



ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

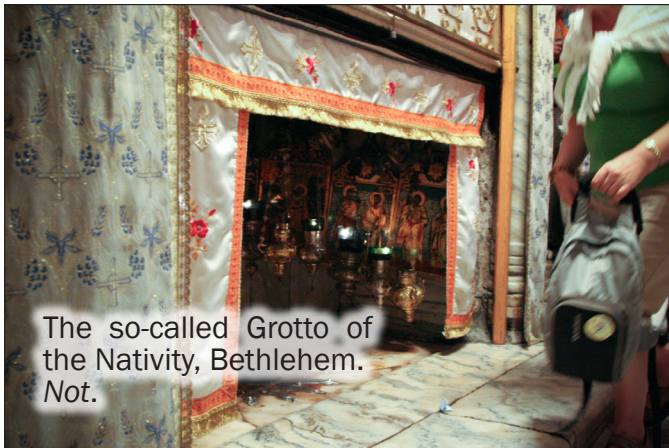
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The Evil Empire

Jesus Christ throws Christianity under the bus.

Chapter 1

Arrival in Bethlehem.



The so-called Grotto of the Nativity, Bethlehem. Not.

I knew that it was going to be Bethlehem because of the prophecies, but as soon as I arrived there (I preceded my placenta by about four minutes) I had no idea where I was. Did you know where you were on the day that you were born? You find out later, just as I did. I had no idea at the time about the barn, the Ethiopian midwife, how my dad got rejected at six caravansaries, how my mother nearly got knocked off our donkey, Frisk (when they first went into the barn), how my dad regretted telling the shepherds that he was only my caretaker, or how they'd put me in a manger with some straw. My parents told me all of these things later.

I don't recall any where-in-the-world-was-I-born-moment, either. It was a gradual dawning gleaned from later discussions that my parents had with others. A visitor

may have asked my mother, "Where was he born?" and my mother said, "Bethlehem," and then I probably thought at the time, *what a strange-sounding town*. I didn't grasp the prophecies until later when my dad showed them to me. I was six years old. With those prophecies came *other* prophecies, the dark things. Some very grim emotions ensued. I will speak later on this aspect. I will speak later about the light shining in the darkness, and the height, breadth and depth of the darkness that you, the reader, still occupy. You are in it, but not of it. You are the only lights, at present, that truly pierce and transcend it.

THE REGISTRATION

My dad read in the *Nazareth Enterprise Review* that Quirinius had issued a decree from Caesar that every citizen of the Roman Empire fifty years and younger was being required by law to register an oath of allegiance. Augustus had just received the *Pater Patriae* and he got a big head about it. The title *Pater Patriae* is the most acclaimed title a Roman emperor can get. It means "Father of the Country." Since Augustus was the Father of the Country (in his own mind), he wanted a registration. But not only that. Herod got his dirty hands into the bread bowl and wanted an extra oath of allegiance from all so-called "royal claimants." A royal claimant was anyone who could trace his or her ancestry to David. Herod feared the kingly types, especially those of childbearing years. My mother and father were both of David (she of Nathan; he of Solomon), which meant that the government (read, *Herod*) required them to go to the city of David, which was Bethlehem. This was Herod's idea, not Augustus'. My mom, being nine-months pregnant, was unhappy when my father told her of this development. (This is an understatement.) My mother was never an exception to any normal female reactions to stress, especially when it came to protecting the life inside of her.



My father wanted to go to Bethlehem alone, only to spare her the trip, but my mother would not hear of it. Still, my father inquired of the local authorities to see if they could grant an exemption for her, due to her pregnancy. But of course the answer was no. The Roman authorities in our town (or in any town then) were unsympathetic to maternity issues. My mother, not wanting to have her baby alone anyway, insisted on accompanying my father.

