

Happiness & Learning to fly with Jesus

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I AM NOT UTTERING A FINAL
PRONOUNCEMENT NOR EXPRESSING AN
ESTABLISHED DOCTRINE, BUT I AM
RESEARCHING TO THE LIMIT OF MY
ABILITY, I AM DISCUSSING THE MEANING
OF THE SCRIPTURES AND I DO NOT
CLAIM TO HAVE UNDERSTOOD THAT
MEANING WHOLLY OR PERFECTLY, ON
MANY POINTS I HAVE A PRELIMINARY
IDEA.

WAESHAEL

A Life

Introduction

Happiness. Now there is a word I don't hear much these days.

People are all so busy that they haven't the time to think of happiness— apart from having a good time. But I have discovered happy people in many places.

I remember a painter who was always painting and was never happier than when he had enough tubes of paint to finish a canvas. Feed him occasionally; and leave him alone to his painting.

I was a happy man on the Ocean in a small boat, at least I thought I was happy. There was nothing pressing for my attention. There were only the two of us, me and a companion, my wife then. We were alone on a big Ocean

in a small yacht heading for Hawaii. We had sold or given away all our possessions that would not fit into the lockers on the boat. There were seventeen small lockers each the size of a shopping bag. The lockers below the sleeping berths were full of canned foods, spare parts, and tools. Three on each side had our clothes in them, a dozen sport shirts and three pairs of shorts was all I needed. Plus some long pants for mixing with the Mexicans who dressed modestly in town.

In the Ocean we didn't wear clothes if we stayed in the shade of the Bimini.

Each day was the same. The sun sets directly on the bow in May at 23 degrees N latitude, and the moon rises for ten nights in the month to light our path. Then it was pitch black at night and we could see only stars above and nothing in the sea.

I moved carefully around a boat that was lit by one small red light below that allowed me to see the stove and make tea and a snack, and occasionally check the nav instruments to guess where we were. There was nothing to do. No one could call me, there was no news, no bills outstanding, and there wasn't anything I ought to do. I was happy.

It was strange that as I approached land I began to feel sad. The attachment to land meant I had to deal with customs and immigration, I had to get off the boat and go shopping, and I knew I was going to be exposed to other people's bad humor—people who were land-locked and dealing with all the traumas of everyday life.

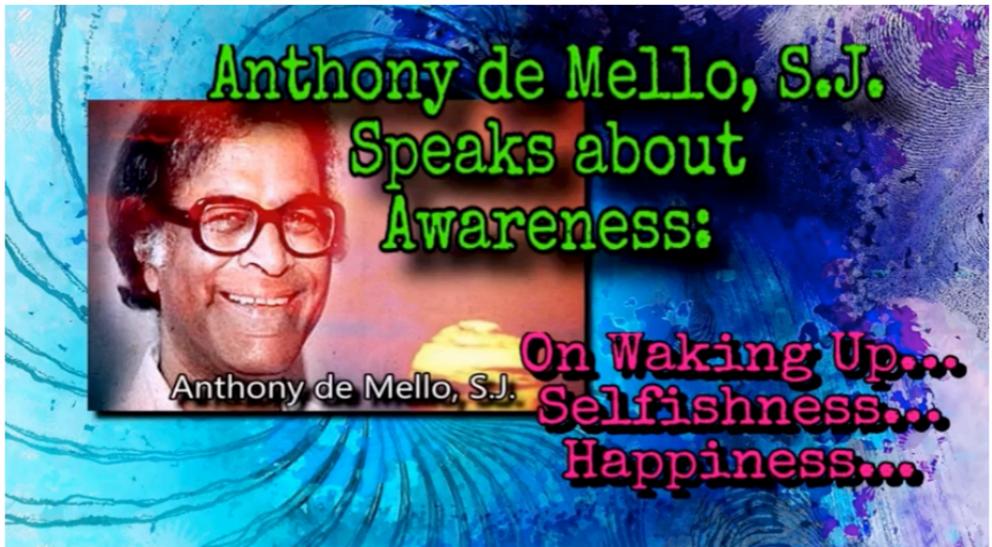
Yes, there is nothing better to expose you to what happiness might consist of by kiving on a small boat in a big Ocean.

