

LIBERATION FROM THE VERY APPEARANCE OF EVIL OR FROM THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE

This is a season of liberation for me. I've been working in my profession for just shy of 22 years; as a matter of fact, it will be 22 years in just two months from today. What I do is not important for what I am writing here, so I won't elaborate on it. Just so you know, it is a professional job and you'd think that people would act professional. WRONG!

Many of you who are reading this know me personally so you've lived through the trials and tribulations that I have had over the past nine years in the two workplaces where I've been employed. I've gotten to see first-hand the workplace turn from one of capitalistic nature to one of communistic nature. I've seen evil rewarded and good punished; I've seen the wicked prospering while the righteous are persecuted and I've seen hard work punished and laziness rewarded.

In addition, many of you either knew me or read about some of the things that happened to me while I was employed for eight years in Sacramento. When I started out there I worked for a wonderful company. They were a national medical service that really cared about their employees as well as the customers and the clients of the customers. Then along came a bigger company who said that they were merging with us but as it so often happens it wasn't a merge, but a hostile takeover. This had happened to me a few years earlier when this same big company bought out a company that I worked for and then closed our operations and moved some fifty miles south of Sacramento. This made it feasibly impossible to commute. Those who chose to commute were allowed to work for a little while and then their jobs were terminated. So, when this company took over again about five years ago, I really thought that the same thing would happen. I agonized in prayer and Yahweh told me that there were four righteous people working there and as long as they worked there the location would stay open. As of this writing only one of those people remains. Yahweh is a God of Mercy, keeping that place open for that one person.

Yahweh has blessed me with a pretty strong heart because anyone with heart issues would have keeled over at the Sacramento job. The place became very diversified in ethnicity, which I have no problem with. I can get along with anyone, especially if they desire to want to get along with me too. What I noticed however was this: that workplace was filled with mostly Americans when I started, but four years into the workplace, especially when the new company took over things started to change. The Americans were finding other jobs and leaving, so much

so that when I finally left to move to Oregon, I was the only American male working at my professional grade. I noticed that the Hindu's were tolerated, the Buddhists were tolerated, the Muslims were tolerated, but anyone that remotely looked or acted under the Judeo/Christian ethic was not tolerated. Added to that, I wore my Kippah and tzitzit proudly as a Jewish believer in Yeshua and was singled out for the most stupid things and I was also falsely accused of things almost on a weekly basis. I mostly kept quiet about these things but when I had some fellow workers tell me that they noticed that I seemed to be targeted I then knew that what was happening was deliberate.

So, I moved up to Oregon and got a part time job with a small company doing basically what I did down in Sacramento. I can remember my day of hire, hearing the owner listening to KLOVE, a Christian music station that serves the west coast and I asked the question; "are you a believer in Jesus." The owner only turned half way around and said that he was. I thought that to be strange. I don't know about you, but I'm honored to be a believer in Yeshua and when asked about my faith I just can't shut up. So, knowing he was a believer (or making a gross assumption anyway) I explained that I was a Jewish believer and asked if he thought that anyone would be offended if I wore my Kippah at work. He affirmed that it would be no problem and that I would be accepted just like anyone else. Was that a smart idea on my part, no...WRONG.

I started working, just jumped in. My years of experience made it so that in any other place things would have run smoothly, but not at this place. I remember looking back at the lintel of the doorway one day and seeing a little plaque that read "asylum," and I wondered if it was just for fun, or if it was a harbinger of things to come. It was the latter. I had women, twenty years my younger treating me like I was uneducated and stupid; no regard for their elders. These women were cliquish gossipers and now they had someone new to whisper about. People treated me like I was from another planet and those who did talk to me did so guardedly, like they knew it would not be a good idea to be friendly because they might be associated with me. A few weeks went by and I was called into the office; I didn't know what for? I was told that I was a slacker, that my work ethic wasn't up to par, that I was malingering around the workplace and my favorite one; I was using the bathroom at 7 o'clock in the evening and staying in there for a long time. In other words, someone said that I was avoiding work by taking long breaks in the bathroom. You must take into account however that EVERY review that I've had from all previous employers, even those I didn't mesh with well; all those reviews were of a hard-working individual who excelled in his job.