She was always like this; very dependent on my dad, although not in a needy way. She simply enjoyed needing him. As did I. He was very strong, my dad. And dependable. I'm not saying that my mother wasn't strong, but that my dad was stronger. Besides, being nine-months pregnant limited the things that my mother could do for herself. My dad liked doing things for her, and her being pregnant gave him many opportunities.

My mother and father were living in Nazareth at the time.

FALSE LABOR

They loaded up our donkey Frisk. (She was a female and very lively, thus the nomination, "Frisk.") It was the first part of September. (I will use time denominations

familiar to you.) They left in the morning just after dawn. Her parents were there to see them off. (Both of my father's parents were already dead.)

My dad told me that they thought I was going to come in the wilderness of Mt. Ebal on the second night. My mother's contractions hit so hard that my dad had to stop Frisk and help her off. He put her down in a soft place beside a ditch. It turned out to be false labor. When my mother could bear it, my father got her back on board and they continued the four kilometers (I will use English measurements for your convenience) to Colchis, where they found a caravansary.

BETHLEHEM

Bethlehem was packed with tourists because of the registration. My dad tried six places for lodging. My parents' strategy was that my mom would sit on Frisk outside of the place, and she would sit up very straight so that her pregnant belly showed. When my dad gestured out the window or door to show the owner that "the poor pregnant lady" just needed to lay down, he had instructed my mom to put a pained look on her face and rub her belly.

It didn't work six times. It *almost* didn't work on the seventh attempt, but then it did thanks to the wonderful human emotion of guilt. At the seventh attempt, guilt got

the better of the owner after my dad had walked out the door by kicking it open in obvious frustration. At that point, my dad has admitted, he was angry. He said that it was dark by that time and that my mother was afraid of the dark and that she was crying. He said that he felt like a failed husband and father who could not provide for his own wife and child. At the same time, he said he wanted to punch some of the caravansary owners in the face.

My dad would say for years afterward, “Thank God for Aber of Bethlehem,” because it was a man named Aber (of the seventh place), who ran back out to tell my dad that he “couldn’t in good conscience let a pregnant lady wander the streets at night” (Bethlehem was a dirty town), and that he had a little barn behind his inn where my mom could at least be safe and fairly comfortable. He showed my dad how to lock the barn door from the inside.

THE MIDWIFE

The barn (“stable” if you want to call it that) was separated from the caravansary by a muddy alleyway where travelers took shortcuts through town. It was difficult even to cross the alley because of the traffic, and mud was coming up everywhere. When Aber led them in, they found three horses tied in their stalls to the left, with an open but narrow area to the right. Aber showed my dad

about locking the door, and then left. But when my dad slammed the door, it spooked one of the horses, which in turn panicked Frisk and made Frisk run hard into one of the walls. This in turn caused my mother to injure her knee, not only because of the impact, but because a nail sticking out in the wall broke through my mother’s skin. It was a good thing that she did not contract an infection. Why there was a nail right where this Frisk-panic was destined before the eons to occur is a matter for mature conversation. (Years later, my mother still had the scar.) It could be construed as strange and unnecessarily cruel that my Father saw necessary to plan and enact the putting of a carpenter’s nail just there, for that time, and make the horse spook, and make Frisk jumpy to begin with—yet all is of God. My mother brought this incident up to me after my resurrection and we smiled over it, understanding more of it then. I touched her scar and she touched mine and it was just another point of fellowship for us then. Wisdom is justified by her children and always will be.

My dad got his pregnant wife down off Frisk and at last comfortable on a homemade bed of straw, away from the horse stalls. Now the labor began in earnest. It was real this time. My dad stacked up hay bales against the door, hoping to eliminate some noise both ways, so that my mother could travail in relative privacy, but

then he realized (I find this humorous, but my dad did not see anything funny about it at the time) that he did not know a single thing about delivering babies and that he just then realized it. This was a harsh realization for him and he wondered why he had not thought of it sooner.

He only needed two things now: a lamp and a midwife. (Everything that was being done up to this point had occurred in pitch darkness.)

