



TWELVE TRIBES FREE PAPER

And a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet,
and on her head a crown of twelve stars... (Revelation 12:1)

BIRDS OF
EVERY
FEATHER

FREE

SPACE AT A MOUNTAIN AT A



*When I found "our life,"
I thought, "This is it!
This is better than the best ride
Disneyland has to offer."*

As a boy growing up in New England, my childhood was very peaceful. Nature was my playground, and daydreaming was my favorite pastime. As I saw the seasons come and go, I couldn't help but think of how beautiful God must be. All in all, everything in suburbia was just hunky-dory, until...

At age seven my whole family moved to southern California. All of a sudden my playground was traded in for a parking lot, my trails for traffic jams, and my streams for strip malls. I guess it wasn't such a conscious thing, but within a couple weeks my whole family began to feel void of life. So what does Mom do? She says, "Let's go to Disneyland!" We had such a good time that day, she went and bought us all season passes. Being seven years old, and in such a parched land as southern California, what else could a boy ask for?

It became a weekly thing that we would all go to Disneyland right after school. It seemed we had the whole park to ourselves. I remember my brothers and I would run straight to SPACE MOUNTAIN, where we would prepare ourselves for the greatest ride the park had to offer. As we slowly ascended we heard the captivating words of nonsensical space jargon. The lights and

Once... a long time ago



sounds rhythmically twirling around us, we heard the countdown: 5...4...3...2...1...

All of a sudden, Woooooosh, I was being taken for a ride where I had no control of its twists and turns. All I could do is *Surrender to the Flow*. Although the ride was rough at times, I endured it all for the sake of those incredible peaks.

As the ride coasted into the terminal, we all looked at each other with a frown of disappointment. "Well, it was great while it lasted. Hey look, Tommy, there aren't many people in line."

"Hey, Mister, can we stay on for the next ride?"

"Sorry, kid, ya gotta get out 'n go to the end of the line."

So we'd have to run all the way down the exit ramp, around the building, and through the entrance door. It was like a race to get all the way around without missing the next ride. We wouldn't always make it, but it was well worth the excitement.

This is how it went once a week from 3 - 6 in the afternoon. Just as I began to get burned out on all this, my family moved back to New England. I was glad to be back home. I never really missed those endless rides on Space Mountain. In fact once I got settled back into a peaceful childhood existence I never really looked back. The countless hours of twisting and turning in the darkness became but a faint memory to me.

As the years went by, my life became dulled from mainstream society. More and more, the world around me began to resemble the parched land of southern California. Finding myself void of life, I again looked for something to fill my empty soul. This time, being ten years older, Space Mountain just wasn't gonna cut it. I needed something more substantial. A whole new way of life! So when I found the "tour life," I thought, "This is it!" Although the psychedelic swirl of sights and sounds stimulated my senses on Saturdays and Sundays, the day to day drudgery of digging dank dungeons during the week dampened my dreams and drained my delusions. That childlike innocence I once knew so well was being traded in for a bad conscience. I had to stop and ask myself, "Was it for this my life I sought?"

As I pondered this question, I realized that I needed something more, something that would last. As long as the ride was in motion, I was feelin' fine, but the reality of it all is that the ride always comes to an end, and everyone has to go home.

"That's it. That's what I need. I need a

peace?
a revolution to bring about
human beings who are in
power, and violence fill
selfishness, just for
a hit man: why does
a traitor; the Sloth,
Wolfe,
Errand
is a spy;
Tela



there was a group of people who loved one another...



OVER 2,500 YEARS AGO, Ezekiel, an ancient prophet in Israel, recorded a vision of something unseen throughout human history. In his vision God himself took a tender shoot and planted it. When it grew up to be a mighty tree, every kind of bird came to live in the shade of its branches. Where is this tree where birds of every feather can flock together and find a nest, a place to belong, a home? Is it just an elusive dream that human beings could live together, close enough to really care for one another? Will every attempt of diverse groups of people to live in unity of heart, mind, and purpose always be destined for miserable failure?

There is a worldly proverb that says *birds of a feather flock together*. The old saying aptly describes every social institution of the world, including Christianity. Unless

forced to do otherwise, people naturally gravitate toward others who have basically the same self-interest.

So you



have the white church, the black church, the rich church, the poor church, the conservative church, the liberal church, and even the “gay” church. There is a denomination for every inclination.

The saying holds true for communal living, both Christian and otherwise. Whatever “intentional community” a person joins depends on his intentions. Some rally around a social cause, others a political agenda, and still others a doctrine or philosophy. But the deep-rooted barriers of guilt and fear spring up even there. Ultimately self-preservation outweighs all other considerations and even birds of the same feather find it difficult to nest together for very long.

