

# Enlightenment for Nitwits



*The Complete Guide to Nirvana  
for the  
Rest of Us!*

SHEPHERD HOODWIN

Summerjoy Press  
LAGUNA NIGUEL, CALIFORNIA  
2007

## CONTENTS

Acknowledgments.....	iii
Contents.....	iv
Preface: Why This Is Not a Weird Book .....	viii
<b>PART I—SELF-HELP &amp; PERSONAL GROWTH..</b>	<b>1</b>
Chapter 1: Life's Gifts .....	2
Chapter 2: My Experience of <i>The Secret</i> .....	5
Chapter 3: A Lesson in Impatience.....	7
Chapter 4: Gaining Perspective .....	11
Chapter 5: Toilets Don't Lie.....	13
Chapter 6: The Physical Plane .....	15
Chapter 7: New Age Sex.....	28
Chapter 8: Therapy.....	39
Chapter 9: Ego .....	40
Chapter 10: Words to Live By .....	41
<b>PART II—SPIRITUAL ARTS &amp; SCIENCES... </b>	<b>42</b>
Chapter 11: Breatharians & Sun Gazers .....	43

Chapter 12: Astrology.....	45
Chapter 13: Feng Shui.....	46
Chapter 14: Health.....	47
<b>PART III—THE AMERICAS .....</b>	<b>51</b>
Chapter 15: The Mayan Calendar.....	52
Chapter 16: Machu Pichu.....	53
Chapter 17: My Native American Roots.....	54
<b>PART IV—OLD AGE / NEW AGE .....</b>	<b>55</b>
Chapter 18: Bed, Death & Beyond .....	56
Chapter 19: The Astral Plane.....	58
Chapter 20: Outsourcing & UFOs.....	59
Chapter 21: Earth Changes & California.....	68
Chapter 22: Old-Time Religion .....	70
Chapter 23: It's Not Easy Being An Old Soul ...	80
Chapter 24: The Tao Travel Agency.....	85
<b>PART V—CHANGING THE WORLD .....</b>	<b>90</b>
Chapter 25: The Presidency.....	91

Chapter 26: Soul Mates?.....	93
Chapter 27: Lurkers' Rights.....	96
Chapter 28: Philanthropy .....	100
<b>PART VI—THE CREATIVE ARTS.....</b>	<b>102</b>
Chapter 29: Literature .....	103
Chapter 30: Two Movie Reviews .....	105
Chapter 31: Two Theatrical Press Releases .	108
Chapter 32: Two Poems .....	112
Chapter 33: Lyrics .....	115
Fall in Love.....	115
You've Got Me.....	117
I Love My Bod'.....	118
Ode to Washin' Dishes.....	119
A Little Sinning.....	121
Dow Jones Blues .....	122
Snap Out .....	123
A Country-Western Song.....	126
<b>PART VII—BUT ENOUGH ABOUT YOU ....</b>	<b>127</b>
Chapter 34: A Moving Story .....	128
Chapter 35: Obituaries .....	132
Chapter 36: Birthdays .....	134

Chapter 37: About the Author .....138

**PART VIII—UPCOMING TITLES FROM  
SUMMERFLU PRESS ..... 142**

Diet for a Small Stomach.....144

The Rice Dream Diet.....146

Muscle Testing for Fun & Profit.....148

Men Who Run...and Do Pilates with the Wolves.....153

Imelda May Have Needed All Those Shoes.....154

Potty Training Your Inner Child.....155

Self-Confidence for Total Losers.....156

How to Be a Fun Hun.....157

Care of Your Soul .....159

The Bible: Authorized Hoodwin Version..... 161

The Astral Plane Guide to Choosing Your Parents..163

Do-It-Yourself Near-Death Experiences.....164

Right Use of Bill .....165

Sex on the Astral Plane.....170

Men Are from Mars, Shepherd Is from Neptune....172

Afterword by God: Let There Be Light Already!.173

About the Author—Really .....178

Other Books by Shepherd Hoodwin.....179

## Chapter 1

### INSPIRATION FOR TODAY:

## LIFE'S GIFTS

*W*ise spiritual thinkers teach us that everything in life is a gift, often with hidden blessings or lessons for us.

