11. My Loneliness And Association With The Father

Thus, I had to mature in this environment alone since I had not a single helper who could have been able to explain to me all this. And, again, I had to leave everything to my contact with my own self and with God the Father.

But my thoughts, for a moment, did get more enlightened. I did not know how it happened but I did feel that a clear thought arrived to give me an explanation about the issue I did not understand, and the one I had been reflecting on in my mind, and which I had even related to my God the Father; not only to the Father of Israel but also to my Father. I would receive such thoughts and they would consistently tell me that God was one and He loved all, and He was everywhere and always, and with all, and uniformly, with the poor and rich, the Jews and gentiles, the sick and healthy, children and elderly, women and men, and it was only man that could turn away from God while God never turned away from man, and only a man could punish another man while God never punished anyone. These thoughts were so close to my heart and so strengthening me that I would always enjoy them and I would await. Maybe some other thought would visit my mind to strengthen and support me in such a difficult and unfair situation for the Jews.

It was very hard for me since I could not share these thoughts with anyone. Nobody could understand them because they did not match the beliefs presented by the Scriptures.

Therefore, they were always pressing upon me from within. And I was tormented by the question; what had to be done so that I could also share these thoughts with others to enable them to feel the light of similar thoughts? How to make these thoughts available to all so that it would become possible to preach them even in synagogues, how to achieve the situation that these thoughts would dominate within the people’s hearts?

I did not know the path, but I felt I had to do something so that this light, burning and simultaneously soothing me from within, would be proclaimed. But in what way? How to preach it when the environment was so restrictive; when any word and thought not from the Scriptures was attacked right away, even in my own home, by my beloved parents?

My thoughts about God would always soothe and strengthen me. That was the only refreshing thing in this environment that rendered neither freedom nor room for the manifestation of my thoughts; and since I did feel such a comfort within my own self I started more often to pass from my conversation with my own self to my conversation with God. I wanted to compare Him not with God of Israel, not with Jahve, not with the Father of Israel but rather with my Father.

I enjoyed very much to begin to address Him as “My beloved Father.” This address matched my inner state: “God loves, and I must love Him rather than be afraid of Him.” And who can love any

child more than the father or the mother of the child. I had a feeling that mother’s love was very tender but I could not address God by “My beloved Mother.” That address could not come to my mind. I was also influenced by the Jewish Scriptures, by the family education, by my friends, by the teachers at the synagogue school, by the rabbis preaching, by the explanations of the scribes, by the stories of the caravan travelers that I would hear from my childhood in Nazareth situated at a caravan cross-road leading from the outskirts of the empire. I had also limitations of my mind as to my way of addressing God. Thus, I chose my address close to my soul and warm as “My beloved Father.” And in this manner I would start relating Him my hard thoughts, and the issues that my mind could not solve. I was very much surprised and gladdened when thoughts arrived that began to appear to me as the answers from the Father.

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