

The 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute Diaries

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CHAPTER 1

And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man who was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind. Jesus answered, neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.

St. John 9:1-3 KJV

The 'Aqshenu Bajaim (Hebrew for Holding on in Life) Institute, founded in the mid-twenty-first century, is a Christian disability institute known for its program that trains autistic individuals as well as other neurodivergent individuals for their life and future which was compensated rarely: Via an ecclesiastical partnership.

Jorge Emiro Silvera Matta, a young Colombian man from the Department of Casiodoro, founded this institute, with the intention that Christian-minded individuals on the Autism Spectrum were provided a paid training program for life. The project was delayed for five consecutive years after months, and weeks of planning, creativity, and all related issues to make this program a reality. Despite having already existing paid training programs for people with intellectual and behavioral disabilities, the vast majority of them were located outside Colombia. Due to his self-confidence, he was determined to fund his own Christian institute on disability that provided paid training to people with his condition as well.

It was of mere impact that this institute was founded in a very sub-developed country that was devastated by the left-wing guerrilla and right-wing corruption in the Congress of such a nation. Nevertheless, something more impactful was that the institute was somehow faith-based (a very unusual thing for disability centers, though). In partnership with his church, which was a small and deteriorated Protestant congregation, he sought to convert this project more easily and behold, a substantial product was injected into his church.

The project, as said before, wasn't easy at all. He was unemployed at the time he was planning this project. Indeed, he

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had been unemployed since March 2023 and lasted at least 5 years to create this project. According to an interview with one of the local newspapers of the Caribbean Region of Colombia, he said:

—When I first thought about this project, there weren't any means of development to start it up, instead, my fundamentalist Christian church didn't have enough people in membership, and they were low attendance in my church, it was something that I couldn't handle even myself—Mr. Silvera, the Aqshenu Bajaim Institute's founder, said this in response to one of the questions a journalist asked him amidst his stay in Washington, D.C. for the National Council on Disability's Faith and Disability Initiative.— Besides that, the economy of my country wasn't going well despite the US Dollar going down every single day, and the income of many families was overblown—.

However, despite these circumstances, the young Colombian man, who is on the Autism Spectrum level 4 as well as with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD) symptoms, was overestimated in his local congregation in Casiodoro (the Capital City of the homonymous Colombian department, which was the Latin American Protestantism Holy See during the mid-20th century). Given that the economic situation in Colombia was not going well at all, and the majority of bilingual call centers in the country were looking for Native-only bilinguals or polyglots, it wasn't said that our friend, Jorge Silvera's home economy wasn't affected. Despite having enough income from his parents and maternal grandmother, he always wanted to help in his home, and save money, to go to his dreamy country (the United States of America) someday. It was so much his perseverance that he founded the Aqshenu Bajaim Institute with faith in the Lord, and hope for Him to provide the resources needed to accomplish this.

The thing is that Mr. Silvera had had a well-structured shot: To encompass the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute through an Ecclesiastical business partnership. That is a partnership between a faith community and a local business. It consisted of a company providing compensation for the disabled individual, while the faith community itself provided the workplace for the execution of such a program. However, this was tough because of the lack of

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monetary resources to offer, so many non-profits abroad were disappointed and rejected the project, maybe because of its incapability of becoming a reality or the level of pressure organizations could even afford it.

He had even made a YouTube channel, in which topics related to the creation of the autism ministry in his Protestant church in Casiodoro were discussed. He explained about the Autism Ministry in his Protestant church in his diary “St. John 9 Ministries”. Furthermore, he was indeed admired by several people in the Catholic Church but was criticized by many evangelical denominations (among which is his Protestant denomination). However, he sought to fight for the mentally disabled individuals, as he was also mentally disabled himself so every church of his denomination in Colombia had a disability ministry exemplary for any other ecclesiastical tradition because it had a unique approach to the creation of such a program: *That the works of God manifested in* [autistic individuals].

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CHAPTER 2

So that servant came and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the lord said unto the servant, go out unto the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, that none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

St. Luke 14:21-23 KJV

Approaching Mr. Silvera's marriage to the soon-to-be, Mrs. Silvera, I am one of the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute's trainees who recently enrolled in one of the vocational training programs that the Institute offered.

Let me introduce myself, my name is Daniel Esteban García Gamero, I'm from Manizales (Colombia), and am a sixteen-year-old non-verbal autistic boy. However, my means of communication is written, because I'll never talk because if I spoke, I'd assume I stutter, for that reason, I am proud of being a non-verbal autistic boy. My mother is a pastor, while my father is a diplomat, meaning that I have stable economic stability. When I heard about a new program that offered paid training to autistic individuals like me in the City of Casiodoro, I hesitated about it! However, it was located in a city, far, far away from where I lived.

When I showed my dad (who is also, a caregiver to me, because my mother was always busy pastoring her church) about this, he didn't believe me.

—Son, you know that's impossible and unlikely to happen—He thought—Besides, we are far away from where the claimed institute is. I'm sorry I have to disappoint you, son, but it may seem to me that it is a scamming page that when we get there, I assume we've wasted time and money by coming there. —

Having received these comments from my dad had turned me down, I believed it was real. My father's reaction was as typical as the people who want to let you down. Maybe bad energy, maybe envy, but what my father had was distrust of social media and people who claimed to pay people if they spent money on them, all that thanks to social media. I didn't want to say anything to my mother, since she was very busy on a preaching trip somewhere in Africa. The thing is, she was also the principal of a Christian school in Manizales! Meaning that she had more interest in forming the moral character of her students while leaving her son with limbs.

I am a prolific writer, you know, as I am very expressive in writing. So, given that my parents didn't believe me, I wanted to send a physical letter to Mr. Silvera, stating that I had a piggy bank that had at least COP 100,000. I invested that amount of money by sending a letter to Mr. Silvera through Servientrega. I had the hope that throughout the letter, he would not hesitate to write me back. A week later, I received a response from Mr. Silvera. He wanted me

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to enroll in the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute's Creative Writing program, which was a three-year-long program inside the Modern Languages and Culture department that partnered with prominent publishers to publish select works with a high score! The best of it is that I would be paid for learning (a thing I had learned before having sent Mr. Silvera my letter), so starving myself to get my work published wasn't my principal goal at all, what mattered to me the most was about starting my career as a prolific writer while being paid for that, as Mr. Silvera had promised.

I didn't know how to go to Casiodoro, where Mr. Silvera's compensated school is situated. However, I received an email from the institute with the option to attend school online. As you know, the 2020s started with the Coronavirus Pandemic (COVID-19), making schools and businesses turn to action and creating an alternative atmosphere to what was done before. Thus, virtuality was created. It was a light-saving fortune to me because since I didn't talk, it was tough for me to go to another place without the consciousness of my parents, and since I was a person with a developmental disability, it was a rush for a disabled to live out independently! So, I used to not tell my parents anything about this prominent formative academy that provided pay to its students, because I'd kept this a secret. My father was very oppressive towards me to study Microsoft Excel and Software Development, because, what was supposed to be for my future in case my parents died?

While writing this diary, I am expressing and confessing that I never went to school due to my disability, I couldn't. Well, I wasn't interested in being enrolled in school at all, because the academy wasn't anything but a bureaucratic system that controlled children.

I had written plenty of books, but I didn't know how to sell them. However, thanks to my enrollment into the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute, I did not know where those books caught up to. Some of them were documentary research books where I spread and explored all my viewpoints and humble opinions regarding the current state of knowledge of a subject. The vast majority of them were related to biology, mathematics, social sciences, languages, and religious education! In other words, I was made out of gold and those writings were related to school subjects. Indeed, I have even created several workbooks. The thing is, I didn't have the advanced age for opening a bank account or even investing in cryptocurrency, and to receive payments from Amazon, I had to live in North America or Europe because the platform managed the payment system Stripe, which was not available at the time in Colombia. Another issue is that I wanted to receive my royalties in USD, EUR, or GBP because those self-publishing platforms that were available in Colombia paid the royalties in the local currency! This was something rushed and tough for me to do. But the good thing is that I had already finished most of the books I wrote. So, putting my hand to work, I dared myself to tell my mother that I wanted to join her one day at the Christian school she led and founded as the school principal. She, for just pleasing me, accepted.

There is no doubt that I was studying online secretly at the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute and receiving compensation under my discretion to not be disclosed to my parents. The compensation was USD 175/week, given that according to Mr. Silvera's

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projection, autistic individuals would receive compensation in foreign currency pending various factors. Including exams, coursework, school projects, class assignments, etc. Given that the program was all about creative writing, it wasn't tough for me to develop the assignments and classwork.

I remember when my parents noticed my diagnosis, my father decided to buy me textbooks with CDs that included lesson readings. Those textbooks, along with the readings linked to them, were suitable for me to learn a lot about the subjects that are typically taught in schools. Between those textbooks was a complete computing course that included Microsoft Office, Google Suite, and Web Development, converting me into a computing genius. These helped me understand mathematics as I read the book "Algebra of Baldor" (I assume that if I hadn't taken the computing course, I wouldn't understand math).

My mother went with me to the school, and the first thing she did was to assign me to order and organize the documents in her office. The worst is that she didn't tell me how to do that because she was very busy with her school concerns. When I saw the students being mistreated by the teaching crew beside the school, I always imagined how long would it last. After having worked to organize my mother's office, I chose to hang out for a while around the school. Approaching that everybody was in class, I decided to be stimming a little bit while hanging out around the school, and suddenly a general laborer gave me the assignment of cleaning, and organizing the chores of the room where the students were having preaching and worship services at the school. So, forced, I wanted to make something great and fine. So, I found a sermon paper from one of the teachers who taught in the school, then I read it... I decided to pray the Bible verse enlisted there three times and wrote in a notebook the petitions I wanted the Lord to approve or disapprove. After having written the petitions in my notebook, I wrote the Bible passage used in the sermon paper and recited it three times each day in my bedroom.

