

*The*  
**TWELVE TRIBES  
FREEPAPER**

JUDAH

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

No. 8

**SPECIAL  
CSNY EDITION**

*Somethin's  
Happenin'  
here*



**FREE**



**C O M E T O G E T H E R !**" was the cry that became a Movement in the '60s. It was in the heart of a whole generation, fueled by a desire for a love we sensed was possible and a justice we knew the world needed. Woodstock in 1969 offered the hope that people could actually come together and love one another, caring for each other, sticking together like glue, being loyal friends and lovers forever. Something basic in the human spirit was ignited to motivate a new generation to abandon the status quo and strike out to find the elusive dream of love.

The writers of this paper are children of the '60s. We want to touch something deep inside your soul... something more than a memory. If you still have a spark burning to capture the elusive dream of a life of love, our hope is to rekindle it by introducing you to the Movement we were looking for, a real place to belong, and the true hope that does not disappoint. We write with a present hope for the future, not a nostalgic memory of the past.

More than twenty-five years ago, our generation believed that we could change the world by focusing our lives on love, not hate; peace, not war; sharing rather than greed. What was it that gave vision to the Woodstock Nation? Was it real? Where did it go? Is that hope still there in anyone? Is anything left in the soul of the Woodstock generation that still longs for peace on earth and justice for all mankind? Few would argue that we have become very similar to those we once criticized — materialistic, self-centered, and, above all, comfortable.

So, what gives us this hope? We see the changing of our lives into the image of a dream. We actually are learning to love each other — to come together and not fall apart when the going gets tough. We invite you to get to know us, to open up your heart, and see if the same heart that compelled you 30 years ago, just might find fulfillment of that desire that lay dormant beneath the clutter of middle-aged life.

We write to all of our brothers and sisters who may have become "hippie-crits." We remember in our youth how much we despised hypocrisy when we recognized it. It was detestable in our sight. "Not me!" we firmly resolved. But we are around 50 now, the millennium is upon us, and what do we see? Looking back, looking forward, and right in the here and now — we've run out of time to make excuses. We speak in love having come through the '60s and everywhere after that. We've been humbled by the realities of our desperate need for life. We want to share what we've found with you — in the hope that you are still looking for a life of love — only this time, we invite you to come move in to the reality of our life. We can give you the addresses where this true movement of love is happening. Nothing magic or hallucinogenic, just a life where people are learning what it means to love — to love others more than self — and to reap the fruit of the spiritual seeds we are sowing. It produces life and peace, especially in our children. Won't you come see? ❁





# I Came Upon A Child of God...

WE ARE STILL ASKING THE SAME QUESTION THAT JONI MITCHELL ASKED IN 1969. WE THOUGHT WE WOULD FIND THE ANSWER AT YASGUR'S FARM OR SOME PLACE LIKE IT. As children of God walking along the road of life, we still need to get back to the source that can give us a life that will truly set our souls free.

We write to you because we have a present hope to realize this dream and not to present a nostalgic retrospective of the past. Thirty years ago, a whole generation of young people believed that we could "change the world" by focusing our lives on love, not hate; peace, not war; sharing rather than greed. What was it that gave vision to the Woodstock Nation, that inspired people with a spirit worth devoting their lives to? Was it real? Where did it go? Is it still there in you? Is there anything left in the soul of this Woodstock generation that still longs for peace on earth and justice for all mankind? Has this generation grown up and become too upwardly mobile, too comfortable, too cynical for such outdated dreams?

Sincere men and women have longed for love and justice for thousands of years, but have never been able to achieve it. Intellectuals have created intricate philosophical theories in the ivory towers of academia and serious social activists have gone to the streets demonstrating for equality. Idealists have committed their lives to "changing the system" from within, but actually practicing justice in a life together as a people or nation has always remained an elusive dream — utopia, that is, nowhere.

Instead, human history has been a mournful, endless, and winding tale of woe and hardships, murders and border clashes, lies and schemes, the rich oppressing the poor. It's painful to

think about it. It was just as painful thirty years ago when the Movement was in full swing, but we told ourselves we were going to make a difference.



SO NOW, THIRTY YEARS LATER, just what has changed? The problems seem to be the same, or even worse, and the result is that a whole generation of once-hopeful, enlightened, idealistic and beautiful people are now the greatest of cynics, almost completely distrustful, quite selfish and fiercely independent.

Granted, there's a lot to be cynical about. Christianity, for example, after two thousand years of directing the course of Western Civilization, has failed to bring about universal love and justice. Instead, it has been the prime instrument of oppression for countless millions. In the beginning it was a revolution that had the leadership to bring about what people longed for.

In first-century Jerusalem, the "citadel of peace," the a new and radical corporate human experience of love and justice began. It began when Love descended to earth, living and expressing itself in the body of the man Yahshua,<sup>1</sup> the Son of God. What He proclaimed and what He demonstrated to the world was a kingdom of love and justice, showing us what it is like for a human being to care more about the needs of others than about himself. He introduced this life as a whole new social order to be lived out by a people, the new nation of Israel. This life of justice went far beyond caring for others the way you want others to care for you. In fact, its demands were so challenging that it was violently rejected by the majority of his fellow men, and He was murdered in a cruel and unjust

manner. The world makes much of His death and resurrection, but they hardly acknowledge the radical outcome of it all. His Spirit, the Spirit of Love, came like a roaring, mighty wind and

*Well, I came upon a child of God  
He was walking along the road  
And I asked him, "Tell where are you going?"  
This he told me*

*Said, "I'm going down to Yasgur's Farm,  
Gonna join in a rock and roll band  
Got to get back to the land and set my soul free."*

*We are stardust, we are golden,  
We are billion year old carbon,  
And we got to get ourselves back to the garden.*

*"Well, then can I walk beside you?"*

*Woodstock  
Joni Mitchell*



rested on a small band of His followers, those who hungered and thirsted after what was true and life-giving.

What resulted was a whole new society, just like our Master Yahshua had talked about. It was made up of literally thousands of men, women and children living in peace, with no needy among them. His Spirit enabled them to love each other in the same way He loved them, giving up their own time, interests and possessions to meet the needs of others every day. Justice was the result. It began in a rush of enthusiasm that lasted almost to the end of the first century — before it began to disintegrate into the humdrum doctrines and impersonal self-righteousness of present-day Christendom.



WHAT HAPPENED? Why did this mighty and powerful demonstration of justice lose its strength? It waned because Love left that community. The people began going back to the self-seeking lives they had left behind and lost the life they had experienced together. Selfishness grieved Love and insulted Love and drove Love away. For nearly two thousand years Love has been seeking a new community to live in, a body of people who could be Yahshua's own, a nation expressing His character of love and justice to the ends of the earth.

Now Yahshua's Spirit is gathering together men and women from all over the earth, giving them that same life together so that love and justice can be demonstrated for the whole world to see. Once again Love lives in a corporate body on the earth, a new and lasting home. This new home is where He brought us. It's really happening. Love is all you need. Love really is all you need.