One thing that really surprised me was that in this meeting, after all of the charges were brought against me, I tried to explain. I wanted to explain that it was impossible for me to spend so much time in the bathroom. I have a medical condition that makes my trips short. I wanted to explain that I was not a malingerer and that the charges were all trumped up. I wanted to express myself but the minute that I opened my mouth I was greeted with the following; “We’re not here to listen to excuses; we’re just here to present you with facts and tell you that you need to improve.” When that was said I heard a still small voice in my ear telling me to relax because Yeshua has been in a similar situation when he stood in front of the Sanhedrin. Just relax and endure, you won’t be here forever.”

When these things were happening, it was like I was in Sacramento all over again. However, instead of foreigners doing the persecuting, it was Americans. It could be only one of two things, perhaps three. It’s no secret that native Oregonians do not like people from California, and who could blame them. I’m not fond of them either. However, in Oregon it is a venomous hatred and it comes out in a large and vile fashion. I explained to the coworkers that I was originally from New Jersey and that seemed to alleviate the hatred a little.

I started to conduct experiments to see if their attitude was anti-Semitic in nature. For a period of two weeks I didn’t wear my Kippah and voila, people started to talk to me and treat me better. With that in mind I started to wear it again. I knew what was going on now and I found solace in the fact that these people were just bigots and/or racists. Every once in a while, they would act like they were accepting me back into their fold but when I would finally think that perhaps the persecution was ending, they would start in all over again with their attitudes and such. I just went to work each day, did my job and tried to put in 105 percent rather than the 80 percent that most were applying to their work. When they went on their twenty-minute breaks I stayed at my work station; when they left I would try to be the last one there and always asked my supervisor if the work was caught up enough for me to be able to leave. I didn’t just tow the mark; I was the mark.

I had to laugh from time to time. My immediate supervisor was a very abusive man. He was very insecure and satiated himself by belittling others, but always on the premise that he was “just kidding.” I remember one time he brought in a CD from a very Satanic Metal band and he announced to me that he was “playing devil music, it’s devil music David.” I just ignored him and that burst his bubble. But the real hoot was at Christmastime 2012 when he declared that he would place Christmas music every day; and that he was doing it especially for me. I guess he thought that it would really offend the Jew by doing this thing. Well, I just started to sing along

with the songs, whistle them and then I asked him to play it when it wasn't playing. I knew all about his psyche-ops and wasn't going to allow him to win.

The place was full of people with some sort of psycho affective disorder. They all liked to insult each other, pointing out their faults to the very last jot and tittle. It was literally like the inmates were running the asylum. Hey, there is that word again; asylum. So, toward the end of my tenure at this "asylum," I thought I would join in one more time; sort to see if they would allow me to fit in again. I know, it was a stupid thought, right? One woman I worked with, who liked to banter back and forth with everyone (well, I guess almost everyone) was having a busy day and was being a bit snippy to the rest of us. The guy to my left said that she was being cranky (he was joking) so I said that I was glad that I didn't have to go home to her that night; again, only joking. I thought nothing about it. Two days later I got called into the boss's office again. I said, "okay, let me have it. What have I done now?" He had a typed letter sitting at my position at the table stating that I had offended this woman. I didn't deny saying it and said that I had said it loud so as to banter back and forth with her. He said that it was mean and cruel and that I should apologize. I said that I would, although given all of the banter in the workplace others should be called in and disciplined for doing things much worse. I was told that the others are like a family; have known each other for years so they can say things like that. I cited cases where my immediate supervisor said things to women in the pharmacy that would have gotten him fired in California; my words were dismissed as if they had never been said. I was told that I was malingering around again. I asked him to explain what malingering was defined as. He told me that (now get this) he had noticed me, at approximately seven minutes before I was supposed to leave, he noticed me cleaning my work station and putting products back on the shelf. I was told that there is a person responsible for cleaning the workstations. I explained that this person was out with the flu; again, my words were not heard. People in my profession are educated in aseptic technique and it is a duty of my profession to keep the work station as clean as possible, but not at this workplace it would seem.

