

# 12. “My Conversations” With The Father

Such an experience was new and unusual to me. Therefore I could not understand how those bright thoughts were reaching me. Where were they from? But I decided for myself that they might really be from the Father. If I put a question to Him and after a while such a thought arrived that helped me understand the issue I had not understood before I attributed that elucidation to the Father. And I started saying to myself that I was responded to in that way by the Father.

Gradually, I began to call such conversations of mine, “My conversations with the Father.” Even though I could not tell anyone about it, even within my family, for I would have been taken for a child beside himself. But personally I was feeling a pleasant sensation after those, as I had named them, “My conversations with the Father.” And I was experiencing a joy of having a secret that was known only to “My beloved Father” and me.

The deeper I submerged into those periods which I could not understand and for which I used the name beyond understanding to anyone in my ambience, the more I began to experience that such conversations with the Father as mine were necessary to all people. For it started to influence me from within to a greater extent; but to influence me for the better. I began to feel that I was turning from a quick-to-flare-up young man into an ever more patient one. If previously my words had hurt many merely because I had bravely spoken them out to stand for my opinion, then I began to realize more clearly that everything I was understanding and feeling was not understood and felt in a similar way by my friends or by other people who did not want to listen to my truths because they were scared by them. Then, I began to realize that I should not tell others everything in such an open manner, to arouse fewer contradictions, and to set fewer people against me. Thus, gradually, I was learning how to deal with all – even with my parents, since they were objecting to my views even though they did not resist them like the others did, so fiercely.

I was always saved by my sincerity. The majority did notice that I was sincere and not seeking any benefit for myself. They would forgive me for those outspoken words that were unacceptable to them, while the questions simply scared them, and they could not find any answer to them. Even such a thing as this one when I asked my father for the cause of lightening and thunder, he frankly confessed to me that he did not know it. He did not know it since the Jews had not been taught such things. Such ignorance was strange for me, for at that time I was only eight years old and considered my father to know everything and able to explain to me many things that I had no idea of. Now it appeared it was not true. Even my father’s authority in my eyes faltered. And again I would bring up this issue to my own consideration and subsequently, as I had mentioned, those conversations with my own self transformed into my talk with the Father on high.

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