

A BUS CALLED

PEACEMAKER



“OSEH SHALOM”

“A *nak, you won't believe the great bus we've found!" This statement began a segment of my life that I had no way to see coming, but want to share with you now that it is well underway.*

I had just finished working on a 45 foot sailboat in Nova Scotia. After two years of inter-

sive labors with my brothers we had launched "QESHETH" (Rainbow) and I was looking forward to some sea trials and a lot of catching up time with the family. But, two weeks before my sixth child was to be born I found myself sailing across the Gulf of Maine with several of my family members and personal possessions on a one way trip back to the States and my next project - to get this "great bus" driveable and ready to go "On Tour."

It didn't take long to discover that our great deal turned out to have a blown engine; only a little bit longer to find out that the trans and differential were in equally poor shape; and a little while longer to realize that cancer was eating up the metal framing. This caused me to give an autopsy report to my friends that our "great old bus" was never to ride again. In an effort to sum up the situation in one sentence, I said, "The only way to get this old bus on the road is to jack it up and slide a bus under it!" Our hopes of going to the Oregon Country Fair and maybe a little West coast touring the following July were quickly fading away with the passing days.

Ayal (a great mechanic and bloodhound when on the trail of a good deal) and I took our "engine" money and hit the road in search of a road-worthy ride with some character. Our first bus described above did have a lot of character but was a long way from being road-worthy. What we came up with after two days of searching the Northeast coast was the deal

of the century - a Trailways bus that had been rebuilt and traded in for a new bus shortly after. It was a General Motors motor coach PD4106, with gleaming silver sides, a shiny white stripe and top, and a V-8 diesel. It had everything that we could ask for except - "character."

We were greeted upon arrival back home with two very differing opinions. Opinion 1: "What a great bus! Now we can go anywhere and not worry about breakdowns." Opinion 2: "What an ugly bus! It's not us! We can't go anywhere in that bus." Both opinions were right on, but what to do about it?

There was not enough time to change anything, or even look for a different bus before the July 4th show at Foxboro in '87. Dylan and the Dead were going to be the introduction of the new bus to the parking lot scene and we weren't going to miss it for anything. We had made some friends with the fans and we wanted to be there with them, so our ve middle class-looking Greyhound pulled into the lot "as is." We had a great time with people that we'd seen at other shows and more that we were meeting every day. We played music and danced (in spite of the boulder collection they called a campsite) and tried to stay alive in the midst of an arsenal display that I'm sure rivals what went on in Baghdad. About 3 AM I discovered a great place to sleep in a bottle rocket attack - I crawled into the baggage compartment with a foam and dropped the metal doors down and slept like a babe in a cradle - safe from "whheeeeeeeew-BANG" (as my little boy describes it).

The tour went on without us. We had to get home and try to do something with our bus before the West coast trip later in the month. After some serious thought (and more serious discussion) we decided that we wouldn't take our "Gospel Quartet"-looking bus to the Country Fair. So after an intensive week, with several of us working long hours, we fixed up a school bus that would make the odyssey in reasonable reliability and comfort (if there is such a thing with eight adults and eleven children on a bus in a desert in July!). Through a tremendous display of love and unity, the Oregon trip was made with total spiritual harmony and only minor mechanical disharmony. Many new friends were found at the Country Fair and a two-month stay in the area made many more.

Meanwhile back at the pond (Island Pond that is), the opinion ping-pong was again going full steam ahead, and I was the ball. "What a great reliable bus," "It's not us," old bus has character..... It's a hole to pour money into."

Let me explain a little about our life together. We live a life of love and unity. It's our love that causes us to lay down our lives for one another, even give up our opinions, and this is how we are able to have unity. We must be in unity or we don't have anything to talk to people about. What good is a bus at all

if we aren't in total unity. That's why it was so strange that we were in disunity about the bus (of all the crazy things to be in disunity about); it was to be the very thing that could take us out to share our lives with people.

Faith is the basis of our love. We have experienced love, been touched by it, received it from others when we had almost given up on its existence, and this has caused us to have faith in a loving Creator. We have devoted our lives to come to know this "loving source" and through loving and being loved we have come to know some of His character.

Saving the old bus from the scrap heap and fixing it up would make it the perfect vehicle to express why we are GRATEFUL

Redeeming what is ready for the junk pile has been a lesson for us from the physical realm of what is going on in my friends and me spiritually. Again and again we have found ourselves in the place of taking a house, a car, a boat, or even a school that was by all reasonable estimates "beyond hope"; pouring in more materials, money, sweat, and love than anyone would think it was worth; and ending up with something that money can't touch. It's a labor of love that produces an example of redemption. For what purpose? So that we can see our Creator's love for us, and so that we can have hope in our restoration and redemption.

We had never had a bus before, but why would restoring it be any different? OF COURSE! The bus should, of all things, be an example of redemption, of being saved from the scrap heap, of unity. It would be the very vehicle to take us far and wide to share the love that we had been touched with, to touch others, to freely give what had been given to us freely, to express why we are GRATEFUL! The reason why I had been in the middle, the "ping-pong ball," was dawning on me. Reason was the reason! I have a reasoning side that needs whittling way down so that my underdeveloped faith can grow. My role in this bus episode was engineered for me by a loving Father to cause me to trust more and have faith.

My personal turmoil was becoming unbearable. My previous appraisal, which now seemed almost flippant, came flooding back to

me as I tearfully related my dilemma of being Mr. Pong to a friend... "The only way to get this old bus on the road is to jack it up and slide a bus under it!" "We can do it," I said. "I hate the disunity I've caused (by rejecting the old bus as hopeless). We can jack up the old bus and slide the new bus under it! We'll have the character of the old 'caterpillar' and the reliability of the 'gospel quartet bus.'"

A couple of months later the "cocoon" was prepared (a 100 year old barn was bisected to fit a bus) and the "caterpillar" went in for the metamorphosis. The next three months was a labor of self-sacrificing love by some truly spiritual men who spent 16 to 20 hours a day in a practically unheated barn in northern Vermont in January, February, and March. This left very little time for their families, very little time for sleep, and no time for themselves, which, truly, I cannot come close to describing here in a way that would give justice to what they were willing to do for the sake of their brothers and for the sake of those whom they hadn't even met. Those who would, through their efforts, experience the love that I described earlier. The truth is that they did it for you. Without knowing you, these men received faith that there were people whose lives were in great need, some in obvious need and others in less obvious need, but all equally in need of redemption, and restoration, and a place to experience love and express love.

They created a vehicle to demonstrate redemption in a physical way, to carry a demonstration of a life of love, and to bring a message of hope to you. If you receive this life-line of hope, then come to the "Triple Decker Bus." It's in the parking lot. It's there for you. If I'm on it I'd love to tell you more about my life and hear all about yours. If I'm not on it there will be many others with open hearts and arms ready to share the love that they've been given, and ready to receive the love that you yearn to give. We'll take you home.

Your Friend,

Anak

P.S.

Imagine that you had tapped into the "Secret of the Ages." Would you run into the woods and hide it so that you alone could possess it and keep it from being defiled by unappreciative, uncaring people? The key to that secret is "*Self-Sacrificing Love*." It compels those who find it to risk the ridicule, to expose themselves to the heartache of rejection, to go out again and again from the place where they are surrounded by it, so that 1 in 10,000 will receive it and so come to the knowledge of the "Secret of the Ages." And soon *they* go out ...

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