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Daily Thoughts

Words of Wisdom and Inspiration

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August 2016

Cancers

When all parts of a whole
operate together,
as they should,
all is at peace.
All functions properly.

When one part
fails to act properly,
its failure
leads to another failure,
of the second
who relies upon the first.
The second failure
leads to a third,
which then leads to a fourth,
and so on.

Once the epidemic
of breakdown spreads,
it can quickly grow
out of control.
When this occurs,
the combined affect
of individual failures
will lead to
system-wide breakdown.

When this occurs
all the parts therein
suffer equally,
those which failed,
alongside those which did not.

To replace a broken part
is not hard.
A single part is usually
easily replaceable.
When however,
failure has occurred
in a number of parts
then an entire segment
of the operation
is affected
and needs to be addressed
immediately
before the epidemic failure
spreads any further
causing any more harm.

This is how it is
with cells in the body.
We call this Cancer.
This too is how it is
with cells in human society.
This should rightly be called
Societal Cancer.

Societies are made
of people.
Individuals are either
healthy and strong,
or sick and frail.
Health is the natural state,
and all should strive
to embrace its excellence.

When, however,
the healthy choose
to be healthy no longer,
and to allow
sickness to spread
from the mind
of one individual
into the minds of many,

societal cancer spreads.
Like in the body
of the individual,
societal cancer will spread
and eventually
kill the society
just like cancer will kill
inside the body
of the individual.
The society of individuals
is no different than
the individuals
who make up the society.
One always reflects
the other.

When societal cancer spreads
like in the body of the individual
natural healing processes kick in.
Societies are healed of cancer
in the same way as is the individual.
The cancer is removed,
and the infected tissue
is removed along with it.
Societies are like
the individuals who make them.
The singular and the collective
thus follow the same set of rules.

Nature controls human societies.
Nature often acts
for the betterment of the whole.
As it was in the past,
so too must in be in the future.

Healing is our future.
However, the healing process
is for the good of the body.
The individual cancerous cells
are themselves killed.
The infection dies,
sickness dies
so that health can be restored.

As it is with the individual,
so too is it with society.
Let the one with wisdom
ponder this somber message,

and always seek
to be part of the cure,
and not part of the disease.
For when the time of healing comes,
only the healthy cells
will survive, and thrive.

This is the way of nature.

Aug 2, 2016

once upon a time

Once upon a time.
This is always a good way
to begin a story.
Yes, once upon a time
I looked out upon the world.
I saw what I saw,
and I sensed what I sensed.
I also understood
what I understood.
The world made sense to me,
or so I thought.

And then,
strange things began to happen.
Things did not make sense.
Although I beheld with my eyes
I could not see the truth
of that which my eyes beheld.
I could not understand
that which I sensed.
Confusion, chaos and doubt
set in like storm clouds,
blocking out the light of the sun.

All of a sudden I realized that
once upon a time
might be the beginning
of a very nice story,
but it can also be the beginning
of a very frightening nightmare.

As the storm came rolling in,
I tried to take shelter
under the fairy-tale existence
that I create
every time I begin with
once upon a time.
Yet, this storm shook my world.
This was not a time of my choosing.
This was not a story
that I wanted to be part of.
Yet, I was trapped.

This story was not one
of my own making.

This story was made by someone else.
I was trapped in someone else's story.
I was now part of their story.
I was no longer in control.
Once upon a time
had become once upon a nightmare.
Stories are supposed to be
light, enjoyable, and fun.
After all, this is why we make them up.

Once upon a time,
this is how a story begins.
Be it a good story,
or a nightmare,
a story is a story,
and all stories share
one thing in common.
Stories are as stories be.
How goes the story?
It's all in the telling.

Everyday we each have
our own stories.
Is our story today
a fairy-tale, or a nightmare?
Who gets to chose
which story I get to live?
Is my life my story,
or is my life someone else's story?
Can I narrate,
or am I being narrated?
Can I stay in a story
that I love?
Can I leave a story
that I hate?
How much control
do I have
over the story of my own life?

Everyday we may ask these questions.
Everyday we may have
different answers.
Once upon a time
I was in control.
Once upon a time, I was not.

Another surety about stories
is that every story comes to an end.

Although it may not always be
a happy ending,
an ending it will be, nevertheless.

The Path to God
is one long story.
Along the path
there are goods times, and bad.
There are fairy-tales, and nightmares.
There are always
good times, and bad.
This is the nature of the story
which we call Life.

It is not always pretty,
but it is what it is.
This is the way of God.
This is the way of nature.
This is the way of Life.
One with open eyes,
an open mind,
an open heart,
and raw tenacity
will see the wisdom in this,
and strive to make the best of it.
Accepting the story,
and making the best of it
is always the wisest
of kosher Torah.

Aug 3, 2016

of butterflies and men

Once upon a time
long ago in a land far away
a man dreamed
that he was a butterfly
flying effortlessly
and peacefully
along with the wind.
His dream was so real
that when he awoke
he pondered
whether indeed he was a man
who dreamed that he was a butterfly,
or perhaps, maybe, in reality,
he is a butterfly who
now is dreaming that he is a man.

To some this sounds silly,
to others this sounds wise.
There are many dreams
that many different types of people
dream every day.
Some dreams are far more real
than others.
Sometimes one's inner reality
can be so convincing
that indeed one cannot
tell the difference between
what is real on the inside,
and what is real on the outside.
Then again, who's to say
that such a difference
really exists in the first place.

Maybe the old man
was indeed a butterfly?
Maybe the old butterfly
was indeed a man?
Maybe he was both?
Who can say about him?
While we cannot know about him,
we can know about ourselves!

Reality is a funny thing,
and it is often defined
in the eye of the beholder.

