

ENOCH AND THE BOOK
OF COINCIDENCES VI:

Suffering Servant

*The Final Volume
of the Enoch Chronicles*

By Howard Michael Riell

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“Behold, My servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high... So shall he sprinkle many nations; the kings shall shut their mouths at him: for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider.

“Who hath believed our report? And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

“He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were [our] faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

“Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

“But he (was) wounded for our transgressions, (he was) bruised for our iniquities:

the chastisement of our peace [was] upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

“He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

“Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put [him] to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see (his) seed, he shall prolong [his] days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

“He shall see of the travail of his soul, (and) shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall My righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.”

The Book of Isaiah

“What is shockingly powerful about this major Suffering Servant passage is that it is a kind of divine love song.”

Harold Bloom, Jesus and Yahweh: The Names Divine

Cover photos by S.K.

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“Nikkarin divrei emet.”

(“You know the truth when you hear it.”)

Sotah 9b, The Babylonian Talmud

Now is now.

Introduction

This will be the hardest of all the Enoch books for me to write.

If I was footloose and fancy free when this whole business started back in 1986, five years down the road, where this book begins, I had grown frustrated, resentful, disappointed and angry over the failure of all the grand promises to have come to pass -- to say nothing of being basically exiled against my will from friends and family in a faraway place, separated from the kind of supportive religious community I had come to need.

When last we saw our intrepid young hero (at the end of Enoch V: Much Darkness Approaches), he had seemingly and quite angrily cast off in disgust his religious persona after a disappointing meeting with a supposed Israeli mystic in Boro Park, Brooklyn. Suffice it to say that the yarmulke and tzitzis went back on before I pulled up in front of my house in Teaneck. My moment of revolt had been brief, though there would be more, and you're about to read about several of them.

Somewhere in the messages (it was November 16, 1990, actually) my little apartment in Brighton Beach was referred to as a womb, where I was destined to grow and develop like a spiritual fetus. Well, now I'd been cast out -- birthed into a cold, hard world for which I was most definitely not prepared.

The elation of the late 1980s had morphed into something quite different in the 1990s. Suddenly, I would find my life filled to overflowing with anxiety and fear, and an exhaustive inventory of woes that included, but was hardly limited to, bad breaks, no-win situations, financial disasters, haunting doubts, humiliation, an incessant series of wrong

decisions, the death or loss of close friends and family members, professional setbacks, unfulfilled promises, a miscarriage, sleepless nights, anxiety, despair, dead ends, unforeseen disasters, nagging annoyances, circling vultures (quite literally – I kid you not!), crises of faith, loss of hope, betrayal by friends, alienation from family, the erosion of my marriage for reasons I've promised I won't discuss, loneliness, abandonment, trained attack dogs, shots fired, anti-Semitism, a warrant for my arrest, flood warnings and a middle-of-the-night evacuation, continued failure to get my books published, ceaseless calls from collection agencies, an abortive attempt to move back to New York, the destruction of both the top and bottom floors of my house in storms (talk about upper and lower waters!), and a maddening continuation of those incredible coincidences -- all of which pointed toward a glorious future that seemed more and more unlikely with each passing day.

Why would such dire circumstances befall someone who had committed his life to religion? I frantically searched for explanations in theological and philosophical writings. There was no shortage of answers: Atonement for sins. A device to strengthen and mature me. Empathy for God's own suffering. And a host of other esoteric possibilities.

After my stinging disappointment with the vaunted Israeli "mystic" behind the bed sheet I decided there was only one person left for me to consult -- the saintly, miracle-working Lubavitcher Rebbe of Crown Heights, himself the odds-on favorite to ultimately be revealed as the long-awaited messiah.

In addition, a flock of new and undeniably strange questions would present themselves – questions involving everything from Shakespeare's greatest play, astronomical warnings and global extinctions to South and Central American gods and possible links between the Biblical forefather Jacob and Adam, Enoch, Thomas... and yours truly.

And then there was the frustrating irony -- after years of messages telling me that I was the messiah – of a whole

new set of clues and questions concerning not *who* the messiah is.... but *what*.

Welcome to the concluding volume of the Enoch chronicles.

Buckle up.

“Once having traversed the threshold, the hero moves in a dream landscape of curiously fluid, ambiguous forms, where he must survive a succession of trials. This is a favorite phase of the myth-adventure. It has produced a world literature of miraculous tests and ordeals. The hero is covertly aided by the advice, amulets, and secret agents of the supernatural helper whom he met before his entrance into this region. Or it may be that he here discovers for the first time that there is a benign power everywhere supporting him in his superhuman passage... In the vocabulary of the mystics, this is the second stage of the Way, that of the “purification of the self,” when the senses are “cleansed and humbled,” and the energies and interests “concentrated upon transcendental things.”

Joseph Campbell, *The Hero With A Thousand Faces*

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You stand before your country

Date Unknown

With Rosalyn, most likely at my apartment.

I'll tell you flat out I have not the slightest idea about the date of these notes. I'm slipping them in here, but they might just as well have been placed elsewhere, although I'm pretty sure they're from Brighton Beach, which means before November 1990.