It is true love we are talking about, not just an emotional high or an infatuation. In the aftermath of the sixties, tremendous devastation came to the soul of an entire generation that sought love with reckless abandon, jumping headlong into a lifestyle of unbridled freedom. Restraint eroded until it is almost gone. Little did we know that while we were enjoying the sight, smell, taste and touch of the meadows of love, there was a snake in the grass. Evil did exist after all and love cost something.



THIRTY YEARS LATER, coming through middle age still largely searching and unsatisfied, consider the residue of the Woodstock generation: 80% divorce rate, unpaid child support orders, teen suicide, single parents in untold numbers, AIDS, the feminist and gay rights' movements splintered with internal divisions ... and the list goes on ... and on... Loneliness and alienation persist. Mistrust and fear abound in personal relationships. Drugs couldn't fix anything, but only caused the void to

become deeper, leaving irreparable scars in countless numbers of people, many of today's parents.

The children of the '60s wanted the love they sensed was possible and the justice they saw was clearly needed, but didn't know what it would cost to heal the terminal disease in human nature. The only cure is love, but the love of the sexual revolution failed to heal us because it didn't cost anything. That's why it didn't satisfy the longing of our aching souls. True love, the love we were created for, means giving up your life for others, but how can a self-occupied, self-oriented soul possibly love like that? The answer is: it can't.

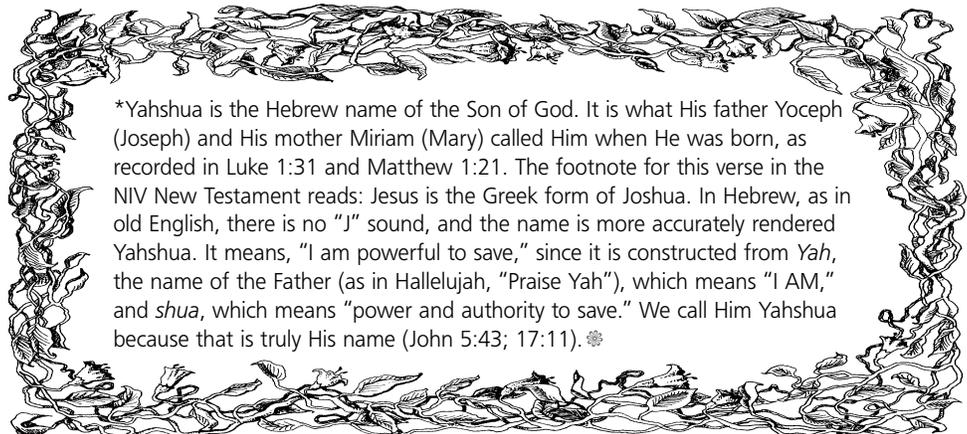


THE ONLY SOLUTION, then, is dying to your old life and getting a new inside — a new heart. Only then can we get on with demonstrating love and justice. The environment for this life is, of course, actual community, like in Jerusalem in the first century, when the very first church established by our Master Yahshua began. This is the elusive dream that we didn't find in the '60s.

Regrettably, the last thirty years have seen us pursue the dream in a less dramatic way. Perhaps it was traveling down the road of self-help, the quest to perfect human nature by self-analysis and self-improvement, or perhaps by single-minded devotion to a worthy cause, or even finding a way to justify pure personal success. Pride keeps a person from admitting how he is inside. The deeper and more personal the defect in your soul, the more fierce the reaction to defend or deny it.

Without Yahshua the only recourse is to get hard, get dull or to escape. That is why scripture advises, "Today if you hear his voice, do not harden your hearts."<sup>2</sup> Instead surrender to him, to his people. His love will not ever fail you.<sup>3</sup> It begins by trusting Yahshua's love for you enough to admit all the hurt and pain, sorrow and inadequacy that is within you. Nothing short of acknowledging this truth and living daily in forgiveness can constitute a true movement toward love and bring about what we longed for at Woodstock in 1969 ... and ever since. ✿

<sup>1</sup>Yahshua — for an explanation of His name, see below; and for who He is, see "Dreamer" on page 27. <sup>2</sup>Psalm 95:7-8, Hebrews 3:15; 4:7 <sup>3</sup>1 Corinthians 13:8



\*Yahshua is the Hebrew name of the Son of God. It is what His father Yoceph (Joseph) and His mother Miriam (Mary) called Him when He was born, as recorded in Luke 1:31 and Matthew 1:21. The footnote for this verse in the NIV New Testament reads: Jesus is the Greek form of Joshua. In Hebrew, as in old English, there is no "J" sound, and the name is more accurately rendered Yahshua. It means, "I am powerful to save," since it is constructed from *Yah*, the name of the Father (as in Hallelujah, "Praise Yah"), which means "I AM," and *shua*, which means "power and authority to save." We call Him Yahshua because that is truly His name (John 5:43; 17:11). ✿



# Be on my side I'll be on your side

## *There's No Reason for You to Hide*

*Down by the River*  
Neil Young

Last month, February 2000, I watched Neil Young intently sing "Down by the River" in one of the West Coast Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young reunion concerts in Sacramento. I couldn't help but reminisce and reflect on the past 30 years since the Sixties when I was in my youthful prime. My life was ahead of me, love was on the horizon, and peace was the answer. Their soothing harmonies and on-target lyrics formed much of the backdrop for the experiences that made my life. The emotional congruence with the memories was right there.

Many miles down life's highway, I am nearly 50 now and happily married since I turned 40. I got to thinking about what Neil was saying as he passionately crooned, "Be on my side, I'll be on your side . . . there is no reason to hide." The other, the partner, the unflinching marriage that everybody wants to last forever and have it work . . . just somebody to love and love you back, regardless. Isn't that what most people want most of all? Why is it so hard to find?

The other day my husband and I were communicating about the Sixties and what it was like for each of us back then when we didn't know each other. Those times were happening. We were in the midst of them. He said it simply, "I didn't know how to find the kind of life I was looking for."



I knew what he meant. I know it is still true for many.

It made me thankful for the covenant love I have with my husband, our children, and with a whole people. It means we stick together through thick and thin, the good times and the hard times, the painful episodes as well as the happy ones. We love each

I want to tell you how to find it, in case you are one who is interested. God, the One who really did create the universe, has made it to offer to anyone who is willing to pay the price. The price is everything. Like the song says, "Be on my side, I'll be on your side... there is no reason for you to hide." Back then we were content with



knowing where we wanted to go – toward love, peace, and equality, but we never knew too much about what the cost would be, at a personal level, and also to the earth. There is no reason to hide where there is trust and where there is surrender of selfishness. Knowing love is the answer doesn't give anyone the power to do it.

Have you just settled for something less, simply surviving with what matters most to you and abandoning the lofty ideals that once seemed so right to your youthful heart? Have the valleys, ruts, disappointments, and hurts of life changed the desires of your heart or have you simply given up looking for something you don't even believe is possible any more?

Despite all the hopes, promises, and dreams of the Sixties and its genera-

tion, it didn't really pan out the way we hoped: that we could fix things and make the world a better place to live. More love, less hate; more equality, less greed; more freedom, less oppression, and the list goes on. As we enter the new millennium the world is fatally polluted. Is the family mortally wounded and its blessings a forgotten mirage?