What will it take for birds of every feather to flock together? When will the words of the prophet Ezekiel be fulfilled? It can only happen in the new society that Yahshua,* the Son of God, is establishing on the earth. This new society is *the* radical solution that enables us to love like our Master Yahshua loved. This love is what breaks down the barriers that prevent birds of every feather from flocking together in God’s mighty tree — a tribal nation, a twelve-tribed *nation*

**For an explanation of this name, see page 22.*



Among that group, a few had been fishermen, a few had been farmers, a couple had worked for the government, and the rest had done a lot of different things. With the great love they had, they decided to live as close to one another as they possibly could. To do this, the ones with property and possessions sold what they had and brought the proceeds of the sales to



of many communities living the way man was created to live. This spiritual nation is what Yahshua died to establish. He did not die to bring about thousands of different denominations of Christians who go to their separate churches on Sunday and are waiting until they die and go to heaven to be in unity.

We are members of this new society. It is a different kind of society — one in which no one is despised or unimportant, no one lonely or unwanted. The strong are

not exalted and the weak are not exploited. There are no rich or poor. Love lives here. We are learning a new way of relating to other human beings — without fear, without hostility, without suspicion. We are becoming like little children. We live in an atmosphere of trust. Love rules here.

This is a society of an entirely different order. It is a *new social order*. The peace that reigns in our midst is not due to laws and law enforcement. We do not do things out of obligation, but because we want to. In this life of love, no one has a right to be cold to his neighbor. Malice, put-downs, and paybacks are foreign to our way of life. Love restrains us from striving to get ahead of each other, from taking advantage of one another, from turning our backs on one another when times get hard.

So it is not because of rules, regulations, or even religious principles that we in this new social order live together and share our property and possessions. Bible verses do not have the power to cause people to love and respect each other. The Bible by itself can't even make people agree on what it says. The thousands of Christian denominations are ample proof of this.

This life is coming about because God is doing something extraordinary in these most difficult and confusing days. His love is compelling men and women to give

the leaders of the group to be shared with those who had need. Not one of them claimed that anything belonging to him was his own, but all things were common property to them. They lived together, worked together.

There was not a needy person among them.



I have friends that I know will never leave me alone in a parking lot. Nor would they leave me at home just because they'd rather not hang out with me tonight. I have true friends who won't let me do things that hurt me, and it gives me courage to do the same for them.

Love is real and God is love. That's all I know, so I want to repay the love I have received. It's going to take the rest of eternity,

but that's okay; I've got time. Our Master Yahshua is patient and he has had his eye on me since before the foundations of the earth were made. He has known me, and I want to know him. I want you to know him. Please come and see what we have found.

— Jonathan

up their causes, their agendas, their possessions, and all their ambitions to follow Yahshua, the Messiah, in obedience to his word. To gain this life on earth now, it costs you everything. Our Master offers this eternal life freely, but only to those who see the precious value of it enough to abandon all selfish pursuits. Only then can there be true fellowship with birds of every feather who will never leave you, or forsake you.

Yahshua is the Son of God who died in our place for our sins. He suffered the death that we all deserve for repeatedly ignoring our consciences. He knew the selfish center of man's heart, which is the root cause of all the massive problems plaguing the earth. He knew His people would sense their own personal guilt, their part in this destruction we see all around us. He knew they would want a way out, a way to be forgiven, a way to have a whole new existence. He knew they would be drawn to His love, the love that was demonstrated

for them when he died for them on the cross. That's why those who actually believe that He died for their sins will actually no longer live for themselves, but for him who died and rose again on their behalf.

Some will not be able to see the difference between what we are describing and a dozen utopian ideas and philosophies. Some will feel it is too good to be true. But those who are ready to do the will of their Creator will know whether it is actually God's kingdom we are talking about, or just something we made up.

To gain this life costs you everything, but as our Master said, "Those who want to save their life will lose it, and those who lose their life for my sake will save it."

If you are looking for a nice community where you can do your own thing, you would certainly be wasting your time to come here. But if you desire to live a life of self-sacrificing love, to experience the deep



Who were these people? Were they German Marxists, Communist revolutionaries, or hippie idealists? No, they were the first community in Jerusalem, followers of the Son of God, the Messiah, and His teachings. Their great love for one another, and their great zeal, had brought them together to become a New Israel. They were determined to grow into a new nation of people who truly loved one another from the heart. All the old barriers separating people



As I take another step down this seemingly endless flight of stairs, I think to myself, "I recognize this scenery; haven't I been here before?" This gets me thinking, so I sit down on the bench at the bottom of the staircase. In looking up at the stairs, I see that they really are almost unending, spiraling to and fro dangerously, back and forth. Suddenly, I remember that I have been here before, not too long ago even, and when I go around the corner not too far off, I run smack into the same wall I had run into earlier. I have to admit, even



though it hurt to run right into it, the wall had a really nice mural painted on it. The picture was of a field, and in the distance there was a beautiful sunset, illuminating the sky above the mountains. Although I realized that it wasn't a way out, I longed for it to be the salvation I was searching for. I almost felt that if I could walk into the

field I would be safe and free. All I wanted was to get out of this dark place.

