

# BARE BONES

The Unabridged Life of Yeshua  
son of Joseph from Galilee

Kaarin Alisa

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# Preview Introduction

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I'm excited about sharing this special preview of *Bare Bones: The Unabridged Life of Yeshua son of Joseph from Galilee* with you.

As you'll read in the preface, I've had a relationship with Yeshua since I was a child. Yeshua told me back then that others called him Jesus, but that his given name was Yeshua, and that he didn't care if I had a religion. He cared about how I used my heart and how I treated myself and other people. When I needed him, he was infallibly at hand.

Several times in my life, Yeshua suggested that I write this book. I rarely entertained the thought for more than a day; sometimes my rejection of the idea was immediate. I was afraid; afraid I wouldn't be able to do it, and afraid of an imagined vitriolic backlash generated from such a non-traditional presentation of his life.

Then in 2010, I had a life-threatening health emergency that required surgery. I came through the surgery well, but became non-responsive in the recovery room. A dramatic, near-death experience led me to believe my life was over. When I was unexpectedly revived, I spent weeks without desire for my life. I kept asking why I came back, what was left to do that required coming back to this body, this life?

One day during my recovery, I received my answer. Yeshua leaned-in and asked, "Do you think you might be ready to write a book about my life?" I was immediately comfortable with the suggestion. It resonated within me as absolute; I had to write this book for him and for me. Every person close to me supported my choice and agreed that this was my new mission. I was no longer afraid to accept the challenge, concerned about its execution, or overly worried about societal feedback. This decision spurred a strong and new desire for life and I began a nearly five-year journey of discovery and collaboration with this incredible man named Yeshua that culminated in the manuscript for *Bare Bones*.

I love Yeshua, and I live my life by the tenets of his teachings. I am deeply committed to being of service to his mission, which right now means bringing his story to a worldwide audience.

And as Yeshua says at the end of chapter 149 in the complete book, "Reach out and accept the hand of friendship I offer. As I told you in the beginning, I am fully alive, right here, right now, lovingly wrapped around your life. I am ready to show you the path to a fundamental wholeness born of knowing that you are loved beyond measure."

Kaarin



## Preface by Kaarín

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When I was a little girl and the pain of life was overwhelming, I would lie in bed at night and weep. My childhood was not easy. Even at the young age of eight I remember thinking how much better it would be if my life was over, if I could just die.

In those dark moments, with the demons dancing around my bed, a familiar man would come to my side and sit with me in the silence of my sorrow. His warm and unusually tender hand would stroke my hair and he spoke to me in a soft, deep voice, wrought with love and a hint of grief.

He told me his name was Yeshua; that other people called him Jesus, but that I could call him by his familiar name, Yeshua. He always made me feel better, by his touch and by his tone; he told me of the days to come when I would have much work to do in the world. And that this life I had such a difficult time embracing, was to be filled with adventures.

He promised he would always be with me, whether or not I could see him, and that all I need do was call his name.

Sometimes he would sing a small tune, other times tell a short story, but it was his tenderness and constancy that saved me. He never asked anything of me. Rather he gave without regard for payment of any kind. He seemed always to light-up when I calmed down, as if his reward was to see my pain ease.

And I never questioned why he was there. I took it on faith that he was with me, like a guardian angel. I never wanted for his presence – when I needed it he was magically by my side.

They were dark, yet they were simple days. I do not miss the pain of them, but even now, I can remember the comfort, the joy of being in his presence in such an innocent way. I didn't question, I didn't falsify, I merely accepted. And it was to prove to be the beginning of a relationship of love that has served me through these many long and varied years. Even the times I egoistically denied his presence, he never left, understanding that I would again one day remember and welcome his loving company.

This book is about this man called Yeshua, this man of love and constancy. It is the story of his life as he has relayed it to me. Ultimately, it is about who he is to all of us. It is about the incredible journey of a man that holds this entire universe in his grace and has never given up on us.

This is his story and it's an honor to be able to help him tell it.



## Preface by Yeshua

---

My name is Yeshua, though you might call me Jesus. I was born in Galilee over 2000 years ago by your calendar. I was born from the womb of Mariam, whom you might call Mary; raised by the loving and wise hands of her and Yosef, my adopted father, whom you might call Joseph.

Born into the royal family David of antiquity, I was raised with a measure of comfort. Also born into a Nazorean community, a splinter of the Essene, a then accepted sect of Judaism, I was raised with great attention to my spiritual attainment.

Most importantly to this story is the very real, very human life I led that took me from a knowledge-starved boy, to an eastern adept, to a leader of my people in thirty short years. It is the humanity of my story I wish to share with you. The joys, the pains, the triumphs and the pitfalls, all of which I very humanly lived. It has been a full and rich life.