Hope is not a word too often used. Maybe because people don't even think too much in that realm any more, but they have settled into simply surviving until it all ends, one way or the other. Do you even know what you believe in your heart? Or do you just proceed along, driven by the circumstances or the analyses of your mind? In 1985 I faced the reality that I didn't know what I really believed about God.

I had drifted so far from the Catholicism I grew up relying on, that God wasn't even an issue in my life.

But then I met a people who had love for each other every day and I couldn't forget them and the way they were. I began to grope for God because somewhere deep down I didn't believe He didn't exist and I became obsessed with finding out the truth about Him. It began to matter to me. The amazing part is that I found Him and His people and now I am beginning to know Him and He is bringing healing to my life, just like He promised. His Son is the Healer Yahshua (Hebrew for Yahweh's salvation) and He is love, knows love, and teaches love. If somewhere deep inside your heart you still long for the hope you had in the Sixties that peo-

# Is God Real?

## Are We Honest with Our Children ~ And with Ourselves?



HAVING RECEIVED THE GIFT OF FAITH fifteen years ago, when I heard the words of a sent one who had proclaimed the good news to me so that I could really believe, I am perplexed at how many people seem to toy with a religion, while not really taking it seriously. In American society today it is a hot topic: "How do you connect with God?" and "Just what exactly do you teach your children?" and "How do you handle the parts you disagree with?"

It fascinates me how people pick and choose what to believe and what not to believe. Is it based on what they like, or what feels good, or what their spouse does, or what church is in the neighborhood? Is a comfortable religion often selected by fellow believers based on a good report about the local pastor by word of mouth? Is it returning



ple could live together simply, share what they had, raise their children with “a code that they could live by” learning how not to be selfish and to renounce greed, Yahshua is the One who can teach you, and your children after you.

He has been doing that with us for over 25 years and we are changing. We belong to Him and to each other and He belongs to us, If you want to see if this life is for real, come visit us, for a day or to stay. No one is too messed up or too far gone to qualify. All you need is the heart. No application forms and no deposit, just all of you. Like the song says, “Be on my side, I’ll be on your side... there is no reason for you to hide.” ❁

*Hannah*



to the church you were raised in or going in the opposite direction because of your revulsion to that way?

Does it matter or is it just a way to inculcate basic decency in children in the face of a drastically decaying moral order? Nearly ten years ago, I read a series of essays in the *Utne Reader* on the spiritual quest of the American people as the biggest story of the next half-century. In some ways what I read was predictable and basic; in other aspects I was astounded. It was not surprising to read of the diversity of various quests to find God and the need to rely on him in some way as they face life on this planet. The astounding part was the simultaneous nonchalance at what choice anyone made, as if it was inconsequential, as if it didn’t affect God or the individual or the course of human history. The question I have is why bother believing in God or practicing a faith if it doesn’t affect anything? What keeps people going on that track?



I noted a blasé indifference on the part of one mother “who was trying to select which myth to teach her child.” She wanted to inspire a sense of mystery and awe. I asked myself, “How is she going to do that if she doesn’t believe it herself?” In the context of the piece, it seemed like my question was irrelevant. Then I read about another mother who “didn’t want to be dishonest with her children about God.” A noble endeavor, I thought, but it didn’t seem she had much confidence in what’s true about God. It seemed like if she really knew, being honest about it wouldn’t be a problem.

I wanted to instinctively herd all these people, mostly parents, into a big tent and say, “Hey, listen! If you’re in the market for God, hold out for the one you can really believe in. Don’t settle for anything less! Don’t pretend with your children or put up a charade... What’s the point?”



The way I see it is like this: either God is real or He isn’t. I believe he is. If He is, I believe He has a plan and a way. I wanted to find it; I didn’t want to pretend to find it. I wanted to do one of two things with my life: either find His way or do it my way. All I can say is that I am so thankful to have found His way and know that it is His way because it is obvious. The people I live with and share my life with have love. They have abandoned everything else to follow God. He comes first and it is evident — you can see it by how they are. The results are undeniable in the people, their children and in myself — I can tell He is changing me. I’m no fanatic, but I’m glad I was able to receive faith when I saw the truth before my very eyes.

Please don’t settle for less. Your life is too precious to the One who is real. He is waiting for you if it is in your heart to be His. ❁



# WOOD

'69 There was something in the air... something like hope, like electric excitement, a vision of a better life, a new society,

we called it the Woodstock nation. That summer, the image of the earth hanging like a blue sapphire sparkling against the black velvet backdrop of space had changed our planetary consciousness. We were stardust, we were golden. We knew we were caught in the devil's bargain but we just HAD to get ourselves back to the garden. Mankind's time on this planet spinning in space was numbered and we saw it with sudden clear vision. The age of hatred, war, selfish gain, and greed had to come to an end. We needed a new start.

The peace sign was a symbol of an underground movement, a new society, with no barriers, where people could be real. It didn't matter anymore how you looked, how you dressed, what color your skin was. Flashing the peace sign meant we were brothers, we were in it together in that search for a better society. We were breaking out of the establishment, setting our souls free, all the guns exploding into space. Marijuana was a symbol, too, not only of the escape, but of the camaraderie of that new society where we were brothers, invited into the intimate circle of sharing. We believed it was the dawning of the age of Aquarius, the new age when peace would rule the planet and love would rule the stars.

*Harmony and understanding  
Sympathy and trust abounding  
No more falsehood or division  
Crystal dreams of golden vision  
And the mind's true liberation.*

But even then, like the song from the popular Broadway play of the time, *Hair*, exposed there was still something deeply wrong with people's hearts.

How can people be so heartless? How can people be so cruel?



Easy to be hard, easy to say no. Especially people who care about the in crowd, who care about evil and social injustice! How can you ignore the bleeding crowd? You know I'm hung up on you. Easy to be cold. Easy to say no.

It was still easy for us to be heartless and cold, to turn our backs on our friends in their time of need, to use relationships for our own selfish gratification. Many trusting souls headed into that new age only to be burnt, hurt, their souls permanently scarred and damaged.

Into the new age we were carrying that seed of falsehood and division that we hated so much, because in truth we couldn't get ourselves back to the garden. There was something fundamentally wrong. We didn't have the power to love. That evil system, the establishment we rejected grabbed greedily onto the popular images, symbols, lyrics and music of the sixties and watered it down until Beatles' songs were playing on the muzak and Peter Max posters were on secretaries' office walls, and those who peddled them were smiling all the way to the bank. Where are you now, Woodstock nation? ❁



# STOCK

'99



There was something in the air. Something like agitation, a frustrated excitement waiting to break forth, a hope for escape from a mindless existence, a desperate hope for acceptance and approval in a disapproving society. Some were looking for a nostalgic feeling, some for a good time, maybe at someone else's expense. A few were still looking for the Woodstock nation of peace and love.

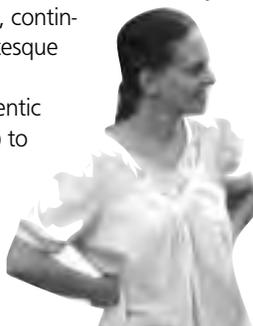
But the heartlessness that was sensed in the sixties had had 30 more years to develop. The unjust system, the Establishment, now more firmly established than ever after 30 years, continued to exploit the images of peace and love in a grotesque and selfish manner. Woodstock Amusement Park.