My dad went back to the caravansary and Aber gave him a look as if to say, *What now?* My father explained the situation. Aber was equal to it and my father returned to the barn with not only a lantern, but an Ethiopian woman, black as



This Bethlehem service station sits on the actual site of Aber’s barn. The middle light pole in the back marks the location of the caravansary. To show you how small the barn was, the yellow barrier at right marks the location of the first horse stall (the other two stalls are outside of the photo.) I was born where the trash basket at left sits.

coal, whose name was, of all things, “Bathsheeba.”

The following conversation became immortalized in our family, bringing us amusement over the years. I share it with you, below, as it was related to me:

JOSEPH: Mary, this is Bathsheeba. Bathsheeba, Mary.

MARY (managing civility, as she always did): Just like the wife of David. Are you related to David?

BATHSHEEBA: What is *David*?

JOSEPH: Bathsheeba is from Ethiopia, Mary. I’m sorry we took so long. Bathsheeba can do this. She has delivered...how many babies, Bathsheeba?

BATHSHEEBA: One.

JOSEPH: How about that, Mary? One baby! See? Bathsheeba can do this. Praise God.

BATHSHEEBA

Bathsheeba did do it. In the wisdom of God, she became the first to receive me, to love me, to tenderly handle my human frame, and it will be spoken of as a memorial to her whenever this account is relayed throughout the world and beyond, and so it begins here for it has never before been relayed. And although this woman is, from the perspective of your reading, over two-thousand years returned to the soil, the deed spoken of here—and other deeds not here spoken—rise with her. (Our families remained friends from that day forward, although we necessarily hid it from most. As you are aware, I did not hesitate to offend the letter of law so as to uphold the spirit of it, but some things would have overscandalized the citizenry before the time.)

Jumping ahead many years now, Bathsheeba was never baptized into John, for she already knew me before the Jordan announcement. I told her to stay away from the Jordan River and from John, and so she did. I had my reasons. She accepted my messiahship before my boyhood temple appearance. If you can hear it, she later received the testimony of Paul, for I purposely primed her for the coming of that apostleship (I told her what to look for, when, and where) the week before I suffered, having done that for no one else besides her. No one reading should think it a strange or unlawful thing, for unregretted are the graces and the calling of God.)

THE SHEPHERDS

The shepherds were another story. We never saw any of them again; they were an odd bunch. They came because of the celestial messengers singing in the fields (the messengers appeared to them in a purple light), and

then leading them to our place. Who wouldn’t come? I don’t mean to disparage these shepherds, but they were not like Bathsheeba, who came before the birth, in the night, with no celestial voice, no light of any color, and no direction except for Aber pressing her toward a mud-spackled stranger, who then escorted her to a barn containing three horses and a pregnant Jewish woman.

According to my dad, five shepherds pounded on the door in the middle of the night of my first day. My father at first thought that someone from Aber had come to kick us out of the barn—if not Aber himself. Because of this constant threat, my dad had made a peep-hole in the barn door and set his eye to it throughout the day, in-between going out to get him and Mother food. But when my dad saw five men outside who were acting so rudely (because of the noise) in the middle of the night, his first instinct was to forbid their entrance. Failing that, he said that he would have destroyed them with his bare hands, and I know that he would have.

One of the shepherds (no one told me his name) finally said that a “herd” of celestial messengers (this was his term for them) had told them that the Messiah had been born, and had directed them to our barn. My dad was then aware that the shepherds were from God, for no one could have made up such a story.

Several angelic messengers had appeared to them in a purple light in the Wange district, they said, telling them specifically what had happened and how they would find me wrapped and lying in a manger. “A brooding messenger,” according to another one of them, led them to our place. These are the words that they heard, and I am quoting directly now—

“Fear not, for lo! I am bringing you an evangel of great joy which will be for the entire people, for today was brought forth to you a Saviour, Who is Christ, the Lord, in the city of David. And this is the sign to you: you will be finding a babe, swaddled and lying in a manger.

