

Enoch and War

**By Howard Michael Riell
Author of the *Enoch
Chronicles***

“Enoch and War,” by Howard Michael Riell. ISBN 978-1-62137-317-9
(Softcover) 978-1-62137-318-6 (eBook)

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“When you go to war against your enemies”
(*Deuteronomy*20). What is meant by *your enemies*? After all, one does not go to war against his friends! Said the Holy One, Blessed be He: ‘Go against them *as* enemies; just as they do not have mercy upon you, have no mercy on them.’” (*Midrash Tanhuma, Shoftim* 15).

I Have Always Loved You All the Same

Saturday night, June 23, 2012

It had occurred to me yesterday that with my *get*, or religious divorce, scheduled for this Monday, this would be my final *Shabbas* as a married man. The thought made me overwhelmingly sad – so sad that, when I thought about it in *shul*, I began to cry, and quickly left to avoid embarrassment.

To make matters worse, there was a *chassan* in *shul*, a man who is getting married tomorrow, as well as all of the appropriately joyous festivities.

Anyway, this morning, before leaving for *shul* I'd been sitting in my living room and, once again thinking of my wife, crying. I thought that I would like to send her an email Monday morning, before the divorce takes place. It would say simply: "*I love you, my wife.*"

When I was finished wiping the tears from my eyes I went to the book shelf and selected a book at random – Rodger Kamenetz's *Burnt Books*. I leafed through some pages and before long my

eyes came to rest on a description of a Franz Kafka story in which a father sentences his own son to death by drowning. The son, Georg...

"... swings himself over the bridge railing. Just before dropping into the river, George calls out in a low voice, 'Dear parents, I have always loved you all the same.'"

The parallel was unmistakable.

Later, in *shul* and feeling horribly depressed – at one point I'd had to go outside to try and collect myself – I decided see if God would provide me with a message, as He sometimes does.

For the past week I've been asking Him to strengthen me during the actual divorce ritual so that I don't embarrass myself in front of others. At my first divorce back in Philadelphia – the *get* ceremony takes place in front of a three-person *beit din*, or religious court, as well as anyone else who happens to be present – I'd lost control, complete with tears, choking up, runny nose, voice cracking, time-outs to regain my composure, *the works*. It had been an awful experience. I feared this time would be the same, and it was something I never wanted to go through again.

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I plucked a *Tanach* off the shelf and opened it at random, more or less insisting that God show me a sign.

It opened to the scene in which Daniel is cast into the lion's den.

The king, Darius, who liked Daniel and had been forced against his will to order him into the lion's den, "cried out in a sad voice" to Daniel, who answered, "My God sent His angel and shut the lions' mouths, and they did not wound me, because merit was found for me before Him."

Isn't that precisely what I've been praying for – for God to be with me and help me when I get cast into my very own lion's den this Monday?

This was the sign I'd been looking for.

And another one, which happened just now, after I'd recorded what had happened earlier today.

I'd been meaning to show my daughter a clip from an old *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episode, and finally got around to doing it tonight. It was from the first-season episode entitled *Where No Man Has Gone Before*, and the scene was the one in which the alien known as the Traveler phases in and out of existence, partially disappearing. This, I finally told her, was how I picture true *devekut*, connecting to God during prayer – so much that your physical

existence becomes basically unnecessary. The concept – like holding a match up in front of the noonday sun so that it all but disappears – is called *bitul*, or self-nullification.

Anyway, after I typed up the first part of these notes I went outside to learn Torah. I opened *Orchard of Delights* to this coming week's *parsha*, *Chukas*, and found (page 488) a discussion of what else – *bitul*, including the phrase, "True Torah knowledge is only achieved when an individual nullifies his ego in the face of God's essential oneness."

Interrupted Energies

Monday, June 25, 2012

Got my *get* today.

I am divorced.

Again.

It was a highly unusual day, a day of interrupted energies, a confluence of forces. For example:

- It was my daughter's first day of camp.
- Water started flooding here in my apartment just as we were leaving; the upstairs bathroom and dripping down into the downstairs bathroom.

