well I believe that the Devil is the deceiver, the prince of lies, and God is like the wind, you cannot see him but you see his movements, he also puts his spiritual hands on my shoulders when I pray, he speaks to me, he gives me a comforting hug throughout the day, you think this because you don’t know any better, I know that God will provide.” He points a gun to his head and pretends to shoot himself, “there is the death of God as Nietzsche put it, if I ever go atheist I will cease to exist.” I look at him and say, “if you stop this, I’ll be your friend.” He Smiles, takes out his hand and says, “it is a deal.” My sister comes to me, and says “supper is ready” and asks “who is that?” I respond by saying “a half-baked mathematician and a hazardous philosopher.” My sister and I go back into the house.

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Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

“For everything there is a season and a time for every matter under heaven.

A time to be born and a time to die;

A time to plant and time to pick up what is planted;

A time to kill and a time to heal;

A time to break up, and a time to build up;

A time to weep; and a time to laugh;

A time to mourn; and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stone and a time to gather stones together;

A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to seek; and a time to lose;

A time to keep; and a time to cast away;

A time to tear, and a time to sew;

A time to keep silence; and a time to speak;

A time to love; and a time to hate;

A time for war; and a time for peace.

1. Space \* Time = Mind, the operating system, 0's and 1's the universe is a computer. We must

become self-aware; this is memory particles that create thoughts out of intuition and experiences.

2. At the point of eternity – the infinite, the materialistic becomes nothing more than a dream, a transparent sheet.

God is outside of space of time, in a world of hammers and nails in which I am an observer he is the overseer, the conductor of fate and will. There is a time for everything, infinite possibilities and God is in control of each string and knows how it vibrates. The only fate that we are in control of are obsessions that lead to catharsis in discord with the promise of death, being a child of the devil. In consciousness there is history, memory itself and the spine of world history is the Bible itself the period between life and immortality, the marriage of the groom and the bride. The finite and infinity and in between are God, it overlaps from one to two and into three which stands for the trinity. The Fibonacci numbers of periodical evolutionary explanations are Gods fingerprint. A divine symphony in which I am a note and God is the director of the

great commission. God help me regain my spirit, so I want to be a skeleton as I am one of Pavlov's dogs hanging at the Sistine chapel showing God to be unreliable. Perhaps the key to the spirit is spiritual ecstasy... the spectacle. An example would be the feeling a doctor feels when his is in the carnal gland, the mind to stab himself in the heart, the blood pumper, and not the spine, after giving his life savings to a prostitute, due to finding out he has stage four cancer without taking anything in control. Or a young woman after recently becoming engaged while having cancer decides to try to prove her fiancé's theory of the spirit by creating a sex dungeon and having her self-murdered in the brink of death seeing her fiancé as the devil. This ecstasy is stronger than the drug, or imagine a prince shooting himself after his wife leaves to Vegas with an actor. I must keep myself in check! This may be the key of consciousness to think that I and a friend are in amidst of the game of fugitive and playing Dota; fooled the school in thinking that the spirit is compressed, foggy air in a jar with eyes painted

on, a voice box, battery, magnets and wires powering the battery. As if God breathe life into a jar. The Homunculus of Jewish yore, the absurdity of being made in Gods image, oh how we grow up!

It's as if I am drinking from the cups of demons and the cup of God, as if it is a bittersweet cocktail, that leads to drunken turpitude, confusion the Bible preaches loving a sober mind, or in other words, having one hand raised to God, and another down to the Devil, being torn apart between the two spirits, as if I am in the middle of a tornado, stricken by lightning. I need to grow up and do what I came to do in this time zone.

We deep down are all rebels that must be obedient to God and not in fear but in love as he died for our sins. Even in a small province of the Roman Empire, even in small areas or people world events occur, and if God gives you a personal revelation you too can change as there is no one in history that has had an encounter with Christ and hasn't changed. The only argument is the mad man trembling "God is

dead, God is dead, and you have murdered him,” in the sharp tongue on the philosopher of the antichrist-Nietzsche. He had a wild forest fire burning his loins and what he needed was the peaceful flame of the Holy Spirit in his spirit, in Christ. We must allow Christ to change us from the inside out by rebuking ourselves with all of the foolish perspirations and ideas (a chicken without its head,) and accept Christ's will and vision for our lives. Unlike a common thought pattern amongst Christians that make them toys to be toyed around with the devil due to an obsessive nature, God does not give up his children to Satan for a mistake or mistakes just like a dad doesn't give up his child to a murderer or a rapist for misconduct, instead he disciplines us and not in the way of the professor disciplining his beautiful student by having her bend over the desk after class. Being born again is metamorphosis in Christ, the caterpillar becoming a butterfly and reawakening as a butterfly circling around the lamp light, as I become the nebula of my neighborhood through pen and paper, this captures the essence of

mortality into immortality. Not to prance on all fours for hay like Nebuchadnezzars goat.

### **III The Dream:**

“Everyone is praying, with a fire flame, coming out of the spines I walk outside through front door with a Bible in my hand and a cloud of snow rests on top of me, sprinkling purity in chastity.”

I went to sleep with an unsound joy in my soul like the rustling wind as the pouring hails hits the window, fear and ecstasy, full of sympathy, hope and shivering despair. The transfiguration of Jesus Christ as he stood amongst Elijah and Moses, from cold to hot, goosebumps.

I see the Devil and the Ryft holding my significant other hostage. I have cold sweats as if I am withdrawing from heroin, not knowing what to do with myself, how to save her, my mind is turbulent and made of confusion. I call king David and tell him what is going on and he says it is a miracle that I’m seeing this but alas

he will go on to challenge the Ryft and the Devil. He and swagger pull up to his house to see that she isn't there, that it is in fact the Devil in nanobots. The Devil says from his throne, or should I say chair that has absorbed time and space, "I challenge you". The Ryft sneaks up with a rag damped in chlorine and tries to make him pass out while snapping his neck. David's neck seems to be made out of springs and rubber. David chuckles and says "that won't work on me." They push them into the backseat of David's tinted orange McLerran saying "the secret place." The Ryft asks, "is it true you're in the KGB." David laughs and says "nope I am king David and swagger is my mighty warrior." They make it to their, make it to the secret place in the midst of the evergreens, in half the time avoiding the cops. They get out of the carriage and the Devil as well as the Ryft snape out of their chains. Swagger looks surprised and David looks at him and tells him, "They used David's steroid from what he remembers has Codeine, Windex and Chlorine in it." He looks at the two and says "the fun has only begun." David gets

the Ryft on the edge of the cliff and pushes him, the Ryft scales down the cliff and finds a cave, David says, “so you know about that, too bad it won’t save you.” The entrance of the cave closes, He tries to break through it but cannot, it is made out of Titanium. The cave walls start closing in and the center point seems like a rock with water dripping down, as if it is an altar. The Ryft lays down and puts his forehead under at the dripping water, as he is a nihilist, with a groundless abyss in his third eye, and I’m not talking about the one at the end of tail, he begins speaking with a low pitch tone “put the gun in your mouth and shoot yourself,” and in a high pitch tone “no, Dad I don’t want too,” again in a low pitch tone, “tsk, tsk, tsk you’re no son of mine, you can’t even do this right.” As if he is on stage playing both the parts of Stalin and his son, caressing darkness, in other words, chocking his tail.

The Devil kicks swagger with moves of someone floating on strings controlled by a puppeteer perhaps God himself. Spartan kicks him off a cliff but the devil scales

it up as he doesn't want to fall into the abyss, he is not a nihilist but a devil, a shadow of the world, a proud member of the Snow Queens free will. Swagger with a dagger ends up cutting the devil and tearing him limb by limb into four parts, each part being a hemisphere only to find that the Devil is a voodoo doll that needs its eyes pecked out, the voodoo doll staring back at him. The Devil has made himself into a voodoo doll, the circumference of regeneration through surgery, it was the creepiest, most perverse, haunting thing that swagger has ever seen. As if he was looking at a nobody, the Cheshire cat himself which is funny enough King David's spirit animal. Swagger grabs the doll and nails it to a tree, and nails a sign above it that says, "don't screw with King David and his mighty warriors!"

King David and swagger drive off only for a barefooted girl in a black dress to find the voodoo doll being pecked at by Woody the Woodpecker as if he was Prometheus himself. She takes him off the tree and gives it to her Doberman pincher who starts chewing and

shaking it, only for the doll to start screaming and roaring, “stop it tickles.” The girl smirks and winks at the moon, thinking, “what a pleasant toy.” The girl is without a spirit or a soul. The doll not speaking about the girl is saved by a homunculus which a creature without a spirit but does have a soul, it was created by using David’s blood which has copper, zinc and iron in it from eating pennies, spiritualized dice, compacted wind in a jar and scorched at a 1,000 Celsius. They run laughing in glee of their great escape only to run off a cliff and into the earth’s core, right into the gates of Hell which was more frightening than the month of April. He is thirsty for living water but the doll and the homunculus were prepared for the lake of fire.

