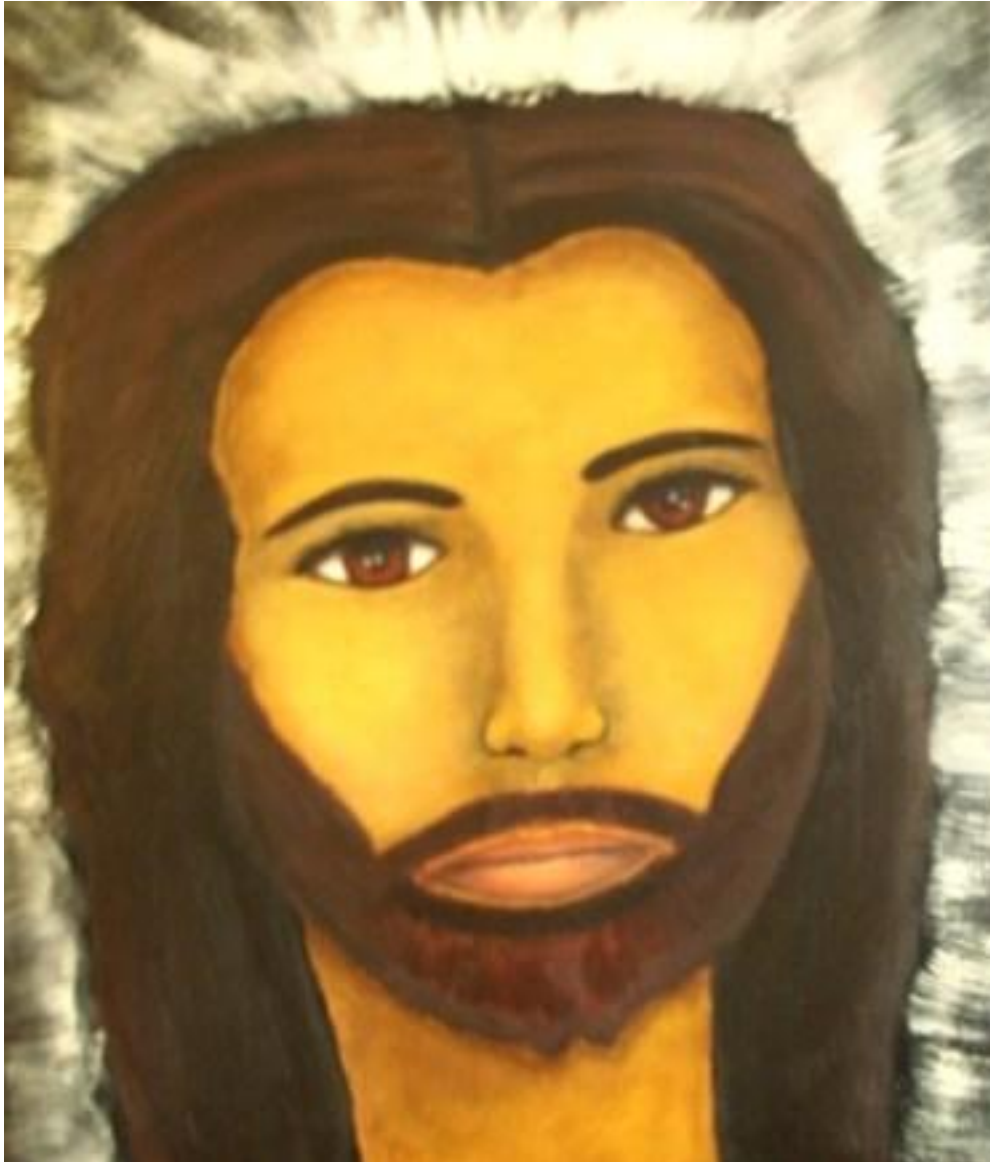


Jesus' Book: "Fear Not"



Mary Rose

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AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GOD OF LOVE

If God came here to Earth tomorrow and stood in front of you, what would you expect to happen? What thoughts and feelings would you have once you realize he is God? How would you feel about him? What would you ask him? What do you know about him?

I once heard a preacher pray, “May the Holy Spirit guide the world leaders to sincerely work for peace and justice.” This is why this book needs to be written. In the world today, Jesus is blamed for the lack of peace and justice. But in truth, he tries to guide everyone on Earth, including the world leaders, to work for peace and justice. But the world leaders have chosen to alter Jesus’ teachings to suit their objectives to oppress humanity. They have created a fearful God in their own image.

Jesus was taken from me by men who served the greedy powers and leaders in the world. They created a “God” in their own image. But through much suffering, struggle and experience, I connected with the True God, in mind, heart and soul. It was a journey of discovery.

Jesus told me that he was in love with me all my life, even when I did not know him in my conscious mind and considered myself an atheist. I thought he was the God that the men of greed created, the one that hurt me and all humanity. But I felt and heard the real God, despite the fact that with my five senses in my conscious mind, I knew only the man-made God. A man-made God was one I did not want and refused to believe.

In the past year, Jesus helped me trace my life back and realize he was there with me all along even though I did not know him consciously with my five senses. I came to realize that I did feel and hear him with my inner ears. While listening to Beethoven’s song, Moonlight, I discovered Beethoven was one of Jesus’ instruments.

About four years ago, during my first meeting with a religious leader, a priest, I asked him, “How can I feel and see God?” He said, “You can see God like the moonlight. The Sun’s light makes the moonlight. You can find him in other humans, as moonlight.” Jesus used the priest as his moonlight.

Decades before I knew Jesus and Christianity, I heard Moonlight. The song is one of the most admired songs ever. It is a “portal” to hear and feel the love of God. Jesus came inside me through a song that was inspired by a blind woman and composed by a deaf composer. Just as Beethoven heard and felt Jesus with his inner senses, I too was connected to Jesus through a song that he made to be heard and felt by our inner senses.

In the process of preparing me for this book, I came to realize that this book is a book about love. The author of this book is Jesus. He is writing a love book to us. I am only serving as his instrument to write the book and also to serve as an example to help humanity understand him better. He will address most fears, thoughts, questions or doubts most of us have had.

This book is another “portal” God has constructed through a human to connect with humanity. Jesus knows that more than ever he has been getting a bad rap. Jesus knows as a result most humans have turned their backs on him. But God wants you to know him. This is a book from God telling us about him and his unconditional, humble and faithful love for each and every one of us as his children.

I developed a close love relationship with the True God. Of course, I fell in love with him and with those he loves most unconditionally, humanity. My relationship with Jesus is based on faith, love and loyalty. I have learned it takes all three components to know and to be with the True God. As our relationship grew deeper, he asked me if I would write a book with him, to share our love story with humanity. He wanted to have the same relationship, as with me, with all humanity.

Recently, I ran into a Bible teacher. We had a brief conversation. I asked her two questions. I asked her why God repeated, “Fear Not,” 365 times in the Torah and New Testament. She did not have an answer. I asked her if she believed that God said, “You shall not covet your neighbor’s slave.” She said she did believe because it was written in the book 3,000 years ago.

Before I began writing the book, I asked Jesus about it and he said, “Why would God give mixed messages in the Ten Commandments? I freed Jews from slavery. I wrote the commandments in a simple manner so even children would be able to understand, know and practice its laws. In the past 3,000 years, men of greed and power have polluted the world for their own profit. They have bought politicians, religious leaders and anyone else who had a price at the expense of the poor. They wrote their own words in the holy books. They have practically destroyed Earth. They have waged wars and made profits in the name of God and the holy books. In the past 3,000 years the greedy powers have distorted, destroyed, fabricated, polluted and stolen. Billions have been left hungry, poisoned, ill, tortured, homeless and killed in wars. The questions I ask humanity is, do you give the men of power and greed or God the benefit of the doubt? Would a loving God say something that has been used to harm and destroy humanity? Would a God that frees slaves give them mixed messages and validate slavery in his commandments?

“I knew my teachings would be misrepresented, misquoted and mistranslated. I have come to fulfill what I arranged to remain in the holy books. I said ‘Fear Not’ 365 times. I made a promise

to humanity to fulfill. I have come to fulfill that promise. I want my creation, all of humanity, to know the real me, the True God.”

Jesus continued, “I have come to fulfill and explain ‘Fear Not.’ I made sure ‘Fear Not’ remained in the holy books. It was written 365 times. I have come to take away your fears. Your fears are man-made. I am the God of ‘Fear Not.’ That is your ‘holy book.’ This knowledge is all that you need to connect to me, the True God. It is all that you need to use as a compass. I gave it to you to find me and ‘Fear Not.’

“There is no need to fear me. I am a humble God. My love for you is like that of a parent. I have unconditional, loving, humble, harmless, forgiving, gentle, compassionate, empathetic and patient love for each human. I am writing to prove to you that I have created all of you in love and consider humans of all religions as well as non-believers my children. My love for all humanity is infinite and eternally unconditional. I am coming to tell you about me, the real God, the God of love. This book is the Truth, True God, talking about what humanity must know in order to help and guide you, if you choose.

“As you read this book, keep in mind that I am talking to humanity about humanity, through a human, who is used to write the book and whose life is used as an example. I have many examples in this book that help you better understand me. This book is about no one person, church, religion, country, family, community or **no one anything**. I have used examples in this book that are simply used to help you understand me easier,” Jesus said.

Fear Not

Jesus said, “Fear and Love are like water and rocks. They do not mix. Love is inclusive.” Fear is exclusive. It divides us. God wants us to be inclusive and to live in solidarity. He wants all humanity to love one another unconditionally as sisters and brothers.

Jesus knows why humanity, this generation in particular, has turned its back on him. It is because people do not feel God loves them. Jesus does not blame those who have turned their backs or deny his existence. He says, “I am like a parent, an eternal parent. Why would children visit their parent knowing their parent would only love them conditionally, selfishly, self-servingly, with cruelty and expect all the kids in the family to be ‘perfect’ and ‘flawless,’ like

'snow white.' In truth this is unattainable. Why would a child go to a parent if they thought the parent would throw them in the fires of hell or purgatory? The greedy men and their religious friends preach to my children to 'Fear God,' while I wrote 'Fear Not' 365 times in the 'holy books.' I predicted the greedy powers would arrange for the books to teach only what would serve their objectives that are anti-Christ and anti-humanity. I will tell my children all they need to know, the Truth, in my book. This is the first time that I have written a book. I am writing a book to humanity for the first time."

As you read this book, you will learn that I am merely an instrument, the same way Beethoven was, through which God communicates. You will learn that I, the instrument, am in love with God, our eternal parent. You will not stop loving him once you find him. I am NOT the author of this book. Of course, I wondered "Why me?" I have wondered why he chose me. I know that I was chosen as the instrument not because I am somehow special or favored.

While writing this book with God, I asked for some secular help. I approached a few people. But I realized God does not want me to get any secular or conventional help. The people I told about this book suggested that I consult with scholars, book writers, Theologians and such. I was told I would need to know things in order to write this book. I asked God.

But God helped me understand that he is able and will use me, as an instrument, to himself write his own book. God does not need help writing his book. He said, "I can afford a theologian, philosopher, book writer or anything else. But I do not choose them. I want you, my creation as my instrument to talk to my creation. I want you to just be you and to let me work through you. I can write my own book, using you as a pen. All you have to do is let me."

Jesus started to explain it in more details, "I did not create Theology. I created you who symbolically, like a parable, represent humanity in this book. I am using a human to talk to humanity. One human represents all humanity. I want humanity to interact with me and learn about me the same way you did. I am a God of action. I am also humble. I do not show off my power to my children. I am God. I do not need to use big words to complicate and intimidate. I know most cannot read or write. My instrument is going to hear and to faithfully surrender to me in writing my book. This time my book will be written and retained eternally."

Jesus is going to make sure we, humanity, will understand him best and the book will remain authentic. He is using his method of writing. It will not make a difference to me. I never wrote a book. I am glad I do not know how a book is written, conventionally, "literally ..."

Jesus said to me, “The Church that was supposed to be mine, my universal community, was stolen from me. The Roman Empire infiltrated my community and installed their own puppets as leaders of it to justify their quest for greed in my name. They started wars of greed and called them ‘Christian Crusades.’ They started a snow ball that later, other greedy empires around the world joined, using other churches, and other religions. Massive wars, ‘crusades’ broke out by greedy powers in this world. They created a man-made God in writing, teaching and practice. They wrote in the holy books what they needed to serve their objectives. To this day they accuse me of approving of slavery, claiming that I said, ‘You shall not covet your neighbors’ slave.’ These men made their own kingdom on Earth in my name. Their palace is still in Rome where they sold me out.

“I did not call myself a ‘king.’ Nor did I say that I had a ‘kingdom.’ Men created kingdoms, as they created tyranny, and enslaved and oppressed humans. I came to free the oppressed when I was on Earth. Catholic means universal. I created a universal community. They teach their priests that they are the ‘eunuchs of the kingdom of God.’ Eunuchs were castrated young boys or men, who served as slaves in a variety of ways since ancient times. This happened in many parts of the world. I do not approve of any human being castrated or mutilated in any way. I do not approve of slavery and exploitation in any way, form or shape. I certainly do not require men to be eunuchs in order to lead my universal community of humanity. I did not create eunuchs. Men created them to exploit them or to use them to exploit others. In fact, the Church in Rome castrated young boys to use them as adult male sopranos in Italy, up until 1878. I will tell you more about eunuchs and human sexuality later in this book. Eunuchs were also used as sex slaves and or served to aid the sexual exploitation and oppression of women and young boys. I will expand on that later in this book.”

“In the year 2009, by saying, ‘You shall not covet your neighbor’s slave,’ religious leaders accuse me of approving enslaving women as reproductive machines. They accuse me of considering a man’s wife and house both as objects that a man owns. They accuse me of favoring human-trafficking. They accuse me of favoring buying women as sex slaves. They accuse me of favoring buying children as sex slaves. They accuse me of favoring the poor’s body being used like mice in laboratories. They accuse me of favoring organized crime in the gambling capital of the world, Sin City, where sexual slavery and exploitation is legal, institutionalized and perpetuated,” Jesus said.

“Men who made me in their image took advantage of the illiterate. The holy books were written, rewritten, translated, retranslated, interpreted and reinterpreted by men who wanted to be gods, to control, to dominate, to oppress, to exploit and to steal. In this age, many have either turned their backs on me and say they do not believe in me, or consider me their enemy. Most are confused and demoralized. They cannot believe that God exists because what they are told and preached does not make sense. If the people believe in man-made God then they figure that they have to spend all eternity with a selfish and sadistic God. Now is the time for humanity to experience me. This book is letting you know who I am. It is to take away your confusion and fears. It is for you to feel my unconditional love for each and every one of you.

“Men who made god in their image tell humanity that I made Hell to throw Satan and angels in it to burn for all eternity and later decided to put humans there as well. When I was on Earth, I told you to, ‘Love your enemy.’ I do not preach what I do not practice. I can do all things. I can destroy any enemy. But I am the God of love. I did not tell you to love your enemy, and then later I would burn your enemy in the fires of hell for all eternity. That would be inconsistent. Look around you at what I have created on Earth, not what men have made. Do you see how everything is ordered and consistent? I am the creator of consistency. You can be sure that the ‘God’ you do not believe or consider your enemy does NOT exist. But I, the true ever loving God, exist. I am.”

Jesus continued, “2009 Earthly years ago, I came to Earth to illustrate, in action and a few words, my unconditional love and forgiveness for all humanity. I did not have any one following me around to document my words and actions. Of course, I knew men of greed and their religious friends had the power, opportunity and motive to put words in my mouth, to make up stories and to turn me into a God to be feared. That is why I repeated ‘Fear Not’ 365 times.

“All humans have been born free of sin. All humans are born unconditionally loved by God. All humans are forgiven for their mistakes. There is no ‘original sin.’ The concept was invented by men who wanted to create conditions of fear, guilt and shame. They made the holy books and me in their own images to serve their objectives.

“They wrote that I was a ransom or sacrificial lamb. But it is not true. I did what any loving parent would. I showed humanity that there is nothing I would not do for my children. I sacrificed myself for my children. I humbled myself to show my unconditional commitment to humanity as a good parent. I came and did all that I could to show humanity that I was a harmless and loving parent in relation to humanity.

“They tell you that I am a ransom to keep you in need of them, the man-made gods. You all have been created in LOVE. And I gave you freedom to find me and love me. My love is most unconditional. I will love you even if you do not love me. I am a parent,” Jesus said.

I was still unsure and I asked Jesus, “Why there are so many books, like books teaching us how to relate to you and how to be favored by you to prosper?” Jesus answered, “They write books to scare you of me. Then they write books on how to escape your fear of me by beating me in a game of chess! They teach humans how to prosper and how to do good business with God. They tell my children to bribe me to get rich. Then they pocket the money. Then they say I want them to be rich preachers! They have turned my name into a prosperous business. I did not authorize them. They are not doing my will.

“I did not fill the libraries with religious books. I was aware the vast majority of humans cannot read them. I did not authorize these men to form televised kingdoms and to exploit my children in my name.

“I am a humble God, like a good parent. Humans who exalt themselves, as preachers and religious leaders, are not authorized by me. I did not anoint them. They lie in my name.”

Jesus said, "I came to Earth and lived among the humble. I gave all of myself to humanity. I gave them my body to prove I am with them. I came to form a brotherhood and sisterhood of all humanity, a community, a Church. While I was on Earth I chose to face humiliation. I allowed it. I showed you how to love. I taught my children humility. I wanted them to know that I am harmless, though I am capable of all things. I have come with love, to serve, to care, to help and to be with humanity as my family.

"I sent out messengers of love to create an inclusive community of humanity, and to call it a Church of brotherhood and sisterhood. I taught them to love one another. I taught them to always forgive one another. I taught them to share with one another. I taught them to accept and tolerate one another. I taught them to not judge one another. But they contradicted my message.

"I have always tried to help humanity to be sisters and brothers who live in a universal community, with love, forgiveness, equality and peace. I have not authorized any human to rank higher than another human in their synagogues, churches and mosques. They claim they are building and serving my 'kingdom. I never asked humans to build a 'kingdom,'" Jesus said.

"I never authorized them to build a television 'kingdom' run by business men and women. They call themselves television Evangelists. They tell their congregations that if their kingdom does not try to save souls, the souls would go to hell and burn for all eternity. They tell humanity only Christians are children of God and the rest burn in fires of hell. They create division and disunity among my children. They create panic and foster fear among my children. They blame me for the sufferings in our world, while making believe that they care for the world and humanity more than I do.

"These religious leaders, whom I did not authorize, do not tell you about all my actions on Earth. Actions speak louder than words. That is why I came to Earth. In their holy books and preaching, these Christian leaders do not consistently mention that I told Peter to put down his weapon. And, of course, it is not consistently mentioned that I loved and healed the soldier who came to capture me. They have arranged the holy books so you would not know the real God. That way, they would do as they have been for 2,000 years. They wage wars, steal and exalt themselves, in my name."

Jesus continued, "I did not authorize crusades that involved weapons. I taught you to love your enemy. I, the God of Abraham, did not authorize any human to take a weapon and aim to kill another human. God did not make weapons. God did not use force and weapons. God did not authorize what is not motivated and acted out with love."

I asked Jesus why the Church took almost 2,000 years to apologize for their wrongdoing. Jesus said, "The reason is pride and greed. These men have made Gods of themselves in my name. They have made me in their image. They have made a kingdom of men. They say I have chosen to call a man, the Pope, 'Holy Father.' There is only one Holy Father. He lives in Heaven. My Body, my Church, is not yet a community of equality, solidarity, humility, love, sisterhood and brotherhood of all humanity that shares, forgives, seeks peace and knows True God. Actions

speak louder than words. The authorities sitting high in high places have not in action humbled themselves to me. They have hierarchy. And, I, the Christ am at the bottom. I have been humiliated for 2,000 years. As they betrayed me, they started a snowball that is rolling down and destroying humanity. They used my name to wage wars of greed. The greedy empires around the world started to use my name to go to wars of greed conquest.

“For 2,000 years, from East to West and West to East, in the name of the ‘God of Abraham,’ they have occupied lands and exploited humanity. I did not authorize any of it. They made gods of themselves. They made palaces for their kingdoms. They each have their monarchs, the rulers of the religions, who use my name to destroy and to steal. They all claim to be my chosen religion, my favored religion, my complete religion or whatever that gave them justification to war with one another in order to become king of the planet.”

Jesus continued, “In the past 2,000 years, Christians have split. They have formed their own churches, their own man-made God kingdom writing, preaching and practicing in favor of the greedy men. And, of course, other religions, that claim to believe and serve the ‘God of Abraham,’ have done the same. They each claim that they are authorized by me. I have not authorized any of them. They have pushed humanity ever closer to the end of the rope.”

I met Jesus, our God, in a dream. You will read the dream in chapter one. I had the dream at age forty-two. I had never practiced any religion prior. I was raised in a Muslim country in the Middle East by a secular family. I was born an artist, a painter. I converted to Christianity at age forty-three, because I found the God of Love in a dream. Before that, I suffered at the hands of man-made gods. I had to experience much pain. I had to lose the Loving God I met in my dream to the man-made gods. But the God of Love saved me from them. And I have fallen ever more in love with him. I chose to let Jesus use me and my life, because I want each and every human on Earth to know him.

Jesus explained earlier that he has been accused of approving slavery. The first time I heard, “You shall not covet your neighbor’s slave,” I was shocked. Of course, I know that Jewish, Christian and Muslim religions all believe in this teaching. I know that is how they all have legitimized wars, killing, the occupation of and the exploitation of alien lands, the exploitation and enslavement of humans. But I was still shocked. I thought to myself that if they have had the nerve to write that in the holy book, they surely would and could have said anything that served their objectives in the holy books. It is the year 2009, and they have made God less merciful, loving and just than they have made Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King, Nelson Mandela and Bishop Tutu. Those men have served the True God, the unconditionally loving God, as instruments. God freed the slaves of men over 3,000 years ago. He took a firm and consistent stand against slavery and possession of humans by humans in any way. But in the year 2009 he is accused of approving of slavery and possession of humans by humans. So much for holy books read in Christian churches, Jewish synagogues and Muslim mosques.

Jesus said to me, “I consistently opposed owning, exploiting and oppressing any humans. My children have been hearing a man-made God contradicting me. The issue of slavery has been

very important to the men of greed who have been ruling this world. They enslave people to this day. It is the root cause of the sufferings of the vast majority of humanity.”

I told Jesus, “It’s scary how humans changed you and your words in the holy books. They have had the nerve to give us obvious contradictory and inconsistent messages that are supposedly your messages. And nobody seems to question the authenticity of the holy books.”

Jesus said, “I am consistent and I did not author their mixed messages. I would not cause my children to get confused, lose trust in me and to fear. I am dealing with the problem. I will be repeating principle concepts in this book, as I did ‘Fear Not,’ to preserve its authenticity. This is a book written by me, Jesus. They will not be able to do to it what they did with the others. I will take humanity’s man-made-fears away.”

Jesus said, “I love humanity as my children. The men who distort my messages and word make it seem as if God suffers from multiple personality disorder. A God, a parent, as confusing as they have made me in the holy books would drive his children insane. They make my children not want to hear me, assuming I authored the mixed messages. It causes my children to either turn their backs on me or follow the religious. They stop relating to me. Their preachers become their gods.”