Grasping my thoughts, I try so hard to

remember exactly which way I had come initially. Turning, I start to walk down a long corridor. I cry out for help and my voice echoes, sounding as though I am yelling into the Grand Canyon. Tears stream down my face, and my vision becomes blurred. Many doorways appear and disappear, making it impossible for me to decide what to do. I begin to recall a song I once heard... "You've lost it. You'll never get out of this maze, you'll never get out..." Over and over,

the song repeated itself in my mind. As my heart sinks lower into my chest, I strive to remember how to get back to the mural. I grope along the walls, trying to find the opening to the alley where it was. As I find the way to the wall, carefully this time, I begin to search the mural for answers. On the horizon I see something that seems

had been broken down in their midst. Their life together was the beginning of a new society that quickly grew and spread in many different localities. Wherever they lived, they copied as closely as possible the pattern that had been set in Jerusalem, loving one another in the same way as those who had first begun. But there was also much difficulty and persecution.



unreachable, but promises a way out of the maze.

As I wake from the dream that was all too real, I come to realize that the images weren't too far from the life I had been

"Taking hallucinogens is a short cut to being spiritual. Due to the lack of a moral foundation, there is no capacity to fulfil the spiritual revelation."

— Yehudah

living. The significance of the dangerous staircase was the reality of the danger of the drugs that I would take on Phish tour, spiraling around and around, leaning this way and that. Had I gone too close to the edge, I would have fallen off, which I

came close to doing many times while experimenting with drugs on tour.

Truly my life was on a downward spiral, and before long I found myself lying on my back in a hospital bed recovering from a nasty car wreck, taking full advantage of the painkilling drugs, and ending up terribly depressed and overweight. When I finally leveled out, struggling to leave behind even the legal drugs that were prescribed to save me, I set out traveling with a friend. We were determined to find a new way of life.

We knew there had to be something to the so-called spirituality we had heard of on tour. We wanted to try it without the drugs this time. We wanted to be purified. We sought something, though, that we were soon to find wasn't there. That something was love.

My friend and I decided there had to be another way out of the maze of life, and we wanted to find it. We somehow knew there was a reason why we were alive and we wanted to find the answer to how to live in the life we had been given.

We had met up with some people who, like us, didn't want to do drugs anymore. At first it was nice, but before long it was clear that they were still out to gratify themselves, living only for their own pleasure, when my friend and I were looking for world peace. We both knew it couldn't be found that way.

The next thing we tried was traveling just anywhere, looking for a place to belong, where people all had the same thing in mind. We thought we would stop at a few communities along the way and see what we could find. After working on a few farms and starting to feel at peace, we found that it still didn't totally satisfy us.

We decided to go to "one last Phish show" — the New Year's Eve show at the Boston Garden. As a young girl was showing me how to fake a ticket, a man with a



A lot changed in the short span of forty or fifty years. We don't know exactly what happened, but we do know that they fell away from their first love for their Savior, and lost their undying love for one another. Eventually, the little communities died. They still met together, but their love had grown cold. When they came together and talked about Messiah, it was not the same. And



beard and pony tail came up to me and gave me a *freepaper*. At the time, I didn't think too much about it. I stuck the paper in my pocket, and off I went to sneak into the show. After the show, I unwrinkled the paper and we read it together.

A bright spark of fire warmed my heart as we read. There was talk of a new social order, a plan for our lives, SALVATION! We found it! In our hands was the answer we had been so earnestly seeking! I wanted so badly to go to the place they described, but I found that I had other obligations. My mother wanted me to become a responsible young woman, get a job, go to school, get married...

About three or four months later I received a call from my friend saying that he had answered the call in that paper we had gotten. He had given up his wandering life for the salvation that we were longing for. For some reason I brushed him off. I wasn't ready to walk away from my life. It took many months of my life falling apart, of all my good intentions falling by the way and my bad habits re-emerging, of several more letters from my friend, whose life was being restored. Again and again, I shrugged him off, saying that my life was going okay. But tears welled up inside of me and I wished that

I had the guts to do what he had done. He had trusted the Maker of all things. I was trapped, and the only way to my salvation was to trust that he knew my heart.

When I finally gave up hope that I could find my way out of the maze, my friend reached out to me once more and pulled me out. I saw for myself the life he had found. Now that I am in the Community, I see that my friend was right all along. I should have trusted him from the beginning. I now live among many people with the same heart and the same mind about life and the way it should be. Our hearts are to serve our magnificent Maker, sharing all things in common like the Bible says, and loving one another in obedience to His commandments.

Finally I have come face to face with real love! Devoting my life to the true plan was what I always wanted to do and now I can! I have hope for the future, all because our Maker saw the people of this earth worthy enough to send His only Son as a sacrifice for our sins. I have a place to belong now, and that is true love! 🙏

William Patrick

*Wilson still lives in your heart.
Trying to purify yourself doesn't get rid of
him. Leaving Gamehendge would,
but where do you go?*



there was no one left to tell them what it should be like. Once it had been a community of love, the beginning of a twelve-tribed nation, Israel. Now there was none, because the Spirit of Messiah was no longer leading them...