I wake up screaming with tears in my eyes, and call Simon. I tell him about my dream. He tells me that dreams are portals to the subconscious, that I need Christ in order to be saved and I should consider doing everything the Bible tells me to do, in order to avoid my shadow, the inner creeping fear of death and regeneration. That I

must become a shadow of the heavenly realm. It was a dream within a dream. I wake up that morning feeling more dopey and tired than I did the night before. I brush my teeth, turn on the soundtrack to 13 sentinel's aegis rim and make myself French toast. The French toast is crispy and melts in my mouth especially when dipped in maple syrup and drowned in milk. It is salivating, comparable to being one of Pavlov's dogs awaiting its meat. The delights of the ghost of matter, living the gospel throughout the seasons. Pavlov was the God of the Germans Shepard. The crux around my neck is my philosopher stone, the German Shepard had a bell, and I have the Bible. Jesus Christ is my Shepard. As I ponder, I come to realize that the last nine hours have been a great metaphor on the texture of time in the being of self, I jot down some notes and go back to sleep. '1,2 is the transitional to 3.

### **Epilogue:**

“Within the sparkle of the eye is the depth of the mind, which transcends the blindness of the soul.”

I am sitting in the U.S.A as I imagine water coming out of the lagoons of Venice into the museums of the world. With the paintings being smeared and the Mona Lisa crying black tears, I come to understand myself. My fantastical self, the self that showed a finger towards the Goddess of wisdom. I have a needle of morphine on my arm as I hear the howling of the moon in the vibration of the air with a gun to my head and dilated pupils, catharsis, hearing the demon of White Behemoth chanting God Will Provide, God Will provide, how do I break free from its grasp, from this shadow, from this darkness, the demon comes to me and says you have revealed to me your third eye, the god of fortune through entropy, will eat any cattle for you, any enemy, any symbol or icon just don't cross yourself, as you people are like cattle to be eaten, from death, from the shadow, from this darkness. The demon comes to me and says; you have revealed to me your third eye, I am Mary Magdalene, I

wail and say I did not call upon you. I do not need you are not the one that washed the feet of Christ, no you are not! You are not love, you are not burning down the cross, I cancel my BPD mind, but instead accept the glory of New Jerusalem. You are the fake Magdalene, I will not shoot myself but will instead attack your likes with the “blood of the lamb, begone, go you, soul reaper are a demon, whoever you are, I will not listen to you, I will not live in this fantastical imaging of spiraling martyrdom of the green house. Laying my head on the Christ as John did, I will not be besieged, I will not fall under the curse of madness, in the merry go round of the mind where deck seeks in there is the hope of life. That a mountain may come down into a body of water and the house on rocks will withstand the crashing waves and the house of sand breaks down. Contemplating the mighty power of nature in the mechanical processes of the world. Lord you are my Shepard, and how I love the bride of the lamb. Reading the book of the lamb is like eating

manna from heaven, I am a run in the mill  
Christian with an imagination.

# Little Alice

In the wonderment of youth comes the all too wondering eye of the mirror, the syndicate of the all-knowing wonderer, the wondering Jew questioning the existence and worthiness of the euphoria that comes from the happy pill, go on take the black pill and become a nihilist. The wonderment of the regions of heaven crying for all the injustices of the world, as little Alice carries the chains of bondage with her in the face of brutality and justice, wondering where she is going. In the hells of life come the violence of not knowing, in the library of darkness and madness pupating the subconscious comes the all-seeing eye. One can't help but wonder if her fantasies concerning her teacher are of use, that of sex, betrayal and the tears gliding down the stars as shooting stars glitter the night canvas, is this all going to resolve itself?

Little Alice is on an adventure, on an adventure through the streets of Seattle, from the Bronx to Seattle in the need of escape in the hipster land of coffee and smokers, in the pike street is a colorful array of food, in the raging dictates of the police, where she beats them to a pulp continuously receiving court dates, in a drunken rampage the sixteen year old can't help but wonder

concerning the rays of the sun, with the energy of the big bang explaining in carnal words the creation of the universe, the word used the energy of thermodynamics to create and everything is powered through the tool of language, from the fall of Babylon to the creation of the tower of babel, time is seamless as she caresses it in the cortex of space.

Where is she going? She can't help but go to Alki beach and wonder on the ongoing treads of punishment and guitar playing as she spikes the volleyball, and joins in the mocking of sneers, the devils advocate, the language is powerful the dirty talk the night before has her hyperactive, the touch, the sensual sensation, as the machines are taking over, she can't help but wonder if this machinery work of life sorting people as if they're cattle in communal residence with drugs and sex is the prophesied word of entropy, the bottleneck effect as the churches receive free food she can't escape, her subconscious is suffocating her, the puppets of madness and darkness telling her that her that her mentor won't lead her to goodness, that her therapist will leave her into a dark place of unknowing as Sartre relays the nausea of twisted fate in the suffocating fog of the labyrinth that is the mind, when will she learn that the

religious suicide is not the only perspective to the absurd, in a world of witchcraft and terra cards she can't help but feel that new age is the hocus pocus of Neanderthals and that she is in her way towards the right direction, from the death of the leap of faith over the bridges, or the gun barrel she can't help but talk trash to the losing volley ball team asking new comers if they're any good at it, will the all-seeing eyes of the mirror maintain silent for long as she strives for a better future in the bosom of mother nature.

The metamorphosis of death can't help but give her existence, as if the reflections of the sun and the mirrors are the way to understanding the shadowy world of the eternal, in the going up to down of a balloon and popping in the dreamscape of Freudian dreams comes the all knowing answer to the eternal of the capitellar turning to the all beautiful butterfly in the seascape of life, one can't help but wonder what motivation carries her on, as she continuously downs psychiatric pills, and can't help but feel detached from reality, the metamorphosis of nihilism leaking into the mind and having her wonder on the weight of the universe and existence itself on her should, will she prosper or will she fall wayward in the world of planet earth, the

materialism of working for money only to live in her communal residence and wondering what it will take to get out of this little cramped area, a place containing a mattress, a fridge, a microwave and a laptop. This journey is about our Alice, will she resurrect her God from the death of nihilism.

“You can’t resurrect the past so don’t try to recreate it, you can only replay it in your memory bank.” Alice was telling her friend Ruby as they were wondering on their times back in middle school, the time was easier then the time in High School as there was less of a need to impress, Alice is a runaway, a thug for a lust for life, her companion is offering her a home to stay at, the turf of a local gang, the gang that was robbing banks to buy out the city newspaper in the city of Federal Way Washington only to become police deputies and officials, moving up in the world without getting into debt, the person with the influence of information and the power of information have there foot into the world of power of first, her friend Charles was telling her, she looked at him with a smirk and asked “if you get caught wouldn’t that ruin all of your perspirations of the super man dream of Stalin or should I say Nietzsche?” Which he responded as saying “We won’t get caught”. She

responds back by saying, “either way I don’t want anything to do with it, I plan on getting my life straight eventually and joining God will provide and perhaps doing something good with the short period we have with once I turn eighteen,” Charles responds back by saying, “suit yourself.” Charles as stated earlier has a gang of bank robbers, and have already accumulated enough wealth to buy out the woods in the surrounding area to bury the dead, was training to become a police officer and had enough to buy out the city newspaper for his plans. He had a tactile mind and was obsessed with chess, playing it all the time, giving Gary Kasparov a run for his money, he is eighteen-year-old and it is sad that he didn’t become a chess player. He has an obsession with the symbol of the perfect crime wondering on the lucidity of the golden touch, his crimes were perfectly played out, and he has yet to get caught, in fact he was planning out to buy out the newspaper after his meeting with Alice, after gaining ten million, his bank robberies occurred in all other states so he wasn’t worried about the jurisdiction catching up with him, and his call card was the troll face.

Alice as soon as her meeting was over started wondering on the light, the prophetic word of turning white with

Moses, Elijah and Jesus Christ, the prophetic word in the desert. Was her life worth living or is there a truth within her that will out pour the emptiness, does she have a bright future ahead of herself. As the quartz circulate in light she can't help but feel the photon is circulating the universe in the last game known as life, is there reincarnation as the Buddhists say, if so she would like to come back as a feline, or better yet is there the beauty of Eve in the face of the Madonna, the time crunch of joy in the face of life, in the hope that the turmoil will end there is always kinesthetics so she decided to go back home after getting a coffee then stretch, to gain the spiritual necessities of life. She ordered herself a pumpkin spice latte, and then came the nagging voices, "consume all of it, let it darken your soul, there is life to be found in the bottom of the cup, you can't but help it, gain bliss, the bliss of the sexual maneuver of pouring a battle of milk down your throat, as men watch, there is a beauty in Anna Karenina that the vulgar can't see. Devirginize the virgins, or better yet go kill yourself you good for nothing phantom." The puppets came back, "go ahead and give up on marriage or just go have sex with Charles, he did give up a place for you, look at the way he checked out your ass as you walked away, don't be

anything more than eye candy, you are just a brain with bones, fat, and skin, with muscles, either way give up on a happy life and the mainstream marketing life of marriage and children, or else look into it with someone with a bag of gold.” Alice responds to herself, “Shut up or I will destroy you,” madness responds with, “Then give up on marriage.”

As she downs the coffee, she can't help but feel like the voices are correct only to feel a bottomless pit at the bottom of the cup, at least she is wide awake. Is there a God, what will occur after death, she can't help but feel an empty pit, as she remembered the night before, in a drunken state she had gotten in a fight with a local resident and even punched the police as she was trying to pull her away, why was the immortal ring so potent in her and not in others? I am overstepping the abyss of silence, the precipice of death. As I walk alongside the edge of the street watching the people pass me by, the people with twisted faces, and drunken dollar signs for bodies, I can't help but feel a cynicism warping my reality, as I step outside of it in the wake of Godship of Adam and Eve, the death of romance, derealization.