For example, being hit by a bus might give you the insurance money to have the nose job you've always wanted. Without your venereal disease, you might not have met that cute doctor. If you hadn't been fired, you may never have become homeless and learned how to make dumpster art. We should never judge Life's gifts.

Some of Life's gifts come in beautiful packages; others, not so much. Some gifts come in the wrong size, clash with everything we own, or are simply in crappy taste. Some, we just re-gift to our mother-in-law who happens to like black velvet animal portraits and plastic figurines of Jesus on the Cross that squirt fake blood. Some, we throw in the back of our closet, where they stay until we die and our children find them, wondering "What the f\*ck is that?" But they are all gifts.

*My grandmother Hoodwin loved gift-giving and was meticulous in wrapping them. Once, many years ago, she had a doctor's appointment in Chicago, and was instructed to bring specimens (both kinds). She was embarrassed to bring them on the long train ride from Michigan City, so she gift-wrapped them in lovely paper and ribbons. Unfortunately, she accidentally left them on the train. No doubt someone found those packages and opened them. One hopes he realized that they were gifts, despite being feces and urine. Yes, we cannot judge the gifts Life brings us. Who knows what they had to teach him? Whatever it was, it was probably something he never forgot.*

*Sometimes we meet people who have beautiful wrapping but are full of sh\*t, just like my grandmother's package. Perhaps they teach us lessons about not wasting our time with a\*\*holes. Sometimes we meet people who are not wrapped handsomely, but they are still a\*\*holes. Regardless of the wrapping, they are part of Life's gifts.*

*Sometimes gifts aren't wrapped at all, but just covered with tissue paper and placed in a recyclable "gift bag." Other gifts are wrapped in the Sunday*

color comics section. Just toss them in the trash. Those who give them are cheap and/or lazy tree-huggers. Surely a gift is worth a tree or two. On the other hand, keep gift cards—you can get cash for them.

Still, gifts that go straight to the trash are gifts, nonetheless, just as movies that go straight to DVD are still movies, even though they are probably lousy. Cherish them all, for without them, you would not be the person you are today. And remember: you are one of Life's gifts to others, too—try to stay out of the garbage.

### THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

*If you're going to lose your Self, be sure to at least  
leave a forwarding address.*

WORDS TO LIVE BY

**N**ever give a blow job to a rattlesnake.

If you can't find happiness in your own back yard, try your side yard.

Always stand on your own two left feet.

A big fish in a small pond is still a fish.

You should *never* use the word "should."

Do not do today what you can put off until another lifetime.

You didn't believe in reincarnation in your last lifetime, either.

No man is an island, or even a peninsula. Some men, however, are Nebraska.

## THE MAYAN CALENDAR

Someone asked me to channel about why the Mayan calendar ends in 2012. The Michael entity explained that it was because they ran out of paper. The kind of paper they favored for calendars, with the row of little holes across the top, was very expensive, and they hadn't yet discovered OfficeMax.

Of course, in our culture, we only print our calendars a year in advance. The reason they decided to do their entire future calendar all at once is that the printer offered them a 20% discount.

Another factor was that the official calendar featured the Sacrificial Virgin of the Month. Since there were not enough of them to have a unique one each month for the foreseeable future, they dressed them up in different costumes. With changes in make-up and lighting, you couldn't tell the difference. However, when their shamans went into deep trance to see what Sacrificial Virgins would be wearing each year, they were unable to see any further than Paris Hilton, who totally stumped them. It was like their North American counterparts who couldn't see Columbus's ships because they had no frame of reference. Rather than publishing a calendar that might have out-of-date fashions, and considering the paper situation, they decided to cap it at 2012.

## BED, DEATH & BEYOND

I'm starting a new franchise. I'm currently raising money and hope to have stores in malls across America before next Christmas. They will be called "Bed, Death and Beyond" (I'm also considering "Dead People "R" Us"). Our motto will be "One-stop shopping for all your death needs!" The stores will feature on-staff mediums, channels, and oracles, as well as an assorted array of lovely caskets, movies and books, crystal balls, and skeletons. I'm creating a Do-It-Yourself Near-Death-Experience kit (batteries and knife not included), and I'm in discussion with the Kevorkian and Hemlock Society people about carrying some of their products.

