

## Bagels-with-Jerusalem-Goat-Cheese

This is a story for children; children are children till the age of nine, as far as my personal memory tells, and till then they dream of their Divine Beloved. After that they start dreaming of other things, like football, hamburgers, skirts, and other forms of mischief, till they forget completely of dreaming about their Beloved – and when they are completely forgetful, they are \*mature, practical, adults\*.

How is it possible, then, to tell a story on the Divine Beloved, for such \*adults\*?

I have taken unprecedented risks, as you will see later on, in order to tell you this story – all for your own amusement.

Alright children, here is the story, but first a little introduction in order to explain how I got the story:

I think this happened a long time ago, say, billions of years. Maybe five billion years. And now you will come up with the proper question – how do I know this? Why not 256,829,763,829 years, six months, 23 days, two hours, 58 minutes and two seconds? This would sound more scientific, I must admit, more accurate. But I am not a scientist, I narrate what I have discovered; of course I am not concocting anything from my hectic imagination – you don't expect me to tell a lie.

Imagine to yourselves that the Universe is being run by a supreme King, whose name is the Divine Beloved. A King has always a Queen, without her, we wouldn't have this story.

In the Court of the Lord, there are Abdals. Abdals are the servants of God – they live to fulfill His slightest Wish. The word derived from Arabic or Hebrew – Workers of God. Some would translate it as \*slaves of God\*, but truly they are completely subservient to Divine Love – they are so absorbed and immersed in the effulgence of Love, that there is nothing else for them. In the Court of the Divine Beloved there is no such thing like being imposed, things are not being done because you are afraid that the Boss will fire you, or will punish you. The servants of God serve Him because He is the most Lovable of all, He is such an endearing darling that you want to live only for Him. But, of course, it is not possible to express in human words but a very shallow portrayal of who Our Beloved is. There are no words, yet, in our human dictionary to offer even a faint idea about Him. But I can say this about Him: He is deeply insulted when people say that He is wrathful, frightening, getting angry at those who violate His Laws and punishes them. These ideas were created by \*adults\* who stopped dreaming about the Beloved; Beloved God has never punished anyone. Never believe those who don't dream about the Divine Beloved. As children know well, when someone is telling you: "Be afraid of God, He will punish you for your sins", then you know that he is telling a lie. You can simply ask him about his recent dream about the Divine Beloved – if his answer is negative, or he would laugh at you, stay away from him. Or at least be careful - it is often advisable to keep the mouth shut – otherwise you might stay alone in this world...

So if you would be in the Heavenly Court, you would do anything to fulfill the slightest Wish of the Divine Beloved, even without understanding why.

But we all know that there is much pain and suffering in this world, so from where does it come if God doesn't punish? It is like playing with electricity. If you don't know how to play with electricity, you might get a painful shock, right? The electricity didn't punish you, you wouldn't think like this at all. If you will jump from the roof and bruise your leg, would you say that Earth punished you? This is plain foolishness. So it is with our Beloved – there are Laws to learn, and if you violate them, you might bruise yourself.

One Abdal kept records of everything that happens in the Court of the Lord.

So what did I do? I found a way to sneak into the Court (I am not going to tell you how, it is my secret – if you will find out, you will be able to tell these stories by yourselves, and then what shall I do?!)

So when I entered His Court, I had to find a way to the Book of Records where the Abdal kept the records. He of course, would not allow this, so I had to use all kind of tricks. This time I was wearing a very serious face (for a change), and I actually looked most frightened.

"Baba needs you right away!" I shouted at the Abdal with a panicky voice. He, of course, left everything hurriedly and ran fast like lightning to meet His Beloved's call. Now I seized my opportunity – but I had only 53 seconds before he would return. I opened the Book of Records, and started to photograph the pages with my digital camera; but my camera was a bit old and slow, and I couldn't photograph all the pages quickly, and maybe I skipped a few of them. 53 seconds passed, and the Court Abdal came back running inside, with an unhappy expression on his face – Baba gave him of course a good thrashing for disturbing Him, since He never called for him. This was not the first time I had tricked him, and I must confess, not the thirtieth time – what shall I do, he had never learned my tricks – he never was a human. The Abdal actually came with a very big broom – it seemed that he was determined to end my chronic mischief once and for all. I quickly grabbed my camera and ran for my little life – I had to make a quick jump from the Court direct to planet Earth, and it was quite a hard fall, our planet is not so soft and cushy like Heaven.

See how far I am willing to go in order to tell you a Baba story.  
Of course - you don't expect me to tell a lie.

Now kids, without some mischief, nothing can be achieved in the field of entertainment, but this kind of mischief of mine never meant to upset anyone, it meant to make you laugh. Now you might say rightly that I made the Abdal of God unhappy, to say the least. In a way it is true, but Abdal is not human – he never keeps grudges, he can never remember the bad things done to him, and this is why he is the servant of God. Because he is totally focused on the Divine Beloved, he cannot remember what happened a second ago, and that's why he cannot hold grudges, but I, on the other hand, can continue on with my mischief. And there is another facet for my mischief in Heaven – it makes Baba laugh – and it helps Him a lot in this most serious place – a bit of repose from all this terrific burden of creation.

This might be a clue as of how I get there – but if the jokers of the world would run Baba's Court – like Charlie Chaplin, Marx Brothers and Shaikhe Ophir,\* not much of a Court this would be. It is the most serene, serious place you can imagine. Fates of individuals and nations are being cut there.