True, the surface level of reality
may indeed be shared by many.
But surfaces are only skin deep.
Beneath the surface level
of a generally accepted reality
lie multiple layers upon layers
of alternate truths
each just as real as the ones
above it, or below it.
Does this sound confusing?
It shouldn't!
We all experience this,
but only a few bother
to put the experience into words,
to understand it,
and to appreciate it.

Along the path of life
there are many avenues,
streets, and boulevards.
Some paths are more direct,
others are more round-about.
In the eye of the beholder
each path is the best path,
each path is the right path,
each path is the most direct path.
In the eye of the beholder
everything seems right and true.
But what one set of eyes see
others do not.
For one can be a man,
or he can be a butterfly.
For one is normal and true,
for another
this is crazy and false.
Who but the individual
is to say which path
is THE path for THAT one?

All paths are like dreams,
they seem so real
in the present moment.
Yet, the past fades away quickly,
and the future is hard to see clearly.
The present is the only real NOW.
And one persons real NOW
is another's not real, and not NOW.
Different strokes for different folks?

Perhaps!

Where you think
is where you are at.
Where you place your mind
is where your being will follow.
External realities
do have a life of their own,
but so too do internal realities.
And the ones on the inside
can become stronger
than the ones on the outside,
if you become strong enough
to make the inside come outside.

There is a secret to this.
The secret of fate, and destiny.
That which is inside exists
for the purpose of coming out.
One must learn
to both unlearn what one has learned,
and learn anew that
which one needs to manifest.
Both butterflies and men
are part and parcel of kosher Torah.

Aug 4, 2016

Heaven and hell

Focus here,
and you are here.
Focus there,
and you are there.
Can anything
be more simple?

Focus defines
where you are.
Focus on your body,
and where your body is,
and there you are.
Focus on your mind,
and where your mind is,
and there you are.
Can anything be more simple?
Can anything be more complex?

Focus on the body
is what most people do.
They think of themselves
as only being physical bodies.
How very few
think of themselves
as thinking sentient souls
only inhabiting physical bodies.

The many view their bodies
as themselves.
The wise view their bodies
only as temporary tools
through which the mind
experiences the reality
which the body
of flesh and blood
has to offer.

But the wise know
that there are more bodies
than just the physical one.
There are more places
than just the physical.
The wise seek to go
from place to place
and thus discover

many new things.
Those bound to flesh
cannot see what
the wise see.
Those bound to flesh
cannot go where
the wise travel
through the vehicle of thought.

For the many
the wise are fools.
For the wise,
the many are fools.
Who is to say
which foolishness
is more foolish?
Let life take its course,
and as the body of flesh
grows old and dies
the mind realizes that,
in the end, it is a sentient soul,
and now with
the death of the body
it is lost and bereft.
This is the pain of hell
experienced by the many.
So what for them
was foolishness in life
has proven to be folly in death.
Maybe the wise are truly wise.

The wise travel
all the while that they inhabit
bodies of flesh and blood.
So when the time comes
for them to part
with the physical body
they do so
with the greatest of ease.
The wise
transition in their mind/soul
to another place of their choosing,
a place
that they have always known,
and have visited numerous times
while still in their physical bodies.
We call this the pleasures of heaven.

Heaven and hell
are states of mind
that exist inside us
now and forever more.
It is each individual
who chooses for oneself
where one goes,
all in accordance to
the focus of one's mind/soul.

How wise are the wise
to know this.
How foolish are the many
for not knowing this.
Can words bring change?
Can words bring wisdom.
Will your reading my words
take you out of hell
and put you on the path
to heaven?

Close your eyes
and begin your inner journey.
Walk the inner path
for all your remaining days
in the physical body here.
Learn to travel inside
to those places not here.
The more you go there,
the more there becomes here.
The further away you move
from hell,
the closer you get to heaven.

Follow the yellow brick road.
This journey is the path
of kosher Torah.

Aug 5, 2016

Is God dead?

Is God dead?
Some truly think so!

Is God asleep?
Scripture says no,
but reality may say yes!

With all the violence,
depravity, and hardships
that we all face daily,
it is no wonder then
that even the faith
of the most righteous
is sorely tested!

God is supposed to be
a God of good and
a God of love.
But those with eyes see
that we do not live
in a world
where either
good or love triumph.
Even the most ardent faithful
are forced to admit
that what happens daily,
if indeed it is God's Will,
stands as a mystery
and a contradiction
to common sense,
and fundamental morality.

How can there be a God
who allows all this evil
to go on and on around us?
How can there be a God
who does not
judge the wicked
and vindicate the righteous?
How indeed?
These are valid questions
that even the religious
must address
each in one's individual heart.

Life is often bad,
how then can God
be forever good?
Then again,
how can God be anything?
What do we really know
about this God, anyway?

We read about "Him" (It)
in books,
and the religious
accept what the books say
without question!
Yet, all books need to be questioned!
Who is to say
that a book, upon first reading,
is understood the way
it needs to be properly understood?

We say God is this way or that
because of something
that we read,
or because of something that we believe.
But what we believe may be wrong.
We may not be understanding
what the book really means,
in spite of what we think it says!

Nature is the Hand of God.
If the Hand of God says one thing,
and our interpretation
of the Word of God says another,
then we must conclude
that either God does not do
what God says "He" (It) will do,
or what we believe that
the Word of God says
might not be what
the Word of God means.
Either God is wrong,
or we are!

How can we say God is wrong,
when, in reality,
we can say nothing about "Him" (It)?
After all, what is right and wrong,
other than human interpretations
of what we feel and believe

is the way things ought to be?

Who is to say
that God sees things as do humans?
Who is to say
that God judges humanity
as humanity wishes to judge and be judged?
Who can say anything
about God?

We can see the Hand of God,
but all so very few
are trained to hear "His" (It's)
true word,
the Word that is spoken
by the Forces of Nature
that move by the Hand of God.

