

Jesus' Life Story & Diary

1st Century Person: Jesus of the Bible (Yeshua ben Yosef)

Modern Person: Alan John Miller (AJ)

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Memories of My Young Childhood in the 1st Century

My friends who are seeking God's Love,

You and I are the same. Our Heavenly Father created us both as one-half of one complete soul, each of these souls being unique in potentiality and, once incarnated, in individuality. As such you and I are really brothers and sisters of the same Parent. And since our Parent is Good, and Loves us with His Complete Soul, He is not partial towards any of His Children, and gives His Love as each of them ask for It.

Amon and Aman

But our Creator had to choose one of those souls to become the first human couple, and so he chose Amon and Aman, and they became our first parents, now widely known as Adam and Eve. When Amon and Aman sinned against the Holy Spirit, thus preventing the Divine Love from coming into their soul and transforming them into a Divine child of the Father, they also conferred upon the human race the legacy of disharmony with God, which is pain and suffering, and potentially ever greater disharmony.

The decision made by Amon and Aman also raised a question which until my coming was not answered, and that is; "Would a person who is a perfect man as the first human couple were created be able to take the opportunity that they refused and be able to become at-one with God in His Love while living on earth?" You see, something you may have not considered is this; there were already many spirits in the spiritual heavens that were in the condition of the perfect natural man, living in the 6th sphere of the spiritual kingdom.

So why did God focus his intention on the earth, and make a person on earth the perfect natural man when such a person was already available in the spirit heavens for Him to educate and provide His Love to? I will leave this for you to ponder, and at a later time in later messages I will answer, because the answers make many various statements about our Heavenly Father, and the importance of our life here in the nursery of the soul, the material Universe.

And so, our Father decided to choose another of His children, a soul, towards half of which He could confer His Holy Spirit after birth, and by doing this make them become the perfect natural man, and provide them with the same opportunity Amon and Aman lost. He could have easily chosen a female child as a male one, and He could have as easily chosen you, as He did me. But history shows that He chose the soul of which I was half, and the half that incarnated into a male form, due to the obvious problems that would have resulted in choosing the female half in the 1st century environment of sexual chauvinism.

Our Father had many reasons for doing this, one of which was that in His Love, He wanted at least some of His Children to have the opportunity that our first parents lost, to experience the supreme bliss that comes from at-onement with Him. He wanted at least some of His Children, based upon their own Free Will, to enter a loving relationship with their Father, and come to truly understand what His Love means.

My Birth

So I was born, as foretold by the prophets of the Hebrews, and many other mediums from different nationalities other than decedents of Abraham, and my Heavenly Father conferred upon me His Holy Spirit to the extent required for me to become born without sin, that is, without the causes of sin that result from the emotional and imperfect physical impressions of ancestors who lived in sin. I was not conceived with Holy Spirit at the time of my conception, since I was conceived in the way a person is normally conceived, shortly after my parents Mary and Joseph were married.

But when I was born, my Heavenly Father removed all causes of sin from me, and that is the only difference between myself and yourself, and the only time our Father shall ever need to do such a thing, that is, remove the causes of sin from a child just born.

But of course, I was unaware of this fact until much later, and if it had not been for the visit by the three wise men, astrologers, even my parents would not even have had a mental awareness of the possibility of my being the Messiah. But, as the messages to Mr Padgett and Dr Samuels suggest, visit they did, and the visit made my father Joseph think about the Messiah and the possibility of my being such (I would suggest reading these messages, and the messages from Judas if you would like more detail about matters surrounding my birth). Of course, my parent's mental conception of the Messiah, and our Father's conception of the Messiah were vastly different, and would remain different until after the time of my own death.

My Earliest Memories

Like most children, my earliest memories are feelings and emotions only. Feeling loved and cherished by my mother Mary. Feeling her own feelings of fear and sadness leaving her home to travel. The urgency in my father Joseph in his hurry to have us leave Bethlehem. I doubt if I will ever have memories of these events, since they are just the impression of emotions that all children, even those in the womb, feel from their parents at different times.

The earliest memories of my own are of playing quietly, feeling the sensations of the emotions of others but not understanding them, and later beginning to converse with my childhood friend, my Father who at the time I just knew as my 'friend' that I felt with me. Of course, my parents were a little confused about my behavior, since I would talk to my 'friend' openly, chatting away, seemingly to myself, obvious to anyone who would listen but initially oblivious of their feelings and thoughts about my behavior, to someone else that I, as they would say, 'imagined' to be with me.

