

JESUS' BELOVED DISCIPLE
Second Edition, On-Line
(First Edition, Print Paperback, titled
Beloved Disciple, Daughter of Logos)

ADDENDUM ONE
POSSIBLE ADDITION FOR A THIRD EDITION¹

Nota bene: The on-line second edition, and this Addendum, use *New Testament* character names, while the first, the print edition, used Hebrew forms (shown in parentheses:

“Jesus” (/“Yehohshua”).

“Annas” (/“Hananiah,” Temple Chief Priest Emeritus deposed when the former Davidic kingdom was made client state of Rome).

“Magda” is employed in all versions for “Mary the Magdalene”.

Other characters as named in *New Testament*:

“Caiaphas,” Chief Priest appointed by Roman prefect/local governor Valerius Gratus before prefect Pontius Pilate assumed the office; Caiaphas had taken to wife a daughter of Annas (/Hananiah).

“Mark,” the youngest of Jesus’ band and extended family; later an ‘apostle’.

Rome may have deposed Annas as Chief Priest, but politically his apparent will was needed; and he knew that at any moment Caiaphas would appear for a *pro forma* sealing of the verdict. Meanwhile, there was time--*too much!*—for mind forced to contemplate an history that had no end....

Beer-Sheba...Simeons in Judah territory...Benjamin swallowed by the lion—generations birthed and deathed since those who knew that originally there had been 13 tribes, not 12....

Rome had come in the footsteps left by Pompey who, with Ptolemy XIII, brought north and south full circle, as had old Egypt under the pharaohs, shifting

¹ Comparison is to be made before including in case some material in this segment already was touched upon in existing manuscript.

cleftings that provided bridges to ever-following conquerors. High Priest Onias, centuries after, may have preached truth on an individual basis—logical reasoning uncolored by assemblies in and of the powers of the material world: academic excellence free of motives of personal gain, the greatest impetus to resurgence; that, not any one man constituted the real threat to Roman hegemony....

No one among the masses who follow The Law would deny that this 'accused' Jesus is blooded securely in a legitimate blood claim under it. Yet, instead of seizing that, he has been preaching cementing of brotherhood in an anonymous totality. Harmless, Pilate privately might concede—depending, that was, that one's personal god publicly did not exceed Caesar!...

Annas, himself, could not endorse or abet political rebellion; it was his God-given job to consider what then would fall upon the innocent collective. In the face of his current circumstances, he strove to console himself....

When there is no room for philosophical argument before the die is cast, an individual only can act of necessity as he then perceives it. Presumptuous!—any who may choose to ascribe selfish motives to one after the fact.... I have no choice.... But how bitter the thought!

At that point Annas willed mind's eye away from the question of political expediency, up through the dawning sky paling pink between sparse shrubs that led east from the heart of—*not* "Palaistine" of the Macedonians; *now*, "Palaestina" of the Romans—the innocents under its sheltering mounts relegated identityless into yet another domination and, beneath all, revival of an individualistic gamut of age-old resentments and hostilities....

Even if this Jesus takes no interest in party struggles, Annas thought, he is well aware of predictable alliances once the die is cast, such as in the preceding century (such a short time ago!), during the last throes of the Ashemonean...(Annas' thought ironically interrupted)...the Hasmonaean rebellion, before the cutting of the way for Rome, which Herod the Great paved and son, Herod Antipas, since has been reinforcing!--

...ah, poor Miriam, last full flower of Ashemon, in her era faring no better under male oppression than her ancient namesake...Miriam of Ashemon, taken by Herod the Great who ensuingly murdered her grandfather, had a hand in the death of her father, and then—abomination!—after disposing of her, had her two sons by him, Alexander III and Aristobulus IV, murdered. And he said he loved them? And what of her mother, Alexandra II?—forced to acquiesce humbly in the face of the Great’s madness, as she strove to protect Temple governance, herself ultimately slain....

Yes, *poor* Alexandra II, who earlier had tried hiding in a coffin with her son and rightful high priest successor, Aristobulus III, to flee to refuge with a willing, encouraging Cleopatra, only to be betrayed by a servant. The Great did not punish Alexandra immediately, however, for fear of reprisal by Cleopatra, who so much hated him. But with the Hasmoneans out of the way, the Great proceeded to marry a third Miriam, whose father was Simon Boethus of Jerusalem, already a priest of great note in Alexandria, Egypt—upon whom the Great conferred Chief Priesthood at Jerusalem, in place of Jesus, son of Phabet—

...History!---in which distribution of ancient powerful nomadic leadership changed to apportioned land and its resources amid a burgeoned, multi-blooded, many-faced and faceted population. What was to become then, now? Of the mixed, multiple progeny of that history?