Immediately, taking me to her school settings became a habit for my mom to look after me after having realized that I had so much potential to interact with other people despite my cognitive disability in addition to being non-verbal. Every single day, I did general labor at the school, even though it was unpaid. But the pay wasn't a problem at all since I was secretly enrolled in the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute, earning in USD. Given that the general laborers of the school were paid a miserable salary, they didn't have too much money to cover their home expenses, while some were obese, and I just wanted to help them lose weight as well as provide them additional money for their expenses.

Being enrolled in Mr. Silvera's institute was somehow wonderful, as I was given a USD 40,000 award virtually for having contributed a lot to the institute's modern languages and culture department. Choosing what to do with the USD 40,000 (which in Colombia, exceeded the cost of a car), I decided to partner with 10th-11th graders to create a school project related to STEM, for some of them to get into NASA. For this project, I parted with USD 10,000. This covered the implements of such a project, and with my mere imagination and knowledge of the solar system, the students didn't need more. Another USD 10,000 was invested in the expenses of the school's general laborers. I had just USD 20,000. However, given that I was still receiving the USD 175/week compensation for studying in the academy, it wasn't an issue, in addition to the USD was around 7,000 Colombian Pesos

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(COP), I couldn't agree more that I had become a rich person in the City of Manizales.

My mother, who suddenly discovered that I was doing this, immediately wanted to can me, but my father, who didn't know anything about where I was getting too much money from, became so fascinated about my development that, despite having a cognitively special condition, I had the potential of being a philanthropist, contributing by a lot to Manizales development.

So, because of my mother's behavior, my father took the impulse to divorce her, while the custody of me was obviously given to my father. I told my father about the 'Aqshenu Bajaim program, and he immediately couldn't agree more with me about moving to Casiodoro to continue my career in creative writing. However, a judge advised my parents that, because of my disability, I should be with my mother for four months per year. I didn't want to be with her because of her radicalism. Meaning, it was even impossible for me and my father to move, implicating the cost of divorcing. However, my father had just taken the right decision of divorcing my mother, despite her literal bible interpretation of divorce. However, she was hostile to separating from my father. Moreover, she was also abusing the power she had in her lead church, giving my father a more lovable heart towards the Roman Catholic Church.

My parents met in an Evangelical church. They both were teenagers at the time they met. While my mother's family was composed of lovable people, my father's family was some kind of hostile towards him. My father suffered from psychological mistreatment in his home, as his father was an alcoholic and strict, while his mother was a feminist and cynical woman. As a fun fact, just before my mother became a pastor, her family turned back to Catholicism, so my mother became more reluctant to accept me as her son, and even more, she was very reluctant to the Catholic Church as her biblical mind was filled of greed, one of the very seven capital sins. She didn't have any source of greed other than studying and teaching the Bible and traveling to foreign countries to deliver the Gospel message to the unbelievers. So, why be obsessed with the Lord if what He wants you is to feed the hunger, and be compassionate towards others? If the parachurch organizations are not biblical, why every biblical church does not have a special needs ministry?! The thing is that I considered becoming Catholic as my dad and maternal family did because I did see a lot of discrepancies in the church my mother pastored.

In terms of my mother-pastored church, she had a congregationalist polity, which means it is independent of any convention as it does not have headquarters anywhere. The second thing is that her doctrine was solely based on the allegorical school of hermeneutics; despite this, my mother preaches the Bible in a fundamentalist-like manner that endows allegories. She also got inspiration from prominent Protestant theologians from the second millennium, most of all in the Restorationist movement. My mother is an alumnus of a Bible college in Mexico, affiliated with the Independent Fundamental Baptist churches. She later enrolled in South Florida Bible College & Theological Seminary to earn her Master of Divinity degree to be a licensed minister in both Colombia and the United States. Before entering SFBC, she worked as a public servant after the culmination of her biblical training in Mexico, enduring for a while in the public office, serving the Colombian people.

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So, why did my mother become reluctant to look after me?! I would guess she had met Mr. Silvera before. According to what Mr. Silvera had told me, she studied in the same Christian school he studied in. She received the Lord as her personal Savior and became a soul-winner. However, she was hostile towards Mr. Silvera due to his obsessional interests. When he joined the Youth Ministry at his IFB church, he watched her playing the piano, but she never paid him attention. The thing is that she graduated from school four years before he graduated, making him convalescent in studying. The Christian school he studied in wasn't prepared at all at that time to deal with special needs children. Due to the mistakes, they committed with Jorge, my boss is thus in whom he is currently. It is for that reason that I wanted to not tell my mother about the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute, which was led by Jorge Silvera himself.

Do you see? My mother is a hypocrite! Well, I love her and can't imagine every single day without her. Mr. Silvera, indeed, saw her Instagram publications and stories, as he befriended her on Facebook. Another issue is that my mother SAW, behold, Jorge's posts and stories. Meaning, that she already knew about Jorge's "hypocritical outcomes" which supposedly were with his greeted American Dream. However, when Jorge traveled to the United States, he didn't post anything about his trip to the United States. But do you know what that means? Jorge divined with a special oracle designed to get answers and speak to various Saints and Angels directly. One day during a session, he had petitioned Saint Cyprian to punish paranormally Independent Fundamental Baptist church members and clergy to lessen them their greedy desires to abuse the Bible to accomplish several things that they weren't supposed to do. So, what is the issue here? He had petitioned St. Cyprian to break the blessings and awards the Lord had given Independent Fundamental Baptist brethren in Colombia unless there would exist a special needs ministry in their churches. On the contrary, in case they became reluctant, behold the Lord brought up bad energies toward them and their families. Well, it was thus. It had come to pass so many years for this to turn into reality, and it did! That is the main reason why my mother became reluctant to look after me. Because of Jorge's divination with the Catholic Saint of sorcerers, I know he never had the intention of harming his Christian school or damaging his reputation either.

However, I must assert that I am also a Benedetto, just like Mr. Silvera, and the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute is funded by the true spirit of Saint Expedite, who is fed with water and a chocoramo. In the Catholic Relations office of the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute in Casiodoro (Colombia), there are plenty of statues of the Saints of the Roman Catholic and Orthodox Churches. In each statue, there is an embodied spirit of the Saint that portrays the statue, and those spirits are the true spirits of the Saints (including the Angels of Jewish Kabbalah), which conserve the place clean, shiny, and pure. In case a woman is seeking an abortion, behold the true spirit of St. Gianna Beretta Molla intercedes and shows her spirit to the woman who is seeking to abort her baby. Abortion is legal up to the 24th week in Colombia, but in the United States, its legality depends on State Laws, being the USA the only nation of the first world where abortion is almost illegal throughout the country; despite the illegality of abortion in the US, abortion rates increased a lot, but furthermore, they decreased via divining with St. Gianna Beterra Molla, as her spirit appeared and manifested supernaturally into several abortion

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clinics to women who sought abortions. Even more, can you guess who was the lead spirit in the Catholic Relations office of the institute? Yes, the patron Saint of Autism, St. Thorlak of Iceland. It was thanks to St. Thorlak's intercession that many children saved from abortions in the US were diagnosed with autism so, the works of God manifested them.

However, when it comes to my mother, it is nothing but a fantasy to her to have conceived a human being with autism. She also felt uncomfortable with Mr. Silvera every time he went to see her in the setting of his Christian school. But now with the intervention of St. Cyprian, there was no doubt that she would get the thing worse.

Back to the theme again, I realized the benefits of being a person with a cognitive disability, as I am more intelligent than normal people, and I owe my intelligence to both my father, who bought me courses and textbooks for self-teaching me, and to my boss, Jorge Silvera, for having given to me the opportunity of preparing while being paid for doing that! I also owe this to God, the ghostwriter of my writings. In the sense of praying and devotion to God, I wrote a Bible verse in my notebook and, behold, I wrote one of the petitions I wanted to ask the Lord, every single night. In that way, I entered into a trance state and communicated with God and His Celestial Hierarchy. God was pleased with me. With all this, that meant that I was enough to keep my mother-led Christian school staff and students unnoticed with my presence. But suddenly, a 1st grader had caught her attention to me.

Marian was looking at me every single day and wondered what my condition was. She was somehow very curious about my stimming, and my passing through the school grounds during recess. However, once again I repeat that I didn't pay attention to anybody around the school as I was concentrated in my writing world and my relation with the divine by divining with St. Michael's Chain, so it wasn't a focus on other people than on my relationship with God.

So, her curiosity and innocence encouraged her to do a little research on autism spectrum disorder by consulting with ordinary people, reading books, etc. It was at that point that she realized that my person was on level 4 of the Autism Spectrum. One day, she dared herself to talk to me through a notebook.

—Hello my buddy— Marian wrote dynamically in a notebook of hers— How are you doing? — She signaled the part where I should reply to her—

—Hi—I wrote in the signaled part by her for me to reply— Is there anything you want from me? How can I help you? —

—Wow, What a chivalrous response! —Wrote Marian— Well, I would like you to do me some homework, are you capable of helping me? —

—I can give you some books for you to study, which are written by myself— I wrote—I will surely give you a set of SD Cards that have lots of PDFs written by me, do you mind? —

—Yes! — Wrote Marian enthusiastically, her face looked excited, and she was so happy to read my PDFs for her homework. —Thank you for having given these to me, I will try to check them out. It seems you are a good buddy, the best buddy I've ever met.

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There is a pajama in my house this weekend, would you like to attend? —

Her invitation left me with not a word. I didn't know what to respond, or what to say, despite writing a lot, at this time I was paralyzed. The reason? Because she is simply a child. I am sensible to problems, but maybe because of her, there was a guarantee of me getting into trouble.

