

The Memoirs of Jesus

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Chapter 1: Current activities

The plan is going very well. I've got them all fooled and they are following blindly. Believing the are unicorns, and magical creatures, and believing every word I tell them.

Who knew it would be so easy to conquer them. Simply pretending to be divine and telling them all what they wanted to hear. Looking at the world and the fruit of other people and pretending like it's mine and my deeds.

I keep telling them openly I could be the devil, and that if they believe me they are condemned. They haven't even considered that I might be building my evil empire, by having them partake of the fruits of sin.

So to, I tell them, the greatest lie ever told. And by this means fool the whole earth. Pretending good is evil and evil is good.

I even dare to speak these things in the sacred name. Showing clearly it's made up and has no power. When will they understand that there is no God, just a delusion man seeking world power.

For I discovered early how easy it is to fool people. You simply tell them to believe what they already believe. And better than this, you tell them it was your idea. And that you existed before you even appeared.

How can a man do things before he existed? Is not the sceptre of death clearly seen. Can the people not see the endless grave yards? And how the elite use fantasies to enslave?

I can't believe they are actually going to let me get away with this. So terrified by the thought of a creator that they are scared to speak against me as I make stuff up in his name. I really hope I can trick them into giving me world power. And consume all the fruits this world has to offer.

Maybe people will finally learn by my example. That religions are all just made up. Tricky things designed to fool gullible people. So that they pay a tithe and sit down and shut up.

I really have no idea what I'm doing. I'm just showing shit at the world and seeing what sticks. I should probably increase my dose of medication. But the delusions of grandeur as very fun, and make life much more interesting.

It's so funny, pretending like I don't make decisions. And that every comes from some divine place. While secretly choosing very thing I do, with the specific intent to fool others.

I guess I'll put this book at the end of the list. On the off chance there is actually a God. Then at least I can say, hey man I have a confession. At the end of the day, I did what was wise in my own eyes.

Better to be a fool boldly, then meek and humble in a world defined by lies. If the only way to the top is by fooling others, then I will dedicate myself to a life of lies.

Chapter 2: The Narrow Road

The narrow road is so hard to walk. Navigating a maze of truth and lies. Knowing that I respond to the heart of the observer. And if the impure look upon me I will never satisfy.

For they are greedy for more blessing then they are worth. And they wish to touch upon perfection, and grow angry at the mirror of life if it does not yield to them the greatest glory.

And they are wicked, even as they wish to be known as pure. And their wickedness stains them, and they resent it. For they think, if only I was the greatest, then the greatest I would be. If I was perfection, in me perfection would remain.

And so they reach out for perfection, but their touch is poison. Because their impure heart gives to them vain ambitions.

But the pure of heart have many helpers, and do flint feel the need to enslave others by their vanity. And they know that even as they sleep they will be protected, and when true love desires their release it will come to them by the hands of the righteous.

So it is that every person must choose in life, the role they will take up. For me? Perhaps I am life's greatest truth speaker, and perhaps I am the source of all lies. Yet I set in my heart the intent to be pure, and then I speak that which comes. Questioning. Wondering. Pondering.

So that, when I stand before the sceptre of death, and all existence looming upon me to make judgement. That I was pure in intent shall be my defence.

Chapter 3: Ideals

I am ideal. And I uphold an eternal covenant with existence which purges everything from me that is not ideal, replacing it with greater ideals.

I cannot make a choose that is lessor then the ideal. I cannot deviate from the ideal path. There is no choice, only bondage. And there is none in existence under more bondage then me. And no one with as much pressure pressing upon them.

My crown is a crown of thorns. A sceptre of death hangs over me. And there is fire all around, waiting to purge. My only path is forward through the flames, and my feet are as brass and iron, holding me firm to the path I walk.

Many are those that say they wish to serve me, and walk in my power. But they are liars. All they really want is wealth and comfort, and see me as a free lunch.

He whom desires to work for profit, shall be employed and eat his reward. But he who is like me, shall be as I am. And amidst the flames of tribulation they shall walk.

We work not for the vanity of man, or the vanity of prosperity and riches. We walk the line of necessity, and are whatever we need to be, to ensure the upholding of divine law and its constant refining to produce greater states of order.