There will be a séance room with weekly events, and I'm inviting some prominent rappers such as 50 Cent and Snoop Dogg to help launch them ("This is not your grandmother's séance.") Reincarnational counselors will be available to help you plan your next lifetime, and reservations will be accepted for bodies through 2075 with a 30% deposit ("Act now before all the good ones are taken!"). Our exclusive Out-of-Body Travel Agency will offer guided tours of the astral plane, with stops in Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, Paradise, Existential Nothingness, and other fun destinations ("Go to Hell—and get a companion ticket absolutely free!").

Purchases of over \$1000 are eligible for the innovative Karmic Repayment Plan, in which you can

buy now and pay for them in your next lifetime. Coffins can be purchased on layaway.

I'm hoping for store placements next to The Gap.

If you'd like to invest in this exciting venture, drop me an e-mail. You'll make a killing! Death is hot right now, with shows like *The Medium*, *The Ghost Whisperer*, and *Six Feet Under* on television. This is a quantum leap forward for humanity. Now that we're beginning to learn not to discriminate against people because of the color of their skin, we're also learning not to discriminate against people who don't have skin. There's much pent-up demand for these products. Remember: "The Other Side isn't just for dead people anymore!"

OLD-TIME RELIGION

QUEER EYE FOR THE OLD TESTAMENT DEITY

I don't mean to be sacrilegious, but I've always thought that the Son of God was hot. His Father, not so much. Maybe if He shaved the beard—it ages him—and exfoliated....Still, tossing those lightning bolts is great for His biceps. I just think He needs a more balanced workout.

Also, He needs to cut down on the burnt offerings; studies show that burnt foods are carcinogenic. The latest thing is raw, raw, raw! And strictly grass-fed—that goes without saying; at His age, grain-fed is too fatty. And He should totally eliminate the fatted calves—He, of all Deities, should know that veal is inhumane. Still, I can't blame him if he has a weakness for veal scallopini. No One's perfect.

I'm not saying he needs to go to the other extreme and adopt John the Baptist's locusts and honey diet, although it *is* raw. If he does, though, he should be sure to brush after every meal—honey can cause cavities and yellow your teeth.

What is it with male deities and lightning bolts anyway? Are they showing off? Do they think it makes them look more macho? They really need to grow up and set a better example. Maybe they

should consider some anger management classes. I expect my deities to behave in a civilized manner.

I know this sounds like sour grapes, but I am a bit disappointed I wasn't chosen to be the new Pope. I know that the gay Jewish thing might have been an issue, but John Paul II was Polish—I thought that opened the way. In any case, it reminds me of not being chosen for the kickball team in fourth grade, and it hurts. I never win anything! I think I would have been a very good Pope.

There's so much dead wood in the Vatican—I would have cleaned house. And redecorated. It's so dated! With all the gay priests around, you'd think it would have had a makeover by now. And those little hats are so Mamie Eisenhower! I'd appoint Isaac Mizrahi to the Holy See. That would shake things up! I don't care if Catholics are sexually repressed and guilt-ridden, but the dowdiness has got to go!

Being Jewish is much easier than being Catholic. You can get to heaven simply by marrying a doctor. The internet has made it even simpler: just sign up at [marryadoctor.com](http://marryadoctor.com). I'm hoping for an internist.

We all know that God is Jewish, and, of course, so was Jesus. I'm not sure about the Buddha, but it looks like he had a Jewish mother cooking for him.

Jesus only stayed so svelte because of all that walking—Mary’s kugel was to die for. I heard that Mohammed was a nice Jewish boy, too. His problems started when his therapist took the whole month of August off—he never recovered from that. It’s unfortunate for humanity that we didn’t have beepers back then.