If I could choose only one word to describe my childhood, it would be the word blessed. Not because every drop of time was happy, but because the immense blessings of love, health, and happiness overrode the brevity of every pain, bruise, or shame. I was blessed beyond measure, from the moment I slipped from my mother's womb, until the day I came of age.

Most likely, right now, you live in an automated, mechanized, and digitized world. Whether you were born in a hospital, a birthing center, or a home, you no doubt came from your mother into a world quickly filled with chemical smells and artificial light. You framed your young days by one or more artifices that may have included:

- ♦ dreading the long number of hours you spent with a surrogate instead of a parent, or perhaps the opposite,
- ♦ fearing the number of days until you had to again visit a doctor who prodded you, then stuck you with a long, painful needle,
- ♦ wondering what time the alarm by your parent's bed would abruptly sound and he or she would force you into action,
- ♦ counting the years until you were old enough to sit without a car-seat, then sit in the front seat, then finally sit in the driver's seat,
- ♦ tapping out the minutes until one class ended and, like it or not, you had to attend another class,
- ♦ anxiously awaiting your favorite show on television, or the latest summer blockbuster to be released,

- ♦ stressing about when the spinning 'wait' icon on your screen was going to stop spinning,
- ♦ and plodding through the many more reports to complete, meals to serve, boxes to stack, or emails to answer before the weekend saved you.

Blessed was I, I had none of these.

The measurements of time have played a huge part in your life, and because of this fact, time took on a hyper-dimensional quality. It became a static and ever increasingly unkind overseer that, by the time you were a functioning adult, you spent at least half of your life yearning for the clock to speed-up, slow-down, or stop; in any case, your focus was on that devil time. Now, you may be plagued by the desire to retire, move to a grass hut on a tropical isle, or find some other way to run away from that cruel host time.

If you've been lucky, you found your way to a sanctuary, an internal process or external practice that reframed your days to include a small measure of 'timeless' interaction, hopefully with yourself first, and with nature and others second. But for you, that sanctuary was not guaranteed.

If you've not been lucky, you may have immersed yourself in a less optimal way of running from time; drugs, alcohol, sex, gambling, eating, spending, or incapacity wrought by any other of the myriad of excesses that nurture unconsciousness. Unfortunately, these excesses, when they are excesses and not occasional distractions, only work to give time an even greater capacity to oppress you. Any of these excesses bring the insufficiency of time to a head as you plunge toward death and have to start the cycle over again hoping that next time, next life, you find that bit of sanctuary.

Modern life isn't easy. You have washing machines and computers, refrigerators and televisions, but with that oppression of time bearing in on your life, what ultimate good do they really serve?

Blessed was I, for through my youth, time was not an oppressor, it was barely noticed. In my youth, I:

- ♦ knew my parents intimately and respected them immensely,
- ♦ ate healthful, whole food that was grown within a short distance from my table,
- ♦ had good health that was naturally persistent,
- ♦ was an integral part of the seamless weave of nature around me,
- ♦ woke each day with the sun and happily sprung from my bed to run to my morning devotions,
- ♦ never yearned for the responsibilities of adulthood to come faster, because when I was ready for them they naturally went into effect,
- ♦ studied subjects I was passionate about, so every teaching was welcomed and lasted until I was ready for the next,



- ♦ had no artificial means of entertaining myself, so entertainment came each day and evening, from moments of discovery, hours with my own thoughts, or warm and joyful interactions with people I loved and who loved me,
- ♦ and I welcomed the Sabbath every week, as it came without fail, regardless of what I had or had not accomplished, and nothing, ever, got in its joyous way.

Blessed was I.

I had other blessings as well. Some of these may be more familiar to you as blessings:

- ♦ my family owned land and resources, enough to be self-sufficient,
- ♦ I lived in a community of like-minded people; all of whom subscribed to peace as an overriding principle of life,
- ♦ I had siblings that loved me and helped me learn some important lessons of childhood, like overcoming greed and jealousy and embracing sharing, tutelage, and the good of working for a common goal,
- ♦ and, even when danger was present, I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt, that if they could, my parents, my family, and every member of my community would ensure my safety, as I would theirs.

Blessed was I.

I spent my youth in this framework. These were the blessings that molded me, that propelled me into adulthood. To be sure, not everyone in Galilee was as blessed as I. Most children, if they were fortunate enough to have a family, had many of these blessings, and few or none of the oppressive time pressures you in the modern age experience.

We did have an oppressor though, and he came with a big boot and a sharp spear. His name was Rome and he was to be feared. Anyone able to read or go to the movies, probably already has an idea of how oppressive Rome was to many people, not just my own. And it didn't matter which tyrant was in power, or which de-facto prefect or king governed locally, the Roman boot was ever-present and his greedy hand was outstretched, grabbing what it could, always with the threat of death at the end of his fingers.

As I describe my life in this book, take into account the differences I have just outlined. These differences created a framework that made life different at the turn of the millennium into the Common Era.