I was happy almost all of the time, and the only time I was not was when others emotions of anger, sadness, envy or other such emotions would stream from them, and I could feel their energy and would cry in confusion. I was very gentle, and even at a young age I can remember my father Joseph's concern about the person I seemed to be. When I was old enough to understand what it meant to have people talk about me, I would hear my father stating his concern to my mother, about my sensitive nature, my gentle spirit, my talking to this imaginary friend, the laughter of his friends when they came to visit about these things, and so forth. My mother Mary would quiet him as well she could, and said I would grow up and no longer do these things. Because of the laughter and derision of others, in a short time I learned to speak to my 'friend' in silence, since doing it openly seemed to bother them.

I was confused a little though. I often thought that everyone must feel as I do, and it wasn't until I was around 7 years old that I realized very few people seemed to feel the same, and I could not understand why that was the case. I knew my father felt I was the Messiah, but since I did not feel it, the thought of being a Messiah rarely crossed my mind except in a discussion my father instigated. Besides, I was still a child, the child of a middle class Jewish family in Egypt, with many of the desires of a child to play, investigate, learn, wonder, laugh, sing dance and have fun.

Although I was often serious and diligent in listening to conversations about religion and God, I only felt this way because of my own feelings of fascination rather than having any understanding of what would later become my role.

I would talk about my feelings with my mother at times, asking her how she felt about everything, because I was interested in knowing how people other than myself feel, and then I would attempt to tell her how I felt.

Of course, she thought she understood, but could not really understand, but she loved my gentle spirit and my sensitivity, and how I wanted to help make her life easier with having 5 children, and being pregnant with the sixth. She did not think that I was any different to any other child aside from my sensitivity and my desire to here about things related to God, and although I could see that I did not have the same loves as other children, I did not consider myself in any way unique or special, I just followed my heart in what I wanted to do, and most of the time my parents allowed me to do that.

With everything I tried as hard as I could. When at school, when at home, when listening to the religious instruction I would receive, both from my father and my teachers, I studied everything carefully, always listening to the small voice within me of my friend, whom I had come to trust already more than anyone else. My actions were often misinterpreted as self-righteous, pious, or showing off, and the harder I tried to please others, the more it appeared that I received criticism. I laughed a lot, and spent time playing with other children, since playtime was always interactive. But sometimes even then I would find myself a bit out of place, not wanting to get involved in the games that would result in someone getting hurt, being afraid of the tendency towards violence and anger.

My father, Joseph, noticing that I was reticent to fight and defend myself was very concerned, and, although he still believed I was the Messiah who would liberate the Jews from oppression, he was very concerned about how I would learn to be a king when I did not have the stomach for fighting.

My mother wanted to just let me be a child, since to her, although I was sensitive and gentle, I know she felt my nature to be good, and she was proud of me without completely understanding why I was like I was.

My Time Alone

I began to spend time alone, since I found that during the time alone I learned the most, since my 'friend' whom I now believed was God, would 'tell' me things, and I would learn so much. I loved my time with Him, and every moment I would get, I would go exploring through the countryside on the outskirts of the city. It was quite safe. There was a large population of Jews in Egypt where we lived, as mentioned by Judas in his messages, and there was relative peace. Life was a voyage of discovery, and when I was in the country, I was allowed to feel and sense without condemnation.

During this time alone, I would see things about creation, and these things would tell me things about my God. Using this method, I would make comparisons. I could see variety in everything, the birds, animals, flowers, trees, everything. I would wonder what this told me about my God. I would also see how when men left them alone, they all operated in harmony. I would then compare this with what men did, creating so much disharmony, and I would wonder and talk to my Father about it.

I noticed as well the mathematics in creation, something that is rarely taught in schools today, and would see the many patterns resulting from the practical application of mathematics. I came to love knowing how things worked, and especially the eco-relationships between our Father's creations. I would make my own little experiments, and would be full of information to give to anyone who would listen when I returned home, bursting with enthusiasm that few others seemed to share.

I could feel the impressions of feelings, and initially did not know what I later came to realize, that they came from the spirit world, persons who lived before, just as many children in modern times can feel and see the same, and so I realized that there was an existence of life beyond the material, and I would spend a lot of time trying to feel the sensations of energy surrounding natural places and trees, and I would talk to my Father about it. I learned to recognize my Father's feelings and emotions, and then used these as a guide in learning about all of these matters.