I meditated all weekend and realized that the mere time-killing machine I'd done on myself by not responding to the 1st grader's invitation to the pajama party in her house.

Starting the following week, I went with my mother to the Christian school with the assignment that she ordered to collaborate with the school's general laborers. During the recess, I encountered the 1st grader again. And she immediately took the notebook we were talking with out from her bag.

—I'm a little exhausted about not having gone to your pajama party this past weekend!!— I wrote very exhausted and disappointed with her—

—No problem—replied the girl, stating that the pajama party was not this past weekend but the following one, —I haven't told you anything, but this weekend is filled with energy because the pajama party is going to be crazy! —

When the recess ended, all the students were called to form. On the eve of returning to classes, the school staff slammed and exalted against me (obviously, they were on my mother's side), saying that I must not be in contact with the students, and with smaller students the less. However, the general laborers of the school reacted in my defense and decided to put a block on the potential psychological mistreatment from the school staff.

When I met with some of the school general laborers, one of them, the cleaner, noticed to me that my father had passed away. I couldn't believe it, since my father was beside my caregiver, and I didn't want to stay with my mother. As I'd said before in these lines, my father was a diplomat, and in one of his diplomatic trips, he was extorted by scammers in Italy as he had asked for a contribution to his work, and they immediately asked him to pay the cost of the deed of donation. The case is that he didn't agree to do that, and was not interested. He simply said in an email "I am not interested", so they (supposedly) accepted and made the deed as a draft. The deed was €95, and it was supposedly an investment business conformed by French-German businesspeople. My father had been unemployed for so long, and suddenly some hitmen entered our house and killed him. These successes were told to the school cleaner by a nearby neighbor.

So, my custody was all granted to my mother. I started to receive harsh treatment from her and diary demands from her.

So, when the pajama party was approaching, I didn't have anything that the burdens from my mother and her allies, which were anybody else than her church staff, who were directly employed by the Christian school she led as a principal, as they every single day attacked me and made fun of me. Even humiliating my person

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before all the students from the Christian school (most of all, with the middle and high schoolers!).

And, it had come to pass the day for Marian's pajama party. I do not know how she noticed the mistreatment I faced from the school personnel, but she, despite studying in a Christian school, had a family that wasn't affiliated with any religion or was a member of my mother-pastored church either. So, she used her innocent imagination and creativity to teamwork with her classmates so when I came to her house, behold I found out a lot of what I had written. Yes, Marian and her classmates were some kind of prodigy children. The innocence, exuberance, and overall cuteness of these children made it clear that they were also prodigious in their creativity, given that their families prepared so hard and worked before having them, as many of them are over 28 years old. A great example is that Marian's parents met in the company they worked in. They met as interns, and after having graduated from graduate school, they married.

When I went to the house for the pajama party, behold I found all the preschoolers' and elementary school kids' parents. I was thinking how arrogant they would be with a different guy like me. However, I was received joyfully and happily. All of them knew that I was a dumb boy not of birth but because of my autism and one of the parents had a speaking device designed for dumb and non-verbal autistic people. So, I decided to use the device.

—How old are you—A parent asked me, so I wrote in the device—

—I'm 16 years old—I wrote in the device—

—It seems you're smarter than I am—Another parent took their word— It also may appear that you meet some of our children in the school. So, what are your functions in the school? —

—I am, indeed, the principal's son—Wrote in the device in answer to the parent's question, I didn't want to show that I was studying compensated and online at Mr. Silvera's Institute, but in this case, I made it appropriate— I study online at the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute of Casiodoro (Colombia). The thing is, I am paid to study there. —

—Do they pay you for studying at that institute?!—All the parents gathering were impressed— Let me ask you, what does "Aqshenu Bajaim" mean? —

—It is the Hebrew for "Holding on in Life"—I responded writing in the device—

In the beginning, I thought that they would push me or can me, but not, they welcomed me. When Marian's parents came up to me, they said that the children had "something special" for me.

So, what was supposed of the "something special" thing Marian and her classmates gifted me? Where was it? It was at the Christian school facility.

Behold, I saw a lot of creativity in the innocence of Marian and her classmates when I entered the school's entrance. What am I found with? I am found with tons of origami shapes, food, and a big banquet. But what I saw the most was the auditorium of worship filled with supernatural entities that were anything else than the

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school kids from all the school. Could you believe who was the coordinator for the logistics of this supposed Pajama Party? Yes, anybody else than Marian!

But right away, behold, the school usher, who called up for the termination of the hesitation, came with my mother, and all the school faculty and staff, so my mother would finally end me up. However, Marian, who was looking at the circumstances face of mine, didn't take impulse and started to reveal each teacher at the Christian school's real self, and suddenly, she used a Jedi/Sith-like form of telekinesis and made my mother fall into the origami-made Dante's Hell.

Oh my, I didn't believe that all this was coordinated and planned with the mere purpose of helping a non-verbal autistic person like me in the future.

—Hey Daniel—Marian's parents told me—Would you like to go with us to Malta—

Due to my commitment to my studies, I didn't have an answer for that question. Then I noticed that the institute was online, and it passed me by. So I went out to the highways and hedges, and compelled *them to come in, that my house may be filled.*

CHAPTER 3

***HE HATH SHOWN THEE, O MAN, WHAT IS GOOD; AND WHAT DOETH
THE LORD REQUIRE OF THEE, BUT TO DO JUSTLY, AND TO LOVE
MERCY, AND TO WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD?***

Micah 6:8 KJV

Behold you heard the story of my colleague, Daniel Esteban García Gamero, the Creative Writing Department director of the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute here in Casiodoro. He's from Manizales, but me myself I am from Barranquilla, Atlántico

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(Colombia), meaning that all the personnel involved in the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute are conformed from people around Colombia, all being neurodivergent, all of them being on the Autism Spectrum, but that besides of studying compensated at the institute (A feature that makes unique to our non-profit), we are in mutual fellowship every single day at the institute: We read devotionals from Trans World Radio (TWR), and even more, we have even been sponsored for work, exchange and religious visas to other countries. Moreover, I must assert that the countries where some of our students have issued their visas are unwoke countries. That is to say, the countries we have partnerships with are somewhat conservative and pro-life (anti-abortion and anti-euthanasia). When it comes to the United States theme, most of the companies that have sponsored U.S. work visas/Green Cards for our students come specifically from the States where abortion is illegal, and the woke ideology is almost nonexistent. It is thanks to Mr. Silvera's exuberated perseverance in sending U.S. President Eugene Johnston (during his second, non-consecutive term) a letter embedded onto a copy of his dissertation specially prepared for President Johnston to establish a partnership between President Johnston's White House Faith and Opportunity Initiative, and the National Council on Disability so the US Congress issued work, exchange, and religious visas for many autistic individuals in foreign countries that wanted to emigrate to the U.S. more easily. However, he hadn't asked President Johnston for Congress to issue a "Special Needs Visa". Instead, Mr. Silvera had created and authored several documents in trying to emigrate to the US such as a document to try to apply for the EB-2 NIW visa (National Interest Waiver) which, despite having not the credentials for such a program (An advanced degree, 5-10 years of working experience), he strove himself to write an over 300-pages document that explained his eagerness about going to the U.S. However, after having written and researched about this, he knew that couldn't take long that it would be rejected. So, instead of emigrating to another country, he tried to save enough funds for founding our institute. However, starting the institute with the local currency wasn't fine. One day, he received a call from a woman who wanted to establish a Christian foundation for individuals like him and to employ him as well! He couldn't agree more with working with that woman to establish her foundation in Cartagena.

Despite having chosen not to emigrate to another country, the woman assured with confidence that he would work with her as she would designate him as the office of strategic partnerships director in her foundation, besides being paid for getting involved in her foundation. Well, that woman was myself.

Let me introduce myself, my name is Olga Margarita Buitrago Padilla, and, as I said before, I am from Barranquilla (Colombia), the golden gate of the world. However, I'm currently residing in Casiodoro (Colombia), serving as the office of strategic partnerships director (a volunteer position), as well as the CEO of my foundation, which has a branch here in Casiodoro. This foundation particularly works with neurodivergent people, and I even have another foundation in Cartagena (Colombia) that works with those physically disabled, and even with a Sign Language Ministry within such a foundation. However, I just wanted to expand the horizons with those disabilities that were invisible and spread the Word, especially to the neurodivergent.

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When I started my search about what would be the strategies to implement that foundation, and what people within the foundation are interested in partnering with me in the sense of spreading God's Word towards these tremendous people. It hurt me the fact that many of the individuals with developmental disability did not have any relationship with God, and even those who have embraced the New Atheism to disqualify Christians, and promote an anti-Christian agenda, you know! Many disability organizations were lacking faith in the sense of not entering into the religious field, being this, alongside the political spectrum, a very controversial theme to be treated in the disability community. From the beginning up to the date, there have been plenty of rejections from disability rights organizations to participate in the religious sector. But hey! They are even getting involved in the Roman Catholic Church all the time (and mostly, here in Colombia). Fortunately, my foundation has been the solid fundamental means of communication with Our Heavenly Father so we could even win those with mental disabilities!

My boss, Mr. Silvera, designated me as the strategic partnerships office director as he was the lead director for my foundation's strategic partnerships office at the moment of having initiated the foundation. I remember having called him randomly the same day he was going to get involved Colorado (US)-based Christian organization that worked with teenagers with disabilities and around the world. However, the unfortunate thing for him was that most Christian organizations were promoting volunteer positions (something he wasn't looking for but he had to make it out). But the funny thing is that he was a favorite amongst these Christian organizations wherein he was going to work with them from Colombia by creating partnerships between him and those organizations and even more, his Protestant church here in Casiodoro and even those within his doctrine partnered with a California-based non-profit organization that worked directly with churches around the world to focus on disability soul-winning and evangelism. He had taken a course from the aforementioned non-profit that was indeed, enjoyed by him.