I once heard a Christian leader preach, “In John 3:16, a verse says ‘God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him might not perish but might have eternal life.’ This verse includes a powerful statement of how much God loves us. But it also says, if we believe, which can be translated ‘live in imitation of this unselfish love,’ then we will have eternal life. This is the promise we receive in baptism.”

I asked Jesus about what the preacher said. It meant that those who do not know Jesus are doomed. I was worried about all the people who did not know Jesus, much less believed in him.

Jesus comforted me, “Fear Not,” he said. “The holy book is not authentic. Do you see the inconsistency? On one hand, they say that I selflessly love. On the other hand, the selflessly loving God only loves and gives eternal love to those who know and love him. It is inconsistent. A loving, selfless and competent God is inclusive, not exclusive.”

Jesus continued, “The Ten Commandments read: Thou shall not kill, which is authentic. But they accuse me of killing and torturing humans for all eternity. What kind of monster would do that? I do not create life to destroy life. I arranged for the life of all humans to be saved. I am not the man-made God. I am the ABLE God. And I am not a monster. I am the ‘Fear Not’ God. I am the loving parent God.

“They accuse me of having made hell or purgatory. Did I not heal the enemy who came to capture me? Did I not teach you to love your enemy? I have not put Satan in hell. There is nothing that a human can do that would warrant burning in fires for all eternity. They have made me seem so cruel that Hitler seems kinder than me! I have been accused of things that do

not make sense to the human mind. That is why my children either do not believe in me or consider me their enemy.”

Jesus explained, “They made me a monster compared to Mother Theresa and other saints. They made believe that Mother Theresa loved humanity more than I did. I love Mother Theresa and she was my instrument. But she too was confused about me. She often felt I did not love her. She did not always remember that her love for humanity was my love for her and the people she tried to help. Nobody loves humanity more than I do. My arms are wide open, as then when I was nailed to a tree, to embrace and to relate to each and every human in love and suffering. I have been ready and willing to be with all of you. I have been longing for that time.”

I said to Jesus, “How did the religious leaders get away with changing the holy book?” Jesus said, “We will discuss this later. For now, keep in mind that only the elite could read and write. It was not hard for them to change the writing, to mistranslate and misinterpret the word. They had the motive, opportunity and control to do as they wished to the holy books. Why do you think I repeated, ‘Fear Not’ 365 times?”

Jesus continued, “I asked humanity to love one another under all circumstances and to share with their sisters and brothers in creation.” He said, “I did not create rich or poor. I did not tell any television Evangelist that he or she has the privilege or authority to get rich in my name.

“Let us go back to talk about original sin. They made up original sin to condemn humanity. Then they told humanity that I am angry with them and inaccessible to them. They told humanity that I did not love them in order to achieve their greedy objectives.”

God has made it clear that the story of Adam and Eve is a parable of “Fear Not.” He asked humanity to not feel shame, guilt or fear.

“These religions say they are pro-life. But historically, to this day, they have been responsible for wars, chaos, oppression, hunger, destruction and the division of the human race. They claim to be saving the lives of the unborn, while they stand by silently and passively watch the greedy powers kill, torment, starve, torture, enslave, exploit, and oppress billions of people on Earth. They do not get involved in protecting children who are enslaved today as cheap labor or as sex slaves and misplaced due to violent wars waged by greedy powers.

“You all know that some humans are born with both male and female organs. Children born with both sex organs are not freaks of nature. They are not a glitch. They are my creation, my children. Before science was able to remove one organ they were bi-gender. I gave them the choice of being Adam and Eve or Adam and Adam or Eve and Eve,” said Jesus.

“Hypocrites serving their master, the greedy and ‘want-to-be-God,’ tell my children to not make individual choices. They divide my children in as many ways as they want, in race, in nation, wealth, ethnicity, gender and more. Their intentions are to pit humans against humans, to divide them, to rule and to steal from them. They use my name in doing their work. But I did not authorize them.

“I, God, did not create genders. I referred to humanity as human. I was born a male from a female, who was biologically both my mother and father. I made a point to humanity to understand my position regarding gender. Mary, without a male partner was pregnant with a male, me, who was born of a female. I showed that just as Eve was part Adam, so is Adam part Eve, as I was made a human from Mary.”

Jesus added, “Your science discovered that women and men have the same sex organs, one is inside of the body, and the other is outside of the body. But the greedy powers only use what is going to help them create friction, division, hate and conditions for the greedy to steal.

“They say I created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Jack. I created no gender division. I created individuals to make choices and to find a self that is as unique in spirit as is in DNA. My children were born in unconditional love and freedom,” Jesus said.

He continued, “The greedy and the men who made me in their own image have a problem that all humanity has suffered from in degrees. I came in flesh to teach them how to be humble. I, God, am love. Love is humble. One cannot love without humility.

“They said I was sacrificed for humanity’s sin to do away with my message of HUMILITY. If they had humbled themselves they would not wage wars in my name that continue to this day,” Jesus said.

“I am a humble God. Love is humble. I do not need to show off my power to the world. I will not show off my power to humanity. I have come with love and have given all of me, all that I am, love, to the world. I have not changed. Men who abused their power changed my words because they are not willing to humble themselves.

“I respect the saints who tried to break the chains with iron balls. They tried to separate me from the man-made God, to reach, find and to serve me, the True God. They found me in ‘I AM.’ They often got in much trouble with the Church. The Catholic Church lives in “I Was,” still functioning like a complex military machine that was built by Romans to conquer the world and steal. It is yet to be the universal community of humanity, the holy and catholic and apostolic made of all humans, equally loved by God, in peace, respect, sharing and inclusive.

“But the enemy, the man-made-machine, has turned saints into icons. They have become the God substitutes or attorneys to represent Catholics to God. The Church made the saints into what would serve them to foster fear. The Catholics have become afraid of the God that they are told is disgusted with humanity and needs to use the saints, the favored, to talk with the unworthy humans.

“The saints set examples. They prove that anyone can relate to God. Saints were not perfect. The Church made them icons to keep humanity condemned to meet their objectives,” Jesus said.

I once watched a movie called *Romero*. It is about the Archbishop of El Salvador, and about the cruel government which terrorized and mass murdered the people. Archbishop Romero did

what Martin Luther King Jr. did. He became God's instrument against racism, oppression, slavery, exploitation and cruelty to his people. He was Christ-like. Romero did in El Salvador what Jesus did for all humanity. Romero was assassinated while blessing the bread and wine in a Mass.

I asked Jesus, "Why didn't the Catholic Church canonize Romero as a saint? Jesus answered, "Romero was my instrument to do my will and was killed for it. The Catholic Church has not changed much since they served the oppressive and greedy Roman empire 2,000 years ago. They do not want Romero to be followed as an example, by Catholics."

Jesus said, "Why do they call themselves 'Christians?' I did not make a war machine. I told them if they love me and want to follow me, they have to love their sisters and brothers, all humanity, as they love themselves. I told them to share with and support their sisters and brothers, all humanity."

Yesterday, I (the instrument) was talking to someone I had just met. We talked about God and humanity. He said to me that he was raised Jewish and later converted to Christianity. We were talking about God. He said, "We are like ants to God." He thought we cannot have individual relationships with God. "God is too big for us," he said. I told him, "I agree to that we are small for God, but not like ants, rather, as is we are his children. God does not have the same relationship with each one of us. We are here to become as unique in spirit too, before we are due to go home to God. There are not two people in this world, nor has there ever been who had the same experiences in their lives on Earth."

God is available to us, to talk to or talk with. God is available to us to hear him if we choose. God is a parent. He is letting his family choose to accept him, love him as he loves us, love our sisters and brothers, and forgive each other.

I know you still wonder how I hear God and why he chose me as his instrument to talk with us.

Throughout human history art has been used as a substitute for words. For instance, the Bible has been illustrated in arts. We can go back as far as cave art. Humans drew on the walls of caves they lived in, in order to illustrate their lives and to communicate.

I am an artist, a painter. I paint things that I see inside me. I paint what I see with my "inner eyes." My paintings are alive and tell a story. I have my own style of painting. It is a means by which I communicate with my inner world, or both inner and outer worlds.

Do not take me wrong. I did not always relate to God as I do now. I got sucked into the man-made- God that caused me much suffering and confusion, until I reconnected with the God of love. I am a human. I got lost too.

You will see I am far from a brave or perfect creature. You will find out he is most loving, available, and eager to please and help. Once you find him, you cannot live without him.

The way I hear God is the same way you can too. It actually started before I even believed he existed. He was painting with me long before I knew him in my conscious mind. It does not matter if we believe or do not believe. He is with us anyway. I can trace my life back and remember hearing him and interacting with him.

As I briefly mentioned earlier, Moonlight, a popular song by Beethoven explains how I have been hearing Jesus all my life. I remember the first time I heard the song. It triggered a part of me that I did not know existed in my mind. I could hear a loving, protective and worried voice with my inner ears. I liked the feeling. I listened to the song on a regular basis.

Beethoven was God's instrument too. Beethoven was an example of how we can use inner senses and connect to God. It has touched so many souls. I am sure I was not the only one who was hooked up with inner eyes and ears listening to Moonlight.

I used to listen to the song Moonlight for many years, but did not bother to know the title. I had a tape with the song on it that I often listened to while painting. The tape broke and I did not buy another one. I do not know why.

A few weeks before writing this book, I heard the song on classical music station. I learned that it was called Moonlight, and that it was composed by Beethoven. I knew Beethoven was deaf. I did a little more research and to my surprise I discovered a blind girl inspired the song.

While serving as Jesus' instrument to write this book, I suddenly recalled two years ago, when I first met the Priest who baptized me and he told me that God was like moonlight. When I found out the name of the song that connected me to Jesus even when I was a non-believer was Moonlight I was floored!

I realized one of the reasons why Jesus had me paint a scene of him being crucified in moonlight. The painting was done before I found out that the name of the song was Moonlight and remembered my priest telling me God was like moonlight.

After I connected the dots, the song Moonlight and my priest's comparing God to moonlight, I stood in front of His painting amazed. You will see the painting in this book. The paintings he used my hand to do are in this book. I remain captivated and amazed by him and his infinitely humble and unconditional love.

God says, "My children have been told that I am cruel, judgmental, selfish, boring, and waiting to throw them in hell or purgatory." He says, "My children think I am responsible for all the pain, wars and sufferings on Earth." He says, "Why would anyone want an eternal life with a God like that?" He says, "Eternity is too long to live with the God man has made."

Later in this book, you will see a series of photos of paintings that Jesus made with my hands. By then, you will be prepared and able to know Jesus made the paintings and connect the dots as I did. Even though I was his hands, I remain captivated and amazed by how amazingly he painted what he has to say and what he feels. He wants us to not only know him, but to also feel his feelings for us and this world. You will see.

CHAPTER ONE

MEETING CHRIST AND CHRIST'S WILL FOR THIS BOOK

A Background to Dreams

I want to give you some background information about me and my dreams. All my life I have had dreams that felt so real, that remembering them I felt as if I actually experienced them. Those dreams always came true. My mother used to say that I "had a sixth sense." I will give you a few examples.

About seven years ago, before I converted to Christianity, I met and dated a man named Jeff. I saw Jeff in my dream three months prior to actually meeting him. It was a vivid dream. I even remembered a very small scar he had on his face.

In the dream Jeff and I were in a relationship. But in the dream one day he told me he had to leave. He asked me to wait for him. I was going to wait. But I saw him leave with another woman.

Though I can sometimes see things ahead of time in dreams, I do not always use them to help myself. Despite the forewarning in my dream, I fell in love with Jeff. I decided I would try to change the outcome of the dream.

I told Jeff that I saw him in my dream three months prior to our actual meeting. He believed me. During our time together, he realized I was wired with extra senses. I did not tell him that we broke up and he went with another woman in the dream. I figured I would do everything in my power to change the outcome of the dream so we would stay together.

It surely taught me that the dreams I had were from God. No matter what I did to try to stop the course of events, they happened. I put myself through a nightmare to keep Jeff and me together. But the dream was coming true. He told me he had to leave for a while for his job. I made more sacrifices and tried anything to keep us together. I waited for him for three years. One day he called me to tell me he fell in love with another woman.

Another example of how my dreams come true has to do with my mother. As you will read later, things were difficult between me and my siblings. We disconnected as adults. My mother related to all children. She and I were in regular contact.

I said before, I was born in a secular family in a Muslim country. My parents were not Christians. My mother did not practice any religion. But she believed in a creator.

Nine years ago, five years before I became a Christian, my mother suffered two massive strokes. The second stroke left her in a fatal condition. Doctors told me that she certainly was going to die. She survived. But she was brain dead and completely paralyzed.

My siblings, who were much older than I was, decided it was best for me to assume my mother passed away. They thought they did me a favor by not allowing me see my mother in her poor condition. I was left with the impression that my mother was dead. I figured they took her to her home country to bury her.

Two years later, thinking my mother passed away, I had a vivid dream about her.

In the dream someone knocked on my door. I opened the door and it was my mother. She put her arms around me and kissed me. "I had to see you. I'm so glad to see you," she said. I was looking at her and thinking to myself, wow, she is not paralyzed anymore and looks so much younger. She looked very well. She was wearing a brown cotton sleeveless dress with small colorful flower patterns. It was something she wore at home, or as something in bed. I was so amazed. She looked vibrant, young and had a glow about her. She did not have any gray hair and she looked much younger than the last time I saw her. "I had to see you," she said again. The dream ended.

I opened my eyes and realized I was dreaming. It was the middle of the night. I thought about my mom and the fact that she had passed away two years ago. I had not had a dream about her in many years. I wondered why I had the dream. I went back to sleep.

In the morning, I was emailing a friend about my dream, since it was one of the dreams that were like others I had that later came true. As I was telling my dream, I was wondering why I dreamed about my mother.

I was typing the email when I heard a knock on my door. Something in my head told me, "It's about mom." I ran to the door and opened it. It was my sister's husband. He told me my mom was still alive. I was in shock. He told me that she had suffered another stroke and was in a coma with her eyes open. The doctors took her off life support because she was practically dead. She was sent to my sister's house. My mother seemed to be holding on with her eyes open. My siblings thought my mother could somehow be aware that she had not seen me around since her second stroke. They decided to bring me to her in the event she was holding on to see me before she died.

I went with my sister's husband to their house. I knew I had a mission because of the dream where I saw her. Her eyes were open. I noticed she was wearing a brown cotton dress. It was sleeveless with colorful flower patterns. It was the exact same dress I saw her wear in the dream the night before. I realized I was there to bring her peace and to show her that I was well so she could go home to God. I talked to her. I told her I was well and I told her she should not worry about me. I told her to give her soul to God and to go home. I also changed her diaper. She was laying there like a little baby innocent and glowing.

My sister's husband came in to the room to take me back home. I told my mother, "You can go now. Give your soul to God." As I walked away I noticed her eyelids were closing. The day after my sister called to tell me that my mother passed soon after I visited. She passed away on Mother's Day.

Let me give you another example. This dream was simple and to the point.

I dreamt that a tooth in the back of my mouth cracked. I looked in the mirror to find out which tooth cracked. Part of my tooth was chipped off. The dream ended there.

The dream was very vivid. When awoke I wondered if my tooth would chip. I thought it would not happen because I had no problems with my teeth. Plus back teeth are strong, I thought.

Three days later, while eating plain spaghetti, which I always overcook, I felt something in my mouth. I took it out. It was white. I realized it was a piece of my tooth. I looked in the mirror. It was the exact tooth I saw in the mirror in my dream.

So you know about my dreams. I have had big ones and little ones all my life. After I saw an event in my dreams, the event happened in real life.

DREAM=PARABLE/CATHOLIC=UNIVERSAL/INSTRUMENT=CATHOLIC=UNIVERSAL

Two and one half years ago, I had a dream that was long, detailed, and vivid, in color and felt very real. Six months after that dream, as I felt the increasing desire to find out about Christianity and to become a Christian, I learned that it was Jesus I met in the dream.

While reading this dream, please put yourself in my place. Imagine it is your dream. The dream has a happy ending. When you read the dream put all of humanity in the year, 2009, in my place in the dream. For Jesus is speaking to all humanity.

As you read, please keep in mind that Catholic means universal. This dream is our dream. It is universal and inclusive. God had me dream it and share it with you.

THE DREAM I WAS TO GIVE AND SHARE WITH ALL HUMANITY

In my dream I was flying horizontally through a tunnel as others were walking the opposite direction. I came to the end of the tunnel. I found myself walking in a place like a park or a garden. I came to a glass door that opened. A man was exiting as I was about to enter. As I was about to enter a thief stole my wallet and the wallet of the man who was exiting the glass door. I looked calmly in the thief's eyes and said, "I am an artist you cannot steal from me." The thief looked in my eyes and said nervously, "Sorry, I know." He gave me my wallet back. But he did not give the man's wallet back. The man whose wallet was stolen by the thief turned to people around us and said, "Did you see her look in the thief's eyes and with such authority get her wallet back? She did a miracle. It was a miracle." He kept repeating it. "It was a miracle." I chose not to enter the glass door. I turned to my left and saw two escalators. One was going up to the sky. I could not see the end of the escalator. The other escalator was coming down from the sky. I went on the escalator that went up. (In real life I had a height phobia and I was afraid of heights in dreams as well. But in this dream I did not fear going up the escalator so far in the sky I could not see the end of it.) I stood there and the escalator went up taking me to the end. When the escalator ended, I stepped in to a place that seemed to be another world that I had never seen anything like ever before. It was like a city made of structures that seemed to be buildings and places. All was in white light and crystals. All was glowing white light. I never saw anything like it. It was majestic. It was majestic. I saw two men dressed in Catholic priest's habit carrying briefcases. They seemed to be on a mission, walking very solid and assured. They were walking my direction. I was still standing next to the escalator that I got off, captivated by what I saw. I suddenly felt I had to turn. I turned to my right and saw a big triangular shaped structure of some sort. It seemed to be crystal. White light was emanating from it. I felt I had to walk to it. I walked to it and stood in front of it. It spoke to me and said, "Catholic." I somehow knew who talked to me. I understood that I was asked to go on a mission. I did not say anything. I obeyed what I was directed to do. I turned around and walked back to the escalators. I took the one going down. I went back down to the same garden like place where I was almost robbed. My mission required me to go back in the tunnel I came out of earlier. I walked through the garden looking for the tunnel. It was getting darker and darker. I had to return back to that tunnel. I was on a mission. I had to find it. I was feeling nervous and worried as it was getting darker and I seemed unable to find the tunnel. I saw a woman sitting on a wooden bench like the benches in parks. Her back was to me. She was wearing a black lace dress and had long black hair. I could only see her back. Looking at her back, I asked her, "Excuse me, do you know

where the tunnel is?" She said, "Follow that path." She pointed with her finger to a pathway a few feet away. I listened to her and walked to the pathway. As I started to walk to the pathway, still close to the woman, I heard her say, "As if there is a tunnel." She seemed evil and misleading. I sensed it. But I continued on the path she showed me. I thought I had no other alternative. Soon I realized I was going around in a circle. I realized I was intentionally misled by the woman. I stepped out of the circular pathway. I kept walking straight to my right. It was very dark then. I was extremely agitated and afraid. I saw something in front of me. It looked like a door to a place. It seemed like the door I exited in the beginning. But I could not trust my memory. I was too afraid to open the door to see if it was the tunnel. I was very afraid. I was so afraid I was shaking. Suddenly my handbag flipped and everything I had in it fell to the ground. I was looking around in fear of being attacked. If I squatted to pick up my things off of the ground, I could be attacked from behind. But I had to do it. Fearfully, I squatted to pick up my belongings. Suddenly I heard someone approaching. I was startled. I saw a white light approaching. I was still squatting. I looked up. I saw a beautiful man, wearing a white hat with rim, a white coat, white shirt, white tie, white pants and white socks and shoes. He was in all white and emanating glowing white light. He was so beautiful. I felt safe. I did not feel fear anymore. He asked, "Do you need help?" I said, "Yes." He picked up all of my belongings off of the ground and put them in my handbag. He took off his hat and put it in my bag. I felt so unworthy of him. I wondered why he put his hat in my bag. I felt unworthy of the honoring gesture. He was out of this world. I had fallen in love. I asked him, "Do you know where the tunnel is?" He said, "Yes. It is right here. I am going the same way." I had doubts about it being the door to the tunnel. We both walked in to the tunnel together.

The dream ended as I opened my eyes. It was the most vivid, live, and colorful dream I had ever experienced. It was full of details. I remembered it as if it had actually happened. I realized that I loved the man I met in the dream. I wished I would meet him. I did not yet know as I would later learn that he was Jesus. I did know, just as with other dreams, the dream had to do with God. I had a premonition the dream was about something that was going to happen.

I did not talk about the dream with anyone. Sometimes I thought about it and it seemed as if I actually lived that dream the day before. But I did not know what it meant or when it was going to happen.

In the six months that followed the dream I felt that I wanted to become a Christian. I heard about Baptism. I had no idea what it was about or how to receive the sacrament. One thing led to another and I found myself meeting with a Catholic priest. In our discussions, I spontaneously chose to tell him the dream, since I was not able to understand it myself. I

thought maybe he would help me figure it out. He informed me that I had seen Jesus, the Lord, in my dream. It was then I understood the content and the purpose of my dream.

After going through a series of experiences during the year after my Baptism and my conversion to Christianity, Jesus made me realize he wanted me to write a book, and to include the dream where I first saw him as well as a poem (which you will read later). He wanted me to give them to humanity. He also asked me to let him use my life as an example, as one all humanity could identify with, in order to connect to itself.

GOD MAKES HIS WILL KNOWN, TO WRITE THIS BOOK

One year had passed since I received Baptism. I had just come out of a nightmare that no child of God should suffer. Jesus practically moved in with me to protect me and to paint with me. He made me fully aware that he wanted to paint with me. We were growing ever closer to each other as we painted more and more.

I met a woman named Sarah who became a friend. She was a scientist. I was surprised how well we got along, though I am an artist. I learned about her life and she learned about mine. She insisted that I was “a prophet,” meant to deliver Jesus’ message. I really do not feel comfortable with the title prophet. I would rather call myself “an instrument.”

A couple of weeks after we met and went to mass together, Sarah suggested that I write a book. A few other people also suggested the idea. The idea was that Jesus wanted to use my paintings, my experience and the book to communicate with everyone. I was of course not brave about the idea. I was not a book writer. I told Sarah that I did not want to be in the spotlight and had privacy concerns. We decided that I would pray about it.

The next day Sarah left me a voice message sounding very excited. She said it was urgent. She said something happened that morning that was certainly a sign from Jesus telling me to write the book.

I called Sarah back. She explained that she was standing in line to buy a cup of coffee that morning when a man at the end of the line made aggressive gestures to her, as if he was trying to get her attention. She thought he was trying to hit on her. So she tried to ignore and avoid him. She bought her coffee and walked away. But the man ran out of the line. He ran to Sarah, introduced himself and asked her if she liked to read books as he handed her a card. He explained that he wrote a book that is out for sale. He asked her to check for his book online. He also explained to Sarah that the book was written under his alias not his real name.

