

**FREE**

# *The* TWELVE TRIBES FREE PAPER

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

## IN SEARCH OF...



## WONDERLAND

...Alice found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof. There were doors all round but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again. Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the

hall. But, alas! Either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen

inches high.

She tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fit.

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole. She knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains.... But Alice would not fit through the door!!! There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes. This time she found a little bottle on it ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice), and tied around the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words "DRINK ME"

beautifully printed on it in large letters.....

And the story goes on. Though cautious at first about drinking from that

little bottle, she went ahead and did it... And so begins Alice's trip... Growing bigger and smaller, out of control, lost, looking for help... and "Wonderland" has begun... and we join Alice in a world of imagined experiences. We have always related to her experiences as the vivid images of a hashish smoker's visions. The illusions always were so clear to us, only someone really high could have written this... or so it seemed. And so we are left thinking, and wondering... in wonderland. It is a strange world... It is a world which teaches us many deep lessons.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to fall through the rabbit hole of life (and oh, how we despise the thought of just sitting like Alice's sister by the stream engrossed in her status quo existence) can easily relate to finding ourselves in that hallway full of doors... sensing the exhilarating feeling of so many choices in life. "There's lots of roads but they all lead there..." But then the great downer... they are all locked. Ah, the reality of life hits! And even if we do get a glimpse inside that one special door... alas,



more frustration — we see that there is a "garden..." just what we had always dreamed of. And look! There it is! But we can't fit through the door! Then comes the magic bottle, "Drink Me..." the magic mushrooms, "Eat me", and the hash smoking caterpillar who has all the wisdom. We thought taking all that stuff was just the means to the end... it was going to get us into the garden.

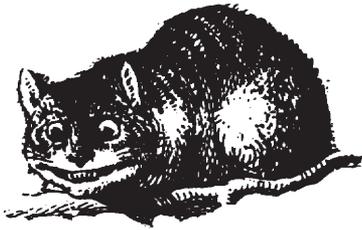
But at the end of the story we are left with the disappointed feeling that Alice's garden was not all that it had first appeared to be. All the hassles that she went through trying



to get there we could understand. But we were sure that once she actually made it into that beautiful garden, then everything would be fine... but in the garden she met with the worst of her troubles.

So, why did it have to end that way?

Because the man who wrote the story wanted to deal with all of our "idealist dreams." He wanted those of us who were drawn into his wonderland because of a deep longing to actually find a beautiful



garden of peace and tranquillity, to realize that there is really no such thing. (it is just a Utopian dream — ‘utopia’ means — ‘nowhere’.) For even in the dreamland where we are allowed the illusion of thinking that things might be really nice, he wanted to snap us into the hard reality of life — that there is no peace, no way out... even high will be too high, and low will be too low. And no matter how we scrap and fight to get to that lovely place of rest, when we get there we will find that it is not what we had hoped for.

Ah, such a sad story, such a sad reality! After all she had gone through, Alice was now happy to wake up from her dream... just like Dorothy had been in the “Wizard of Oz.” Thus, we are forced to



accept the fact that life back home in Kansas or sitting in boredom by the stream with Alice’s sister is really the best we can hope for. So, basically what we are really told from the story of Alice in Wonderland is to wake up and stop dreaming!

...Think about it. That is really what they are trying to do. “Give up your dreams!” they say. “For you will find out in the end that the land you dream of will turn out to be full of Mad Hatters, and raving Queens.

But this is where we must depart from this sad reality, for that is not how the story turned out for all of us. For we have actually walked down that great hall with the many doors. We found that one tiny door



which opened the way to the sweet smelling garden. And we felt the frustration of knowing that somehow we could not fit through that door. And we realized that somehow we had to change. We found that drinking from the magic bottle, or eating the magic mushrooms, or smoking from the caterpillars pipe could not get us through that door.

And then, *we found the way in...*



You see, there was a man who walked over the rocky hills in the Middle East about 2,000 years ago, a man we call Yahshua. He was a healer, the son of God, a prophet, and savior. He spoke the truth, and he carried the Key to the tiny door. (This man is the most grossly misrepresented person who ever walked this earth. His character has been totally maligned by the pseudo-religion which claims to follow Him but does not)

... Yahshua spoke the truth, and he carried the key.

He has led the way for us to the garden. He unlocked the door for us, and said that the only way to get down to the right size to enter through that door was to give up everything. "For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to death and many go that way, but narrow and small is the way that leads to life and few are they that find it." "Strive to enter in by the narrow door."

Once into the garden, we find ourselves back in the place we were originally created to be, like the first man and woman were. Now we can do what we were created for... And this garden is not a mess like Alice's garden was... for it has been guarded all these years since the fall to make sure that man did not get back in there. Man is the one who would have messed it up...