When I got home people asked me about fear. They would never do it, they said. What if something went wrong? They would be a long way from family and friends and medical help.

That is why most people are unhappy. They think that they need all those things for their own happiness. They have never been without family and friends, doctors, and supermarkets. They don't see how these things can cause them to be unhappy.

Jesus explained it, so did Anthony De Mello. Tony De Mello is much easier to understand than Jesus, so I would start with listening to him. He is on youtube. Tony was a Jesuit Priest and also a Hindu, and a great philosopher who learned all he knew from Jesus and Buddha, brethren in the Spirit.

Tony De Mello gave a series of lectures to Fordham University which were telecast, and they are now on Youtube. An audio version of part one is [here](#).



A video version with polish subtitles gives [a three hour presentation](#). I can't find the original video without subtitles but it is good to watch him, and listen along.

I didn't discover him until I was 55 years old. He started me to think about life, and was an influence in my Christian journey.

From him I discovered where happiness can be found. He taught that a man must give up his desire for attachments to find happiness. I had to listen to him many times before I began to understand what he meant by 'desire for attachments.'

If you think that you need people and things to make you happy, you have been brainwashed by society, because these are the attachments that prevent you from being happy.

Jesus said it: unless a man was willing to give up family and friends, jobs, and possessions, he was not worthy to be a disciple.

I am not saying that you have to give up everything to follow after Jesus. You have to give up only the desire for those things. The phrases ‘I need’, and ‘I want’ must go out of your vocabulary.

To start on the road to happiness you have to say ‘I don’t need’, and ‘I don’t want anything more than I have.’ Then you must start giving away things that cause you to worry.

Simplify your life, begin by cancelling your subscriptions, reduce your bank accounts, unsubscribe from services, newsletters, updates. Reduce your credit cards. Don’t owe anybody anything.

Of course there are some things you must take care of, a spouse, kids, and dogs. Don’t let anyone persuade you to do something more than this.

Happiness for me didn't begin until I learned to trust The Father and to do what Jesus taught the Apostles, especially what He taught in Matthew 5 ,6, 7 and 8. I explained these chapters in book Two, but read [book One first.](#)

I worked for Seven more years, retired and went on another sailing voyage to the Caribbean for three years. It was there that I found Jesus. After I returned from that trip I was baptized and was confirmed into an Episcopal Church in Charleston. The Dean of the Cathedral took me under his wing and I began to know what Jesus was teaching.

What I did

I also listened to Tony De Mello about happiness once more.

In 2005 I gave up sailing, hobbies, TV, friends, just so that I could study what Jesus had taught the Apostles to do, so that I could learn to do something just as meaningful. I wanted to know what did Thomas do? And Philip, Nathanael, James, Andrew, and Peter? And what is John teaching us in the New Testament?

I talked with holy men to find out what they did. I read about the ancient church fathers to see what they did. I struggled with the sayings of Jesus to understand what He was expecting of me. I dedicated my life to the pursuit of knowledge about Jesus.

I had Jesus as my instructor. In this book I will tell you how I started.

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Happiness was missing

I somehow managed to live out all of my dreams, without worshipping any ‘god.’

For sixty years I hardly gave a thought to ‘god’ or Jesus.

I lived for ten years in San Francisco overlooking the Bay, so close to Fisherman’s wharf that I could walk there for lunch. I drove a big Mercedes, and I never ate at home. I had sufficient income that I could travel to any place I had the time for. I had all the toys and a yacht. I was married, and had a son who was smart enough to take care of his own life. I had all I wanted, but I was not happy. I even became religious for two years, but that didn’t help.

When the Company I worked for was sold to Toshiba, I had time to think about what was next, and what was next was a long sea voyage to Mexico, Hawaii and Canada. I took three years off.

I sold everything. If it wouldn't fit on the boat, I had to get rid of it. When I untied the dock lines and headed out to sea, there was nothing of me left in the USA, apart from my son who was still working, and thinking of marriage.

The first two years I was in Mexico living on the boat, mostly. Life was very simple. No phones, no Internet, mail took months to arrive. Everyone I met was new to me. I filed my tax returns, of course, and I had an account with Merrill Lynch, but that was the

extent of my dealings with the old life. There was nothing I ought to do.