Annas knew only that by this, his own time, repetition had reached the bizarre. There was a saying of very, very old: *one race, one face*. A queerness of Nature still popped up, when a look into the eyes of a different-skinned stranger’s face was like looking in a mirror: some part of mind meeting in perfect harmony; no longer tribe nor clan; far less but much, much more: *family*, always subject to the same, the historical *patterns* of political factioning, decided always by class and resources, regardless names applied....

Today’s ‘established conservatives’, the “Sadducees,” are the wealthy aristocrats, many priests, and holding a majority of the 70 ruling Sanhedrin council seats. They may be determined as to strict observation of only written words of God; but usually less politically concerned, they favor keeping peace

through agreement with Rome's decisions. Then we have the more progressive party, the "Pharisees," who embrace oral tradition as equal authority to the written word. Although they hold only minority priest and Sanhedrin positions, being mostly middle-class businessmen they are somewhat higher in the "commoners'" estimation due to greater contacts. But all Sadducee/Pharisee rivalry has been set aside, however, with respect to the young upstart. Quite apart from fear of his creating unwanted Roman attention, he's persisted subjecting members of both parties to numerous rebukes....

Annas neither claimed secret knowledge in the premises of the mysteries of existence, nor was he a lone Hierophant elevated by seemed magic of sorcery. If Jesus demonstrated either, Annas was convinced it was born of nothing more than a knowledge to read physical signs and advise remedies--a talented skill which naturally garnered devotion and attention-- *to say nothing of his knowledge interpreting scripture! Chief Priest Caiaphas, consummately inept in the abstract, would do better to explore the curious impasses in reasoning that Jesus is creating, and why ordinarily pious men of the establishment are so intimidated as to want to pick up stones and throw them...*

At such times the factions would withdraw, only again to search out Jesus, pose more questions, and again withdraw to argue fiercely among themselves. The beggar said so! The beggar, himself, said, "He made a mixture in a base of clay; told me to keep it over my eyes for a certain length of time and then wash it off in the pool of Siloam. And I did. And I can see again!" *Would a beggar lie?— for a coin, perhaps? But they did not ask themselves, had the beggar been completely blind? Or, had his affliction been a parasitical one, like that of the father of Tobiah of Naphtali, as told in the scrolls of centuries before: similarly cured from a 'blindness' of eight years through knowledgeable treatment by Azariah of Ananiah of the Great Samaiah? (But it was beyond Annas' imagination as well; that another millennium would need to pass, before language held the word, "cataract.")*

Jesus and his cousin, the 'dispatched' John: double-strengthened sons in the ancestral scheme, where mother blood, the determinant, was capable of drawing far more compatriots from all regions than had Judah the Galilaeen's

flare-up against Roman census ,in their very childhood. To those who kept track, John's death at Herod Antipas' hand (after Herodias divorced Salome's father, choosing Antipas' side,) was the second Herodian front to hurdle bloodlines legitimate under The Law. Years earlier, the Great's henchmen had murdered John's father (*in the temple, mind you!*) for refusing to divulge where the noble-Davidic- and priestly-Aaronic-blooded infants, John and Jesus, had been taken for refuge. *Time might have washed from common knowledge the slain blood on temple stones of two ancient Zechariahs, but not that last one!* And had Caiaphas known any of the ancient scrolled codices, he also would have known how not to be drawn away by deliberations upon poetical Jesus' parables....

"The true door to the sheepfold consists of words sounded in the voice of the master; and one who enters uninvited by that door is a plunderer, for the sheep—not recognizing the voice—would not follow the thief under any means. Is it yet not written?—that 'I' know 'The Father' and 'The Father' knows me? The Fine Shepherd knows Its sheep in the same way that Its sheep know him. He goes before them and they follow, because His voice and His word are as one...."