Page one is missing -- another regrettable but perhaps inevitable result of the bitter frustration and resentment I felt about this entire experience at various times throughout the years. I had stopped caring about keeping the notes in order, or even together, or even out of harm's way down in my damp basement.

Beyond that, this is one of those sessions I feel weird about including because it comes across as so outrageously self-serving. (Apparently I'm not the first person to feel that way about being supernaturally placed in the spotlight. In the Bible, Samuel wants to announce Saul to the people as their first king. But "when they looked for (Saul), he was nowhere to be found. So they inquired again of the Lord, 'Did the man come here?' and the Lord said, 'Look! There he is, *hiding among the baggage.*'")

Anyway, for better or for worse, here it is:

"I think you were anointed once, Howard..." Rosalyn said.

"When?" I asked.

"Before Matthew (nearly 2,000 years ago). As if you'd been completely cleansed. They're continually covering you in this oil. You're standing... There's a hat on your head, and something in your hand. I see you in all white, aware of what's inside..."

"Why was I being anointed?" I asked.

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“You’re so beautiful. You’re all glowing. It’s you... He’s a new you. It’s you. Maybe it’s what’s *going to* happen.”

I mentioned that the first Jewish king, Saul, who was anointed (as were all Jewish kings) by the prophet Samuel, was also referred to as a new man. (It’s to be found at I Samuel 10:6 – “The spirit of Hashem will then pass over you, and you will prophesy with them, and you will be transformed into another person.”)

“It’s coming, but it’s you. There’s such a glow. You’re smiling. The touch of your hand..... You’re writing something, like it’s law, what people will follow. There is a priest next to you swinging an incense censer. I’m hearing, ‘You stand before your country.’”

Time passed. When someone else came through Rosalyn said to me, “Who are you?”

“Who am I?” I said. “I don’t know who *you* are.”

“You have to be somebody special,” she continued, picking up the Bible on the table and handing it to me. “Will have connection to you.” I asked who this was.

“I saw you as someone who would be accepted. That is written. That leaders from different countries will respect...” Moments later, “Oh my God, light is constantly flowing (to you). Few were allowed to know how special you are. You shall be worthy. You will see within men’s souls. When you look you will see their past, present and future before you. You will know what is within their hearts. Watch as I did unto you. Placed within you.

“It is but an outside shell, this body of yours. What dwells within you was placed by His hand. You accept the high winds placed in your care. You rest within...”

Rosalyn came out of it a few moments later and immediately said something very atypical: “Oh, Howard, you really are special.” She said she had seen me “in front of the Ark, in front of thousands of people. Something special was happening. Part of me was being told to ‘shut up and listen to Howard.’”

I quipped that I’d been telling her that all along.

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She said she'd sensed a "kind of awe," and added, "I know I was seeing it for a reason. But why isn't it you who's seeing it?" She added that she had sensed that I was "someone to follow, to obey."

I said I had been telling her that all along, too. Once again, she was unamused.

Rosalyn concluded by telling me she'd been left with a sense that there were "streaks of gold, white and red" around me, "like they're going into your back and head." She added, "God was here!"

He feeds on eating people alive

Early September, some time in the 1990s

The first pages of this apparently long session are lost, hopefully only temporarily. This group of stapled sheets came from one of several bluish legal pads I bought during my years in Kingston, which gives me the approximate time frame. It might even be just after our arrival in Kingston, since that's when my family's failure to acknowledge my wedding anniversary (see below) would have hurt the most.

The trancing must have been going hot and heavy because it appears we're starting in the middle of a wild 'n wooly message.

Rosalyn writing:

..... must occur. Just as Reds were perceived as threat, now the middle (Middle East, I think) is the newest upheavement. Remember the reason you are both in separate faiths in this time (that is, in order to unite Jews and Christians against some common enemy to come)

Remember also that it has been in your lives in other times. You are closer than ever in the past to recall. Are not feathered creatures perceived mostly gentle and symbolic of peace? It is as his threat is being instigated, for their destruction is cruel and unnecessary, as is (sic) all the dark deeds it commits.

Your third is a combination of myth and actual being, for you are human and so is this hideous human-form demon.

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Rosalyn's face had gone blank. She placed down the pen and began to speak.

"I don't ever want you to have to face him. Sees you're getting stronger. He feeds on eating people alive. The jackal. The darkest black you'd ever want to see, with arms that look like serpents. At least four on each side. The goodness in this world never knows how to keep (its heat? its heart?) It is understood why they speak out against all kinds..."

Rosalyn began crying. "... horrendous deeds that are done. But it is because those who are so evil anticipate how the light within these people will react. It is as if they know all the right buttons they can press.

"It would be nice if we could close our eyes and be blind to all the horror that we hear and see, even those which never touch us personally. But yet, for your lives, everything everywhere touches the mind. Your souls are apart. The vast (?) of (godliness? goldness? guidelines?), and you experience many pasts and many presents, and you know what should be before you.

"You are an example of the division of both your lives, and yet you are the example of the union of both those lives. You both, at one (time), were of the same creation and the same beliefs. Then you..... of a split. It is now important that the two opposite beliefs that stemmed from one be once at rest. And it is different, for the strength of what two different cherished devotions be allowed to crumble..... You see such strength from those who are always your deepest enemies. You see for/from the country, from the land that is your heritage. It is from there that it stems.