He even worked in the public sector. After two years and a half period of unemployment, he finally got a job in the government sector through a State Contest for those who wanted to work in the government. He didn't hesitate to work for the government so a colleague sent him material to read and study. It was so much his preparation that he achieved a 65% score in the State Contest, which was nothing else than a contest for unskilled young people like him to spark them through certain government agencies situated across Colombia. Yes, Mr. Silvera, before working with me in the foundation and founding the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute here in Casiodoro, worked as a public servant. Well, I had just called him two months before he got the 65% score in the State Contest, telling him: "Rest that you'll be working here and earning a certain source of income whilst serving the Lord, Our God". However, when he found out that he was admitted as a public servant, his torments of finding a job were turned over, as he was securely working in the government sector, which was a position that lasted forever!

One day, we prayed to God for all his co-workers, and he didn't hesitate to invite his co-workers to volunteer at his then-project, the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute, where they would teach autistic individuals sorts of free courses while being paid for

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learning! His workmates couldn't agree more with a beautiful opportunity to volunteer for such a project.

You know, Mr. Silvera is a very confident man of faith! I am saying this on behalf of him, given that I am expressing all my gratitude towards him for being the solid base for the creation of my foundation, and even designating me as the strategic partnership director for his institute.

So, I am telling the anecdote that he was even organized with his schedules. He worked for the IDEAM Monday through Friday mornings and volunteered at the evening with the organizations mentioned above. Therefore, he was mentally and physically stable, as no autistic individual is.

Another anecdote that I want to say is about the partnership between his Protestant church and the aforementioned Christian organization based out of California (U.S.). In his diary "Pope Newman" he talked about the cruelty he faced in a Christian school in Bogotá (Colombia). Yes, the school that was providing job training to autistic individuals was the same one that put harsh treatment on Jorge. However, it was with the fact that the school wasn't prepared for all. All of the school students and staff committed several mistakes with Jorge, even trying to expel him from the school. Nevertheless, such a school was demanded, and the Lord made justice against those cruel people in that institution. Moreover, his pastor here in Casiodoro decided to partner with the aforementioned parachurch disability ministry to not just please him but also to implement a disability ministry in the church. Given that he was working with the government, he didn't need to be paid for working at the church. Indeed, he had recruited external volunteers to work in the disability ministry of his church who were nobody else than his co-workers, given that many of them were medicine students! Every single day, more brethren on the autism spectrum were added to his church, which at the time the disability ministry started was a poor church, became behold a wealthy church!

He had even divined with a superstitious oracle that was used to get answers and speak to various Saints called "The Chain of St. Michael". Indeed, now that we are talking about the topic of Catholicism, we have a Catholic Relations office designed for autistic Catholics to find a relationship with God throughout this room. He had even embodied the true spirits of the Saints of the Catholic Church and the Angels of Jewish Kabbalah in every single statue that portrayed a specific Saint or Angel. Despite disagreeing with the Catholic Doctrine given my strong biblical convictions, I assumed the beauty that this presented in the Catholic room of the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute. I even created a more direct relationship with God through the true spirit of my Holy Guardian Angel, as he addressed me to select Bible passages that were boned out by the spirit himself. So, when I saw that the true spirit of my Guardian Angel was directing me very much to certain passages of the Bible, I couldn't agree more with partnering with the Diocese of Casiodoro to encourage more autistic people to embrace the movement of the institute that provided paid training

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to autistic individuals! My anti-Catholic bigotry had completely vanished!

So, after the successful implementation of a disability ministry in his church, as well as with the advantage of working in the, he was determined to write down a letter to the U.S. President Eugene Johnston, as well as to the Pope of the Catholic Church. In the middle of his promotion, he had already received approval for his dissertation. So, he embedded the letters in two copies of his monograph and sent them out to both countries. Well, he had sent the monograph and a letter to the Pope through email, because amidst the pandemic, he received an email from the Secretariat of State of the Pope. While the monograph and letter for President Johnston were sent through Servientrega. He had noticed that the Vatican City read his email 30 times, and they couldn't agree more to write back to him with the notice that they would provide him with a job in the Holy See according to his expertise and work experience, seeing lots of fascinating ideas for the implementation of his monograph alongside the Pope of the Catholic Church! While for President Johnston, Jorge never received a response from him. However, it wasn't an issue. I say "never" ironically, because he received a response from the President by designating some delegates from the White House to come to Colombia and partner with him! This meant all for Jorge.

My person was happy for him, as besides being her strategic partnerships director, he considers me his spokeswoman. So, what he most wished for every autistic individual was to show the [autistic] man what God wants for him: ***To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God.***

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CHAPTER 4

BUT IF ANY PROVIDE NOT FOR HIS OWN, AND ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE IN HIS OWN HOUSE, HE HATH DENIED THE FAITH AND IS WORSE THAN AN INFIDEL.

1 TIMOTHY 5:8 KJV

Mr. Silvera had a very compassionate and kind heart in helping people. However, he didn't have too much money to start up his non-profit, and he was overthinking a lot. As you know, the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute started in humble beginnings. However, the lights were turned on when he got a 65% score on the National Civil Service Commission's National Contest. When he saw his score in such a range, he jumped up for joy and knew that he would do a good job serving Casiodorians in both his department and those who space around the country. He had kept in mind Robert Kiyosaki's phrase "An intelligent person hires people who are more intelligent than he is" to accomplish his dream of creating a Christian job training institute for people on the Autism Spectrum. However, he knew he should focus on providing for those in his own house before founding the beautifully projected institute for people with his disability.

The fortunate thing is that the position he was put in was in Casidoro's Secretariat for the Government, at the entry level, with no experience and no advanced degree either! The only thing the position required was preparation for the exam and a high school diploma. He had enjoyed studying and reading the material emailed to him to prepare for the exam.

But the question is, what was the position about? To answer these questions, the Secretariat of Government of Casidoro was hiring theologians (professional theologians, you know?), and the person who guided his career at the government, behold, had found in the National Civil Service Commission's Equality, Merit, and Opportunity System platform a position that just required a high school diploma, and no experience was necessary. The position was "Qualified Operator", and the employment functions were:

- 1. Carry out activities aimed at compliance with the policies, dimensions, and guidelines of the integrated planning and management model.
- 2. Attend technical committees and update meetings established by the immediate supervisor.
- 3. Respond with quality and timeliness to all requests submitted by citizens and/or entities.
- 4. Collect, process, and validate the information assigned to you.

As you see, the job was simply and easy to do. Given that his major didn't have room in the job marketplace, he accepted the offer for the government to employ him, and when he got the 65% score, it was not expected that he would get an all-life job in the public sector! He was also convinced that he would promptly be promoted to pursue his theological career in the public sector. However, given that the job was going to be an all-time job, he wasn't eager to get a job in the religious sector anymore, and, when Mrs. Buitrago had established her foundation, he was no longer interested in getting a paid job in the religious sector, but to continue volunteering with his unpaid positions in his church and at the

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Disability Youth Ministry based in Colorado (U.S.). In other words, he didn't need more!

It had come to pass six (6) months of developing his career at the Secretariat of Government in Casiodoro, and my boss was receiving a badge of recognition from the Casiodoro Council, the Casiodoro mayor's office, as well as from the Casiodoro Governor's Office.

As a reward, he would receive a one-year vacation benefit traveling around the country for his great service to the Casiodorian people. The vacation was for all the year, and the best of all is that it was a paid vacation. He didn't have to ask for the expenses of traveling and tickets, as well as the lodging, as all that would be provided given his connection with government officials.

So, did he approach the vacation? Absolutely. He even went to the Miraculous Shrine of Buga (the most visited religious site in Colombia) once again with Kathy Benson, an American older lady from the U.S. State of Wyoming. He went to the shrine two (2) years before his high school graduation. That same year, he picked up from Bogotá, D.C (Colombia) to his hometown Casiodoro after fourteen (14) years living in Bogotá, and having adhered to the Protestant inheritance of Casiodoro thanks to the Christian school he studied in.

Kathy Benson serves as the Director of Religious Education (DRE) in our institute, besides being a Catholic herself given that Jorge met her in an online Catholic forum. Jorge had joined the online group after failed attempts to get involved in the Soul-Winning Ministry of his church in Bogotá (the school was indeed linked to the Christian school). The plans were about going to Cali, Valle del Cauca (Colombia), and winning the soul of his babysitter's family. However, she supposedly had made fun of his will and became reluctant to his ambitious plan and took him to the aforementioned Shrine in Buga, Valle del Cauca (Colombia). The outcomes? He became rude to her, even insulting her on social media, taking to the point that she never went back to talk to him. His mother, without him noticing, had suffered from that behavior toward his babysitter, and no longer called her back. She even sent him money, but he wasted all for his "vengeance", so she never sent him money again. So, when the older lady came to Colombia, his mental health had improved a lot, as he even took her to the beautiful Catholic Churches of Casiodoro (despite being a Protestant enclave in Latin America, the Catholic Church in Casiodoro softly established her government benefits through the Colombian public school system, as some public schools were designed to provide Catholic education via the provision of foreign clergy. In addition, the Popes had commanded Catholic clergy from the United States and Ireland to come to the Department of Casiodoro (Colombia) to provide Catholic education to Casiodorian Catholics. Hence the American Catholic influence of Casiodorians). Mrs. Benson even met with the Bishop of Casiodoro and the Auxiliary Bishop of Casiodoro, with the idea of sending the pictures of her with them to Vatican City's Secretariat of State's email. Given that he was a government official in the Secretariat of the Government of Casiodoro, at this time the bishops agreed to partner with him to partner with American Catholic organizations to promote inclusion, despite his being no longer interested though. Besides, thanks to the St. Michael's Chain, he was able to concentrate on his diary work as a qualified operator in the aforementioned local government's office. All these events entailed him to one-year paid vacation through Colombia!