I still worried about stuff. Happiness didn't bubble to the surface. I still had all those memories of life in the USA. There were moments of joy, but also there had been a lot of job stress. I wondered what I would do for a job when I returned after three years away.

Two years I drifted slowly along with other yachties and a few ex-pats. I had no plans, other than to keep life simple.

A big day was to take the bus to P-V to get fresh bread as it came from the oven, and grab fish tacos for lunch. On most days I read and slept in the cockpit under the Bimini. I wasn't much of a drinker, but Beer was 25 cents a bottle, and safer to drink than any water. I

made friends with some wealthy ex-pats who were always looking for someone to talk to, so I ate a lot with them, even stayed in their palatial homes. None of them seemed to be especially happy.

The poorest Mexicans seems to smile the most, and be surrounded by friends. Some had no electricity, no TV, and slept on concrete slabs with a thin mattress. They ate beans and rice and a little fish, and chocolate malts. I didn't envy their life, just watched it from the sidelines. My life was focussed on the yacht, here was peace, safety, and a cup of tea.

After almost three years I decided that happiness was not coming from such a life. It was relaxation, but not happiness. I decide to come home to California via Hawaii and

Canada. This was to be a 5200 mile Ocean passage which took 52 days with a stopover in Hawaii for repairs and rest.

Alone in a Hurricane

I was on the Pacific Ocean a long way from land when a hurricane formed just to the South heading in my direction. I didn't panic. I knew that whatever happened I would be taken care of by something that was more powerful than the weather system. I didn't know much about god, but I knew that god existed for some of my family, even my wife believed in god.

The Pacific crossing from Puerto Vallarta to Hilo in Hawaii was my first big adventure, the equivalent of a first solo flight. I had a

companion to feed me and stand watch while I slept, but she didn't help with navigation or sailing. If I fell off the boat, she would have been unable to rescue me as she had no knowledge of sailing. She would also have been lost at sea.

In those days there was no GPS for navigation, and no downloadable weather charts from the Internet to know what the weather would be like over the next few days. I had only historical weather data on a dozen colored charts, one for each month, that predicted the sort of weather I could expect in the Pacific in any month, but nothing to warn me of any hurricane that might be brewing in my area in May.

The tropical depression had spawned off Acapulco when I was five days out and 500

miles from PV—too late to turn back. I heard the news on my short wave radio. It was headed my way.

Soon hurricane Alma was created and was moving on the same track to Hawaii that I was on, but at twice my forward speed. It was expected to run over my position in 24 hours.

What to do? Say a prayer and hope for the best? What I understood about god and Jesus at that time could be written on the back of an envelope. What I had learned from my friends was that god helps those who help themselves. In other words I had to do the best I could before divine providence might step in to help me. Well, I could do a lot by myself, so I wasn't expecting any help.

I weathered the storm and made it to Hawaii. My engine was wrecked and I had no

way to generate electrical power apart from a small solar panel. And when I approached Hawaii, the wind died and I had no way to motor in to the harbor. But I figured out how to do under sail by hugging the shore beneath the mountain. There was a weak downdraft that filled the sails. In Hawaii I repaired the engine, rested for a month and then set off for Vancouver, Canada. That was another 24 days at sea, and a great trip with my son.

Back in California, I rested for six months and thought about life. But it would be twelve years before I recognized the real presence of The Father.

I learned about god who was always with me in Spirit, and could interfere in my life in all sorts of ways through angelic intervention.

There is no other explanation for the events in my life which led to my conversion.

Conversion

This book is only the beginning of my conversion experience. I call it **learning to fly with Jesus.**

I hope to pass it on to you. I have written more than 500 booklets so far—more than 3 million words, most of which are unpublished and only revealed to my family and friends.

What you can read here is a beginning—those things you also need to know in order to learn how to ‘fly with Jesus.’

After you have grasped the basics—the ground work—you will earn the right to have Jesus as your instructor. Without this ground

work, you cannot expect Jesus to become your instructor and show you how to earn your ‘wings.’