I was Jesus’s kid brother, Joe, Jr., of Nazareth, in a past life. Once he called me and said, “Hey Joe, I’m going into the wilderness for forty days and forty nights. Could you help me pack?” I adored him, but I just hate moving, so I said no. I’d like to make it up to him, though, in the Second Coming, and take Him out for a terrific Last Supper at Peking Dragon. Jews love Chinese food, and there was no place good back then in Nazareth. He’ll love it!

Even in this lifetime, I look a lot like Jesus. People often stop me on the street and ask, “Hey, aren’t you the Son of God?” I always give them my autograph, of course,

Anyway, this sometimes brings up the issue of personal hygiene. One fan who saw my picture wrote me, “I think you look like a cute Jesus, but Jesus was probably smelly, so I hope that you do not have bad hygiene, too.” Here was my reply:

Our parents were poor, and couldn’t afford health insurance, so instead of being born at Beth Israel

Sinai Hospital, in their sanitary maternity ward, Jesus had to be born in a barn. But it was a relatively clean barn, with fresh hay in the manger, and considerate sheep and cattle, who went outside to do their doody (after Mary yelled at one of them between labor screams, "Don't sh\*t in here, you morons! This is the Son of God being born!" Of course, every Jewish mother thinks her baby is the Son of God. And the truth is, we're all sons and daughters of God.)

In any case, when we were growing up, we may not have had a fancy bathroom with marble counters and a JetStream spa, but every Friday, before the Sabbath, the whole Christ family went to the public pool, swam thirty or forty laps, and then took a nice long shower, using strictly kosher soap. As Jesus got older, he started jogging on the water rather than swimming in it, but he still always took a good shower afterward. He also flossed regularly, using long, thin strands of goat intestinal lining.

So, for that period, Jesus was considered quite clean. In fact, people would often say to Him, "Hey, Jesus, you don't smell too bad today!" Since most people stank, that was a high compliment.

But, yes, times and standards have changed, and I am Immaculately clean. I shower at least five times a day and disinfect my hands after anyone touches them.

## THE AUNTIE CHRIST

The Church has been covering up this knowledge since the Council of Nicaea, but Anti-Christ was originally spelled "Auntie Christ." It referred to Joseph's sister-in-law (married to his brother Mort Christ) Esther, who was a real—"rhymes with witch," according to Barbara Bush). She didn't believe "for a minute that cockamamie story" about Mary's Immaculate Conception. (Mary had been much prettier and more popular in Yeshiva than Esther, and Esther was intensely jealous of her.) She thought it was all a publicity stunt to make her precious baby the patriarch of the Christ family rather than Esther's Freddy, an accountant who was "far smarter and better at business than that big-mouthed brat Jesus." She constantly kvetched about his long absences in the desert doing "God knows what" that caused him to miss Sabbath dinners and even cousin Sarah's wedding. "Some messiah!" she'd snort. "He won't even bother to get a decent haircut."

When Jesus hit the big time and got his own religion and talk show, Esther wrote a "tell-all" biography of him, now lost, that was quite controversial. In response, the disciples wrote their own versions, seeking to set the record straight. So if it weren't for Esther, we wouldn't have the Gospels today.

Jesus Himself stayed publicly silent on the issue of his Auntie Christ. He was good friends with Esther's other son, his first cousin Norman. They waterskied together frequently. Of course, we

didn't have modern skis then, but, as you know, Jesus was a carpenter and was quite handy. He rigged up a couple pairs of ski sandals, and then made the wind blow.

The reason the disciple John predicted the return of Auntie Christ in the Book of Revelations is that Jesus once told him, "That nasty old yenta will never die."

*Did Auntie Christ die? And did her recipe for potato latkes die with her?*

Yes, Esther did finally die, in 146 A.D., but she still remembers the recipe.

*Will Esther be reborn before Jesus, so she can continue following him around nagging him about his wearing last year's robes and how he should be nice to the rabbis?*

She hasn't yet made up her mind—it partly depends on Jesus's itinerary; if he insists on spending most of his time hanging out in "bad neighborhoods" again, she'll probably just stay where she is. If she does decide to reincarnate anyway, she might buy a nice condo in Boca Raton and go to Vegas on one of those package deals. She's also strongly considering taking a Mediterranean cruise, which her husband Mort was "too cheap" to take her on before.