Young people gathered together around any authentic old hippies they could find ("Were you really there?") to take pictures as a souvenir to show off back home along with their "I survived Woodstock 99" t-shirts. The lyrics had lost their vision of prophetic hope for peace and love and had become an expression of rage, filthy revelry, and mockery.

These were the precious fruit of the Woodstock generation...their beautiful sons and daughters whose rage against the machine finally turned back on one another in the climactic outbreak of violence on the last night.

*America, where are you now?  
Don't you care about your sons and daughters?  
Don't you know they need you now?  
They can't fight alone against the Monster.*

**Steppenwolf**



Could our children's rage against the machine, the same Monster we were up against, have anything to do with the fact that their parents said, "We won't get fooled again!" and yet subtly traded one illusion for another? Are we still caught in the devil's bargain? And oh, how obvious is our desperate need to get back to the garden! Do you know the way? ❁

*Ruth*



*A voice says, 'Cry out!'  
 And I said, 'What shall I cry?'  
 All flesh is grass and all its beauty is  
 like the flower of the field.  
 The grass withers, the flower fades,  
 when the breath of Yahweh  
 blows upon it  
 The grass withers, the flower fades,  
 but the word of our God will  
 stand forever.*

Yeshaiyah (Isaiah) 40:6-8

Yeshaiyah the seer captured an essential quality of human life in his vision — our beauty is kin to that of flowers. We share a brief and intense life in common; when mature, we flower and burst forth with seed for future generations. As for them, everyone recognizes their colorful make-up, how it lures the eye of wandering insects, assuring that next summer the meadows will again be clothed with splendor. We humans likewise desire to generate

in beauty and bring forth others who will be like us.

One summer day my imagination was stirred by the love that was all around me and from that day forward I yearned to participate in a new life that was filling our country. And like me, for many Americans now alive, 1967 to 1973 were the years of our flowering. We lived, breathed and drank in a colorful, passion-filled time; work, travel, music, and politics plunged us into monumental joys and sufferings; we experienced an endless summer brimming with hopes and dreams. All during the Woodstock years, from that first "summer of love" to the close of the Vietnam war, we burst into flower, faded, and scattered the seed of our generation all across the United States. We bore the seed and carried the new raw love that burned in our blood; we built the bridge from the last generation to the present, from our parents to now; we

were the flower children — young, innocent, and short-lived.

☪

The summer of love almost slipped by me like a day lily's brief appearing. My one true glimpse of it was like a French sailor gawking at the enchanting natives of a Tahitian village. Sixty red-blooded Boy Scouts from Ohio and I spent two weeks in the furnace heat of Idaho's Farragut State Park. To cap off the adventure, we bussed to Seattle for a free evening before taking the ferry to Vancouver Island. A few friends and I rode the monorail to the old World's Fair site in search of excitement. Everywhere we walked, young hippies filled the grass and paths. It was like going from a foreign legion outpost in the Sahara to Paris. We stood out like sore thumbs in our olive-drab uniforms, dark green knee socks, red tassels on our garters, and wide-brimmed "Smokey the Bear" Stetsons. All around barefoot teenage

girls drifted by, some in long-length white cotton dresses, some in clinging Indian prints, some in bell bottoms and peasant smocks with hand-embroidered designs, some with flowers in their hair, or head bands, or beads and garlands around their necks. They looked like part of an Indian tribe, or like medieval minstrels, or gypsies. We looked like Mayor Daley's police or the National Guard at Kent State. The sweetly acrid smell of marijuana burned on the evening breeze. They were around my age, yet casual, un-self-conscious, absorbed in another reality I wasn't even aware of, neither out of place nor awkward in the slightest. Had someone explained what they were into, I might have deserted right on the spot and never gone home. Who knows? Two more years were still to pass before I bought my first pair of bell bottoms and tried the drugs of the freak culture.

For flowers to grow, the tiny seeds must first fall into the earth and die. For a long time, the little seed in my heart remained buried before it began to grow. Little roots went down — Timothy Leary's interview in *Playboy*, Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*, the Beatles' *Magical Mystery Tour*. Similar to the tactics of a communist on US soil, I hid underground, biding the time, awaiting the right opportunity. Secretly, anonymously, I took root — thinking, reading, watching, preparing for the days ahead when my ideals could be expressed openly.



A "Death of God" theology course the following summer paved my way into hippiedom. Without God, nothing ultimately mattered. Why shouldn't I do anything I felt like?

Who was keeping track of me? Who was watching? My theology professor, an old Kierkegaardian, led me down the primrose path of his master's genius, which, I soon learned, forked into three main branches. One led to an ethical life, one to an aesthetic, and one to a sensual. Which would be right for me? Should I live doing what was right, or for beauty, or for pleasure? Should I be a monk, a Mozart, or a Don Juan? Without much forethought I chose the aesthetic and began to look for truth in beauty and beauty in truth. Among life's most beautiful things, I



reasoned, I might find something worth living for. The ground rules I set for myself were simple: art was the most beautiful part of life, film the greatest art; nature the most beautiful part of the earth, and hippies the most beautiful people. Yet, barely a few months down the path, I suddenly stopped short — even the most beautiful experiences in life were filled with the ominous presence of death. Why?

In the old German tale *Faust*, the world-weary savant conjures up a spirit one dark night in his study. With

hopes of learning the meaning of life, he embarks on a quest, guided by Mephistopheles, the devil. The cost of the experience will be his soul, the wager hinging on the devil's confidence that he could wear down the ever-restless *Faust* and finally get him to say "verweile doch, du bist so schön" (linger a little, you are so beautiful) to something he would not want to let go. I, too, awaited the same — that one agonizingly beautiful moment where everything made total sense and deserved to go on forever. As close as I came, my years as a flower child never fulfilled that wish.

There were times, tripping or stoned or close to nature that the awesome splendor and the painful briefness of life drove me deep into despair and near to giving up my own *Faust*-like quest for beauty. Why couldn't we always be tripping? Why did we have to come down? Why couldn't my friends and I stay like this forever — care-free, young, unambitious, giddy with purposelessness? Still, behind every one of such fine moments hid the unrelenting Mephistopheles, quick to snatch even that brief glory out of our hands.

He knew how to draw us on, how to tantalize and further promise and then lock us up forever in the prison of his insane world. Behind the beauty of every experience lurked a hopeless despair, an agonizing feeling of helplessness and futility. All the flowers were meant to fade and every relationship to fail. A sense of impending doom damned every endeavor. "There's a thorn tree in the garden, if you know just what I mean," Eric Clapton sang. The thorn tree was death. We had to get back to the garden, but the cost of getting there was

enormous — the thorn tree blocked our way.