We can judge God all we wish.
It is all in vain.
We can believe what we want,
for God, or against God.
We will not change
the way the wind blows,
or how the sun rises and sets.

We can say that God sees
or is asleep.
It makes no difference.
There is only one thing
that does make a difference,
and that is US!
We make the difference!
And maybe that is what
God has always wanted from us
since the beginning.
Making a difference
is the purpose of kosher Torah.

Aug 8, 2016

Being Like God

How much is God?
How much is me?
Does God need for me
to act for "Him" (It)?
Can not God act
other than through
human beings
as "His" (Its) agent?

Does God need me?
Am I the Hand of God?
Do I act for God?
Indeed, can God act
in this world
other than through humanity
"His" (Its) creation?

What do we say about God?
Do we say that God
is all powerful?
If God is all powerful
then why would "He" (It)
need me to serve
as "His" (Its) agent?

God is all-powerful.
God is all-knowing.
God does not need me
to serve as "His" (Its) agent.
God can act for "Himself."
Because God can and does
act for "Himself,"
I am not the agent of God.
Indeed, no human being is!

All of us together are equally
the creations of God.
All of us together are equally
the children of God.
All of us together are equally
NOT God's policeman,
God's representative,
or God's spokesman!

God acts and we respond.

Man acts and God responds.
When we act humanely
towards one another,
God acts humanely towards us.
When in turn we act in-humanely
towards one another,
God in turn acts in-humanely
towards us.
God is our mirror.
“He” (It) reflects back to us
that which we show to “Him” (It).

God is All.
God is in All.
God moves
through which
God has made.
Nature and the universe
are the Hands of God.
With Hands like these
who needs mortal humans
to serve as tools?
It is human arrogance,
it is the opposite of God
for human beings to think
that they act for God,
or that they speak for God,
or that they represent God.

God acts for “Himself.”
He does not need us.
God speaks for “Himself.”
He does not need us.
God represents “Himself.”
He does not need us.

God is not a man.
God is not a person.
God is not one of us.
God is not like us.
God is rightly called “It”
and opposed to “He.”

For although we are created
in the Divine Image.
This Image is the image
of the mind, the spirit and the soul.
God does not act through us.

But God expects of us
to act divinely towards one another.
This is why we were created
in "His" (Its) Image,
to be like "Him" (It).

God sustains all around "Him" (It).
So must we!
God provides for all around "Him" (It).
So must we!
God is patient with all around "Him" (It)
So too must we!
God acts towards us with
tender, loving care.
So too must we act towards one another.

By doing these things we are acting like God,
but we are being ourselves,
as we are meant to be.
We are not serving as God's agents,
but rather as God's children.
We learn to live and love together.
This is the heart of kosher Torah.

Aug 9, 2016

Life is a long road,
and only God knows the way!

Discovery is even a longer road,
and only YOU can lead the Way!

Enlightenment is a never-ending road,
and only YOU can walk it
once you realize
that you are not alone
along its path.

Enlightenment can only come
to one individual at a time.
But enlightenment can only come
to the individual who walks
the path of discovery,
and does not fear
what one will find.

Along the path of discovery
one comes to see that
one is not alone,
and indeed,
that one has never be alone.

One does not discover God,
for there is No God to discover.
God is never to be discovered,
not by human beings,
and not even by angels.
How can one discover
the reality of that
which Is, and which Is Not,
both at the same time.

What one discovers
is how one is one
with the entire universe,
and that which the one does
affects the whole.
This is called the Hand of God
which conceals the Divine Mind.
One may indeed discover
the Shadow,
but no one will ever see the Face.

Discovery is the path of learning
how to affect the whole
for balance, for harmony,
and for the greatest good.
The ancients called
the path of discovery: Tikun.

Tikun is the rectification
of oneself,
and by rectifying,
and repairing oneself,
one in turn rectifies
and repairs the universe.

The great discovery
is that there is no real difference
between the world inside one,
and the world outside one.
There is only one world,
one mind, one body, one will,
and in the end, only One Way.
Although we see many ways,
they are all streams
that lead to, and empty into
the great Ocean of the One Way.

What is the One Way?
Knowledge of this
cannot be known
to mortal humans,
but it can be experienced
in that place
which is above knowledge.
This is the Enlightenment
sought by those who walk
the path of discovery.
It is never-ending,
for infinity is reality,
and reality is infinity.
Thus the repair of Tikun
goes on and on eternally.

The face of the universe
is always in constant change,
for each change
brings new discoveries
and reveals more
about the secrets

known only inside
the Mind of God.

Long ago the Way was revealed.
Long ago, a single mind
opened its eyes
and gazed upon the mysteries
of the universe.
It has been a long time,
and a long road.
But we have already walked
a good deal of the Way.
While we have a long way to go,
we have still already come a long way.
As long as we keep open
the eyes of the mind,
the road of discovery
will remain open to us,
and Tikun will continue and grow.

See the path,
understand its intricate winding,
and you will gain insight
into the Mind of the path's Creator.
There is Nothing to discover,
and until we come to the Nothing,
we will never understand
the many somethings
that the Nothing manifests.

Look at the world around us
and discover what it is
that the world is speaking to you today.
Enlightenment grows day by day,
this is the way of kosher Torah.

Aug 10, 2016

When I look out to see
I use two eyes.
Why should I use only one?
When I work,
I work with two hands,
why should I use only one?
When I walk,
I walk with two legs.
This is only natural.

Our human condition
revolves around pairs.
We have pairs of eyes,
ears, nostrils, lungs, kidneys,
hands, and feet.
One does not fight
with the other,
even when one is dominant.

The world around us
reflects back to us
our own human reality.
As there is right and left
in the human body,
so too is there right and left
in almost everything
in the world around us.

