

This is God speaking. I spoke to your forefathers and told them their descendants would be scattered like grains of sand across the world. Now I speak to you; a grain of sand.

I gave them many blessings; many covenants were made; much good work was done;

And everything that was promised has been delivered; Here you are, speaking with me, a descendant of Abraham, scattered in the very farthest corner of the world...

The Jew in Me

By Mr. Eugene Paul Samolin

I: The Inner Jew Awakens

The Patriarchy

My grandfather was a Russian Jew by the name of Pinkus Weina. His family was killed in a 1908 pogrom when he was eight.



Pinkus escaped; fled; and crossed the Russian border holding on underneath a train. He travelled to South America and spent his childhood in an orphanage which burned down in a tremendous fire. All of his records were destroyed.

Changing his name to Paul Samolin, he travelled to Britain, where he met my grandmother, Anne—her Jewish name was Hannah. A hazardous trip on a boat through the Suez Canal saw them through the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean before finally arriving in Melbourne, Australia, where my father, Guy, was born. Paul Samolin died when Dad was twelve. “An enormous weight was lifted from my shoulders,” says he. Hannah dropped dead on the street of a heart attack a week before my birth, holding a bag of nappies I was never destined to wear.

The Matriarchy

The Lees's are a long line of cattle-farmers harking back to the highland clearances and Clan Mackenzie. As a young man, George threw his bible out the window and joined the Communist Party where he met my Grandmother, Stella. He was convinced by his college room-mate—a priest who went on to become a minister in the Menzies government—that you couldn't believe in God and be a communist both. His mother, a Church of England devotee, was heart-broken. Virtually everyone I've ever known is an atheist, which may seem strange to some, but it's normal for virtually everyone I've ever known.

George had a brilliant career. Unable to join the airforce due to colour-blindness, he carved out a name for himself as a high-school principle and became known as a strong voice from the left throughout his days. He was a pilot. We flew around Australia in a small plane when I was young; over the Simpson desert and Uluru.

My mother, Marian, born with ginger curls, was the third child of George and Stella.

She met Guy on *Fairstar—The Fun Ship*, where they were employed as clowns. I was born on July 29th, 1982. My name means “well/nobly born,” and Mum says the birth fit the name. “Your face was empty, waiting to be filled with life.” I remember pointing to the luminous globular ball in the night sky and making my first word in my mother's arms: “Moon.” Mum got excited, and I laughed. As a baby, Dad tossed me in the air and called, “Euey!” before catching me again. The nickname stuck.

I was raised by my Mother, George and Stella. I saw Dad on weekends. Marian gave me unconditional love.



When I was four, the family bought a fifty-acre cattle farm that my cousins and I would visit on weekends. We built fences, tended to cattle, planted trees; that kind of thing. My cousins were naturals; I could never really get the hang of it.

George died eight years ago, when I was twenty-five. Whirlwinds spiralled around his death-bed when I rested my hand on his emaciated shoulder and spoke my last words to him: “You're the best man I've ever known.” A smile formed in the corners of his lips. He spoke his last words to Stella in a moment of lucidity before he died that night: “I love you.” The blissful calm after a storm filled the room when I went in the next day.

Both he and Pinkus, in their own ways, are heroes.

The Awakening

Little, iddy-biddy slices of Jesus had accumulated for several months beforehand—it shows up in prose—but I was completely unprepared for it one Saturday afternoon in July, 2015—right before my thirty-third birthday—when the Holy Spirit came cascading down the Tree of Life and Jesus popped inside me, changing my life forever. The experience was ineffable.

I was absent-mindedly tidying up my bungalow in a yard on the top of a hill near University, when I had an experience the likes of which I'd never imagined: I saw the the *Tree of Life*; I didn't know its name.

It was composed of fibres. Every fibre was a human body; a life. I was a fibre within it. It was in a rectangular “garden;” the best word for it. It didn't exist in the physical universe. There were greyish, stone-like walls around it, only again, it wasn't actual stone, because it wasn't in the physical universe. It was horizontal from my view; I was a bit below the middle and to the left, if you're facing it.

So, I saw the Holy Spirit comin' down my father's side on the Tree of Life. It probably started at the top, but the first thing I remember is when it reached Jesus, it throbbed with painful love and the world vibrated in an increasingly resonant cacophony until all else dissolved.

From Jesus, it came down a purely patriarchal line to me. I saw fragments of all the lives of the men through the generations, and how their life's experience up to the next generation's inception is digitally encoded in genetic memory. I realised how every single second of your life is digitally encoded in the brain's synapses; available to memory. Looking up the Tree from my vantage point, I saw how my matriarchal lineage stemmed from another part of it and how the two fibric lineages converged on me.

I was hit with the stunning realisation that my ancestry goes through the heart of Judea—with all that entails. I'd had my whole life to imagine what my ancestors could have been through in Russia, but I never connected it back to Israel, and when I saw the truth it was immeasurably better than anything I'd pictured, simply because it was real.

I saw how family culture gets passed down—from each individual parent to child—in every little movement; every little gesture; every little change in tone of voice; and how this accumulated culture was cut off in one afternoon in 1908. Pinkus escapes under a train, changes his name, comes to Australia, Dad's born, and then we reach me, one-part Eugene and two-parts Paul Samolin. I grow up in a completely atheist family, in an atheist culture, with no exposure to religion except what I get from mass media, and after thirty-three years and without stimulation, that inherited religious tradition comes shining through.

Conceptually, it was like Plato's cave wall. I saw with certainty that the material universe, which my whole life I'd assumed as total, unadulterated reality, was merely a veil over which a far more substantial realm of existence lay. It was transcendent; metaphysical in nature. I realised my whole life I'd been looking at shadows on a cave wall—now I saw the sun.

When the Holy Spirit finally reached me, it exploded outwards in all directions and spread like wildfire. Divine inspiration lit my eyes; I experienced Christ Consciousness.

*I shall rise from the ashes and be born again,
One with the divine inspiration alight in my eyes.
I'm the righteous pride of my pious ancestors,
Who have asked me to speak of their love for the world.
I carry your pain in the fire of the torch I bear,
So that other's eyes might alight like mine.*

I was brought in on a conversation with God stretching back thousands of years. I realised who I really am and why my life is the way it is. I finally recognised the Jew in me.