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- Management painting this building outside, in front and back, complete with the requisite plastic shields, tape, paper, trucks, etc.
- My wife – now my *ex-wife* – insisting that I assume a debt equal to the debt I'd been buried under in my first marriage.
- Amazingly, an email from my wife – I've got to stop calling her that – telling me she'd been fired from her job *and asking me to include her on my health insurance!*
- The computer locked up in the morning.
- Talking to someone on the phone with a connection so bad I basically couldn't hear them.
- Disruption at the *get* ceremony itself, with some guy whose last name is the same as one of my cousins' showing up before me, then bolting – and then needing to be tracked down by the rabbi during my *get*.

The day ended better than it started. I had prayed several times for God to strengthen me during the process, so that I would not end up an emotional mess like I was the first time I got divorced. He did, indeed, oblige me – I was fine, joking continuously, calm throughout. What was my

trick? Back at home I had printed out a long list of all of the crummy, hurtful, insulting and just plain loony things my wife had done during our marriage. Reading through it, I couldn't help but feel – as friends had advised me – that I was lucky to be escaping from this marriage.

The crappy part is: I love her.

Distinguish People From Their Actions

Tuesday, July 3, 2012

In the wee hours this morning, between 1 a.m. and 2 a.m., I went outside to learn Torah. A coincidence, while reading *Orchard of Delights, Parshas Balak*, page 497:

“Since the Torah teaches us to imitate God’s way, we must also learn to distinguish between people’s actions and their inner selves: people’s actions, no matter how harmful or destructive, do not reflect their real inner selves. We need to learn how to distinguish people from their actions so that if we object, oppose or even condemn others’ abstract philosophies or concrete actions, we do so in a manner that does not condemn

their very essence. This is no easy feat and serves as a great lesson in discernment as well as compassion.”

This is precisely what I’ve been dealing with for the past several weeks, including today. My now ex-wife is dragging me into court and, according to a mutual friend, talking trash about me. Despite that, I have responded with love and caring, intervening with those who know her to reach out to her in what is certainly a very trying time: as mentioned, in addition to the divorce she just lost her job for the third time in six years. I am, as the above paragraph describes, discerning between the actions and the person.

Holy Chutzpah

Wednesday, July 4, 2012

Shot a YouTube video last night titled *Howard Riell on Doubt and Destruction*. In it, I referenced my books and directed viewers to my web site, two things I have generally avoided doing – frankly because I am still gun shy about people thinking me insane. But I did it anyway because it’s important to do.

A short time later, I picked a book at random off one of my book cases – Rebbe Nachman *Says...* compiled by Zivi Ritchie – and opened it at random. It opened to a section in which the late Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach is talking about the need for what he calls “holy *chutzpah*”:

“What happens if I want to do something very holy, very strong, and the whole world laughs at me? Everyone thinks I am completely crazy. Then I must have holy *chutzpah*, *azut d’kdusha*, holy arrogance... When I was born, G-d gave me the holy arrogance to do what is right... G-d says, ‘Look at yourself. What are you? You were My servant before. I gave you enough *chutzpah* to do right, yet you prefer to listen to people? Okay, be a slave to them. Make up your mind who is your master.’ If you are G-d’s servant, then you are the highest person in the world because you know exactly what is right. If you know what is right, then you don’t listen to anybody – just to what the soul of your soul tells you is right.”

At Barnes & Noble I glanced at a book on demons, and of course turned to the section on Lillith, Adam's first wife. Among the things I found:

- Her name comes from the word for night, *Layla* or *Laila*.
- Lillith is associated with birds. My younger daughter, it just so happens, is deathly afraid of birds, and readers know all of the times I've come across dead birds laying in the streets.
- Lillith is also associated with the *Nephillim*, the so-called fallen angels, and so, with the Enoch story.

I Thought It Was a Woman; a Woman and a Demon at the Same Time

Saturday night, July 14, 2012

Thinking about all this possession stuff (see the end of *Enoch and 'Those You Have Loved, And Who Love You No More'*) and how I should react to it. I've been saying daily prayers out of *The Complete Book of Salvations* in the merit of those two individuals whom the message said are possessed. When I was finished, I plucked one of my own books off a shelf, *Enoch and the Book of*

Coincidences II: Second Messiah. I opened to this, from March 13, 1988:

"Rosalyn" said she saw two or three men instructing the child, but something was unclear. "They're coming to him. Now I'm seeing a young man, dressed in white."

A moment later Rosalyn announced, "I think it makes sense. The child, and the man, and I think there's another stage yet. I think it's you. You were sent. They're showing, 'It is no accident. It is preordained. It was destined. You were sent...'"