But remember this, in spite of that the Abdals of God never keep a grudge, never play any mischief with them before you discover the secret of how to enter the Court of the Lord, and this I will never let you know – you have to find out yourselves. Remember this when you plan a mischief – you deal with humans, and humans never forget, they will keep a grudge against you. So a good mischief might be when you make everybody laugh, which is pretty hard for us, humans – we love to laugh at the expense of someone else's mishap.

\* [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shaike\\_Ophir](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shaike_Ophir)

But here comes our story, at last:

In the beginning there was nothing, there was not a world, except Baba and His Mehera. You can call Baba the Divine Beloved, and Mehera is the one who lives in the full effulgence of Divine Love.

But since this is your story as well, you can give different names to the King and Queen of the Universe, as you feel right inside your heart.

And they lived together happily for billions of years. Baba was gazing daily at His Beloved Mehera with Sweet Eyes, and they were both very happy.

And every morning Mehera was serving Baba breakfast, I think she was serving Him baked angels, because I was not really there, and you don't expect me to tell a lie.

And this was going on for billions of years, and they were very, very happy indeed – Nothing was missing. But how can we measure years, if the years were not created yet?

But one morning, as Mehera walked in, carrying the tray with the baked angels, Baba said, with dreamy eyes: "Darling, is it possible to have for a change warm bagels with nice cheese, made from the Jerusalem goat-milk?"

And Mehera shrieked, and she dropped the tray with the angels, and they all rolled on the floor – clank, clank, and clank!

How could it be, that Baba – Her Beloved, would not like her baked angels any longer?! What was missing with the recipe?! Mehera was deeply troubled by this thought.

So, the next morning she took extra care while preparing the baked angels - she washed them very well with Milk from the Milky Way, and let them marinate in sweet chili sauce overnight. Then she placed them on a baking tray with lots of oregano, and placed it in a very hot oven, which she bought new at Sun Store, and baked the angels for 43 minutes sharp, according to the celestial clock.

Quite confidently she came back to Baba the next morning, Baba took one angel in His right hand, munched it quietly and slowly – "Not bad!" He exclaimed, to the relief of Mehera – "But – what is about the bagels-with-the-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?"

And Mehera's heart sank – she didn't know what a bagel – Jerusalem – goat – cheese is. She knew only what milk is, since she used to send her maidens to the Milky Way to buy milk for Baba's chai; but the other words were not in her Dictionary at all.

So Mehera was very sad – very, very sad, and she didn't know what to do – there were only angels to prepare dishes for her Beloved, and she ran out of recipes – there was nothing she could think of.

So, after a week of sheer desperation – and I don't know what Baba ate all this time – there was no record; she came up with an idea, to go from one Galaxy to another and question the Lords of the Galaxies, maybe One of them would know.

So she went first to the Milky Way, and approached the Lord in charge.

The Lord of the Milky Way was overjoyed to receive Mehera – as you well know – no One is permitted to see Mehera under any circumstances whatsoever, and only Ladies are permitted to see her on very, very rare occasions. But also this is extremely rare. So the Lord of the Milky Way ordered a grand festival for this unprecedented Queenly visit, and this festival lasted seven million years! The Lord actually didn't see Mehera for five billion years – what would you do if you won't see Mehera for five-billion-years?! There were celestial fire-crackers – free Milk was flowing everywhere. An open buffet was erected under a pandal one million light years long - and on fifty-five million tables – each table was actually a planet – they have special planet-tables for feasts, as you well know, and on each table a unique dish of cheese was served. Well, this is the Milky Way, and the way of the milk is to become cheese, this is quite obvious, you don't need me for such trifles.

"What are all these things?" asked Mehera with wonderment – she didn't visit the Milky Way for five-billion-years, from where she should know what their occupation is?

"These are cheeses," answered The Lord of the Milky Way quite proudly – that was His specialty – He made quite a career from cheese manufacturing – that was His Divine secret.

"Cheese? Cheese!" exclaimed Mehera with delight. "So you have cheese! Baba is eager to eat a bagel-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese. Where is the table which serves bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?" Mehera was excited – pleasing Her Beloved was her purpose of living.