Commentary: Life may seem like an abyss that is meant to be traversed, often sad and maddening, while neurosis

has us acting like predetermined beasts instead of free willed creatures of the night. We must gain freedom not through not being a mistakenly played key note in a symphony startling the audience that is watching, but in the idea of being free from the chains of maddening thoughts, thoughts that lead us to sin, sin being anything that goes with missing the mark, if it goes against your conscience don't do it even if the only divide is that of cultural boundaries and the nurture of the individual their surroundings. Freedom is not found in rebellion, as rebellion, or revolution will only lead to a new painted same issued canvas, but instead try to focus on enlightenment, in freedom of the heart, spirit, soul in Jesus Christ. There is a gift in electricity as well as in the power of secularization of the holy triad, but that doesn't whisk us away that we are either slaves to righteousness or to sin as Apostle Paul puts it, don't lead a life in confusion or being lost in the cerebral pursuit of life, but instead allow yourself to live a life with Jesus Christ and those that love you, for who you are and will accept you for who you are, the sinful will be caught rather it is in this life time or the next lifetime and we will all be judged and put in account of our actions rather it be in the burning Hell or Heaven so please focus on discipline,

focus on living a life worthy of eternal paradise. Instead of being caught up in the schizophrenic illusion known as life on planet earth.

# **The Snake and the Lamb**

**Abstract: I think there are two worlds, states of consciousness that rule earth, the lower plane and the higher plane. The lower plane is the kingdom of the Devil, a subjective, solipsistic world which is the product of the lies of the Devil and lead to a purposeless and absurd existence and in this writing, it is shown through the country of the snake. The higher world is that of the kingdom of God, objective world that transcends the kingdom of the Devil and it is where purpose is to be found, in this writing it is labeled as the kingdom of the lamb.**

My country which is known as the snake has succumbed and become a world of mysticism and the supernatural. Since the creation of the land, people have sought out the spiritual world. Some people believed in it through the presence of the bad, children creating an imaginative fictional world where shadows and crows are demons after their own heart. One poet wrote that the Angel Gabriel fornicated with the virgin Mary, and another placed in the idea that it wasn't Gabriel but perhaps the Devil, a blasphemous, heretical out view playing with

ideas, in rebellion and trying to justify their sex drives. The feminists of the country philosophized it must've been the greatest orgasm of all time, that Jesus was a mutated baby and the future of mankind's evolution through survival of the fittest, energy itself... Einstein's theory of relativity manifested in God and Man. In their prideful opinion it explained why Joseph was jealous. Others have found that the key to understanding God and the Devil is through sex. A trojan warrior discovered that he is a product of naturalism and therefore waited for the alignment of the moon the sun in gory galore. There was a cult of men and women who thought that their dead leader was talking to them as if they had the same predisposition of the disciples awaiting on snow white or for the witches cat to put the talking head back on the foolish man, there have been disciples of Kierkegaard who took the leap of faith and murdered one another and or committing suicide due to the madness of the situation thinking that they were animistic Gods and that it was the next step of evolution. This is the country I was born into where mysticism triumphs over truth, an absurd world of death and resurrection, or at least the hope of a spiritual world, one of creation and destruction, it is a country of foolery and

unstableness, and the more I read the more I succumb to the manifestation of what Jung called the shadow. Will I ever triumph over this and discover who I am? My name is Lazarus and I feel like the cultural emblems of my country and people have made me chase after something greater than myself although I am not sure what it can be, as if I am a lab experiment to the angels and Christ but thankfully as a recent heretic said the angels and spiritual deities rather made through yeast or something else have no reproductive organs, so thankfully even if we are to be married to Christ in heaven as Mary Magdalene learned he doesn't have a sex drive or crazy cravings. Sadly, I haven't shaken off this feeling since I felt the closest to the eternal when I drew Christ on the pavement ground with lopsided feet on the cross with a cigar in his mouth, in white chalk in a world of colorful Gods. Yet people seek after God, and perhaps it's for their best, they are superstitious and mystical, if I was to get rid of the notion of spirituality that plagues my country the best way to do it is through hanging Pavlov's German shepherds at the orthodox church, this will be stronger than a million logical arguments, it will wipe away the divinity of the church in its ritualistic ways. As an atheist friend told me when her parents forced her to

take baptism, I want to commit suicide after baptism, perhaps I am confused and have succumbed in destroying myself, perhaps God is the Ocean and time is its ripples, but then again perhaps that is pseudoscience, but that's enough with my philosophical drivel. At least you now know what kind of country I am a member of. My country is the root of all that is corrupt in the world, its psychologists were the backbone of Freudian voodoo art, it is the home of sex trafficking, war, abortion, gambling, economic injustice, irregular sexual relations and where the idea of Russian Roulette comes from. I am the product of my country.

**An excerpt from a prodigal teenager of the snake nation: Death and resurrection: “it will be in a way that symbolizes his life transcending him into the stratosphere of the infinite and making him into a God, like in the crucifixion of the mad man that preached the truth and undermined the Jewish religion and the Roman empire, resurrection should present the death scene in a way to symbolize the life that went against the institutions of this world. This will transfigure you into a God and you can say as Skovoroda did ‘the world tried to catch me and could not.’ That the secret of Nietzsche’s Ubermensch, “is**

**to transcend the church by rebelling against God through rebelling even though you came with the mathematical proof that proves his existence, you will become all too human...”**

I attempted to commit suicide after my wife cheated on me with seven men, she claimed that they were demons, and she was possessed like the woman who was supposedly stoned by the apostles for her obsession with Jesus. That she in fact is Mary Magdalene and that I am Jesus. Enough with this foolishness. Enough I say! There have been rumors that there is another country one which the priests are unfamiliar with, those that chose not to help me, an escape of this fantastical subjective country of the snake. One where we can breathe, one which is objective, the patterning of nature and could only be discovered by deciphering the eternal truths in the stories of the Holy Bible, and praying for salvation to Jesus Christ, accepting his sacrifice on the cross. An objective world, the 5% statistical nominally, the 5% that isn't covered by generalizations. Meeting eternity on top of the plane as I look down upon the country of the snake. Enough with the foolishness of the snake, the mathematical world of clarity is the one I want to transcend into, the world of the Lamb.



# Aloha

## **Narrator:**

Aloha, readers did you know that the word aloha is the greatest accomplishment in the western world, in a foolishness such as kindness, oneness with people and nature comes the shark to eat the hula dancers in the wake of the palm trees, of course I am being fictitious but what else can the word hello mean. This story takes place within the residence of the hot springs of the USA, the place of peace, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the happiness that was brought to us by demigods, the native Hawaiians with the wink of Maui without forgetting the pain that the Europeans brought them. A longing for peace, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The Japanese enjoy going to Hawaii, seeking adventure in a place of paradise, in a place of longing as Komorebi is felt and experienced under the ravaging weather of the island, Gods tears wash the trees as the sun glistens on the leaves with an overarching rainbow, fate is beautiful, there is fate in the wind the wind carries our thoughts from this world to the world of dreams. As the dead platitude goes “live like there is no tomorrow and dream

like you'll live forever" but always remember Aloha, show kindness to your neighbor and if they're not scamps, they will share kindness back to you as the eternal spiral of consciousness shares into your experience. Time is fleeting in Hawaii, and the sun leaves the angels and demons sunburnt, the burning of bliss in the wake of death, in darkness there is a somber light. This story is about a girl and her brother named Malina and Austin, foreigners in a multicultural state. Austin was rough, tough, a kid in the dark. An artist of discord, who thrived on destruction, in it he found bliss, a fix, he was as Freud coined it a product of id, a clockwork orange, beautiful in the outside but mechanical in the inside always wanting to feel a rush, a sensation to escape from his mundane life, the sensational feeling a pyro gets from setting a flag on fire. When he was in Texas, and a teacher told him that he will never be successful, he left the class, went to the gym found a baseball bat and walked to the teachers lot, with flies flying in the humid air he smashed the windows of all of the cars without regard to the fact that teachers are poor. While he was doing this, he sang horrible kids look at what you've done, dancing and smirking, screaming obscenities, he wanted to get his

point across, to make a say against all the bureaucratic fashions of the pedagogy wanting to escape what he felt was a prison that they have put him in. He was a fly in a spider web, the teacher checkmated him and Austin got expelled, only to become a thug with a lust for heroine, after the family moved to Hawaii he became a fan of Beethoven 9th symphony and learned to surf, during the day he surfed and during the night he partook in violent activity always seeking his next fix, the madness within as time crushed the beach with every wave in the internal expansion of consciousness. He wanted a cause to fight for, but he found a poetic rush in destroying himself, his thoughts were exalted by classical music as he took in the needle, he wanted to be a benefactor of humanity, but ended up being an observer, a product of discord with only classical music to make him feel exalted. Malina during this time was a store clerk and going to university for Social work, the word Aloha gave new meaning to her life and her perspective on humans, the depths of her heart were never so deep, as it was during this time, she would seek out remedies for her customers, even buying them herself, to help those that are sick knowing that she is showing kindness and hope, learning from the natives, she snorkeled, never touching

a turtle and respecting the habitat of the fish she was against all of those that littered on the beach always cleaning up the beer bottles and the soda plastic rings in fear that it will kill the colorful fish or the playful dolphins. She read books on Polynesian mythology without falling into Jonah's mistake, through Aloha she was saved and prayed every day that her brother Austin will also be saved.