"But wait a minute! These aren't the only dead fish. All the other tanks in here are full of dead fish, too!"

"Mister, not one of the fish in my tanks is dead! These over here are Siamese Free Floaters. And over there are Australian Free Floaters."

"Look here ... a whole tank of fish that are barely alive!"

"Barely alive! How dare you!"

They're a rare breed of side-swimmers called Catfish Floaters."

"This is the most outrageous fish story I've ever heard!"



Once upon a time a very normal person walked into a pet store to buy some very ordinary fish. But to his surprise, he saw some very strange things with an equally strange explanation.

"Good day, Sir. Can I help you?"

"Yes, I'd like to buy an Angel Fish."

"Oh, right over here in this tank."

"Hey! These fish are dead!"

"Ah Ha! They fooled you, too! These fish are not dead at all. They only look dead. In reality they are a very rare fish called Amazon Free Floaters."

"You must think I'm a fool! Don't you think I know the difference between a dead fish and a live fish?"

"Surely, you don't think I could have been in this business so long if I sold dead fish, do you? These fish might look dead but they're Amazon Free Floaters, I tell you."

Some people will try to sell you anything, even dead fish. Every day people believe in the absurd, the ridiculous, and even stand in line to buy the foolish. It's even more amazing how many people believe in something that they know in their conscience is nothing more than a dead fish. But selfishness rules the heart in this abnormal society, so the masses go along with anything that gives them pleasure.

But our Master Yahshua is no dead fish. He is alive, risen from the dead. His spirit causes people to love in a radical way... the way He loved when he lived on earth. His life and his love is what makes you cry, makes you surrender to it once your eyes are opened to see, really see. If you are tired

The little groups grew stiff and formal. Rules multiplied. Arguments and intellectual debates filled the air. Leaders put on robes and rituals began. Ceremonies were repeated year after year. Although the life was gone, the form continued in all its deadness. Perhaps you have experienced a part of that deadness in a church somewhere.



of fish stories, you are probably ready to hear about Yahshua, experience his love, and enter into his life in his people, the Twelve Tribes communities.

Bought any dead fish lately?



So which fish stinks? Isn't it the dead fish that stinks? Isn't it the one that is as unpalatable as a leftover Nectar's french fry in a bowl of cold gravy? The dead fish is out of the water of a true spiritual life — far away from the life-giving oxygen of a vibrant, coordinated, warm body that is alive. Yes, there is a dead, stinking body walking around by the power of a counterfeit spirit who is deceiving the whole world. This stinky fish has been smelling up the world for a very long time.

For two millennia a fish has been the symbol of the people who are supposed to know Salvation, be cleansed of their sins, and therefore share the true alternative life of love and unity that the human heart longs for. It used to be a life together that could be seen by the whole world, a life that could be experienced on a daily basis. This fish was alive and thriving in

the first century communities in Jerusalem. They lived in the water of community, their natural environment, and they were empowered by the spirit of forgiveness.

Just as a fish begins to stink when it is out of its natural environment of water, so human beings created in the image of God cannot love the way they were created to love without the environment of living together. As soon as people who claim the fish as their symbol of life stop living together, forgiving one another, and experiencing forgiveness for their wrong ways, they start to stink. This stinky fish is what resulted when the early church rotted away and became the putrid institution of Christianity. It became polluted by the cares and comforts of the world. It compromised by becoming an integral part of the society around it.

As these things crept into the environment of living together, many bacteria appeared in the water. This bacteria multiplied and completely quenched the life-giving Spirit out of the communities. Fish today are no longer breathing the Spirit, but they are breathing the pollution of the world. Since the oxygen is out of the water and the Spirit is out of the church, all the



1900 years of Christianity has spread war, murder, injustice, greed, and hypocrisy all over the face of the earth. Isn't there someone somewhere with the Book who can stop all

When the first communities failed, Christianity began. The Son of God did not start it. Neither did His true followers, who clung to His words and obeyed His teachings. The decay and corruption were never meant to be there. We were never meant to go to a building once a week and sit there, bored out of our minds. We were never meant to have to endure that or have that emptiness fill our souls with apathy.

God never intended it to be that way.



He knew that no man had ever made it through the ordeal. Like

an obstacle course through a desert, each hurdle, each almost insurmountable obstacle tested whether he would win the prize that held his heart spellbound. Each day the sun came up and each night it set brought him closer. Nothing could hold him back — neither fire, nor water, nor test after test after test. Like a man in the twilight working feverishly to finish before nightfall, he raced on, drawn by his love for something more precious than life itself.