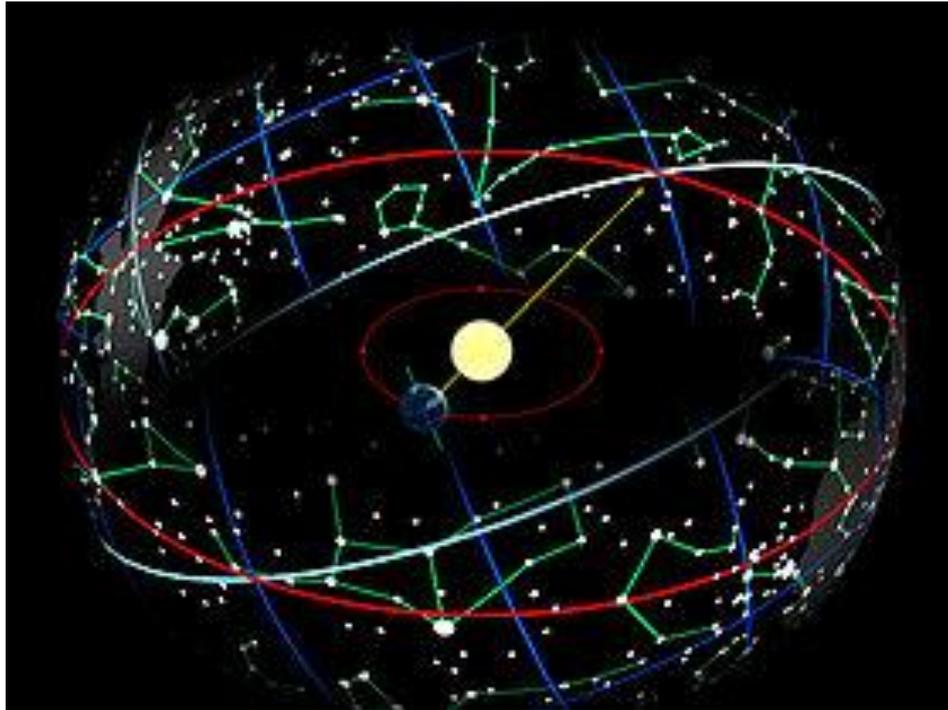
The Lord of the Milky Way was quite distressed – "We have all the cheeses you want in creation, but I don't know what bagels – Jerusalem – goats are. Such words don't appear in the Milky Way Dictionary."

And the Lord of the Milky Way was very sad. He was very, very sad indeed, because he couldn't fulfill Mehera's request, which was Baba's wish – and fulfilling Baba's wishes is the life-blood which flows in the veins of the Lords; what else is there but pleasing the Lord of Love? You tell me if I am wrong.

"What shall I do?!" cried Mehera in her anguish – how can she go back to Her Beloved without the bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?

The Lord of the Milky Way was thinking for ten minutes – "Maybe you should try the Lords of the Zodiac – they have a very large variety of Dishes, which I don't have.  
Try Lord Aries – He is just next door – He might know.

### The Zodiac



### Aries (*The Ram*)



Mehera went first to see Aries. When she opened the gate to his abode, the Ram immediately prostrated himself before Mehera. He had never seen the Queen of the Universe, and as a male, would never expect any sight of Her. There must be an important mission for Mehera; otherwise, she would have sent one of her maidens.

Mehera signaled him to stand up, which he did.

Mehera looked at him with questioning eyes: "What are you?"

"I am a Ram", answered shyly the Ram.

"Do you know what is bagel-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?"

"I know what cheese is, since we buy it sometimes from the Milky Way Store, and once I heard that a goat is a female kin of mine, but that was a very long time ago, I am not sure. I don't know what bagel-Jerusalem is."

"So who might know?"

"Try Taurus, he is next door", and the Ram bowed his head in reverence before Mehera.

### Taurus Bull



Mehera entered the Bull quarters, and as soon as the Bull saw her, he encircled her with a dance of delight, since he also had never seen Mehera, and most likely, would never see Her again. He was so delighted, that he ordered a grand festival of the entire constellation for two million years!

"What have I done that I receive this fortune of seeing you, my Queen?" asked the Bull with reverence.

Mehera brushed off all the ceremonial honoring of Her. She was on the mission of fulfilling Baba's Wish, so She had no time for anything else; but imagine that the Queen of the Universe would knock at your door, suddenly, without warning, wouldn't you \*die\* from joy?

"I am looking for bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese; do you have it?" Mehera cut directly to the point,

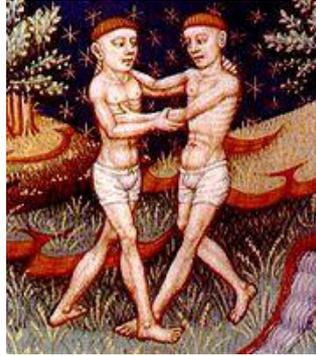
"What do you know about this?"

"I know very little. What are these things?"

"This is food which Baba requested to eat for His breakfast, and I am looking for the ingredients throughout the Galaxies."

"My cows produce milk for our chai, and from time to time it becomes butter due to the rapid movement of the constellation. I also know what cheese is, because we produce it for our kitchen. About a goat, I think it is another animal, female, which also can produce milk, and cheese can be made from it. But I don't know where the goats are, and about the other products you are looking for, I am sorry, but I have never heard these expressions before. Try the Twins, I was told that they are a shrewd couple, and they might know".

### Gemini (*The Twins*)



The Twin-brothers were busy hugging each other when Mehera walked into their abode.

"Hello Castor and Pollux," she approached them without much ado.

They both bowed reverently before the Queen of the Universe. "I am looking for bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese; do you have it?"

The Twins were encircling each other with delight – they actually didn't hear what She said – they were wonderstruck that She came to see them.

She clapped Her hands. They stopped dancing and bowed again.

"Did you hear what I just said?!"

"No, we are wonderstruck seeing You at our humble residence", they responded, speaking together like one person with one voice.

"Do you have bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?"

"No, we don't have such words in our Dictionary." And they started to dance again.

Mehera clapped Her hands again, "What Lords are you if you cannot answer my questions? Who might know?"

"Try Cancer, he has many connections with many Universal Chefs, he might know".

And they kept on dancing, encircling each other with delight, while Mehera rushed to visit Cancer.

### Cancer (*The Crab*)



When Mehera met The Crab, she didn't know what this thing is – quite strange, I might say. "What are you?" Asked Mehera; just imagine to yourselves, the first time you would see a Crab, it doesn't look like anything you know, absolutely peculiar.