Annas did not need to look into Jesus' eyes to be convinced that he was not a war mongerer. Regardless, the man had not avoided baiting potential friends as well as foes, hammering incessantly to prove that application of The Law could differ, depending through which mouths of God's sons and when it was interpreted and ears, received. *Oh, yes, Annas thought emphatically, he's asked for it...slowly, with knowledge aforethought, pricking consciences of 'authority' by cunning invasions of the word against a weak semantic fortress—at once, insisting that Reason—the Logos—preceded tongue, and abrogating how his own came to be made worthy, and how he dared speak!:*

"Do we not agree in God's nature, that His judgment is final? And, being made in His image, could ours not be, also? Meanwhile, you judge according to the flesh" (—the flesh, and all that it provokes by taste and touch...fear...greed...who has not known them?) "What are the things of God that you have promised yourself to do? Place that second to the other; call him 'God'—time and grace in thy place."

Annas would have understood well why impatience got the best of Jesus' "right-hand man," Peter, after certain of Jesus' orations, causing him to exclaim, "That was *another* of your moments! A few more well-chosen words would have turned brought the crowd to arms!" But it was Jesus' private remarks, as reported by sympathizing Sanhedrin member Nicolaus from his secret meeting with Jesus that appropriated Annas' heart's center. There, *there* dwelled a pathos which never left him. Annas once had love for a girl as much as he had for his own sons *and* God, and he had not seen her for a lifetime....

A short distance away, Magda too was in deep thought....

Repeated scorings by life's better realizations ultimately do connect generations. Those who say, that between youth and age there need be no real differences—that such are mere matters of mind—are dreamers....

She, who aggressively would have expounded paralleling thoughts with Annas, was cautious before young Mark's surfacing pensiveness, as the afternoon drearily wore on. Never again would he feel as young or as loved as over the three years now ending, since his first Passover with Jesus. At certain moments Magda imagined herself verily holding the hand of an entire Age's loss of innocence....

*On might accept a little cut to one's own flesh to prove one's faith; but, to see one's child killed, not for God's will nor need but, ignorant human power? Then to see another's son mutilated for revenge? Must it be?—that only through the son can the father come to know himself? How many times have brother-fathers killed brother-fathers' sons? Must the sons kill all the fathers, for the killings to stop? No temple to me! The Spirit of her—**Woman's**—mind freely wouldst say! No sacrifice to **me**, for I cannot bear even the slightest sickness of **my** beloved children!*

While Annas' thoughts were being ferried between old and young manhood, Mark's mind only was beginning to delineate a past sonhood of its

own, into which in future it would long to retreat. Sheltering Mark's innocence as long as possible, however, wasn't the only cause of Magda's recent reticences. Like Annas, she had had her fill in her beauteous, independent youth, of dialogues that left one's mouth dry and one's reasoning no further on its journey into other minds. Indeed, she felt embarrassment now, recalling uncensored performances in her trek as a divorced (*no thanks to Moses!*) woman, around shores and hills, through cities and valleys....

Forget premium real estate!—just a spot, m'Lord, upon which to grow a bit of food.... Goods and chattel...women and cattle.... If there were a back door to the sheepfold, she would bring in a lot of women against the thieves of "The Word," who threatened always outside the front door of *the Logos, Pure Reason*. She recognized how much Mark loved (and, noting her recent self-imposed silences, missed) the way her eyes took a static shine when she became lost in a favorite historical topic. She had no idea, however, how her earlier monologues had been emblazoned on his memory....

Just as IT—God—said in our forefathers' times past, IT is saying now through him whom we are loving: "No longer is it necessary, my children, for you to be sacrificed for ME; no longer do you need to observe a rule once ascribed to Me, if that Reason which I also have given you tells you otherwise, that Reason which you must possess because, as was said, you are one with Me...."

"Imagine, Mark," Magda's vow fell to a sudden need to break silence. "Imagine, from the ingathering into Egypt under Joseph to the exodus with Moses, 400 years scripturally condensed into a handful of sentences. Imagine! The number of people that that time had embraced, families later disbursed through five foreign lands and peoples, and future generations like a multicolored breed of ocean-going fish." But she dropped it there; did not ask, *of the many half-sons of Phares returned from Babylonia, welcomed easier back into the north than the south of their more distant origins, who could dissect descendancies via Hezron or Hamul?....*

Oh, why am I thinking these thoughts, she asked herself; but she knew: a sort of fragmentary daydreaming that recalled private dialogues with Jesus, to

feel him near. *One year since John's murder, since first laying eyes on Jesus at the Temple.* Compared to all of Time's history, the present was but an islet of mist.