Along with the differences, it's also important to understand the commonalities. We weren't devoid of technology, and we weren't primitive. We had the same magnificent brains and hearts that you have; time has done little to change that over these few thousand years.

And right now you, by virtue of being in these pages, are in my life. You are integral to the weave of me. You are a welcome part of my current framework. How very blessed am I.

If you come to this story not knowing much of me, I promise you a tale of a life well lived and filled with adventure, drama, and mystery.

If you come to this story filled with dogma that you believe is knowledge of me, and my life, you may wish to stem your own tide of disbelief until the tale has been fully woven for you. The truth of my life, as it formed by the beating of my very human heart, will be unfamiliar to you. The revealing of my life as it truly happened may even anger you if you are unable or unwilling to set aside your pre-conceived notions of me. Yet I assure you, that which is set in these pages is the truth to the best of my memory.

This is not the first written work I've put together for you. But it is one of the newest. In giving you the truth about my life, I hope many more people will find me, where I am now, fully living and able to accept a relationship with each and every one who desires it. If you desire to know me, you need but ask. Reach out and extend your hand; I will meet it with my own.

You can find me, with or without a religion, a prophet, or a dogma. Throughout the ages, some people have found me through those means, but no religion or particular viewpoint is necessary to find me or to know me. You can find me right here, wrapped lovingly around your life awaiting your heart to connect with mine. It is an invitation that requires nothing of you but an intention to engage with me. I will never ask you to change. You need never change a thought floating in your head, a belief written on your heart, or set aside any part of your current life for me to accept you. Your intention, your willingness to know me is all that matters. And through relationship with me, by the acceptance of the love I will make known to you, you may change, but if so it will be an organic change that stems from within you as a response to our closeness and the love you accept from me.

I turn away no one, and yet you may turn away from me, now or at any time. Your own beauty of being and spiritual divinity does not depend upon any relationship with me. But if you are struggling with life, unable to find peace or happiness, or if you are committed to walking a road to spiritual attainment, I can offer a sounding board, a roadmap, or a healing touch from my embrace. Let my words touch you, human heart to human heart.

This story is written in collaboration with Kaarin Alisa. I trust Kaarin. We have been in a relationship since she was a child. I have asked her many times to help me present this material; it is only now that she has agreed to this project.

Kaarin is dear to me. She's an old friend with an exceptional spiritual clarity, vision, and a genuine lightness of heart. Her very human life of trials and triumphs has led her to a passion and willingness to serve all of humanity. This willingness has also brought her to the ability to hear my words with very little filter.

Kaarin is also integral to the story you now read. She has word-crafted my anecdotes with care. Throughout this book, concurrent with my life story, she will also present to you information that was derived from her discussions with other beings now in spiritual form that were present during the physical phase of my lifetime.

In all these accounts, narratives, and discussions, I have been an integral part of the collaboration and I affirm the authenticity and truth of that which is included herein.

May your life journey be furthered toward your own desired goals by venturing into this book. I love you.

