



I, Yeshua Awakener.

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Previous books by Lars Gimstedt:

Stairway: 10 Steps to Heaven. (March 2014)

About this book:

Who is Jesus? Is he the one described by Paulus and the evangelists in the Bible? Or can a clearer picture of the real person Jesus emerge if one limits oneself to read only what historical data points at being plausible direct quotes?

If Jesus, or Yeshua as his name was in his native tongue Aramaic, would have written his gospel himself, how would that book be?

This book is a proposal for how His own gospel *could* have been. It is based on what modern history has revealed about the time of His life, and is also based on the parts of religious scripture that seem to be possible to confirm historically.

Because historical data, despite new findings, are still extremely scarce, the book is naturally mostly pure fiction, and it is up to you, the reader of this book, to assess what you are willing to accept and what you feel you must reject.

In either case, this book can hopefully inspire you to search for more information about the true Yeshua bar Yosef from Nazareth, the poor wood-worker from an obscure little village in a remote part of the Roman Empire that with his words and deeds has influenced mankind for two millennia.

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Foreword

Jesus came into my life when I was just turning forty. I had been a non-reflecting atheist up to then, but His message as reflected in the book A Course in Miracles made me turn onto a new path, a path towards spiritual awakening.

My interpretation of His message to all his brothers and sisters is:

You are of God, pure spirit, free of sin and perfect.

But you believe that you have separated yourself from God, to create your own world. Deep down you believe that you have offended God by doing this, that you are sinful and that you deserve punishment. You believe that you can avoid punishment only by repentance and sacrifice.

Many of you have fled from these thoughts by repressing them completely from your conscious mind.

Forgive yourself and forgive your brothers and sisters for these mistaken beliefs. True forgiveness will allow you all to wake up again, to remember who you really are, Gods Children, one with Him, one with me, and one with each other.

Remembering will make you understand that repentance and sacrifice are not asked of you. Remembering will give you complete peace of mind, because remembering that you are Love will make you extend nothing but Love.

This is a message He has given always. It has always been the same, although given with different words, in different languages, using different symbols, depending on who has been listening, depending on culture, on time period in the history.

His message has been understood by many, who then have remembered who they really are. But it has also become misunderstood and interpreted into forms that have strengthened the mistaken beliefs. This has caused much unnecessary suffering, but is still only a waste of time, as the eventual awakening of everyone to their divine origin is inevitable.

For me personally His message, that came to me twenty-eight years ago, led me into changing my profession from being a physicist and an engineer into becoming a psychotherapist, and after thirty years as technical specialist and manager in cooperate business I have now worked part time as a therapist for ten years and full time another twelve years.

I have tried to apply His message both in my life and in my work as a psychotherapist and as a life coach, both as my value base and also more openly, in e-courses and e-books about spirituality.

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In the book you now have in your hand, I have been inspired to write a fiction story about His life. I became inspired both by the story *about* and by the message *from* the person Jesus, or Yeshua as his name is in Aramaic, the language He spoke. The story “He” is about to tell in this book reflects *my* personal beliefs on how His life may have been, and *my* personal belief about who Yeshua really was, in contrast to the “official” descriptions in the Bible and in other scriptures.

I hope that you will read this story with an open mind, and that you forgive me for any errors in historic facts that I surely have made due to my lack of expertise. Much of the story will appear to completely contradict narratives about the life of Jesus in the Bible and other books. But, most of these discrepancies come out of my belief that many of these narratives and descriptions of Jesus are based more on religious needs for proving His divinity by making the stories confirm old prophecies, rather than honest attempts to describe actual facts.

Historical data from the time of Jesus are extremely scarce, and available documentation is largely the result of individual authors' and historians' speculations. Below are some of the sources I have used. Even these raise numerous contradictions, and I have made what I think is a reasonable attempt to filter out the data I have found plausible.

www.ccel.org/bible/phillips/CN160-TRAVELS.htm
www.generationword.com/bible_school_notes/13.html to 18.html.

Reza Aslan 2013, Zealot:
The Life and Times of Yeshua of Nazareth.

Jonas Gardell 2009: About Jesus.