What was it? Wealth? Fame? Power? Pleasure? Were these what claimed his heart's energy? Or was it something deeper, longer lasting, something living and eternal? It had to be. For he knew, as men have always known, that once this brief life on earth is over, we face an age so long that no one, not even the wisest among us, can grasp more than a tiny piece of it. Here we live our few short years that make all the difference where we will be forever. If he could complete the ordeal, if he could run the course, then he would not be alone.

Others would follow, ones like him who

¹Then Aaron shall lay both of his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess over it all the iniquities of the sons of Israel and all their transgressions in regard to all their sins; and he shall lay them on the head of the goat and send it away into the wilderness by the hand of a man who stands in readiness. The goat shall bear on itself all their iniquities to a solitary land; and he shall release the goat in the wilderness. (Leviticus 16:21-22)

²The kingdom of heaven is like a treasure hidden in the field, which a man found and hid

would be with him in that unending future.

On the last day he faced his final obstacle.

Death himself had come to test him. Like a scapegoat¹ thronged about by those eager to cast their sin upon it, he passed through a gauntlet of his own people, a crowd lining the streets, hurling abuse and scorn and curses. Beyond that came a second, more dreadful torture. All his spiritual enemies had gathered round and formed a gauntlet, too: two long rows of savage beasts armed with long rods, swinging at his back as he passed between them — to break his spirit, to cause him to give up, to drive him to his knees, and into the ground, and down into death.

Like the scapegoat wan-

Fascin



Just imagine what you would do if you heard this for the first time from someone brimming over with life. What if someone told you that the Creator of the universe sent His own Son to the earth to become a man and die in your place for your sins? And because of this, you could be forgiven and washed of all your guilt.



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dering around in the wilderness until thirst or hunger or wild animals killed it, he took the sins of the whole world

far away into the fiery darkness in the core of the earth. In that wild landscape he

finished the agonizing ordeal. In a tossing sea of volcanic sulfur and molten stone he received the storm of Heaven's full wrath against sin. Like a helpless victim drowning in the flood, he passed through a suffering too great for us to understand.

A universe of hurt and shame, of unpayable injuries and ruined lives, of corruption and perversion was paid for, one crime at a time, in that brief three-day eternity. Finally it ended!

What had given him the strength to go on and

on? Love, for certain; only love grants such strength to endure. But wasn't there something more? Something else that had captured his heart and was the center of all his attention? What could have fascinated him so?² Who was it?

It could only have been those who would follow him and be like a bride married to him. They were the reason why he felt compelled to die. He wanted to save them from the horrible agony of unending death. He knew that once they heard what he had done for them, they would respond to his love with the same fascination he felt toward them. They would willingly give up everything for his sake — family, career, wealth, ambitions, dreams, comforts, even their very own life and interests.³ This sacrifice, on their part, would come from their genuine response to his sacrifice, and would bring about a new nation of twelve tribes. Though his ordeal is over, hers is yet to come. Through all the labor that will take place, she won't lose heart, for he is her fascination. ♥

again; and from joy over it he goes and sells all that he has and buys that field. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant seeking fine pearls, and upon finding one pearl of great value, he went and sold all that he had and bought it. (Matthew 13:44-46)

³*In the same way, any of you who does not give up everything he has cannot be my disciple. (Luke 14:33)*

You could be reunited to your Creator who gives eternal life, and be part of His eternal purpose — the restoration of the universe. What would you do if you heard that? Would you rejoice and be glad? Would you cling to the one who told you that?

I would. Wouldn't you?





At the shows I found a new culture promising peace and love. I thought I was a free agent, changing the world. Or, was it changing me?

Often I have felt that I was born into the wrong generation. All the music listened to growing up was from the '60s and '70s, because of the revolution that was in the hearts of musicians. People often said that I was born with a tie-dye on. Somehow I was able to exist in this confusing world and maintain my happy-go-lucky character because I always knew that I would find the answer, whatever it was.

When I was 16 years old I began going to Phish shows. I thought it was so great — a whole culture of kids who didn't want to conform to the world system. At first I thought, *maybe this is the beginning of a whole new society where peace and love is the only goal*. It didn't take long for me to realize that not everyone among that culture even wanted peace and love. I began to see the selfishness



that enslaved so many of these people, but I didn't give up hope. I knew that dispersed amongst the crowd there were a few people with the same hope that I had. I would meet different people on the lot and we would talk about all kinds of high and lofty things. We would talk about how we all needed to come together and "just be spiritual," as if it just came naturally. I felt like we were revolutionaries without a revolution.

Just as I started to get hopeless about my dreams, a very amazing thing happened. I met a people who lived together in communities all around the world. They are true revolutionaries by definition, because their goal is to bring about a complete overthrow of the present ruler of this world, and allow Yahshua the prince

*When I started to get hopeless about my dream,
I met a people who lived together in communities all around the world.
They were true revolutionaries.*

of peace to reign. It brought me a lot of peace to know that such a revolution was taking place on the earth. I began to visit the community's café in Boston, bringing my friends and family with me. Although this community's life had seemed very peaceful and spiritual, I just lacked the faith to be a part of it myself, being only 17 at the time. I thought that I could serve God better being a "free agent" rather than living in a community where my offerings

might be restrained.