So I had to settle for a different garden. It was lush and relieving. All around lay low-lying hills, lakes, streams, waterfalls, meadows and woods. Nearby, too, was the ocean, low dunes, reeds, and saltwater marshes. Yet in spite of all this beauty there often came the terrible lonely feeling of not fitting in. It didn't matter where I was, stoned or not. The sensation that I was out of place overwhelmed me. Sitting

on a cliff's edge watching the hawks gyre and soar on the updrafts, or on a lawn beneath a shade tree, I knew that nature was doing what it was meant to do. I knew that plants and bushes and flowers were all fitting in their proper place, but I, strangely enough, wasn't. They were in harmony with the wind, the air, the sun, the rocks, the tender skin of the earth, the cool waters, and the fiery heat of day. But I was alone, a stranger and an outcast. Thoughts like these continually disquieted me. Even in the stupor of being high I couldn't dull my senses enough to the awful feeling that I didn't fit into the realm of nature as all the other parts did.



I felt a horrible outrage at the thought of death. It was so unjust, like a knife stab to the heart or the twist of a screw deep within. One day I wouldn't be on the earth watching the sun come up in all its peacefulness or see the moon rising in the early twilight. I wouldn't be around when the apple trees came into bloom to fill the air with fragrance or when the lilacs

came out drenching the evening, or when the daffodils covered the hillsides. The clouds would come and go and I wouldn't be there to notice them. I wouldn't be able to see the sparkle of sunlight on water or feel the raw salt wind off the Sound, or sniff the soft balm of melting snow. The seasons and life would run on without me. It would never halt and wait till I was there. Was there anything more unfair than that? In all his wisdom, Shakespeare could only



say, "Golden lads and girls all must, like chimney sweepers, come to dust."

There was little consolation in Georg Buechner's thought: Christ was the greatest Epicurean because he knew when to die, or in Jacques Brell's lyrics, "It's hard to die in the spring, you know," or in Omar Khayyam's quatrain:

*When you and I behind the veil  
are past,  
Oh, but the long, long while the  
World shall last,  
Which of our Coming and  
Departure heeds  
As the Sea's self should heed  
a pebble-cast.*

It wasn't fair that I would have to lie beneath the ground year after year and miss everything. Death was horrid and ugly; I didn't want to be a disembodied spirit, chained in the deepest recesses of the earth, held in agony by the excruciating, crushing loneliness. Who didn't dread the stillness, the imprisonment, the horror, the hopelessness, the helpless despair? And the conscious waiting that would go on — every second of every hour, day after day, year by year. The

torment of mind would be acute, the pangs more fierce than losing someone you truly loved. Over and over again would be the thoughts of my conscience and the clutches of hopeless darkness all around.



Like seeing the fleeting glory of summer give way to the frost, I watched the splendor of our flowering wither and our innocence fade. As I wrestled with my fears of facing death, others around me struggled

against the pressure of careers and the loss of their ideals. It seemed as if we were all on the same road again; this time, however, the road was heading back to the world we had just left behind. Fighting tears of hurt and pain and regret we longed for the days when our troubles (and our cynicism) were so far away. Yet... unknown to all but a few, at that very moment a new kind of community was being born. The wonderful story of how it came about is told on the following page..

*John*



# LOVE STORY

What is love and who can teach us anyhow? Who can explain it to us after all these years? Listen closely. If you're humble enough and willing enough to pay the price to love, really love like you were created to, then this account of how our Father in heaven turns His heart toward us may capture your heart after all these years!

Our Father in heaven, who created us in His own image, knows that fallen mankind has to live for themselves. He knows that living for yourself is a curse that makes individuals as well as whole societies miserable, unable to love the way our hearts tell us we were created to love. The fact that we cannot escape our own selfishness is supposed to convince us that we are under a curse and in need of a way out. Our Father also knows that the world is ruled by a very intelligent angel of light who is evil and whose nature is that of a deceiver. He knows that this evil being hates all of mankind because man, both male and female, are the image bearers of God, and the evil one hates God. Because God, our Father, loves all of mankind, He gave all human beings a conscience which, if obeyed, will preserve the

image of God in that individual. This is the covenant that He made with all men of the nations — that through the restraint of conscience, men would grope for Him, acknowledge Him in the creation and His image in his fellow man.

But the love of God for all of mankind goes even deeper than the covenant of conscience. His heart's desire is to rescue everyone from the curse of trying to satisfy self at the expense of others. God established a greater covenant, one that would restore and heal His image in man and enable all who entered into that covenant to express the love and unity of God to all of creation, what we all know instinctively that we should be able to do. To establish this covenant, He sent His Son into the world as a man, just like you and me. His name was Yahshua, which means "Yahweh is mighty and powerful to save." After demonstrating to the world what God's love is like as a human being, He poured out His life's blood as a rejected man among thieves and murderers. This blood is what established the new and better covenant with mankind.

Entrance into this covenant was now based on seeing the worth of Yahshua

enough to surrender totally to His love. If you could see that He died for you, lifted the curse, and made a way to put His love in your heart by His Spirit, and provided a body, a community for you to live in as a new creation, then you would give your whole life to Him. The terms of the covenant is life for life. Yahshua was the first-born of a new creation of man, one that is free from self-life. Everyone is invited to enter into this new covenant and experience the only true Renaissance, a rebirth into this new creation. This is the only way we can be set free to love.

The life expressed through this new creation is a tribal, communal life where everyone shares voluntarily all they have and all they are. It is expressed in the Twelve Tribes, a spiritual nation where marriages express the oneness of God, and fathers turn their hearts to their children, and children turn their hearts back to their fathers. This is the fruit of the new covenant. It is a true sign or witness or demonstration that God sent His Son into the world to save the world, that He loves all of mankind, and that the restoration of all things is beginning to happen.✿

# teach your children



**W**hen the song “Teach Your Children” first came out on the *Déjà Vu* album, I was a senior in college and becoming solidly convinced never to have children. How could I bring a child into the world I inherited and give answers to life’s questions that I had no answer for myself?

That album defined my life in many ways hoping that if I carried on, somehow love would come to us all. So, I continued to cast off everything my daddy taught me so I could be myself. I hoped that if I continued to settle for loving the one I was with,

someday such a path of freedom would establish a code that I could live by on the road I was travelling.

To have children period seemed irresponsible to me. How could I teach them a way that didn’t work for me? I never saw any code to live by that reached the heart of my friends in 1969. The only thing LSD made clear to me was my deep irreparable selfishness. I cried over it. I hoped mind expansion would truly set me free. No wonder it didn’t- for even recently deceased Timothy Leary, it seems, was experimenting on all

of us in some kind of cooperation with the CIA.

The point is now like it was then: what code are we following that gives hope to the generation after us?

I could surely criticize my parents for their code but what could I live by and teach to my children? Would it produce a life of love and peace that lasted, on an earth that we took care of?

This dilemma was my personal hell and it didn’t slowly go by. It got worse and worse as the “Movement” started looking more and more like the past I

hoped would be a good-bye. For myself and many others, increasing compromise became my reality. From Silicon Valley to Back Bay and from the organic farms to the luxury condos, my generation became the upwardly mobile, hip generation... comfortable and independent. It all came at a great price of extreme alienation still without a code to live by - except to just survive or succeed. Still no answers to teach our children to love better.