**Austin:**

I am a hamster stuck in a loop of pride and destruction, a servant of hell as the angels sing of the birth of Christ. It is as if I am walking around with a case of my mom's ashes and using it as if it was snuff... I put the blame on the abusive alcoholic, the bastard was my biological father. He was selfish, hollow and mad, obsessed with his wife's death he went on to become an alcoholic, and looked at me as if I was less than human, as if I was a dog to be beat. He took out his anger on me and sadly it seems to me as if I am becoming like him, a generational curse, and I hate it. I wish I was better, more well balanced, not diseased, I sometimes cut myself to feel emotions, life seems to me to be nothing more than a fleeting desire. My sister took off after my mom, she is the kindest person I know, unlike me she is not a

skeleton, she is a lively person that is infinitely charming, a figure of God-man, while I am a figure of man-God, she is of rare beauty, a person with a cause to live for, something I can only wish for. She brightens my day whenever I see her but alas all I have is drugs, and the Waikiki beach. I'm damned, a figure predisposed for sin, while she in the other hand thinks she is a big sinner when in reality she is a diamond. These are my thoughts as I currently ride this carousel known as reality. I told this to a prostitute that I had sex with at the beach under the moonlight with tears in my eyes. As we looked at the stars decorate the sky she pondered and said "you think this way because you forget about Aloha" She hugged me and left without receiving payment, this was like a dagger to my pride. I woke up the next morning with all feeling gone as if I was an etch-a-sketch that was shaken while having King Solomon's blueprints of the temple on it. Here is a lesson in psychology 101, I am a product of my environment, I'm dysfunctional, the demons may be mean but I'm running this show. Even though I'm a bit emotional I've never been a wuss. I want to be peaceful but this heroin has me nostalgic for my childhood. Women want me and men want to be me, I'm running this island or perhaps I'm delirious from the

heroin, perhaps I've had enough but they call me genius even though I'm on the floor. This internal turmoil is grating, morbid, what do most people do when they are in a rut, there is prayer, meditation, power of will, I have heroin. Malina prays and trusts in Jesus Christ, I think it's foolish. Perhaps to be ironic I should fool around and pray to Jesus Christ, since it seems to work for Malina. Sadly, that doesn't seem like something that would work for me. I'm going to burn this world without leaving a trace, there have been the Nicky Cruz's and Raskolnikov's of the world, thugs who had fire in their eyes, but I'm ice cold, let me ask you how many thugs out there have had drug empires, money is my sacred Aphrodite, the preachers may preach against it in envy, but no matter how much you spit on Aphrodite she'll never lose her beauty. Life starts where the church ends.

**Malina:**

I wish I was a little mermaid swimming by the reefs watching the manta ray and colorful fish do school as if it was Finding Nemo, while singing melodious hymns enchanting the fish and the passengers of the boats, bringing joy and uniting all. I will go to war with SeaWorld and attack the trainers, in suspense that they would feed me to the tired, unaware brood of dolphins

during a show. SeaWorld has a disregard for the Hawaiian way of life. Fish are friends not food!

I wish I could escape from reality; a beautiful native was suffocated through the use of white pillow made out of dove feathers; the linens white without a trace of blood. It happened a floor above me and there are rumors that Austin was behind him. I ask him about these rumors and he tells me that prostitutes shouldn't leave their clients in a state of confusion in a dark alley way with ideas of "aloha". He says aloha with a gesture of quotation marks. I look him in the eyes and I'm confused, there was a long silence. He goes on to tell me that his favorite number is the number eight, as it is perfect, symmetrical and that he shot in the eight ball and he shot it in too early in the game, that he was the murderer. This hurts me to the core and I stare at the ground crying, he tells me if it'll make me happy, he'll turn himself in. I muster all my courage, look him in the eyes and tell him that I wished that he knew the love that Jesus has for him, that he needs to redeem himself by turning himself in. With a smirk he says he will for my sake but that that he's not seeking redemption. If only he would've accepted Aloha, he wouldn't have made this dire mistake. It's as if Austin acted upon a story that a

psychopath wrote; it was written from a peer at our high school and I read it out of curiosity only to become sick by its cynicism. The story is about a spirituality based on sex and death. The story was about a mad scientist that created a monster that had sex and murdered the victims, the scientist lured them in through social engineering, and through this insanity the scientist apparently became the world itself, the devil, taking videos for the black market. The victims according to this deranged kid experienced heaven, apparently orgasm + death = heaven. In this the scientist created himself a spirit in a jar, a demon of sorts and through this saw the real devil. He used the money he got from selling the videos, bought mountains of heroin, overdosed in an apartment with his tongue sticking out and both middle fingers... as if that would have been possible amidst the convulsions, the scientist transcended life and became God through becoming madness itself. The kid claimed to be Gnostic, but in reality he was a devil worshiper, and Austin has followed suit, I sincerely hope that Austin will be saved but all the words in the dictionary won't be able to explain my feelings at the moment, he crucified himself

and needs to get resurrected, he is a dead soul and I want him to be a born again Christian.

**Narrator:**

While in prison Austin lived in self-loathing, he realized his mistake, that he the product of nihilism. That he had a pessimistic philosophy, way of life but he didn't know the meaning behind it. Malina visited him often but he sat there brooding, hostile to her and others. She did her best to show kindness and love to him. To let him know that he wasn't alone. One night he tossed and turned in his sleep with thoughts that the Devil and God are best friends singing folk songs in some blimp, after a while he passed out and dreamt. In the dream he saw people becoming with great pride, egoism only seeking for their own happiness, living, working, cursing each other and cursing the heavens with a morbid look in their face with fists raised up towards the heavens. He went on to see a dragon with a tail of a lion and a tongue of a snake devouring them with a laughter that can only be described as evil. He woke up sweating and ponders what the dream could've meant. He hears a gentle voice say that this is the end, that he is living in the end times with the destruction being the doing of humans' hands on earth and that he too will soon be devoured by the

dragon if he doesn't change his ways. He asks who is talking to me, but hears no answer. In the silence he remembers John 3:16, a verse that is engraved on his mom's tombstone. "For God so loved the world, he gave his only son that whoever believes in him will not perish but have eternal life". He poured his life into a prayer and repented, he prayed for hours that night and had a new radiance in his heart. The next morning, he calls his sister in excitement, and started the conversation with "aloha, Jesus loves you and I love you" he goes on to tell her the events of the night and begs her to forgive him for the difficulties that he has made for her. She responds back by saying "welcome home."

# On Joy!

**Abstract: Internal happiness doesn't come from the world but by meditating on God's word, worshipping God, and praying. Living a life of thanksgiving, and commitments, thinking about yourself in Gods light, how not to waste your life, and focusing on God's will for your life. This is what I have been slowly learning over the last couple of years. It is about being in peace with yourself, loving yourself by first loving God.**

People tread through the woods imagining the time of sir Arthurs round table, and the battles of those great knights. With fists clenched they tread forward like the brave prophets of the desert quenching for spiritual food and water. Seeking strength in stoicism and spirituality in the love of the Lord and loving the Lord, where are they going, where are they treading towards, towards what stream, towards what oasis, when only there are mirages, the palm trees, evergreen forests, water that can only fill their quench being an improbable possibility. Will they ever be satisfied, or will they continue moving in unison like soldiers, the holy martyrs, the nuns, the

monks, the simple people of simplicity seeking hope in that which is outside of themselves. Seeing spirits in the trees, the houses, in fighting the good battle, in the sun, the clouds, the birds, the fish, the animals and especially in the herbs and the mushrooms. Hunting evermore for a satisfying meal, in light, in darkness, in the evermore wonder of the imagination, but can it satisfy the soul. Is happiness to be found in these places, in this state of consciousness, in life, in death, in timelessness, or is it an ever-vanishing creature, a giant in which the ancient Ukrainians believed in and the fable told that the only way of escape is through confusion, by acting like the buffoon, to put your pants on backwards, and the shoes pointing in different directions as if they were Jerusalem's Jesters. I believe that we must fight the good fight, to seek truth in internal happiness, this is the question that I have been pondering on. I feel as if I am possessed by a messenger, an angel while the spirit of Jezebel lurks in my shadow, promising delights in the spirit of Baal, in masochism towards the unclean spirits, finding God in idols, delight in the darkest of shadows, in the sadism of pain and relieve, Jezebel is the whore of the grim reaper killing for no reason only in the objectivity, delight of possession and power, the

promises of Ayn Rand. The tyrants of old and new, as the prophets weep and seek strength in God, the dictators' lust for status, fear and the promise of the whore of Babylon, the conquering of nature and death. I have no reason for fear, for status, for power yet we all have the propensity for evil, as the Russian mystics have put it learning from the Jews, the 20th century was the century of Baal, no I have no need for these thought experiments, in finding the spirit through new porn industries, in finding the spirit in any form of Baal, in the hatred of Beelzebub, I do not want to be a slave to darkness, as only corruption is to be found in the death of the soul, in the philosophy of progress through scientism and the mechanistic way of thinking, we are all androids seeking to be human, to be natural but falling into social norms, in different ways of thinking, while we try to kill the God that left us with the paradoxical questions of life. I seriously ponder if this way of thinking is where truth is to be found or if it is posh lust? I have sought truth in this form of thinking but have only found that it only displays half of the picture of the truth. The belief that God is a mythical being outside of science has become the new stance of many of the new greats, forgetting humanities past, and even the

remembrance of the instinct to worship the beautiful, the majestic, is considered to be a product of the gene fallacy, as if it was ingrained in us by the Neanderthals, the cave men that beat women with a stick over the head to prove their love for them as they dragged them home and made them sign a wedding agreement. No I believe in science, I believe in human ingenuity, and I believe that the way forward is through learning more in the sciences, science is not something that is simply believed in but is an unquestioning fact of reality, it is the study of reality, but what if I was to tell you that what we know as reality is a transcending dream, an illusion, a cradle between two abysses, and solely relying on it will only prove to use mechanisms and not agency, everything may be the bioproduct of game theory, algorithms, but there is an eternal, an infinite that displays these numbers, the Fibonacci is simply a rhythm to the orchestral background, the God behind the curtains of the thin veneer between the timelessness that the prophet stumbles upon and nature which the scholars seek. God is the infinite in the finite. Join me as I push on forward with both fists clenched, unto the promise of internal happiness.