So I continued going to Phish shows, trying to generate my own spiritual revolution, the way that I saw fit. Again, I could talk about all kinds of spiritual things, but the reality of my own life was that I just wanted to feel good. To put it simply, I was a modern-day *hippie-crit*. I wanted love and unity, but I was unwilling to pay the price.

As the months and even years passed by,





*It's hard to generate
a spiritual revolution
if all you want
is to feel good.*

I would see the Community's *Peacemaker* bus all over the country. It was like my conscience, following me wherever I went.

*I happily dropped out of college and left everything I owned to become a part of what I saw — the truth. I took all of the art work I had ever done in my life, loaded it on a truck and left it all at the town dump. I took my portfolio and as I was walking down the street, I dropped it down the sewer — everything I had worked for during four years of college. I can take total identity with what the apostle Paul wrote in *Philippians*: "What's more, I consider everything a loss compared to the surpassing greatness of knowing Messiah, Yahshua my king, for whose sake I have lost all things. I consider them rubbish that I may gain Messiah..."*

There were times that I would go running to the bus, to seek refuge from the cold and impersonal world. And there were other times that I would hide my face, knowing that what I was doing was wrong. Regardless of my condition, the people from the Twelve Tribes loved me and had total compassion towards me,

because they could understand my sinful ways. Still, despite my desperate need for salvation, I hung onto my independent life — apart from where I knew God wanted me

to be.

At this point I was 19 years old and ended up going to Green Mountain College in Vermont. Through the eyes of my pseudo-spirituality, GMC was the place to be — lots of artists and musicians, Phish and the Grateful Dead playing in every dorm room. I thought that I could really find some decent friends and live a somewhat spiritual life there. But after a few months of trying to fit in, my soul began to haunt me. The fact that I could not control my own selfish desires made me feel alone in a world of sin. As I allowed myself to be led into all kinds of wickedness, I saw my need for escape. I went back to the café in Boston and began asking questions. It was there that I heard about the community in Rutland, Vermont, which was only 20 minutes from my college. The next day I got up the courage to just go knock on the Community's door, and see what it was all about. I had a great time talking with people. I was invited to spend the weekend where I heard a lot of beautiful things at the Friday and Saturday night celebrations.

This started a pattern where for several weeks I would be at college during the week and at the Community on the weekends. I was practically torturing myself, going back and forth between the kingdom of darkness and the kingdom of light.

So, it came to the point where it wasn't so much a decision on my part, but a question of whether or not I was going to



We were communists in college, capitalists by 30, hippie-crits now. Talk about Lizards not being too bright – we were lemmings.

respond to what God desired of me. After much too long a time of knowing the truth, I finally humbled myself and surrendered my life to Yahshua.

It has now been a year and a half since I have come to live here. I can honestly say that the Spirit of God is in our midst. I am totally set free because I know my sins are forgiven, and every day I am coming to know God better through my brothers and sisters. To describe our life in the Community would be like describing love itself. Our life is the miraculous solution to the damage Satan has done on the earth and in our souls. It is a beautiful and peaceful society where people from every race, age, nationality, occupation, and belief, have come together in the knowledge of the truth. It is soooo

Before I came to the Community, I took pride in my identity. I dressed in ways that drew attention to myself. I spoke loudly about things that made me feel important. I went so far to create my own identity that I got tattoos and piercings to look different. My whole attitude was, "This is who I am, and if you don't like it, it's your loss!"

Now that I have met Yahshua's people, I see that I was created to find my worth in a relationship with my Creator. I see now that I don't have to pretend to be tough and prove I was somebody in order to get attention and be loved.

God created me for a purpose, and I want to be who I was created to be.

encouraging to know that there are people like you who aren't satisfied with the things of this world, and desire something better.

I want to encourage you to get to know us better. You are always welcome to call, write, or visit anytime. My name is *Robert*



Let get down to the nitty gritty

"I want to use you until I find somebody better." — God hates this!

Have you ever heard someone say, "What two people do behind closed doors is their own business," or "If you love each other, that's all that matters?" Isn't it amazing how nicely a few clichés can justify a person's pursuit of his own selfish lusts?

But the simple truth is that coming together sexually outside of the lifetime covenant of marriage between a man and a woman is wrong. Within the boundaries of the marriage covenant, sexual intimacy can be the expression of true, self-sacrificing love that bonds a man and woman together and bears fruit in children who are secure in their parents' desire for them. Outside of the boundaries of this covenant, no matter what words you may use to deceive yourself or others, what your actions say is: *I don't love you enough to want to be with you, care for you, and be faithful to you for the rest of my life. But for now I would like to use you until I get tired of you or until someone better comes along.*

Our loving Creator hates this. It is selfish and degrading. It destroys His highest creation: human beings. If someone tries to do good deeds — save the earth, the whales, the trees, etc. — yet is destroying the highest creation (human beings), then what really is his motive? If someone really loves his Creator and the creation, then he will

love people and won't be doing things that degrade or destroy them.