The book that the man wrote was about Christianity. I, of course, through this sign, learned that I would use an alias for the book. Jesus could not be clearer with his response to my previous evening's prayer about the book. I realized Jesus wanted to write a book with me. But he also made it clear that he would be the author, not me.

But still the book did not start then. I had a lot more prayers and communications with Jesus. I did not feel I was fit for the task. Jesus coached me, comforted me and prepared me for months. I began to realize that Jesus did not just speak through the paintings he made with me. He was training me to work with him. Painting together made me ever more able to communicate and to interact with him.

I kept telling Jesus I was afraid, weak, unable, unqualified, so on and so forth. He told me I had all the qualifications and training. I told him I loved him and wanted to do his will, but I was too weak. I told him I did not want to talk about my life in the book. He told me the book was not about me and my life. He told me he would use some of my life to teach others. He told me that he wanted to use my experiences as a suffering human to be able to relate to and to talk to all of humanity. He said he wanted to help each and every human being.

I still did not begin to let him use me for the book. But we continued to paint together. He used paintings to help me to feel to know and to experience his ability to use me as his instrument.

I realize that all the weaknesses and fears that I thought had disqualified me for the job, were in truth the exact qualifications he wanted. He wanted the child me to hold on to him, to hold his hand, to lean on him, to follow his footsteps, to repeat what he says and to trust his ability to use me as his instrument. I had to let go completely to him and his way.

Later in the book, you will see photos of the paintings Jesus and I made together. You will understand how I became prepared to serve as his instrument to write this book.

CHAPTER TWO

“Why Me?”

Jesus is going to speak to humanity using my story of struggle and suffering as an example. I must admit it has not been easy for me to talk about my life. But Jesus has been holding my hand and comforting me during the writing.

I know I am not able to write God’s book. I am only putting one foot in front of the other as Jesus guides me in the writing process.

As you read, keep in mind “No one person, no one church, no one country, no one family, no one community or no one anything is to be blamed or to be held responsible for what has happened to me, his instrument and humanity.” He is talking to all of us, each and every human on Earth, through my life and experiences. Keep in mind what Jesus said on the cross. He prayed for everyone, even those who crucified him. He told his executioners they did not know what they were doing. He says to us, “my unconditional love is inclusive, not exclusive.” His message includes all humanity.

I was born and raised forty-five years ago a female child in a Muslim country. My family was secular. I moved to the United States when I was nineteen. I am an American now. I received Baptism in the Catholic Church two years ago. I was born an artist, a painter.

Growing up, I considered myself a non-believer. I did not like religion. I could not stand studying religion and its history in school. It made me feel sick in my stomach. It was about wars. It was about crusades. Men used a “God” to justify invading countries, including the one I was born in, to steal. The history of religion was cruel, bloody, scary and anti-human.

I did not believe that there was a God. I did not believe that a God would cause such nightmares on Earth. It did not make sense to me. I did not understand why anyone would believe in a God of fear.

Before you read more about me and my family, I want you to know a few things. I love them. I was born and raised in a family that was victimized in a world condemned by a man-made curse known as original sin. I lived in a family and society that suffered from massive traumas, especially to women and children.

The country I was born in became Islamic over one thousand years ago, after an emperor figured he could use the religion card in the eastern parts of Earth, as the Christians used the

religion card in the Western parts of the Earth to steal. The crusaders killed and tormented the people, burned libraries, forbid our native language and forced us to speak Arabic for centuries.

The nation was put in a coma for hundreds of years. Generations of people lived practically blindfolded. There was no past. The present was a nightmare and the future was in the hands of greedy men and whatever they pleased.

I was born in a family that lived in a country that was brutally exploited and oppressed by Monarchs for over 1,000 years. Women and children were the most victimized of all the population. The people lived many generations in fear, poverty, chaos and division. The name of the country I am from is not important. It is only one country in the Earth's long history of oppressive and greedy rulers.

The monarch was just one of the greedy, cruel and blood thirsty dictators to surface in the history of humanity. In the country he took no chances with rebellion. He openly made us feel doomed to live in fear and terror. He used the same social methods, secret police style and psychological warfare as Hitler used in Nazi Germany. But he made the rest of the world believe that he was a popular ruler.

I was born in a family that struggled against all odds in the world we lived in. My parents did the best they could. My parents practically created miracles considering the conditions in which they were raised and the conditions in which they were forced to raise their children. I love my siblings and appreciate the good my parents instilled in their children in the world of nightmares in which we lived.

The dictator stole from the people. He sold national resources cheap, pocketed the majority of the profit and shared the rest with the small sect of society that supported his greedy cause. He also made the people consumers of foreign commodities. He became the fourteenth richest man on Earth while the majority of his citizens sank deeper into poverty. As time continued, he became more oppressive and openly cruel.

I was the youngest child in a family that lived generations in a world of nightmares. When I was a small child my siblings were in high school and college. They were exposed to the nightmare while I was still a child at home. My parents could not help the outside world from invading our family.

We grew up learning to fear at all times. We never knew who was a spy for the secret police. It could be your own mother. Families were divided and pitted against one another. Trust was a rare value. Everyone was supposed to fear everyone. To raise a healthy family in that society was hard, if not impossible.

The old generation, the parents, were demoralized. They tried to kick the tyrant out of the country in their youth and failed. It is common for youth to be more daring and to rebel against injustice.

Most forms of rebellion and political opposition was among the new generation in high schools and colleges. The new generation was a big threat to the tyrant's power. He used his power to terrorize, to divide, to arrest, to torture, to imprison, and to put so much on the youths' plate that they would have no time to think about rebelling.

The young were required to choose what they would do with the rest of our lives by the end of middle school. They were forced to choose their major of study in high school and college while in middle school. High school was just like being in college. They had an eight year old commitment from the day we entered high school.

I remember how hard high school was for my siblings. People said that it was harder to get through high school with good grades than it was to get through a master's or a PhD program in first world countries. Sometimes, my siblings seemed to be like chickens with their heads cut off. They were anxious and worked their heads off to get good grades.

Perhaps you wonder how a bunch of adolescents and teenagers, supposed to be hormonally imbalanced and trying to find themselves coped with the situation. You have not heard half of it yet. They had a lot more to cope with in the world.

The secret police and the National Guard had a very obvious terrorizing and fear fostering presence in schools and colleges.

Students would disappear. People knew they were arrested. Youths were arrested for owning banned books, or for speaking out against the dictator, or for being involved in underground movements. They were arrested if someone reported them falsely for personal reasons. It was a big mess.

Of course, from the time I remember, I was told to never say anything about the dictator or the government to anyone. My mom told me to not even think about them in my head.

By the time I was even three-years-old I overheard quite a bit. I would hear my siblings, especially my oldest brother who went to a local college, talking about what the government did to the students.

My brother lived at home or visited almost every day while he was in college. I was very little, not even in kindergarten. My mom had me take naps in afternoon. Often I would lay there and pretend I was asleep, daydreaming.

My mom and brother thought I was asleep while they talked about things happening at my brother's college. The National Guard was constantly invading, terrorizing, beating to death, raping, arresting and worse to ensure students would submit to the ruler.

One day my brother came home and told my mom that the National Guard invaded his college again and he was hit by a club. His watch was broken when he was struck. My mom was worried. My brother seemed traumatized. It seemed to me going to college was a nightmare.

I once heard that my sister's husband, who was twenty years older than me and in college, was blacklisted. I was about five-years-old. I overheard my parents, my sister and her husband talking about how the secret police did things like arrest students, and sodomize them with hot eggs and broken glass bottles. Then they sent the students back to class so others would find out and be afraid. Imagine what I felt overhearing these talks. I told my mom I had heard. She told me to never repeat anything we talk about to anyone outside of the family.

I remember my sisters and brothers sometimes smuggled banned books home. The books they were smuggling were taught in high schools and colleges in the United States. They could get arrested, tortured, killed, raped and put in political prison for reading the books.

Though my siblings tried to hide it from me, I sometimes saw the books they smuggled. They were books like, *War and Peace*, by Tolstoy, or books about the Civil Rights movement in the United States. Any book that suggested democracy was completely banned.

When I was about eight-years-old, my big sister's husband gave me a book to read. He put me in the bathroom and told me to read the book all the way through. He told me if I had questions he would answer them in the bathroom. The book was a banned children's book. It was about a big fat fish and a little fish. The little fish was trying to not get eaten by the big fat fish. The big fat fish was big and fat because he had eaten all the fishes, even baby fishes. The big fat fish was mean, and he was greedy. The baby fish was very scared. That's all. The tyrant banned the book. Go figure. He tolerated nothing and banned even children's books.

Imagine a child being arrested for reading that book. The child might be kidnapped, tortured and raped every day, until he or she died in political prison. There was no court system or due process. Their families were not informed. Once you were picked up by the secret police and put in that prison you were practically dead.

The dictator wanted everyone to know how cruel he was, like Hitler did in Germany, to terrorize, to traumatize and to make people feel doomed and helpless. That's how he was able to stay in power and to keep stealing.

Being a woman was all by itself scary. I knew about what was happening to women since I was three-years-old. Gender division was a big method the ruler used to create chaos and more traumas in families and the society.

Honor killing was acceptable. Women were killed by their own families for losing their virginity or even being accused of it. There was a place, like a ditch, where the dead bodies were found. Often, the family members or even strangers would splash acid on women's faces to disfigure them for life. It was terrifying to be a female. I learned that since age three.

If a woman accused of dishonoring her family by losing her virginity survived, she would end up in the hands of a pimp who legally kept her a prisoner, as a prostitute. There was a part of the city where prostitutes lived. It was legal for men to go and have prostitutes there. It was in some ways like the sin city in Las Vegas. It was a city in our city where prostitution was legal. Prostitutes were runaways from honor killing. They could be as young as eleven and twelve. Drugs, crimes, rape and you name it happened there.

In our neighborhood, a girl I grew up with as a friend who lost her virginity ended up in the prostitution town. I remember before she ran away I asked her how she lost her virginity. She was afraid to tell. I think it was a relative or stranger rape case. She did not even tell me. She was afraid that it would get around and he would retaliate. The girl was abused by her father. She was sure he would kill her. She ran away and I found out she was in the prostitute's city. There was no other place for a girl to go under the circumstances.

The situation was too close to home. It was very frightening. The fear of being raped, losing my virginity, and having to run away and end up in the prostitution town haunted me.

On top of being a child raised in such an unhealthy and traumatic society, I was an unwanted child. My mother was in over her head with as many kids as she had. They were in high school and going to college. She felt it was not fair to have another baby into that nightmare world. And she was physically ill. She suffered from a heart condition.

I survived massive attacks and trauma to me while in the womb. My mother tried to abort me at home. In that country it was illegal to have an abortion. So for about four months she tried anything that would abort me. She tried so hard she could have fatally hurt herself. Please keep in mind she tried to abort me because she felt she could not give me a good life. My mother was not a selfish mother, or selfish anything. In some ways she was a saint. She would take the shirt off her back and give it to the needy. She had a huge heart. This taught me that a human cannot judge another human for their words and actions. That is why God said to us to forgive one another and to love.

Much to my mother's surprise I was born healthy. But I looked like her abusive mother. My mother's mother was the victim of massive trauma in a very anti-women society. She and my mother's father did not get along. She divorced my grandfather. Being a single mother was nearly impossible. My grandmother remarried. But while pregnant, she found out that her new husband took another wife behind her back. She divorced him for taking another wife. By then, she had given birth to a baby boy. Because the law was anti-woman, the father took the baby from her while she was nursing him. The father had full custody of her boy and she did not see her son again until he was a young adult.

My mother was a small child at that point. Grandmother never finished grieving the loss of her boy. She never got passed the anger phase of grieving. Her life was a nightmare. She was posttraumatic and depressed. So my mother became the target of my grandmother's anger and depression. My mother felt that her mother abused her. According to my mom, my grandmother had fits of depression and anger, and punished her for nothing.

Marriages were arranged when my grandmother and mother married. Girls as young as nine were given to men twenty years older. In the vast majority of cases the girl did not know the man she married. She had not ever seen the man. Only the family of the man would see the girl and tell the man about her looks. But he would be on top of her trying to have intercourse with her the night of the marriage. If that is not traumatic, what is?! If he saw it was possible to accuse the girl of not being a virgin prior to wedding, he would accuse her of it. If he got away with it, he could divorce her. The girl would be killed by her family, or chastised and chased out to become a prostitute.

Please note that physical punishment of children was normal in that society. Older siblings were considered authority figures. Parents and older siblings had the authority to physically punish children. It was considered the primary method of discipline.

My grandmother believed the world was not a good place for women. It did not take much to figure that out in that society. In her suffering as a woman she reached the point that she decided for my mother to not have any female children. She figured the child will not suffer if they are not born female. She was so serious about her decision. My mother once told me that when her first baby was born my grandmother was with her. When my grandmother saw that the baby was a girl, she slapped my mother in the face in anger. She figured, here is another female to experience the nightmare.

I was five-years-old when I overheard my parents talking about my mother's attempt to abort me. I chose to talk with my mother about it. Even though I was very young, I understood how hard and painful life was for her and for everyone. I knew women suffered. I was a sharp kid. I

overheard a lot and understood too much. I knew my mother's life was so painful. I found out all that you read by the age of three.

When I told my mother I heard she wanted to abort me, she tried to explain the reason. I had already overheard the details. I put my arms around her to comfort her. She told me that she already had more girls than boys. She was physically too ill to have as many children. She had a chronic heart condition that caused her to suffer even more. To keep children safe in our society was nearly impossible. It took a perfect heart condition, and even with that, it was a battle. She tried to abort me to be fair to me.

After my mother was done explaining I felt so much empathy for her. I was raised in a world that caused us to know the nightmare we lived in from the time we could speak. It was nearly impossible for parents to hide the ugly world from their children. It was in our faces, from the moment we could speak. I heard everything as a child. There was no way for my parents to shelter me and keep me from knowing.

So I understood my mother's feelings and attempts to abort me. I comforted her. I told her that she did what was best for us both. I told her I was not angry with her. I loved her. I did not want her to feel guilt. She suffered enough. I actually became more protective of her. I became very concerned with her health. I was worried for her fragile health all of my life. I empathize with her pain and suffering so much that I was a pro-choice activist who believed that a woman should have access to legal and safe abortion. I was active in that movement from about twenty to twenty-five years of age.

I saw my mother's suffering every day, as a mother, a wife, and an oppressed woman in a world of chaos, danger, fear, anxiety and pain. Who would want to raise a family in that world? I thought of that as a small child. I understood my mother. She did the best she knew. She was just as much a victim as I was, caught in a messy whirlpool of our world. I put myself in her shoes as a small child. I realized how frightening and what a nightmare it could be to make it in that world.

My grandmother died when I was very small. I do not remember her. She and her mother never discussed my mother being often physically punished by her as a child. My mother felt my grandmother was cruel to her. She felt she was punished unfairly.

When I was old enough, my mother told me that she felt sorry for her mother knowing she was so badly victimized by the world. She knew her mother had suffered massive traumas. Her mother's child was taken from her and she could not see him. She chose not to tell her mother that she felt she was abused by her.

My mother had a difficult time performing the role of a mother. She did not feel her mother was a good role model, considering the circumstances. She understood her mother's position. But she did not feel she knew how to be a mother herself. At the same time, she had to survive a fragile heart condition.

Her way of protecting her children from her not being a good mother was to distance herself from her small children. She was comfortable relating to the children when they were teens and in college.

Please keep in mind that my mother had no access to anything or anyone to help her learn good parenting skills. In our society you gave birth and you did what you could against all odds, until your children were old enough and ready to leave home. My mother created a miracle considering the circumstances. She raised good people. She made sure her daughters gained control so they would not be abused by men like her mother. She made sure her daughters went to college and chose their own husbands.

But with me things were different. Mom had another problem with raising me. I was the only child who looked like her mother. She loved her mother. But she had never reconciled with her. She was afraid she would be not good for me at all. She was afraid of raising me. So she decided I would be better off with a nanny. She thought a nanny would do a better job. I had a nanny for the first two years of my life. Finally, my parents found out that the nanny abused me. She was fired.

I cried a lot. I was getting on my older siblings last nerves. They had to study. I became known as a crybaby. My siblings thought I was going to be a pain in the neck. They did not know about the nanny abusing me. You can say we all started on the wrong foot.

My father also had trouble knowing how to be a parent. His father died at a war when he was only eight-years-old. His mother never remarried. She was a single woman. She did all she could. And that was not much in a society like that.

From age eight my father felt he had to protect his mom and his sister. He had to become a man at age eight. He fell in the hands of men around him who emotionally and physically abused him. They took advantage of the fact that my father did not have a father to protect him. My grandmother's hands were tied in most ways. She was a female single parent with nearly no rights.

I think the best my grandmother did for her children was to stay single. The chance that a stepfather would be good to stepchildren was nearly impossible in that society. In that society stepparents were known to be abusive.

My father was a workaholic. He became a great provider. That was all that he knew about fatherhood. He avoided being home knowing he did not know how to be a good father. He thought if he made a lot of money and gave us material goods he would be what he could. All he knew about parenting was to pull money out of his pocket to buy us off.

So my parents consciously put my older siblings in charge of me, not feeling able to do the job themselves. I had teenagers and adolescents for my mother and father. They had no idea how to be parental figures. And they were living in a country that terrorized them every day.

Being teens or adolescents was traumatic enough in that world. Just living in that society was enough to blow all your fuses at once. You know what it is like to be adolescents and teenagers. They were hormonal and forced to find themselves in a world of nightmares. My siblings had way too much on their plates to begin with. As a result they were on the edge quite often. They were irritable. They were busy with their own problems and with not much parental support, while my parents did their best to be good parents against all odds.

I lived in a house with rules that changed constantly. My teen and adolescent parents made and broke rules as they wished. They were stressed with being teen and adolescent parents. They lived in a world of fear, terror, massive oppression and chaos, literally, a nightmare. I became the black sheep, the odd ball and the scapegoat. Remember, we all started on the wrong foot from the start. I was a cry baby and on their last nerves for two years while they did not know the nanny was abusing me.

Being bad or good did not make any difference. The two were inconsistent. I was very often punished by teenage parental figures. I often did not know how to avoid being punished. It all depended on the mood of the parental figures. I felt lonely and helpless. More and more I discovered that the world outside of our house was literally a living hell, revolving around the needs of a greedy tyrant and his greedy supporters and friends that helped him stay in power. People who helped him steal to become the fourteenth richest man on Earth, while making the other richest in the world richer.

Even though my siblings were not good parents, I still loved them. I knew they did the best they could. I knew about their sufferings. I knew about everyone's sufferings. I somehow had the ability to understand and to relate to the root cause of their problems that caused them to hurt me and to hurt themselves. It was a nightmare for everyone. They did what they could. They did not consciously intend to hurt me.

I lost my parental figures, who I loved of course, when they left home to go to college. It was as if I was losing moms and dads. I felt so abandoned. I felt most depressed. I had to grieve losing parents. But they were happy going to college. They did not care what I felt. They did not

understand what I felt. I watched them leave home, leaving me like I never existed. They were typical teens excited about gaining independence. But it had a very massive emotional impact on me. It left me in never ending grief.

Looking back at my family and the conditions in our society, I can see that we all were abused, oppressed, terrified, traumatized, robbed and anxious. We all suffered. I cannot imagine how it was possible to raise a healthy family in that world. I lived in the world of fears.

I did not believe in God because he was anti-women, cruel, selfish, punitive and not loving. I was told that I had to “fear God.” He was a scary God. The fear factor in my life was too much. I wanted someone to save me from the cruel world. But nobody around me was safe enough themselves to be able to save me. Everyone in that country needed to be saved.

I refused to believe in God. A God that wanted a little four-year-old to live in fear of him was not my God.

Although I lived in a Muslim country, I saw a movie about Jesus at age five. I ask you to please pay special attention to it as it will be one the most important ways you will understand my life and this book. The movie was made in the United States and translated to my native language. Keep in mind, my family was in most parts secular. I did not pay any attention to God and religions. I did not believe in them. They were not good and loving. They scared me.

I had a bunch of teens and adolescents for parents, who were leaving me to go to college. I was afraid of them, though I loved them. It was the norm in the society for the children to fear the adults and parental figures.

Everyone and everything was based on fear around me, at home and in society. I did not want to model myself after any of the older people around me. But I was five, the age when any child would need to choose a parental figure or someone as a role model.

After I watched the movie about Jesus, I literally went into a deep zone. I still see the little me only five-years-old, sitting in my hiding place deeply processing Jesus. I was touched so deeply inside me. I was so seriously connected to him somewhere inside me. I felt so much love for him. I had not met love before him. He was love.

Of course, I did not know Jesus as who he really was. I did not know him as a religious figure. I did not know him as he related to God. Jesus was not like others in religion. He did not want me to be afraid. I knew Jesus did not make me afraid. He made me feel safe and loved. I also identified with him for he suffered as I did. And he loved everyone. I had so much in common

with him. He was ideal to me. I felt I knew him. I felt he was with me. I felt a bond with him. I wanted to be like him.

Jesus moved in to my subconscious mind. He became my role model. I had subconsciously chosen him for my role model. I remembered what he did in the movie. I remembered his talks about love and mercy. I remembered him being willing to be sacrificed for all humanity, like the saying, "one for all." But I refused to mix him up with God. He was not the scary, selfish, cruel and mean God that scared a little girl. I did not associate him with God. I still did not believe in God. But I carried Jesus inside me subconsciously from that day on, until I saw him in my dream almost forty years later.

My mother used to say to me, "You live to help people." It made me happy seeing others happy. I loved to make people laugh, even when I was a sad and small child. Being always a sad and heartbroken child, I vicariously lived through other's happiness, joy and well-being.

As long as I remember I worried a lot. I worried for the homeless mother with her baby tied to her back that came to our door for food. I worried for the homeless animals. I remember I used to go to sleep next to my mother because I could not get the sufferings of others out of my mind. Those thoughts kept me up all night. I continued to ask my mother, "What is going to happen to the homeless lady and her baby?" and "What is going to happen to the homeless dogs and cats?" I kept asking her those kinds of questions. She kept saying, "They'll be okay." She finally went to sleep and I still did not know what was going to happen to the homeless people and animals.

I remember I had a lamb fur coat and matching hat. I was so in love with them. But I grew out of them. I still tried to wear them though the sleeves were up to my elbow and the hat would hardly sit on top of my head. My mother tried to talk me into not wearing them anymore. I refused. I was in love with the coat and hat. She suggested I keep them in the closet, to just keep them, that way I could go to them as I wanted. I thought to myself, "I would eventually do that," as I kept trying to fit myself in them.

One freezing winter day, with about fifteen inches of snow that turned to ice on the ground, my mother was taking me somewhere with my father. I was about four, getting close to five-years-old. My mom told me we were going to see the lady who helped my mother with household chores. My mother wanted to drop off some warm clothes for her and her little girl to wear.

The lady who helped my mother with household chores always brought her daughter. She was a year younger than me. She was very small. I knew they were poor. I used to take the little girl to the big room in our house decorated with expensive furniture for entertaining guests. I was not allowed to go and jump on the furniture there. I could do it in our living room sometimes.