My Schooling

I received the normal sort of schooling for a Jew in Egypt, which was more than I would have received in Nazareth, for Jews who were removed from the homeland would often spend much of their time reminiscing about their loss, and would often be more pious and reverential with regard to their own history, and as a result they would want a better and more thorough education for their own children. It was a liberal Judaism, as Judas has stated. They would often be very concerned about the loss of their religious history, what would today be termed the loss of culture. Most of our schooling revolved around religious education, the study and reading of the Talmud, the Psalms and the works of the Prophets, and so, while becoming aware of our religious heritage, we were also educated. My father Joseph felt my education was important, and so he continued it when I was with him.

Most of what could be considered my classmates were thoroughly bored with these reflections of history, and, like many children today, preferred the possibility of outdoor entertainment to instruction. Since I liked to listen and learn and my interest in those things was keen, I was often singled out and given more work to do, which I relished. So even when I was little, I learned to read the sacred writings, when I was allowed. Of course, reading was quite difficult, since there were not many copies of these scrolls, and they were precious. And so, learning usually consisted of a person in responsibility reading the manuscript, while others would listen and copy down what they heard as well as they could.

Many of the things I heard, read, memorized and copied seemed to resonate with my heart, but while we were in Egypt, I could not understand why this was so. I just 'felt' for some reason they were important, but with my childlike comprehension could not understand why, and I recognized later, when I was a teenager, that my Father, and my spirit guides, were leading me to examine these portions of the sacred writings in more detail.

My heart seemed to tug me in the direction of further religious understanding, and I did not really consider why that was so until my late teens. I loved the thought of a Messiah who would come, and initially this thought only applied as

a Messiah to the Jews rather than to all persons in my thinking, since that is what I was taught. I could not grasp the true meaning of what a Messiah would do, since that was very much influenced by listening to my father Joseph's perception of who the Messiah would be, and the role the Messiah would play.

By the time I was 10 years old, I did have a keen understanding of many of the scriptures, and also about people and their emotions. My mother felt I was too studious and serious sometimes, and when I told her that I loved finding out about these things, she was a little confused about why I was so engrossed in them but satisfied that I was following my own desire. My father Joseph would often spend time with me talking about what he knew from his own religious instruction, and I loved the time he would spend talking to me about these things. My mother would be concerned that he was trying to push me down a road of his own making, but I would tell her that I loved learning about these things, although I really did not consider very much my dad's enthusiasm for the thought of my being the Messiah.

It just isn't the kind of subject a 10 year old thinks about very much. Sometimes my father Joseph and I would disagree, since I was clear in my opinions, even at 10 years of age, and my sensitive nature and the Love that was developing inside me caused me to be attracted to the messages of love and forgiveness. Also, I had a feeling inside of me that I could not yet really identify, but later I knew it to be feelings and emotions that told me that somehow I was related to and was attracted towards all of the material that discussed the Love of God, more so than the messages about the Messiah.

As to how this could be I did not know, nor was really concerned, since I just wanted to learn about it all, thinking of course that the Messianic texts all applied to a person I would meet sometime in my lifetime, since I believed the Messiah to be someone else, but I really wanted to be able to know what type of man he would be. The prophecies of Daniel occupied a lot of my father's and my attention, and we along with many other Jews of the time felt that we lived in the time in which the Messiah would appear.

People And Emotions

I often reflected about how people seemed to judge me based on their own emotions and feelings, rather than being able to see the person that I truly was. I compared that to God, who could see the person without emotions or feelings that were based on negative influences, and I often would look at a person and wonder what God saw. I often felt good feelings from people, only at some time later to hear they had done immoral things, and I wondered what emotions they had within them that caused them to act or to even think in such a manner.

I also thought about how people's lives were different, and many people who were angry or violent had been taught by their environment to be such. I wondered what I would be like if my

parents had no money, and sold me to slavery, or if they fought and argued all the time, or if they were violent towards me, or they did not care about me. I would put myself in the position of the people I read about, in the position of Joseph who was sold into slavery, in the position of David as King, in the position of Jeremiah, Daniel, and later, during my adolescence in the position of Hosea.

I would look at a person I did not know, a person with infirmity or disease, and wonder how they felt in their own heart, and how hard their life was, and what it would feel like to live their life rather than mine. I marvelled at the tenacity of the human spirit to hold onto life, and always gave thanks to God for the gifts and the relatively easy circumstances I seemed to be born into. I wondered if I was born into a different family, what I would look like, whether I would feel the same inside of myself, and I concluded that the external appearances were all created by material surroundings, and therefore were not important because they would eventually disappear, and the internal appearance, which God sees, was the thing that needed to be nurtured.

Of course, there is much more to discuss, and this message is already quite long, so I will leave the subject for now, and talk in my next message more clearly about how I felt in my relationships with my parents, family and our friends.

Your brother

Jesus