The dates are written as used at the time, from the Roman Calendar, Anno Urbis Conditae (**AUC**), which started with the founding of the city of Rome, 753 BC. The names of the months were Martius, Aprilis, Maius, Iunius, Quintilis, Sextilis, September, Oktober, November, December (=”the tenth”). Later, 40 AUC, Ianuarius, Februarius were added.

Names are as used at the time, in Aramaic, Latin or ancient Hebrew, instead of the Anglicized names commonly used in English Bible translations (in alphabetical order):

Elisabeth	Elisheba	("Yahweh is abundance")
James	Hakob	("May Yahweh protect")
Jesus	Yeshua	("Yahweh is salvation")
John	Ohannes	("Yahweh is gracious")
Joseph	Yosef	("He will add")
Judas	Yehudah	("Praised")
Mary	Miryam	("Beloved")
Peter	Petros	("Rock")
Philip	Philippos	("Friend of horses")
Simon	Shimon	("He has heard")
Thomas	Te'oma	("The twin")
Zacharias	Zechariah	("Yahweh remembers")

When Yeshua and His contemporaries talked about God, they avoided using the Hebrew YHWH, as it was considered sacrilegious to use His name openly. In Aramaic, the commonly used word would be Allah, or just using terms like our Father in heaven, The Lord, etc. (The Arabic translation of the Bible uses Allah.)

Chapter 1. December 25 Year 758 AUC. The Dream.

- “Has your birthday been pleasing?” my mother asked me at bedtime. I had snuffled in under thick woolen blankets, my younger brothers were already sound asleep, Hakob beside me and Joses in his cradle. The oil lamp in the front room spread a yellow light in through the door between the two rooms of our house; the light from outdoors through the small window opening was growing weaker with the night falling. I nodded, and stroking my hair, she continued:

- “You are a big boy now Yeshua, five years old. You will soon start to help your father with mending his tools.”

- “Yes”, I said, “but Mother, tell me now about your dream about the angel.”

It had been our own tradition, my mother Miryam’s and mine, to talk about her dream once a year, in the evening of my birthday. I do not remember when she started doing this; she might have done it even before I could speak.

- “Ah yes, my dream...”, she started, her eyes looking into the distance, “Before you were born, I and your father had just settled into our new home, this house, and we longed for having a family. Early one morning I dreamt that I awoke, and I was not surprised that I

was alone, as I knew your father Yosef had already left for work. But I heard someone in the other room, so I put my robe on and went out. There I met a very tall man, clad in a white tunic, and he said 'Do not be alarmed, dear Miryam. I have a message from Allah, saying that you will give birth to a boy. He will become a king, and he will make everyone free.' And he started to glow, brighter and brighter, until I could only see a white, warm light which was stronger than anything I have ever seen, but which still neither burnt or blinded me. After a moment the light faded slowly, and the man had disappeared."

As we always have done this, I asked

- "What did he mean by king? Will I become the king of Galilee, or where? Old Herodes' sons, they are kings now, will they not continue to rule?"

Mother smiled, patted my head.

- "Of course they will. But you will find your own kingdom, is it not so?"

I sat up eagerly - now it was my turn:

- "Yes, that I have been told in my dreams. In my dreams the angel you met comes and gives me a golden chalice, and he says that this is your weapon. With this you will conquer the world. What does he mean, how can a chalice be a weapon?"

Even though we had played this game many times, there came sadness in my mother's eyes, when she said

- “I do not know, my beloved Yeshua. All the other boys in the village dream of joining the zealots, and they long for learning to fight with swords and daggers. And we never win, many die... Maybe the chalice means that you will fight with words, with new thoughts.”

These words were the ones that always had signaled the end of our yearly tradition. All of the times before, I had not understood what she meant, only understood her anxiety and her sorrow, and we had just hugged. But this time, I felt something growing inside, like a fire in my stomach, working its way up.

- “I am going to search for that chalice! I will find it and then I will become a king!”

My mother Miryam looked at me, a surprised look in her eyes. She saw that I did not smile; I was not playing our old game any longer.

- “But how will you know it is the right chalice you find?”