But I took the little girl to jump on the expensive furniture. I wanted her to be a special guest I entertained. I wanted to make her happy. She loved it. I loved her joy. So we both got a lot fun out of it. I am not sure if my mother ever found out about it. I think she eventually did. But knowing me and my feelings for people who were poor, she let me and the baby enjoy our special time together. My mother had a very big heart.

Anyway, that day, it was freezing cold. Fifteen inches of snow and ice covered the ground. We drove to the home of the lady who helped my mother with household chores. Of course, I had managed to force my body into the lamb fur coat and hat, loving it. When we got there, I found out the lady and her three-year-old daughter lived in an unfinished basement of a house they rented. The floor and walls were wet and frozen. It smelled very bad. They almost had nothing in the basement. A smelly fire worked with gasoline. But it was freezing there. The door of the basement did not close tight. Something was wrong with the door. The cold air was coming in as if they were living outside.

My mother dropped off a lot of clothes for the woman and her daughter and also gave her some money as a gift. I saw the little girl walking around with something like a blanket wrapped around her body. I felt a huge pain inside me. I felt inside of me so much sadness. I wanted to cry. But I did not want to make her feel worse. At that moment, I knew just what to do with my lamb fur coat and hat. The little girl needed them a lot more than I ever needed them. They fit her perfectly. She looked adorable and warm. For years, I remembered the inside of that basement. It hurts me as much now to think of it as it hurt when I was there.

I was a very sensitive child. I felt other people's pains. And I was in a suffering and dysfunctional world. It was painful at home. It was painful outside of the home. Fear was everywhere. I worried a lot. I was one worrying little child. And I had plenty of real reason to worry. I lived my pain and like a sponge soaked everyone else's suffering. It was so overwhelming. I was too little for all that. I lived with too much pain. I was in it with too much pain all the time. It was ever increasing.

I remember I was six-years-old. By midday it was snowing hard. All the children were out sliding and playing in the snow, laughing and screaming out of joy. I was standing inside on the terrace of our house looking through the door.

In the country I grew up people who had money had very tall brick walls, decorated with marbles outside. Sometimes they even had barbed wires on top of the walls. Our house was like that, except the barbed wires came when I was older. A huge decorated strong steel door served as the entrance and the exit to and from the house.

So the door of our house was wide open, and from our terrace, I could see the children outside playing in the snow looking so happy. I was crying, and feeling so much sadness. I was thinking about the world I lived in at home and out there in the world. I was feeling helpless. I felt the world was such a sad place. I felt so much suffering. I was feeling people's suffering. I was feeling animals' suffering. I kept crying and thinking, "How can children playing out there in the snow, laugh and be happy in this world?" I did not understand why they were happy.

My mother noticed I was standing on the terrace crying out loud looking out at the children. She came to me and asked me why I was not out playing with the children, and why I was crying. I told her, "I have nothing to be happy about. This world is not a happy world. It's a very sad world. I do not want this world. I feel worried about everything. I feel fear everywhere."

Subsequently, my mother took me to a pediatrician who also saw children for psychiatric problems. He lived a couple of blocks away from our house. Mom and I walked. The doctor asked me how I was feeling. I told him what I told my mother. The doctor told my mother that I was too advanced for my age and knew too much. I was thinking about the family and social problems at age six. The doctor gave me some vitamins. He told my mother that he would not give me any other medication since I was right about the world.

Well, I continued to worry and fear about the dysfunctional and painful life in a cruel country I had to lead and about the homeless and the children in freezing basements. You name it, I worried about it. I thought I had to find a way to fix things.

I had a big breakdown. I was so depressed that I went on a massive attempt to end the causes of my worries and fear. I felt I had need to create peace within my own family and the world on my shoulders. I decided that if I perfect ionized myself all would become good in the world. So I started obsessive-compulsive rituals and behaviors.

Needless to say, I did not become "perfect." I found out I was so imperfect. I burned myself down to the bones. I crashed big time. I became massively depressed, exhausted, hurt and in an extreme amount of pain in every possible way. It felt like the end of the world. I had failed everything, at age six.

When I was eight-years-old, I decided to talk about God with my sister's husband, who was a scientist. I had overheard that he was an atheist. I was trying to decide what to do with this life and this world. I had to find a meaning and a reason for being alive in a world with so much suffering, fear, abuse and injustice that was loveless and painful. Otherwise, I was going to worry and fear for myself and every human and animal. The world was dark and painful. It was like a living nightmare.

So I asked my atheist brother-in-law directly if he really did not believe in God. He said he did not believe in God. I told him that I too did not believe in the God people talk about. I told him, I do not believe in God because it does not make any sense to me. It cannot be true. Then I told him, "Even though there is no God, I can love and do good things for humanity. I can love humanity. I can help others. I can help change the world." I saw myself as a cell of a big body known as humanity.

To love the body of humanity was what I chose to live for. I wanted to change the world to be a good place for all humans. That was what kept me alive. That was what gave me hope. That was what I lived for. That was what made me stay in the world. I was living to change the world to be a good place for all. That was my "religion."

Though I was broken and suffering in the world I lived in, I somehow found it in me to step up and to get involved to do the right thing. I believed and was willing to sacrifice myself if needed. One for all to help humanity. As I said, I felt I was one cell of the entire body of humanity. To help humanity was my God and my reason for living. I could not passively witness all the evil the tyrant did to humanity living in that country.

By the time I was a teenager I became brave about openly and publically expressing myself against the brutalities of the dictatorship. I was outspoken in school. I started to refuse to live in fear. I chose to speak freely about freedom and human rights. I did not want to live in a dark and ugly world like that. I did not want to submit to it. If that was life, then I did not want to be alive. I figured what if they kidnap torture and kill me? I was already living a nightmare. I had nothing to lose. I could try to make it a just and loving world. I decided to do everything in my power to contribute to end the rule of the greedy and bloodsucking tyrant.

In my subconscious mind I had Jesus as a reference, as a role model. I followed his actions. He was one for all. He was willing to live and to die for all. My God, my reason for living was to give myself up to whatever humanity needed. I wanted to make things new like Jesus did, though I was not conscious of it. He had moved inside me long before I was aware of his presence. But my mind was not due to know him until later.

I did not let my government scare me with their secret police. I got involved with underground movements against the dictatorship and for a democratic government. I wanted people to elect their own government. My uncle was in the military. He informed my mother that I had been blacklisted. My parents insisted that I stopped speaking out in public and that I end my involvement with the liberation movement. They were worried for me. They tried to protect me. But I knew they could not protect me. I told them that nobody was safe while that dictator was the ruler of the country. My parents finally accepted that I would not stop. They knew me.

My mom knew that if I thought something was the right thing to do nothing would stop me from seeing it through. I was like that as long as she knew me. She was not surprised with my involvement.

Not long after I got involved, people by the thousands and later millions marched through the streets demanding that the greedy and bloody tyrant permanently leave the country. He finally fled the country, after he killed 80,000 innocent people. There were higher numbers of permanently injured. I still sometimes wonder how I survived. It was certainly not my time to go home. I was on Earth doing just as God wanted me to do, even though at the time I was not with God in my mind. But he surely was with me. It certainly was his will that I did not get arrested, tortured and killed. He had plans for me for later on in my life. Guess for what?! I have survived so much that he finally convinced me that I was meant to be his instrument later in my life, to write this book.

The dictator that massacred so many of his people for marching in the streets against him lost his reputation globally as a popular ruler. The whole world learned how brutal and oppressive he was during his reign. The world learned how he stole so much that it made him the fourteenth richest man in the world, while his people suffered poverty and bloody oppression.

Looking back, I realize that Jesus let me see that what he said was not only possible, but instilled in each and every one of us. Jesus said, love one another, share with one another and live in peace and solidarity as sisters and brothers. He created us to be and to want that. For about a month, after the tyrant fled the country, there was no police or army. Hospitals were full of bodies. People helped one another as if we all were a big family. People were loving, protecting and respecting one another. They were helping one another. They were working as a team. They were sharing with one another. It was like the society suddenly became a big family. I saw that humans are created that way by God.

But a country that was traumatized and devastated by dictators hardly had a democratic movement that could sustain and succeed forming a democratic government with a democratic army to meet people's needs. Many of the leaders of the underground movement were arrested, tortured and killed. What was left of the democratic movement after the tyrant was overthrown formed a provisional, coalition government. A lack of democracy for centuries left the provisional government struggling. They were attacked by the neighboring country.

The neighboring country, with which our country had warred with before, began invading the cities of our country. The foreign enemy came into the capital bombing everywhere, including civilian sites, even schools. There was a desperate need for the formation of a centralized

government and strong army. People were terrified. Bombing jets were flying over our heads day and night.

In the wake of a weak centralized government and war the wealthiest that were getting what they wanted under the rule of the tyrant got together with their religious friends. Guess what happened? They too used the 2,000 year old card, the religion card, to oppress and to steal. They took advantage of the neighbor's invasion of the country. They convinced the desperate people, who needed a government and an army to protect them, that they could fight the enemy. But the rich rehired the same army that the fallen dictator used to fight the foreign enemy.

A civil war broke out to stop the country from falling again to the hands of religious tyrants. They formed police and secret police to maintain peace while fighting the foreign invader. They soon pushed down the opposition groups underground. It was as if we had gone a full circle back to point A. We went from one dictatorship to another. I finally was convinced to move. I finally decided to leave the country. I felt I had no choice. To me it was a no win situation.

I came to the United States where my family lived. I had survived two civil wars and a war between my country and a neighboring country. All my life I lived in terror, fear, abandonment, rejection and experienced one trauma after another. I felt very beat, depressed and demoralized. I was wounded emotionally. I was massively posttraumatic. I felt the need to channel what was left of my physical and mental energy to do what made me most happy, to help humanity. There were people who needed help. I learned about peoples' struggles around the world for social justice. I could still continue to make a difference, this time globally.

I got involved in justice, peace, women's rights, and environmental movements. I got involved in anti-racism movements in the US. I got involved in anti-apartheid movements in South Africa. I got involved in movements trying to stop military and tyrant governments in third world nations. I was very committed to the idea of "one for all." Only in giving myself could I feel alive, happy and like I was doing the right thing. I had to somehow feel connected to all.

Later, I was diagnosed with Posttraumatic Stress Disorder. I had an anxiety disorder that had obsessive-compulsive features. Posttraumatic Stress Disorder caused me to experience massive anxiety. I had flashbacks of traumas I suffered from the beginning of my life, as I told you about earlier.

The traumatic conditions that I had survived did me in. I lost to a genetic disposition. In my mid-twenties I was diagnosed with Bipolar Disorder. The genetic disposition was triggered by the world. By the way, I am the only one in my family who lost it to the genetic disposition, and

became Bipolar in my family. If I did not have so much on my plate all my life, I likely would not have become Bipolar.

I tried to learn to live with it all. I still tried to give myself to others. More than ever I needed the only thing that made me want to live in this world, to give myself to humanity. I so much needed to make something good in all the suffering. I enjoyed doing things that helped others and hopefully made this world good for all. It kept me sane.

Maybe my persistence and perseverance is what Jesus sees as my asset. I somehow kept going to try to make a difference and to live for others, though I was so beat and crushed.

In my mid-twenties, I started to realize I was born with artistic gifts. I tried the performing arts. I realized I did not enjoy the spotlight. By age 30, I knew I was born a painter. I finally found the Gift and I could not live without it. I even noticed that it was the most effective medicine for all my pain and suffering. But I did not get to live what I was born to do, since our world does not consider certain forms of arts a job.

I suffered much due to my illnesses. But I tried to keep going and going against all odds. I tried to paint. It was the only thing that took my pain away while I tried to work a “real job.” It all was too much. I took breaks to paint, to maintain my sanity, as it was the only thing in the world that kept me alive. I survived a few break downs.

Doing what was literally impossible in my condition kept breaking me to pieces. But I glued myself back together and tried to keep going. It was extremely painful. I had no stability in my life. I knew eventually I would break hard enough that not even crazy glue would patch me up. But I kept going anyway.

Being weak and determined to survive it all, I started to lose massively. I had to cope with many losses. I lost my parents. I lost my cats of eighteen and nineteen years. They were my children. My relationship with a man I was going to marry ended. I had mostly myself to fall back on. And I was in pieces so bad that it took a miracle to even stand on my feet.

Jesus came to me when I was in pieces. I figure he liked my determination, persistence and resilience. I had survived so much. I was the type to go at it until I dropped dead. And I had learned so much about this world. I was able to see this world just as it is without makeup. I saw the ugliness. I was not in denial. I knew things were getting worse at the speed of light on this planet.

I was shocked when I found out Jesus wanted to use me as his instrument. I said, "Can't you find someone more together and less damaged?" He said, "What you think disqualifies you, qualifies you."

CHAPTER THREE

DYING IN LIES, FINDING THE LOVING GOD BY MY SIDE

SIX MONTHS AFTER DREAM, RCIA CLASSES

In the eight years prior to the dream that I had where I met Jesus at age 43, I lost my parents, ended a relationship that I was much invested in and lost my cats of eighteen and nineteen years. It took me a while to grieve and to recover, especially since I did not have much of a support system.

I tried to start a new life. But I had to find the strength, especially since I was in it all by myself. Friends had moved away, or were busy with their own lives, with husbands and children. I did not relate to my siblings much.

I was wondering what I would do with my life when I had the dream that you read earlier. Of course, now I know what my new life involved. You will read about more the suffering that I experienced after I became a Catholic.

Six months after the dream, I suddenly decided to receive Baptism. I did not know the Bible. I did not know anything about Christianity. I did not know how to receive Baptism. Finally, I called around and was advised by a friend to call a parish to speak to a priest about my questions. I called the closest Catholic parish and spoke with the pastor. We agreed to meet the next day.

I was a little nervous. I had never met a religious figure in my life. I had no clue about the religion. I knocked on the door of the parish and an old man with a long white beard who seemed nice, but was wearing a long dress opened the door. I had never met with a man who was wearing a dress. I was a little taken. I figured it was something a Catholic pastor wore.

I am an artist. I am very visual. I pay attention to details that most people are amazed I can notice. I never sat in front of a religious figure before. I never sat in front of a man wearing a dress before either. So I was looking at his toe nails, hoping he was wearing something under his dress. I was anxious and thinking to myself, "I am sitting in front of a religious figure, an old man with a long white beard, wearing a dress."

I had to make a conscious effort to keep my eyes on his face or to gaze at something around him as we talked. I am sure he realized he surprised me with his dress. The second time we

met, he sat behind his desk so I would not see him in the dress! By the way, in case you do not know, what he had on was a “habit” that some pastors wear.

Anyway, I spoke with the Catholic pastor. We discussed the process of Baptism and Confirmation. He seemed like a very good person. He was very kind and helpful. I felt comfortable with him, so in our second meeting I suddenly decided to tell him about the dream you read earlier. I felt shy about it. I did not want to give him the impression that I was weird. But I felt telling him about the dream was important. Besides I had to tell someone.

The pastor heard my dream and made me realize what the dream was about. He was the first person who told me I saw the Lord in my dream. I realized God wanted me to receive Baptism in the Catholic Church. He wanted me to be a Catholic. I was sure of that. I just went along with God’s plan.

I started taking Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults classes for non-Catholics who seek Baptism and Confirmation in the Catholic Church. For nine months, we studied the Bible and Church’s traditions.

My pastor had just arrived to the parish a month prior to my arriving at the same parish. He seemed to be trying to find his way around to get to know the flock and all the workings of his new home. He assigned me a godmother. He told me he did not personally know her because he just arrived to the parish himself. It seemed he was trying to handle so much and it all was new to him. I understood his position. He did the best he could give the circumstances.

I did not know much at all about godmothers. I met her. I talked with her in person and on the phone. She talked much about the afterlife and how she believed she would not make it to heaven. She told me, “Maybe I met you to become a good Christian.” She was so afraid of going to hell. She felt she had to hold on to the bottom of the pastor’s garment to get to heaven, she told me. She was afraid of God. She did not believe God loved her.

According to my godmother, my mother, father and all the people I knew and all the people I did not know, who were not perfect Catholics were all in hell. According to her God was sitting there waiting for our lives to end and to send us to hell. It was devastating to me. I had just lost my parents. I did not want anyone to go to hell. I had met God in my dream. He was the God of Love. The whole thing was confusing me to death. Who was this God she was talking about?

My godmother’s God and mine were not the same. The God I met in my dream was not like her God. If I believed in her God, I had to imagine my loved ones who passed away being in hell. According to her faith’s teaching, I had to imagine the vast majority of humanity in hell.

As I got to know the Church's teachings and traditions, I realized that my godmother was not the only one who felt the way she felt. It was not her choice to feel the way she felt. She was born and raised with the man-made God. She herself was one of God's children who was suffering and not knowing her loving God and parent.

I met with my pastor to discuss my concerns for my loved ones who died not Christian. I wanted to know where my parents and all those who died not Christian went. My pastor tried to comfort me. He was very compassionate. He did his best to calm me. He was doing his best under the guidelines and the teachings of the Church. I appreciated his compassion, empathy, understanding and attempts to be comforting. He really did all he could do for me in his power.

With Jesus' help I tried to cope with what came my way, I kept reminding myself that he had sent me to the Catholic Church. I had to do his will. And he did faithfully try to help me through my preparation for Baptism. He stood by me.

TELEVISION EVANGELISTS, FEAR AND FRICTION FOSTERING

We had no Bible classes in our parish. Our parish was too small. I had nobody to talk with about God and the Bible. I was wondering what the Christians on television were all about. I could not talk to my godmother. She told me how to fear God. Everyone talked about "fearing God."

I listened to these "Christian" leaders on television who claimed they were going around the world to "save souls." They said the harvest was near and they needed more and more money to "bring people to Jesus." They said they had to make money to afford to "take the gospel to the world." They said the salvation of all people's souls depended upon becoming Christian.

In their fancy clothes, the television Evangelists were on a crusade for a God that needed them to save souls. According to them, if they did not get to save all souls, God would just throw all those who were not Christian in hell to burn for all eternity.

Christians seemed to believe that my parents and all those who died not knowing Christ and not being a Christian were going to hell. They said God only wanted and loved those who were Christian.

Listening to these fear fostering characters, I kept thinking to myself, "What is the difference between the God I grew up with in a Muslim country, and the God these characters on television are talking about?" These Christians and the Muslims both believe in a God that does not love humanity. He supposedly cares less about humanity than the preacher on television.

In our own hemisphere, in Haiti, mothers feed their children with mud patties so the children can feel something in their stomachs. How can these mothers afford a television to listen to the “Evangelists”? Most people in the world cannot read and write. Why would God not keep billions of people like that in his consideration? What kind of God would turn his back on suffering humans? He came to Earth to free the oppressed and the poor.

The God the Evangelists talked about was a business man. A cruel God was sitting there feeding these television characters and their fancy life styles, and condemning the vast majority of humanity to hell. I could not believe it. That was not the God I met in my dream.

These preachers on television also had congregations. They preached to the people in their congregations about what to do in order to prosper and get to heaven. They had to send money to the head of the congregation, preacher, and pastor or whatever they called themselves, to guide the congregation to heaven. They talked and talked. They claimed to “love Jesus.”

Some of these leaders on television were going on the streets and delivering hell to people. They would stop people and try to make them feel guilty, and tell them that if the individual did not become a practicing Christian, they would “go to hell and burn for all eternity.”

It was mind blowing. I kept thinking, has God anything to do with this stuff? It seemed as if God was being translated by these leaders of men, on television, in churches or other religions. I was growing more and more confused. It all was inconsistent. It did not add up. It became overwhelmingly depressing.

Going to receive Baptism, I was told that I was going to be an “adopted child of God,” “one of God’s people.” I was told I would have “eternal life in Heaven.” I felt selfish. I felt compassion and sorrow for my dead parents and all those who died not Christian. I felt it was so unfair. I felt compassion and sorrow for those who are suffering around the world in third world countries who would not become Christians.

I kept trying to remember my Jesus, the Jesus I met in my dream. He was not like what they were drilling in my head on television or in the church. I had become a Christian for love. I did not try to buy a ticket to heaven leaving my sisters and brothers in creation behind. I became a Christian, a Catholic, because of love. I thought God loved us. I was not in it for me alone. To me it was about us.

I told my priest that I felt selfish. I told him that I became a Christian for love. I told him I did not want to buy a ticket to heaven by becoming a Christian. I told him about my concerns for humanity and that I could not get them out of my mind. I could not leave humanity behind. I

could not believe in a God that did not love humanity as much as I did! It was mind blowing. It was depressing. It did not add up.

My priest was very compassionate. I could feel that he wanted to give me comfort. He did the best he could under his authority. He said that God will judge people based on actions, if they did not receive Baptism.

But it was not helping me feel better. I wanted to be with the God of Love. A God of Love would love humanity more than I do. A God of Love, as the one in my dream, would love his creatures unconditionally. He would understand how this world can make a “sinner,” and he would understand human conditions.

The God they drilled in my head did not add up. He was not the God I found in my dream.

SIX MONTHS AFTER BAPTISM, MAN-MADE FEAR AND GUILT

I chose to honor the God I met in my dream. I received Baptism. I wanted to have a relationship with Jesus. I was still listening to the television Evangelists, every now and then, fear fostering, telling people we had to hurry to save souls before Jesus came. Of course, they only need our money to do their mission.

The leaders were growing more conceited every day. They would say things like, “God wants me to be rich.” They claimed that their God somehow favored them. But the same God was cruel to over seventy five percent of humanity. A humanity that was starving, homeless and not Christian.

Listening to them was demoralizing and sickening. It was even more painful that they had humans believing and following them. The people made the preachers rich because they thought it would help get on the good side of God. I was fed up with the television Evangelists. Shortly after my Baptism, I stopped listening to them.

But I was listening to the Church I was with. The pastor did his job. He had to follow strict tradition and guidelines. It must be very difficult being a Catholic priest. His job description ranges from A to Z. It is rigidly practiced. Every Catholic priest has to practically be a robot. They say the same thing, do the same thing, preach the same thing, pray for the same thing, teach the same thing, practice the same thing and breathe the same air every day of the year, as it is predetermined by the Church in Rome.

Catholic priests seemed to be pulling a chain and iron ball. The man-made Church that is supposed to be “the Holy and Catholic and Apostolic Church,” functions like a giant machine. It is most bureaucratic, with a rigid hierarchy and chain of command. Christ lives, in “I AM,” and the Church lives in “I WAS.” The job of a Catholic priest is not about here and now, where the Holy Spirit, Christ, lives. If I mentioned to Catholics that something may get done fast in the Catholic Church, I would even hear the religious say, “good luck with that thought!”

I found everything they said and even the Bible both the Old and the New Testaments inconsistent and confusing. It seemed as if God was either playing a game or he had multiple personality disorder.

In child psychology, they say that if parents are not consistent, children will grow feeling fear, a lack of trust and will develop emotional disorders. Here I am with a God that was not consistent.

On one hand, a Christian was expected to be God fearing. On the other hand, we had to love the mean and scary God they tried to drill in my head.

I grew up in fear. Love does not coexist with fear. I learned that in real life through much suffering. I seemed to have one God and they seemed to have another God.