The world of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, in spite of all the political and marketing strategies to make our calloused and cynical hearts think everything's going to turn out OK, is in deep trouble. Especially for our children and now the grandchildren. We still haven't taught them by example a code that they can live by that our hearts believed in in 1969. The result is Columbine and continuing similar tragedies. Today our children are killing themselves and each other instead of the National Guard or the Viet Cong. So who is the enemy?

How can a generation of parents teach a generation of children anything worth knowing

when there is no solid foundation to live by? Will we rely on the example of the First Family, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton? Parents and children alike have lapsed into dullness. Lulled by the media and hypertechnology, they look into the future and see the false hope of globalization as the only salve for this madness.

Maybe along the road you really will meet a child of God who is going somewhere that can set your soul free. Along the desperate road my soul travelled, I met a child of God who showed me a life of love in a people that don't live for themselves. I asked them where they were going and they told me how to get there. The key was forgiveness and the door was the man, Yahshua, who lived a life of love 2000 years ago. He passed it

on to a few people who could sense the times they lived in. They told me that Christianity distorted what He taught and didn't live the way He lived.

When I saw, felt, touched, and experienced this life they spoke of, I knew it was real, like nothing I'd ever seen. I knew this life and the Spirit that brought it about was the code I could live by. Since then, I've had six children and, along with the friends I live with, have taught them daily in a life they can lay hold of... and

they're getting it, deep in their hearts. This life and spirit is now being shared between my children and me, my friends and their children. Together a nation is being born... The Movement has begun! ❁

*Hakam*

***“You who are on the road,  
Must have a Code that you can live by  
And so become yourself  
Because the past is just a good-bye.  
Teach your children well*”**

***Teach Your Children  
Graham Nash***



Where can we turn? Where can we lead our children? The Woodstock generation is left graying, still looking for spiritual roots and foundations to stand on. Many still haven't settled. They haven't landed because they haven't found home where a real life together exists. For those of you who are still looking for God and don't know where to find him, we're here to tell you that He is real. He's more than a myth and we've found His life on earth. ❁

# the Deception of Liberal Thinking

Children of the sixties above all hated hypocrisy. To be a hypocrite means to lie or deceive. A hypocrite is a deceiver, pretender, faker, swindler, charlatan, imposter, fraud or cheat. It is everything despised by those who invested themselves in the Movement. Nobody likes to be tricked, made a fool of, laid waste by someone else's selfishness.

In the Sixties it seemed like much of what the American Dream stood for was hypocrisy. The Establishment only got the "haves" established at the expense of the "have-nots." We wanted to fix it so badly. We wanted there to be love and justice for everyone without discrimination. There should be no rich or poor, black or white, male or female – just treat everybody fair and equal. Isn't that what the Constitution stood for and what love demanded?

Something in the longing human heart knew it was true: love was the answer – it had to be the answer. If the problem was hate and greed, it follows that the answer would be love. Who was it that told us it would be easy to love anyway? Hmm...?

I can't hear you.

Nobody ever stopped to wonder too hard about who was going to teach us selfish human beings how to love. Did any of the prophets and philosophers demonstrate it beyond the rhetoric?

The Sixties proclaimed "All you need is love." Many believers trust that God is love. Could you say that "All you need is God?" Maybe, depending upon the god you decide to believe in. It has to be the right one, the one whose truth is worth banking on.

The bottom line is that the real God is really true. So He's the One you want to



find. Forget the hypocrites, the pretenders. He is good and real and just and He is love. It is work to believe in Him in the face of the schemes of evil. Evil is smart, too, very deceptive, and very skilled at leading us to believe that lies are true. Evil does not want us to believe God is true.

Therefore he artfully uses us, robs us, violates us, and tells us it was God that did it. Who would want to believe in a God like that anyway? Many are trapped in the snare, just like Eve was. Liberals, especially. It sounded like a good point, the question evil asked Eve. It led her to doubt God's goodness toward her. She fell for it. I used to be a liberal; it was the same thing. The deception is subtle, not obvious. I had a tender heart that hated injustice and believed that people could fix it if they just focused on the right things and were not greedy and selfish.

BUT, now I see, no one ever told us where we were going to get the power to not be greedy and selfish. Would it be subjective, left to every man and woman's own best judgment? The rich

often do that, convincing themselves that "I worked hard for it; I deserve it."

The basic lie of liberalism is to believe that man can fix it alone, without God, through education and human effort. In an effort to upgrade the human condition liberals often inadvertently assault the essence of humanity: the human will, which all humans have, making them accountable for their choices. The "victim" spirit that prevails today is wicked; it is wicked because it excuses the choices people make and blames it on their unfortunate circumstances. Remember the heroes and heroines that were credited with glory because they somehow "rose above" those circumstances? How did they do it? They cultivated character and trusted something beyond their own understanding and their own righteousness. By and large they believed in God and His goodness; they clung to it. In the face of hardship, they did not get bitter, blame God and choose evil instead, justifying themselves while doing so. They took accountability and kept on devoting

themselves to righteousness in the face of trying circumstances, instead of finding an excuse to choose evil and fail to take responsibility for their own choice.

I'll offer you a few examples.

The Word of God teaches man to discipline his children, to spank them in love, so that they will learn a way that they will not depart from when they are old. They will be raised to be respectful and obedient, God-fearing and humble. Dr. Benjamin Spock convinced a whole generation of parents that spanking was bad and permissiveness was good for children.

He wrote books that were bibles for new theories of child-raising that were relied upon by a whole generation, at least. Social workers in the name of state authority could take people's children, deeming them unfit if they failed to adhere to the doctrines of Dr. Spock. Recently before his death, Benjamin Spock apologized and said he was wrong; his theories about raising children were hypotheses, but they did not bear out. In practice, healthy, responsible adults were not the outcome. It is good that he acknowledged this, but what about the people that got duped believing what he said? You may still be one of them. Whether you know it or not, it was a lie; it remains a lie, whether you believe it is or not.

What about equality between the sexes and among the races? That sounds good too. Let's do it! Let's fight for it, let's force it. Legislate. Protest injustice. Demand even Stephen and scream if it is anything less than that. Look at the last 30-40 years of strife trying to make equality happen. Where are we in those battles? Equality has certainly not arrived, but bitterness and division over the issues continues to plague both the sexes and the races.

What about the differences between men and women and among the races? Aren't they nice? Shouldn't we respect them, instead of pretending that everyone is identical? Isn't every human being entitled to respect and fair treatment because they are created in the image and likeness of God? Why don't

we opt for God's way instead and fix it when we fall short? Why don't we strive for decency and civility between everybody and apply that standard in our daily encounters and help others when they miss the mark, instead of trying to claim money damages for the wrong? Laws can't fix the selfish heart of man. God's law of love is already available for people to obey. There is no law against it. Such equality cannot be achieved apart from the love of God reigning in the human heart. To gain such love, one must surrender self, give up one's own life as most important.