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On purpose, could you guess who met when he came back to the Miraculous Shrine? He met my person! Let me introduce myself, my name is Carolina Jones, and I am the director of Spiritual Purity at the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute here in Casiodoro. So, why did he appoint me as the director of this office? Because of my parents!

I do not blame my parents, but they were the principal cause for Jorge to appoint me as the director of Spiritual Purity at our institute. My father is an African-born British businessman whose business focuses on jewelry and emeralds commerce. He is also an American citizen, he bought his citizenship through Cryptocurrency, meaning that my two older brothers and I have four nationalities. My mother is a voluptuous woman born to a Bogota father and a Cali mother. My parents had met in a restaurant where my mother worked. But, do you know what? My mother attracted her clients with her voluptuous figure. She had too much fat on her buttocks, and every time she exercised at home, the fat on her buttocks, instead of turning into sweat, turned into oil. In addition to being an employee for the restaurant, the oil thrown out from her buttocks was made for cooking. Well, all the restaurant employees had that quality. One of the restaurant employees' mouths even turned lipstick into cherries. And the teeth? All the employees' teeth should be white and shiny, as described in the song "My Shiny Teeth and Me." The restaurant still exists, and is located in Cali, Valle del Cauca; Pereira, Risaralda; and Pasto, Nariño. Our mother met our father in the City of Cali's restaurant branch, more specifically.

Despite her being involved in a restaurant and counting on her sexual qualities, she and her three siblings are the children of William Julian Cabarcas Ferrer, an older adult with a certain Intellectual and Developmental Disability (IDD). Somehow looked like Sam Dawson. Many medical experts suggested that my grandfather was on the Autism Spectrum's Third Grade but was discarded anyway. He was born normally, with a good physical, healthy body. But the thing is, he had bad mental health. His obsession with traveling to foreign countries and wanting to hang out around some forms of emigration is due to the lack of opportunities and harsh treatment towards people with his disability in Colombia. Yes, every single day he made calls to people outside Colombia, even mailing letters to conservative, right-wing rulers. In some cases, he didn't have the monetary resources to send out the letters. He also didn't find a job despite writing in languages like Italian, English, Japanese, Arabic, French, and even Russian! Applying for jobs wasn't easy for him, and in those instances, he finally got a job outside Colombia. He dreamed of living his last years of life in a nursing home because he didn't want his family to handle his obsessive behavior towards emigrating to another country. Afterward, his dream was accomplished when my mother, and my uncles (my maternal family consisted of three girls and a boy), came of age and became professionals in their field. It was indeed a life-saving outcome for my grandfather. About his job outside Colombia, he had emigrated to Venezuela thanks to an American employer who had established a branch office somewhere in Venezuela.

However, the worst was yet to come, as the employers had bought him without his consciousness the USA Citizenship through the dark market. Indeed, the Venezuelan employer that employed my grandfather was involved in money laundering cases in the past. Inspired by public figures like Frank Abagnale, they used their mental expertise to employ all disabled individuals in exchange for

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money. After looking for some developing countries in where slipping away, they found Venezuela was a good fit for their illegal business that hired disabled individuals, and they established branch offices of their business in the capital city of Venezuela. However, despite the illegality of the American business, they had, behold, achieved a certain fame in the country for being an exclusive employer of people with disabilities. Due to the high revenue from the company because of money laundering, they even provided exaggerated and unrealistic benefits to their employees, in which my grandfather William was involved.

In other instances, my grandfather did well every day at work. He was hired as a General Laborer. In other words, the illegal U.S. company in Venezuela outsourced their services and employees to Venezuela businesses, schools, and even the government! Due to his potential of being promoted to a higher job position, he was even promoted to be a call center agent within the illegal U.S. business facilities, as they were seeking more and more (meaning thus, they were greedy). However, despite their greed, they did a good pay to their employees along with the unrealistic benefits. But don't underestimate my grandpa! Because he was very good at assisting with the client's needs by sympathizing with them (the call center job was, indeed, as a Customer Service Representative). Indeed, he even went out to meet one of the clients he attended during a call.

The clients were a Venezuelan couple who lived in Miami. Having received the call from this couple, they were looking for technical support for their computer, and Grandpa William, with his wise way of speaking and guiding, managed to fix the computer for the couple's family. Even my Grandpa William, who due to his disability, in addition to having a supposedly below-average IQ, was able to fix the computer. Indeed, the Maracaibo mother said unto him:

—Son, you are smarter than I am, or my husband is! In the satisfaction survey, I will address to you my email address and my phone number in case you want to meet us. On purpose, our family is going to Venezuela for vacation and would love to connect with you. —

However, given his commitment to the work, he didn't give importance to that. However, one day he received a call from the same couple who invited him to meet at the plaza. There in the plaza, he met behold the couple, and love at first sight, it couldn't be more. He had met the couple and their three beautiful daughters, the oldest one the most beautiful. Indeed, one of the girls had studied Communication Disorders at the Zwingli University of Wyoming. While the youngest one worked as an Au Pair whose host family had a child with schizophrenia. When the host family realized the potential of being promoted for a Green Card, they partnered with immigration lawyers so her Au Pair could take her family to live there. And it was thus! The second daughter of the couple, once she got the Green Card, worked as a Behavior Technician at a Presbyterian Asylum, meaning that the family was an all-disability knower! Those were, indeed, my great-grandparents.

The one who fell in love with my grandpa was the Zwingli University alumnus. She finally got a crush on a boy with disabilities, so she could exercise her life calls through a disabled man. Given that Zwingli University was an ecumenical institution, she approached her time there to pray to Saint Anthony of Padua for him to find her perfect mate in the university's auditorium where

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they held their services. She even made the superstitious ritual of turning the Saint's statue upside down and prayed to the Saint in a strange language. This ritual was introduced to her by her roommate, an atheist. However, she was not any kind of atheist, she was an anti-abortion and anti-euthanasia atheist linked to the National-Democrat ideology. She even had a website, "The Secular Catholic". Despite being affiliated with the New Atheism Movement, she even worked with prominent pro-life leftists in the country. Besides that, she was funding her studies at Zwingli through her monetized website. Besides that, she was the president of a local non-profit called "Esoterical Center for Bioethics", a Wyoming-based non-profit consisting of a network of Esotericism practitioners that, unlike most spiritual workers, are pro-life but socially liberal, in addition to some neo-pagan members in the non-profit. However, despite being neo-pagans, they rarely invoke and evoke demons or infernal intermediaries such as the Orisha. Instead, they communicate directly with the Christian and Jewish Angels and Saints by using Eastern religious technical rituals for the evocation of the Jewish God and the Christian Saints. Yes, my great-grandmother was involved in witchcraft, but not in any kind of witchcraft, she was involved in Alt-Magick, another of the reasons the FBI and the CIA were investigating Grandpa William besides the illegal employer that bought him the USA Citizenship through the black market. So, do you remember when my mother was working in a fancy restaurant with her voluptuous figure? Well, my mother was born with voluptuousness, because my grandmother had petitioned Saint Anthony for my mother's fetus body to be formed with magical compounds in her buttocks, lips, hair, skin, nails, and bust.

My mother is the second child of the Cabarcas Family, her name is Anastasis, and she'd gained my father as her sexual partner. Yes, my parents live in a sexual marriage! I am the last one of the sexual partners' children, the older one my brother, Noah, is a filmmaker who edits, records, and develops all his parents' adult content on subscription-based platforms. As for me, following my grandpa's example, I decided to serve in a non-denominational church in Cali (Colombia). Afterward, I chose to become a Catholic.

When my grandfather was being investigated by the authorities, my grandmother became cautious in hiding my father's identity, with no success. However, despite my grandfather's developmental disability and low IQ, she loved him with all her heart, instating in my mother and uncles to love, protect, and help him in his everyday endeavors.

But what happened to US citizenship? Let me go into it! My grandfather bought US Citizenship through the black market, resulting in being not a scam, but a real thing! It did issue an SSN, a US passport, a bank account, and other papers that despite being illegal, it was an all-legal document set in which his employer paid, meaning thus the Cabarcas Family were officially US Citizens!

So, why did I choose to become a Catholic? Because of my grandmother, who, as I'd told you before, was introduced to Alt-Magick, a magical system linked to Christian Orthodoxy. Indeed, after my grandmother graduated from Zwingli University, she became part of the "Esoteric Center for Bioethics", a Wyoming-based non-profit focused on the research of human life, bioethics, and morality based out of an esoteric Christian perspective (even some Rosicrucians were part of the non-profit). How do I relate to my grandmother's involvement in Alt-Magick? Nice question, the Board of Directors of such a non-profit included conservative

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Christian mystic who communicated with God by using the pendulum with the Bible. In this ritual, the practitioner puts a Bible on the table and flees a pendulum on the top of such a book. So, to start divining, the person asks questions, and the Spiritual Entity (in this case, the Hebrew God) responds to the questioner through a Bible verse. This inspired my grandmother to follow up the ritual not only to dive into the Christian Bible but also to dive into other books to search for the truth. Subsequently, she started to do the ritual more often with the Catechism of the Catholic Church (CCC), in which the Lord Himself pitted the chapters, and articles, and addressed them for her in the Bible, leading her way to the Catholic Church.

However, as many inside the U.S. Government suspected my grandpa to be illegal and having bought illegal U.S. Citizenship, there was no doubt that the FBI and the CIA wanted to investigate and locate him while rewarding the people who located him with a millionaire bounty (as always intended).