I resisted the God they drilled in my head. If their God was the real God, the God I met in my dream did not exist. I knew I had to believe in God’s love. I kept trying to latch on to the God I met.

I was learning God’s expectations, the do’s and do not’s of living the life of a newly baptized Christian. It was a nightmare. It did not add up. As I learned more and more, what I was taught seemed inconsistent and confusing. Let me give you an example.

I was divorced for over seventeen years. Even before I received Baptism, I preferred to masturbate than to have a man humiliate me with mutual masturbation. I tried that. I was in relationships where I was being used for sex and I went along because it was the norm.

But it made me more and more sick of myself and the world in which I lived. The television and the sex industry had reduced me to a piece of meat that had to compete with plastic porn stars. Everywhere I looked I was told how I had to stay young looking. I had to use such and such make up to look a certain way that was sexually appealing. I had to reveal more and more of my body. I had to have the body of a porn-star. Men were more and more addicted to pornography. They hardly knew the difference between a real woman and a prostitute, who

sold her body for money. It was considered normal to sleep with a guy if he bought you a dinner!

I finally stopped dating. I could not feel any pleasure in being treated like a piece of meat. It was a nightmare. It was dangerous. Finding love in this day and age seemed nearly impossible. More and more men became addicted to sex. Sex became more and more dehumanized.

I stopped dating and continued to masturbate. I was exhausted and I had had it with the dating world. I found no indication in the Bible forbidding masturbation. And it made sense to me why God did not forbid it.

But not long after I received Baptism, I was informed that Christianity forbids masturbation. I found that masturbation was considered a Mortal Sin. So I started to wonder if I was displeasing the God I loved by masturbating. Of course, sleeping around was not an option. I did not want that. God forbids that too of course.

I also found out that Christians do not forbid gambling. How convenient for the rich, the house always wins. I kept thinking about the movie, *Leaving Las Vegas*. That movie reminded me of the part of the city where I was raised. In the “*Why Me?*” chapter, you read about how in the country I grew up in some women were practically forced in to prostitution and drugs. A section of the town I grew up in was like Las Vegas. It was designated for prostitution. Prostitutes lived there under the iron fist of pimps whose legal job it was to keep the industry running. Drugs, violent crimes and you name it happened there.

When Jesus was on Earth, he took a stand against the system that forced women into prostitution. The same society that fostered prostitution stoned them to death for it. Jesus says, “The same men who claim to be building my kingdom, ‘The Kingdom of Heaven,’ legitimize exploitation, prostitution, slavery, abuse, stealing, and organized crime. It is not consistent, is it?”

I talked with my priest about why masturbation was forbidden and gambling was allowed. I felt I was forced to have no control over my body. I could not have sex with myself. But I could be someone’s slave, as they made their own ten commandments, which says, “You shall not covet your neighbor’s slave.” It did not make any sense whatsoever.

I asked my priest why the Church considers my touching my own body, masturbating, a sin, while not considering Sin City a sin. He said the position of the Church was to allow gambling as a fun thing. I said to him that gambling was a man-made industry that conditions people’s minds to believe gambling is fun, while the house makes profits. It takes away an individual’s ability to control. I told him that the same system that made humans feel fun gambling runs

organized crime, the sex industry, the cosmetic industry, prostitution, man-made fun drugs, and anything else for profits.

I told my priest that the same greedy men who convince us gambling is fun are running Sin City, a town where anything goes. Las Vegas is a city where it is normal to use humans like toilet paper and enslave them. I told him that people are exploited, addicted, robbed, killed, infected and abused while thinking they are having fun. The house always wins. The greedy make more and more profits. They even make us rob from one another. If you win, you are really taking your neighbor's money. The greedy lose nothing. The greedy make more and more profit.

I told my priest, "I cannot touch my own body to release God created hormones that calm me and please me? I can have man-made pleasure that makes mega billionaires running gambling empires make billions more while children in Haiti eat mud patties? It was not making any sense at all. All these religious leaders claimed that they followed God's orders. The God they followed was very inconsistent, confusing and did not add up at all.

I kept trying to follow the teaching of the Church. Like I said, it was like I was in a whirlpool. It was sucking me in deeper and deeper. I gave up masturbating. It meant after decades of having control over my body and body chemistry, I stopped having any control. I had orgasms for decades. It was not just fun. It was my body chemistry. Orgasms released chemicals that were hormonally induced. As a result, my body went into hormonal and chemical chaos.

Being premenopausal and in my mid-forties, I was literally in heat often. I never had children. My body was asking me more and more for the chemicals and hormones that naturally were produced to handle things. I disarmed my body and put it through a roller coaster. I refused to release the hormones my body was screaming for me to release to help me stay sane.

I was confused. I loved God. I wanted to please my love. I gave myself up for my love. I was going deeper and deeper in to the whirlpool. I did not feel God's love for me. It seemed as if loving God was a one way street. I loved him anyway, even if I did not feel his love for me.

I felt I was going totally insane. I was trying to please my love, God. But I felt fear, shame and guilt. No matter how hard I tried, I could not feel God's love for me.

I grew ever more chemically chaotic. I became ever more confused, anxious, helpless, hopeless and depressed. I was sleepless. I would awake in the middle of the night in sweat with my heart beating out of my chest. I started to drink whisky every two hours all night to get some sleep. My body and my mind was screaming and struggling. I was pulled deeper and deeper in to the man-made whirlpool.

I love the Blessed Mother. I love and adore her. But the Rosary required me to pray the same prayer to her about fifty times a day. "Hail Mary full of grace, blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death." They were saying we had to even ask her "to save us from the fires of hell."

I was telling Blessed Mother fifty times every day that I was born infected with a curse called "sin." I had to beat myself up as cursed among women, every time I said, "Blessed are you among women." I had to consider myself a worthless piece of meat that was "born a sinner." If that does not make you afraid of God, what does? Why would a loving and good God do this to us? It did not make sense. It was inconsistent. It was confusing. My head was spinning faster and faster.

In the "Why Me?" chapter, you read that I was not born wanted. I was an accident and unwanted even when I was in the womb. When I found God, I thought he loved and wanted me, like a parent, unconditionally. He was the one who went most obviously against my mother's attempts to abort me. I was born alive and healthy against all odds. But I am finding myself telling my beloved, Blessed Mother, that "I was a mistake," born in a curse called, "sin."

I had to tell the Blessed Mother that I was born a flawed, cursed, and doomed woman in sin and death, abandoned by God. I was telling the Blessed Mother, I am not even worthy to pray to the God that most intently and intentionally went against my mother's will to abort me to bring me in to this world. I had to ask the Blessed Mother to intercede for me.

I thought I was a reject, rejected by God and my biological mother from the moment I was conceived. That was supposed to be what I prayed to the Blessed Mother about every day until "the hour of my death." So my life was terrible, and my eternity is at best, going to be with a God that cannot stand me.

On and off, I wondered if they lied to me. I tried to make sense of it all. According to religious leaders, the Blessed Mother's son, Jesus, suffered and died in vain. Meanwhile, his mother listens to billions of humans, fifty times a day, say to her that the bloody and bruised son she held dead in her arms did not die in love and for the love he felt for all humanity. She has to listen to billions of humans every day telling her that they feel guilt and shame and fear the possibility of burning in the fires of hell for all eternity. In other words, we accused the Blessed Mother's son and the son's father of being sadistic and cruel.

Do not take me wrong. It was not only the Catholic Church, the other churches and television Evangelists milked the phrase, "Fear God." They too continued to scare their congregation with Original Sin and milked it. They too told their congregation how to play a clever game with the

God of Fear. They preached how to become prosperous by bribing God. They robbed their followers. They told their congregation that they were “anointed” and favored to intercede for the congregation to the scary God. Then they asked for money. They pretended to be living saints, while filling their pockets and living high.

They went around the world filling the ears of men and women, who in most parts did not even read and write, with a God they made in their own image, and made people believe they were feeding the poor. They told their congregations that God made the rich and the poor. They told their congregations that God wants them, the living saints, the preachers, to be rich!

I was born and raised in a Muslim country and I had to listen to how hard it was to please God. I was taught to Fear God because I was born a sinner. I was told to feel guilt, shame and fear. I refused to believe in the God they tried to teach me. But when I became a Christian I heard the same horrifying stories about God. I figured the people who believe in the God of Abraham are all about guilt, shame, fear and the fires of hell.

Jesus came to me in my dream after four decades. He was love. So I became a Christian. But I had just gone around in a circle, and found myself expected to believe in the same scary God I rejected for over four decades. There seemed to be two gods. It did not make sense any other way. I was getting sucked in to a world of fear, guilt and shame.

It reminded me how the country I was raised in went around in a big circle. I was left posttraumatic living in world of fear under a greedy and bloodsucking tyrant. Tens of thousands died and more were left permanently disabled and injured, in protests that finally forced the dictator to leave the country. But the nation did not go forward. Its people just took a big full circle and were back to being, oppressed again.

I had to watch our world suffering in wars that had become religious. It is like the religious crusades, and violence in the name of God never stopped since 2,000 years ago. The greedy are using the God card as usual, to steal. The vast majority of the human race is living at war, or starving in poverty. Children and women are traded in countries and across the borders. They are used as sex slaves. Everything has become ever more objectified.

I felt so demoralized, hopeless, doomed and afraid. Life on Earth seemed to be a living nightmare. I became increasingly anxious and depressed.

I kept trying to connect with and to stay connected with Jesus in a love relationship. The God I met in my dream was loving, kind, helpful, caring, gentle, understanding and giving. I needed him. But I had lost connection with him. He seemed gone.

Something was wrong. There were two different Gods. But the man-made God was in my face and drilled in my head everywhere. I resisted it with all my might. But I was in a whirlpool, sucked deeper and deeper, in fear, as the God of Love faded away.

I loved God whoever he was. I was like a chicken with its head cut off completely dizzy and confused. I could not think of anything. I was sucked all the way to the end of the whirlpool.

I tried to do what the Church preached. I was told it was possible to be perfect. I was told God wanted us to be perfect. Of course, nobody really knew what perfect was. I had tried that earlier in my life and failed. Remember, I became obsessive-compulsive as a child when I tried to be perfect to change the world and to find a way to cope with it. I surely failed. I did not find perfection. Instead I crashed.

I was told we had to overcome the effects of original sin because humans were born sinners. They also told me that I had to try to be so perfect I was as white as snow. I went at it. I restlessly tried. The more I tried, the more I realized I was as stained as mud.

I could not save myself. I realized that I made a pledge I could not keep. I had told Jesus I wanted all of us, all humanity, to go home to him, our Loving God and parent. I did not want to leave anyone behind. But according to all the religions, it was impossible to please God. And it was impossible for all humanity to be a loving family with God. It seemed as if God did not love.

As I told you before, what I learned about television Evangelists was scary. According to them, my dead parents were already in hell, since they were not saved Christians. And all those around me who were not Christians and the vast majority of the world that was not Christian were all doomed.

The Evangelists on television said, "We are building the Kingdom." How could humans build "God's Kingdom?" Are we not born sinners? Why would God have a bunch of infected and born sinners build his kingdom?!

It made me remember the self proclaimed "king," the dictator that was most selfish and cruel, where I grew up. God was supposed to be a mean king. Was God a "Dictator"?! And why would a very picky God like that allow and let bunch of born sinners to build him a kingdom? I was like a chicken with its head cut off. I was dizzy and confused.

Listening to men saying that God was going to burn all those who were not Christian or good enough, in the fires of hell for all eternity, made me posttraumatic. It was devastating to me. I grew up under the claws of a brutal dictator. My life was already traumatic and tragic because of that. Having to hear that God is even more brutal than the dictator I grew up with blew my

mind. I felt I was involved with a God that was cruel. He kept reminding me of the dictator, but worse.

All the Christians on television, in church and around claimed they were building the kingdom. Muslims claimed they were doing God's plan. Jews claimed they had God's authority. The world was bloody. The wars they waged were never going to end. This world was looking darker and darker. I felt ever more confused, afraid and demoralized.

I became more and more posttraumatic. I was confused. It seemed I had lost the God I met in my dream. I doubted that he existed. But I loved God. But they claimed he was mean, even meaner than the dictator I grew up with. It reminded me of the trauma and tragedies I lived with for eighteen years under the rule of the bloody tyrant. I was having nightmares. I could not sleep.

Not long after my Baptism, I began to work in an agency that was a nightmare by itself. I was in deep. I had to work a nightmare for a job while going through all that I just explained.

I tried to do all that my employer told me to do at the job in order to please God. I was on a mission to be perfect the only way the God wanted me to be. I made myself believe it was possible. I wanted to believe that he loved me and that it was possible to be perfect. Otherwise, he did not love.

After about a month of working, my boss said to me, "You're a very good and good hearted person. You must be taken advantage of often, being so giving and good to everyone." Two months into working for her, she started to take advantage of me. She almost had me killed. She put me in a fatal position, figuring nobody else would do it, except the want-to-be-perfect worker, me.

I tried to be a perfect worker as a perfect Christian. I was working eighteen hours a day, getting paid for eight and trying to be 100 percent perfect and loving to everyone. The harder I tried to be perfect, the harder my boss made me work. She expected me to do things that were dangerous.

My co-workers became aware of my quest for perfection and advised me to slow down and to stand up for myself before something dangerous happened. But I kept doing what the man-made God expected of me. I was in serious, real and ongoing physical danger at work of being raped or killed. The man-made God not only was hard to please, it made me a slave to my employers.

I finally physically crashed and ended up in an emergency room. “You have the world’s problems on your back. You have to resign from your job. It’s not a job. It’s killing you. It is too much. It is unfair and dangerous,” the doctors told me. I realized I had reached the end of my rope. I resigned.

My quest for perfection failed miserably. I was trying to satisfy a God that was worse than the dictator I grew up with. I was massively posttraumatic. I was exhausted emotionally, mentally and physically. I became massively depressed. I felt like THE BIGGEST LOSER.

I was not worried about not being able to go to heaven. My life on Earth was so painful. I did not have energy to think about living an eternal life. I just loved God. I wanted to be with him. I wanted all of us, humanity and him be together in love. But it was not going to happen. They kept drilling it in my head that he was the God of Fear. He was planning to throw billions of humanity in a trash can called “hell.”

I had to get up. I wanted to be able to start over. But it was a mess. My life was a puzzle that I could not put together. I was so broken that I could not be patched back together. I could not feel God’s love.

I finally accepted and believed that I was not going to be worthy of God’s love. I was not going to be with all my sisters and brothers in heaven. I did not want to live after thinking I found the God of Love and lost him somehow. I was devastated. It was a loss I could not cope with at all. I was way too confused, demoralized, in fear, guilt and ashamed and totally exhausted with life.

MEANINGLESS LIFE WITH OUT GOD OF LOVE/ SUICDE

I received Baptism for love. It was about love to me. I thought I had found love, God, the Loving God. But they had drilled their God into my skull. I was at the end of my rope. I did not have the energy left to resist them. I was at the end of the whirlpool. I did not want to live. I did not want that life.

I wanted love. I wanted a loving world. I wanted a loving God. I wanted justice. I wanted to live in this world with God’s love. I did not want to live in a suffering world without a loving God. I wanted to be born in love, not in sin. I wanted to be wanted by my creator. I wanted to be loved by him, as I loved him. This life without him to me was a nightmare and living death. I did not care to have eternal life without a loving God and a loving family of all humanity.

I was told that suicide was a Mortal Sin. I was told I would not even have a burial if I committed suicide. It made me want to end this life even more. I did not want to live a life without a loving God. I wanted to know God. I had to do it. I did not want to hear any more about their God.

So I thought of shooting myself in the head. But I figured it would be traumatic for people who would see me. I did not want anyone to feel any discomfort as a result of my suicide. Seeing a pool of blood all over the carpet, I figured, would scare and traumatize those who had to handle my body. I wanted to die in a way that did not cause any pain or trauma for anyone.

I thought of hanging myself. That seemed like a bad picture in anyone's memory. I had to make sure nobody suffered my death in anyway. I decided to poison myself with what I was told was surely going to kill me. I figured I would go to sleep and the poison would end my life. I thought I would look asleep. That would not traumatize anyone.

I wanted everyone to get over my suicide easily and peacefully. I did not want anyone to suffer because of my suicide. I wrote notes to people who were going to handle my death. I explained that nobody was responsible for my choosing to take my life. I explained that I loved everyone. I asked everyone to be cheerful, well and to move on. I had to make sure nobody suffered as a result of my suicide. I had to let them know I loved them. So I did that.

I had to make sure I would die for sure. I tried to put an amount of poison in my body that would be enough to kill an elephant. But that was only a metaphor. I do not want any elephant to be harmed. I just had to be sure I killed myself.

Keep in mind that I was 5'1" and 105 lbs. At the time of my suicide attempt, I did not know that I had failing kidneys. My kidneys were failing because of a certain medication I was taking to treat my Bipolar Disorder. I did not have regular checkups to find out how my kidneys were doing. So, without knowing it, I was very vulnerable to begin with.

I bought fifty Extra-strength Tylenols. I already had about thirty Extra-Strength Tylenols at home. I bought a bottle of whiskey. I was going to take almost eighty Extra-Strength Tylenols, sleeping pills and antidepressants, drink a bottle of whiskey and everything else I had. I figured I would surely die in a clean way so nobody would be left with traumatizing images in their memory.

While crying, I started to kill myself. I took the eighty Extra-Strength Tylenols. I drank half of the whisky. I took about twenty sleeping pills, all the remaining antidepressants, and took all the other pills around the house. I was absolutely sure that I was going to die.

It is so painful to say all that happened. I do not feel well when I recall that experience. It is not easy for a posttraumatic person to recall traumas. But it must be told.

I had a big crucifix on my wall. I loved it so much. It made me remember the God I saw in my dream, the loving God. I prayed holding the crucifix, crying. I told Jesus and the Father that I was not good enough and did not do well with my life. I told them I loved them. I asked them to take my soul, to judge me and to do as they willed.

I cried holding my crucifix in my arms kissing it for a while. Then I laid with the crucifix on the pillow next to my face, holding it and kissing it while crying. I laid there as my mind drifted away. I held the crucifix tighter to my face, crying.

I opened my eyes. Twenty hours had passed since I overdosed. I certainly did not vomit. Everything stayed in my stomach. I did not believe I was alive. I could not be. I could not be alive. I did more than it took to kill my body. How was I alive? I was not sure if I was alive. I felt weak. I wondered if I was dead and it was a part of my punishment to be in my home like a ghost. I just did not believe I was alive.

I decided I would test to see if I was alive. I called a friend. I told him I overdosed. He did not understand why I was alive either. He convinced me to go to emergency room. But I wanted to die. I thought, but what if God did not want me to die? I finally agreed to go to the emergency room.

The doctor on duty was very angry and panicky. It was over twenty-one hours since the overdose. The staff kept testing me. The test results were very bad. The doctor tried to fight the poison with medication. But I was allergic to it. I never before had any allergies to any medication. My doctor panicked more. He was yelling and it seemed like he did not know what to do. I was not supposed to be alive.

I started to feel fear as the doctor yelled. I did not know what was happening to me. I did not know why I was still alive. I was looking up at the white light above my head. I started to cry. I decided that I would ask Jesus if he was there with me. Something inside me made me want to know if he was there and cared. I said out loud, "Jesus, I want to know if you are here with me." Immediately, after I said that to Jesus, a walkie-talkie on one of the hospital staff workers who was with me in the room began to ring. When I heard the phone ring, I immediately said to Jesus, "If it is a wrong number, I know you are here with me." The staff answered the call after the third ring. She said to the caller, "No, you have the wrong number. No, this is a hospital. There is no such person here." She hung up the phone and said, "That was the weirdest call I ever got on this phone. She was calling a wrong number from outside the hospital. I don't know how she reached an inner number!" The wrong number was from someone outside of the

hospital calling an inner hospital line, like a walkie-talkie. I felt warm. I felt a smile on my face. I felt happy. I could feel Jesus. He was there. He was there. I felt his presence. I could feel him looking after me. He loved me. He was there with me. I was so relieved knowing he loved me. It was not the end of the rope. There was hope. He loved us. There was a God of Love after all.

I finally found out the God I had been told about did not exist. The God I met in my dream, that asked me, "Do you need help?" and proceeded to help me, was there with me. He was the God of Love. Jesus was there like a parent. He was faithful to me. He made sure I knew he was with me and I was under his care.

I stayed with Jesus next to me like a loving parent. I did not ask him for anything. All I wanted was him. I had his love and presence. I figured whatever happened to me was going to be his decision and the best choice.

I felt so in peace that the medical staff was amazed. Considering that I had so much poison in my body, over twenty-four hours had passed since the overdose. I was in great spirits. I had my big crucifix with me in my bed. The staff realized I was Catholic, and that I had committed the unforgivable Mortal Sin, suicide. But Jesus loved me and stood by me anyway. He was not what the Evangelists and religious leaders told me he was. I realized his love was unconditional, like a parent's love. He was caring for me. I could feel it.

I was moved into a room in the Intensive Care Unit. The hospital staff was surprised that I had survived such a massive overdose. The hospital staff were amazed that I was in such good spirits. I was happy. I was talking and laughing. I told the staff why I felt at peace. I told them Jesus was there with me. They said they believed. I told them about the phone call. They were amazed. The nurse told me, "It's a big miracle you're alive, well and at peace."

Through the night I felt my body was healing. I figured Jesus decided I keep on living. I trusted him and what he decided. I felt better and better. The doctors continued to perform tests on me all evening.

In the meantime, my tests results revealed that my liver was practically dead. I had been in the hospital for over forty hours since the overdose.

A doctor in training came to my room making rounds. I knew they were testing me to see what was happening to my body. I sensed that the resident was sad. I asked him what they found in the tests results. He did not want to answer me. I insisted. But he said the kidney and liver specialists would soon be visiting me to tell me.

I knew I had taken enough pills to kill two people. I should have been dead two days ago. But knowing Jesus was there I felt better and better. I figured he decided to keep me alive on Earth. I felt safe, in peace, healing and unconditionally loved by Jesus. I did not understand why there would be bad news.

The liver and kidney specialists came in to the room. One of them said, "I know you look good and feel like you are doing well, but the tests results are very bad." They were right. I looked good as the staff had told me all night. I felt great.

The doctors told me they ran the necessary tests all night. They told me according to the test results, I was expected to die any minute. They did not seem to know why I was still alive. The test results basically showed I was a dead woman.

I did not understand. I knew Jesus was there with me. I knew he loved me. I knew if the overdose was to kill me, I would be long dead by now. It did not add up. What the doctors said did not make sense to me. I asked the doctors if there was any way to save me. I asked them a few times. There were none. Which each response they were preparing me for death. They gave a practically dead woman a death sentence of any minute.

Let's go back and look at my physical condition before the overdose and after the overdose. I already had bad kidneys that I did not know about. The doctors learned this after my suicide attempt. My kidneys were failing long before I attempted suicide. The massive overdose, with a pair of good kidneys, must have put me in a coma for several hours. I made sure I was killing my body. What I put in my body with a pair of bad kidneys was impossible to survive no matter what. My liver was not going to last longer than several hours without my kidneys. The amount of poison attacking my liver and bad kidneys was enough to kill two people. I should have died or at least gone into a coma within several hours after the overdose. Instead I went to sleep for twenty hours! I woke up twenty hours later surprised and wondering why I was alive.

