

My Blue Heaven

We had lost all communication with ourselves, as we floated in free suspension, higher and higher. An unknown amount of time had elapsed, and where we found ourselves next was a total surprise. We had landed, in an erect stance, on the border of a lawn of solid greenery lined with magnificent shrubbery every color imaginable of all earth's flowers, and even some exotic florals that we had never seen before. The aromas of their perfumes in the air were irresistibly sensual, and my unremarkable penis felt like it was in perpetual orgasm. Plants and trees filled with all sorts of mouth watering vegetables and fruits dotted the grounds. Most unusual were the trees with their magnificent multicolored leaves, which, if you rubbed them anywhere on yourself, could lift your spirits and bring healing to your body, mind, and soul. I picked a yellow plum the size of a tennis ball from one of the plum trees, and I was in heaven with my first bite. The sweetness of the fruit was exquisite; it reminded me of the yellow plums I had eaten by the bagful when we were in Israel completing our doctoral degrees. There seemed to be no end to this Garden of Eden. As we glided on air over rolling hills, we passed inviting bubbling hot springs and the gentle ripples of quiet flowing streams. The sky was powder blue, adorned by the same pristine, puffy white clouds that we loved in the Florida sky. The sun was a brilliant orange-yellow, and remarkably, my eyes weren't bothered when I gazed directly into its center. I was feeling outright delicious, and my entire being was immersed in this glorious setting.

The perimeter of our *Shangri-La* could easily have enclosed an area of 1 and 1/8 square miles. The surroundings were so vivaciously different from anything we had ever visualized before, making us question whether we had regressed to a past life. We were mesmerized by the appetizingly, picturesque beauty of the place. We wondered, "How could we be so high up, and yet the temperature be so warm, so perfect?" If you have ever been on an airplane, you know that the outside air temperature is very cold when you ascend to the high altitudes of the clouds. I had my compass with me, and we started walking in a north westerly direction. In the distance, we spotted what appeared to be about a twenty-story apartment building, but this structure was radiantly glowing, as if it were made of gold. As we approached, we saw rose-colored stone walls and Lebanon cedar gates enclosing this golden architecture. When we arrived at the Eastern Gate of the structure, a man with a short and stout appearance looked down from the platform and greeted us. He spoke in English, telling us that he was the gatekeeper, and that we had been expected. When we asked where we were and why were we here, this impish little fellow just snickered and directed us inside. Little did we know that he was the well-known prophet, Elijah, in disguise. Elijah had been taken by G-d while he was still alive, and according to the Hebrew Bible, he was to return to earth prior to the official beginning of the Messianic Age.

We ascended twelve steps and passed through two one-hundred-foot tall gold plated, cedar wooden doors, with even larger palm crowned pillars extending on each side of the hall entranceway. I immediately recognized where we were, and quickly realized that our feet were standing on the marble tiles of the Outer Courtyard of the Third Temple. That meant that our luscious sensuous Garden of Eden, which we had just delightfully strolled through, was the Temple Mount. The size of the Holy edifice was more in line with Ezekiel's Temple measurements. The whole structure approximated 1/8 mile on each side, and was barely longer in the east-west direction as compared to the north-south direction. I was familiar with the structure of the Third Temple and its dimensions, because I had read the description in the Hebrew Bible's Book of Ezekiel. The prophet Ezekiel had been transported from Babylon to Jerusalem during the Jewish Babylonian exile, almost 2,500 years

ago, and was shown an elaborately detailed *Merkavah* (mystical) vision of the Third Temple by G-d. I had also read Rabbi Steinberg's and Chaim Clorfene's elegant, explanatory, diagrammatic texts on the Messianic Temple, so that there was no doubt now where we were.