He is always the one that messes up things. So, God made sure that man stayed out of there. He put angels to guard the door... There

were no keys given out to get back in... until His Son, Yahshua was sent to open the way. And Yahshua said, "I will give you the keys to the Kingdom. Now you can give the key to those who have a willing heart."

So, if you have not given up your childlike hope that maybe there is a beautiful garden somewhere, unspoiled by the greedy, selfish hands of men, where people could live together in peace and harmony... then there is good news for you. We have found it! It is a wonderful land of love and it's as real as your need for true love. It is a dream from which you will never have to wake up. It is an eternal dream, it is eternal life! 🌿



Then he came...

He grew up in their midst like a tender shoot. And like the root of a plant surviving in the desert, he sprouted up among them. His life was like a young sprig growing out of an ancient stump.

He was a simple, childlike man who listened when people spoke to him. His ears were attuned to the afflictions of their hearts and he responded with the truth he knew in his own. It was painful for him to look upon the plight of his people. Never had he seen so much sickness or corruption in all levels of society or so many religious hypocrites or pretenders or lawless men. Though many had grown dull to the effects of the curse and had conformed to the abnormal society around them, he felt keenly every intrusion of the curse of death into even the smallest areas of their lives. It made him sad to see how calloused people's hearts were, how little they cared for one another, and how they despised the needy and poor among them. It also made him burn with anger to see how men had substituted customs and traditions for the relationship with their God that their forefathers had once had. The lies that held so many around him in bondage weren't able to hinder his belief in his God and his faith in his God's promises.

He was unpretentious, a humble man who didn't pride himself on his looks or his intelligence or his accomplishments. He didn't get his security from all the things he did or was naturally good at doing. If a matter came to his attention, he didn't make a snap judgment on it like all the clever ones about him (those who lived in the false authority of their cursed rightness). Instead, he waited to hear what was right in his own heart, and by his intuition and conscience he spoke. In the fear of God he judged with justice the poor of the land. For although many looked poor and needy, he knew who truly was and who wasn't. And though the curse was over

everyone in his society, he could only lift it off the necks of the poor and humble, for they were the only ones who would receive his help. None of the proud or self-exalted would ever listen to him.

He lived as innocently as a child. He spoke simply with straightforwardness. He wasn't concerned about the world's standards — what was fashionable or what was popular. His likes and dislikes weren't petty and self-interested. Rather his satisfaction and good pleasure came from carrying out the deeds that his God had given him to do. And he was unable to do anything without him.

One thing for sure, he wasn't complicated. It wasn't hard to follow what he said. It didn't take a lot of complex reasoning to decipher his sayings and no one had to be a genius to follow him. In his own words, the way to reverse the effects of the curse is simple and clear:

*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God. Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are you when men revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account.*

The only difficulty in understanding his words comes about when the twisted human heart makes things complex. Nothing he said was said to be daring or to show off. All he wanted to do was tell people the truth.

Those who were childlike could hear the truth. Those who weren't complicated could hear his voice. The simple and the needy weren't deaf to him; they responded. The

truth he knew was the overwhelming reality of his God's presence in his life and his promises to his people.

He came to start a new Israel, a new society free from the curse. He came as a prophet, as one who felt the heartbeat of his God and heard his intimate thoughts. Though he was the son of God, it wasn't as the son that he walked the earth. He lived and breathed and walked the earth as the son of man, who had left behind all his divine privileges and rights. He hungered and suffered and endured trial as a man. He wasn't God one minute when things got hard and he needed an escape, and man the next when things got easier. He was a man all the time. He had to suffer like the rest of us. It was something real. It surrounded his life at all times like night around a star.

Every which way he turned, the cries of his people reached his ears. They were always around him, always in need. When the enemy's lies bent people's backs to the ground so they couldn't even straighten up, he felt compassion for them and reached out to heal them. When everyone clamored to make him king, as much as he loved them, he moved away from them. They had been walked over so many times before, they'd follow just about anyone, not just him, but anyone who'd give them a free piece of bread. It got so bad, he couldn't even be with them. He didn't withdraw into mysticism or retreat to the desert. Nor did he go on pretending that everything was OK. It was as though their whole society had been turned upside down and shaken up, and there was nothing they could do to get it back aright. All they could do was blame him. And all he could do was stand and take it.

Like an umbrella of protection, he lived for those who clung to him. Beneath his covering was the shelter they needed from the storm. And at his side was the safety they longed for, far from the slime of this world's vultures.

Then he died.

To break the curse he died. To break its sway he suffered death as one under its power. He faced it unfearingly, knowing that his God would rescue him. And very shortly after that, he was alive again, resurgent, brimming over with victory. He filled all those who had sought after him and those who had remained at his side with the very same spirit that he had that overcame death. The very same life that had been in him was now in them.