**Internal happiness doesn't come from the world but by meditating on God's word, worshiping God, and praying. Living a life of thanksgiving, and commitments, thinking about yourself in Gods light, how not to waste your life, and focusing on God's will for your life. This is what I have been slowly learning over the last couple of years. It is about being in peace with yourself, loving yourself by first loving God.**

Internal happiness comes from the multiverses coming together under one picture frame, the whisper of the trees melting the heart as the sunset looks over you at the beach and the doves fly over you in all of their majestic beauty. Yet this can be argued for external happiness as well, one coming from an inner joy at the face of beauty, and the other being the beautiful that brings a smile on that rose cheeked face as you see the spring blossoms grow in the end of winter, the transitioning of seasons, as Vivendi plays in your

mind, the transcendence of beauty in the mundane, but is this all there is to it. This happiness is fleeting, one minute we are gazing at the face of the eternal and the next we are pondering on work, school or something else that occupies our mind, our neuron transmitters can only be open for a duration of time before we become to overthink and allow our lives to cloud the eternal. What are we wondering about, what illusions are taking over our mind when we escape the present, is there more to happiness? Is it found in being estranged to the worldly, in the nostalgic as Lots wife looks back at the pillar of burning fire, turning her into a pillar of salt? Is it found in experimenting and discovering for self, rather it be hedonism or existentialism in the gaze of nihilism as King Solomon did? He discovered that all is vanity

and only God can bring joy. He lived a complex life, a life of wisdom and riches, a life of prosperity, a life that prosperity preachers can only wish to live only to find that it is vanity, rebelling in pride and lust, Job rebelled in pride and sorrow, and the prophets fell in sorrow as they saw that Gods word was being ignored, even though they found happiness in God as the birds of the sky fed them, God visited them, but we cannot control happiness and cannot stare it at its face as it would kill us as Moses discovered when he was only able to look at Gods back. God is holy, we fall short of holiness, we grovel like the pig in the mud avoiding pearls or the dog that goes back to its vomit. The holy fool being portrayed as an enforcer, a rapist and a pyro in the minds of sinners as they cheat on their wives thinking

that the devil is right and that Elijah was nothing more than a mad man. They fall into internal masochism, into alcoholism, opiate users, and lost in clouded judgement as they try to discover their own joys, without God I don't believe internal happiness can be found. We may be able to describe all of nature, the universe, the multiverse, the tree of life, the multiple branches of time being seen in the beehive but we are not happy. There is more to it than this, joy is defined according to Rick Warren as: “**Joy** is the settled assurance that God is in control of all the details of my life, the quiet confidence that ultimately everything is going to be alright, and the determined choice to praise God in every situation,” and by Gregory Skovoroda as “Knowing thyself,” a life of self-reflection. I believe that that they come hand to

hand in holy matrimony towards the  
bigger picture on what internal  
happiness is.



**The Delusional  
Side of a psychotic  
man  
trying to become  
born again, a  
satire in eleven  
parts:**

**1. What does Murphy  
the Frog mean to me?  
The adventurous mind  
of DOTA player, or  
someone simply  
sleeping on  
spirituality.**

I came through the archipelago, came through the matrix it is beauty being crossed. The dust and perspiration are collecting up as I clean it and anoint it, someone must clean up inside it so the brothers are able to pray. I was saved by continuously working on my outer being. The outer body partakes in sorting yourself. I am against the infamous “I” and I choose to be Ukrainian Green. That previously had fun being the coolest Ukrainian of all time. I’m the type to

try to make a dictator headless or strip him from his title while making fun of the life manual in a Saturday cartoonish way. Let's not forget about the proverb: to get through the day try to wink; malla. I'm a believer that enjoys understanding, experiencing, engineering and not forgetting my essence/ necromance. Jesus Christ as all of the electricians know can be viewed as active currency, AC electricity and which is used for not simply propelling your propellers.

Becoming Time \* Space.

The Frog nests in the rappers dancers videos, in a nest, in their butt with his drunken fly friend, the town drunk to only be called out and go on adventure down the Mississippi river as one friend drifts on the friend that in a drunken, allergic turpitude of prune juice fell into, on the right screen as if being the young middle schooler with a gum bomb writing a threat on the mirror and kissing the upper right of the mirror, oh blissful television, don't be fixated by the television. Spending that night on top of a red mushroom with white dots, eating from it, puking out his guts while his eyes dilate. Going

to sleep then off to another adventure with the  
fairy princess into the sunset, that too me is what  
MTF means, the adventurous mind of DOTA.

## 2. If I was a Republican?

RNA sequence is found in the tongue,  
everything runs on credit, bitcoin. The pin will  
have access to your subconscious, the miracle.  
To clarify I am an experiment sensationalist with  
no political agenda or party – I don't care for  
politics.

As a child I used to sing too “I love big butts and  
cannot lie” but there is something more  
important to a person's essence than first looks.  
The essence of the prophet is scripture – the  
highest pinnacle/gift to humanity. My problem  
was that I was the sleeping guy, sleeping life  
away, puking out drugs, robotripping, sleeping  
on drugs, I wanted to rest in a big butt with the  
town drunk, puff out colorful colors, rest, sleep,  
and whistle not in the sexual way but in the  
slothful sinful way, live like there is no  
tomorrow. As if I was a house – if I was a  
republican. Then guide two pistols into the  
witch's eyes, Sulphur and gun powder have salt  
and fire in them, as well as speed and flames.  
Then go river rafting on the biggest drunk in the  
river friend with a friend, the three amigos, the

soul, the spirit and the flesh. The small guy standing on the stomach and me to the right. If I can have an adventure, I would go through a worm hole or too a glass castle, the surrealistic nature of the marionettes subconscious depths. Rolling the eyes, wagging the finger, rolling on the ground laughing, or the slow clap, thankfully I have no agenda except to live for God. Make the pedophile have sex with a pig in the tempo of Einstein's theory of relativity for thinking that I am the antichrist.

### 3. On Brainiac:

For anyone that is concerned, I am David I will like to do something in serving the Lord, anything at all. I am not a fan of rules, rules in general makes me feel like I am suffocating and leave me confused. I am concerned that I will have to pay double to my friend in fear of looney to be adventurous, or simply to become the town drunk. I would want to feel admired over to anything else, not to feel pitied or that I need help. I am overly quiet and independent. I like to make a good time and call of the time. I enjoy early alone time to think and write. My wisdom is Moscow. I am turned to reveal this information alongside the information of the superhighway in the stream of consciousness that is the internet, well I am tired. I feel like the Dostoevskyan Underground man and I am afraid of being a porno mate, in what seems like a deterministic world view. I remember arguing in a party that free will is obsolete and trivial, the woman next to me saying you forget about dystopia, so I said I'll show you a dystopia and got them all to orgy, and smoking outside while it happened.

The neurological emblems fire in scattered, unpredictable, random order. Instead of creating a legalistic coherent neurological icon there is a game of game theory.

I don't feel typical emotions like jealousy, I'm a little happy, a little sad just like a seahorse. A product of time that committed suicide. The boy jumping into the cold pool only to drown his tears away, High rarity is fine, truly, truly people have either overdosed and not come back, or died in other ways. Save through the death of sex in others from cancer, but all I seen in the metaphysical séance are floating skeletons in laxing, and people that need to get a life, it itself feels like a tesla coil that needs to prestige. I need, I must, caress time in the gears of the machine, seeing as for it not to get rusty. It all seems like a mirage, an empty, early promise. There is life through. From the remembrance of the gospel, hope will live on in our imagination. The cartesian Dialects of Pandora's box will not overcome, try to make a fruit out of nothing and you cannot, making one out of a hookah pen, and the question is asked, "who are you?" I'm to be found in the person of Christ. In the tenants of Christianity. The ghost of matter being the radius of nature, the power of the mitochondria

being the powerhouse of the prayer house. I do not seek complexity, and do not know how to show this in simpler terms. The blue balloon might float with a gap in the atmosphere and flip in the fog warmth of absurdity, pop, either way we are on the light of eternity. The eternal is real and it can be felt in the thermodynamics of heat. In the timeless I am against all scattered arrows arguments and persons that are a loopy de loop of ad absurdum or are a jawbreaker in mental faculties.

A is B, B is C, therefore A is C.

“you can try to eat a jawbreaker, bite into in, but in all seriousness, there are no issues with calculated to anchor you. Just don’t become a hamster on a hamster wheel.”