- “I will drink out of it. If it makes me strong I will carry it with me out into the world and I will give others to drink. The ones I give this to drink from will never be thirsty again!”

My mother looked at me in a strange way, almost shocked:

- “I have never told you – the angel in my dream said something like that, but I could never understand

what he meant, so I never told anyone. And now *you* say it...”

- “I know it for sure”, I said, “I *will* find that chalice.”

- “I think you will...”, she said, “but now it is time to sleep. Tomorrow early you have to go to the Rabbi with your brother for your reading lessons. I wish you a good night now, my little boy.”

And she hugged me, longer than she usually did, and tucked me in.

Chapter 2. Maius 17 763. The Angel.

Herodes Antipas had been king of Galilee a couple of years, but there was much unrest in both our country and in Judea, and there had been shortage of food the whole winter. The former large town of Sepphoris, the nearest town to us here in Nazareth, was still in ruins after the Roman sacking.

Our lessons at the Rabbi had been reduced to once a week, as even we younger boys had to work in the fields all day. Except for me, I had an extra reading lesson, as the Rabbi had convinced my father that I had an unusual aptitude for scripture.

But now it was evening, the still and cool hours before sunset. I and my two brothers Hakob and Joses were playing in the yard behind our house. Shimon was inside, helping our mother to watch little Esther that still lay in her cradle.

- "I am Yehudah of Galilee, and you Hakob will be Quirinius!" Joses shouted and rushed towards his elder brother, wood sword over his head.

Hakob clambered up on the stone wall surrounding our house, defending himself with a makeshift shield, using a bucket lid, holding it by its rope handle.

- "I will summon the Emperor's soldiers and I will crucify you all and the dogs will pee on you bones!"

Hakob shouted back, “Yeshua, come help me with this bandit!”

- “You will lose both of you”, I said, crossing my arms. “Yehudah will be killed a year from now, and his war will lead to nothing. The Romans will stay for a thousand years. But then the whole Roman Empire will fall as well.”

Hakob sank down on the stone wall, sitting with his legs dangling.

- “You and your dreams, Yeshua... But we have Allah on our side, we cannot lose this war! We have the right to the Holy Country. Allah has given us this right. He will not wait a thousand years. So says the Rabbi.”

Joses, only five, did not really understand this, but took it as an encouragement:

- “I am Yehudah the Galilee, and Allah is on my side! He will help the zealots in the Holy War!” Again, he threatened Hakob with his sword.

I sat down on the ground, remembering the dream I had the previous night.

- “Last night I dreamt again that the angel spoke to me. He said that those who use the sword to kill will be killed by swords. And he said that those that give life will live forever.”

- “Now you are crazier than usual, Yeshua. How can we ever become free if we don’t fight?” Hakob exclaimed, jumping down from the wall to sit in front of me. Joses looked disappointed, realizing that the playing had ended, because his two elder brothers started to discuss, as they always did. He sat down at a distance, and started to build a farm on the ground out of the bucket lid and pieces of goat dung.

- “We will never become free as long as we believe this.” I said, “I know the Rabbi tells us to believe in the Holy war that will come and free us. All this talk about the Messiah that will lead us to victory. But Mother says that each one that has claimed to be the Messiah, has been killed.”

- “Yes, but the Rabbi also warns us about false prophets”, Hakob retorted, “and he says that the ones that have been killed have not been the real Messiah!”

I put my hand on Hakob’s shoulder and said calmly, with a deep feeling of being completely sure about what I was going to tell him.

- “My angel tells me that the Messiah will be the one that gives life. He will not use the sword, because it will lead to death for everyone.”

- “Tell that to the women in our village who have become widows because of the Romans. Tell this to the other mothers who have lost their sons who fought for our rights!” Hakob muttered angrily.

- “You know, Hakob”, I said slowly and carefully, “I think I am going to. Not now of course, but somehow I know I will tell them. And I feel frightened, because it will not be an easy telling. Sometimes in the future, I will even tell the Rabbi that he is wrong.”

- “You are really crazy, Yeshua” Hakob said, but looked a little impressed at me, shaking his head but at the same time smiling.