The Outer Courtyard was where the Jews gathered back in ancient times during the First and Second Temples to pray to and honor G-d with their sacrifices. I whispered to Yinnon that his time-line therapy had propelled us into the future. "We were," I told him, "in the future Third Temple." "Not possible," said Yinnon. And we each turned out to be correct. Yes, this was the Third Temple, so I was right. However, we were to learn that this Third Temple was the heavenly counterpart to the future earthly Third Temple, which would exist at the End of Days. Kabbalah sages have long ago strongly stated that it was indeed from the Heavenly Temple, G-d's Throne of Glory on High, that the Creator fashioned the Light of Creation. Before the Big Bang could take place, there had to be a conversion of nothing to something. This is the uncertain period in time, prior to the Big Bang, which physicists cannot explain. In these stark moments before Creation, there was a primeval darkness without space or time. All was nothing, and from nothing, G-d fashioned a limitless infinite energy, known as the *Ein Sof* Light, so that our lower world as we know it, and the higher heavenly worlds of angels and souls, could emanate from Him. The spiritual Big Bang, according to the Kabbalists, was the clothing of the *Ein Sof* Light by means of a series of numerous "energy contractions" (*tzimtzumim*). One of the first contractions stemming from G-d's Light was Divine Intellect to the uppermost world of *Atzilut*. It is reserved for the unique souls of our three Patriarchs (Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob) and also for special souls like Moses. ChaBaD is an acronym of Divine Intellect for *Chochma* (wisdom), *Binah* (understanding), and *Daat* (knowledge).

My mind was racing at lightning speed. I had read the biblical Jewish controversy on whether we humans would build the Temple, or whether the Third Temple would descend from heaven? The intermediary consensus, which I favored, was that man would build G-d's footstool, the Third Temple's physical structure because it is one of our 613 Commandments, while G-d would provide the *Shechinah*, His Divine Presence. The first view was popularized by Rabbi Maimonides, an outstanding religious Jewish scholar and sage who lived in Spain in the thirteenth century, and by several other prominent Jewish sages. Their opinion is based upon G-d telling the Israelites in the Sinai wilderness to build Him a Tabernacle, so that He would dwell among the Jewish people. Rashi, Chaim Luzatto, and other sages were proponents of the Third Temple in Heaven descending to Israel. Their arguments like those of Maimonides were based upon biblical verses. The intermediary view seems to be upheld by history, and was true for both the Tabernacle in the Sinai desert during the Exodus, and in King David's and King Solomon's First Temple. I now found myself leaning toward the second theory. Why build a magnificent Third Temple? G-d can simply duplicate and transport the architecture of the already existing heavenly spiritual-physical structure to earth at the End of Days. It would certainly make it a lot easier. The costs alone of the Temple with its gold-plated holy structure would be in the billions.

As much as I thought that this would be the easier route to avoid all the hassles and infighting among us mortals, once we got down to the brass tacks of actually deciding to build the Temple, something didn't sit right with me. G-d has repeatedly created spiritual physical Covenants with man since the time of Adam and Eve. A new bold Covenant can only hold if both parties, G-d and human beings, participate equally in the Third Temple. One could easily argue against the intermediary position that the Covenant would still be fulfilled if an exact copy of the Third Temple descended from heaven.

Well, we knew where we were, but we didn't know why we were here and why we were expected? At the gate to the Inner Courtyard, we were greeted by a man who introduced himself as Michael, the chief archangel. Michael was tall and handsome and had a commanding presence and stature. He looked just like us, but we had learned from our biblical readings that, when necessary to tone down fear, angels can transform themselves into humans. Abraham, Jacob, Daniel, and Ezekiel had all encountered angels in human form. Michael told us that he would be our advocate during the interview process. We were dumbfounded. In a quiet, gentle, respectful voice, I asked, "What interview process?" Michael smiled, and warmly responded, "The *Moshiach* Interviews, of course. You are being interviewed to be the Messiah."