Well, this was the final straw. I went back to work that day and then called in the next few days saying that I wasn't going in. Didn't feel too good and went and got a doctor's excuse. But I did look for work at that time, and I found a job. One day I found a place that I never knew existed. They were hiring a driver supervisor so I went with my resume and was hired the next day to do my usual work. Oh, but it doesn't stop there. You see, when I went in to quit, I went with a letter that said that I didn't deserve to be treated like I was and cited that my boss' attitude was unprofessional and unchristian like. The next day I was greeted with a text message from this man, saying that he wanted to hash things out. I told him in my letter to him (my exit notice)

that even though these things were done to me I had forgiven him and I even blessed him, his family and his business. This wasn't enough for this sociopath in sheep's clothing. He wanted the last word. I told him that he had seven months to hash things out with me; to treat me like a Christian brother instead of a pack animal. I again affirmed that he was forgiven and I again blessed him. I was greeted with another text saying that he didn't have to answer to anyone but God Almighty and a few other things that don't need to be quoted here.

So, today I started my new job. What a difference, like between night and day. I'm working in a professional place with lots of rules and regulations; not the Wild West Adventure I went through for seven months. The people seem fairly nice and they're there to work. I like regimentation and order and this place is all of that. Thank you Yeshua!!

But what about my old boss' assertion that he only has to answer to Yahweh? Well, just a cursory look into Yahweh's Scripture shows that we are all answerable to each other:

Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all [of you] be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. 1 Peter 5:5

Those younger have to submit themselves to the older, in other words, they have to answer to them. Seeing that I am an ordained minister of the Gospel of Yeshua Ha Mashiach, my old boss was scripturally bound by this edict, even though I never asserted that he had to.

As shown in the following scriptures, we are of one body and therefore subject to each other:

Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour: for we are members one of another. Ephesians 4:25

AND

For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ.

For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am

not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?

But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary: And those members of the body, which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness. For our comely parts have no need: but God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honour to that part which lacked.

That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular. 1 Corinthians 12:12-27

Now imagine hitting your thumb with a hammer and the other hand that is holding the hammer saying, "I don't have to answer to you or submit to you because you're lesser than me. I only answer to the head." No, that doesn't happen. The natural response, whether dictated by the head or not is for the hand holding the hammer to drop the hammer and submit to the needs of the other hand. We serve Yahweh by loving each other, as parts of the Body of Mashiach and we show our love for each other by tending to each other; not lording over each other.

Paul tells us quite clearly in the following scripture that we are to submit to each other because we fear God:

Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God. Ephesians 5:21

Now the next scripture is quite interesting. Notice that the word "your" is in brackets? Well, those brackets are there because in the original language that word is not present and it was added by the translators of the KJV. If you take that word out it would mean that we are to not only confess our own faults, but the faults of our brothers to them. Scripture is quite clear that

we're supposed to warn a brother when they are in error, in love of course. This means there is a two-way submission between brothers.

*Confess [your] faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed.
The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. James 5:16*

This rubbish that is going around that some "believers" are beyond reproach is ridiculous. I don't know where my former boss goes to church, but if it is the place that I suspect they are heavily into the Shepherding Movement and they're also very heavily into the Replacement Theology belief. These two things would perfectly explain the actions of my last boss. I was an enemy because I am Jewish and he couldn't reconcile how I could still claim to be Jewish if the Jews are replaced by the Church and cast away forever. He probably saw me as some mixed-up fool who has a screwed-up theology. His trying to keep me to a higher standard and the subsequent persecution were probably because he saw me as an inferior, a layman so to speak and he wanted to be my elder at work. I want to express that I did submit to his authority as a boss and when things were brought up I capitulated rather than be accused of bucking the system or being insubordinate. I left my position there with the confidence that I did exactly what Yeshua would have me do in that bad situation.