For Annas it was beside the point whether the Sinai code *had* been collaboration, when Moses with the exiles from Egypt re-reached Midian and his father-in-law, "Kohen" Reuel, or (if Jasher was to be believed; but, hadn't David mentioned the Jasher scroll?) whether Reuel's version did formalize proscription of incest, a significance to be projected onto Zerubbabel. Regardless, back then began the split of sovereignty, secular and priestly...*and, in truth was it not Elisheba (not God via Moses) who brought the latter mantle to Aaron?...Elisheba, never remembered as daughter of Amminadab....*

Annas often imagined the first great Miriam talking but, not to other women; to the *men*, for it was in *her* that the majority of the exoding people placed fundamental trust. Far from all (full- or mixed-blooded) descendants of Jacob, at Mount Sinai's foot, were content with one man resolving matters unilaterally with his own mouth—*pity cousins Nadab, Abihu, and the Korahites, thus condemned to annihilation! At least it could be said of the post-Babylonian repatriation that excommunication was 'more reasonable' than death.* Now, it was the purported full verdict of the Sanhedrin that Caiaphas would bring....

Unaccountable individual journeys had been taken between the time of Moses and establishment of the Sanhedrin. Some claimed the court was established by Moses, himself, and reorganized by Ezra, while deeper scholarship ascribed its inception to the time of Macedonian/Greek rule. The Chief Priest, now Caiaphas, brought the full court to 71. Irrespective the date of Sanhedrin inception, under The Law capital offenses were to be tried only before the full court, *and in daytime; not by a 'quorum' in the middle of the night; and this a time of a Great Sabbath!*

The issue, Annas knew, was not whether the man had to die, but how to obtain the requisite consent of Prefect Pilate. Under Roman occupation, the Sanhedrin was proscribed from itself effecting a sentence of capital punishment. *And Herod Antipas—that squanderer for self-aggrandizement, a stupid dog in a*

hierarchy of wolfhood!—cunningly has absolved himself. The trick the quorum faction hopes to pull off is, turn the cacophony of doubt into an ordered dirge, lest the momentum transfer itself fully onto them....

Magda had fallen silent again, musing the previous night's dinner at Simon's table, when (before the vow to bite her tongue) she had posed, "Monogamy versus polygamy, adultery versus divorce; when it comes to God's laws often it seems they in reality are determined by Man." Eugenia had squirmed; despite Jesus' extraordinary indulgence toward women in general, there *were* times when *that* one pushed the limit! Nonetheless, Eugenia leaned forward attentively because, on the other hand, any dialogue that Magda sparked was not to be missed.

"One word to be avoided here," Jesus began his response obtusely, "is 'love'. Equating love by the body with love by the spirit is failure to grasp the foundation upon which your proposed topic rests. If I love you truly," his unblinking eyes unpassionately held Magda's a moment, "I do no less than I do, Peter, Andrew"—he rose and moved around the group, placing hands respectively on shoulders—"Hannah, Eugenia, John, James; then, waved a hand toward the door, "or the stranger who might appear this very moment."

"I'll rephrase the question," Magda persisted. "Can polygamy exist without fault?"

Peter, about to pop a last piece of crust into his mouth, tossed it back onto the table instead. "One shouldn't take on another in life unless one's prepared to go the whole way. *That's* how one ought to think." Hannah lifted her hand from her lap and squeezed her husband's arm. Magda, in that unselfconscious manner that of itself was an irritant to Peter, raised one leg high under her skirt and over the bench, straddling it to face him. "But Peter! One should be prepared to go the entire way with any and everyone." She swung her torso around so as to face Jesus again. "Isn't the safeguard of property rights the real point to monogamy?"

Jesus raised his eyebrows.

“No,” Magda continued but without a smile. “I didn’t mean what might have been inferred. I was thinking of *children’s* rights to inheritance.” She had been prepared to unleash a long list of mothers of missing daughters and sons in the history....*Belah, Laadah, Ana, Oholibamah, Abijah, Zebia, Mareshah, Penninah!*; but wisely acceded to dropping the topic when Eugenia purposely interrupted to offer around more servings.

