

Joshua ben Joseph Cowan

Today I am going to write my life's story. Others have written of my life, and they have gotten a lot wrong. So, I feel I should tell the truth of my life.

For starters, I am Jewish, born in the land of Judea under Roman occupation in the town of Bethlehem on the 30th of Sivan, 3765 in the Jewish calendar. I grew up in a town called Nazareth in the Roman province of Galilee. Yes, I am now immortal, however I wasn't born that way. And although I was incredibly fortunate in several points of my life, I was not chosen by god to be his equal, and I am not a God, although people do think I was at times.

My father was a Kohanim, which in basically made him a Rabi, only he was a younger brother, and had instead chosen to become a Carpenter. He crafted beautiful furniture, and other household items out of wood. He did well and was able to provide me with a proper education. I even spent a year learning at the temple in Jerusalem. Of course, being young and rebellious, I developed my own views on how things should be.

I married late, my father married for love, and choose to not arrange my marriage. Frankly, I had other tastes than woman. Eventually, my father's family forced me to marry a distant cousin from Qana in the Roman Province of Phoenicia. On the way to the wedding I had Mikveh before the wedding, yes John was sort of the guys name who did the ritual for me. Afterwards, I then spent a few days in ritual fasting until the wedding night. Trust me, I would never spend 30 days fasting, intentionally, nor was I the type to wander the wilderness. However, I did spend those days near the caves of long dead Kings praying and seeking enlightenment from god, since I had never met a woman I was sexually attracted to, and I was going to have to preform my manly duties for one soon. If only men could bear children, then I could have married someone attractive.

The wedding was as Traditionally Jewish as they got, My Mother Miriam, my wife Miriam, and every other woman there Miriam, enjoyed too much wine. Fortunately, I thought ahead, and had order extra to be delivered from a nearby wine seller. We Jews after all do enjoy a nice fresh vintage.

At this point my Boyfriend Judas, yes the same one, encouraged me to preach my ideas, I was legally allowed to be a Rabi now, I met the two qualifications being a married man and a Kohanim.

Now before people from your generation get in a Huff, as a first century Gay Jewish Rabi, you all missed the point of the Torah, you read it in a language that wasn't invented until a thousand years had past on Earth from my life there.

Being gay is not a sin and being in a loving relationship with a man as a man is not a sin. The Verse you quote relates to unloving sex. It is sinful to have sex for fun without love with a man as a man. As a Jewish man I was not allowed to use Roman temples to have cute young male slaves, although as a Roman Citizen I did make use of the service a few times. However, as a power bottom, I was never satisfied, as Roman men must only give. Judas as a passive top however was both a good lover, and my best friend.

I did take his advice. I wanted to teach my people the Joys of Love, and compassion. I did have a large following; however, it was mostly with people on a lower social level than I had hoped. I was popular with Prostitutes, Gay Men, Romans of all things, and the Homeless.

Most of the Miracles I was ascribed as having done were either very exaggerated telling of simple things, like telling homeless people to bath, and not getting along with the establish leadership of Judea.

For the most part they didn't care about me, until they realized I was gay. I was one of many popular Rabi of the time, most of whom faded into obscurity during their own lives.

However, they saw me kissing Judas, in the I love your cock kind of way. They convinced the Romans I was a revolutionary and had spoken ill of the Emperor, the truth is I didn't care one way or the other about Rome, I enjoyed their bath houses, but that was all.

The only part of the 'gospels' they ever got right was the one thing I wish they'd forget.

It started as any normal Passover, we were in Jerusalem, we had an early Pesach, as I had planned to spend the day with Judas and Mary, turned out she was quite the Fag Hag. We were gathered around, and Judas and I were making out while the rest of the boys where in a group cuddle.

When a Roman centurion arrested me. Members of the Pharisees party had accused me of homosexuality and trying to rebel against Rome, the centurions dragged me to trail, this by the way happened all in one afternoon, people try and add an extra day, it all happened so fast it was crazy.

The Romans gathered the accused including me and wanted to free me when they realized I was there for being gay. However, the Pharisees made sure that I was condemned. Instead they freed a guy who would later father a person who would cause a failed revolution against Rome.

After being officially condemned the Pharisees had one last gift for me, torcher, yes that did happen in as they were measuring out the tree I was going to carry. It happened fast though, and after a certain point of pain it all became a blur. I was forced to walk through the city to a small hill used to execute people. They nailed me to the tree, oh and it was not a classical cross, it was just a tree in a sort of cross like shape with the extra branches removed. I don't remember if they put a crown of thorns on my head, but I do remember they had a sign in Hebrew said the equivalent of 'God hates fags'. That was added by the guy with the scourge. I will never forgive that guy.

Very shortly after they dropped the tree into a hole I died. I tried to speak, but I was dehydrated, my arms and shoulders were dislocated, I had been whipped with a whip made of fish hooks, I was nailed and roped to a tree, I lasted no more than 5 minutes before my heart gave out. Why do I know it was my heart that failed? because I survived.

During this ordeal, my wife and my mother followed me at each step, My mother sent Judas to my Uncle who live in the city, and arranged for a crypt at the family grave, Because my mother was there, she saw when I had my heart attack, and called the man who had put me on the cross to check if I was alive or dead. He stuck a spear into my kidney and declared me dead. My mother then payed him to have me removed from the cross so she could have me in the tomb by sunset. Jewish Tradition was very clear on Passover, and my mom was pushing the rules as far as she could. I also suspect she new she could save

me if she acted fast. She was rather smart after all, she was also raised in the country her father had a large heard of sheep. And she was competent as veterinarian an of sorts.

My two Mary's put me on a horse and raced my body to the family crypt, and they massaged me back to life. After they bandaged my wounds and gave me water, they had me sleep in the crypt, hiding me from everyone. Sadly, my love Judas couldn't live without me, and after he contacted my uncle left to the other side of town and committed suicide. History has been too cruel to that poor man.

After Passover was over my mother and wife had my friends help me leave the crypt. It wasn't the glorious resurrection, as people love to paint, no I was a broken man, my true love was dead, I was supposed to be dead, and by all rights should have been. However, my boys didn't understand the situation. Thomas and the others thought it was a miracle and before I could say otherwise, they had started to declare me messiah.

Now here is another modern world versus Jewish tradition difference, messiah means someone sent by god to Save the Hebrew people, it does not mean God in human flesh. In our long history there have been many messiahs, and even during the second world war there were minor messiahs helping Jews escape the Nazis.

Was I a messiah? No, not even close. I was a broken thirty-three-year-old faggot who had survived the most grueling form of execution devised by any man. However, it is one type of execution you can survive, provided they cut you down early. Which they did for me.

The next thing that happened however didn't help matters at all.

As my mother and wife started to help me escape my followers we were surrounded by a flash of light. And ended up being summoned to another world.

Seems the people in the other world needed a hero, and I guess random chance and the magic of this other world picked me.

So, I guess in a way I was spirited away by a higher power, only god didn't do it.