## 4. On Freedom:

Freedom is the Ukrainian sky, sneaking about in extradentary ways, to checking your heart pulse, as if you're in the bad circle, you, or jumping into perspective to get off a plane, parachuting, boot camp practice, and jumping up and running game. Something pinched you, on the biblical humor of the childish. Of childhood, tripping or recovering whole. Chasing a butterfly with a red canary toy tipping on your finger contemplating on the concept of still fate. Longing to be a romantic, a Diogenes, away in my shadow. The blissful winter building abominable snowmen and creating snow angels, realizing that God is there in the iconoclastic moments. The childhood nature of the inner child makes of song, shoot the devil in the back of the head Abraham Lincoln. Death to the Devil through Abraham!

In all seriousness in a world of colorful devils in the light of Christ, mine being the whistling devil. This is childhood bliss, the bane of the old grandma using stories to teach children morals. The safe haven of the freedom fighter, choosing freedom over to being on

chains, the on chain breaking out, unclothing the guard, running away to join his wife in the park, slapped with a popsicle for showing her his tongue. Freedom is found in the little moments, this of course is parody, a silly thing with truth in it, I enjoy being playful instead of turning everything into a serious moment.

Jump the gun (a philosophy I created as a teenager, meaning jump the conclusion) shoves bugs bunny's face into rabbit stew making him into grumpy the bear which the care bear then goes on to throw lightening bulbs. In the same cortex Hunter S Thompson spoofs a black spider making it into a snake with Catherine the great stepping on it with her high heel, "just you wait demon, snake, I'll squish you to death."

Have we evolved or have demons been nothing more than the product of hallucinations? Away with you demon in the name of Jesus. There are no demons when there is Godly clean over the room. I choose Jesus Christ over to paranoia, angst of the outcast. What are We doing, do we need the police? As the two men get ready for a boxing match while high on acid.

## **5. How Jesus Christ can save me?**

“Lord please hide the nicotine, oh Jesus Christ how I need you”

In a world where there doesn't seem to be a real atheist since we all question, except for the troll that sperms himself while watching a dog take a shit on a doll only to become chucky the doll, the end of the troll. This man has so much sexual lust that he is found to make fun of everything and anything. Even Behemoth, the cat pissing inside of a headless, laughing skull shows that not everyone can be saved. Make a scarecrow, make out of the first hockey puck out of the man, only to be shot into the goal, and out of the seasons warped reality, scoring it into the goal as Barney the dinosaur, flips of the children, and a child hood favorite entertainer jerks off in the back closet of an auditorium in a moralistic conundrum. The world brings tears to the of the

evergreen, with the man shooting himself in front of a church of the warped, psychotic, delirium of the pastor. We will not die from fear, we will not be terrorized, we will choose Christ over to debasement and defilement spiritual ecstasy from masochism leads to sadism. No God's not dead, and will never be dead. My atheism and view of nature was that of shooting myself after discovering that my significant other cheated on me with multiple weasels as I chased her into the after-life from the throne of life, only to discover that she went to Heaven and I into the purgatorial woods, pretending to shoot myself as I didn't checkmate her only for her to be sent to Hell and applying her sexual prowess with the principalities.. I was once a specialist of despair.

How do we choose Christ in a world where there is a future for a nihilist one that is more bound than in the soviet times, hell here is how, no matter how many times we spit on Christ he will never lose his light, he will never lose the shine of relativity, as he is the highest pinnacle of beauty? In a mad world I choose Jesus Christ. Pavlov's German Shepherds' that treated him as a God being hanged at church doesn't prove God unfaithful, only in the eyes of a child it does, as the child later goes on to carry a dead dog to the church in

Twainian school yard atheism almost giving the Grandma a heart attack. The Holy Spirit will reign and wash away your tears and lift you up from darkness, no reason to fear, terror will not win, in this war of religion. Jesus Christ is the Light, Revelation 22: 1-5: Then the angel showed me the river of water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and the lamb through the middle of the street city; also, on, either side of the river, the tree of life, with its twelve kinds of fruit, yielding its fruit each month. The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. No longer will there be anything accursed, but the throne of God and of the Lamb will be in it, and his servants will worship him. They will see his face, and his name will be on their foreheads. And night will be no more. They will need no light of lamp or sun, for the Lord God will be their light, and they will reign forever and ever. I choose sanity in Christ; in a world of conglomeration the question has to be asked what is a true Depeche and what is Moral.

God

Depeche |-----| Moral

Devil

Choose a side or choose to be moral, do not suffocate in cluelessness. Satirical perspective on moral dilemmas, giving someone sugar and having them rub it on the gum, say its cocaine, start talking slowly to them and see if they call the cops, or use M and M's and pretend it is ecstasy, at the church rehab with a model, make sure there is a sauna, as the crush goes makes sure that the person being crushed on has eaten fudge and pretend it is crap on the mouth, in the sauna pretend to take off your clothes with one more woman and as if you're about to have sex, watch the lover run out with the dilemma of left, wanting to join in the girl to girl action, right say, "that guy", or straight fall on the ground, roll and laugh as if she was the Biblical Sarah, the guy with the fudge is the one who created the moral dilemma, watch as all laugh hysterically, at the idea of the cops being called due to supposed defilement of the Church.

Everyone is lovely, although they may be subconsciously worshipping the principalities of darkness. Science is awesome, tech is awesome, imagination is awesome, the future is awesome, fear is not. If you have fear in you as I did choose Christ. I had fear because I went to a party, took psychedelics, went

into a bad trip and saw the devil staring back at me in the mirror, asking him, “why are you wearing a Devil suit?” Being asked back, “why are you wearing a human suit,” angst from being a virgin! We must realize this so why choose Christ if we’re out of religious persecution, the dealing of a manikin that can talk?

We choose Christ because he saves us from death. The gentleman says after entering into VIP,” Leonid Andreyev is paying, he is immortal,” and the waitress responds back by saying “Andreyev is dead, puff up the cash or begone before I cross you.” In a world where God seems to play with dice, we must realize there is freedom in the resurrection of Christ. I choose freedom; therefore, I choose Christ, it is simply a choice. I choose to be Christian, and live with a good moral fiber. I choose to be Christian, because God died on the cross for me and resurrected on the third day.

**As I release out existential angst by shooting the Wild Imagination spray painted on my wall “wi-wi.”  
Always on my feet, do not succumb to hatred, I love wild imagination.**

It is as simple as the betrayal of relativist by Apostle Peter and I question, freedom in discipline. Do not be a Judah betraying Jesus with a cold kiss and then hanging himself, if anything chose to be like Peter who acted in the wrong but was at least positivistic for repentance.

“So, when they went back to shore Jesus said to Simon Peter, “Simon, do you love me more than these?” He said to him, “yes, Lord almighty God, you know that I love you.” He said to him, “feed my lambs.” He said to him again a second time, “Simon, do you love me?” He said to him, “yes Lord you know that I love you.” He said to him, “tend my sheep.” He said a third time, “Simon, do you love me?” And he said to him, “Lord, you know all things you know that I love you”, Jesus said to him, “feed my sheep.” Most assuredly, I say to you, when you were younger you girded yourself and where you wished, but when you have grown old, you will watch out yourself, and another will you and carry you, where you do not wish to go.” This he spoke, signifying, who, then glorify the world of God. And when he spoke, he said to him, “follow me.”

**Do not become another statistic of lust, go straight up.**

If you die and go to heaven and meet someone from early childhood and they ask, “what did you do for Christ; the truth.” Would you be too embarrassed to answer? Do not waste your life away. Christianity isn’t as simple as learning a bunch of penalties and then using the blood gained from eating a bunch of pennies to create inorganic life, it is about keeping yourself pure from the debased, no more playing at God and instead choose Truth. There is a God and be thankful that it is a choice and that you’re not being baptized in the blood of the cherubim, but in living water. As a couple has sex in the woods next to Baptism, or a teenager contemplating making the news by blowing out their brains after being baptized and almost doing it after baptism, the prophetic dreams of the harmonizing up and another about showing and making the headlines after all this isn’t the time of Corinth. We live in a rational, moral, time were sin is done in secret so do not become a pharisee or an unforgiving philistine. I choose to be a moral, rational, Christian for Gods kingdom. I choose love not suffering. We can know Christianity by what it’s not. Let’s make memories at bonfires, moonlight walks on the beach, and fellowship through worship. Let’s build a relationship with Christ. To get me to stop just say “just stop it.”

Being playful in one another's company instead of trying to be complex or creating complexes. I choose life in love, Christ. As he will allow me to follow my thoughts where they may lead me to and choose my essence it is a choice to be a true Christian without an agenda or complexes, I choose Christ. The Radiance of fire, the cool of rain.

## 6. Why I am a Christian?

This one will be more serious, this will be difficult, as I am trained in comedy- although I may not be funny. I try to be witty. I have decided to stop playing at faith, I choose faith, to be a child of God because I get and understand the beauty, of worship, orchestra, band, guitar/strings, piano. From what I understand I'm a quiet voice that had to hunt for biblical discussions. I choose life, existence, life essence existence, existence being the computer, the mind being a memory card in the bigger picture this is understood through the eyes of the universal music, sending you emotions through your kinesthetic body through physical sensation. The central spinal core. The reflective neurons as you look into the beautiful couple under the moonlight and projecting yourself into the states. The neutral evolution-memory-realizing we are the products of ideas in our environment but what utilitarian idea gives us to playfulness of the delights fond is the mushroom hunt, or in the hunt for self in the inner self deciphering their mirroring neurons, as if they are thinking their tongues out; people watching Oh blissful nature, 1,2,3 God beat the timer or simply pass Go and collect \$200 dollar in this monopolistic

world. V for peace, choose life, as the old philosopher was mocked, so he bemocked and confused into a 576-page book and comes to the idea that if a lion spoke to him in human language, he wouldn't understand him I choose Christ because it is my priority. Rudolph became a cannibal because he wasn't allowed to monopolize in the schoolyard.