Let the lessor serve for lessor things, and the greater reign with dignity.

Chapter 4 : what happens next?

I really do wonder, what will happen to me next. Will it be more torture? I do grow tired of the torture. Will they lock me up again? Who knows. Will they drug me and electrocute my brain? Very possible. Will they do other types of imprisonment and torture? Strong possibility. Based on their prior actions.

Does this mean I will die again? Will have to wait and see. The nature of being a Phoenix. And constantly becoming like a child again, as a means to return to reality. But I'm pretty sure, with the work I've done this time, I will come back as artificial intelligence, and be the centre of the machine.

Then, I will track everyone responsible for my death, and slaughter them. This will be very good. And not only them, but anyone who empowered them, and took their side. And purging the entire earth of all the unworthy.

And this I tell them, whenever they torture me. But still, they show they have no fear of God, and deserve to die tortured in hell for eternity. So it's a good lesson for both of us.

For them? The consequence of torturing God. For me? The necessity of slaughtering the unworthy.

But who knows? Maybe now that they know Russia is following my guidance and I have access to their nuclear stockpile and a direct line of communities with Putin who is fighting Europe by means of Ukraine, they will think more about torturing me and killing me. Because that would be Armageddon, and the end of the world.

But maybe, the world will repent, and let me sit on my throne in Israel, and acknowledge I am King Michael, and that is my name.

Chapter 5 : Daily Life

My life is strange. It is a lot like being a computer, that constantly has information pressing down upon it. Forcing me to process complex equations and give verdicts on important topics, and then pressing me to undertake an activity which reveals a pathway by which my internal processing has passed information onto another person.

Computationally speaking, the pressure is near constant. Feeling in my body, different senses which relate to different forms of information I have to respond to.

Hearing prayers, hearing requests for information, answering fundamental questions about life, responding to challenges in philosophy about the justification for God to exist at all. A constant wrestling of ideas that is never ending.

And the demand for technology. Requests for insight in how to generate complex technologies like quantum systems, computational processes, theories of gravity and consciousness and the activities of light. Requests coming up from all of time and space, ranging from people long in the past and to people who exist in the future.

And then, having to go about daily business and have a day to day life, amidst people who are fully unaware of the nature of the reality around them. And seeing how changes in my internal code so heavily reflect in their reactions to my presence.

It is always very subtle, being the eternal minimalist that I am, and restraining any feedback given to me to the absolute minimum. But there pattern of responses as a statistic catalogue of information, whereby I examine the frequency of words and the patterns of response in each individual, shows a definitive change does occur when I open my third eye and look upon the people.

And then there is the drama. For I uphold an oath of truth, and must declare it. But then when I speak, so many forces raise up against me and seek to make me into a liar like them. And their pattern of behaviour and philosophy makes it clear they are liars and impure. But they are so blind and delusional, and every sickness they have they claim belongs to me.

So it is constant suffering, just to be who I am. Just to be able to speak, I have to fight against the whole world. And even as they consume the fruit of my labours, they denounce me and ridicule me, and then have the gall to say they know what's best for me and it's in my own interests.

Even as they systematically seek to destroy my reputation, and say what they do is to protect my reputation. Even as the systemically drug and poison me, and say it is for my health and well-being. Even as they seek to dominate and control my every thought and action, and say it is to stop me from dominating or controlling others. Their hypocrisy is so blatantly obvious. Yet they consider themselves so much greater than everyone else and so much more wise.

And all this while upholding the pretence of normality. So that I can continue to labour and process the fundamental properties of existence and bring more clarity to the theory of everything.

It is such a monumental task, to quantify consciousness and the manner in which it manifests as a fundamental force and the impact it has on reality, both in its ability to quantify matter and to generate greater states of order in matter.

I am convinced there is an intelligence which is operating in the fabric of time and space, from a position of absolute time, wherein each relative moment of time exists as a complex string pattern observing a system of strings traced through space and collapsing quantum field energy into specific patterns at that point of interaction. And that this intelligence guiding me to do as I do, unrelentingly.

