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Statement of Faith

(Long Version)

Who am I? What do I believe? Why should anybody care?

I never wanted to be a Jewish Christian writer. I wanted to be a writer who was a Jewish Christian. Sometimes choices are made for us by others.

It's annoying to me that anybody needs to believe in anything...*don't you think?* Shouldn't we simply know what is and isn't? I'd certainly prefer it that way. Yet, as time moves on, and the human race ages, we cut the slices of the theological pie narrower and narrower. No, not because it's too sweet or bad for the diet. But, because we can...and so we do.

A part of our human nature needs/desires to recognize and appreciate something profound. Some of us settle for ourselves – seeing that we're profound enough. (I've heard those people sleep well at night, too.) I'm one of the other sorts, the kind which think something's out there. This complicates life, for you see this “something” ain't the exact same “something” the guy down the street, or on the other side of the world believes is out there.

So, what's my slice of the God pie look like? Well, I'll tell you what it tastes like – bitter and sweet. The texture? Strong and flimsy. The smell? When I catch the aroma, it's good and I like it. The sound? Deafening and often times uncomfortably silent. How big is it? Depending on the day – too big or barely noticeable.

You see, I'm one of the millions of people who occasionally wish that the Creator consulted with me first. No, not about round or triangle-

shaped planets – I like round, round works for me, it was a good idea. It's the other things. And every day, everyone else has these “things” too.

I suppose in another world where differences in the belief of God exist, such differences would complement the others. Instead of too many cooks in the kitchen destroying the stew, the additions would improve the good work of others. The differences improve the understanding and educate. Such is a quaint idea, I know.

We'd prefer the “owner” of the kitchen be a better supervisor of the goings on. Consistent good quality stew and plenty of it – that's what we want! Then again, that's like wanting a triangular shaped planet.

In the game of musical chairs of who-is-in and who-is-out, which is where we find ourselves, religion has been a disastrous game. Read my [Visits to Heaven #3](#) on the website's In Progress Page.

That is why being a Jew who believes Yeshua (Jesus) was/is the Jewish Messiah is confounding, awkward and at times downright embarrassing. Christendom's centuries old portrayal of the world's Lord and Savior as a Jew-less Jew is mind-boggling to me. It is only in recent decades that the musical game of chairs has inserted an extra seat for the Jewish Christian. Centuries' ago, the opposite happened. Bewildered and doubtful Jews found themselves pressed to add a chair for non-Jews. In the long era to follow, the descendants of the Jewish apostles and New Covenant writers (Luke was a convert to Messianic Judaism) found themselves with nowhere to sit. The curious sect of Judaism started by a Galilean rabbi evolved into a myriad of variations – each probably with an ugly past or present.

So why would a Jew with more than a lick of sense, pride for his past, and esteem for contemporary Jewish cultural heritage and who smiles at the creation of the nation of Israel – CONVERT!?! *How much time do you have, hmm?*

Actually, as I see it, I didn't convert from Judaism to Christianity. I converted from a hippie lifestyle to a religious one.

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What's most difficult for me is that everyone believes they're right. Some will die and kill for what they believe. Others? Never.

Another difficulty is when two people are presented with the same set of facts, three different conclusions are drawn. Only two? C'mon now!

On a good day, religion can be compared to a noisy jet-skier on an otherwise peaceful lake on a sunny summer day. The person on the water-borne motorcycle is enjoying their chosen pleasure while disturbing the more pleasant, un-motorized set. For me, I prefer a canoe, kayak, fins and maybe a mask and snorkel.

True, this is a lousy comparison to say...the Spanish Inquisitions or well...take your pick. But, because the jet-skier is doing what he wants and I chose to do something else, this creates a conflict. The jet-skier and canoe paddler are both there for one reason which both can agree on - they enjoy the water.

Religion on planet Earth is a dilemma which literally is an extremely uncomfortable one for me. I'd rather not be "religious."

Living in the West, means following any faith makes you an oddity. In other regions of the world, the predominance of religion is what people know and expect. America was that way for awhile - some good some bad. The Europeans brought here a religion rooted in Judaism and the Middle East. Our original settlers and colonies set about battling "who got it right better." Patriotic Jews got persecuted from the start.

In conclusion. I am not a world traveler nor claim to understand and be knowledgeable of world history and religions - there's just too much to know. But, in 36 years of following one religion, I'm amazed at how much

contradiction runs through the human race. One scholar says this and another says that. The more I've learned, the more tragic it's all become. The lake has gotten smaller for me. Those using the water for various recreational activities have cluttered it up. Accidents and more often than not, deliberate collisions occur. Yes, there are life guards on the shore and marine patrols, but the traffic is overwhelming. I am sickened by religion. Our human race races for superiority over one another in politics, economics and religion.

Who is right, who is wrong, who's confused and who will end this destructive cycle? Both Judaism and Christianity believe only HaShem's Messiah can. I waddle behind that throng and grumble.