Yeshua son of Joseph from Galilee

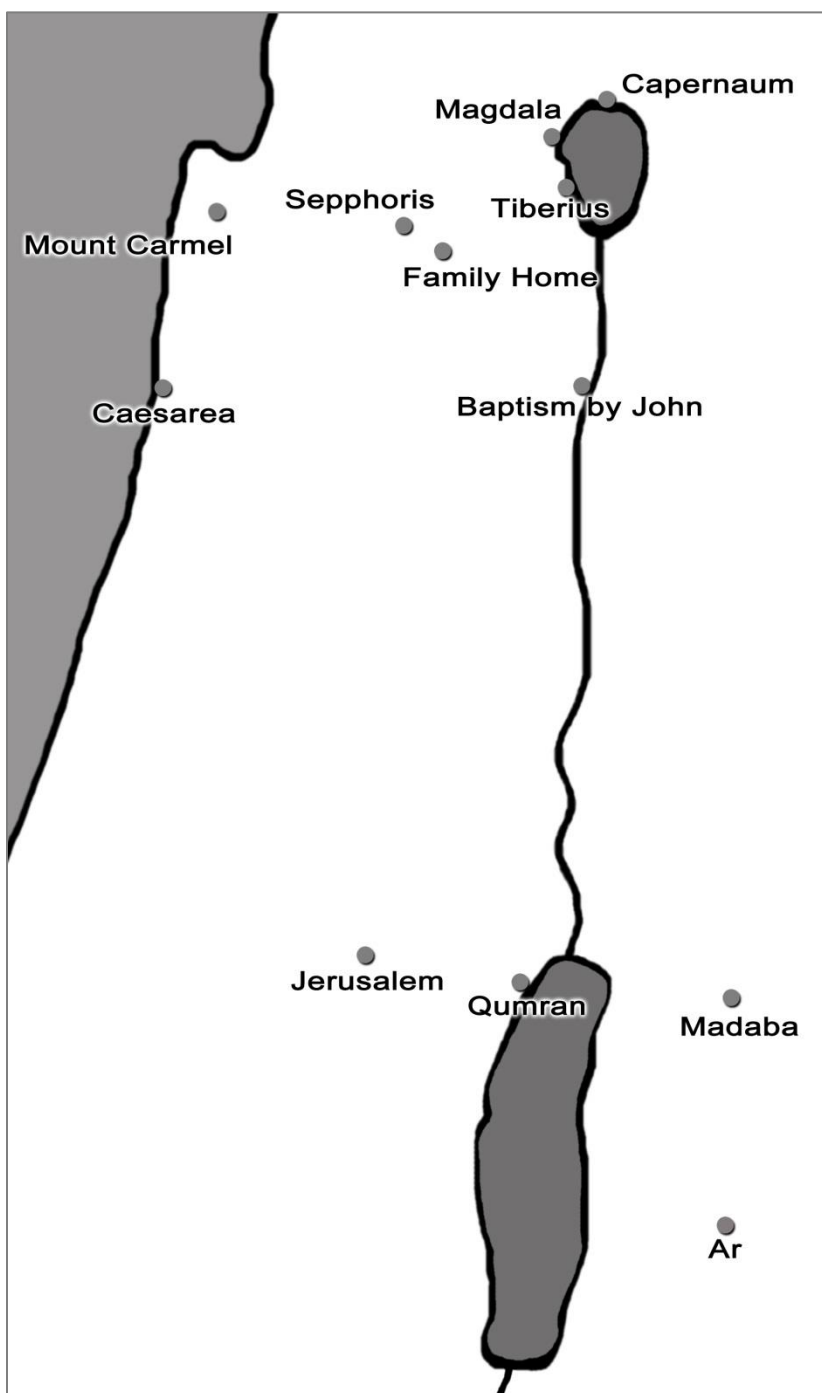
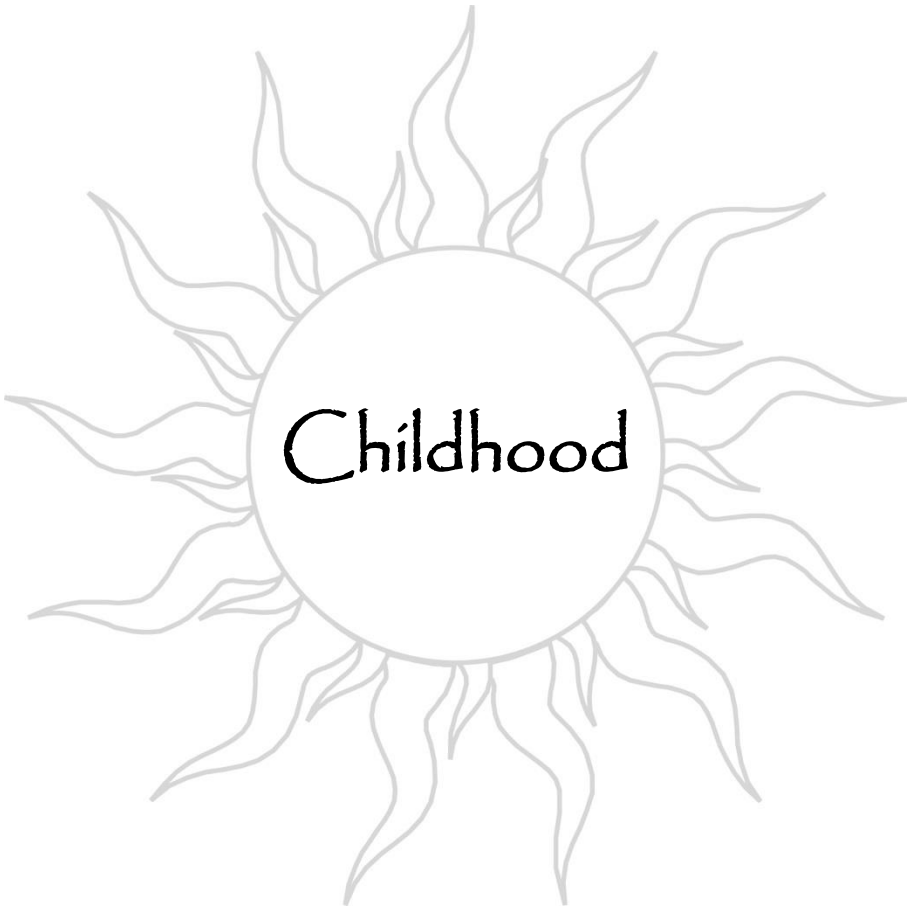


Figure 1: Judea places of importance in Yeshua's life





# 1 · My Rocking Chair

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If I want for solace, I come here, to my rocking chair. Its simple construct, with gentle curves and well-worn armrests, envelopes me. This embrace mimics his embrace and he, of course, is my father, my Joseph. In the gentle support of the wood, I find strength, courage, and healing; all of which I need in regular and abundant doses.