A moment later there was a jolt!

"Howard – something's scratching it out. Howard! HOWARD!!!" I squeezed Rosalyn's wrist and murmured a prayer.

"It's gone! It's all gone! It's like something didn't want me to see it! Didn't want me to understand it."

Enoch and War

After catching her breath a bit, Rosalyn explained that she had "a feeling they're trying to tell you it was planned, and this was (?) on you – from your childhood. I thought it was your baby. Then I had the feeling it was supposed to be you. That's the reason they showed the wreath on the child's head; that that's where it belongs, and that it was planned."

Of the wreath itself, she added, "It was like it was right in front of me, so close, like I could touch it. It was so close."

And the interference?

Something, Rosalyn said, "scratched at me... (clawing?) with elongated nails of some sort. They were sharp!" She described a glimpse of an "ugly face" with "wild hair. I thought it was a woman; a woman and a demon at the same time. Almost as if it was trying to get to me to scratch my eyes so I couldn't see."

She added still more details moments later. "There was red all around it. She had ugly,

wild hair on her whole body. She had clothes, but... not clothes. She wasn't good, and she was there to try and stop me. Something made me feel she was only half human."

Lillith! A direct reference to this possession business!

Also: I was reading a book about this past week's Torah portion of *Pinchas* when I saw a reference to the *Talmud, Chullin 7b*. I went there and found this:

"There was a certain woman who sought to take dust surreptitiously from beneath R' Chanina's feet, for the purpose of killing him through sorcery. He said to her: 'Take the dust – your procedure will not succeed. It is written: There is none but Him.'"

That phrase, *There is none but Him*, is *Ain od mivado* in Hebrew, and it's a phrase with which I am quite familiar. Below that on the page we read the famous line, also from R' Chanina: *A person does not stub his toe down below, on Earth, unless they have first decreed this upon him from Above.*

The bottom line: no one can be possessed by an unclean spirit unless the directive comes from

God. Even sorcery cannot succeed unless it is willed by God, who is fair and compassionate.

As I read late this evening in Rav Eliyahu Dessler's classic *Michtav Me'Eliyahu*:

"... God's punishments are geared with the utmost precision to attaining the spiritual goals for which He created us. Their purpose is to guide us towards repentance and the true service of God."

In other words, nothing can happen unless God makes it happen – and anything that happens, even something like possession, is ultimately for a good reason. Of course, it is incumbent upon others to help those who are less fortunate, and I intend to use every spiritual tool at my disposal to help these two souls who are entrapped. But it is not, as I have been thinking, a terrible wrong that God needs to be made aware of so that He can correct it. Everything stems *from* God, and so it is both just and compassionate. And now it is up to me, and others whom I have enlisted, to pray hard enough and long enough to rescue them.

Perfected

Tuesday, July 17, 2012

Alone at home, talking to God about miracles – how He permitted others, Moses and other prophets, to perform them openly, but not me. Then I got real, and had to admit to myself that if I haven't been allowed to perform the type of miracles that Moses and the others did it was because I was imperfect; far, far too flawed to be permitted such abilities. That while I have witnessed amazing miracles, I have not wrought them. That no matter how much I have studied, I remain light years from having perfected my character traits, and I know it.

A moment later I went outside and opened ArtScroll's *Daily Dose of Torah (Mattos)*, and turned to this on pages 15 and 16:

"... one who has not perfected his character traits, although he may be wise in the intellectual sense, has not truly acquired wisdom. Therefore, as soon as one's evil impulses beckon to him, he will abandon his wisdom and act as an insane person... his fear of Hashem is above him but not truly belonging to him, for he is still liable to be influenced by his evil character traits."

Rachmana

Between 2 and 2:30 a.m., Friday, July 27, 2012

I was sitting outside reading when I found myself glancing in through the glass doors at my laptop, which was sitting on the counter of my dining room.

Moments later I visualized the soda-like fizzing running up the back of my head that I've seen before. It meant there was an incoming message. I continued reading, then visualized a clothes hanger lifting a white shirt from behind, as if to say, 'Get up, get up and go inside...'

I went inside, sat down at laptop and concentrated.

I almost immediately saw a fanning kind of floral arrangement, something coming out of a four-to five-foot high vase. I thought of my old friend Michele's house. Next, I saw a bunch or pack of firecrackers. I heard:

Needs a little more time to coordinate, to reach out and summon those who need to listen to you.