Two eyes in the same head
do not fight one another.
Two hands of the same body
do not fight one another.
Two legs of the same body
do not trip up each other.
One body acts with a unity
of all its parts.

Humanity is a single body.
Each one of us
is an individual part
of the collective whole.
When the parts of the body
fight with each other
this weakens the whole.
A weakened body
is a sick body.
A sick body

either heals, or dies.

Humanity is a single body.
Yet, the whole body of humanity
is itself just a part of
the greater body of this world.
This world has a life of its own.
The world itself is a
sentient conscious being.
The world looks
at one of its parts, humanity,
and sees how sick it is.
The world body then takes action
to heal its sick part.

Humanity then becomes subject
to forces and powers
far beyond what humanity
can see, and understand.
These forces act to bring healing,
and harmony to sick and weak humanity.
However, sometimes a sickness
requires the removal, or death
of the sickened part.
When this need arises,
millions of human beings die!

We consider this a tragedy,
but we see only with human eyes.
The world considers this healing,
for the world sees things
through grander, larger eyes,
closer to the eyes of God
than are ours.

Remember, God is over All.
In Heaven's eyes,
there is no difference
between life in the physical body,
and life in the spiritual body.
Both are two halves
of the same whole.
God moves souls
in and out of physical bodies,
and in and out of spiritual bodies
all the time,
all in accordance
to the Divine Vision

and the Divine Will.

Who are we
to see things
with Heaven's eyes.
We see with human eyes.
We understand
with human understanding.
Therefore,
it behooves us
to be wise, and understanding
and to act accordingly
to that which we already know
is best!

We are One Body!
Ultimately,
we are One Soul.
Learn to live
the Unity,
for this is both
the past and the future
of kosher Torah.

Aug 11, 2016

Panthers & Prey

Life takes many forms.
Life lives in many places.
There are many places
unseen to the human eye.
There are many life-forms
unseen to the human eye.

Life lives!
This is what it does.
Yet, how it chooses to live
depends upon its nature,
and its environment.
Good and evil
are subjective terms
that can only be defined
within the individual context.

The panther hunts its prey.
It kills in order to eat.
To the prey,
the panther is an evil danger.
Yet, the panther does not act
with malicious intent.
The panther kills to eat.
Does this make the panther evil?
Perspective defines many things!

We live in our world.
We are surround by
a world invisible to the eye.
In this world
live other life-forms.
Some can see us,
and some cannot.
Some who see us
look upon us as food.
Are they wrong in doing so?

If they are like the panther
in the jungle,
or the shark in the sea,
why should we
hold them to be evil,
when all they seek,
is to treat us

as we treat the cattle
that we ourselves eat.
Perspective defines many things!

We pride ourselves
in our humanity,
but how humane are we?
We pride ourselves
in being created in
the Image of God.
But do we live up to this,
and reflect this Image
to the world around us?

Herein lies the great secret.
Throughout space,
visible and invisible to us,
the Image of God
reflects clearly through
the enlightened soul.
Such a light serves
as a beacon for strength,
and for respect.
Those who seek
their own cattle to eat
know that no cattle
shine the Light
of the Divine Image.

When we humans
live as humans, and naturally
shine the Divine Light within,
there is no fear
of becoming prey.
Light dispels dark.
The Image turns away
the predator.
Protection is truly
this simple,
for those who wish
to embrace the Image,
and to live it!

Alas, my words
will fall upon deaf ears.
Most care not
for the Image or for
the Light it shines.

The deaf have no claim
of injustice against Heaven.
Heaven has taught
the deaf how to hear,
just like Heaven
has taught the predator
how to see,
and how to hunt.

The predator does
what predators do.
Heaven does what
Heaven does.
We humans must follow
this natural balance
and be the humans
we are meant to be.

When this is so,
all is well with the world.
When this is not so,
then predators hunt,
and those without the Image
serve as prey.

Do not blame nature,
for being natural.
Good and evil
is in the eye of the beholder.

Heaven has advised us,
what to do,
and how to be,
but who listens anymore
to the words of Heaven,
or to the words of kosher Torah.

Aug 12, 2016

There is this frightening monster,
created in inner space,
created by my mind
to destroy my false face.
My excuses are all helpless,
they drop, and they fall.
What can I do?
Who can I call?

Yes, the demon is real.
But the demon
does not serve the Devil,
the demon serves you.
You are the demon's creator.
There is none other.
The demon exists
because your mind says it exists.
You mind believes in it,
and your own beliefs
have made it real.

This is why you cannot escape
the demon inside you.
God did not place it there,
nor did some outside Devil.
Both demon and Devil
are creations of the frightened,
and guilt-ridden mind.
As you carry your fear,
and your guilt,
so too do you carry
your personal demon,
and your personal Devil.

The power of
the individual mind
is so great
that we create imaginary things,
and believe them to be real.
Our imaginations
can become so strong
that we cannot tell the difference
between what is real,
and what we imagine
to be real.

The good news is that

whatever our imaginations
have created,
our minds can, with work,
disassemble.

Beliefs and imagination
can become
a terrifying combination.
When one believes
that the stories of one's youth
are transformed
into the realities of
one's adulthood,
one then becomes
a captive to fear, superstition,
and an imagination
of terrifying delusion.

When we feed
the internal monster
it only gets stronger,
and grows.
Healing one's heart, and soul,
weakens the inner demon, and Devil.
Cleansing one's mind
of fantasy, and
delusional imaginations
kills both demon, and Devil forever!

Defeat of evil
begins within.
When the inner monster
is pierced with
the spear of the clear mind,
its illusion is burst,
and it fades away
into the nothingness
from which it came.