The Holy Bible

It is a jolt when you learn that in the New Testament there are only two hours of ‘ground’ instruction from Jesus.

Yes, that is how long it takes to read every word Jesus speaks in the New Testament.

Jesus gave a thousand hours of instruction to Peter, and Peter’s secretary, Mark wrote down everything that Peter told him ‘leaving nothing out, and adding nothing of his own,’ according to the 4th century church historian Eusebius. Less than 20 minutes of that

teaching from Peter, was made public in Mark's Gospel.

You can't earn the right to have Jesus as an instructor after studying only two hours of Jesus groundwork, but that's all there is in the New Testament.

Some of my friends have earned that right, and have dedicated every spare minute to learning about Jesus. I have friends who are priests, bishops, brethren and sisters of Jesus, and even an Archbishop.

Most ordinary 'lay' people are still in basic training after a lifetime in the 'church.' People know so little about Jesus that they can't even quote anything He said. Jesus said about 600 important things. Read my book [Speeches of Jesus](#) You would expect 'christians' would know a dozen or so.

Last week a stock broker came to the house to get me to invest with his Company.

I told him that since god has provided everything I have ever needed, I had no need of his Company. We talked about church. He was very enthusiastic. He was an Usher and a teacher of children at a Mega church. I said: ‘tell me something Jesus said’ He was silent and couldn’t say anything about Jesus. He sent me a nice thank you card—hand written.

How the Apostles were trained

How many tunes can you hum or sing that you heard on television when you were young?

When I was only eight years old there was a puppet song called ‘flower pot men,’ and I can still sing the words. I remember the jingles for ‘Fairy Liquid’ soap. And I can sing

the parody of ‘When Shepherds watched their flock by night,’ we sang ‘when shepherds washed their socks at night all seated round the tub, a bar of sunlight soap came down and they began to scrub!’

And I never wrote down these words. They have been embedded in my memory along with hundreds of classical tunes, jazz tunes, and rock songs from the sixties. I can still play on the guitar tunes I played at fourteen. None of it was documented.

This was how the Apostles remembered Jesus. They could recite everything He said to them. This is how they passed His sayings on.

In fact the Apostles considered that what He said was sacred, and not to be shared with any Tom, Dick or Harry, but to be spoken of

only to those graduates of the ‘ground school’ who Jesus called ‘little children.’

Ground school was called the Kingdom of Heaven in those days. New converts to *The Way*, entered into the Kingdom of Heaven to experience The Father’s love.

After passing an examination the ‘children’ were baptized and became student ‘pilots,’ and put under an instructor who had been trained by Jesus.

Inquisitive people might want to know what Jesus had taught, but only student pilots were allowed to listen in.

There is an Aramaic colloquialism that Jesus once said in the New Testament text: ‘we don’t hang rings on pigs.’ It means today something like ‘we don’t give instruction to

people who are not serious about becoming a pilot.’

Children of god

In the New Testament Jesus goes to ‘the borders of Tyre and Sidon’ to get away from everyone. He is petitioned by a non-Jew. Jesus gives only ‘crumbs’ to this woman. This woman is a metaphor for gentiles, according to the church fathers.

Jesus’s bread was to be given only to the ‘children of God,’ whom He calls peacemakers—those who do the Will of His Father and don’t argue about it. All others were to given only ‘crumbs’ of His teaching. That is what we have in the Catholic New Testament, you know the King James Version.

Gentiles were given only the crumbs. To get the full teaching you must become a ‘child of god.’

First of all before you even embark on this quest, you need to know which god you want to be a child of? How can you begin to do the Will of The Father and become a peacemaker if you don’t know who Jesus means when He says: ‘God?’

So, one of the first lessons in ground school is to understand what Jesus means by ‘My Father.’

The Lord’s Prayer

Most Pastors recite the ‘Our Father’ prayer every Sunday with the congregation and no-one asks who actually is The Father they are praying to.

Many do not understand that this prayer is to affirm to Jesus that the disciple considered himself to really be a son of The Father and a brother to Jesus.

When you say it, do you understand this? Do you even know what you must be like as a person in order to qualify to be a brother of Jesus?