Though all people are tempted with various evil desires, we must understand that we have a conscience. We know in our conscience what is right and wrong. We must listen to it and obey it. No one will escape judgment. We will all answer to our Creator for our deeds.

After all, everyone enjoys the benefits our Creator gives us — the warm sunshine, the beautiful sky, the food, all the wonderful nature for us to enjoy, and His very breath of life that He breathed into us. What if you were in His place, pouring out your kindness and care everyday to the inhabitants of the earth? How would you feel if they were so ungrateful that they disregarded your kind intentions so they could be selfish and greedy instead? Isn't it good that we would be thankful for life and want to hear and obey the voice of our Creator in our conscience? So everyone has the responsibility to obey his conscience and not allow himself to be degraded or to degrade others.

But even if you have been degraded, you can be upgraded again. This is our Creator's kind intention towards us: even though we've sinned against Him, He is a loving Father who longs to see us healed and restored. Yet He is also an impartial Judge who will certainly bring everyone into judgment for their deeds. This is why we all desperately need His Son, Yahshua, who is the only way to be



Poor Lizards! Fooled again —
the '60s revolution overthrew main-
stream morality, but the "hippie-crits"
mainstream today stinks twice as bad.

Enigma

forgiven. He is the only way back to God.

It is time for us to wake up and not surrender to the flow of the world towards destruction. Yahshua is the way back to the Father. Forgiveness is what we need, not degrading passions. There is a deception that entices us to think that if we deny our selfish desires we will never be satisfied. But really it's the opposite. If we love our Creator with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength, and love other people in the same way, we *will* be fulfilled.

It's time to be passionate for what God is passionate about. Rebelling against our Creator, who loves us, is not the answer. Rather, it is to rebel against the things He hates, which destroy our own lives and the lives of those we try to love.

Yahshua is the King who is taking over the earth through a spiritual revolution. He is calling everyone who has ears to hear to come surrender to Him and follow Him. Ears to hear come from a willing heart. This revolution is truly the most radical because it involves your entire being. It is not mystical: we must follow Him together, not alone.

It is so wonderful! You can lose your old life and receive a new life — no more confusion, no more strife, but real inner peace that comes from being made clean, being forgiven and forgiving others. It results in peace that surpasses all understanding because it comes from being reconnected to our Creator, our source of life, being made whole again.

If hearing this affects you, find us and talk to us. We

Remember watching Saturday morning cartoons, and seeing all the crazy situations the characters got themselves into? Whenever they were faced with a moral decision, that little angel and that little devil would appear on the characters' shoulders. The angel would try to get the character to do what was right in the eyes of God, while the devil would say, "Forget about what anybody else says, lets go out and have some fun!" The character was then left with the choice of which voice to listen to. ☺ In the same way, every human being has these two "voices" within their conscience. And in the same way, every human being has to choose which voice to listen to. The difference is that in cartoonland the artist can determine how the cartoon ends, whereas with human souls the final outcome is determined by the moral decisions of each individual. ☺ If you are a normal human being who has not been thoroughly degraded, there is a deep frustration in you because of the two conflicting longings in your heart : one, to keep the knowledge of God in your conscience; the other, to satisfy the selfish desires that will lead you to eternal destruction. The voice of conscience echoes from the inner chambers of your soul, saying: *I ought not to be the way I am; I ought not to be doing what I am doing. I was made for something better!* This voice conflicts with your selfish nature and causes that frustration within you, the inner struggle between good and evil. No matter how hard you try to reason it away or

Which Fish Stinks? (continued from page 11) is left for those who desperately want life is to seek another fish, one that doesn't stink, but offers a life and not just a myth or a dream or a fantasy. People need a life, not just a show. Everybody offers a show, a scene, entertainment, but it all enhances self-life, living for yourself, instead of living for others.

Emancipator:
 a person who emancipates, who releases from slavery or restraint; set free.
Synonym:
 Liberator, deliverer, rescuer, preserver, freer, releaser, breaker of bonds, savior, redeemer.

No matter how you cut it, no matter which (ph)fish you follow, the answer is a life of love. There is an Emancipator, one who has the power and authority to rescue us from a selfish existence in a selfish society. There are many voices, some singing in beautiful harmonies, which can bring to light the futility

the world faces. But the Emancipator, the Liberator, is the awesome one ... the King we need to follow. His name is Yahshua. He is the one who rules a society of people who share everything to meet the needs of others. Those who make him their king are the ones who have his love, his spirit to empower them to demonstrate this love in unity to a world order that is passing away. Can't you smell the stench? Yahshua's way is the living way. It is the only way. It is the



The following diagram is a brief sketch of:

Somethin's Fishy in Church History

As the church evolved, out-of-the-water fish often fell victim to the church's murderous zeal.