Defeating evil
starts within.
One can use visualization
to imagine one's inner demon.
Do not seek to
defeat it with inner violence.
Instead, overcome it with
healing, peace, and love.
Heal your inner demon,

and it will transform into
your inner angel.
When the Devil within dies,
it is transformed and reborn
as your guardian angel.
When evil within dies,
the passion and power within us
is reborn into a new
and shining example
of devotion, and light.

When the frightening monster
raises its ugly head within us,
who do we call?
We call upon the Higher Power,
of the Image of God
within us,
the power of mind,
of rationality,
of clarity, and truth.
We think, we analyze,
we explore, and we discover.

So much of what
we have been taught
is simply not true.
When we see this and accept it,
we slay the beast within,
and unleash the trapped
sparks of light.
Soldiers of light
are those who embrace
the sword and shield of kosher Torah.

Aug 15, 2016

It has been said that
the beginning
is the most delicate
of times.

This is true.

The beginning
is also the most
mysterious of times,
and the most
frightening of times.
For in the beginning
with everything before us,
there is no guarantee
that what comes next
will be exactly
what one wants,
or one plans.

In the beginning
there exists the thought
of what could be,
what should be,
and what must be.
Yet, from all these potentials,
what will be
depends upon
so many different things.

Before one takes a step
does one think, and ask
where will this step lead me.
Should I step out
in this direction,
or in that direction?
Should I walk straight,
or do I need to turn?
If I turn, when and where
should it be?
Where will my steps take me?
What kind of path
do I create,
with every step that I walk?

Every path begins
with a first step.
Every first step

determines what comes after it.
The wise think before moving.
First they dream about
the path that is to come.
Then they awaken from their dream,
and think deeply about
what they have dreamed.
They formulate the dream
into a plan!

Without a plan
what can come forth?
Without a dream
what can be planned?
Dreams are not made,
they are received.
One does not chose
the dream,
the dream chooses the One.

Before the beginning
is the Dream.
The Dream exists
in the place before the Mind.
In Dreaming
the Mind awakens,
and sees the Dream.
Then the Mind sharpens
to grasp the Dream,
to understand the Dream,
and to interpret the Dream.
Only then does the Mind
conceive of the plan
how to implement the Dream.
Only then does the Mind
take the first step
to implement the Dream.
As it is above,
so too is it below!
And thus the Beginning is born,
both above, and below.

Dreams are, as dreams be.
What makes dreams real
are the plans of its implementation.
What makes a plan great
is its execution.
What makes a path great

is how it is walked.
Each step must therefore
follow the plan,
and follow the Dream,
both the Dream above,
and the dream below.

Below, the limited mind
fears what it cannot see.
Therefore, for the mind below,
each step along the path
is full of insecurity, and doubt.
This is the result of the mind below
that seeks to walk the path
without the plan, and
without the dream.
Not knowing where one is going,
not knowing where one has been,
not knowing where one is at,
can be most unsettling,
to say the least!

Before you take your next step,
pause, think, and contemplate,
what is your plan?
What is your dream?
Where are your steps taking you?
Where are you going?
Where are you from?
Where are you right now?
Seek to know these things
before you walk into oblivion.
Know these things as you walk,
and you will indeed
have discovered kosher Torah.

Aug 16, 2016

It is well known
that the smoother a surface,
the less the traction.
In order for one surface
to interact with another,
there must be friction
between the two,
so that one can grip
on to the other.

As it is in
the outside world
of the body,
so too is it in
the inside world
of the human soul.

One whose soul is pure
is spiritually smooth
on the inside.
One who is spiritually smooth
fears no harm.
For in order for harm to come,
it must find that
on to which it can grab.
No friction, no grabbing.
The smooth soul
is its own defense.

The mind is smooth
when it is unclouded,
when understanding is clear,
and thought is rational.

The heart is smooth
when it is balanced,
and at peace,
tipping neither to the right,
nor to the left.

The eye is smooth
when it seeks to see all.
The ear is smooth
when it seeks to hear all.

When the mind, and the ear,
the heart, and the eye

are pure, sound, and stable,
then the soul is pure.
A pure soul
is a smooth soul.
A smooth soul
has no place
for harm to enter,
or for evil to grab.

When the heart is smooth,
it bears no ragged edge.
It is round, and complete.
When the eye is smooth
it sees only
the good in all things.
When the heart
is well-rounded,
and the eye
looks out upon
all the world's suffering,
it transforms
all evil that it sees
into good.
Then one's soul is pure.
A pure soul
is a smooth soul.
A smooth soul
has no place
for harm to enter,
or for evil to grab.

Immunity from evil
can indeed be attained.
One simply must become
well-rounded, and smooth.
Not smooth to the touch,
for one can never physically
touch a soul.
Being smooth is being pure,
simple, honest, honorable,
righteous, and balanced.

One can indeed polish oneself
to such high level,
that one's reflection
shines the great Light
that radiates out through
the translucent soul.

It is such a shame
that people suffer.
It is a worse shame
that many people
choose to suffer
because of the choices that they make.
Maybe, they do not know
any better?

Polishing always brings out
the best that is under the surface.
As it is with the physical world,
so too is it in the domain of souls.

One who is pure
provides no tread,
and no friction
for evil or harm to take hold.
Seek inner, and outer purity,
and make your life smooth!
This is the blessing of
kosher Torah.

Aug 17, 2016

The Old Man & His Family

Once upon a time,
there was this Old Man.
He gazed out upon His world,
and saw how lonely
a place it was.
The world was so beautiful,
and there was so much
work to be done.
But alas, the Old Man
had no children.
There was no one
to support, and maintain
the lovely garden
that lay before Him.

In His magic,
the Old Man conjured up
another Man,
younger than He,
and He called this other Man,
Son.