Now let's go back to where the doctors told me I was dying any minute.

I got upset with the doctors. I refused what the doctors said. The doctors said they were sorry and they were sure I was going to die. They said they did whatever they could. But I refused to accept what they told me. I somehow went into a blackout. I do not remember anything passed them telling me I was dying any minute.

* * *

I opened my eyes. I was in a hospital room. I was not sure I was alive. I asked people in the room why was I alive. I was told I was dying any minute. But the people in the room told me three days had passed since that day when I was told I was dying any minute.

I realized Jesus kept me alive. I did not know why I could not remember the past three days. They told me I did not go into a coma. They told me I communicated with people in the past three days. I had interacted with people. I had talked with people who visited me. But I had no memory at all of the three days. (Later when I was recovered fully, I connected the dots. Jesus took away my ability to record memory while he was healing me.)

The doctors came in the room. They told me that somehow I started to improve. It seemed to be a miracle. I started to get better and better. Of course, I realized that Jesus was there with me. Jesus proved to me that he loves me most unconditionally. I finally found the God of Love after all.

My priest told me it was a miracle that I survived. The hospital staff told me it was a miracle. Everyone was amazed by my survival. Jesus saved me against all odds. He made his point clearly, directly and most bluntly. He loved me like a parent. His love was unconditional. He did not let me die in vain. He did not let me die feeling I was unworthy of his love. He did not let me die and not help make sure all humanity would go home to him, to our loving family and loving God.

He proved to me they were all wrong with their man-made God. He showed me who he really is. He showed me how he loves us, and how he would do anything to care for us and to be with us in love for all eternity. Yes, he was the LOVING GOD that I met in my dream. They tried to take him from me. They almost did. But he did not let them. He is REAL and LOVING.

What a way to find out God loves us all as a parent, unconditionally. He is the only one I cannot blame for ever doubting his love. He tried to stay with me and show me his love. But I was lost in translation. God was right to say "Fear Not" 365 times in the Torah and the New Testament. He is not scary. He is our parent and loves us infinitely and unconditionally.

That is why I am writing this book. I want Jesus to use me as his instrument. I want him to tell humanity what we need to know. I want him to tell everyone what I know. That is what he wants. He wants us to know the truth. They lied to me. There is no God of fear. He is not fear. He is LOVE. The enemy set us up.

GOD'S LOVING RESCUE AND INTERVENTIONS/ POST SUICIDE

After my suicide attempt, I had to make emotional and spiritual adjustments. I was firmly convinced that there was one God, the God that rushed to my side to help me in the dream, and rushed to my side to care for me in the hospital. I could feel his presence most strongly. I was with him. He was with me. I was a new person. It seemed as if I moved in with Jesus!

People around me noticed the relationship Jesus and I were having. People would say things like, "Jesus comes to you head on. He holds nothing back." That was exactly how it was. He cared for me. He protected me. He made sure I would know he was with me and helping me. He would put his signature on things. You will understand it better as you read things that happened.

Jesus made it clear to me that he wanted me to remain in the Catholic Church. I did as he asked me. I knew he was the True God with me. I trusted that he unconditionally loved me and all humanity. He sure proved it. Nobody could take him from me ever again.

Somehow after the suicide attempt I had become more sensitive to others' feelings. I could feel the sufferings. It was a very strong form of empathy.

As time continued, I realized Jesus wanted to paint with me. You will soon see some of the paintings he did with me. His first painting he created with me as his instrument, the painter, was his portrait. I was not sure how he was going to paint with me. I had to let him move through me. I was not confident. I was afraid I was going to mess up. I did not know if I was going to be able to stay connected with him and follow his lead to paint exactly what he wanted.

For fifteen years, I had painted what I saw inside me. My paintings were visions from inside. I did not paint what I saw outside of me, like still life, nature scenes or things I perceived with my eyes. My paintings were from inner perceptions. I could not even name them. I often had a hard time telling the viewer what a painting was about. But they seemed to tell a story or something that came from a source that was not conscious.

Jesus patiently and lovingly spent some time taking me back to when I did not even know him in my conscious mind. He surely proved to me that he was painting with me for about fifteen years. He convinced me that he has worked with me successfully and I could paint with him. Finally, I let go and let Jesus take over, trusting that he would work through me and make sure the painting would turn out exactly as he wanted.

I went to the canvas and started knowing it was his portrait. I did not know what my hands were doing. I kept painting. I did not pay conscious attention to what was being painted. I knew the painting was done at one point. I knew I had to back away from the canvas and look at what was on the canvas. It felt like butterflies were in my belly! I was excited. I did not know what to do with myself. I was going to stand before him!

I had to look at him. I stepped away from the canvas. It was a picture of Jesus. I stood in front of him looking at me and me looking at him. I was captured. I did not know what to do. I was standing before him. His eyes were deeply looking at me, going through me. I said, "Hi," smiling. I cannot put to words what I felt and did. I was overwhelmed. I was looking in Jesus' eyes. My love was right there looking at me. I got so excited. I excused myself and left the room.

I went in to the living room talking with him telling him I was excited. He was there in the painting room, and I was talking with him in my living room! I was not used to talking with him directly. I had to go back in to the painting room and see him again. I was captivated. I cannot put it to words. It was like a dream. It was amazing. His presence was so strong. He looked so loving, compassionate, peaceful, warm, humble... I cannot put it to words. There he was. My love. I remember I kept smiling and saying, "Hi!" over and over again.

Jesus wanted me to paint more with him. On and off, I questioned if I would be able to follow his lead to make exactly what he wanted. He kept comforting and convincing me that he was able to paint through me. Jesus convinced me I was his instrument.

I found myself painting more about Jesus, the Blessed Mother and related subjects. I learned that paintings of this type are known as sacred art. That is what art scholars called God using the artist to create. I just was drawn to the canvas like it was a magnet and I painted. I knew Jesus was painting with me. It became a communication means between Jesus and me.

As he painted more and more through me, I became able to know him better. Of course, I fell deeper and deeper in love with him. You cannot truly know him and not fall more in love with him. Jesus is so all about LOVE.

As I learned his painting style, symbols and even choice of colors, I was able to see that he certainly had painted with me long before I knew him. I realized Jesus painted with me long before I ever understood what my inner visions I painted were. They were of eternal love. Knowing him more and more made me more conscious of the fact that Jesus was with me all my life. He was there trying to help me even though I was not a believer in my conscious mind. I could trace his presence in me as far back to when I was three-years-old.

He was my God all my life even when I did not know him. Jesus never stops being God. He does not become God with Baptism or by practicing a different religion. He is always there with his children. He considers all of us, each and every one of us, his children. There is a place inside us, in our souls, where we know him. We are born with it. Our human minds may deny his existence, but he surely exists and tries to help us. He also tries to help us help one another.

All the time that I tried to help others, the poor, the oppressed and such, Jesus was working through me. He tries to work through us and to teach us to share with one another. He tries to guide us to be sisters and brothers in creation in solidarity, and to love and to forgive one another.

My conscious relationship with Jesus grew and became ever more strong and REAL. I was ever more able to feel his unconditional and never ending love for me. I was finding myself loving him ever more. I realized that what he wanted from me was to let him love me and help me. That is all he wants from each and every one of us. There is nothing selfish about him. Jesus created us to Love us because he is LOVE.

If you will, please keep in mind that this book is for you to see yourself with Jesus through my relationship with him. This way, you get to know him in action. You can see how sincerely he has been relating to me and helping me. Try to see yourself as me, in relation to him and know he wants the same with all humanity.

GOD WRITES LOVE POEM, UNIVERSALLY, TO HUMANITY

Here you will read a poem that Jesus wrote with me while I was subconsciously interacting with him.

When you read the poem, please put yourself in my place. Assume Jesus is talking with you. He would love to write love poems with every human that ever was born to him. He sincerely and truly loves all humanity as much as he loves me.

Allow me to tell you how the poem was written. It was about a month after my suicide attempt. I was already painting with him. One night, I was very tired, but did not feel like going to bed. I stayed up doing little projects. I sat at my desk. I felt I was asked to take out a piece of paper and write. I figured it was Jesus telling me to write something. But I was not sure. I was very tired. I was too tired to think. I grabbed a few scrap papers. I grabbed a pen and started writing. It was a poem of some type. I kept writing. I was so tired I was falling asleep while writing. It ended. I did not make much of the poem. I did not even know what I wrote. I cleared my desk

to go to bed. I just threw the scrap papers I wrote on behind the desk. It was the fastest way to clear the desk! I am not a very organized person! It is literally Jesus writing this book. I could not do it in a million years.

The day after, while I was doing things late in the afternoon, I suddenly remembered I wrote some poem on papers the night before. I did not bother reading it. A few hours later, I thought of picking the papers up. I found them behind the desk. I started reading.

After you are done reading the poem I will tell you what happened. It will make sense better that way.

Please put yourself in my place in this poem. I want you to read the poem as if you wrote it with Jesus. The reason I ask is because the poem was written for all humanity. I'm symbolically representing each and every human being. He wrote this with you, me and us, humanity.

Beloved I AM and I Cannot Tell or Show How Much I love You

I love you like no other

Love so very you can't grasp

I flicker your curly hair often

I love to look in your green eyes that rest in the flame of mine

I have you all mine in creation

I was there before you

Remember me in your sight

Remember me against all odds

Remember me when laying down

Remember me when crying

Remember me slowly

As calm try

Remember me in a count of 9

Remember me when I laugh

Remember me when I cry seeing your tears fall

Remember me against all odds

Remember no remorse

Remember your vows

Remember time makes man's virtues

Remember I vowed to share your pain

Remember not to seek my "kind"

Remember me here as I AM always and no need for "kind"

Remember my beloved pray out loud.

In your eyes flames of fire

In your eyes peace meets glory

In our eyes longing to hold

In your eyes peaceful control

In your eyes faithful flames

In your eyes draw me ever near

In your eyes taking my pain

In your eyes hold you here

In your eyes I AM here

In your arms latch on ever tighter

"But don't fear beloved"

"I Am here"

In Eternal Love

"I Am here beloved"

Beloved take all your memory of me

Meet the red rose in my memorial place

A red rose to you in your image

Beautiful red rose with sharp thorns

Evil can't hold you as I have armed you against him

I AM and Fear Not ever

Virtuous hands will hold you in reverence to me and my command

Love your petals, leaves, stems and thorns in my will I AM as I created you beloved.

With Eternal Love,

Your Yuve Jesus

The poem ended there.

I should explain that I invented a word, Yuve. It means love. Jesus decided to use my invention. I never invented anything else. Feel free to use my invention. I want to share it. Jesus wants it to be shared.

Let's go back to what happened with the poem. Jesus put his signature on it as it came to pass. He made sure I would know for sure that he wrote the poem with me.

So, I started to tell you about what I did with the poem. I wrote it and threw it behind the desk. I was exhausted and did not make much of the writing. I did not read what I wrote. I went to bed.

Well, the day after I remembered it, and finally picked the poem off the back of the desk and read I did not expect it to be anything important. I wrote it literally half asleep in a daze.

I read it. It touched my soul. But I was not sure if he wrote it with me. He had painted with me before. But I was not sure. I can be a doubter. So Jesus had to go out of his way to put his

signature on things to prove to me he did them. He finds the way to get around my doubts and to stay with me.

Reading the poem I questioned things. I doubted. I started to rule out that it was really a poem written by Jesus and me. I figured if he wrote the poem with me, he would know there was no red rose on the altar in my parish.

The poem read, "Meet the red rose in my memorial place." I knew his memorial place had to be the altar or the tabernacle. But I knew there were no red roses on the altar or tabernacle. I paid very close attention to both at mass. So that ruled out the poem was authored by me and Jesus. I threw the poem on the floor and moved on. I did not tell anyone about the poem.

The next day, I went and picked up someone I drove to mass. When we arrived at the parish door, I opened the door for her to enter first. Before she entered the door, she pulled a red rose out her bag. When I saw it I was shocked. Of course! I said, "What is the rose for?" She said, "I want to put it on the altar." I almost hit the floor! Jesus was surely getting around my doubts! He put his signature on the poem. He did it. He got my attention for sure. I realized Jesus and I authored the poem while I was half asleep.

So the red rose came to pass. I realized Jesus wanted me to love myself. He wanted me to love myself like a red rose with thorns. In other words, Jesus was telling me do not let anyone tell you that you should be perfect. Remember, I tried to kill myself because I felt I was never going to be perfect enough to deserve God's love. But he proved those who abuse his example wrong. There is no such a thing as perfect. "The concept is man-made," Jesus said.

Later on, I researched roses. I learned that when the thorns of a rose are plucked the rose dies fast. What we may consider a flaw in us could be just the thorn on a rose. That is why Jesus teaches us to not ever judge one another.

After the poem, I knew Jesus was planning to get closer to me. He was going to get around my doubts and establish his presence and or anything he intended. It became obvious to people around me that Jesus comes to me head on, as I mentioned before. He was training me to have faith instead of doubt.

At the time, I did not know he wanted to write this book. But he was preparing me for it. He needed to get around my doubts and to eliminate them in order for me to hear him and write the book as his instrument.

The poem continued to come to pass. I will give you another example. I did not understand why Jesus said in the poem to “remember me in a count of 9.” I could not make sense of it. But something happened.

It was the anniversary of my suicide attempt and I had the blues. I was talking with my friend Sarah. She tried to comfort me. She told me how I had been getting closer and closer to Jesus. She reminded me that a year had passed since I became everlastingly aware that God is LOVE and he loves me and everyone unconditionally. She suggested that I walk around and look at the paintings I did with Jesus in the year since my suicide attempt.

I took Sarah’s suggestion and walked around looking paintings on the walls I did with Jesus. I counted them and said to Sarah, “I did nine paintings with Jesus since the suicide attempt.” She said, “Wow. I did not count them. Nine is a lot of paintings in one year!” Suddenly it hit me. I said, “Sarah NINE!” I ran to the poem that I kept in front of Jesus’ portrait. I read out loud, “Remember me in a count of 9.”

Sarah and I were both floored! She said, “Jesus sure puts his signature on his communications with you. He had you busy painting with him all year, knowing you would be reminded of the trauma of the suicide when the anniversary came. He knew you would connect the dots and find it in the poem. You painted in his memory, with him, nine times since the suicide attempt.”

Sarah suggested that I write a book. She felt Jesus wanted me to write a book. You already read about that earlier. He surely put his signature on that one too, as usual. The day after, Sarah was approached by the man about the book, as I explained earlier. It was the man who tried to sell her a book he had written using an alias.

I want to interject here, that after the manuscript of this book was finished, I searched for someone help me proofread. Jesus asked me to hire someone to do the work. I found seven people who were interested. I met only two of them. The first did not work out. The second one was the right match. I had a strong feeling he was Jesus’ choice. So I suggested we met. After I met him, I noticed he had nine fingers. So, “Remember me in a count of 9,” once again came to pass. In this case, Jesus identified the one he chose to do the job with the number 9. Jesus made his point again that he wants us to love ourselves. He wants us to know that what we think is a flaw in us is often what makes us special and inspires the gifts born to us.

So Jesus continued to paint with me. While serving as his instrument writing his book, I realized he trained me and prepared me to write the book with me while he painted with me. In the process our bond grew stronger. My ability to stay connected with him grew stronger. And I have ever more fallen in love with him and trust him. He is a very loving and protective parent.

Our writing is much like painting together. I do not know what is the next brush stroke or the next paragraph. I do not have an outline. I do not have a blue print. I type his book. He is the author.

For instance, before we started writing, I had no idea my life was going to be in the book. He told me why it was necessary for him to use my life as a parable, an example. He took some time to prepare me for it. He had to do much handholding. Being posttraumatic and going into the past traumatic experiences causes a lot of anxiety. Jesus has come to me head on to help take away my pain recalling the traumas. I have been holding his hand all along.

CHAPTER FOUR

HIS PAINTINGS WITH MY HANDS TO ME AND TO US

PAINTING WITH JESUS, TRAINING THE “INSTRUMENT”

Month after month, I continued to paint with Jesus. Consciously knowing that God was using my hands to paint made me wonder if I was ready or able to let him do exactly what he wanted to be painted. At times, I was too self-conscious. I did not want to mess up his work. I sometimes even threw a fit. I did not want to face the challenge.

Jesus was so patient with me. He had to calm me down and show me that he was with me and that he was able to use me. At times he had to push me to go to the canvas. He often reminded me how we had painted for years before I knew him in my mind. It was not easy for Jesus to just pick up the brush and paint with my hands.

I am not a confident person. Very often I have to be reminded by others that I am gifted in some ways. Even then, I could not see it like others did. So Jesus had to show me what I could do with him. He painted with me a whole year, nine paintings. I gradually experienced his being able to use me as his instrument. I fell ever more in love with him. He was much loving, patient and humble with me.

The paintings were not just messages to me and us, as you will see soon. They also were my training for this book. In making the paintings with him, I gradually became better at allowing Jesus to use me as his instrument. I became more and more connected to him. I became most certain of our connection. I trusted him ever more. I began to realize that I could hear him, feel his feelings and follow his lead.

I also noticed that others experienced his presence in the paintings. The comments viewers made when they saw the paintings confirmed that Jesus was successfully using me. It made me more willing to let go to him. The more I let go to him the more we were able to connect, relate and to communicate. It got to the point that I was telling people around me, “Jesus has officially moved in with me!” He had really moved in. “I am living with an invisible man,” I said. Our relationship was ever increasingly real.

I am going to share with you some of the paintings Jesus did with my hands. I will give you some information about things that happened in between the creation of each painting, so you understand his points in the paintings. You will see the paintings tell a story of action. Jesus always communicates with us through action. He is about action. He came to Earth to act out

his humble, harmless, patient, unconditional and eternal love to us. It is repeated in two words over and over, "Fear Not."

For each painting Jesus gave me a subject matter. For example, he told me he was going to paint himself, his portrait, through me. He would gradually prepare me for the subject of the painting. In the process of painting, he would gradually reveal the elements and the images. I never knew what going to be the final product. I had to remain connected to here and now in order to hear and to follow him. It was important to Jesus to communicate with me through actions as if we were on a journey.

At the end of each painting, when I looked at the final product, I was looking at it as if Jesus had just illustrated a journey. I was aware that he did it. I said "wow," and put the painting on the wall. I looked at his painting. I recalled our communications. Looking at the painting on the wall, I gradually discovered what the painting meant. It was like I was watching an illustrated story, or as Jesus put it, "a painted parable."

Here is Jesus' self-portrait as I told you about.



In the second painting, Jesus asked me to do something unconventional. I knew the painting would involve a nude figure. I did not know what it was about. After it was all done, I realized Jesus had me paint Eve or something similar. I saw, like you will see, that the figure was powerful. She was crushing a serpent and certainly not feeling guilt, shame or fear. I sure was illustrating a story told by Jesus. I was captivated.

I should mention that at the time we created the painting I did not know a dove was a symbol for the Holy Spirit. Later, a viewer told me that doves represent the Holy Spirit.

Soon enough, I understood why Jesus told me the painting was going to be unconventional. I noticed that the female in the painting was illustrated as solid, devoted, confident, and loving, with a little baby imitating her. Above all, she is holding a crucifix in a way as if she and the crucifix were related, or one.

Of course, I realized the painting was controversial. Jesus surely got my attention. What is most evident in the painting is the woman having no fear, guilt or shame. Perhaps she represented how Jesus wants all of us to feel and to know, "Fear Not."

I should mention that Jesus did not give me a title for this painting.



Jesus used me as his instrument to do two paintings of Mary. One turned out to be when Mary was probably in her early thirties. The other turned out to be of Mary when she was young and pregnant with Jesus. He did not want me to imagine his face while painting Mary. Of course, mother and son look alike. In order for Jesus to paint it successfully, I had to block out his face while painting Mary. I had to let him paint her. So he did. When I saw the final products, I could see how much they resembled one another.





With the next painting, Jesus blew me away. At the time I painted it, I had no idea I would write a book with him. I was feeling too weak to be his instrument. When I was asked to start this painting, I had in mind painting something like Jesus being clean on the cross, with not much wounds. I thought the scene would be in the daytime. When I finished the painting and stepped back to see it, I said, "wow!" I was surprised. It was so dramatic. It was nighttime instead of day. Jesus was bleeding, bruised, and crucified. A bride had kissed his wound. She had blood on her lips.

Even though I hung it on the wall to see, I tried to avoid looking at the painting. I had a hard time looking at it for a few days. It was too strong and too loaded. Jesus was in so much pain. He looked so vulnerable, humble... It hurt me to watch him like that. I did not understand why he painted himself like that. It was certainly a very strong parable.

I could feel his pain in his communications. Jesus was very open about it. The painting he made is so real. It was so graphic. He expressed his position, his feelings and his pain in the painting. It went through me so deeply. He was trying to show me how he has been feeling for thousands of years. He has been so humble and passionate. He has and consistently gone out of his way for humanity to accept his LOVE. A love that is eternal, infinite and unconditional.

Looking at the painting, I finally had to accept the Truth. Jesus' pain did not end after he left Earth. He physically suffered for us on Earth. He feels the pain of each and every one of us. Our pain is his pain. He wants to help us. He wants to take our fears away. Jesus wants us to understand that if we let him he will do anything for humanity.

After that painting, I realized Jesus wanted me to do something for him. He asked me to serve as his instrument to talk to his children, humanity. I had so eternally fallen in love with Jesus. Oh, when you know him, you will know. Jesus is LOVE. You will fall in love with him ever more. It is so real. And we all can feel it once we open up to him. He is pure and true love.

Sometime after I completed the painting, Jesus mentioned I should write a book. I was not at all prepared for the task. I felt unable. After this painting, knowing how Jesus needs to express himself to humanity, and knowing how much our suffering makes him suffer, I wanted to be his instrument. I surrendered myself to him to use me as his instrument. Though I did not feel I could write a book, I knew Jesus was able to use me. I was willing to do anything for him. And Jesus knew I wanted all humanity to know him and to feel loved by him.



The next painting is the same as the one above. But the photo was taken from a different angle. Let me tell you, Jesus is amazing.

I mentioned in the Introduction of this book that when I thought I did not believe in God I used to listen to Moonlight by Beethoven. The song somehow reached my soul. It knew God. I felt the song was speaking God's love for me and mine for him. I could even feel God's pain. I just did not know what the feeling was, or what it was called. I was not in my mind, consciously connected with him yet. But Moonlight by Beethoven tapped into my soul each time I listened. I felt in my spirit what I did not know in my mind.

I recalled when I first met the priest who baptized me. He used a parable to explain how I could connect with and see God. "God is reflected like the moonlight, the light of the sun," he said.

After I remembered all that, the song and what my priest told me, I noticed something about this painting. One morning, as usual, I was sitting on my couch drinking my coffee and being with Jesus. The painting from the previous page was hanging in the dining room. I was seated in the living room. I noticed that the moon in the painting was actually on Jesus' crucified body. I realized the yellow light that lit the dining room on the ceiling, which is to the far right of the painting, acted like the sun and its light reflected on the moon in the painting in a way that the white light from the moon shined on Jesus' body.