"You see fanatics. You see what they think is a martyrdom (the Arab suicide bombers). They will die, they will kill, they will destroy themselves for what they trust and believe in.

"You will see not only the star, but you will see the cross torn down (this, of course, has happened as Muslims have attacked, burned and otherwise destroyed churches

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in several countries). You will see it stomped. You will see it burned. And you will see the two (Judaism and Christianity) laying in the same rubble.”

We took a break. When we started again something came through about Rosalyn having found something she'd been looking for: a scarf she hadn't seen in months, but had recently located.

“You had brought it to your house in preparedness for adorning it when you stood beside My son. You knew it would drape long (sic)... My daughter obtained a white cloth. Her intent was to wear it. There is no white on head. There is no covering upon it. The prayers have not been offered together, the welcome not shared. Yes, the hearts are always intense. I wish for you to enclose yourselves with Me when you adorn (in? and?) place all the straps (of my tefillin) and you are covered within prayers that are offered.

“I want a part of her surrounding to become a place of total sanctuary. I want all serene and settled. Everything is blocked... As you can offer prayers so devoutly, hers are given with meaning when she permits herself to concentrate... (S)he will know to retreat from this physical plane.

“You have a tense week soon coming. It ends with your celebration of a marriage (my anniversary was September 16) which you desired and which has been permitted to you. (Interesting, in retrospect, that nearly every time my marriage was mentioned it was stressed that *I had desired* it. In other words, I had no one to blame but myself, since more than one message early on told me that I *should not* marry until later in life.). Celebrate and place aside those who have not seen (my family, which didn't attend the ceremony) to open their hearts and share your happiness with you. The hurt that may have been inflicted will only be reflected to them.

“You are traveling forward, and you will create the joy that you desire. There must (be?) peace for you have placed stress within her being... Be aware that it may be over-extended. There is much caring (demonstrated) by

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her special blessing for you, for you take upon a new life (our first child). You will need patience, but you are following what you desire. The burdens will be decreased (true, but not for a long time, or only fleetingly). May let her also sense My closeness to overcome what shall be before her.

“You will be receiving the return of your messages, and the return of this one who I used to reach you. There is much love that is placed here this night, and there is much cleansing. Yes, they (the “demons” we’d picked up on earlier?) are very close, for they could also sense that you have not been solidly communicating. Both of you exude the light of gold. No one, and no thing, will disrupt your circle of light. You are filled with all the points. You will celebrate and you will help My daughter to offer a prayer when next you join. And you, you will feel the heat of the light, for you have overcome despite the spites that you feel have been given to you.

“I do not wish to give lectures this night. I wish to bless. I wish to give and tell you of My love, and I wish for you to know that it is true. There will not (be seen?) only to permit you to know the power and the protection that surrounds you.”

I asked if He would bless our marriage.

“Yes. I am not reprimanding when I tell you it is what you desired. You are receiving what you want. There were many times when you were told should be much later. I do not tell you to detract, but know that you did receive what you wanted, and not all things that you ask are given, and I know how much you have hurt, and felt that certain gifts could be extended.”

(An important insight: when you study the writings of all the great sages, they make it clear that this is how God operates: He tells people what they should do, and if they choose another direction He steps back, so to speak, and effectively tells them, ‘You think you know better than I do? Fine, have it your way, and let’s see how it goes.’ From here springs the famous saying, ‘Be careful what you ask for because you may get it.’)

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“Accept that this very special and very important event is taking place. You will have all those who have helped, all those who have guided, looking on to a special ceremony. They will be there, and I will be placing My hands on your heads. There will be special strength needed for this one, for two separate reasons. One, to overcome the emotion, and I know that you are sensitive to it. The other will be sensitivity to sensing all that will be there. But I will encase her.

“My son, it is not of her own that she is reacting. It is from all that is filtered through her.

“My son, you shall be joyous, and it is very pleasing that you have chosen the rite that you have, and that you have prepared as you have. I will not detail... You will be known and felt. Happiness will be placed in your path, and the steps that you take shall be your choice, and shall be (filled? followed?) with all the correct decisions. Abundance and fatherhood.”

Rosalyn, eyes still closed, placed her fingers on her lips, then touched them to my head, then to her own. “Thank you,” I said.

When she came out of it moments later, Rosalyn told me she had seen “a bright, bright light, so bright there’s no end to it. And no beginning to it.”

You are My sufferer

Monday morning, May 6, 1991

On the phone with Rosalyn, who read me something she’d written automatically last night:

So very extended. So very shortened. You are very cautioned. You are paused, stabilized. You are in much fluctuation. You shall feel wavering. You shall hear Me.

You are My sufferer.

Believe it or not, last night around midnight, just around the time Rosalyn was receiving this message, I was walking my dog and thinking about material I’d been reading concerning the messiah being the so-called “suffering ser-

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vant.” As I wrote in my notes when I returned home: *Why does the servant have to suffer?*

But I had not told Rosalyn anything about my reading or my thoughts.