Now the Old Man
had a Son,
someone to help Him
in the garden.
The Son was very much
like His Father, the Old Man,
yet, every young Man
is never complete,
and is never fulfilled
unless He has an appropriate
Young Woman
by His side.

Wise Old Father
saw the yearning in
His Young Son's heart,
and therefore conjured again,
and brought forth
for His Son,
a mirror reflection
that would serve as both
His opposite, and His completion.
And so, the Daughter was brought forth.
Son and Daughter of the Old Man.

Two Faces, one facing the other.
Each one, reflecting the other.
The two together, Son and Daughter
together reflecting the Face
of the Old Man, their Father.

Son and Daughter
got busy with the work at hand.
They shared the work,
each focusing on their individual
columns of labor.
When it came time to rest,
they merged in the center,
and celebrated their Unity,
before returning the next day
to their columns,
and to their chores.

And then, as the Old Man
knew it would,
Daughter became pregnant,
and she gave birth
to seven children.
Now Son and Daughter
embraced a new identity.
While they were Son and Daughter
to the Old Man,
they were now Father and Mother
to their Seven Children.

And so the Old Man
now had a complete family,
a son, a daughter,
and seven children of his children.
He adopted them all,
and called them by His own Name,
just as He did
for His Son and Daughter.

Now, the family of Ten was complete,
and the work in the garden
became organized, and even easy.
Some children helped their Mother
on the left column of the garden.
Some children helped their Father
on the right column of the garden.
Some stayed in between,
and served as a bridge of support

for the entire family.
Thus working together,
and in harmony,
the family was whole,
complete, and happy.

This story happened
once upon a time,
long, long ago,
before there was a time,
and even before
there was a place.
But happen, it did.
It happened above,
and it also happened here below.

Today, the children of the children
who walk in the ways of the Parents
know the peace and harmony
that their parents knew.
And why not?
To this day, the garden needs attention,
and good children
always seek to sty in the middle
to serve as bridges
between those on the opposite sides.

Let one with ears
hear what I have said.
Let one with understanding
understand herein the secrets
of the universe.
Once upon a time,
there was kosher Torah,
and too this day,
there still is!

Aug 18, 2016

The Youngest Daughter

Once upon a time,
there was a garden,
and in the garden
lived seven siblings,
four boys, and three girls.
Life in the garden
was always busy,
yet, always fulfilling,
and fun.

Everyday, the children
could close their eyes
and see within
the entire garden
and all its daily needs.
Then, all they had to do
was to open their eyes,
and do those things
in the outside garden
that they first saw
in the garden in their minds.

Once upon a time
life was this simple,
and carefree,
and yet, everything
that needed to get done
got done when it was needed.
Nothing was left unfulfilled.
Everything in the garden,
and in the children
was balanced,
and in harmony.

Each child knew his or her place
and maintained it,
while still being there
as a support
for all their brothers,
and sisters.
Life was good then,
once upon a time.

Once upon a time,
the children could close their eyes

and each see in their minds,
the inner image of the Parents,
and the Old Man,
who made them all.
By gazing inwardly
at their parents,
the children learned
all that they needed to know.

Although the garden,
and its works were great,
the children never lost track
of what they needed to do,
when they needed to do it
and where they needed to be,
and when.
All worked in harmony,
for Mother was in the children,
and Father was in the Mother,
with the Old Man
being inside them all.

Then came one day
when the youngest daughter
looked out upon her portion
of the garden, and wondered,
what would it be like
to also tend to the portions
of her brothers, and sisters.
Silently she closed her eyes
to gaze within, to see
this amazing vision.
But much to her surprise,
she could not see into
those domains of her siblings,
beyond the place
where each could see of the other.

Not being able
to gaze within, and see
was a new experience
of this young child,
and it upset her to no end.
Her siblings noticed
how upset she was becoming,
and sought to console her,
and have her again be happy
with that portion

that was her own.
But the youngest daughter
was not to be pacified.

Instead of returning
to the place
where she had been,
the youngest daughter
instead chose to think for herself.
She said, if I cannot see within
to discover what it is that I seek,
then I shall seek it
with my eyes open,
and I shall no longer seek
to gaze upon my parents within me.

And so the youngest daughter
chose to gaze outside of herself
to see the world around her,
and to decide how best to proceed,
to create pathways into
the domains of her siblings.
She so greatly desired to see
that which was not hers,
and to inhabit a domain
not hers to inhabit.

And thus the journey
of the youngest daughter began,
a long, hard, and arduous journey,
one that would take her into many places,
many dangers, and many perils,
none of which did she need to face,
none of which that she could avoid,
for without guidance from
her Parents within,
she was essentially on her own.

In this there is no kosher Torah,
but this is certainly NOT the end of the story.

Aug 19, 2016

Conquering ascent

Once upon a time,
in the days
when his sister
went forth from her place
to explore the places
of her siblings,
the closest brother
met her
as she entered his domain.

Lovingly greeting her
he hugged her,
and welcomed her
with warm embrace.
Inquiring, he asks of her
why she is in his place,
and not her own?

Young sister responds,
"I do not want to be,
just who I am.
I want to be more.
I want to be you too."

"Strange!" Brother said.
"I never thought
of wanting to be
something other than
what I truly am.
I close my eyes
and gaze within,
I see Mother, Father,
and the Old Man,
I see the entire garden,
and I know my place,
our places, and your place.
Why would I want to go
where I do not belong?
Why would I want to be
that which I am not.
My dear sister,
I am happy with who I am.
Are you not happy
with who you are?"

Sister turned to brother
and said,
"I am who I am,
and I will be
more than who I am.
I want my place,
and I want your place too.
If you will not give me
your place,
I will take it from you,
and transform it
to conform to
my plan, and my desires."

Brother gazed within
to see what Mother and Father
revealed about the way
of their now wayward daughter.
"Be patient with her,
let her proceed.
Give her what she seeks,
allow the plan of the Old Man
to unfold."