Liberals practice the philosophy that people do not choose evil and that educating people to do good, to do the right thing, is the hope of fixing social problems. The assumption is that once



*Now I see that no one ever told us  
where we were going to get the power  
to not be greedy and selfish.*

the right thing is known, somehow people will inevitably do it, as if self-interest is not an obstacle. This philosophy is a lie, grounded in deceit by evil. It fools good people big time. It pretends that evil does not exist and also that people do not choose it. It effectively erases accountability from people choosing between right and wrong and paying the consequences. It is a good thing to learn as a child that selfishness is bad and why. Instead, a permissive, deceived parent will say "Oh, they are only children; they will grow out of it." But they don't, what they

grow is selfish, believing it is socially acceptable. Liberalism tends to cause people to make excuses for why they do what they do, rather than simply acknowledging sin – greed, selfishness, anger, impatience, etc. At least when you feel guilt it serves a function. It helps you know that you did something bad that you can be sorry for! This is why we have a conscience – to help us stay in good standing. When we don't we fall lower and lower, and become duller and duller. We have no hope because we forget God and his promises and the options He made for man to have faith and trust and recover from the consequences of sin. There is no recovery if you go too far.

But there is hope! There is hope if you are willing to admit that you have been deceived! If you are willing to believe that you have been duped by listening to lies and now you really want to hear the truth, you may be able to hear. You just have to be willing in your heart. Forgiveness for all the fallen things you've done and seen and heard is available! Because it is true: God is that good and that loving, and anybody who tells you differently is a liar, a deceiver, not worthy of leaning your life upon. If you

want to know why you should trust the truth of Yahshua's forgiveness and promise of a new life that does not disappoint, it is because He paid the price ahead of you (death) and He received the glory (resurrected) so you could trust it and follow him. Any other path is deceived.

If you are a child of the '60s and the ideals that once were all important to you when you had hope no longer run your life and direct its course, then you may be a hippie-crit. ❁

*Janie*

# Confessions

## of a Former Feminist

I am 47 now, menopause and middle age solidly upon me. Still, being a woman remains a challenge; being a new woman, “a new thing on the earth who encompasses a man” (Jer 31:22), the greatest challenge. No kidding. Is it any wonder that it would be all but impossible for a man to rule over a woman these days, with her giving voluntary surrender to his heart, thus fulfilling her created purpose? (Gen 3:16). Not only that, but also doing her part to restore the universe in the process? (Rev 12:1). Woman is the key, but feminists won’t like the recipe.

When I was a little girl around nine years old, I learned how to avoid little boys who gave me a hard time. I didn’t like being chased and caught, teased and made the center of attention. It hurt. I did something about it. I did my best to avoid situations like that. It worked pretty well.

I went to private schools for girls and to a woman’s college. In social settings, I only dealt with men whom I wanted to relate to and I did so on my terms. I cherished my heart and my feelings. I didn’t want to spend them on anything but the real thing. During the rise of feminism in the ’70s and ’80s (in my twenties and thirties), I judged that I had done the wise and right thing to

protect myself. I thought I had fared well in guarding myself from being unnecessarily hurt by men. I could cite a litany of my relationships, feeling like I had come out the other side relatively unscathed.

But as the years pass and the love of my husband brings healing to my life, I am only just beginning to realize some of the hurts that I caused men in the process. I had no idea, and what’s worse, I don’t even remember thinking about it.

I have been a new woman (Havah Hadashah) and a disciple of Yahshua for twelve years now. As time moves on, the scales are being lifted from my eyes and I am seeing more and more clearly how I have been deceived by schemes of evil, contrary to God, and how women today are probably

the most deceived women of all time. To be deceived means to believe something to be true that is not true, even though you believe it with all your heart.

Being deceived is the sin of Eve and of all women. It is sin because we are all accountable for what and who we believe (Proverbs 17:4). Do we trust good or evil, truth or lies? Eve doubted

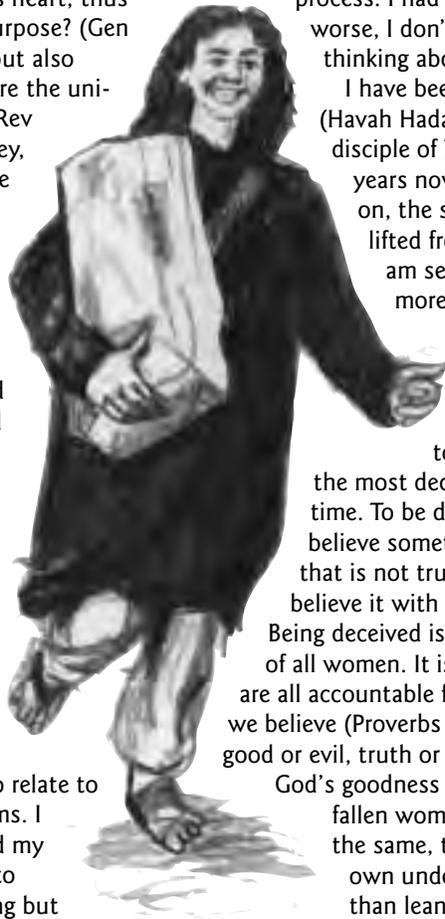
God’s goodness toward her and fallen women continue to do the same, trusting in their own understanding rather than leaning on God and man. It is not theory; it is reality. Look around you — can you see it everywhere?

I’ll give you just one example of a

deception that plagued me for years and I didn’t even know it. It is near and dear to my heart. When I was twenty-two, I suddenly fell madly in love when I least expected it. It was mutual. He was a few years younger and it took us both by surprise. It lasted a few months and then “puff!” — he was gone. It vanished faster than it arrived. I was devastated. It caused me great pain for years and I never could figure out what happened, no matter how much I pined away over it. I believed our love was true and I was utterly perplexed at what caused the bottom to drop out of it. We had no fight, no falling out, no final phone call — just “puff!” Communication about it just didn’t or couldn’t happen. I never could reach any resolve in myself about it. Occasionally I would see him around. Mystified as I was by the whole thing, my tender heart toward him remained. I never felt distant or estranged or bitter, just severed. We had not been unkind to each other.

The years came and went. He married. When I saw a photograph of his bride in the newspaper, I knew he did not love her. Then the decades came and went. We had a few good conversations about life, never really about us. He divorced, moved on in his work, remarried. The warmth between us was never absent on the very rare occasion that we would cross paths.

A few years back my husband and I were talking. He told me he thought that this particular relationship took a chunk out of my life that I never recovered from. He didn’t know how or why; he just sensed it. I knew it was the truth. I was surprised how he could single it out like that because the relationship had lasted only a few months. He wanted to



help me. He wanted me to recover. He was not threatened. He always trusts my love and need for him. We talked in detail. He told me it was pretty simple what happened twenty years ago — I had devastated my old love when I said no to getting married. It was more than he could handle. The human heart was not meant to “handle” such things.

“I wasn’t ready.” “It didn’t mean I didn’t love him.” “My parents couldn’t take it.” On and on. I had many reasons. But the fact is that I was as much “in love” with him as I knew how to be back then and it had never once, not in twenty-some years, occurred to me that I had hurt him like that, that I had driven him away by my unwillingness to become his wife. I felt so stupid and so bad. I broke down crying when I finally saw what had happened and faced the reality of how I had hurt him. I knew his life had not been particularly happy. I had such deep regret in me for hurting his heart, his loving heart that I thought I had treasured. The spirit of the times deceived me to think something else was more important — my life, my career, my selfish ambition. I trusted it. I believed a lie, but nevertheless I am the one responsible for what I did. It has taken me thirty years to see how our “free love” cost a lot — a whole lot.