I wish I could bring you here to my home where wounds are immediately salved, grief is replaced with joy, and love rules without contest. Many conspired to bring me here and it started a long time before I was born. Walking the path that enabled my life required courage and sacrifice from countless people. To each soul, I am grateful.

But none more so than Joseph. He has been marginalized in the annals of time; his perceived role reduced to that of a foster father who provided food and shelter, a mere smidgen of his true contribution. I had only fourteen short years to learn from him, to soak in his wisdom and his love. But that wisdom, that love, molded me more than all that came after. He was a leader, and as such a true follower. He led our people, our family, and he followed the call of our needs with his heart and soul born of reason and compassion. Many teachers followed in my life, and many experiences would discipline me, but of them all, Joseph was the finest. His lessons were basic and to this day, I call on them often: love without compromise, protect what is sacred, accept responsibility for your actions, contribute to life with goodness, and embrace that which is divine, in nature, in others, and in yourself.

Joseph's gentle manner was commanding and when he spoke, people listened. He chose his words carefully, as if like Torah, each precisely chosen word conveyed intrinsic value. But more than that, the cadence of his speech would touch your ear in a way that made you want to listen more carefully as well.

As each day begins anew, I start my communion with my Creator in the same way I have since this life began. I ask to be humble enough to see my mistakes and courageous enough to correct them. This I learned from Joseph, too.

Then, of course, there was my mother, Mary, who shouldn't be forgotten, not that anyone could. She was unforgettable. Mary wore her soul like most women wear clothes. She oozed love; not sappy love, but unconditional love channeled straight



*"We derive our strength from divine love. Our community breaks only if we disregard one member for the fear of our own skin. The Way of Peace teaches that we stand together or we don't stand at all."*

*- Mary mother of Yeshua -*

from her Creator. She was tough when she needed to be, strong when circumstances required it, and focused like a laser when her mind was set.

She was a woman of few words, knowing her actions spoke more eloquently than her voice ever could. She was educated, poised, and resolute. As her son, her first-born, I never saw her faith falter. Not even during and immediately following the time of my physical persecution was she anything other than a pillar of strength and divine acceptance.

She was however, deeply affected by the occurrences of her life. Never did a tear flow that it didn't prompt her compassion. Never did a wound bleed that she didn't reach to soothe it. And never did a loved one die that her heart didn't burn into ash and have to find some way to rise again like a phoenix to continue to the next day.

These two remarkable people were my parents.

And there were others, family and community members that I remember with great love: uncles, aunts, cousins, community elders, farmhands, workers, and friends of all sorts. It was a rich community of people around me, but who was I to them? I don't know. I could recount what they said, or how they acted in my presence, but to the person, I don't recall anyone sitting me down and telling me what they thought of me.

I was obviously different from other children. I was taller in stature than other boys, and I was highly precocious.

When I turned two years old, my parent's made a change in the sleeping arrangements of our home. Where there had been two beds and a cradle in my parent's room, now there was only one bed, and instead of sleeping in the cradle, I moved to another room.

The family grew rapidly after that. Before I could turn three, my brother James was born, and by five, my sister Ruth joined us. Jude came to the family the year after that and Sarah was born two years later.

Little Shelah, small and fragile, was born two years after Sarah. Unfortunately, her health never held strong and she died well before her majority, after I left home for my studies in the east.

Having all these siblings made for a lively household. The sound of children seemed ever-present in my young life. There was always someone with whom to share an adventure, or to tease, or to discover a truth about life. Sometimes those truths came with laughter, sometimes with tears, but always with love.

When I was three, my only living Grandparent, Anne, died, but I fondly



*"It was difficult being Yeshua's brother. I always felt as though whatever we did, he did it better. I could never measure up. It wasn't until after he left on his travels that I accepted that who I was, was special enough. It took his absence for me to see me."*

*- James brother of Yeshua -*

remember her face. Wrinkled and filled with solemnity most of the time, my heart would burst with joy when, upon seeing me, her eyes lit up and her mouth unfolded into a wide smile. She loved me and I her.

James, being closest to my age, and being a boy, was my fondest companion. I never made a better friend than James. He was intelligent, but due to being two years younger, he could never catch up to me. It started a competition that lasted until I left home. He was ever vigilant to do me one better if he could. Truthfully, there were plenty of things James did better than I and if he'd spent more time uplifting his own talents, than trying to outdo mine, he would've had a smoother childhood. That said, I can't fault him in anything.