"I am a Crab," answered the crab shyly.

"Strange things Baba created in His Universe, one day I am going to question Him about this. Anyhow, I have no time to waste – I have an important mission – do you have bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?!" The Crab was quite confused, and started to walk sideways, as Crabs do when they are being caught unprepared. "No," he answered at last.

"Maybe one day, after I fulfill Baba's Wish, I'll make a dish from you to please Baba, so I hope," and off she went. The Crab was surprised and confused at all this sudden quick visit of the Queen, so because he was very shy, he dug himself deep into the warm sand and disappeared.

### Leo (*The Lion*)



"You look magnificent! At last I see that Baba can create grand, magnificent Beings in His Universe!" The Great Cat prostrated himself with complete obedience before Mehera, and placed his gorgeous head on Her feet. Mehera backed off a bit, and gazed intently at him for a while.

"What do you eat?"

"I eat meat," responded the Great Cat with reverence.

"How about cheese?"

"My nephews, the small cats, like milk and cheese, I don't like it."

"Why?"

"How can a King eat cheese?!" Responded Lion, quite dismayed at this question.

"Baba likes chai with milk, and He IS the greatest King of all!"

"True," the Lion bowed with complete adoration before Mehera, "But this is My Kingdom, and this is the way I have to exemplify before my subjects."

"So, you don't have bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?"

"I never read about such things in the Milky Way Daily".

## Virgo (*The Virgin*)



Mehera hugged Virgo for a very long time. They were both kissing each other. No word was said. At last Mehera gathered herself together: "Did you ever hear about bagels-with-Jerusalem -goat-cheese?" "No, why?" Responded the virgin. "Our Beloved asked for this. He wished a change in His diet, and I cannot fulfill His Wish," Mehera was quite distressed.

The Virgin was thinking for quite a while. "I must help you fulfill Baba's Wish," she said at last, "But can you tell me what bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese is?"

"It is supposed to be some kind of food that Baba Wishes to eat."

"What is eating?" Asked the Virgin.

"Don't you eat?!" Mehera was taken aback.

"I am constantly drinking the Nectar of His Love. What else do I need?!"

And Mehera just realized, that since the Creation began, as Baba Willed, she had never eaten anything! See what I meant concerning the magnitude of Divine Love? Her focusing on Her Beloved was so complete, so total, that she never had any thought whatsoever about Herself.

"So what shall I do?!" exclaimed Mehera – "You Gods must help me fulfill Baba's Wish!"

"Try Libra, she is next door; she keeps the balance of the Galaxies, most likely she knows better than I", and the Virgin was very sad, not being able to please her Queen.

"When shall I see You again?" asked the Virgin with wet eyes.

"You know that My Door is always open before you," said Mehera and hugged her for a long time.

### Libra (*The Scales*)



"What are you doing?" asked Mehera with curiosity when she walked inside The Scales premises.

"I am weighing packages of cheeses for the Milky Way Store".

"Why don't they do it themselves?"

"It is a matter of quality control," responded Libra dryly.

"Do you get to weigh goat cheese?"

"Seldom."

"Did you hear about bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Because this is Baba's Wish!" exclaimed Mehera, and a tinge of impatience was heard in her voice.

"I get my orders directly from the Lord of the Milky Way, He didn't say anything else to me", responded Libra and bowed gently before Mehera.

### Scorpio (*The Scorpion*)



The Scorpion became completely frightened when Mehera walked into his quarters. As you know, my children, scorpions' hobby is to sting, just as people like to gossip. Scorpion knew quite well what will be his fate if he won't control himself and sting Mehera. He ran to the edge of his courtyard, and pressed himself to the fence, hoping to get out somehow.

"I think I already met you, didn't I? You look familiar to Me", Mehera looked at the odd creature with intent.

"You mean the crab?" said nervously the scorpion; "We were related once upon a time, but our ways split apart. Crab is quite harmless, but I have this mean behaviour, I must hurt people, I don't know why, can You implore on my behalf before Beloved to save me from my predicament?"

"I'll have many questions to ask Beloved after I get back to Him. It will help you a lot if you can fulfill His Wish."

"And what is Beloved's Wish?" Asked scorpion with glee, maybe, at last he will find a way to get out of his self-imposed curse.

"Baba Wished to have bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese. If you can provide, I am sure He will consider your case."

"I don't know any of these things," cried the poor scorpion with self-pity – "I don't eat cheese; I kill all kinds of small animals, and eat them up. I also like to sting people, as a hobby. Would you implore on my behalf before Beloved nevertheless?"

But Mehera just turned Her back to him and walked to Sagittarius.

### Sagittarius (*The Archer*)



"Another strange creature in Baba's Zoo", laughed Mehera when she entered the quarters of The Archer.

"So, what are you? A horse or a man?"

"It depends on the situation," answered the Archer thoughtfully.

"And what use there is of you?" wondered Mehera.

The Archer didn't say a word, picked up his bow, and started to shoot all over the Zodiac. But these were no ordinary arrows, they were shooting stars, and the entire Galaxy looked like a grand festival.

"I am in charge of entertainment and amusement, as You can see, my Lady," and the Archer knelt carefully before His Queen. "I, of course, have to hunt for a living from time to time."

"And what do you hunt, may I ask?"