In other words, it was not yet time for the fireworks to begin. This was a timely message since, earlier in the day, I had sent a letter to a friend explaining the Enoch phenomenon. He had requested it, and planned to forward it to people who might want to provide financial support.

You are being prepared' is a cliché, something you have already heard. I will not tire you with it. You have done well, reaching inside to pull out what is within. I am proud of you.

This might have referred to the strength I'd recently exhibited at work, conquering fear, refusing to be intimidated, showing courage in the face of physical and financial threats and public opinion. I am strong.

You have waged an internal war and emerged victorious. You have conquered your demons and have stepped into the light. I will not harangue you at length tonight because you are tired and weary, and deserve rest. You have been through the mill, as you would say.

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When the Torah uses two words to express what is seemingly a single thought – just like “tired and weary” – the Bible commentators invariably wonder why, and come to the conclusion that, since every word is there for a reason, each must refer to something different. Same here: I sensed that the word *tired* referred to the fact that it was very late and I needed sleep. The word *weary* referred to this entire 26-year-old road I’ve traveled, and continue to travel.

I am reaching out to you out of love.

The word *Rachmana* popped into my head. It’s a word I had just read earlier in the day, which the author said means “He who loves,” or “the loving One,” a reference to God. A friend who lives in Jerusalem would respond to my query about the word by noting, “... it literally means *the merciful one* but actually means Hashem, as in *rachmana litzlan*, May Hashem save us. *Rachmana- liba ba'ey* means Hashem wants your heart and many more. It's Aramaic, not Hebrew.”

The message continued.

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Let me leave you with this: everything that occurs in your vacuum (meaning my orbit, my life, the space I inhabit) is for a reason, as you have come to learn. I am for a reason. I am here to help you, all of you, to move as one toward Me.

I could see the Earth, below me, from space, but my perspective was moving beyond it.

(I) reveal what is most basic: love for one's children. You have two children, but only one on whom you can shower your love. I know how this feels. The emotion is Mine, as well, as you have pondered.

Indeed, I have written at length of how the emotional "curriculum" I've been living is designed to mirror, or parallel, God's own vis-à-vis the Jewish People and the world in general. This idea of children divided and distanced has many echoes throughout religious literature: Cain/Abel, Isaac/Yishmael, Esau/Jacob, and more – even, in some ways, the Jewish People, God's chosen, in contradistinction to the rest of mankind.

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She (meaning my first daughter) will be fine; temporary.

What came after *temporary* was not a word but a sensation: chaotic, a feeling of static, something being tossed back and forth, a reference to my daughter's emotional state.

She will emerge as a leader, and leaders are needed and will be needed for all of you to weather (the coming storm). She will speak on your behalf when done. She will see herself as a proud daughter of Israel. She will know the sacrifices you have made for her and for the world. She will not judge you to be insane.

I remembered with a chuckle the message from way back on December 27, 1986 (see *Enoch and the Book of Coincidences*) from my long-dead grandmother, who told a roomful of her children and grandchildren, *"My grandson is not crazy."*

You hold the key to unlocking man's future, his future and his past.

Howard Michael Riell

Not a grandiose statement, merely what is.

Suddenly, I was seeing the streets of Brighton Beach, right near where I'd lived when the whole Enoch thing began in 1986.

Wheels set in motion. Plan being executed.

I sensed this as a reference to the plan I'd first heard of long ago, back in Brighton.

So many tentacles/tendrils (complexities), beginning with your love of Andrea and your ultimate (meaning the way she and I ended things, her betrayal of me). Rest easy. Do not fret. Do not concern yourself with minutiae, with the day to day. See further.

I saw what I'll describe as some sort of vista, extending out into the distance.

See the ultimate reward.

Next came an explanation of what that ultimate reward is.

Enoch and War

A life of Torah brings one there, to arrive triumphant. It is why I gave it to you (mankind) and continue to urge you to live by it, to bring it into you. To inculcate it.

This was another example of something coming through a message that would not have come through me, Howard Riell. I have never used the word 'inculcate' in this way.

Go and rest now. Rest and find God in your dreams. I love you, son. Good night.