He was also taller than most children were. Years later, when I came home from my wanderings, James stood nearly as tall as I and looked very similar in appearance. Some might've said we were twins the resemblance was so strong. As a child, the resemblance seemed normal to me; however, as an adult, I found it unusual. I knew by then that I wasn't a product of my mother and father's genetics, but James supposedly was, and I could never figure out how he came out looking so much like me instead of more like our other brother, or Joseph's sons from his first family.


Unable to hold myself back from the things I loved, I devoured the wise books of my ancestors. I needed knowledge. My mind took it in like dry sand takes in water. My curiosity about the world was so strong that even the men who worked the fields grew weary of my questions. I wanted to know how everything worked. The why of it all was my ever-present quest.

But as quick and agile as my mind was, my hands were less agile. I could do pretty much anything I set my mind to, but when it came to the mundane tasks of building, or farming, the results of my efforts were often mediocre. I could build a beautiful chair, but it might wobble. I could prune a tree, but it might take twice as long as someone else. I could sweep the floor, but more than once, poor Josea, our cook, housekeeper, and wife of Herodes our trusted foreman, would regret asking for my help, because she would have to sweep it again nearly right away.

My brain may have functioned in some way that in your modern time would be seen as a diagnosable disorder, I can't say, but the fact remained that when it came to learning and using my mind, I excelled; and when it came to doing the mundane, I did not. I know I was creative, there's no argument there, but my real creativity didn't distinguish itself until I was much older.

All in all, my unquenchable thirst for knowledge was exactly to plan.





## 2 · Present Danger

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For the most part, life was pleasant around our community. But even as early as three or four, I understood there were dangers that could confront us at any moment.

The main part of our property was surrounded by a stone wall. There were two gates in the wall where traffic could pass. The northwestern gate was generally used only when heavy goods were being transported by cart. We kept it fortified the rest of the time. The southern gate was the main entrance, with a road through it that wound up the hill to the porch of our house. Construction was being done close to that road on new homes and other buildings needed to run the farm efficiently. Normally, the gate was open and people passed through as needed without question.

But from time to time, Joseph would post men there and at watch stations scattered around the property. When this happened, fear was palpable and the children were admonished to stay near or inside the buildings. I was too young to understand the full ramifications of it all.

When I was barely five, I had the misfortune of witnessing the horrifying effects of this danger for the first time. James was a toddler and Mary was pregnant with Ruth.

It began at morning meal. A rider came, excited and out of breath. Joseph listened to what the rider had to say and immediately called the community together. All work stopped and I was sheltered inside the gathering room of our home with Mary and several other women and children. I could see men dispatched to fortify the gate, while others rode away on horseback.

After a time, many of our friends who lived outside the walls were escorted up the hill and sequestered into the buildings. As soon as this was accomplished, a hush fell over the community. The faces of the adults were consumed with worry and fear. When I questioned Mary, she held me tight and told me not to worry, that we were people of peace and that God would watch after us.

Over the next few hours, several of the people around me would periodically lower their heads in prayer. But no one spoke; the quiet remained intact. Even the children, including me, who would normally squirm with the desire to run and play, were cowering under the cloaking arms of the adults. I was afraid, but I didn't know of what!

Then there was a commotion outside. Through the big windows of this community room, I could see down the hill as a large party of men on horses came to the gate. They were dressed strangely, in short costumes that glinted in the sun, unlike anything I had ever seen. Our neighbors at the gate tried to prevent entrance to these strangers, but I could see them point sharp-bladed poles at our friends and after a few

minutes, the gate was opened wide. Soon, I came to understand these poles for what they were; spears, terrible instruments of destruction.

The men on horses came up the hill. Joseph and Herodes went outside to meet them. Mary was shaking as she held James and me tightly to her side. I looked up and saw silent tears dripping down her cheeks.

Two of the men on horses dismounted and spoke with Joseph. Their voices got loud and their manner animated. As they talked, several of the other men dismounted and brandished their spears at Joseph and Herodes. Mary gasped and I could hear Joseph say in a clear lifted voice, "Please, we are people of peace. I will work with you. We will comply with the law."

The man who was obviously in charge waved at the other men to pull back their spears. I couldn't hear the next part of the exchange, but the men were gesturing toward the houses and menacing Joseph. Joseph nodded at Herodes and I saw him walk to his house with two of the strangers and ask one of our friends to come out. I knew the man. His name was Jacob and I liked him very much. He came up the hill often to help Herodes work the fields. I knew he had a wife and children. As he came forward, one of the strangers grabbed Jacob by the arm and flung him to the dirt.

Joseph stepped forward and I heard him say loudly, "Please, calm yourselves. I'm sure we can clear this up without violence." The man in charge raised his hand to Joseph and I thought he was going to strike him, but he stopped when Joseph stood there unguarded and without flinching.

Again, I could not make out the continued exchange between the men, but I saw Jacob's wife come out of the house and try to run to him. Herodes stopped her and held her back as the strangers paced back and forth in front of Jacob, peppering him with questions.