"Sometimes there are stray planets which lose their orbits around their Suns. I have to hunt them, catch them and bring them back home. Well, sometimes I get hungry, so I catch something fishy for dinner."

"How about bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?"

"What are these?"

"Some kind of food Baba Wished to have. Can you help?"

"Try Capricorn, I think he should be a goat, so I heard."

"But what about the Jerusalem bagels, none of you Gods know what it is, if you are Gods, as I was told, how is it possible that you don't know? How do you expect me to go back to my Beloved without fulfilling His Wish?"

"We can create and destroy universes at will, but all this is according to Beloved's Plans. These ingredients – Jerusalem, bagels, don't appear in my Dictionary, and I can work only according to the Dictionary the Lord gave me. So is the case with all the Gods of the Universe. If Beloved Lord created new terms in His Dictionary, so I trust there will be someone in the Universe who can answer. But I don't have the answer."

Capricorn (*The Sea-goat*)



"I was told that you are a goat!" exclaimed Mehera when she entered the Sea Goat compound.

"I am a Sea Goat, not \*just\* a goat," answered Capricorn with a tinge of uneasiness in her voice.

"So you are a goat, then you give milk?"

"Yes, my Lady,"

"And from this milk cheese can be produced?" Mehera was very careful this time – so close to her goal, but there are always some surprises behind the corner.

"Yes my Lady," responded the Sea Goat with reverence.

"And what about Jerusalem? Do you have it?"

"What is Jerusalem?" and Mehera's heart sank. So close to Her goal and so far.

"At least you have bagels?"

"Never heard about such things; what do you do with them?"

"Baba requested for breakfast bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese; I am looking desperately for this, without having this, I cannot go back to my Beloved, and if I cannot go back to Him and fulfill His Wish, the entire Creation will suffer a set-back, don't you Gods realize this?!"

The Sea Goat kneeled before His Queen – "We know that we live to fulfill Beloved's Wishes, but I cannot provide, I can give only what I was given by Him to give."

## Aquarius (*The Water Carrier*)



"At last I see a descent Being who does something creative. Watering the fields of Heaven seems like a noble, grand task," exclaimed Mehera with delight.

The Water Carrier placed a carpet of Red Roses before His Queen, fresh from his Garden. Gentle, delicate soft Roses, which never prick your fingers, as our earthly roses do.

Mehera gazed at the vast fields of Heavenly flowers, which carpeted the entire Galaxy.

"Seems that you are extremely busy, watering all these magnificent Heavenly Flowers," said Mehera.

"From where do you get the water?"

"I draw the Waters directly from Baba's Fountain of Truth," answered The Water Carrier meekly.

"Is that so?" Mehera was quite impressed.

"So, if you have a direct access to Baba's Fountain of Truth, you most likely can answer His requests."

"Yes, of course, we live to fulfill His Wishes."

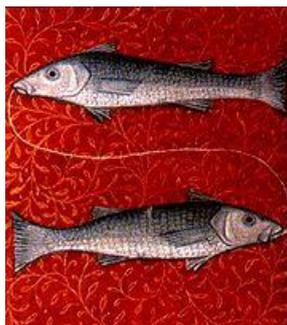
"Then you must have bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese?"

"No."

"No?!" Mehera almost fainted. "If you can draw Water from the Fountain of Truth, how come you cannot provide this?"

"Because what you say is not contained yet in the Fountain. I take the Waters from the well of the Divine Beloved, and deliver it to the Universe. But I deliver what is there already; I don't have any power to create new Waters." Mehera was very upset and desperate, but kept on her search.

Pisces (*The Fish*)



"Hi Fish, I am looking for bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese; do you have it?"

The Fish couldn't answer, since his mouth was full of water, so he had to use his Watery language; what is Watery language is another long story, and we don't have the time to include it here, maybe next time.

(It is not advisable to tell children two stories at the same time – they might be confused, they might wake up in the morning after deep Mehera-Dreams, and get it all upside down, and decide that from now on, they walk on their hands. Then of course, as humans do, you put the blame on me – so one story at a time.)

"No, I don't know what this Jerusalem-bagels-with-goat-cheese is. I eat delicious worms, shrimps, snails, bugs, and little frogs; sometimes I catch a little baby-bird. And of course, don't forget the dessert – marinated algae in honey. But no, I don't know what is Jerusalem-bagels-with-goat-cheese".

Mehera cried with sheer exasperation: "But you are my last chance, how can I go back to Baba without fulfilling His Wish?! You must find something!"

That was an order, and the Fish became silent for a while. He was silent all along, mind you, for human ears.

"I think you should try Lord Abraham – if there is someone in the Universe who might know, only Lord Abraham is the One."

"Lord Abraham? We haven't seen Him for a while! Where is He?"

"He is down the road, do you see? Down there."

"Down where?"

"See, this road leads all the way down to the Physical realm. Count three more galaxies to the left, and then you come to a fork – turn right. Count three more million light years, what do you see?"

"Not sure; you mean this blinking red-green star?"

"No, not this one, count just half a million light years to its left; what do you see now?"

"I see a little grey cloud at the direction you pointed out,"

"It is not a cloud; it is a vortex which is leading to the Physical realm. Right there you will find Lord Abraham. He is stationed on the cross-road between the Physical and Spiritual realms."

"Physical realm? What is this now?"