The shepherds immediately began running (yes, running) in the wrong direction, and it was at this time that a messenger stood in their way (as did the messenger before the ass of Balaam) and redirected them.

The shepherds disturbed my father greatly by bowing deferentially to him, as though he were a prophet or a messenger of God himself. But it is nothing compared to what they did when they saw my mother, for she is the one who had actually brought me into the world.

My father told me later that, although the bowing bothered him, he was sorry that he had told the shepherds that

he was only my legal guardian and not my biological father, for after being told this (the information certainly startled them), the shepherds wanted nothing more to do with him and everything to do with my mother. My poor father felt neglected after that.

My father loves telling the story of my mother being asleep, and him trying to rouse her for the sake of the shepherds. He didn't want to do it, but he felt that it was the least that he could for the sake of the messengers, chiefly. Besides, the shepherds were clamoring in their silent way for a benediction from "the mother of Messiah."

Now, you should know that my mother *hated* to wake up, and she was very slow at it. Whenever attempting it, she would rub her eyes with maniacal force, so much so that anyone witnessing it would wonder how the eyes could even survive it. She did this *then* (as she always does) and the shepherds, who had been in a bowing disposition before it, suddenly stepped back with alarm, wondering how it could be that the mother of the Messiah could be so common and, really, so frightening.

"I always liked it that your mother was so beautiful," my father once told me, "but she looked absolutely awful after your birth, and I hated that the shepherds were getting the opinion that I had married an ugly woman, because it was the furthest thing from the truth. But then, on top of everything else, her eye-rubbing started and I think they wondered then if they had gotten the wrong barn. You have seen her yourself! But then your mother lifted you up from your little bed, and the shepherds passed you around. They were so gentle, it turns out. Nothing made us happier than seeing that—than seeing these hard men of the field becoming so soft toward you. But I think that they barely realized who they were handling or what they were doing. How could they? Once they recovered from her initial appearance, they bowed low to her to worship your mother, some

even blowing great clouds of dust off the floor with the worshipful air from their ridiculously large nostrils. Your mother wouldn't have it, and actually pushed them away directly to their foreheads with her naked feet, sending one of the weaker members onto his back."

* * *

I propose to write to you concerning the Christian religion and its taking of my name, and its taking of it in vain. The institution that has named itself after me currently reflects nothing of my ways or my work, and it must be exposed severely for what it has become, which is this: a whitewashed form of the serving of self. I said that it has "become" only to appease some readers and not drive everyone off at once, but now I think that it is best to drive as many away as need be at the outset, for indeed, the thing *started* as it is today, when it became the official religion of the Roman Empire in the third century after my birth. I do not recognize *any* part of it as true, and neither would my disciples. Neither does any true believer today (or any modern disciple) recognize it as legitimate. The reasons for this are many, and will be forwarded later.

The stained-glass images of Peter and the rest—and of me—in certain churches cast beautiful lights upon the flooring and upon the sitting places, but the images are contorted and static. There is no likeness in the glass—not even for an instant—that is true to any of us. But worse than this is the teachings of this institution, teaching as truth the traditions of men, including teachings that make a mockery of what I accomplished for humanity on the bloody hill outside of Jerusalem. And this religion has the location of that hill completely wrong as well—I may as well add this—which I will tell you more about later. To close on this topic for now, the present institution known as "Christianity" is the most recent iteration of the sect of the Pharisees.

In the meantime, I thought it well to share with you some snippets of my life, for who could do it better? But I did want to make you aware of what was coming after it. —JSOJ

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Screw time off. It is a privilege to typeset and illustrate the remarkable writing above. When such a miraculous account drops into the hands of a newsletter editor such as myself (via divine timing), there is no excuse to delay its publication. —MZ



Modern Israeli shepherds.