However, the guys who bought my grandfather U.S. Citizenship were not bad. They were, indeed, serious businesspeople who sought to reward their recognized employees with U.S. citizenship. It was thus, it resulted in my grandfather being all-maker. I mean, he was an almost skilled jeweler, carpenter, steel worker, plumber, painter, customer service representative, production worker, and all those jobs that only required a GED or High School Diploma and little to no experience. The matter is that my grandparents fell in love with is unique! However, when my mom and her sisters grew up (my mother, who is the middle sister of my grandfather's formed family, was turning seven, while my uncle, the oldest one of the family, was turning 12, and the last one, my aunt, was turning 5 at the time the FBI and the CIA was investigating my grandfather), that many inside the community where my family resided were suspecting that my grandpa was a criminal that wanted to emigrate to the U.S. only to commit crime.

One day, when my aunt was turning 5, my grandpa wanted to give her a special gift that no one child could ever have. At age five, many children wanted toys, and my aunt even wanted a Barbie. You can only imagine the creativity that my grandma and my aunt had by creating movies on VHS with the dolls. Even more, they had created a website where they uploaded their VHS videos without many problems. So, thinking about this, my grandfather realized that there would be a filmmaking contest that would reward the winner with \$1M. Despite being economically stable, being my mother and her siblings homeschooled by teachers, my father wanted to get the \$1M to specifically pay them allowances for their academic striving and achievements!

But anyway, my grandfather's family was all fine. They were economically, mentally, and physically stable. They owned a house and (without my grandfather's consciousness), they had financial freedom. However, my grandmother was too shy to tell her husband that the family he had formed was already done with all sorts of society.

The thing is my grandfather was a schizophrenic! He didn't even know about the financial freedom he had done. According to what my grandmother told us when I was a child, on the eve of his desperation, he wanted to attend the filmmaking contest, but he didn't succeed. The prize was won by a filmmaking family whose daughter, whose name was Sophia, was a successful young actress

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who had even done several roles in movies, TV, and everything else. The worst of the case was that the family was a non-Hispanic family, while my grandfather's family was Hispanic.

Nevertheless, Sophia was a good-hearted girl who wanted to be a philanthropist. Having seen him, she showed a compressive action towards him, despite being humiliated before all the public who had seen him as somebody from the whole. Sophia secretly had partnered with two other girls (who, as a fun fact, she and the two other girls were Girl Scouts) to create a micro-philanthropic foundation that sought to provide help for people with schizophrenia!

Do you understand the desperation my grandfather had with providing help for his family despite my mother, her siblings, and my grandma secretly making money without his help?! Well, they couldn't wait for him to get into trouble when Sophia and her two friends were kidnapped and tortured by illegal immigrants who hired a Rootworker so the supernatural spirits could even make them successfully blame my grandfather for the kidnapping of the girls, making the FBI founds that he was illegally forming a family in the United States (without having committed anything, though).

So, my grandfather was pushed by the girls' parents, and an acid liquid was sprinkled over his face. Immediately, realizing that he was an individual with a disability, they even called his parents who at that time resided in Venezuela, and these were shocked with him, prohibiting him from returning to Venezuela. My grandma and my mother didn't know about this, but when they realized, they even hired a lawyer, who was an alumnus of Zwingli University in Wyoming (USA)... Finally, thanks to the supernatural intercession of St. John of God, and St. Dymphna, fortunately, my grandfather was not found guilty by the court and on that day, he was granted all the benefits granted to a U.S. citizen!

It was in that act that my grandfather, through the lawyer my grandma hired, had witnessed supernaturally God and Jesus Christ. So, can you guess what? That witnessing from the Holy Trinity took him back to the [Roman] Catholic Church! Through his Guardian Angel (GA), the FBI surrendered and discarded the charges against him. Something epic, you know.

Nowadays, my family resides in Valle del Cauca. My grandfather encouraged my mom to migrate to such a Colombian department since in that department, there was the Lord of Miracles of Buga. Given his schizophrenia, he had said the Lord of Miracles has been witnessed through all times. So, I was born in Cali.

So, do you remember when I said my parents are sexual partners. Indeed, they're married sexual partners! Despite being Adult-Content creators, their revenue is shared for contribution to churches and parachurch organizations! They have even met with the Pope in person, since my father, indeed, works in summer at the Vatican! Besides being an emeralds vendor, he has applied several times to Vatican City's job portal to work temporarily there.

So, there's a saying from a now-defunct mortgage company in the US that said, "Don't Judge too quickly, we won't". It really is that way.

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When Jorge went to the Milagroso with Mrs. Kathy Benson, he immediately realized I would be a good figure for his foundation's Office of Spiritual Purity, given my family background!

So, what happened to my grandfather? Great question, he is currently a Nursing Home resident in the State of Wyoming. The nursing home, indeed, is owned by a Zwingli University's alumnus. Hence his residence there.

So, can you guess why my dad wanted the best for us?! Because *IF ANY PROVIDE NOT FOR HIS OWN, AND ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE IN HIS OWN HOUSE, HE HATH DENIED THE FAITH AND IS WORSE THAN AN INFIDEL.*

CHAPTER 5

Think of all the hostility he endured from sinful people; then you won't become weary and give up. After all, you have not yet given your lives in your struggle against sin. And have you forgotten the encouraging words God spoke to you as his children? He said, "My child, don't make light of the LORD's discipline, and don't give up when he corrects you. For the LORD disciplines those he loves, and he punishes each one he accepts as his child. "As you endure this divine discipline, remember that God is treating you as his children. Who ever heard of a child whose father never disciplines? If God doesn't discipline you as he does all of his children, it means that you are illegitimate and are not his children at all. Since we respected our earthly fathers who disciplined us, shouldn't we submit even more to the discipline of the Father of our spirits, and live

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forever? For our earthly fathers disciplined us for a few years, doing the best they knew how. But God's discipline is always good for us, so that we might share in his holiness. No discipline is enjoyable while it is happening—it's painful! But afterward, there will be a peaceful harvest of right living for those who are trained in this way. So, take a new grip with your tired hands and strengthen your weak knees. Mark out a straight path for your feet so that those who are weak and lame will not fall but become strong.

Hebrews 12:1-13 NLT

The last anecdote was brought to you by my colleague, Mr. Silvera met her alongside my person during a trip to Buga, Valle del Cauca (Colombia), while he was planning to create a partnership with the Diocese of such a town in the Colombian Pacific to recruit some special needs adults to work directly at the Vatican. The thing is that I was a diplomat-like grandma to him, lol. I have met him in an online forum of Catholic converts given his persistence to win the souls of his paternal grandmother. My sympathy towards him from me was that I was also a paternal grandmother and that my granddaughter (who at that time was only seven years old), had the same diagnosis as him: Autism. While my granddaughter was a high-functioning autistic, Mr. Silvera's diagnosis was in the second grade, besides a very low IQ. Fortunately, I finally came to Colombia after six (6) years of an online friendship. We met virtually every single Sunday, which became, behold, a habit. His maternal uncles (who had a marketing agency as well as were hosts and actors in Colombian Television), interceded in the Lord for the creation of his website: jorgesilvera.org, a personal blog related to his university degree: Theology. So, why do I relate to his website? Indeed, his website was his own working office! Monetized through cryptocurrency, Mr. Silvera had finally gotten what he would love to do: To be a philanthropist and help out people with his disability. But firstly, he needed to provide for his own house (1 Timothy 5:8). So, based on the platform where he monetized his website had implemented cryptocurrency as a payout system, he was finally coerced to continue saving money to finally get his financial freedom, which would allow him to implement the 'Aqshenu Bajaim program in Vatican City. The 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute was born to the Holy See as Jorge had sent a fax to Pope Newman's predecessor in the middle of the COVID-19 Pandemic, and just three days later, he received an email from the Vatican Secretariat of State! So, before I went to visit him in Colombia, Jorge didn't hesitate to email again the Secretariat of State concerning his dissertation (the principal foundation of our institute). So, after having received the verdict thereof, behold he emailed Vatican City State officials a PDF of his dissertation, alongside an email regarding a likely partnership with him in Colombia. The Pope couldn't agree more on taking the pulse to create a partnership with him! He let the Bishop of Casiodoro know about the wonderful project Jorge had for special needs people! In the beginning, Jorge had presented his project to the Bishop of Casiodoro. However, as he did not have any foundation for the project, he rejected him. Nevertheless, both his website and monograph were all enough to receive approval from the Pope of the Catholic Church to execute the 'Aqshenu Bajaim program directly in the Vatican. And, since Jorge had his website as his stable source of income as well as a Public Servant (PS), he didn't need to enroll in the new program.

He then remembered a Bible passage from the Mosaic Law (Deuteronomy 8). However, after having passed down certain adventures and misadventures in his Protestant church, he didn't pay

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attention to such a Bible passage and decided then to recruit Catholics with special needs around the world, guaranteeing thus his prompt conversion to Roman Catholicism.

So, what about me, and why did he assign me the position I'm currently holding in his non-profit? Let me introduce myself, my name is Kathy Benson, and I'm from Wisconsin (U.S.A.) I profess with pride the Catholic Faith, as the Bible itself made me Catholic! I will tell you my story right now:

What kind of faith did I have before becoming Catholic? My mother told me when I was in grade school to answer such a question by saying "Protestant". Seldom at church services, I attended Vacation Bible School when I was 8, fell in love with the Bible (King James Version), and read it through several times without commentary. Sure, helped my grasp of Shakespeare, and vice versa.

Back in the 1970s, I was reading old news articles about Pope Paul VI's stand on contraception and thought: "The whole world could tell the Pope we're going to have overpopulation." Then God highlighted my thought: The world was against the Pope. The world (and the flesh and the devil) killed Jesus. So, I wanted to be on the side of the Pope.

On my first Sunday back for the next semester of college, I looked at the bulletin board for when and where services would be held. The mass at the Newman Center just off campus was the last one for the day... Not being eager to go, I chose that one for my first encounter. I met some Charismatic Catholics and was received eight (8) weeks later (No RCIA, no Catechism, just Father telling me about beliefs I kept recognizing as biblical).