His life was a social life, an overflowing river that flowed out of his heart toward others. His words and actions teemed with life and he poured it out generously like water. In him was a rich, lavish, endless, and inexhaustible supply of life. It brimmed over in every direction, in every situation, to every kind of person, stimulating and quickening them with kindness and hospitality. He had enough life in himself to be able to go on and on and on. Every bit of it that he had, he freely gave away to others. What he didn't need to sustain himself, he extravagantly gave to those around him. He cheered them up when they were discouraged, he consoled them when they were depressed, he squandered all that he had upon them in order to keep them till the day when they, too, would be doing the same thing.

Now that same life is here among us. It is a blessed life. Like a day in early springtime, a day of melting ice. When you walk from town past fields still patched with old snow, it is warm in the sun. Though neither lilac nor apple are yet in bloom, their branches are silently filling up with the swell of the first sap. On that day, rivulets collide and advance, trickles flow steadily through the blond grass, sweet-tasting brooks surge into cold lakes, and out of them flow swelling torrents. It's like water flowing, all day long, fed with snow and heat, dew and moonlight. It's a wide, sure water, a river, always and forever. 🌿

# WHO WE ARE

**THERE IS A PEOPLE** who woke up this morning with one thing on their minds — to love their Creator with all their heart, mind, and strength, and to love one another just as He loved them. Being just ordinary human beings, we are far from perfect in our love, yet, in hope, we persevere. Our goal? That the kingdom of God would come on earth as it is in heaven, so that love and justice can rule on the earth.

Sound impossible? It would be, were it not that the Son of God came to earth to redeem mankind, to set us free from the curse of sin, and to enable us to love. Because we have come to see His worth and our own desperate need, we have surrendered everything in order to follow Him. Our hearts and our homes are open night and day to any who are interested in our life or are weary of their sin and want to know the purpose for which they were created.

## Some of Our Communities in the United States

### **Stepping Stone Farm**

Rt. 2, Box 55, Weaubleau, MO 65774  
☎ (417) 428-3251

### **Community on the Lake of the Ozarks**

1140 Lay Ave, Warsaw, MO 65355  
☎ (660) 438-4481

### **Community in Manitou Springs**

53 Lincoln Ave, Manitou Springs, CO 80829  
☎ (719) 573-1907

### **Community in Vista**

2683 Foothill Drive, Vista, CA 92084  
☎ (760) 295-3852

### **Morning Star Ranch**

12458 Keys Creek Rd, Valley Center, CA 92082  
☎ (760) 742-8953

### **Community in Pulaski**

218 S. Third St, Pulaski, TN 38478  
☎ (931) 363-8586

### **Community in Chattanooga**

316 N. Seminole, Chattanooga, TN 37411  
☎ (423) 698-6591

### **Community in Hillsboro (D.C. Area)**

15255 Ashbury Church Rd, Hillsboro, VA 20132  
☎ (540) 668-7123

### **Community in Asheville**

9 Lora Lane, Asheville, NC 28803  
☎ (828) 274-8747

### **Hiddenite Conference Center**

*[Between Statesville and Taylorsville]*  
471 Sulphur Springs Rd, Hiddenite, NC 28636  
☎ (828) 221-0232

### **Community in Savannah**

223 East Gwinnett Street, Savannah, GA 31401  
☎ (912) 232-1165

### **Community in Brunswick**

927 Union Street, Brunswick, GA 31520  
☎ (912) 267-4700

### **Community in Arcadia**

601 W. Oak Street, Arcadia, FL 34266  
☎ (863) 494-3305

### **Community in Island Pond**

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

### **Basin Farm**

P. O. Box 108, Bellows Falls, VT 05101  
☎ (802) 463-9264

### **Community in Rutland**

134 Church Street, Rutland, VT 05701  
☎ (802) 773-3764

### **Community in Boston**

92 Melville Ave, Dorchester, MA 02124  
☎ (617) 282-9876

### **Community in Hyannis**

14 Main Street, Hyannis, MA 02601  
☎ (508) 790-0555

### **Community in Lancaster**

12 High Street, Lancaster, NH 03584  
☎ (603) 788-4376

### **Community in Coxsackie**

5 Mansion St., Coxsackie, NY 12051  
☎ (518) 731-7711

### **Oak Hill Plantation**

8137 State Route 81, Oak Hill, NY 12460  
☎ (518) 239-8148

### **Common Sense Farm**

81 Chestnut Street, Oneonta, NY 13820  
☎ (607) 267-4062

### **Community in Oneonta**

119 Third Street, Ithaca, NY 14850  
☎ (607) 272-6915

### **Community in Ithaca**

119 Third Street, Ithaca, NY 14850  
☎ (607) 272-6915

### **Community in Hamburg**

2051 North Creek Rd., Lakeview, NY 14085  
☎ (716) 627-2532

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Canada, please visit our web site.*

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