"Both of us?" I responded. Michael looked me straight in the eyes, and as gently as he could to shock me out of my stupor, he said. "Yoseph, you can no longer fool yourself, deceive yourself, into believing that your twin Yinnon has been with you all this time. He was lost a long time ago in your mother's womb. Yinnon was the tragic victim of the abortion. You, Yoseph, or correctly Yossel, are the neurotic in Primal Therapy that survived so many times by G-d's Hand. You, Yoseph are the bipolar. You, Yoseph are the only scientist professor at Stony Brook University, now professor emeritus. Yinnon sadly does not exist, although he once did. You, Yoseph are the one, who indeed had the Moses Time Line Therapy. However, it was your friend Howie, who led you through the regression that evening in your Stony Brook office. Your bus trip after the Six-Day War in 1967 was with your first wife. When you returned to Israel and climbed Mount Sinai, that was in 1983 on your honeymoon with your second wife, Marcia. Marcia is your *bashert*, your soul mate, that G-d has sent you to give you joy in the midst of your suffering. She has stood by you always, and with G-d's help and her extrasensory perception, Marcia is the one who saved you from dying in your suicide attempt in March of 1995. You, Yoseph, and not Yinnon, are the father of the five children—Kenneth, Melanie, Seth, Sean, and Erin. And you are the one whom G-d has chosen to bestow all His miracles on, ever since He visited you in your mother's womb. It was G-d's Voice that spoke to you alone in your Poquott cottage, "And you shall be Mine." When those formless creatures, my angelic colleagues, you describe, levitated you and brought you before G-d as a fetus, it was with a singular purpose, and that purpose begins now. To see if you can be the Hebrew *Moshiach* or *Mashiach*, the Messiah for humankind?"

"We have deliberately chosen a sinner: you, Yoseph, who has knowingly cheated in science. Yet, you have publicly repented and confessed your sins to your Stony Brook University administration, and sent letters of apology to the former institutions that you attended. Moreover, you have expressed your heartfelt remorse and your sincere regrets for all of your sinful actions in your published book, *Divinely Inspired: Spiritual Awakening of a Soul*, for all to see. We have intentionally selected someone who has suffered horrifically, yet has the potential through his suffering to look inside and understand human nature. We also have especially not chosen a *tzaddik*, the wisest, most righteous, and perfect of men. We are testing the potential of a simple imperfect man. If you succeed in answering our questions, you will become King Messiah, and return to earth to take your place at the End of Days. Hopefully, you will respond well. If our assessment of you is that you are not the person, we had hoped you might be, then we will have failed once again in finding the true Messiah. Do you want to now continue Yoseph, and enter the gate into the Inner Courtyard? If not, you can still turn back, and all of this will be erased from your memory. You can go back to your life as it was, with Yinnon as your dead companion. No hard feelings as they say in human speech. Your choice, but I must have your answer in the next five minutes. The others are waiting. Ask any questions you wish?"

It was all a dream, or so I thought. I was psychotic, and was having my delusions of grandeur. The Temple Mount and the Third Temple were a hallucination playing tricks on my mind. I began to feel the old paranoia creep back into the recesses of my brain. I was not in heaven. I was really at 999 Queen Street, the insane asylum, and I was never getting out. I was manic and psychotic. I was the Messiah of the loonies. My poor lost twin Yinnon had been my scapegoat. As long as Yinnon was by my side, I was not alone and didn't have to face my inner demons. The Primal Pain became Yinnon's burden and suffering, not mine. For the five-minute allotted period, I could not get any words out of my mouth. All of the alone and unwanted feelings of Primal Therapy returned. Yinnon would always be in my heart, but I was now alone to face my Maker. I had survived the unbeatable foe in the womb, and once again I was feeling like the tiny helpless fetus. Yet this time, it seemed that I was playing high-stakes poker with a hand that I surely could not win. I needed a royal flush, but the chances of that were one in a billion. Yes, I was intelligent, but how could I respond to such heavenly giants of superior knowledge? I wasn't an orthodox Jew, nor was I learned in Talmud or Kabbalah. I had some Torah under my belt, but it was sparse and self-taught, and I was just beginning to gain a little bit of wisdom and confidence. "Why would G-d choose a spiritually inept, morally-challenged human being like me? Surely, there were better choices."