If a person who recites the Lord's prayer is ignorant of who is The Father, who are they expecting to answer their prayer? As Gregory said in the 2nd century: 'it could be they are praying to the Devil if they have evil in their heart, because The Father would not respond to someone who has evil in his heart.

Who did Jesus mean when He said: 'My Father?'

He told the Disciples that before He was sent to the ‘lost sheep of Israel,’ no-one even knew of The Father at all—not Moses nor the Prophets. Only Jesus the ‘son of man’ who walked around Galilee, was capable of revealing The Father, and then only to those He selected.

Some of the Apostles knew who was The Father: Thomas, Peter, Andrew, Philip, John, and James passed on the teaching of Jesus about His Father. You probably haven’t read what Philip, Thomas, Andrew, and James said about The Father.

Until the 20th century most of the teaching of Jesus given to the six were hidden from the public. A man had to commit to a life of poverty and celibacy in order to be .educated about Jesus

But since the 1950s the writings about Jesus which had been hidden from the public, and about which John had said all the books in the world then existing could not contain them, have been translated into English. Any intelligent person with the time to study can learn what Jesus taught about The Father.

But, who amongst ordinary men would undertake such a study—perhaps one person in a thousand. You have probably never met such a one.

I know of perhaps a dozen people who have undertaken the study of The Father from the teachings of Jesus. They don't usually discuss it with ordinary folk. When they get together they use terms that lay people wouldn't understand. It is like listening to

two engineers discuss some new project they are working on. As soon as they start chatting in engineering lingo all other listeners move away, unable to follow the conversation. That's how it is when theologian and priests chat. No ordinary listener has a clue what they are saying.

This is a problem when reading the ancient books about Jesus that are newly translated into English. If you don't know the terminology you will quickly become frustrated and will put the book back on the shelf. So even though the words of Jesus from ancient documents have been made available to the public, they are too mysterious for ordinary folk.

The English New Testament

The New Testament itself was written for ‘plow boys’ to understand the Bible according to Rev William Tyndale, the Roman Catholic Priest who wrote most of the King James Version.

The King James Version is a simple English translation of the original Latin Bible written by Jerome in the 4th century, itself a ‘vulgar’ bible for ordinary priests. Yet even this simple exposition of Jesus’s sayings is confusing to most people.

Hours of study and preparation

In my preparation for adult education classes, I would sometimes spend forty hours studying for a 45 minute talk.

I once spent an entire season to explain the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount, which is only a few chapters in Matthew.

The Good Samaritan parable took me four Sundays to explain to my class, and these were smart people.

So, even though you can read the books about Jesus's teaching of the Apostles, you may not understand them on your own. You must have a teacher who knows what they mean.

I am such a teacher.

It is not possible to understand Jesus from the text only. You must follow His instructions and see what comes of your effort. You must be sensitive to the outcome of your efforts to emulate Jesus, and begin to

recognize what it means to behave like Jesus. Through this experience you will experience how The Father treats His ‘children.’

In the image and likeness of ‘god.’

It has been said that man was made in the image and likeness of ‘god,’ at first, but because of the ‘fall’ man lost his likeness to ‘god.’ Man must spend his time trying to regain his likeness to god, not of course in essence but to behave like god in goodness and justice.

To many American Protestants the idea that man can become ‘like god,’ is blasphemous, yet it is the ambition of Hindus, Muslims, Jews and Catholics the world over, and it is what Jesus was trying to teach the lost sheep.

Lost in translation

In the rush to establish a ‘Christian Faith’ for America the message of Jesus seems to have been lost. I say this because the vast majority of Americans call themselves born again ‘Christians’ and seem to have no interest in becoming like Jesus or ‘god.’ They only want to be ‘saved’ by reading their Bible.

Catholics, Anglicans, and Orthodox, want more than this. They want to learn how to be like Jesus—how to fly with Jesus.

No-one can learn to fly with Jesus from reading a book. You have to be instructed. You have to study under someone who ‘knows.’ And you have to practice, as new knowledge is unveiled to you.

[RETURN TO INDEX OF ARTICLES](#)

Move on to my book [“It’s all about Jesus Book ONE”](#) to learn about The Father,