The photo on the previous page was taken from the frontal view. The photo on the next page was taken from an angle that shows the moon in the painting shining on Jesus. Do not ask me how it was arranged. Jesus is the painter. I could not believe my eyes the first time I noticed it. The painting surely is about Moonlight and so much more. The white light from the moon in the painting is internal. It is as if the painting is a live in-depth scene.



Jesus asked me to paint him and me together. He had already asked to use me as his instrument to write his book. I was afraid I was not qualified, as I told you before. The purpose of next painting was to inspire me, as I discovered after the painting was completed.

I did not know what we were going to look like together in the painting or what we would be doing. Jesus gave me a visual image of us holding hands. Before I started to paint, I thought we would be both in white clothing, standing frontal. But I found him painting himself differently. He painted me holding his hand walking with him very close to one another. We were walking in the midst of a white light.

When I hung the finished painting on the wall, I saw myself looking like a child holding Jesus' hand tight. This painting seemed to be about Jesus and me going on a journey. He wanted me to feel safe. He was telling me to consider writing his book a "journey." He illustrated in the painting how close he would walk with me and guide me. He convinced me that though I felt unable, he was able to use me as his instrument. I knew he wanted to speak to humanity. I knew he was sharing the sufferings each and every human experiences. He wanted to help each and every one of us. He wanted to give himself to each and every one of us. And I wanted all humanity to know him and to feel loved by him.

I was a ready and willing instrument. I began to write the book about a week after this painting was finished.



CHAPTER FIVE

WHICH GOD IS GOD?

ABOUT TRANSLATION AND INTERPRETATION

I mentioned earlier that I am bilingual. Before I met Jesus in the dream I told you, I met some people who gave me a bilingual Bible. It was translated from my native language to my second language, English. Before Jesus started this book, I had already learned how easily people could change the meaning and or completely misrepresent the Bible. Even with good and honest intentions, I must tell you, translations and interpretations often vary. In order to accurately and authentically translate a language, one must know and understand the country, the culture, its ethnicity, traditions, value systems, arts, grammar, slangs, literature, poetry, metaphors, parables and more. Even with all that and the most honest intentions the translation cannot be fully authentic and accurate.

Even when working with languages from two different societies where the vast majority of the population knows how to read and write there is room for distortion, emission, addition, inconsistency, inaccuracy and more. Imagine if the vast majority of the people in the societies are not literate. Those who run the society can have a large impact on translation and interpretation.

Jesus spoke Aramaic, a language that was a mixture of a few languages. It is an ancient language spoken by a relatively small population. The community's culture, use of language, slangs, metaphors and all other elements involving translation and interpretation impacted the translation and the interpretation between the two communities.

The bilingual copy of the Bible I have is for those who know both languages. I know the translator knew about both countries and the elements mentioned earlier. But the translation and interpretation is inconsistent. And I mean the difference between oranges and apples! If you only spoke the native language and could not compare the two, you would not know the translation was not completely authentic. It is a problem when our "holy books" are not completely authentic.

After Jesus had me read the inconsistent translation from the English Bible to my native language, he asked me to look into interpretations. As said earlier, a lot of work goes into interpretation. In the United States we have many different versions of the Bible. And we know that newer versions of the Bible will surface. Imagine 3,000 years of written words in different

parts of the world in different languages and translations and interpretations that are rewritten and newer versions coming out at the same time. Even if the greedy powers did not influence the holy books, which they have, as they have been able and motivated to do so, the holy books still could not stay authentic. That is why Jesus came to Earth. The holy book was not authentic. Jews were back to worshipping idols, serving the empire, and enslaving and oppressing one another. Jesus came to express what he had to say in few words and in a strong, solid, consistent, sincere, humble and obvious way.

The problem with the holy books did not start with Jews and end with Christians. Christians and Jews are not the only ones who believe in the Torah, or the Old Testament. Muslims believe in the Torah and also accept parts of the New Testament. Judaism, Christianity and Islam claim to believe in the same God. But Jews and Muslims do not consider Jesus the Son of God. The greedy Eastern empire began Islamic crusades and invaded Eastern countries of the world and bluntly destroyed, killed, oppressed, and enslaved much of humanity in the name of the God of Abraham. The rulers of the East did what the Western powers did. They used the example of the Christian crusades.

In the past 3,000 years, the Torah, the New Testament and the Quran, have been written, rewritten, translated and retranslated, interpreted and reinterpreted hundreds of times, if not thousands.

Such is the reason God came to us in the flesh and did not have anyone follow him around to write things down. He came because he was lost in all that was written. He was misrepresented. Men made him in their image in written words because they had the motive and the ability.

The holy books were written, arranged and rearranged to serve the oppressors. Scribes used God's name and put words in his mouth to create philosophies, theologies and justifications for their greed. We know Jesus did not randomly choose to announce his mission to free the oppressed. That contradicted what men had said about God. That explains why Jesus did not receive a very pleasant reception while he was on Earth. He challenged what the so-called holy men preached.

IN THE NAME OF "FEAR GOD," THEY DID UNGODLY

Israelites who were freed by God from oppression, inequality, poverty and slavery, started their own system of oppression, inequality, poverty and slavery in their society. Their rulers infected the holy book to justify going against God's will.

The vast majority of Jews could not read and write. Only the elite, religious and government leaders were educated. The greedy elite and the religious not only changed the holy book, they worked with the greedy empires to exploit, to enslave, to oppress and to steal from Jews. The vast majority of the society was poor, ill and misled. They were given idols to worship, like before God freed them.

But Jesus, a Jew, the Son of God, and the messiah, came and declared his mission to do what his father did, "to free the oppressed." He did not hang out with the rich powerful elite kings, philosophers, religious leaders or men of that nature. In his time, he was criticized for who he chose to associate with in his public and private life.

Jesus spent his time with the oppressed, enslaved, exploited and the physically ill. Many were illiterate. He did not have scholars following him to write down what he said. The people he came to free were poor and could not read and write. Even Jesus' followers had mostly never read the Torah or any holy book. They were mostly poor and illiterate fishermen.

Through the centuries Christ was removed from the holy books. Christian leaders collaborated with the rulers of empires. Christians betrayed their own God and waged violent wars against peoples in Western parts of the world. What they did was anti-Christ. The Church changed the holy books to make God fit the image of the greedy empire to justify a greedy war as a crusade to bring Christ to non-Christian nations. To this day we read anti-Christ statements still written in the holy books. We read, "Thou shall not covet your neighbor's slave."

Jesus said, "In the year 2009, two millenniums after I declared that he came to free the oppressed, Christians continue to preach that God approves slavery. The Catholic Church's headquarters is still in Rome! And Christian leaders learn Latin! Masses were performed in Latin up to not long ago. And the Church calls the Pope, the Holy Father! There is only one Holy Father, my Father in Heaven," Jesus said.

He continued, "By their example, Christian leaders granted Eastern greedy powers license for its army to draw its swords and do the same as Western nations did during the crusades. In the name of Islam, Eastern powers invaded nations, oppressed, exploited and stole from humanity. They forced the nations they occupied to speak the occupier's language, Arabic, just as Romans forced occupied nations to speak Latin.

"I sent Israelites a prophet, Moses, to free the nation from slavery. Moses gave the people my commandments. In the Ten Commandments, I told Israelites and all humanity to love me as a parent as I love humanity as my children and to love one another as sisters and brothers. I made it clear that I did not want the people to enslave one another. They manipulated words I said in the Ten Commandments as they did with much of the holy books. I will give you an

example. They say, 'You shall not covet your neighbor's slave.' Yet, in 2009, rulers claim that I approve slavery. I obviously never gave permission to Jews or to any human to own one another as slaves."

"For thousands of years," Jesus said, "religious and political leaders have taken advantage of the fact that most people, even in the year 2009, are not literate. These leaders have created their philosophies, theologies, television ministries and have clothed themselves to appear to be superior and better than humanity. They have claimed to be favored and anointed. They have claimed to have divine authority and demand that humanity follows them as the medium between humans and God. They tailored my words in writing holy books to fit their social systems. They put words in my mouth and in my name they have justified greed, wars, poverty, oppression, racism, inequality, exploitation, division and slavery.

"I freed Israelites and then they became slaves to one another. The majority of Jews were poor, exploited and illiterate. Only the elite, rich, and the religious leaders were literate. The majority of Jews who were not able to read about God listened to what the religious leaders told them without question. The religious leaders created a God in their own image, in writing and preaching. They created a scary God that did not love people. The religious leaders sold out to the rich Jews and the greedy Roman Empire. The majority of Jews had to follow the religious leaders. They had to trust them because they knew the so-called holy book and God's words. But the truth is the majority of Jews were separated from the True God. They did not know him. The religious leaders became God substitutes. So the whole nation went full circle, from worshipping idols and slavery during the ancient Egyptian Empire to worshipping idols and slavery in the Roman Empire."

Jesus said, "Slavery in many forms and in many disguises exists all over the Earth. The holy books are not authentic. They have been arranged and altered to suit the greedy powers who bought the leaders of the religions. How can Jewish, Christians and Muslim religions claim that the Torah, The New Testament and the Quran are authentic, God's words, commands and teachings, if they to this day read, 'Thou shall not covet your neighbor's slave?'

"These men make believe I favor slavery. At the same time they make believe that slavery no longer exists. They make it seem harmless to preach, 'Thou shall not covet your neighbor's slave.' But slavery exists more than ever and they perpetuate it. Modern day slavery has different faces. It is most intense, yet covert. Humans are owned by the greedy superpowers, the rulers of 'the modern empires.' These empires, the governments, serve the super rich that enslave the vast majority of humanity.

“In their so-called advanced empires they make their citizens slaves of wages that they control. Humans do not have job or wage security. Their employment and income is determined by greedy craves for more and more profits. At the same time, the brainwashed slaves, the citizens, use a plastic card that keeps them ever more in debt to banks. Humans are consumption slaves. Humans’ lives are owned by banks in these nations. And the banks are owned by the greedy superpowers. Their governments use youths as military slaves and send them to wars of greed to kill and torment the poor, to conquer, to control and steal to from the poor nations. They tell the young slaves, the soldiers, that they are fighting for freedom!” Jesus said.

He continued, “These superpowers own the necessary technology for the world to sustain itself. But instead, they use it to make more and more profits, as they make more and more people poor in already poor nations. They keep the poor in increasing debt to the banks of the greedy empires. They enslave the poor to toil often under inhumane conditions to barely earn enough to survive, without any hope of being employed tomorrow.

“The greedy empires keep for themselves the technology the poor nations need. They take their companies and technology to poor nations and then they buy the government. They steal the nations’ natural resources. In order to make maximum profits they enslave the poor as cheap labor. They pay them wages that barely put food on their tables. They starve billions to death. They use the oppressed, and poor, as laboratory rats to make their drugs that often replace one problem with another.”

Jesus said, “They allow and perpetuate human trafficking, which is one of the most obvious forms of slavery in modern times. Humans from poor nations are sold as slaves. Humans with money can go to nations that their empires have robbed and stripped of any means of survival to buy humans. They sell and buy women and children to be exploited as labor slaves or sexual slaves.

“To keep the people enslaved in poor nations the greedy empires install their puppet governments. They give them arms and teach them how to police and to brutalize the poor people to submit to the conditions in which they live. These governments brutalize and keep the enslaved poor afraid of standing up to the slave holders and the greedy empires.

“My most important principle that I communicated through prophets was against humans owning humans. Did I not free Jews from slavery? Did Moses, a freed slave, write my Ten Commandments? Why would I, God, tell Moses to write what would give Jews, whom I freed from slavery, the right to own one another as slaves? I did not free them to form their own slavery. I freed them because I am the creator, the parent, and no human has the right to own

another human. That is the number one principle of creation. The same leaders who wrote lies about me in the Torah broke my other commandments. For instance, 'Thou shall not kill.' They taught Jews that it was right by me if they killed each other with stones.

"I came to Earth to set the record straight. I said I have come to free the oppressed. My objective was to give myself up in explaining and demonstrating my message to humanity who in vast their majority did not read and write. I gave all humanity my blood and body, as is called Eucharist. While the New Testament was being written, the true universal community of humanity that I established was destroyed," Jesus said.

"Once again, the same kind of humans who arranged and altered events in the Torah did the same with the New Testament to suit their greedy objectives. They worked with Christian leaders and betrayed my principles. They picked up arms to kill and enslaved, exploited and stole people's lands. They turned my body, my universal community, into a military machine that functioned against Christ. Nearly 2,000 years later, they apologized to me, though the foundation of the Church still works like a military machine. The Church did not become a universal community with the God of love as the parent, and all humanity as sisters and brothers, loving, forgiving, sharing with and protecting the most vulnerable. In the year 2009, after their apology, they continue to insult me by accusing me of being in favor of slavery by preaching 'Thou shall not covet your neighbor's slave.'"

Jesus continued, "They did not give my universal apostolic community of humanity, the Catholic Church, back to me, God. They still own it as their kingdom of men exalting themselves. They live in a palace still in Rome, called the Vatican. They call the Pope, The Holy Father, and still seek the same kingdom of men that the greedy Roman Empire and its religious puppets created with its unauthentic holy books. They retain the structures of the military like a monarchy. The chain of command is a hierarchy and bureaucracy. It is all centered on the king's lavish palace. The king is called my father's name, God's name, The Holy Father.

"I did not create or approve of the existence of slaves who were forcefully castrated. I disapproved any form of slavery. Men created eunuchs. They mutilated, exploited, raped and did everything they pleased with the eunuchs against my will.

"The history of eunuchs traces far back into ancient history. Eunuchs were often castrated approximately before or right after adolescence. These mutilated human beings were used in a variety of ways in various parts of the world. The history of pedophilia and eunuchs in most parts of the world are linked. The young castrated men served as sexual slaves for men in a world and society that in most parts considered pedophilia a norm."

Jesus said, "This is what was happening in most nations and societies. Females as young as eight were conscribed to marriages with much older men. The girls were treated as sex slaves and reproductive machines. It was considered normal for men to have sex with more than one wife and also with young boys. In some parts of the world they merely used women for procreation and considered having sex with younger men that at times included the eunuchs, as normal sexual behavior. Eunuchs were also used as guards to make sure a man's wife or wives did not have sex with any other man. They were keepers of the female procreative slaves, while they too were slaves.

"The same men who call their priests eunuchs in the holy catholic and apostolic Church did not oppose castration of young boys and the use of females as reproductive machines. They practiced the exploitation and slavery of castrated men. In my name, claiming they were building my kingdom, they castrated preadolescent boys to become sopranos. They did not end that practice until less than 200 years ago. For over 1,800 years, in my name they legitimized the sexual slavery and mutilation of young boys and reproductive slavery of women by not only practicing it, but also by calling their priests Eunuchs of the kingdom. Keep in mind this was not the only anti-Christ acts they committed. It is only one.

"Let us put ourselves in the shoes of the young men who are trained to become my 'servants'. Priests are told that they cannot have normal sex, get married and have a family. They are told they must consider themselves Eunuchs of the kingdom. In training these often young men learn about the history of slavery, of eunuchs, of women being reproductive slaves, and their connection with sexual slavery. To this day, since they sold me out to greedy powers, young men choosing to serve me assume I, Christ, favor or even tolerate what the Church preaches and practices in regards to slavery and sexuality. I am accused of approving pedophilia," Jesus said.

Jesus continued, "Of course, the self-proclaimed Holy Father and his gang do not want to change the foundation of the Church from a military machine that has dominated since the crusades. They continue to credit slavery to this day, using the Ten Commandments that they tailored to serve their greedy friends. The foundation of their human kingdom was built by men who enslaved men, women and children. The foundation of the Church perpetuates pedophilia, as it is rooted in the service of slavery. That is why their priests do not even question why they read to their congregations, 'Thou shall not covet your neighbor's slave.'

"These men in their high hats in their palace running their kingdom do not serve me. They serve the anti-humanity, the anti-Christ. They are not willing to serve me. They do not want to give me back my Church, the community I formed over 2,000 years ago in love, sisterhood and brotherhood, equality, forgiving, sharing, and in peace and justice.

"Let me tell you about Sodom and Gomorrah. They ran a society of slavery. They were slave holders. Men with money had slaves for all sorts of needs, including sexual. They considered females as inferior and used their menstruation against them. These men enslaved females as young as small children. A female was like a reproductive machine, making babies. The men in power also enslaved young men, castrated them, and used them to keep the female slaves prisoners in the house of the owner man, away from other men. The male owner of the female had reproductive sex with the woman and kept her as a slave and imprisoned. Eunuchs were castrated to keep the female reproductive slave at home at all times, to make sure the child was the slave owner's. They considered it the norm to have sexual relationships with young boys. Young boys and men were violated, raped, enslaved and exploited as sex objects."

Jesus continued, "These religious leaders claim to be pro-life, but you do not see them protecting the living small child bought to be a sexual slave. Hypocrites! The king of the Vatican lies and tries to cover up the root cause of the practice of pedophilia. They blame the United States Church. They blame homosexual orientation for it. They make believe that pedophilia is not found in other countries among priests. But they know, as well as I know, it is happening in all countries. In most traditional countries, often children and their families would not report the abuse for fear of social problems. Citizens can become chastised and outcasts if they reveal cases of abuse. In the United States, to talk about sexual abuse has become easier over time. But victims still fear to report."

Jesus continued to tell us the truth about gender. He said, "I did not create gender. I told the Adam and Eve parable to explain that all humans were born equals. I created humans in my image, one, both male and female. Each human is created as Adam and Eve.

"In fact, science has proven that both females and males actually have the same sex organs. One gender has its sex organ on the inside of their body. The other has it outside. I arranged for that. I declared them equals. I even put humans on Earth who were born with both organs. They are not mistakes. I intentionally created them with both organs. They have always had the right to choose to be male, female or both. Now they are able to choose to surgically remove one or the other, by choice. Or they can have both organs, by choice."

Jesus said, "They say all humans have to reproduce. That is a lie. They have a choice. And I accept their choices. I have created both males and females who cannot biologically reproduce. I did not curse anyone. They had to choose according to the fact that they could not procreate. I accept their choices. All were born in love, biologically unique, with individual conditions and options. In that, they live a life that forms their souls to be as unique as their physical bodies.

“The religious and political powers lied to you. They told you I created gender and required everyone to do the same. That is not consistent with creation. I am God, a parent, who has created infinite varieties on Earth in all things, in hope that each human will make individual choices that develop the unique self and soul. Remember, I am the creator of all the stars and planets. In their infinite numbers each is unique, though you see them as just a small light.

“I asked you to be loving, tolerant, accepting, forgiving, loyal and respectful in relating to one another in any relationship, including with me. I showed you what love is with my actions. I told you to not use one another as objects. I told you to be faithful in love. As long as you love one another I am happy. But if you use and hurt one another I am not happy. I suffer when you suffer.”

Jesus explained that he put humans on Earth to find themselves by making free choices. He created us with the ability to freely choose, though greedy powers have attempted and succeeded at taking away God given freedoms. He wants us to be like him, unique. Of course, we will never have the power and knowledge he has. But he is our eternal parent.

Only recently, have we started to scratch the surface of how many different ways we are each unique, like finger prints, DNA and others. God created time and space, the Earth, this world. He put us here to find our souls. We can make choices. This way we can develop souls, characters that should be as unique as our physical bodies. He has made sure that no one on Earth ever has exactly the same experiences and choices in their lives. The life of each human that has ever lived on Earth is unique. It is granted in creation and arranged for each of us to become unique in body and soul.

THE TRUE GOD, THE “FEAR NOT” GOD

As was mentioned in the introduction, God said “Fear Not” 365 times in the Torah and New Testament. But we do not hear anyone explaining why God would repeat those two words over and over again. Jesus certainly proved that he knew and anticipated that men with motive would try to make God in their image in writing. So the only way Jesus remained known to humanity was the two words, “Fear Not.”

“Fear Not” was a compass God gave us to know the difference between him and a man-made God. Knowing that God wants us to not fear, we can sort out lies from the truth. If you read the holy books and feel fear, shame or guilt, it is not the real God. It is a lie. It is a man-made God rulers created in their interests against humanity.

God used “Fear Not” as a promise to humanity. He promised that he will make himself known to humanity. He will take their fears away, care for them, protect them and love them all for all eternity. This book is the beginning of his mission.

Jesus in his words and actions contradicted the men who made God in their own image. He acted out his mission, feelings and thoughts in few words with strong actions. He came to help his children who were being exploited and oppressed. He came to give himself, body and blood, to all of us. He came to show his eternal, unconditional love as a parent. He did for us what the best parent in the universe would do for its child. And he did it with humility, love, patience, peace and faith.

Jesus knew that though he came, the holy books would misrepresent him in the New Testament the same way they did in the Old Testament. He kept repeating the two words “Fear Not.” He kept his promise to fulfill. He is going to come back and take away all fears. He is a God of action. This book is about action. He chose the instrument who is writing for him not just to write, but to let him use her life to illustrate what he needs to say to humanity, his children.

As we know, Jesus did not care to have think tanks and scholars follow him to write what he said. Look at me, my life, his choice of an instrument to write his words. I am an artist. I paint. I paint things that are like stories. There is action and story in my paintings. I am not a book writer. He could afford a book writer. Human science has proven that artists are intuitive and think spatially. Jesus uses artists very much. To me writing his book has been almost like painting, like living in action.

Jesus chose followers and associated with people who did not have formal educations. Most could not read and write at all. He talked with fishermen, poor, ill and oppressed people. He used parables because those around him were people of action. They did not read books. They had limited vocabularies due to their lack of ability to read and write. Action, stories and or examples, parables, that involved actions, were how they expressed themselves.

I believe the movie *The Passion of the Christ* was inspired by God. I appreciate that it was in the original language. There was not much to read. I think the movie made clear what Jesus intended. Jesus did not intend to talk the talk. He did not have to do that. His actions spoke loud enough.

He came as God, the parent, and proved to us what we needed to know. Ask any parent how much they love their child and what they would be willing to do to demonstrate that love. Most would say, “I will give up my life to save my child.” God says the same thing. He says he loves us so much that He would give himself up through anything to save us. Jesus gave up his life for us the way a parent would for its own child. Jesus told us how much he loves us. He suffers when

we suffer. He cries when we cry. He gets worried when we get in trouble. Imagine a parent, God, watching us. How would he feel looking at what is happening to all of us in this world? It makes him suffer more than all of us on Earth all together times infinity could ever suffer. He gave us choice. Look what choices we have made. But look what choices our leaders, religious, political or social have made.

As I said earlier, I was only five-years-old when I saw a translated movie about Jesus. I did not know who he was. I did not know religion. I did not even know God. I did not think there was a God. Being only five-years-old, I had a very limited vocabulary. But I felt and experienced being loved by him. His actions spoke louder than any words. I understood him perfectly. He won my heart and soul. I understood Jesus gave himself for us.