Jacob answered their questions, but I could feel his fear. His eyes got big and he shook his head back and forth, as if he were fervently denying something. I heard Joseph shout, "Please, Officer! He says he didn't do this! Surely we can listen to his story with an open mind!"

Instead, the officer raised his arm in the air. He shouted something in a language I didn't understand and then let his arm fall quickly to his side. As soon as he did, two of the men lunged forward and thrust their weapons through Jacob's chest. I saw a heavy stream of blood spurt from him. Jacob's wife screamed and a jolt of electric fear shot through my spine. Everyone in the room made a sound. The strangers extracted their spears with a violent shaking motion that caused Jacob's body to bob about like a



*"Taken individually, Romans might have been good people... But when they banded together under the cloak of their Emperor, they became lustful savages with no regard for life."*

*- James brother of Yeshua -*

rag and then fall to the side, lifeless. Joseph fell to his knees with his arms wrapped around his chest. I could see Joseph's chest heaving and I knew he was gasping for breath.

Herodes let go of the woman and she ran to cradle her now motionless husband. Her cries were loud as a trail of bright red blood flowed from Jacob down the road like water from a spring.

Joseph picked himself up in a deliberate fashion. The man in charge strutted slowly around in a circle, his hands clasped behind his back and a perverse smile on his lips. He leaned into each face present and peered toward every building. There was a moment when I could swear his eyes met mine through the window.

He then motioned for the others to get back on their horses. He stepped over to Joseph, getting very close to him, and said something into Joseph's face. The man made a sideways chop with his hand that I interpreted to mean it was done. Then he mounted his horse and they all rode out.

When the strangers were clear of the gate, Joseph knelt with Jacob's wife. He wrapped his arms around her and they wept together over Jacob's body for a long time, joined by other members of our community.

It was my first encounter with those who were called Romans, and if I were a different person, one who could not, or would not learn to live the way of peace, my heart would have been blackened on that day. It is the reason why, even though I did not always agree with the actions of the rebel Zealots, I always understood their position.



## 3 · Bit of Love

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In the first several years of my life, as I learned to navigate through the world, I was followed and counseled by beings who had no physical form. They stayed with me through my days. If I were ever alone, without my parents, or in any need, they would come to my aide with suggestions and messages of wisdom and love. They gave me no name, so the 'Unseen' stuck as their moniker in my personal lexicon.

Other people could not see or hear them. As far as I could tell, they made no audible sound that others could hear, and yet I heard them through some mechanism in my brain other than my ears. And in many ways, it's a good thing others couldn't hear them, because the comments they made to me were often sarcastic and embarrassing. They teased me like my family did.

These beings looked strange by any person's account. There were usually three of them. One was rather normal looking, an elderly man with a long beard and a staff, but the other two were odder. Of them, one stood about four feet tall and had a long curved neck. The other one was only a few feet tall and he had a habit of floating around me like a bee around a flower. They were my companions. Their oddities did not faze me; it was my normal.

Children would chide me from time to time if I forgot to keep my tongue and mentioned something one of the Unseen did or said. Joseph patiently helped me learn to accept this part of my life. I was different from other children in many ways, and this was just one of them.

It's hard to be different, especially when you are young. Often, people fear someone different, and children can be cruel with their teasing. I usually didn't take hurt from it. I can credit Joseph with that outcome. He spent many hours working with me, to help me understand that my differences were purposeful and blessed. I had a mission in life that only my continued growing and learning would uncover. To Joseph's credit, he did the same with each of his children. He knew, as I came to know, that each of us has a special place in the weave of life and to uncover and bring to fruition that mysterious passion is an incredible journey best nurtured.

Sometimes I heard other adults speak to Joseph about me and they used the term 'Great Teacher.' When I began my formal schooling in the sacred texts, that term resurfaced. I couldn't relate to it. I couldn't find a place inside myself where I could



*"Looking to his side at something I could not see, his eyes twinkled... he was obviously not alone."*

*- James son of Zebedee -*

fathom being spoken about in the texts of my ancestors. It seemed fanciful and preposterous even to entertain the idea

When I asked Joseph what someone meant by calling me that name, Joseph said I should always follow my own counsel and that of the Unseen around me. That I was the best judge of what my place in life's passion was to be. But even when he said that, and he said it often, I sensed that he was holding back.

Early on, I began studying the Hebrew texts, as well as texts that were from a different religion, an older religion called Bon. My family and community were Essene, an established sect of the Jewish religion, but we were also Nazorean, in the original language of the teachings that term meant, 'the devoted ones who went west.' It was a term brought from the east, and given to us through the Bon texts we studied. At one time, people all through the continent and beyond adopted early Bon tenets, and I understood that many people still revered the Bon principles, though they lived a great physical distance from us.