"Lord Abraham will explain all to you. He knows," the Fish smiled with assurance and vanished in the deep waters.

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## Lord Abraham

At last Mehera found Lord Abraham – He lived in His humble tent, which was open to all four Corners, welcoming any tired guest. The tent was made of camel's wool, and was considerably large, about twenty meters wide – human measures – and thirty meters long. The floor was covered with simple mat made of reeds, and on the walls little decorated colorful carpets were hung. There were only two pieces of furniture - one armchair, and a low cabinet. He was sitting cross legged on the ground, writing the Torah for Master Moses. The Pen He used was not a pen you buy in a store – it looked a bit like a torch that Black flame would burst from each time Lord Abraham pressed on its button, and the \*paper\* which he was using for writing was some kind of white sheet, made of White Light. The Words were not what we see in our world, they were living, moving images, and the paragraphs, if I may use such an earthly term, resembled moving scenes like in our movies, but here it seemed most REAL – you could smell, touch and feel the images. While writing, He was eating his breakfast, which Sarah was serving him every morning.

As soon as Mehera walked in, Lord Abraham put His Pen aside, rose up, folded His hands, and bowed with reverence before Her. He was aglow – knowing full well how precious Her presence was in His midst. He offered Her to be seated on the armchair, which He kept especially for such guests, but she pushed it aside, and sat quite comfortably on the ground, signaling Him to be seated next to Her.

"What can I do for you, my Lady?" Abraham was concerned at her unexpected visit – not that it was a rare occasion – it never happened.

Mehera looked carefully around, checking with her sharp-pointed gaze at all the objects in Abraham's tent. On the floor was placed a large round silver tray, about a meter in diameter, and on it various plates full of beautiful, fragrant objects. Mehera hadn't seen such things so far. What can we do? She knows only what angels are.

In the center of the tray, there were a few golden spheres, with a hole in the middle of each. They were covered with shining crystals and little brown specks. A wonderful smell emanated from them.

"What are these things?" she asked Lord Abraham with curiosity.

"The round spheres are bagels." "Bagels?!" exclaimed Mehera, "What are you doing with them?" "This is food. We bake it from grinded wheat." "And what are these things which cover the bagels?"

"A bagel is a product of the love between the Sun and planet Earth. The shining crystals are salt, which is a frozen light from the stars. The brown specs are sesame seeds. Around them in the little round cups are goat cheese, olive oil, za'atar,<sup>1</sup> black olives, green onions and tomatoes."

Mehera was overjoyed - "You have bagels!"

"Of course we have bagels, why?"

"And from where are you getting them?"

"We have a weekly delivery from planet Earth. Such things grow only there. Sarah bakes fresh bagels every morning, which I am munching while writing the Torah for Master Moses. Why don't you try one?"

Lord Abraham took one bagel and offered it to Mehera. "You can break a little piece and dip it into one of the ingredients."

Mehera tried, took a piece of bagel, dipped it into the goat cheese, added a bit of olive oil and za'atar, and ate it. Her face was lit up – "This is the most delicious food I have ever seen since the Creation began! I actually have been so engrossed with my Beloved that I didn't eat anything till now! Heavenly stuff!" exclaimed Mehera with delight, "It's no wonder why Baba expressed His wish for bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese. Can you pack me a sack full for Baba?"

(And Mehera ate another bagel and another one)

Lord Abraham became extremely serious: "What did Baba say?!"

"He wished to eat bagels-with-Jerusalem-goat-cheese. I have been serving Him baked angels the past five billion years, and it seems that He wants a change in His diet. But I see that you have it all, now I can go back to my Beloved and please Him!"

Lord Abraham sighed, "So Baba said it, so it is time. See, I have all the ingredients, but Jerusalem is not created yet, I am still working on it".

"What do you mean Jerusalem is not created yet, what shall I do now?! Why is it not ready, if this is what Baba wants?! – You great Lords are supposed to be ready to fulfill Beloved's Wish BEFORE He wishes them, how else can you be ready for Him?!"

"We certainly do," responded Lord Abraham, and the tone of his voice resembled something I have never heard before – He was attached and detached from Mehera at the same time, had all feelings for Her, and at the same time no feelings at all. He was concerned and unconcerned. I cannot express this state, since it doesn't exist in humanity's dictionary. We can get hurt or stay calm, be indifferent or emotionally involved, but this State of Lord Abraham was new to me – you had to be there in order to find out. One day you will, no doubt.

"We are on top of everything. But to fulfill Baba's Wishes is always a challenge – even for Gods".

"All I need is this \*Jerusalem\*, can't you provide it?!"

(And Mehera kept on devouring the bagels – as a matter of fact, she emptied tray after tray, and Sarah and her maidens kept on providing fresh loads of bagels, goat cheese etc.)

"Jerusalem belongs to the physical realm," said Lord Abraham, "See, here I can create a whole new constellation just by the power of thought."

Lord Abraham was concentrating deeply for a long minute, and lo and behold! A whole new galaxy just popped out from His forehead!

"Quite amazing," exclaimed Mehera, so why don't you think \*Jerusalem\*, and we will have it?!"

"My dear, Jerusalem belongs to the physical realm, which you know nothing about it. You have never been there, you don't belong there."

Lord Abraham opened a drawer in that cabinet, and pulled out a bunch of \*white papers\* full of lines and scribbles on them.