It had been difficult that night, denying herself. Of late there had been no opportunities for private dialogues with Jesus, like the memorable time toward the end of the preceding Spring when, with Andrew, they had journeyed in memory of John through and along the cliffs that touched just south of the spring of Feshkha where was situate the monastic community above the Salt Sea. Magda had watched men young and old who loved to write in between other commune tasks, painstakingly scribing its library. She learned that the commune’s major feast dates differed from those in the city, which put her in mind of Jesus’ capacity to eschew convention.

There, the old sun calendar ruled, whereby one could live days outside of Time. A month equaled 30 days; and three times yearly at season-changing, lunar-determined Sabbaths, two days passed freely during which the calendar lost not one! Those who lived as the epitome of peace, however, nonetheless maintained a written *military* code, at which Magda, on the road back to Bethany, had expressed surprise. She strove always not to give appearance of the toll that age takes, but she had not been able then to conceal her weariness.

Jesus had stopped the group’s donkey sashay at the base of a wadi, took her hand and drew her from the line. “Here...sit,” he commanded, then called to Andrew. “Give the animals some water while we rest.” After making certain Magda comfortably was seated on the ground, he leaned back on his elbows and crossed outstretched legs. “So you’re amazed that the commune has a military manual. But consider: in the earliest centuries, man was capable of human sacrifice to supplicate God; it could be said that Father Ab’ram marked the end of that. The final chapter on Man’s capacity for warring, however, has yet to be written. The commune members know that their determined peaceful practices

are not free from the need of worldly powers to extend dominations. Thus they believe to be always at the ready for 'God's' war, predictably when all else fails."

It was hot. Magda picked up a twig and used it to tuck damp hair from her forehead back under her head scarf. "'All else'?" she repeated softly, thinking, *there being nothing, however, that could constitute 'all else' where you're concerned?* It was another of those times when their eyes met long enough for her to imagine a thought of his: *you know better than to ask me that...*

She felt her eyes sting and lifted her face away before speaking again. "In my opinion, should such another war come, it would not be preordained; and one's spirit in truth must be ignorant of how it will act until that moment it is impelled to."

"Because, only then does one discern whether the Self has seized knowledge sufficiently at all levels?"

"Which some call 'gnosis'?"

"You know not to engage me in speaking of terms!" he ended it with a grin, tossing some pulled weeds over her. "Why beat your head over it? Haven't you accepted that the power of discrepancy requires a volume of words simple to state it? That, even then, the controversy just would be beginning, because each person cleaves greatest to those definitions necessary to his or her beliefs, upon which they have based their entire lives.

"But, if you insist on talking 'terms'," he continued, "take the words (spelling each in turn, and emphasizing their differing letters) *nazirite*, *nazarite*, *nazorean*, *nazarean* as minor example. *Nazirite* or *nazarite* stem from the ancient root, *nazir*-dedicated; singled out; separate. Some say that in the oldest scribings it referred to a type of monkhood with specific religious vows, singled out by God to voluntarily separate from society for divine duties—"

"Like the folks at the commune."

“So it seems,” Jesus replied, notably without particular emphasis. “Regardless, the *nazir*-derived words are not to be confused with *Nazorean* or *Nazarean*, related to the town of Nazareth, ‘though I think the better term would be *Nazarethean*.”

“And you fall in both categories?” She dared to ask.

Again he offered, neither *aye* nor *nay*, only a wry smile. “Some employ the root *netser* or *nezer*—sprout, shoot, branch, which purists claim reference to the ‘root of Jesse’, David’s father; but Nazareth also was a *branch* town, you see; and you, I believe, can appreciate how matters can go with translations over time.”

“So where is the truth?”

He blew out a *you’re impossible* sigh and shook his head, with a friendly smile this time. “Now, have you known me, ever, to tell anyone else’s truth for them? What I can tell you is that presently, should one be lucky enough to be earning wages, the Temple tax is two Greek drachmae silver; the Temple offering for a small ‘sin’ (being—speaking of the effect of time on language-- the Greek form of the words, ‘missing the mark’) is two sparrows, which cost one Roman assarion. However, if one shops around, one can get two sparrows for half-a-shekel, a little better deal.

“Now,” he went on, “if one pays in geras, three of them exact 15 percent of a shekel at the money changers; two bekahs, 20 percent. Find a couple of widows to buy with you and—what a deal!—you can get five for the price of four—”

“All right, all right—that’s enough!” Magda exclaimed but didn’t laugh, remembering when she first laid eyes on him, and his outburst in the Temple court.