On the other hand, if Jesus plans to go on Oprah, she'll definitely be there, since "after *General Hospital*, which I never miss, it's my favorite

show—so inspiring! We get 500 stations on our satellite dish up here, so that's saying a lot."

*How did Esther die?*

Tragically, she expired from exploding varicose veins. Not even extra-strength SuppHose could hold the dyke. But, after 179 years, she'd had a good life and couldn't complain too much.

*Who is Auntie Christ's favorite star?*

Tom Cruise. She says, "He is such a nice boy!" She has written a screenplay about her son Freddy, "The Man Who Shoulda Been King of Kings," and wants Cruise to play him. She hopes that Raquel Welch will play her. ABC has optioned it for "Movie of the Week."

Visit her web site at [www.auntiechrist.com](http://www.auntiechrist.com).

There is so much incorrect information in the Bible. According to my channeling of the Bob entity, the disciples didn't run off at the crucifixion; they just went looking for a men's room. It got dark and stormy, they became lost, refused to ask for directions, and wandered around for days. They were very embarrassed when they finally found their way back, but acted like something important had come up.

The same thing happened with some guys on a fishing trip my Uncle Eddie went on.

I'm not much into the holidays, especially the religious ones—too much sitting on hard seats. My favorite holiday is Daylight Savings Time Day. I love the light evenings.

I also love Groundhog Day. I get Groundhog Day decorations, send traditional Groundhog Day cards, etc.—the whole nine yards. It's a little different in California, though, since we don't have winter. The groundhog sticks his head out of a hole; if he gets hit by a golf ball, it means six more weeks of smog.

Harry Krishna, along with his lovely wife Mildred, also started a religion that not many Westerners are familiar with. Of course, they were also Jewish. A song written about him over five thousand years ago survives to this day: "Harry Krishna! Harry Krishna! Krishna Krishna! Harry Harry!" Just his name, over and over again. It's not Sondheim, but it has stood the test of time.

Harry and Mildred were from India, as are many other of the all-time spiritual greats. Today we have Sai Baba, probably the most famous living Indian adept. He routinely manifests ash, called "vibhuti," in the palm of his hand that many find to have healing attributes. Similarly, my guru, Baba Ganoush, manifests eggplant dip that is quite tasty on pita bread. Personally, I like it better than vibhuti.

It's always inspiring to sit at the feet of my guru, Baba Ganoush. For one thing, I'm into feet. But, for another, he's so full of wisdom.

One day, a fellow disciple, Ramameinthe-assananda, asked him, "Baba, why is that everyone else has a better life than I do? Why don't I ever get what I want?" He replied, "My son, God hates you. But get over it! This isn't a popularity contest."

He explained that as with everyone else, there are some people God likes, and some He doesn't, and that one shouldn't take it personally—it's His problem, not yours. It's like that book, *What God Thinks of Me is None of My Business*.

"In a past life, you were one of those Philistines God smote, and He resents that you reincarnated: He thinks that people he smites should stay smitten. Then, you rub His nose in it by having good taste, like maybe he was wrong to smite you in the first place. Being eternal, God can hold a grudge for a long time, and being omniscient, He has a good memory, too. Still, that's no reason not to be happy—the important thing is to love yourself and give me all your money."

There are those who believe that God is female. Channeled entities don't all agree on this matter, but if that's really the case, it would cast the whole Bible in a different light.

Once, when I was channeling the Mabel entity, someone asked, "Why did God demand animal sacrifices in the Old Testament?"

She replied, "God was really into barbecued ribs back then. Now she's on this grilled-lemon-tofu-with-lightly-steamed-asparagus kick. Go figure. God's ways are mysterious." However, that does explain the recent increase in soybean sacrifice.

Is it just me, or is God having her period?

---

*Self-Confidence*

FOR

**TOTAL  
LOSERS**

---

*Personal Growth for the  
Rest of Us!*

SHEPHERD HOODWIN

*Author of Astrophysics for Abject Morons,  
The Complete Guide to Dating for Smelly People, &  
Overcoming Your Addiction to Self-Help Books in 39  
Easy Steps*