Later, after 3 p.m.: Reading *The Garden of Wisdom*, I find a reference to the *Talmud, Chagigah* 15a. When I go there I find, serendipitously, something I had not been looking for: Metatron being punished by God. First, Rashi points out that the numerical value of Metatron is equal to that of El Shaddai, one of God's names. Then:

Ramban (to Exodus 12:12) notes that Metatron is the agent God uses to accomplish all the deeds that are performed on Earth. (Ramban even cites a view that the name Metatron derives from a Greek word meaning

'agent'). *Thus, God channels whatever is needed to supply the world through Metatron, and thus the name Shaddai describes Metatron also in a limited sense.*

This goes along perfectly with (a) the Enoch material, in which God says I am to serve as His spokesman, and (b) The Vilna Gaon's belief that Jacob (said to be me, and thus part of Metatron) is reincarnated on Earth again and again throughout the centuries in order to serve as God's agent.

Center of the Storm

Sunday, July 29, 2012

Fasting on the 10th of Av.

My long and punishing sentence at hard labor is finished: I am no longer working my second job. As I texted a colleague: "Free!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Yesterday I'd opened the *Tanach* at random in *shul* hoping, as always, for a coincidental message. I opened to *Job* Chapter 42, where it talks about Job's family being restored. Coming on the heels of the last message concerning my daughter, I'd say it's significant.

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Later: I'd found this quote from William James: "No more fiendish punishment could be devised... than that one should be turned loose in society and remain absolutely unnoticed by all the members thereof."

Later: Approximately 11 p.m.

*You are here to begin to climb the ladder of Jacob to heights heretofore undreamed of. You do not know what is ahead of you except that it will be historic and unchallenged. You scaled pinnacle tonight (a reference to a scene in the movie *Altered States* where the star and his wife and friend have to acknowledge that what they saw was supernatural in nature); saw what acceptance and followers will be like. Reassured, assuaged, comforted. Supported. You are all those things.*

Comparative religion states there is no one right religion (this idea was mentioned in a Jonathan Sacks video I looked at briefly this evening, where one of the four people he was about to debate expressed that idea); that all ways lead to God. I tell you that there is truth in this, and yet the one God chose a

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People to be His own and to transmit (the purest) truth to mankind. Understand this as you (referring to the world) will, but the truth remains the truth.

Adona Shaba. These words mean frightful things to many. They point the way to harsher realities and undreamed of forces (I could see gale force winds). They bring others comfort and peace. You will be the 'weather master' deciding which to visit upon whom. The words mean God of Peace, the peace of God. A Godly peace. It is the center of the storm. The goal of all searches.

Trial of Faith

Wednesday, August 1, 2012

I was conversing with God – a bit loudly, I'll admit – earlier this morning, demanding to know why His promises to me have not yet been kept (something I am continually reminded of by my old friend Rosalyn). This is something I do from time to time, and I'm sure it annoys Him; it would me. But such, I guess, is the nature of Fathers and sons.

A short time later I was learning Torah out on my patio (*Orchard of Delights* by Rabbi Avraham ArieH Trugman, pages 542-543) when I came across this:

The true test of faith arrives when we feel that God is distant, that He is not answering our prayers. Perhaps the Shema is revealed in this portion (Va'etchanan) because only now does Moses himself finally completely understand this message. He had to undergo his own trial of faith to understand that even when God seems to ignore our prayers or respond in a manner not to our liking, we must still cling to the belief in God's oneness, that God is the source of everything and that everything He does is ultimately for the good.

A timely lesson, once again.

Also: this is a graph from the same book (page 174) that I marked off months ago and have never gotten around to recording: the *gematria*, or numerical values, of the words *moshiach* (messiah) and *nachash* (snake, as in Garden of Eden) are the same: 358. By the way, the four Hebrew letters inscribed on a *Chanukah dreidel* have the exact

same numerical value. That's *Chanukah*, which comes from the same root as *Chanoch* (Enoch), my own name.

Later, in the evening: though my eyes were drooping I was flipping through the channels when I found the movie *Reds* with Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton, which I watched for a while. Later, I walked to my laptop and waited for words to come. I didn't have to wait long.

What do the Russians have, first of all? They have their belief in what they call their system. They have runners (zealots).

At that point I did something I can't recall ever having done before: I gave in to my tiredness, got up from the computer, laid down on the livingroom floor and fell asleep. When I woke later I marched straight up to my bedroom and sacked out for the night. What might have come through had I stuck it out, I have no idea.