Brother stood aside,
and young sister rose up
and took his over his place
in the garden.
Rather than maintain it
as it was,
she changed it,
trying to make it
a mirror image of her own place.

But the place of the brother,
and the place of the sister
are not the same places.
Try as she would,
young sister could not make
the place of her brother
to be just like she wished.
This frustrated her to no end.

She tried over and over again,
not seeming to notice,
and not seeming to care
how here interference
was affecting the rest of the work

throughout the rest of the garden.

The youngest daughter
closed here eyes
and gazed within.
She could see her
Old Man Father
gazing back at her
with inquisitive eyes.
“What is it that you want,
asked the Old Man?”
“I want it all,
said the youngest daughter.
I am at the bottom,
you are at the top.
I want what you have,”
said the youngest daughter.

Our story continues...
all the way to kosher Torah.

Aug 22, 2016

A New Pattern Begins

Once upon a time...

The Old Man gazed upon
His youngest daughter
with curious eyes, and said,
“what you seek
is to undo my garden,
and then to redo it
in your own Image.
Can you accomplish such a task?”

“I can, and I will,”
said the youngest daughter.
“And how shall you proceed
to do this thing
unless you first follow
the pattern within,”
asked the Old Man?

“I will create my own pattern,”
said the youngest daughter.
“I will not gaze upon anything
other than my own desire.
That alone will lead me.”

“But what of the others,
your siblings, and your parents,”
asked the Old Man.

“I have not yet
thought that far in advance,”
said the youngest daughter.
“I am sure
that they will help me,
and work with me
to do this which I seek to do.”

The Old Man gazed sympathetically
upon his youngest daughter,
and said, “My child,
there are some lessons
that one must learn
by oneself.
My inner pattern
will no longer
be able to be of help to you.

Be mindful of what you do,
and be aware of the conflicts
that you will create.”

And with that, the Old Man
withdrew His Face from her,
not to be seen again,
for a very, very long time.
As she continued to gaze within,
even her own Mother and Father
seemed to be dozing off to sleep,
leaving her very much alone.
Seeing now what she had wrought,
Youngest Daughter set out
along the path
that she alone
was now to make.

Youngest daughter
approached her closest brother,
and said to him,
“Join me, and become like me,
and together we will change
the garden.”
But her closest brother
was not like his youngest sister.
He did not see things
the way she did.

While she was looking up at him,
he was looking down at her.
Each saw different worlds,
each saw different perspectives,
each knew a different reality.
As youngest sister continued
her push into closest brother's domain,
the spirit of conflict was ripe,
confrontation was inevitable.

Remembering the pattern,
and the Voice of the Old Man,
which he could still hear,
closest brother submitted
to youngest sister without a fight.
Conflict, however,
was not to be avoided.

Closest brother was known

to be the passion within the family.
He was the passion that
connected all his siblings
together as one.
Now, youngest daughter
in her own passion,
was to absorb his passion,
and become the new passionate one.

What happens when
passion is transformed,
and instead of being
directed down and out into the world,
it is instead redirected
by youngest daughter
to be in her image,
the image of being directed
inward and up,
towards the world within her,
towards the inner pattern,
which for so long was her guide,
and inner voice,
but now is no more?

What happens when one
passionately silences
one's inner voice,
and overrides it with another?
What happens to
the inner voice?
What happens to the person?
What happens to the garden?
These are the questions
that youngest daughter
must seek out, and understand
in her quest for kosher Torah.

Aug 23, 2016

Dawn of Rude Awakenings

Once upon a time...

What was once white
is now gray!
Not black,
like youngest daughter
had planned.
Although she so desired
to experience
the opposite of what she was,
she could not!
By merging with her opposite,
she did not become
her opposite,
but on the contrary
was transformed
into something,
that was no longer her,
and no longer her opposite.

With this, youngest daughter
was both surprised,
and perturbed.
She wanted something different,
but this is what she got.
This was unacceptable to her.

Youngest daughter knew
that she must move on.
In order for her to become
that which she was not,
she would have to absorb
more and more
of her siblings,
until she had absorbed them all.
Only then, she thought,
would everything be at her disposal,
and only then could she
chose and control
what to be,
and what not to be.

Youngest daughter
cried out and said,
“in the beginning,

there was only One,
and in the end,
there will be only one.
And I will be The One!"

High above, in a place
now shrouded, and concealed,
the Old Man
heard the cry of his
youngest daughter,
and smiled a coy smile
to his first children,
youngest daughter's
Mother and Father.
"Everything is proceeding
according to plan,"
Old Man said.
Mother and Father
nodded their heads
in silent understanding,
and agreement.

Meanwhile, down below
in the garden,
youngest daughter
had used her passion and desire
to ascend into the place
of her closest brother.
She absorbed him,
and the two became as one.
Yet, instead of her changing him,
he in turn changed her.
Youngest daughter
saw this change inside herself,
and decided for the moment
not to fight it,
but instead to focus her attention
as she planned her next step
to take control of the whole garden.

Closest brother became transformed
into a voice of conscience, and guidance
inside the mind of youngest daughter.
His passion became added to hers.
Now stronger than before,
however different than before,
youngest daughter
now decided that her next move

was to take the place
of her closest sister.

Closest sister
was truly a glorious soul.
Her domain was so beautiful,
and so well-arranged.
Closest sister
had her house,
and her portion of the garden
under rigid control.

Youngest daughter
approached closest sister
and said,
"Give me your domain
so that I may absorb it
into me, and become stronger,
and better able to approach
our two brothers
who I am to confront next.