I felt like the ants I used to stomp out as a kid. I was nothing, miniscule, a speck of dust. I wanted to run as fast as I could back to the safety of the womb. However, I laughed silently at that choice, for obvious reasons. The panic escalated. Terror invaded. I felt a huge burst of anxiety in the pit of my abdomen. There was no one to consult. There never was a mommy or daddy to help. There was no one here to turn to. It was all up to me. If I chose to stay, I was on my own. Yet, if I stayed and was successful, I would finally be special and feel wanted. I would be crowned as king, and anointed the Messiah. "No," I said out loud. I have to do this for the right reasons. I have to do this not for myself. It was the greatest challenge of my life, and I tried to convince myself that this is what I wanted. I finally knew my mission in life. Wow! I was as close to G-d as I thought I possibly would ever get. I was at the Pearly Gates. No matter what happened, I felt it was win-win. Even if I didn't become the Messiah, I could not lose.

The quote from *Julius Caesar* came into my mind. My wise boss, Izzy, in the Oral Biology Department at Stony Brook often quoted Shakespearian lines to me. I had spent the last six years with him discussing everything from politics and military strategy to spirituality, but Izzy wasn't with me now. It was my call.

*"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
When taken at the flood, leads to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyages of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."*

The *Macbeth* quotes also swamped my brain again, and I felt a yellow streak down my back.

*"The attempt and not the deed confounds us."
"Cowards die many times before their death;*

The valiant never taste of death but once.”

Despairingly for just a split second, I reflected on a quote of a biblical commentator that applied with terrifying accuracy to my mother and me. I was the seed that had emerged from her womb, but would I germinate to my full potential in life?

*“If the field is barren,
The seed, howsoever, potent
Will not germinate.”*

My mother was a barren spiritual field. My last thought, before I made my decision was a quote sent to me from Raj, with whom I had wanted to do holistic research while I was working at the university:

*“Faith is the bird that feels the light
And sings when the dawn is still dark.”*

Michael was patiently waiting. He smiled when he looked straight into my eyes. “We have your answer,” he joyfully exclaimed. “Now follow me, Yoseph. And good luck.” We climbed eight steps and entered the Eastern Gate between the Outer and Inner Courtyards. As soon as we were inside, the sounds of voices and music greeted us. The Levite priests were singing and playing their tunes from King David’s Psalms. They were standing on a five-step choir platform, which they referred to as the *Duchan*. The Inner Courtyard was about 200 square feet, and was surrounded on all of its sides by the Outer Courtyard. I was surprised to note that the *Duchan* stretched across much of the area of the Inner Courtyard. The musicians played their tunes on lyres, flutes, lutes, trumpets and cymbals. The sounds of their music were like a prelude to a symphony. The musicians wore white silk shirts and silk balloon pants and sandals. The singers also wore identical clothes and shoes, but their color was a sky blue. I started to gleefully hum their songs.

As we marched past the Levite Priests, we entered the Priestly Court of the Inner Courtyard. I immediately recognized the familiar sacrificial altar with its sloping ramp. So this is where all the Israelite sin offerings were presented before G-d! I pictured the slaughtered sheep, bulls, goats, cows, and birds being burned, and I became nauseated. I have always believed such sacrifices to be pagan, and felt that I would probably not survive the interview process, because of my biased opinions. I marched on to my fated destiny. It was too late to turn back. I had made a commitment, and after my almost successful suicide attempts, I had vowed to never give up on myself again. I prayed for the Creator to be with me, to help me. I prayed that I would make Him proud. My entire life passed in front of me. All of the good and bad memories were then gone in a flash. Yesterday was left behind. Another day had dawned.