His wanting to talk again to hash things out; well that was all mooted when he answered my text the way that he did. All he wanted to do was to make me feel bad one more time before I left. When I quit my job and walked out, I had the last word and he didn't want it to be that way. So, with his last hateful text he had the last word; big deal. In the end, when we stand before Yeshua (presuming he'll be there of course) we'll let Yahweh settle the matter.

In closing I have to say that I like this freedom. I understand how my ancestors felt when they left Egypt; a bit confused and wondering what the future holds; but I will never forget the words that Yahweh echoed in my ears just before my deliverance from my Pharaoh; "Soon those who have oppressed you, you will see no more."

Proclaim liberty throughout the land....

Retrospective Addendum

I was reading this article while preparing to bring it from one part of the server to another part of that same server. I'm condensing things a bit.

I wrote in the first section that I felt a sense of relief, like I was rescued from Egypt or some such thing. Yes, the new job went well for a few weeks but after experiencing it for about a month I realized that I had jumped from the frying pan and into the fire. It was sort of akin to my ancestors living in the desert after leaving Egypt, it was a liberation but a very hard liberation.

The first thing that I noticed was that the new employer wasn't willing to pay me what the last job paid me, in fact it was a dollar less per hour, but my reasoning was that freedom has its costs. Other things started to manifest that were harbingers that showed me that I was not long for that job. First, many of the people there were related to each other either in blood or through marriage. I had been in situations before and they were almost always a disaster. The second harbinger was that my new boss had some obvious psychiatric issues. I had been around people like him before having worked in psych pharmacy, and this man had all the signs of having a major personality disorder.

While I was not called out like I was at the previous job the work was hard and nobody wanted to train the new guy, so I had to pick up the job description mostly through watching and listening intently. The place was a sick work environment with family talking about other family members. My supervisor was in fact the ex-wife of the boss and she was not a happy person. After a month or two of all of the meshuga ways of this place my heart started to beat funny and I actually had chest pain. I left work early one day, telling my boss that I was going to the E.R. to get checked out. I halfheartedly thought that someone would volunteer to drive me to the hospital seeing I was having chest pains and such but that never happened.

I called my workplace the next day telling them that the doctor in the ER wanted me to have more tests to rule out a real heart attack. I told the receptionist that I didn't know how long I would be out and I apologized. The next day (I kid you not) I got a letter in the mail telling me that I was fired. There aren't any laws in Oregon to protect workers so a boss can fire you for anything that he wants. I applied for Unemployment Insurance which was contested by the employer but an Unemployment Department evaluator found in my favor enabling me to collect. Since they went to California to file a joint claim it turned out that I drew a substantial amount every week.

About this time my wife suggested that I go back to school. She worked at a technical college that offered an LPN program. After a year of intense study, I graduated, passed the NCLEX test and became a Licensed Practical Nurse. I applied for work at several places and when one accepted me, I got a phone call from my school asking me if I wanted to teach a class for Pharmacy Technicians. I took the job right away and worked there as a teacher and later a Program Director for almost two years.

Later the school decided to shut down the program, why I have no idea. I applied at a State Hospital pretty close to home and was denied three times and later found out that it was actual age discrimination. I had no proof but the testimony of someone who knew someone else so I had no civil complaint available. Later I would be accepted at another hospital where I am still employed.

I have been delivered from so many things since I moved to Oregon. Yes, the grass isn't always greener on the other side of the hill, but why stop at the first hill? Just keep going to the next hill then the next then the next until Yahweh finds you what He has for you.