Like her little brother,
closest sister closed her eyes,
and gazed within.
She could see her Mother, Father,
and the Old Man.
Together, with one voice,
the three said to her,
"Submit to your sister,
but do not submit easily.
Resist her for a period,
make her fight to attain
your domain.
In the end, after she has put up
a good fight,
allow her to win.
For in this, her victory,
will come both her defeat,
and her victory.
For in this, she is right.
In the end,
there will be only One."

Aug 24, 2016

War between Sisters

Once upon a time,
long ago, in the garden...

Sisters
have a way about them.
They will either love each
to pieces,
or they will tear
each other apart.

Youngest sister,
and closest sister
were no different.
Before youngest sister's ascent,
she and closest sister
were the closest of siblings.
Youngest sister was opulent
in her gloss, glowing black.
Closest sister was radiant
in her rich, deepest pink.
Together,
these two sisters,
along with their two brothers
formed a whole,
the likes of which
gave the garden
its lower magnificence.

Now, the time of old
was gone forever.
Youngest sister,
no longer black,
but not yet white
arrived in the domain
of her closest sister,
deepest pink.
"Surrender to me,
my dear sister,
join me!
And let our colors
run together,
as I absorb you into me,
as I transform our garden,
and remake it
in the image

of my opulent glow.”

“Me surrender to you?
What arrogance you speak
little sister!
Go back to your place,
return to what you were,
forget this mad ambition!
You cannot take my place,
nor shall you take
the place of our brothers
who neighbor me
on two sides.
Be gone child,
lest the ruling red
underlying my pink
be unleashed against you.
For even you cannot stand
against the Image of
our Mother above!”

Youngest sister
was taken back,
and paused for just a moment
in self doubt, and possible fear.
“Do I fear?”
she asked herself.
“No! I will not fear,
I will not allow that
little death to enter me,
to fester, and to cause me
death eternal.”
With determined eyes,
youngest sister said,
“unleash your richest red,
and I will absorb it
into my opulent black.
It will be a welcome,
and comely addition
to my added essence
as I change the garden
into my Image.”
And then she attacked.

Black and white
attacked red and white.
Closest sister
did not share the tolerance

of her younger,
now absorbed brother.
Although closest sister
knew what the outcome
must be,
still, she was determined
to teach her
youngest sister a harsh lesson.
Becoming what one is not,
and conquering a domain
wherein which one does not belong
comes at a price,
which is high,
and which one
never really stops paying.

Colors clashed,
colors blended,
white met white
and merged with one another.
Black met red,
and lightened and darkened
simultaneously.
Youngest sister was
violently shaken,
but she knew that she had
to prevail.
So she fought long, and hard,
and after coming close
to exhaustion,
she saw no weakness
in her closest sister.
Suddenly closest sister,
for what appeared
to be no reason,
began to dissipate,
and her colors started
to absorb into her youngest sister.
The battle was won,
but the cost was high,
and the war was far from over.

Aug 25, 2016

Plans Within Plans

Once upon a time,
long ago, in the garden...

Youngest sister
had absorbed
her closest sister,
and had conquered her domain.
But this victory
was not like the last victory,
over her closest brother.

Closest sister fought
viciously hard,
so hard indeed, that
youngest sister did not understand
how she, in the end, won.
But won she did!
But this victory
brought with it
far more change
than did the last.

As she gazed upon herself
youngest sister,
could clearly see
how the white
from her brother,
and now the pink
from her sister
had blended
with her opalescent black
and had transformed her.

Youngest sister
set out on the task of transforming
the garden into her own image.
She did not intend
for her own image
to be so compromised,
but compromised it was!

It seems that
all movements bring change.
In change nothing stays the same.
Without change

something sleeps deep inside,
and seldom awakens.
But now youngest daughter
has awakened!
She saw what she was,
and she saw
what she was becoming,
and began to dread it.

But once one starts the ascent
through the garden,
there is no turning back.
The only way was forward,
forward into the realm
of second brother,
and he was to be
a formidable foe.
For second brother
was known as
the warrior!

Second brother was powerful,
and had never been beaten
in any match before.
Youngest sister foresaw
that she would never defeat him
by force of arms
as she defeated
her closest brother,
and closest sister.

No! To defeat a warrior,
youngest sister knew
that she had to use other tactics,
tactics that would
undermine the warrior, and topple him.
No one can
confront a warrior and win,
but one can subvert a warrior,
and neutralize him
in the source of his power.

Youngest daughter gazed within
to remember what was left
of the original pattern,
and as she gazed she saw
that second brother's weakness
was his position, and standing

with regards to his two older brothers.
Being the youngest of the three
could be used as a tool against him.
So before she acted,
youngest daughter plotted, and planned.
Her next step would be
calculated with guile.
Little did she realize at the time
how much an influence
her now absorbed closest sister
was having on her inner thoughts.

Gazing within
at her second brother,
youngest sister could see
how he flashed the deep purple
of the royal warrior.
Second brother was the right hand
of third brother,
and an attack on the one
would certainly trigger
a response by the other.
Younger sister paused to reflect
if indeed she had the strength
to take on both the heart,
and support of all those
who tilled the garden.

She gazed within herself
and found only a confused,
developing pattern.
Inside her was a void and chaos,
and she hovered
over her inner waters
and realized that the proper weapon
to conquer the domains
of her brothers was a simple one.

Rather than use
the darkness of black
from whence she came,
she would use
the brilliance of white
taken from her closest brother
and closest sister.
She could defeat
two brothers at one time
with a single weapon,

the brilliance of white,
the color of light.

If she could blind her brothers,
then she could move
into their domains unnoticed,
and establish herself.
Once established,
her word would become law,
and what she said
would come to be.
The creation of the new pattern
was well under way.

And the Old Man
watched from his concealed place above,
and smiled.
Although invisible, and unnoticed,
His presence still permeated
everything in His garden.

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The KosherTorah School



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