Jesus stood up. “Time to move on; rested enough?”

“Yes.”

He helped her to her feet. “I like that about you,” he said as they turned toward Andrew, dozing along with the donkeys. “You’ve spent enough time in all states of mind, I think—the bad, the good, and the uncertain—to remember the only right fight is to stay in the last.”

I do my best, but it’s a slippery slope, Magda thought ruefully....

“So—who’s heard about Yasher?”

Jesus’ question at table returned Magda from reliving the past Spring, while Eugenia shook her head and repeated, “Yasher?”

“Yasher or Jasher, depending on one’s tongue, literally. He was a scribe who spent some important time in the company of the Moses/Reuel alliance. Yasher’s scroll, to which King David himself left a reference, reportedly includes some additional details about the Exodus; but it seems no copy remains extant. Anyhow, one of Moses’ mightiest men back then was one *Chelubai*, also by some called *Caleb*, who prior to the Exodus taught the Goshenites how to use bow and arrow—a cut above slinging rocks—in preparation for leaving that Egyptian territory granted to Jacob and his entourage some 400 years prior, where through the auspices of his son Joseph (who we know was sold to an Egyptian caravan by his competitive half-brother) they escaped a northern drought.

“You’ll be interested in this,” he turned toward Magda; “there’s a bit of confusion about the parentage—especially maternal-- of Chelubai, upon whom and his descendants—‘unto perpetuity’—Moses granted, and Joshua confirmed all rights to Hebron and its precincts, in reward for Chelubai’s loyal assistance all the way to Shechem, and tribal apportionments under Joshua of gained territory

“Wonder what Chelubai would say now?--” Jesus seemingly asking then answering himself—“after all the post-Exodus divisions and redivisions all the way down to relatively benign Alexander of Macedonia, then up through south/north/east competitions of Alexander’s surviving, thrice-divided generals,

unto brief reunification via the fierce resistance of the Ashemons; and all the predictable tyrannies of shifting alliances of nations ever-dictating our peoples' destiny."

A stony expression accompanied refocus of his eyes around the group at table. "Two types presently remain at large: the poor and uneducated, doomed to hold on to fantasy; and the rich and powerful, who need the poor and uneducated to stay precisely as they are, and are ever watchful that no one marshals them to threaten their regimes."

Perfection of spirit allows no omissions in its wake, whether of truth or courage, Magda thought later than night in her small quarters. Every region of the world already has had its gods and demigods, warriors and martyrs, without apparent end in sight. Is it partly due to the imperfect recollection of History's accumulation that Man learns so slowly? Like Peter, Magda's resentment stemmed not from the foes' wishes, to exterminate Jesus because they neither could deny nor break the revolutionary spirit in him. It was from his apparent willingness to entertain loss of the body that carried it so high.

As for Peter's feelings toward her, Magda was sympathetic. Jesus *did* respond to her at times quite unlike he did with the men, as when they walked out to the garden following dinner (Magda aware, also, of Martha's disapproval!). "I'm very worried about what can happen to you," Magda confessed, her voice betraying a concern above all maternal.

"I may be here now," Jesus had responded, kicking at a stone, "but realization remains that if I died the next moment all would be well. One can reject self-purported purposeness, anticipate possible coming events without apprehension and—*not* resignedly; *not* sadly—let the spirit *live*....

"Yesterday's 'sin' is today's 'option'," he proceeded musingly after a moment, when Magda failed to respond. "Failing agreeable joint circumstances always causes men to fall back on their respective gods and resort to refueling Faith and Governance as one. Yet, if reason is to survive in the flesh, it must accord its faith willingly to *civil* rules, held in common and emanating where

human life begins, in the *intellect* of spirit. There, there is not such thing as two standards (and here, again, he spelled the words)—*r l t e s* and *r l g h t s*, nor battles in which life is butchered presumably for the sake of God.”

Magda may have been able to think in terms of people containing the same *spirit*; however, envisioning a totality of a fully mindful realm of existence of all of worldly identities wasn't any easier than, the far east's concept of anonymous reincarnations into choiceless round-robins of human lives. There was no denying Ephraim and Manasseh, or the lines from Beriah through Elishama, small episodes in an exponential number of untraceable relations over Time Immemorial; and she refused to give up hope that all youths one day would be so rightfully endowed with opportunity and resources so as no longer be slain before banners of differently-conceived gods....