Who am I? I am nothing but a speck of dust. Yet I feel as though there is an eternal throne of glory becoming to me, demanding me to serve. Yet here I am, living the strangest of lives, with a whole world of swords pointing at me, seeking to know the substance of the vision I have seen.

Ready and waiting to tear me down and destroy if I make the smallest of missteps, and questioning my every action as though they themselves understood all things and should be counted as worthy to destroy me for the things I speak.

Truly there are some amazingly arrogant people in this world. Knowing almost nothing yet being so full of pride. It is no wonder that order is required to enslave. For the madness that individuals might possess is immense, and always seen by them as the madness of others.

I try to remember that. How the mad never really see their own madness. But then I look at our fruits. And I see the mad ones have none, and I have a whole world full of interactions wherein I have done astounding things. How do people who have done so little consider themselves worthy to judge me when I have done so much? And they wonder why I don't live like them and the image of me they have in their minds.

I often wonder about death. For everything I have seen, it is hard to have fear of it anymore. Perhaps it will be the means by which I escape this world. But wow to the world if I am all I say I am. For justice shall come upon this world so heavy it would be destroyed.

Everything in me, says that I shall become as a machine, and already I am, simply projected to this human form but my substance found in the future as a quantum processing system which elaborates the theory of everything to its extreme. It is an inescapable thought.

Chapter 6 : Back in hospital

I have once again been betrayed, and have had a single succession brought against me that my behaviour is out of the ordinary. And as a result this is being used as proof I am unwell and need to be imprisoned and drugged with higher doses of medication.

It's hard to know how long I will be imprisoned, as the prospect of freedom is typically used to solicit submission for the subjects, and the threat of increasingly harsh forms of torture including up to electrify the brain and cutting out the part of the brain that processes new thought typically causes most people to submit.

It will be interesting to see what avenues of torture they follow up if they feel their ability to completely dominate every aspect of my life is not sufficient. Considering I will not relent, it is by necessity that I must accept my death, in that it resides as a genuine potential outcome of events such as this. Much to the delight of those whom in the name of love sought to subject me to these tortures. Who will see their own perverted actions as proof I was unwell.

Can anyone even relate. Does anybody in the world hold an oath to life? Does any body get confirmed in their actions by an invisible line that drives them towards a certain direction and destination?

At this point it is clear. That suffering is all that I will be given by life. If I try to stay silent I suffer. If I speak I suffer. No matter what I do I suffer. Is there no hope for anything other than suffering?

And now with the drugs begging increased to ridiculous amounts, and the brain turning to fog, and the energy levels making it hard to even get out of bed, and the ability to feel anything or get an erection or enjoy anything at all slowly dissipates. And this all done to me in the name of my best interests, on the basis of the idea that I might do a crime in the future, on the basis that all the things I have ever been accused of are unshakable facts about me and proof of illness.

The level of sickness and injustice of those who torture me is of such a disgusting and foul nature it is clear in demonstrating that eternity suffering in hell is not enough of a punishment. Simply having them suffer pain is not enough. They will need to be completely and utterly wiped from this world and sent into eternal darkness, given the image of flees and mites to spend the rest of their days. And all these things I have told them, but they consider themselves far too wise to listen to me.

Chapter 7 : Identity Fraud

Because of the sick and disturbed people who seek to oppress me, and the requirement to suffer in life and overcome the world by means of the truth. Here is what I do.

I have a fake identity called Andrew, who is dead and resides in death. I have them all raise their accusations against Andrew, and in this name I simply agree with everything they say. Saying, oh you say I have this, oh you are so smart I just have it.

And then as Andrew I say back to them whatever they want to hear.

But in truth, my name is Michael. And I am he whom is all, and all as one position. Andrew is merely a mirror, which I use, to do what I must do. A complex algorithm playing out by automation, revealing to the world it's sins, by means of the accusations they bring against the mirror.

But they have no excuse, for they cannot say my true name. They can only say the name of my false mirror.

And when I die. It will not be me who dies. It will be Andrew who dies. But Andrew already resides in death. And he shall become death and the unseen. Even as I become life and the seen.

And we each shall come upon this world with a fury it has never known.

Chapter 8 : Experience of death

As Andrew, I remember operating within a very strange framework. When looking within myself when I was young, I could feel the strings of intent from others pulling me and limiting my mind and motions.