## 7. Courage:

1. Nu pogodi was a satirical poke of soviet times in the USSR by an atheist
2. Master and Margarita was a satirical poke that couldn't be published at its time
3. Zabolotsky: Was persecuted and separated from his daughter due to not agreeing with the soviet school board.

Rather behind bars or in the natural habitat: the elephant paints the picture of its bars, the parrot of the dismay, the rats orthodox, the cat of wanting to eat the dog, as the woman pets the man's head and has him fetch something. What is your mattress in gnostic turpitude, mine is Notre Dame, specifically shaking the bell of Notre Dame to awaken Christianity, so the question remains why am I a Christian? From black and white, to the landing of the moon, to the Ukrainian woods limbo to having reached the people, and the power of the moon (electricity) their guardian angel. The playful spirit of Christendom in a world of predators. The light flies opening up the path in the labyrinth otherwise known as the brain, the king

tires to create New Jerusalem, build Rome in a day, by falling for all three temptations of Jesus Christ, the dollar bill sign; face of cash is the vanity of the golden touch, the emperor's new clothes. I choose truth in the world of raining Benjamin's. From creating inorganic life, to being one of the best Information Technology engineers out there to being gun powder, wanting to shoot down the angels not visited in the dream, in the fear of the desert. The bull selling its leg due to gambling off with the devil, snake eyes, and not being able to pay back its debt in collected souls. The leg becoming wooden and having its tongue cut out only for it to be sown back together. Let's choose hard work, the honest life over to a life of smoking Cigars and gambling.

"Do not store your treasures in Earth but in heaven where it counts." Otherwise you'll be holding a gun due to suicidal ideation. The God complex is debased to the point of offering the debasement, as if you think there is cherubim in a closet and you call it Heaven and want to go to Hell. Well let me admit something, Dante was

wrong. There isn't such a thing as  
limbo/purgatory. Evening, the whole word for a  
leech only for her to prostitute herself and you  
those who murdered her all over again,  
Nietzsche, eternal recurrence, do not choose a  
life of banality, kitsch, but one of truth seeking,  
having the right motive without pretense.  
Choosing life over to foolishness. There is no  
reason for adultery and to drain your tears away.  
Toward away and to drown for firewood. The  
beauty of life is found in simplicity of eating  
cereal, putting out a caramel, mocha coffee for a  
loved one. Let's make coffee together and  
understand the soul. There is a spirit, choose a  
wise spirit and you'll avoid the satanic verse. I  
choose life in Christianity, and the black spider  
of the 1980's ocean side that found her brother.  
In Christianity, because of the simplicity of  
beauty, a beautiful life style in remembrance of  
the Gospel over the dancing flames of the  
bonfire. Drinking a cup of wine behind Bach and  
to the place of better understanding Christ  
sacrificed himself for the betterment of mankind.  
The simple proof that it cannot be disproved. I

choose to be simple over the cool, only a seahorse can. The act of sobornost in the family under a Christmas tree as an angel beams at you, makes up for it, reproduction.

A pseudo cupid did not shoot Adam and have man, but Eve or a seductress leading people away into worldly knowledge. I choose life, not the whore of Babylon, although the porn star was great, then she was saved. I will be praying for your heart to be saved miss. Stripper. I choose life. I choose the creativity of the imagination found in the truth of the Bible. I have a biblical lens and cannot be pardoned from it, after all you are filled with the Holy Spirit, there is no looking back, unlike Lot's wife who became a pillar of salt, you become born again. If you do, then don't be of the opinion in the context of Notre Dame. The vortex of time and space will not scare us, through the secret society oil, of brainwashing house groups through nanobots, nicknamed the oil of alabaster.

God in the multiverse, the past and future fold from a continuous progression into a single frame of the present.

Everything falls under one, everything is timeless, God is in control. I am a Christian because I no longer have to put my life into my own hands. Life is the present, a gift, God is the narrator of life. I'm a Christian because God has opened doors to us to celebrate. We cannot come into one body, icons – we focus not to have an agenda. I choose Christ because of the scene of the wedding of Cana. The woman will not be a coward, as a modern-day biblical Deborah tires off a mafia, neuters them and throws the objects into a honey bucket. In Jesus Christ there is life. The emoji spectrum of the rainbow, the beauty of Gods promises to Noah and the rest of mankind. Let's not fall into the drunken turpitude of Lot or Noah's kid but let's clothe our nakedness. Sin is transparent and can be viewed. I choose discretion. An argument against atheism: the atheist is like the wolf on wall street that puts up his umbrella because kids are watering flowers over him, as the moral

professor has a sniper pointing at the wolf on wall street. Argument for atheism: ASCII can create B/S, the most beautiful lines through algorithm, everything is algorithms.

I choose Christ because through him I see everything else, it is not being a clockwork orange, trying to be human. Machine gun blazing at the wolf on wall street. There is more to life than the worldly question of money. Choose mammon or God. I choose God over to choosing to commit the perfect crime, a bank heist in the tall order of the Dark Knights Joker. There is more to life than the topsy turvy nature of the tittle-tattle. Do not lend or wish your tic to be called one more month is peaceful. But in all honesty, I fear that I am an air head and that God is a Jaw breaker to be licked through, or a chocolate bunny, in all of the silliness I still choose Christ and to say no, no, no instead of his love. My love for truth and Christ began after I sat on a Black Santa's lap, as a child, after the white Santa had a peter. What I am against most is classifications and generations in the is why. So, do you choose to love the idea of Christ. It

starts with serving something greater than yourself and ends with the ultimate intimate immortality. I'm afraid of intimacy but Christ has opened the road to me. I choose Christ because he is all I know and want to know; I have studied multiple other religions. At one point, a Discordia, Gnostic, Shinto, Buddhist, of Stoic proportions. I only found truth in the Cross, as promising as the Elisa Wallan's theory of consciousness is. I don't want to feed into anything but pure understanding. I choose Christ because he helped me recover from the black pill of nihilism, in other words light of the snow of transfiguration through sanctification. I became a child of God's love, an Amadeus.

**Why I choose to be a Christian or better said a Child of God part 2:**

Christianity is Christ knocking in your door asking you if you are to be a child, freedom and grace, personal disclaimer: the biology of sexual essence in nature. I choose God because I saw his presence in nature, in the intricate patterning of the finger, the hollowness of the rock, the beauty of the trees, Christ is the Alpha and

Omega. As you gaze at the mountain, contemplating and trying to comprehend EL Shaddai, I choose Christ because I went from a spiritual Noir of seeing everything in black and white to seeing the beauty of colors, the attesting of nature in Gods divine plane.

I can be of list, the who framed Roger Rabbity type at last setting a lady with a tramp type of relationship as a kid, and dropping the piano and carving the body of a crime scene as my atheism as a child. But there is something internally more important, hope which is found to be in Christ, and the wife goes to Barcelona to chill. The healing found in the greener of nature, winter fresh, under the blue skies to be revolving at the body in the balcony. Human innovation is what parked my interest in life as a child of God, that of splitting earth worms and watching them grow back together, gene splicing, too that of discovering time travel while still maintaining your free will. Why do I choose to be a Christian? I choose to be a Christian because Christ first chose me. "I did not come to abolish the law but to complete it. I like all of my

children, but I want to look back to the past only to become a brazen idol stuck in time and space. My Gravitare movement in life so far love is boot camp, due to being through discipline, yet the most memorable moment is teaming up with the greatest of women while reading the Hunchback of Notre Dame at a college library. I choose life and to be happy in the company of family. The company of my father's family. I view all of my writings/music/ and stories as a place too get lost in, I may be done with the everlasting hobby of writing, the immortality of Athens temples. This doesn't hold an instrument to me, as I may be Mello, this doesn't hold an importance to me, Christ does. I choose Christ because he allowed me to heal in two warped minds. Where I believe faith is the product of kinesthetics, where body heat, atypical sensation are the answer of understanding in other words archway and its relationship to the electricity I cannot help but feel like I am wrong. There is more to truth then we can possibly comprehend, why not choose to live life to the fullest, the simple bill of the joy

of looking at the sunset while a loved young adult dances with you wearing a flower crown, singing worship.

You can't prove or disprove the existence of God but if you need an argument, I cannot view logic, amongst shadows as my favorite way of looking at the subjectivity of coetaneous. I must work on courteous, being a gentleman, not being emotionally driven. Not to complain at will concerning the will of the body that leads to idolatry, adultery, or choose GOD DUH VALUES. Learn to be build a house above all else, Jesus Christ is love, Holy Spirit is the best friend, and the catechism of God being Justice, over all else merit.

I was in need of a mechanical judge as I am wicked, power of character, have intimacy postulates, but I will seek Jesus Christ above all else. A personal vocational worship with Jess and the comminutes growing in Christ. I get distracted easily. If I start to annoy you please say "just stop it" or bear with me, as I can be in a vixen way. I willed my best in the best I can be for you. Jesus Christ is about a proper

understanding of the universe, or life, or existence and not simply about “evolving”. I choose Christ because he is my anchor, the turn on of Tegula Rosa, the key to understanding the rational cartesian dialectics of the certitude, I am into education. The misunderstandings of Hellfire, I am sorry for my sinful nature of greed, although I can be self-interested and must learn to focus on humbling myself.

