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The contents of this book may be threatening or harmful to your psychological, philosophical, religious, or spiritual digestive system!

The author assumes no responsibility for any dramatic or enduring life changes that may occur from reading this book. He does, however, pledge to be fully responsive to reader reaction, provided you are properly prepared to discover that who you think you are may not really who you are, what you think God is may not be What It Really Is, and that Love really is the answer to everything

Dedication

*The Yang sun sets as Yin moon climbs
while heavens incept in stars aligned
with Woman now in her nature found
A world beheld to her Heart unbound*

To my beloved Brie



It was Him.

It hit me like three shots of tequila on an empty stomach.

I know it sounds nuts, but it was.

Him.

Someone we are all still talking about two thousand years later, source of the Pharisees' resentment and Pilate's confusion, inspiration for a few thousand people back in first century Judea and a few more than that since then, the one and only, The Man Himself.

It was Yeshua. Or Jesus, as christianity calls Him now.

Now, I'm a reasonably sane individual, at least by my own criteria and by most people who know me. I am neither prone to flights of hallucination nor delusion, was neither drunk nor high at that particular moment nor did I ever do LSD in the sixties and so do not have acid flashbacks. And as a gestalt therapist with a decidedly humanistic flavoring, I have no born-again compulsion to need to see such a thing or to make something like this up. And it wasn't because He looked anything like those Anglo-Saxonized paintings we've all seen, with a neatly trimmed beard and hair parted in the middle, face full of piety or suffering.

Why should He? That was then, this was now.

At the time, I didn't know how I knew it was Him, but I knew it with the kind of certainty that needs no supporting data, something you just know as an inner truth with such a finality there's just no other option, even if it makes you feel crazy, as this most certainly did. My father used to tell me that you're not really crazy if you can admit that maybe you are crazy. He and I never really agreed about anything, but I remember hoping he was right about that.

I'd sat down in that taco joint in Puerto Vallarta about ten minutes earlier, wanting to start my little vacation from my ongoing quest to find The One Answer To Everything In Life with a late lunch of a few nachos and more than a few margaritas. And given how long it had been, maybe find a simpatico senorita far more into radical psychospiritual transformation than co-creating a hacienda full of muchos niños.

OK, so maybe my criteria for sanity needs a little work.

But there He was, in a noisy cantina fairly far off the tourist track, doing serious damage to a quesadilla as big as a pizza and washing it down with a cold bottle of Corona. There were neither choirs of angels around Him singing nor was he trying to be noticed for He who was. I guess you could say His aura was pretty bright, but not like there was a halo following Him around or anything. And it was obvious I was the only one in the place having this particular response to Him, which astounded me.

How could you not see who He was?

I just knew it, and at the time I had no idea how or why I knew it.

I can't tell you what He actually looked like, which you'll understand as we get further into the story. But I can say most of the females in the place were aware of Him, even if He wasn't recognizable to them. Escorted or not, they couldn't go for more than a minute without looking in His general direction. He was dressed in a loose white cotton shirt, snug faded Levis, thong sandals,

no jewelry, and a killer tan, powerfully exuding what could only be inadequately described as a lusty kind of *joie de vivre*.

On steroids.

And then there was the way He was eating. Actually, it was more like that quesadilla was eating Him, like He was giving a clinic on what eating was really supposed to be about. The only person I'd ever seen eat like that was an old zen teacher of mine, Hap-Tzu. Hap-Tzu's thing was potato chips, and the way he was while eating them was the best commercial I'd ever seen for spending thirty years in some drafty monastery emptying your head, avoiding carnal thoughts, and seeking nirvana.

But that alone didn't account for the certainty this was Him, of course. Like I said, there was nothing I could point to. It was the most unsettling feeling I'd ever had, even worse than when I realized at age eleven that there was no one in charge of the world. No real expert who knew why everything was the way it was, and even more crucially, how to fix it. For me, that was one of what people call a defining moment in one's life. From then on I was consciously aware I was pretty much on my own about getting any clarity about what life was really about.

I tried to shake off the weirdness of the moment by focusing my attention on the bartender and seething silently for someone to get that I wanted food and drink now. But it was like He was a magnet and my heart was a hunk of iron. After a while I just gave up and let myself stare at him, assuming if I watched Him long enough He'd do something to burst my bubble and I could get back to my vacation, fantasies and all.

He must've felt it, because at that exact moment He turned and looked right at me. Or through me, to be more exact. Actually, to be really exact, all the way into me. Like so far in, I felt like how women must feel when making love, like He knew that I knew that He knew that I knew, that it was a miracle

I knew and that it was also no big deal. He was both totally relaxed and totally intense, completely unself-conscious like a zen master, but present in a way I could never describe in words. It made Him irresistible, invisible energy pouring out of Him like lava that warmed up the whole place. Which un dia de Junio in Mexico certainly didn't need.

He raised His chin in sort of a reverse nod, never taking His eyes off me, and tipped the Corona a tad, like a toast, and went right back to doing what He was doing with his lunch.

As I tried to figure out what to do next, the server showed up.

“Sí? What I can get you?”

“Uh, a mojito and the nachos.” And a lobotomy, I said to myself. At least I think that's what I said to her, as a few minutes later that's what was on my table.

Mr. King of Kings over there was still having carnal relations with the quesadilla, making it seem like a loaves and fishes thing, impossible as it was for it to have lasted that long the way He was into it. My mojito lasted all of forty-five seconds, and as I reached for my first nacho, I noticed He'd had pulled up another chair as if to make room for someone else. Then He looked over at me, and I swear He was saying, 'Well? Are you going to make me wait till judgment day?' out loud, even though it was only a look.

My former beloved, who was Latina and one reason it comforted me to escape to Mexico whenever I could, also broadcast in a frequency my head was tuned to like that. But in comparison, her's was a whisper and this was like a Bose quadraphonic speaker with a technicolor oscilloscope plugged in for accessory visuals. I grabbed my nachos, walked over like a zombie under juju mind-control, but more aware of my own being than I'd ever felt before with a member of the same sex.

I sat down.

And then just sat there like an idiot.

He would occasionally look up at me as He ate, smiling but not saying anything. You know, lots of people have put much thought into what they might say if they ever came face-to-face with Him, myself included. Of course, I'd have a thousand questions to ask, but not before I'd get in His face for not writing anything down about his teaching, thus contributing to all the distortions in the centuries that followed. Give Him some guff for how that might've avoided the Crusades and Spanish Inquisition, hair-sprayed tooth-whitened christian radio show hosts, and two millennia of 'Lord, I am not worthy' dreck going on. How shame or self-negation were the tickets needed to get into whatever version of heaven appealed to your spiritual taste buds.

Do I sound cynical? I guess part of me still is, ex-catholic ex-altar boy that I am. No matter how much therapy, meditation, or prayer I'd done, how many 'Course in Miracles' I took, or how many 'Conversations with God,' 'The Power of Now,' or 'Care of the Soul,' I'd read, I was still sad at how little real guidance we've gotten about how to actually balance our imperfect human parts with our spiritual parts, how there was no real room in any form of spirituality for honest service to the personal self not predicated on either ego or ultimate transcendence, and how our essential humanity in some form was always cast as the block to spiritual maturity.

He took a moment between gulps, and it was obvious He was about to say something. I got all tingly, preparing to hear my first words from Him, assuming they'd reach deep into my soul as He uttered some incredible timeless truth that would make the most profound thought I'd ever had seem like what comes out of a stoned college freshman at three a.m.

"Your nachos are getting cold," He said.

Cosmically cool sage that I am, I replied, "Oh. Guess they are."

"Nachos gotta be hot to be good, right?"