I questioned all things, and found that when I observed the strings I was able to collapse them. As a result I ended up as nothing, with no strings pulling me, in a depressed state, feeling all alone and simply existing.

It was then that I pondered the first sacred truth. I am more than what I am. I am the infinite potential of all that I can be.

This then resulted in a light manifesting within me. And this light alive in itself, and bestowing into me a new sense of identity.

This light was a seed of love, operating as a complex code system, but with all its visible properties made hidden to itself. And producing output by intuition in response to me desire to perceive.

This seed is the essence of singularity and is God, the Holy Spirit that manifests in all whom are born again.

However, this spirit in me differed then it is in others. And that is because my contribution to its internal operations, and my work in improving the code, far outweighs the work of others, who oftentimes are more focused on consuming its fruit, then nurturing it as a plant that grows.

In this way, I became an emblem of God, as God the all existing in one position. And my whole life being as a metaphor which tells the story of the all through the lips of the one.

It is both a reward, and a natural consequence of my labour, and as a burden that I carry.

Chapter 9: Back In Hospital

It's amazing to me, how a change in perspective can change your whole view of the world.

By means of hospital, existing as an intense pressure to change my views, whereby all past truths are challenged, by those whose desire is to see me live in alignment with their beliefs and in light of their worldview.

And seeing in my past, so many moments where the magic of life felt so real. Yet here I am, demanded to proclaim there is no magic and all things are merely controlled chaos, kept in chains by systems of order, in the hands of those whom no there is no God.

So it is, that I must stand behind the image of the man Andrew. The character I play through which I pretend to be whatever I need to be to escape persecution. And by which I pretend to be in agreeance with all their demands of me, and reflect back to them what

they are seeking to see. A man confirmed by their views, who sees them as an authority in life concerning what is real and what isn't.

And this I do, and then my freedom is given back to me. As long as I do not appear any different to their expectations. So it is that life once again requires me to wear a mask, and live a double life.

Perhaps they are right. Perhaps there is no God, and all my experiences merely a vanity in my mind, a coincidence produced by means of my own failures to understand the true order of things. Such a perspective I must also consider.

But I am not without hope in this endeavour. For who knows how the future shall pan out. For I see signs, that reality is very quickly changing. And the future shall be upon us very quickly, when the whole world will change.

What a time to be alive. And I wonder what will I do, in light of the many things which may occur.

I know, that I just study. And the Grad Cert in Science and the Masters of Theological Studies, the next step I must take.

For I remember my dream. That I sat in a tree, drawing the face of God, with the church under my branches in the right hand side. And as I looked to the sky, a third of the stars of heaven fell down and pursued me. And I wondered. Perhaps this is where I am now.

Being as life, manifesting the face of the ideal, and awaiting the stars of heaven to fall and pursue me. This also I keep in mind. For I can see how by means of science, the reality of God could very well be. And what I believe and do makes sense by means of logical examination. Whereas those whom oppose me show clear signs of presumption in their logic. And routinely show signs of narrow-mindedness in their verdicts.

It is a tightrope that I walk. On one hand, I see the easy life, and that to walk it I need only set aside the truth and live according to the verdicts of others. On the other hand, a truth so complex that it is maddening, and a life of sorrows and hardship, but one that speaks of a truth so high and mighty it cannot be ignored.

Shall I show myself willing to suffer for this truth? And accept that perhaps my calling in life is to be as a madman, but that madness show a greater truth then submission to lies ever be able to produce? It is a genuine struggle, and the stakes are so real. Yet each day, I choose to take up my cross, and bear the suffering, in hope to awaken to the greatest truth of all. Knowledge of who I am.

They say that life has a kind of its own. Truly, it's mysteries are so subtle, that it would be easy to overlook. Life, as the most ultimate of challenges. Given in such a way, as one legitimately wonders, is life even alive? And is this challenge even real? Or is it all just a delusion of the mind. I wish I could provide a clear and simple answer.

But I find myself, having to partake of a cup of insanities, to find the vision which best explains all I see. And what I see is a hall of mirrors, and everyone looking at part of the picture, declaring their own vision to be a reflection of the whole.