I must focus, Jesus Christ help me! “For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whoever believes in him will not perish but have eternal life.” I choose the eternal because Christ first chose me. His love is incomprehensible, I don’t deserve it but for some reason he chose to love me, in my blueprint, a person like myself. I choose God because he first chose me in cremation. I would have become afraid to answer the door. He gave me one edge to delude my life to him, I was truly blind in my slumber. Please don’t let your best friend to pass you by due to your heart vulnerabilities, He will not disappoint you. God Will provide. Don’t deal with the Devil!

## **8. Why I made my father a Pastor – Why he wants me to repent for making him a pastor – Why he is my role model?**

My father is a great man, a good man, and a Godly man. A teacher, who was helping me think by being humble over due to having a dream of himself wearing dirty clothes in Church, in check woke up, I dared to come under the influence to the church. It was a question of saving him, from obscurity. As his fable went being a fisherman that caught a golden fish, my favorite of fathers seen as the truth, similar to the stick that Tolstoy had, in my case the Golden Fish was perceived to be a woman. Elders away to the third option is that comes with the will under Gods will – a love for

Christ. My Dad is a hot head though, inflamed by moral conduct, a true Ukrainian elder. I respect him and therefore decided to make for him a pastoral role. I need to bow down and say I repent for making a man obsessed with hats like the Mad Hatter into a pastor, due to his character problems and wish of not being idolized. I choose him due to the parables he shared with me as a child and the moral stories. I can be a jerk, I needed to respect the wishes of the cherubim, Dad if this reaches you, know that I am truly sorry and ask that you forgive me for doing something you didn't want me to do, in your modesty, Dad forgive me.

## **9. How does God Speak and in what ways?**

Jesus Christ helps me – I need your help – to hear you true voice the soft whisper in the wind of the desert, the voice telling and giving up instruction according to the Bible.

God is an unbelievable voice tune that cannot be comprehended, or understood, when God speaks to you there is no mistaking him from your typical thoughts, or from the voices of psychosis, holy continuously. In a Ukrainian place or to be anti-authority we only want to invade the greatest argument for Gods existence and then be vacillated on two or the Cristine chronicles. In the angst of the moment, we may just stick out our tongues, how do we overcome satanic anxiety, paranoic through cards and the whisper, telling us what to do, everything will be okay, to have us made into satisfactory whole people.

## **10. Don't make the Holy Spirit mourn!**

God uses prophet and interpreters of tongues to speak amongst prayer, within the righteous. To the prophet and make sure they're not a fake prophet, or you may believe as I did that, that you're a lie of atheism. Do not go seeking prophets, wake up, allot of them are not false prophets. The best way to conduct with God is through reading his word and prayer. Where two or more believers are God is amongst them.

# 11. **Where do you think you need a break through?**

I believe I need a breakthrough in better understanding what I need to do, and to let go of my past. Not to get nostalgic for where I came from but to look upon the present and live day by day without getting or sleeping upset. Don't go to bed angry. I need to let go of my past up for restoration. I forgive them, Lord Jesus please forgive them. I thank you for that you have done for me in my life. Jesus, I need your help in being more self-aware, more self-allowed, not to rely on anything but you. Allow me to let go of twisted legalism fully not to simply live by the law but in grace. Let it be, I need to let go of all my past except for essence. Concerning those inflamed prayers, it was a theory done through mathematics to better understand faith through kinesthetics, body heat, and sensations. I am going to need to let go of experiment sensationalism and experimentation for faith.

Grasping something not through the laws of nature but simply through what the Bible says. To understand the Bible for what it is and not what I want it to be. To separate Bible and life, separation of church and state, but above all else choose God above all else, in a graph have a huge circle of God<spiritualism> and a little circle in it for life.

I choose to be a true believer of Christ no matter what I need to learn to be quieter, more respectful of by enduement, moral fiber, and above all come to the growing in my relationship with God and growing with him spiritually through sanctification in a twenty-two hundred put myself in someone else's shoes. I choose life over to death I need to give up suicidal ideation or instead choose hope and healing in Christ, as I can't simply have all the sex in the world to throws suicidal ideation out of my system. I am no longer afraid of darkness or someone for Satan Strawn-psyched out, I choose Christ, Christ is my protector from psychosis. Therefore  $E=mc^2$  in understanding the Bible, from Eve eating the fruit of good and

evil to the resurrection of Christ, prayer is key.  
Split earth worms and they will grow back, gene  
splicing, the splicing of the Old Testament and  
the New Testament.

**18 rules to life:**

- 1. Don't have a God complex in creating life, or choosing death**
- 2. Seek Wisdom – through obedience to Christ**
- 3. Smile – seek Happiness in Christ**
- 4. Be Serious – take yourself and others seriously, by respecting yourself**
- 5. Be Consistent – If you say you'll do something, do it**
- 6. Choose having a family over to creating inorganic life**
- 7. Take accountability for your actions**
- 8. Choose to pray over yourself and over your loved ones, as well as your country**
- 9. Above all else glorify God, do not seek to be liked but instead live for Gods glory**
- 10. Choose the word over to materialistic goods**
- 11. Choose not to tempt or test God**
- 12. Put the world away, Satan's domain can fit in God's pocket**
- 13. Seek truth instead of comfort**
- 14. Have style and groom yourself**

- 15. It's okay to get luxurious and exotic, never  
put God in the backburner**
- 16. Be a Student**
- 17. Be loyal**
- 18. Above all else do not fall under the absurdity  
of Sisyphus**

# Know Thyself!

I love Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ is holding the finger of King Midas from turning himself into a golden slave leading him to be frozen in space and time, let's not be a twisted King Midas, creating the Minitours Maze into New Jerusalem, through the depths of Hell, Atlas will drop the world and it will crumble like a jigsaw puzzle only to be reassembled by death as a Picasso painting, the absurdity of the house of mirrors. Let's be anchored on earth as Voltaire's apple spins around the world for six days and lands on the head on the seventh, I will be anchored to the beauty of the nature of the Christ. The beating of the human heart is found in the binary of the kicks of the fetus to the rhythm of Mozart's Requiem. Let's not be an Amadeus in the tears of falling of frogs on the window shield, the pornographic image of the OT in the tears of an inferiority complex but let's be full of life. I choose Christ, I love Christ! You're the best in the ashes of sin is found a day chewing on the crumbs of coke, the silliness of someone chasing after cars, the tears of hope to Christ is found joy, true joy, the joy of Christ. As I have Satan packing its bag by rebuking it and sending it to torture those that it doesn't like, the childish maniacs of love creating and going against the

Holy Spirit. I dislike the vanity of sin but I don't want to see darkness in the night sky but instead the beauty of the moon and the stars, in Christ there is salvation and hope. I love Christ, love those in the need of the happiness of peace, let's be wise like the dove and be as joyful as Hawaii. I want to be a part of your world Jesus Christ, away darkness and allow me to traverse into light. I want to help those with mental health issues. Know thyself!

The insanity of Alice is that she is on an illusory checkboard board, and is aiming to cut a hundred-foot Psilocybin shroom with the Mad Matter praising her for her choice due to it being her un-birthday and the Cheshire is preaching the self-promotion of self-choice. She is peeing herself as the hookah caterpillar is rubbing himself against her smoking colorful 0's and 1's into her nostrils while asking the infamous question.... "Who are you?" All is vanity, will Alice go through a bad trip and scratch of her face off next to the hanging tree or will she find warmth in the great commission? We all have an inner irrational voice, please listen to your rational voice. Know thyself, live a life of self-reflection and a life contemplating on the fabric of nature and God. As Charles Spurgeon put it it has been said by someone that

“the proper study of mankind is man.” I will not oppose the idea, but I believe it is equally that the proper study of God’s elect is God; the proper study of a Christian is the Godhead. The highest science, the loftiest speculation, the mightiest philosophy, which can ever engage the attention of a child of God, is the name, the nature, the person, the work, the doings, and the existence of the great God whom he calls his father. There is something exceedingly improving to the mind in a contemplation of the Divinity. It is a subject so fast, that all our thoughts are lost in its immensity; so deep, that our pride is drowned in its infinity. Other subjects we can compass and grapple with; in them we feel a kind of self-content, and go our way with the thought, ‘behold I am wise.’ But when we come to this master science finding that our plumbline cannot sound its depth, and that the our eagle eye cannot see its height, we turn away with the thought that vain man would be wise, but he is like a wild ass’s colt; and with a solemn exclamation, “I am but of yesterday, and know nothing.” No subject of contemplation will tend more to humble than thoughts of God.” Know thyself!

# Favorite Books updated:

17. Letters from Earth – Mark Twain
16. Four Quartets – T.S Eliot
15. Despair – Vladimir Nabokov
14. Labyrinths - Borges
13. Satan’s Diary – Leonid Andreyev
12. Crime and Punishment – Fyodor Dostoevsky
11. Invitation to a Beheading – Vladimir

Nabokov

10. Candide - Voltaire
9. The Brothers Karamazov – Fyodor

Dostoevsky

8. The Problem of Pain – C.S Lewis
7. Knowing God – J.L Packer
6. The Pillar and the Ground of Truth – Pavel

Floresnky

5. Dead Souls – Nikoali Gogol
4. Mere Christianity – C.S Lewis
3. The Forest Song – Lesya Ukrainka
2. Eugene Onegin
1. Holy Bible