I made my first confession and first communion at a Newman Center Chapel, part of the Newman Connection, I was confirmed in May 1972, when the bishop was in town for the school kids (a fun fact, though).

A brief introduction on why I became a Catholic is all enough for me to introduce you, as I am the Director of Religious Education at the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute. An institute that was initially created as a program in Vatican City that provided paid training to Catholics with special needs, it now is established as a local institute in the heart of the Protestant Enclave of Latin America: Casiodoro.

As the DRE at the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute, I supervise the volunteer instructors to follow the rules of the institution and apply the Moral Code of the Institute correctly, as all the students tend to be fast-learning individuals who are paid for learning. Well, in reality, I was just joking about the volunteer instructors, who in reality, are paid. In a mere sense, we provide monetary rewards to the students who have higher grades, and a good academic performance during the school year.

Recently, we awarded an autistic lady 300,000 Tethers (USDT) for being one of the students with the best academic performance. In the case of Daniel Esteban García Gamero, who was an alumnus of the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute, instead of being paid for learning, he was monetarily awarded for his high academic performance in the Creative Writing course at our institute. Thus, we gave him the position to work for our institute as the director of the Creative Writing Department.

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As you see, the Institute is not a paid training institute at all. Instead, it is a community college-, vocational training school-like institute for neurodivergent individuals in the city of Casiodoro (Colombia). Fortunately, it is a very cheap institute for people with disabilities to receive training to get jobs! Again, those who have a very significant score in their class performance are awarded monetarily in USDT, motivating thus disabled individuals of Casiodoro (Colombia) to enroll in the institute, strive to study, and get awarded monetarily. This is, indeed, something innovative in the school system of Colombia. In my country, for example, many public schools award students with academic excellence monetarily.

This idea took inspiration from Mr. Silvera's enrollment in a Merit Contest from the National Government of Colombia. After a satisfactory score in an English Test on a Customer Service platform from the Netherlands, Jorge was confident of studying for the Merit Contest from the National Government of Colombia to assist people with his condition in Casiodoro. Thus, he was determined to study hard to pass the Merit Test.

So, do you know something? I even met with the President of Colombia. But how did Jorge do that? Olga Padilla explained it all. In reality, he was not interested in working as a Public Servant, but after having passed the test with a 65% score, he chose to work as a public servant. Indeed, the job was about working in the IDEAM, with a robust salary of COP 2.01M. However, as told by Padilla, he finally managed to purchase his website domains with his striving! The best of? Jorgesilvera.com and Jorgesilvera.org were born! Jorgesilvera.org was his blog while Jorgesilvera.com was his Web Fiction site. In his free time, he approached to write stories and publish them on his Web Fiction site, monetizing thus his free time. Making him resign from his job as a Public Servant on his own.

These are the facts: He entered to work as a Public Servant in the IDEAM, and after having purchased the domains of his websites, he started to monetize his writing hobby. He portrayed himself in every story on his web fiction site. Every novel was in a specific language, meaning that his web fiction site was multilingual, increasing his web revenue, and resigning then from the IDEAM.

Indeed, he had written down on his web fiction site an Italian language novel called "Diaries from a Vatican City Employee". Besides that, he took me to the beautiful Catholic Churches of Casiodoro. His purpose with me was to make his imagination come true! To accomplish this, at the time of the induction day for his websites, he approached to upload tons of novels in many languages, including the Italian one I had told before. Given that I needed to improve my health to come to Colombia, the time for my coming here was a little extended, as I needed to come with certain amounts of money though. However, as the websites of Jorge started to make money in crypto, it was told that I was going to go to Colombia as he could afford to pay for my plane tickets and offered me lodging to stay there. It was, indeed, very effective that my dear Colombian grandson was going to pay his American grandmother's stay in his country! By the time I came to Colombia, Jorge earned nearly USDT 103,545 which was all enough for me to come to Colombia.

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Between his approaches with my stay in Colombia were to meet the Bishop of Casiodoro, as well as the Mayor of Casiodoro and the Governor of such a department. It was also anticipated that Jorge would meet these political and faith leaders when he was a public servant, guaranteeing him the easiness for me to meet these leaders. The thing is that when I came to Colombia, he approached directly to take me to the tourist places of Casiodoro. Then, we went to the Catholic parishes, where the parish kids greeted me and looked at me like I was the Looney Tunes granny (and yes, Jorge always joked and thought I would be seen as the incarnated Looney Tunes granny going even to the point to be featured in the local media). It was thus, that the local media portrayed me as the incarnated version of the owner of Tweety and Silvester (as anticipated by Jorge). Even with this, I was going to be the director of the Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults (RCIA) program in the Diocese of Casiodoro. In some cases, Jorge mid-embarrassed me but I saw the necessary thing to be embarrassed though! Nevertheless, it was something satisfactory to be the RCIA Director of Jorge's city diocese! Given that it was an adult-focused conversion program for local converts to Catholicism, it would be an amazing journey for me to lead the RCIA program in Casiodoro (Colombia). Perhaps was the first RCIA program for Catholic converts in Latin America, given that RCIA is more common in Protestant countries.

This caught the attention of the Pope, inviting him to work at the Holy See! In terms of this, Jorge had emailed a letter to the Pope sending him pictures of the fieldwork he was doing here in Colombia with me concerning his graduation work. His graduation project was related to autism and the church, as it only required documentary (bibliographical) research, he approached very much his research paper to be the means for the creation of his 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute. So, after having received the verdict, he started to work on the additional fieldwork of his monograph. There was no doubt that I would be included in the list of those involved in his fieldwork! After having done all this, he created a profile on the Vatican City job board and uploaded his CV alongside an ecclesiastical letter from the Bishop of Casiodoro and a cover letter to such a platform. In the cover letter, he had embedded his two websites and clarified that, given that he was working as a full-time writer having his own exuberated income, he was borrowing himself to be a volunteer for the Pope. One of the best things that the Vatican City Job Portal had was that the candidate could apply spontaneously. He did it, indeed (he applied spontaneously with the cover letter clarifying that he was going to be a volunteer for the Pope). In just one week had received a volunteer opportunity as he wished!

And yes, how couldn't I have been on his list of accompaniments to Vatican City? He also went with me to the Rome Airport! We were received by Valentino Zucchini, an employee of the Holy See who was indeed one of the priority candidates who had applied to the Vatican job board at the time it was launched. Could you guess what was the best of? Valentino was also an autistic employee of the Holy See who had indeed the Mystic Syndrome, guaranteeing him the capability to interact with both infernal and heavenly entities. He was also on the fourth level of autism; in this level, the mystic syndrome is directly associated with autism. Despite this new condition in which Valentino was the first one to be diagnosed, he wanted, indeed, to remain anonymous.

So, what were the activities Jorge was doing in Vatican City? Well, assisting the residing priests, cleaning the dormitories, and

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organizing them, as well as assisting the visitors who were visiting the Holy See. Those were the tasks he was doing there!

He wasn't missing me, because he wanted my granddaughter to work alongside the Pope. To do that, he documented in his blog (Jorgesilvera.org), all the volunteering work he was doing there, increasing thus the SEO of his website, and in the same instances, his revenue! He had done, indeed, good volunteer work at the Holy See that he was even going to travel with a Catholic group of religious and lay people to the U.S. That was the mere strategy for him to land on American soil! So, do you remember the anecdote that Mrs. Padilla told? Well, he did know it was not viable to do that, so he approached the trip through the Catholic Church headquarters. It resulted in a mere success!

Can you guess which State was about to go to with me? Indeed, he was going to travel all across the USA! So, to keep his traveling through the U.S., Mr. Silvera left me in my home state (Wisconsin), but not at all. He was going to celebrate my granddaughter's 15th birthday in a Catholic community center which was a Colombia-themed party with interesting features. It was a very pure party, and the food was very, very healthy, as he had told me during our virtual meetings every Sunday at 4:00 pm. Local families from all races gathering in fellowship was unique, even the event was documented as a music video from a local Colombian band. The video documentation was indeed, uploaded to a new online video platform that was created for the monetization of such videos. Oh, I also wanted to say that my Colombian grandson had created a vlog on such a platform as well, and the music video that documented all the purity-filled 15th ceremony of my granddaughter was uploaded to such a platform as well.

There is another thing I want to talk about. Jorge had created a vlog on the platform. Its name was Febspot.com. The goal of that platform was for content creators to easily monetize their videos without certain requirements or policies. At the time Jorge was creating his channel, the majority of the videos were uploaded from other sites. Mostly from TikTok and/or YouTube. Moreover, he was determined to create a unique channel that could monetize his career truly. So, he started up a vlog channel. The vast majority of his content was, indeed, religious and educational. Exploding the potential of Febspot, he recorded educational videos in both English and Spanish, explaining certain things about Colombia, the Department of Casiodoro, biology, social sciences, literature, Spanish language, English language, and much more. As you see, the videos were mostly educational and directed specifically to high schoolers. And yes, he also created faith-based vlogs that were mostly the Neurodivergent Analysis of the Bible series. Something curious about that is that he linked his two websites in his channel description, meaning that he had duplicated strategically his revenue as a content creator! Indeed, as a Public Servant, he also created vlogs that sought to help those who were applying to the merit contest of the National Civil Service Commission (CNSC for its Spanish initials), embedding even downloadable study material in his websites.

So, now that you are more confident about knowing why Jorge is where he is right now, I will let my boss speak for himself, as ***He marked a straight path for his feet so that those who are weak and lame will not fall but become strong.***

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CHAPTER 6

And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceedingly much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore. Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country and all the wisdom of Egypt. For he was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol: and his fame was in all nations round about. And he spake three thousand proverbs: and his songs were a thousand and five.