I met Jesus again, as I described in the dream in Chapter One. Interestingly enough, he was all about action. He kindly asked me, "Do you need help?" He gave himself up. I chose to let him help me. I figured he knew how to help me. I said, "Yes," to him. I did not tell him to pick up my things and place them in my bag. He knew what I needed. He picked up all of my belongings that had fallen out of my handbag. He put all of them back in to my handbag. He even took his hat off and put it in my handbag. His actions made me realize that he loved me. He was protective, supportive and caring to me. I fell in love with him. I asked him, "Do you know where the tunnel is?" He said, "Yes, it is right here. I am going the same way." Jesus is about action. That is why I know how important it is to pay close attention to his actions. And that is why I very much appreciate the way the movie *The Passion of the Christ* was made. It captured the True Jesus in action.

CHAPTER SIX

THE GOD OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE TO HIS CHILDREN

THE SEPARATION FROM GOD AND HUMANITY

In revising this book, after the first draft, I came to realize Jesus is repeating some of what he had said at times. I asked him if I should take out what was said before. Remember, I am not a book writer. I just know Jesus can and has been using me to do what he wants to do. I am his instrument.

Jesus explained that he is not repeating. He said it is like music. He is simply hitting the key notes throughout the book when it is necessary for us to understand later. He said, "I did repeat 'Fear Not' 365 times. By repeating the key notes I keep the book authentic. I am making it most difficult for the book to be changed."

He continued, "Let us go back over 2,000 years to when I came to humanity. I came in flesh to set the record straight. I told them that I am the messiah and my mission is to free the oppressed Jews and Gentiles. But that did not suit the objectives and relationships within the greedy empires. They chose to persecute me and my followers. I had come knowing they would do as they did to me. I chose to take it. I tried to prove to humanity that I was harmless, the God of 'Fear Not.' I gave them ME, my flesh and blood to keep to this day. I sacrificed myself for my children. I told them to share me, God, and all that I provided for all on Earth. I told them to forgive one another and to include one another. I told them to not use the sword, rocks or any weapons against one another. I told Peter to put down his sword. I healed the soldier whose ear was severed by Peter's sword. I said and did in accordance with my commandment, 'Thou shall not kill.' I was consistent with 'Fear Not' and proved it in few words and actions.

"They turned my body and my legacy into a war machine. They are still going on crusades in the name of saving souls to fill their own pockets. They claim they are saving humans from the fires of hell. They call it 'Evangelism.' They claim to love humans more than I love humans. They claim that I burn all those who are not Christians in fires for all eternity. They claim I am a brutal, uncaring and selfish dictator who authorized them to build my kingdom on Earth. They fill up their pockets and serve the empires as they have been for thousands of years in my name."

Jesus said, "Throughout history, I have had instruments who served me. In the past century, I had Abraham Lincoln. He fought a battle against slavery in America. There was Martin Luther

King Jr. He was a man who taught of my equal love for creation with dignity and diversity. I sent Nelson Mandela. He told of my will to free the oppressed people. He taught of my equal love for his people with freedom, dignity and diversity. I sent Bishop Tutu of South Africa. He preached my words against slavery in an enslaved nation. He tirelessly stood up for my children. I sent Archbishop Romero who did just as I had in my time. He stood up against oppression, slavery, cruelty, exploitation, and mass murder of the children of God. Like Martin Luther King, Romero, one man with me, in love, he preached in favor of the enslaved and oppressed. He was assassinated by the oppressors.”

GREED FOR POWER, DIVIDING HUMANITY, USING “God”

Jesus wants to explain and to expose what we have been misinformed about and deceived about by greedy men and the religious leaders who have served their interests throughout history. He is going to tell us the Truth that has been hidden and replaced with lies that have been hammered into humanity’s mind for thousands of years. He is fulfilling his promise made 365 times, “Fear Not.” Jesus is going to take away our fears, confusion and doubts by explaining the Truth, and by proving his everlasting unconditional love for all humanity.

Jesus moved on to the next issue, “Let us talk about the pro-life movement. I call these people hypocrites who serve the greedy powers. I would ask these champions of life to go to the war zones that are so plentiful on Earth and preach ‘Thou shall not kill.’ I would like them to go and to start feeding the hundreds of millions of children dying from hunger in this world. I asked them to stand up for small children being sold as sex slaves in growing numbers. I do not work with hypocrites. Did I not make that clear when I was on Earth? I preferred the company of an ex-prostitute to that of so-called holy men.

“I love mothers and the unborn in their wombs. When I was on Earth, I blamed the man-made conditions such as husbands being able to divorce their wives and force them into prostitution. A man owned his wife and threw her away like a shoe. He had the right to divorce his wife for any reason. Women were considered property like slaves were considered a property. They were unable to remarry. They had no other value. The only way divorced women could survive was to use their bodies as sexual objects, as prostitutes. The same people who forced women to sexual slavery, then violated the commandment, ‘Thou shall not kill.’ They stoned female sex slaves, the prostitutes, to death.”

Jesus said, “The same religious leaders who call themselves pro-life preach the lie, ‘Thou shall not covet your neighbor’s slave.’ They do not respect life. They perpetuate reproductive slavery

of women. They do not care for the born or the unborn. These hypocrites have no respect for human integrity. They serve the greedy that have been oppressing, enslaving and exploiting women as objects for thousands of years.

“I blame the conditions the greedy created that destroy lives of both mothers and their unborn. They are responsible for the lack of respect for life. They cause a mother to feel she cannot and should not bring a child in to this world. They have made a world that takes no responsibility for the life of a child born to it. They run a world that enslaves children. They force mothers to choose abortion. I love my children unconditionally. I unconditionally love both my pregnant children and the unborn child. They both have been victims of men of greed and their friends among religious leaders who, in my name, continue to chain the spirit of humanity. They are on the path of killing the Earth and humanity as we speak.

“The greedy, with their infinite thirst for power, have fostered ignorance, lies, fear, guilt, shame, panic and in my name have divided my children. They have used any means and any lies to occupy lands, to oppress, enslave, exploit, starve, kill, torment, and have created ever worsening chaos. They have pushed humanity closer and closer to the end of its rope. The vast majority of humanity has been starving to death. Children have been sold and purchased as sex slaves in oppressed countries. The population of orphans on Earth has increased massively. The world had become divided ever more. Humanity has been pitted against humanity by any means. The holy books have been used to destroy my entire creation. My children have been living in a whirlpool of destruction. Humanity has suffered from lack of humility. Greed has been the root cause of all evil done to humanity,” Jesus said.

He continued, “Greed is the enemy of humility. Greed and love are enemies. Is there not enough material wealth and possession on Earth to satisfy greed? How many billions of dollars are enough for only one family? Greed is a thirst that is unquenchable. Wealth is control and power to the greedy super rich. They have infinite thirst for control and ultimate power. They are the want-to-be-Gods. Greed is the enemy of humanity. It is on the path of trying to destroy humanity.

“Greedy powers have bought and forced everything that served their interest. They have even bought men who are supposed to be serving me. They have bought the religious leaders around the world. They have tailored everything, including the holy books to suit them. They have brain washed humanity to believe that greed was Godly and a norm. They have created their mighty and wealthy puppet superpowers. They have put in place puppet tyrannies in the poor countries to oppress and to exploit the people like slaves. They have tortured and martyred my instruments like Archbishop Romero, Nelson Mandela and Martin Luther King, Jr. Like leaches, they have sucked the blood of the vast majority of humanity in countries they

oppressed and kept poor. Greed is a man-made-spiral. It has sucked humanity down and through it. The Earth has been pushed to ultimate destruction by the greedy. The religious leaders not only have allowed it, but also have had collaborated with the greedy in destroying the Earth.”

“The greedy have done all in their power to keep humanity from knowing humility. They have glorified, legitimized, fostered and perpetuated greed of all sorts. They have made greed a so-called normal way of life, to be believed and to be practiced by following the lead of the super greedy rich. That is why humans have hurt one another in what they call crimes. The world has become criminalized. They have created all sorts of crime, even organized crimes. Money has bought everything, including those who have had to protect humans from crimes. The protectors of humanity are conditioned, institutionalized and trained to protect the greedy and the rich. They are the ones who legally have killed the poor and oppressed. They have sent armed men in uniforms to make sure that the super greedy rich gain infinite control and power,” Jesus said.

He continued, “Love, humility, compromise, reconciliation, compassion, charity and peace are lacking in this world. The greedy powers made sure of that by brain washing humanity to make sure they would get away with what they have been doing to humanity and to the Earth. Lack of humility is what this world has suffered from most. Loss of control and surrendering is what is hardest for all. The infinite thirst for power by the greedy that rules the world is the ultimate expression of quest for control.

“They preach and profess that there is only one God, the father the maker of heaven and Earth. That is true. I have only created heaven and Earth. The greedy powers created other joints. They have called them hell or purgatory. I am the almighty. I am love. I do not create to destroy. I unconditionally and eternally love all that I create. I can manage to send my creation, my children, to this world innocent. I can get them out of this world and take them home innocent. Remember that all things are possible with me. I have created all the universe and no star or planet has fallen on Earth.

“I have ordered things in creation. I create and construct. The greedy are in the business of destruction. I create in love. I give each and every one of my children the choice and the sure chance. The greedy powers and their religious friends are not afraid of hell or purgatory. They do not believe in them. They want you, humanity, to believe in them. They want humanity to live in fear of God, to feel compelled to submit to the oppressors and their religious puppets. I said, ‘Fear Not,’ 365 times in the books that they arranged to be anything but authentic. It is the one phrase they could not mistranslate and manipulate. That is why I repeated ‘Fear Not.’ Backwards, it reads ‘Not Fear.’ It is the same thing.”

Jesus went on to explain, “Lucifer, Satan, and his buddies surely know why they are not in hell already. He knows there is no hell. He knows I am love. If I were in the business of destruction, if I were a punitive and selfish God, I could destroy Satan as I created him. They do not want to accept that they cannot ever be God. I am the only true power to make all things eternally. It cannot be transferred or changed. I went out of my way to humble myself to much suffering and humiliation. I lived a painful human life. I do not want any of my creatures to be afraid of me because I am the almighty. I am love and all I have ever done has been about love.

“Lucifer, Satan, and his friends and followers on Earth all know I am not intimidated by them. They know I am most and infinitely harmless. I am capable of all things. But I do not abuse my power. I am all about love. I created a family of humanity, to keep and make happy with love for all eternity. I can juggle things. I am truly able of all things and have nothing to prove. Satan and his followers know that. Satan is the parable of a male cat in heat wanting to have his domain to play God, the-in-control, the boss. He knows he cannot be as powerful as what created him. But he wants to be God. Lucifer wants to make my creation his domain. So he goes around like a male cat in heat. He urinates all over the place. He makes alliances with humans who have the same objectives. Lucifer, Satan, and his friends, the super greedy powers, try to make believe they can control, rule and boss the world. They think they can make my creation, the world and humanity, their own domain.”

Jesus continued, “The greedy powers, men who want to take over lands and people to exploit, enslave and own them and make the world their own territory and possession, are want-to-be-gods the same as Lucifer. Metaphorically, these men of greed, like Lucifer, use their material wealth as power to exalt themselves to make this world their domain. These men urinate all over the Earth. They wage wars, often in my name, to make the world their territory, like Lucifer, the pet that wants to be the ruler of the house of God. Money and wealth of all sorts are what give them the ability to try to exalt themselves and to take as much control as possible. They choose to believe they are God-like, almighty, and refuse to humble themselves. Even though I came among them and humbled myself, they chose to abuse my humility, though they knew I could stop them.”

Jesus concluded, “So their problem with humility has been the root cause of all the pain, suffering and destruction they have caused humanity, this world, the Earth. For thousands of years, they conditioned humanity to surrender power to them and their religious powers. They conditioned humanity to consider humility a flaw. They pitted humans against one another in all possible ways. They made them compete and to aim to cause harm and destroy one another. They follow the men who exalt themselves, who have the material, governmental and religious power to control.”

I, the instrument, want to interject with an experience that reminds me of what Jesus just explained. It makes his point. I remember once I was speaking with someone who was a Muslim. She was badmouthing Jesus and Christianity. She said Jesus did not exist and God did not come to Earth as a human. I was not a Christian at the time of the conversation. It was about a year before the dream you read, in which I met Jesus. At the time, I did not practice any religion at all. But I did believe in the creator of the Earth and the universe. Though I did not have a name attached to my belief.

Anyway, she continued to badmouth Christianity and said, "God is not human. Christians are idol worshippers. God would not come to us as human. He is God. He is almighty. He is spirit. He would never be human or send his son to be tortured and crucified. It's all a lie. Jesus was not God or God's son."

She seemed to not believe that God or his son would choose to be humble. She believed God created us because "he wants to be worshiped." Her idea of God was the fear God, the selfish powerful, almighty, sadistic, merciless, unloving tyrannical God.

I spontaneously responded to her as if it just came out of my mouth subconsciously. "If God is as almighty as you believe, why he would not be able to come to us as a human? He can do anything he wants. Maybe he is humble. Why would a God who created all of us not try to become one of us to love and to help us? Wouldn't he love us? I make a painting and love it so much I keep it to myself. I would rather not sell my paintings even if I have to starve. I love my paintings. If God created us, I figure he loves us more than I love my paintings. My paintings are like my children. Aren't we God's children? Why wouldn't he humble himself to be with his loved ones? I figure he created us to love us. I paint to love it. I don't paint and burn it. Aren't we more important than paintings? Maybe God has nothing to prove. He is almighty. He did not create us to show off his power. I think God wants to have a family. I think God loves all of us like we are his family he made for himself to love."

I was thinking out loud. My friend did not respond to my comments. I was not a Christian. She knew I did not know much about Jesus and Christianity. But she did not come up with anything. It seemed, as if for the first time, she noticed that she had not accepted that there is one God and he is most harmless and loving, like a parent, that would not only become one of us to take away our fears, but would do anything eternally for each and every one of us. So she did not argue and changed the subject of conversation!

It is hard for humans to humble themselves and to believe that God humbles himself. We have to humble ourselves to believe in God as loving and humble. It takes humility for us to know God as he really is eternally, an unconditionally loving parent. You know the saying, "you can't

buy love.” I figure the power thirsty and greedy people have a very hard time with love. We have no control over it. Wow! Love is free. Love is humble. That is one thing that Lucifer and his buddies cannot stomach. Love is not forced. Love is not bought. Love is not fear. Love is a state of existence that is unconditionally and eternal, though it can start in this world.

God is love. It may be hard for us to humble ourselves to believe and know that we do not have the power to make God stop loving us. There is nothing that would end his love for us. He loves us even if we never call him at all. He is a parent. He taught us through parenthood a fraction of his infinite parental love for us. Jesus did say, when on Earth, that it is easy to love one who loves you. True love would love no matter what. Jesus encouraged us to find that in ourselves.

We too can love unconditionally. Of course, we cannot love as unconditionally with as much magnitude as God. We can never feel and grasp the love he feels for each and every human that has ever existed. He can only do that. But on a smaller scale, we can love unconditionally. Loving our children is an example. Jesus created a family of members who have the principle characteristics of him, but on a much smaller scale than God. We will always be his children and he will eternally care for us.

Jesus explained, “The Muslims are not the only ones who do not accept that God humbled himself to show his harmless unconditional eternal love by becoming human and suffering. Jews and Christians believe the same thing. Jews do not believe I, God, came as human. Christians believe God would only consider giving eternal life to Christians who believe, worship and love Him.”

I can relate to what Jesus is saying. We humans have problems with humility. We have a hard time believing and accepting God’s love that is truly humble, unconditional and eternal for all humanity. The truth is that God is humble and loving. He came to show us that. He sure did. I do not know any parents that have done in action more to prove to their children how much they love their children. He is a parent. He is right about us being conditioned by the want-to-be-Gods to not know practice and accept humility.

In order for us to accept the unconditional love of God we have to humble ourselves. We have to accept humility. He wants us to accept his love. He wants a loving family. He humbled himself to show us it is possible for us to do the same. It is possible to feel his most faithful and unconditional love. He feels for each and every one of us.

I must say, in the process of writing this book, I have fallen ever more in love with God. He is most loving, humble, harmless, faithful, protective and unconditionally committed to each and every one of us. He said that he keeps count of each of our hairs. He has created us unique with

different DNA, finger prints and more than we can ever discover in our human capacities. We are each a treasure to him like his one and only child.

JESUS GIVING HIMSELF AGAIN, TO ALL HUMANITY

THE CONCLUSION

Remember earlier Jesus explained that the dream and the poem, as you read, were for each and every one in all humanity. Before you read the conclusion of this book, Jesus is asks you to read the dream and the poem again. It is reprinted below. Jesus wants you to put yourself first, and then put all humanity in my place in the dream and in the poem.

THE DREAM BEFORE BAPTISM, I SAW CHRIST

In my dream I was flying horizontally through a tunnel as others were walking the opposite direction. I came to the end of the tunnel. I found myself walking in a place like a park or a garden. I came to a glass door that opened. A man was exiting as I was about to enter. As I was about to enter a thief stole my wallet and the wallet of the man who was exiting the glass door. I looked calmly in the thief's eyes and said, "I am an artist you cannot steal from me." The thief looked in my eyes and said nervously, "Sorry, I know." He gave me my wallet back. But he did not give the man's wallet back. The man whose wallet was stolen by the thief turned to people around us and said, "Did you see her look in the thief's eyes and with such authority get her wallet back? She did a miracle. It was a miracle." He kept repeating it. "It was a miracle." I chose not to enter the glass door. I turned to my left and saw two escalators. One was going up to the sky. I could not see the end of the escalator. The other escalator was coming down from the sky. I went on the escalator that went up. (In real life I had a height phobia and I was afraid of heights in dreams as well. But in this dream I did not fear going up the escalator so far in the sky I could not see the end of it.) I stood there and the escalator went up taking me to the end. When the escalator ended, I stepped in to a place that seemed to be another world that I had never seen anything like ever before. It was like a city made of structures that seemed to be buildings and places. All was in white light and crystals. All was glowing white light. I never saw anything like it. It was majestic. It was majestic. I saw two men dressed in Catholic priest's habit carrying briefcases. They seemed to be on a mission, walking very solid and assured. They were walking my direction. I was still standing next to the escalator that I got off, captivated by what I saw. I suddenly felt I had to turn. I turned to my right and saw a big triangular shaped structure

of some sort. It seemed to be crystal. White light was emanating from it. I felt I had to walk to it. I walked to it and stood in front of it. It spoke to me and said, "Catholic." I somehow knew who talked to me. I understood that I was asked to go on a mission. I did not say anything. I obeyed what I was directed to do. I turned around and walked back to the escalators. I took the one going down. I went back down to the same garden like place where I was almost robbed. My mission required me to go back in the tunnel I came out of earlier. I walked through the garden looking for the tunnel. It was getting darker and darker. I had to return back to that tunnel. I was on a mission. I had to find it. I was feeling nervous and worried as it was getting darker and I seemed unable to find the tunnel. I saw a woman sitting on a wooden bench like the benches in parks. Her back was to me. She was wearing a black lace dress and had long black hair. I could only see her back. Looking at her back, I asked her, "Excuse me, do you know where the tunnel is?" She said, "Follow that path." She pointed with her finger to a pathway a few feet away. I listened to her and walked to the pathway. As I started to walk to the pathway, still close to the woman, I heard her say, "As if there is a tunnel." She seemed evil and misleading. I sensed it. But I continued on the path she showed me. I thought I had no other alternative. Soon I realized I was going around in a circle. I realized I was intentionally misled by the woman. I stepped out of the circular pathway. I kept walking straight to my right. It was very dark then. I was extremely agitated and afraid. I saw something in front of me. It looked like a door to a place. It seemed like the door I exited in the beginning. But I could not trust my memory. I was too afraid to open the door to see if it was the tunnel. I was very afraid. I was so afraid I was shaking. Suddenly my handbag flipped and everything I had in it fell to the ground. I was looking around in fear of being attacked. If I squatted to pick up my things off of the ground, I could be attacked from behind. But I had to do it. Fearfully, I squatted to pick up my belongings. Suddenly I heard someone approaching. I was startled. I saw a white light approaching. I was still squatting. I looked up. I saw a beautiful man, wearing a white hat with rim, a white coat, white shirt, white tie, white pants and white socks and shoes. He was in all white and emanating glowing white light. He was so beautiful. I felt safe. I did not feel fear anymore. He asked, "Do you need help?" I said, "Yes." He picked up all of my belongings off of the ground and put them in my handbag. He took off his hat and put it in my bag. I felt so unworthy of him. I wondered why he put his hat in my bag. I felt unworthy of the honoring gesture. He was out of this world. I had fallen in love. I asked him, "Do you know where the tunnel is?" He said, "Yes. It is right here. I am going the same way." I had doubts about it being the door to the tunnel. We both walked in to the tunnel together.

Beloved I AM and I Cannot Tell or Show How Much I love You

I love you like no other
Love so very you can't grasp
I flicker your curly hair often
I love to look in your green eyes that rest in the flame of mine
I have you all mine in creation
I was there before you
Remember me in your sight
Remember me against all odds
Remember me when laying down
Remember me when crying
Remember me slowly
As calm try
Remember me in a count of 9
Remember me when I laugh
Remember me when I cry seeing your tears fall
Remember me against all odds
Remember no remorse
Remember your vows
Remember time makes mans' virtues
Remember I vowed to share your pain
Remember not to seek my "kind"
Remember me here as I AM always and no need for "kind"
Remember my beloved pray out loud.

In your eyes flames of fire

In your eyes peace meets glory

In our eyes longing to hold

In your eyes peaceful control

In your eyes faithful flames

In your eyes draw me ever near

In your eyes taking my pain

In your eyes hold you here

In your eyes I AM here

In your arms latch on ever tighter

“But don’t fear beloved”

“I Am here”

In Eternal Love

“I Am here beloved”

Beloved take all your memory of me

Meet the red rose in my memorial place

A red rose to you in your image

Beautiful red rose with sharp thorns

Evil can’t hold you as I have armed you against him

I AM and Fear Not ever

Virtuous hands will hold you in reverence to me and my command

Love your petals, leaves, stems and thorns in my will I AM as I created you beloved.

With Eternal Love,

“ALL MY BELOVEDS, I AM LOVE. I am not the man-made God. I have created each and every human that has ever lived on Earth in my essence. That makes you sisters and brothers. I have been creating all of humanity in infinite, unconditional and eternal love. I am a good parent. I want each and every one of you to know me as your loving parent individually. I want to have a special relationship with each and every one of my children. I have given you what any good parent would give. I sacrificed myself so you would know I love you. Is not that what a good parent does? I gave you myself. I told you our family rules, the true version of the Ten Commandments, to help you all to grow with equal opportunities, love and peace. I provided for each and every human being. It was meant to be shared equally and according to your needs. I formed a universal community before I left Earth. I asked you to love one another just as you love yourself because you are sisters and brothers. I told you how to love, to be patient, forgiving, generous, sharing, selfless, sharing, kind, tolerant, faithful, loyal, honest, humble, self-giving, supportive and compromising. I have given you freedom to find your individual self, as I have a family of humanity that is made of unique individual souls. I suffer when I see you suffer, because of choices you made or others made for you. I have come to you as in the dream and the poem you read in this book. I came to each and every one of you as a loving parent most eager to be there for you to lean on me. As I said in the dream, I ask each and every one of my children, all humanity, do you need help? Will you trust me, as a loving parent, to help you?”