He spread one of them on the floor: "See, my Dear Mehera, this is the plan of Jerusalem. It is going to be a big city in the Judean hills of The Land of Israel."

"And what is this Israel?" puzzled Mehera, while munching another bagel.

"Israel is going to be my grandson – a God Man<sup>2</sup>," Said Lord Abraham with pride – "And the name of the land will be on his name, for millennia to come."

"So how shall I get there?"

"There is only one way for you – Beloved goes down there every once in a while, maybe he will permit you to escort Him." Said Lord Abraham with deep concern.

He was not supposed to say anything to Mehera about the Physical Realm, but what would you do if Mehera would enter your midst, is there any question you wouldn't answer? See what a problem being a God is. Mehera was all engrossed with herself for a long moment. "You know, sometimes, when I take my afternoon nap, Baba goes on some errands, as he would say, just for ten minutes or so. I would never let Him go by Himself to this \*Physical Realm\* as you call it. Why does He have to go there?"

"See, My Queen, I can create an entire Galaxy just with a thought – Suns, planets, moons, comets etc., and can destroy it at will. But even I cannot fathom the ways of our Beloved. When Beloved wishes a Wish, a whole Cycle moves out in order to achieve something, and the only way to find out what He really wishes behind the scenes, is to follow the Cycle till the end. When Beloved leaves you for ten minutes, He actually takes a physical form on planet Earth. And the way to do it is to be born there in a flesh body, as we call these bodies on Earth."

(And Mehera kept on eating the bagels, - she discovered that she is hungry - and while emptying tray after tray, she started to develop a sense of her-Self, since Her only existence till now was Her total Union and Oneness with her Beloved.)

"I hear all the time about this \*Physical Realm\* - How come I don't know such a part of the Creation – is there anything that my Beloved concealed from Me?!"

"The Lord loves you too much, and doesn't want you to know all the troubles involved with the Creation. This realm which we call Physical was created as per His instructions for us a long time ago. In that realm it

takes a long time to build even one house – you have to gather bricks and mortar, roof, doors and windows, bathrooms and toilets, beds, pillows, blankets, toys for children, kitchen ware, dishes, forks, knives.... "

"What are all these things?" Mehera stopped Him impatiently, "All this sounds like Greek to Me, I cannot find any of these words in my Dictionary."

"It belongs to the Physical Realm dictionary, my Queen, there is only one way to find out – you have to go there."

"So, explain to me what is this \*Physical Realm\*, and why I don't belong there," exclaimed Mehera, with an unhappy tone in Her voice, "Such delicious objects are coming from there, which do not exist in the entire Creation, so what can be so bad about it?"

"Well," Lord Abraham was very slow and careful while speaking. "Beloved God wanted to create a special zone where the souls can make choices. It is a free-will zone."

"Free Will?! What is this?!"

"There is the option of fulfilling Beloved's Wishes or not."

Mehera looked utterly dismayed – "An option NOT to fulfill Beloved's Wishes?!"

Lord Abraham was engrossed in deep thought for a long moment.

"It also took us, the Lords of the Universe, a very long time to understand why the Divine Beloved made this decision. He wanted that the souls who pass through this realm, the Physical Realm, will have the option of loving Him from a stand point of choice. He wanted us to learn the difference of living life as per His Wishes, and life which ignores His Wishes. Thus the souls learn from actual experience the state of His Love."

Mehera was silent for a long moment, while eating bagel-after-bagel-after bagel.

"So," said Mehera at last, "Why I don't belong there, if my Beloved goes there periodically, as you suggest?"

"The purpose of the pilgrimage of the souls through the Physical Realm is to develop consciousness of the nature and magnitude of Divine Love, through experiences of failings, misfortunes, even bad things."

"How bad it can be?" Mehera was wondering.

"That realm can be the most wonderful, or the worst of all. There exists the possibility of total evil."

"I don't understand it – my Beloved is Everywhere, how is it that such thing like 'total evil' exists?"

"This is what happens when you grant the souls free will. They can create all sorts of evil things."

"Like what?"

Lord Abraham was silent for a long moment.

"You can make a lie," He uttered at last.

Mehera prostrated herself on the mat of reeds – "What is so bad about lying?"

"Lying has two meanings – one is to recline, to prostrate, as you demonstrated so well. But when you recline, what happens?"

"I am lower than you," laughed Mehera.

"Right. But being low in the Physical Realm, might have dangerous consequences. Over there lying has another grave meaning."

"What is it? Tell me!" exclaimed Mehera.

Lord Abraham had no other choice. "I'll have to demonstrate it to you; it is something you have never experienced before."

"Does my Beloved know?!"

"He knows alright," sighed heavily Lord Abraham.

Lord Abraham picked his Pen, and took out from the cabinet a fresh \*white sheet\*.

He was about to press the button in order to \*write\*, but He put the Pen down.

"It is going to be very bad, my dear Mehera, I don't think you will be able to take it."

Mehera became furious: "Does my Beloved take it?!"

"He takes it."

"Go ahead!" Ordered Mehera – "Show Me!"

"I'll have to write it in Hebrew, You won't realize it so well in English"

Lord Abraham picked his Pen again, and started to \*write\* on the \*white sheet\*.

He started with the letter Shin, and then He wrote Kuf, and finally Reish. <sup>3</sup>

Shin resembles a fork, with which you can stab, Kuf seems like a gallows, with a person hanging on it, Reish can be also a sickle, a weapon.