1 Kings 4:29-32 KJV

Hi there everyone,

Thanks so much for all the contributors to this book which was edited with all my love to the people involved with the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute. While Mrs. Benson certainly said that the institute is not a paid training institute, it really is, with the mere casualty that we pay our students. From their contribution and behavior to their academic performance, some of our students have received merits according to their performance and academic score in the school. In some cases, we award them with a trip to the country of their choice. In a report, Mrs. Padilla Bohorquez traveled with some of her students to the Middle East, leaving even those with a pursuit toward working there in the IT industry.

Something curious about the Institute is, like any other, we have partnerships with businesses, corporations, foundations and associations (both inside and outside Colombia), that have partnered with us in the sense of employing and interning some of our pupils to work at their respective facilities for a three-year minimum limit. This sounds like a testing stage to analyze their skills, passions and abilities to determine whether to hire them or not. Indeed, this was something I wanted to do when I was unemployed for two years after having worked at a bilingual call center here in Casiodoro for nearly six months. However, I didn't have enough funds for the implementation of such a program. In a beginning, I wanted to implement an immigration and cultural immersion program for neurotypical people through a partnership between the Roman Catholic Diocese of Casiodoro and the U.S. Catholic Church. However, there was not accurate foundations to create the program and immediately, the Colombian Catholic Conference (CEC for their Spanish initials) discarded my project. This took me really a lesson: Caring for people under my condition.

I have an intellectual disability. Specifically, Autism Spectrum Disorder level four. I also have the Misti Syndrome (Misti is the Hebrew word for Mystic). Indeed, all those within this level of ASD have indeed a strong connection with the spiritual world (In my case, I have witnessed heaven and hell both). Well, it may seem I am the first one to be diagnosed with Autism Level 4, as the doctor who diagnosed me was impressed with my reality and expression. People with autism are typically diagnosed the Savant Syndrome, specifically those with High-Functioning Autism. Despite being a High-Functioning Autistic, I was diagnosed to the fourth level, and, subsequently, was diagnosed with the Misti Syndrome.

But who was the doctor who diagnosed me with the Misti Syndrome? For personal reason, I cannot unveil their name, but I was diagnosed in Vatican City where I was an employee of the Pope

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after having applied spontaneously to the country's job board during my free time as a public servant here in Colombia! Indeed, working as a public servant gave me the straight working experience needed to work in the Vatican.

But I didn't just work as a Colombian government employee, I also worked in the implementation of a program that monetized platforms like YouTube, and even Microsoft Office (Despite having been discarded though). During my internship at a Christian therapy institute here in Casiodoro, I met behold a young boy with ADHD who had a friend who had created an Excel monetization program. Unfortunately, the program itself was blocked by Google. Even with some attempts to create an Office Monetization program for my person, it also didn't work as well. However, after having realized that his friend worked in a company that monetized all sort of audiovisual things (Most of all, video games), I even intended to convince the boy's friend's boss who resided in the U.S. somewhere, to become a philanthropist himself along with me. Despite the rejection from this to my proposal, they finally created the YouTube monetization program. So, I approached to upload videos on YouTube without applying for its partner program. The effects? My salary as a public servant d and duplicated!

I also cannot deny that I had my mother's siblings who were members of a marketing agency. They finally made me the websites! Do you remember when Mrs. Benson said that I was dropping out of my job as public servant? In reality, I must assert that I didn't quit my job at all, because I did! Moreover, I had two income sources: One from my two websites and the other one from the YouTube monetization program that the boy's friend had developed for me! In terms of my job as a government employee, I just lasted a little bit, because when I saw the revenue from my creativity had increased exaggeratedly, I quit the public job and started to be self-employed.

Everything had worked since then, and the YouTube monetization program and my website's revenue both made reach the enough funds to create the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute! So, what about my job at the Vatican? Well, I really got it! Because the Holy See was the first partner I had within the institute. But am I a Christian or a Catholic? Great question, I don't know, because I volunteered with my local Protestant Church here in Casiodoro within her special needs' ministry, and I worked with the Catholic Church compensated. In these senses, I work without being ecumenical, pursuing in that way my theology degree.

The 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute is solely based on the Putting Faith To Work (PFTW) project. What was this project about? In a simple definition, is a "model congregations and communities can use to connect job seekers with disabilities to meaningful employment". Indeed, just before the YouTube monetization program and my websites' income triumph, I had an appointment with the Concordia University's Office of International and Interinstitutional Relations director. I need to emphasize the following: This would be my last attempt to create a productive project with my university, given that the last ones weren't as realistic. After analyzing the project, and checking its viability, the director determined that he would be a fit to attend the Summer Institute on Theology and Disability. However, I need to save some money and prepare myself economically.

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Fortunately, as I said before, and I'm so sorry for having tangled you, I have achieved financial freedom with my two websites, and I decided to quit my job as a public servant. So, besides my two monetized websites, I also started to write lots of comic books. Yes, as you have heard, comic books! Despite having a special condition, maybe, Autism is my superpower! Having had Misti Syndrome gave me the ability to trace all the images I was witnessing in my mind. These strips, indeed, were created mostly by the Saints of the Catholic Church and the Angels of Kabbalah and guided me through their creation of them. So, do you guess something? Those comic strips were posted in my websites! Hence, I dropped out of my job as a public officer!

I do not know what to say, indeed, because the comics I drew from the spirit world inside my mind boosted my income, generating almost USD 5,000 daily, and without selling them, because I hosted them for free on my websites, hence the boosting!

Knowing already my goals for life gave me the capability and ease to start up my wished foundation. Under the vision that individuals with Intellectual and Developmental Disabilities (IDD) would be earning by learning, I was determined to hire volunteer people to work at the foundation. However, after realizing it had no viability, I decided that with my earnings, I would create contracts for hiring people inside the institute. I was solely inspired by Mrs. Padilla Bohorquez's foundation because she had chosen me to work at her foundation as I was recommended by a blind pastor whose son was on the Autism Spectrum. It is in those spheres that I was determined to work as a freelancer in her foundation while having my permanent job in the public office.

This enriching experience granted me the ability to have an idea of how to start up my foundation! The "Earning by Learning" idea was later based on the academic scores of the students enrolled in the institute! For those who strove a lot in their class performance, I had chosen to pay them in my local currency (Colombian Peso), while those who had good discipline and excelled in the academy, would be paid in Crypto, USD, EUR, and GBP! These rewards made a lot of sense to everybody since they would help individuals with IDD to be encouraged to study.

All the individuals who told you a story are, indeed, paid staff members who strive each day to teach the best to their students.

I was told that many students with disabilities, after having dropped out of school, found behold refugees in the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute: They improved their behavior in the classrooms and started to get good grades. All thanks to the monetary rewards that were given to them to incentivize schooling for students with IDD!

As you see, there was nothing about paid training for the students. Instead, they were monetarily rewarded. All our staff inside the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute are, indeed, paid. And I want to sympathize with this. All the staff are paid in USD and EUR! Incentivizing our students to be instructors as well, at the moment they graduate from the foundation!

This was very evident with our Instructor, Daniel. He accepted the offer to study at our Institute and be compensated whether for his academic performance, class performance, or personal performance/effort. The thing is that we offered him the

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opportunity to study online. And he did! He strove a lot and we rewarded him in Crypto! As a result, an alumnus is now an instructor in our institute.

Sometimes, amid all these things, I feel an emptiness that cannot afford my happiness. The thing is that somebody has done these things before. I hadn't told you about this, but I fell into depression, and became very anxious about the things my staff had told me in the present report! In other reports, behold, I have expressed my deepest anxiety and melancholy, even going to hit myself! In one of the reports that were written in Spanish, I have all these memories from the past surrounding in my mind recorded. Given that the best refugee I found in my life was the writing gift.

I was unemployed at the time the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute idea was born. So, in this order of ideas, I never counted on the bliss of having passed the state exam from the National Civil Service Commission. The thing is that I was so insecure about myself given that in the past, I got bad grades at school, because of not studying. However, after having used Kindle for PC to study the material my maternal grandmother had purchased, I finally passed the test! With an average score of 67%, I knew that I wanted to work alongside politicians to get the best of me. The best of that was that the government entity was a national environmental agency. This was cool! In a short time, I was ascended by the mayor himself to work as his assistant, all due to my striving efforts and honesty.

So, after having gotten the job, I finally managed to finish one of my comics. In those instances, just before my websites were live, I would indeed self-publish my comic strips on Amazon KDP, Bubok, and Lulu.com. I self-published the comics a week after having gotten a 67% score on the state test to work. And it was during December that my comics' sales rocketed! I had made at least \$40,000 in just one month! I approached to do all this given that my mother's siblings were so busy and ashamed of me. However, I had an aunt who worked with autistic children. She had proposed to me that when I finished the comics, we would meet with some prominent cartoonists in the Colombian Caribbean. Nevertheless, instead of waiting for more time, I self-published my comics on the platforms. All that without having told my aunt and family about it, I self-published the comics.

What were my comics about? The comics' plots were brought to me by the spiritual entities of Heaven. Every single day, through the Saint Michael's Chain, I communicated with the Angels and Saints so they would give me the inspiration to draw comics. While I cannot say what the comics were about, the social topics I want to take are more reliable than a thousand words. The topics were related to morality, society, and all that. That's it.

In the coming months, I earned \$500,000, granting my wish to buy another house in a 50 Stratus neighborhood here in Casiodoro. Amid that income, my websites were already live, meaning that I would delete the comics from the platforms and convert them into webcomics. Furthermore, the Saints and Angels came up with some new ideas for creating webcomics instead of deleting the physical ones! This means that after having earned a considered amount of money from my physical comics, I would earn more of the \$500,000. In that way, I created the 'Aqshenu Bajaim Institute.

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As you can see, the Misti Syndrome (also known as Autism Level 4), is a superpower. Because with this medical pathology, ***God gave me wisdom and understanding exceedingly much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the seashore.***