The Bon texts available to me taught that the first Great Teacher walked on this earth over 35,000 years before me. He arrived already a man from a realm outside our earth plane. He stayed on this earth for many years and after he finally decided to leave earth and go home, the philosophies he espoused eventually became the Bon religion. Reportedly, he also left behind writings that his devotees codified as the first Vedic texts. The Great Teacher vowed that another incarnation of himself would return one day and continue the teachings.

The Nazorean Essene always believed that when the time came, they were the chosen few that would make a safe place for the Great Teacher to begin his new life. And here I was, being called the Great Teacher and born in the Nazorean community, with invisible people following me around. Yes, I was different, but I wasn't willing as a child to accept prophecy as law for my life. I was intelligent, talented, blessed with gifts others didn't have, and too in love with the freedom I felt to let prophecy define me.

Later, about the time I was twelve and settled down enough to begin studying for rabbinical, I completely tossed aside the prophetic notions that inferred I was special. I accepted my differences as cherished gifts to further my own passion and desire, not someone else's. Instead, I threw myself into my studies, and yet people around me couldn't help noticing that I was driven by a passion to learn.



It was around the age of seven that I began talking to James about the Unseen. He was barely five, just beginning to read, but he was fascinated with my tales of the antics of the Unseen.

The common language spoken around my community was Aramaic and the Unseen communicated with me in that language. An ancient form of Aramaic was also the language used in the Bon texts I studied. The second language I learned was

Hebrew, so I could study Torah along with its sacred commentary, and converse about it with the elders. The third language I learned in written form only was Hieratic, so I could study sacred texts of Egypt.

The Unseen had a name for me though, that was separate from my name Yeshua. They called me by a common Aramaic word that in English sounds much like the word bit. The word had several meanings, depending upon how one used it in speech, adding simple sounds and inflections to the word. The way the Unseen said the word it roughly meant 'promised steward.'

One day I told James about their name for me. Since he was learning how to read, I thought he would find it interesting, but he laughed too loud and too long. You see, the most common use of the word bit was 'house.' He carried on about me being called a house. He made joke after joke about it. He would come up behind me, pull up my robe, and say he was looking for the bedroom. Or he would step on my foot and ask if I'd swept the floor. It continued like this for days. Then he got it in his mind to reverse the letters. Unfortunately, the reversal of 'bit' is roughly 'tab,' which meant 'vomit.' That prompted a whole string of pranks such as holding his nose around me as if I stank. He was relentless in his teasing.

Finally, I had enough of the pranks and I went to Joseph. "What can I do to get him to stop?"

Joseph looked at me with a twinkle in his eye. He chuckled and said, "Why do you worry so about his pranks?"

"They make me feel small," I said quickly.

"Ah," Joseph nodded his head up and down, "and you think it's your brother making you feel small?"

"Well..." I was about to blurt, yes! But I looked at Joseph and realized I had better think about his question before I answer. I could tell he was prompting me to reconsider my thoughts. So I sat for a moment or two, pondering the question and after some ruminating, I decided that my initial reaction was correct. So I said, "Actually yes. I do think he's making me feel small."

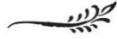
"I am pleased that you thought about your answer before you spoke, however," he put his hand on my shoulder, "if I were you I would look closer to home for the culprit." He then chuckled some more and went about his business.

What could that mean? I was the only thing closer to home to me than my brother. I thought, 'I make me feel small?'



*"There will always be more of yourself to find than the judging part of yourself will see."*

*- James brother of Yeshua -*



A few days later James was again deep into his antics, snorting when he was near and making fake vomiting noises. It suddenly dawned on me that I didn't need to shrink from his noise. I could join it. So I turned to him and said, "You better be careful, because when I vomit, I really blow!" I opened my mouth and mimed as if to vomit in his direction.

He squealed with delight, ran, and hid from me. I hadn't expected this turn. I went looking for him; he was hiding behind the back cistern. When I found him, I blew. I pretend vomited all over him and he squeaked and laughed like a tickled baby. We both fell on the ground tumbling and laughing with each other.

And to my surprise, it stopped. James got what he wanted and he never teased me about my Unseen name again. In fact, several months later, he began to use it and it became his lifelong preferred name for me. It was, and still is, an in-joke for us that means absolute brotherhood.

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## About the Author

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Bestselling author Kaarin Alisa is a catalyst for spiritual growth and personal transformation. She has honed her abilities as a change agent in the metaphysical and energetic arts for more than forty years, practicing as a spiritual adviser, clinical hypnotherapist, teacher, and energy practitioner. She has helped people from all walks of life realign to their highest truth, so they are better able to pursue their dreams and ambitions.

Known to many as Jesus, Kaarin began her relationship with Yeshua as a child, and over the years she has honed the ability to interact and collaborate with him through both her own personal development and her work with others seeking guidance.



A sought-after speaker, Kaarin offers tele-seminars, workshops, and private sessions by appointment. For more information about Kaarin and links to her other books and projects, go to:  
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