(The Hebrew letters can change their meaning and shape according to the word you write, and your own mood. Of course, the very same letters are being used for happy things, and then they look, sound and smell differently)

As soon as Lord Abraham wrote the last letter, the ugliest creature you can imagine popped out of the \*white sheet\* and started to run wildly around the tent. It had hundreds of heads, each one different, and each head had many eyes, each eye looked in a different direction. Each head had a mouth, which was squeaking in a terrible noise. The creature was reeking the stench of death, as if it lived in a sewer for twenty thousand years.

Mehera fainted.

Lord Abraham, who anticipated this, of course, was ready. He just thought \*cushion – protect Mehera\*, and a soft astral cushion was formed, caressed Mehera most gently, and placed Her on the mat floor.

Mehera, as we well know, is not supposed to be touched by any male, but of course, if there is an emergency, like this one, a male can do what is needed in order to protect the Queen. But there are only very, very few males in the Universe who are permitted to do this, and Abraham most likely is one of them. But in this case He decided to wield His Infinite Powers, which were cheaper for Him to use.

But what should we, sad mortals do in order to protect Mehera? Make sure that Mehera will be surrounded with ladies at all times.

Mehera fainted just for one long-short minute, and quickly regained Her composure.

She gazed at the whirling creature for some time.

"How is it possible that Beloved allows such things in His Universe?! It is even uglier than scorpion!"

"You may ask Beloved on our behalf," said Lord Abraham quietly, - "On the physical plane, each time a person lies, meaning he can say something which is not true, he creates such an ugly creature, and the creature sticks to that person till he stops creating such monsters."

"But what is a lie?" Asked Mehera meekly. She couldn't find any other definition in Her Dictionary.

"Well, suppose you take a few sacks of bagels with goat cheese to our Beloved and tell Him that you fulfilled His Wish. Would you?"

"But Beloved asked for Bagels-with-Jerusalem-Goat-Cheese. And you didn't prepare Jerusalem yet. So how can I tell Him such a thing?!"

"On Earth you can do this. If you say something which is not true, this is a lie. To say that you have Bagels-with-Jerusalem-Goat-Cheese while Jerusalem is not created yet is a lie. And when a person says a lie, he creates such an ugly creature."

"But why would a person do such a thing?" Mehera couldn't understand.

"On Earth you get paid when you deliver the expected items to the other person, and he is supposed to give you in reward what you have agreed. Suppose you want a sack of bagels in exchange of a can of goat cheese. You expect fresh, crispy bagels, and he expects that the cheese will be fresh as well, right? Now he can give you a sack full of stale bagels in exchange of your good cheese. What would you do then?"

Mehera couldn't understand, there are no such things in Heaven.

"This Physical Realm is plainly ridiculous," Mehera managed to find an expression in Her Dictionary to portray such a world.

"And it is not only that Beloved willed such a plain, where people can cheat and lie, He sees it as the most important realm a soul has to traverse in order to find and experience His Love."

"But I have been experiencing His constant Love without undergoing through such a world!"  
"Because you don't belong there, as I told you before. Your case is different. But in order to understand this, and why the Lord willed it, you have to go there and find out." - "Our Beloved is a constant challenge for all of us, the Lords of the Universe. We consider constantly what He might Wish, and make the preparations accordingly. But there are constant surprises and changing of plans. Even if we have Infinite Intelligence, and we can create perfect things, it is not enough to know all His Ways. But concerning His Wish to you, we have anticipated it, and started some preparations. See this map of Jerusalem, I have been working on it already for a long time – I went already a few times to Earth, created the Land, designed the Judean Hills, planted trees and plants on them, placed the goats which are grazing there and produce the milk from which the famous goat cheese is being produced. I have to go again and create a new nation – and one of my descendants will be a great King, he will start to build the city of Jerusalem, according to this blue print. This King will be a man with unprecedented love and courage for the Divine Beloved - fearless, unwavering, kind and meek. (Mehera listened intently, with rapt admiration)  
This city will be a spiritual magnet for all humanity for thousands of years to come. When all will be ready, I'll invite you both to Jerusalem, and will serve you both – you and Beloved Baba, with fresh baked bagels, with Jerusalem-goat cheese. You can go back to Baba and tell Him what I said. His Wish will be fulfilled, of course."  
"And what are you going to do about this monster?"  
Lord Abraham just pointed His Pen towards the creature, pressed the button, and a yellow flame was projected upon it. It vanished with a slight poof, leaving a pile of stinking ashes on the mat-floor.

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Was the Real Jerusalem built?  
Did Beloved Baba and His Mehera go down to Earth in order to have the bagels with the Jerusalem goat cheese?  
Did Lord Abraham provide the bagels as promised?  
Did Beloved Lord eat His bagels at last, and what was the consequence of His eating the bagels?  
Can you Dreamers of the Beloved provide the answers?  
If you won't, then I might need to continue dreaming, but this time, I am going to get a faster digital camera!  
And, I almost forgot - you don't expect me to tell a lie.

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Za'atar – Majorana or Satureja, A spice which grows in the Judean hills surrounding Jerusalem. It is a mix with sesame seeds, <sup>1</sup> other herbs and salt.

Ish-Ra'ah-El in Hebrew. A person who sees God face to face. <sup>2</sup>

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/9587/alephbet.html> <sup>3</sup>