Clans

The Community in Island Pond

P.O. Box 449, Island Pond, VT 05846 ☎ (802) 723-9708

The Basin Farm

P.O. Box 108, Bellows Falls, VT 05101 ☎ (802) 463-3230 (V/TDD)

The Community in Rutland

24 Cottage Street, Rutland, VT 05701 ☎ (802) 773-0160

The Community in Boston

92 Melville Avenue, Dorchester, MA 02124 ☎ (617) 436-6114

The Community in Hyannis

19 Camp Street, Hyannis, MA 02601 ☎ (508) 790-3172

The Community in Lancaster

P.O. Box 245, Lancaster, NH 03584 ☎ (603) 788-4376

The Community in Cocksackie

7 Ely Street, Cocksackie, NY 12051 ☎ (518) 731-2181

The Community in Oak Hill

Rt. 81, Box 81A, Oak Hill, NY 12460 ☎ (518) 239-8148

The Common Sense Farm

41 N. Union Street, Cambridge, NY 12816 ☎ (518) 677-5880

The Community in Palenville

Rt 23A, P.O. Box 158, Palenville, NY 12463 ☎ (518) 678-2206

The Community in Buffalo

2051 North Creek Road, Lakeview, NY 14085 ☎ (716) 627-2098

The Community in West Palm Beach

6311 Wallis Road, West Palm Beach, FL 33413 ☎ (561) 686-7561

The Community in St. Joseph

1923 Clay Street, St. Joseph, MO 64501 ☎ (816) 232-0095

The Community on the Lake of the Ozarks

P.O. Box 1906, 145 East Main Street, Warsaw, MO 65355 ☎ (660) 438-4481

The Community in Colorado Springs

5346 Constitution Avenue, Colorado Springs, CO 80915 ☎ (719) 573-1907

The Community in Winnipeg

89 East Gate, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3C 2C2 ☎ (204) 786-8787

Communauté de Sus

Tabitha's Place, 64190 Sus/Navarrenx, France ☎ (33)59-66-14-28

Gemeinschaft in Oberbronnen

Wirtsgasse 3, 73495 Oberbronnen, Germany ☎ (49)7964-1550

Comunidad de San Sebastián

Paseo de Ulía 375, 20014 San Sebastián, Spain ☎ (34)943-58-00-29

The Peppercorn Creek Farm

1375 Old Hume Highway, Picton, NSW 2571, Australia ☎ (61)46-772-668

The Stentwood Farm

Dunkeswell, Honiton, Devon EX14 0RW, Great Britain ☎ (44)1823-681155

Comunidad de General Rodriguez

700/esq. Rivera, Villa Vengochea, 1748 General Rodriguez, Argentina ☎ (54)37-843409

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Rua Jayme Americano 420, Jardim Califórnia, 86040-030 Londrina, Paraná, Brazil ☎ (55)43-339-2228

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The appointed time has come. No longer strangers, no longer rootless — a nation is gathering. No longer separated, no longer alienated — a commonwealth is forming.

In a modern world where the age-old foundations of family life are all but gone, there is a place where they are being restored. Here the

ancient tribal life of Abraham, a life of hospitality and peace, is being re-established. It's hard to imagine, two thousand years

after this tribal life vanished from the earth, what it should look like. "But there is nothing covered up that will not be revealed, and hidden that will not be made known" (Luke 12:2).

All nationalities can trace their ancestry back to tribal living, but for most, this tribal life no longer exists. Cultures that ignored their conscience fell apart. Selfishness pulled men away from one another. Wars broke out.

But there is no war in our Tribes. Just as we have been forgiven, we forgive others. We are part of this people who are returning to the way our Creator intended us to live. Because our sins have been forgiven, we have a new life. "A new life" does not just mean that we have stopped doing bad things — it means that God's love has been poured into our hearts. We are learning to love as He loves. And just like it always has in the past, this love is producing a life of unity and care in which there are

no rich or poor. It is the same tribal life that was lived by the early disciples of our Master Yahshua,* the Son of God. We have returned to the same root of faith as His first followers, and hope to bear the same fruit.

We live a simple life in community — working together, eating together, sharing all we have. We are not governed by endless lists of outward rules and regulations. The rules that govern us are being written on our hearts.

Our aim is to love each other as our Master loved us, to love our Creator with all our heart, soul, and strength, and to love our neighbors who live around us as we love ourselves. Daily we gather in our households with singing and dancing to give thanks to the One who has saved us from an empty and hopeless existence.

Many households make up a clan. Many clans make up a tribe. The tribes are united across national boundaries by their love for one another. This love is not just a feeling. It is a lifelong commitment, knitting us together like a child is knit together in the mother's womb. The tribes are being formed. And then, a nation will be born in a day — Israel. It's forming; it's coming! The day is about to dawn! You can be part of what God is doing on the earth. ♥





Something very old
is being born...

Twelve

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