So last year, after 24 years, I looked him up, went to his place of business, walked in the door and said I had something to tell him. He was stunned and not unhappy to see me. He made the time and we laughed. I confessed to him what I had just learned, telling him how embarrassed I was never to have realized my own selfishness and insensitivity. I repented to him in tears for hurting him, for not trusting the depth of his heart toward me enough to lean my life on him. I had used him and didn’t even know it. All along I had unconsciously presumed that he was as selfish as I was. I was very wrong. He was in stunned disbelief that I never knew why he stopped coming around. He stared right at me, right through me and out the other side saying, “I thought you knew. I thought you knew you were the one that ended it. I loved you.” I assured him in utter shame that what I was telling him was the truth. We both cried and smiled. I don’t think the pain

of how I hurt him will ever be gone for me, but I know I am forgiven and rejoice that at least now I am beginning to see these ways as sin, confess them, and receive mercy.

The problem between us was that our relationship went ahead of being in a covenant — a covenant of marriage. It is not the way it is supposed to be. Feminism doesn’t teach you much, if anything, deeper than a woman’s own self-interest. Feminism is a lie. It is a

*“Girl when I was on  
my own*

*Chasing you down  
What was it made  
you run?*

*Trying your best just  
to get around.*

*The questions of a  
thousand dreams*

*What you do and  
what you see*

*Lover can you talk to  
me?*

*Carry On  
Stephen Stills*

deceitful scheme designed to rob women and men both. Don’t do to someone else what you don’t want them to do to you. Remember? The Golden Rule. Why is it that women can fault what men do to them, but see it as their right to do the same thing back, or worse? Do you recall the popularity of the movie *First Wives*, glorifying revenge? It is an evil approach to life that cannot make anyone happy except those who glory in evil.

Often women feel used by men sexually — after the fact. But if they didn’t sleep with men whom they were not willing to surrender their lives to, then they would not get used in that way. Neither would men. The deception is

that women don’t face how seriously they hurt men in relationships — it is wicked that they justify it. It is just as evil as men misusing women. Both men and women forget that they will have to give account for how they relate to one another, not on their terms, but on God’s, who designed the protected covenant of marriage where intimacy could be cherished and blessed.

The sooner men and women realize they need each other to be men and women, according to God’s created purpose (Gen 1:24-28), the better it will be — for everybody, including the children, the future adults on this planet. A man and a woman being one the way God intended — man ruling from a place of giving up his life for his wife, and woman surrendering totally to his love — is the beginning of restoration. It is the opposite of broken relationships. It is the foundation of wanted, procreated children who want to follow the vision of their parents, in pursuit of love.

“I’ve looked at love from both sides now, from up and down, and still somehow it’s love’s illusions I recall. I really don’t know love at all.” There was truth in these ’60s lyrics. No one can know love if he only loves himself. I am happy to be learning how to love for real and to walk in the forgiveness of the One who poured out His life for me when I don’t. My husband leads me on that path and I am so glad I could see past the fears and the lies of feminism to surrender to his love, without reserve. It is wonderful to be a woman learning what my created purpose is. I have no regrets in that act of trusting.

To trust is the most feminine and most godly and most radical act a woman can do. It is the very nature of the twelve-tribed nation that will be Israel, the bride of the Lamb, the slain Lamb who died for her. Restoration must come through woman, through her voluntary surrender. The sorrow that I know is that which comes from the damage and pain I caused others in only trusting myself. I’m glad there is an alternative, a way to be forgiven and have a new life where I can learn to love and be loved, for real. ❁

*Hannah*

# IN THE SHADOWS SITTING

John the Baptist was born at a time of silence. There had been no prophetic voice in Israel for 400 years, not since the days of the prophet Malachi. Breaking that silence on the day of his son's circumcision, John's father prophesied about this special child and what his mission to Israel would be. He said he would be a forerunner of the Messiah. What he would do is recorded in Luke 1:76-79:

*"And you, my child, will be called a prophet of the Most High; for you will go on before the Lord to prepare the way for him, to give his people the knowledge of salvation through the forgiveness of their sins, because of the tender mercy of our God, by which the rising sun will come to us from heaven to shine on those sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the path of peace."*

Never in history had the people of Israel been so desperate for the prophetic light to bring the knowledge of salvation to them. The long period of silence had brought deep darkness and great confusion. They longed to know what salvation was and what they needed to do to get it. It is like that today. The knowledge of salvation still needs to be made known and the forgiveness of sins still needs to come through the tender mercy of God. Therefore, in every way, this prophecy in Luke 1:77-79 applies to us. It is a message for those living in the last days.

All over the landscape of organized religion in the nations of the world God's people have been scattered for a long, long, long time. They have been without

the prophetic light to gather them into a unified nation. But now the knowledge of salvation is being revealed through the forgiveness of sins. The heart of our God is merciful and full of forgiveness. He is making the Day dawn upon us from on high. When that day dawns and the light rises it will shine upon all those who are sitting in darkness, waiting in the shadow of death. For all those who respond to the light and come out of the place of darkness, this light will guide their feet into the Way of Peace.

Peace comes from the forgiveness of our sins, and as a result, those who experience it no longer need to strive for what the nations eagerly seek after<sup>1</sup> — position and status, sex and security, recognition and success. A forgiven person is no longer a part of the world's problems. He is no longer separated, no longer alienated, no longer full of strife after selfish pursuits. A forgiven person hates his life in this world and loves the place where he can serve his Master Yahshua with his brothers. Where He is (in the hearts of His disciples), that is where His servants are content to be.<sup>2</sup> Living this way is the fruit of having peace with God. This is what seeking FIRST the kingdom of God and His righteousness is all about. Leaving the darkness behind, a forgiven person can come into a unified people. For him nothing else matters.

No one knows what salvation is unless his sins are forgiven, and this comes about through the tender mercies of our God. Salvation transforms a person who is trying to be somebody or to make it by the standards of the world into a person who loves his Savior<sup>3</sup> because he was saved from a place he did not want to be in — the dark-

ness. This happens to EVERYONE who has the knowledge of salvation. A saved person is content to do the Father's will<sup>4</sup> and in fact has no reason to do anything else and does not want to do anything else. Such a person who has experienced the knowledge of salvation is devoted to the life depicted in Acts 2:42. This way of life is eternal life. The early disciples in Jerusalem had it, and the oldest written record of it in Acts 2 and 4 spells it out as plain as day. Those who had that life couldn't help speaking about it. When an angel told the apostles to speak "the whole message of this life," they obeyed unashamedly.<sup>5</sup> Their exuberant overflowing obedience proved that God gives His Holy Spirit only to those who obey Messiah and to no one else.<sup>6</sup>

What we are talking about here is the fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy in chapter 49:6. Isaiah saw ahead to the day when twelve tribes would be raised up again and the preserved ones of Israel would be restored as a nation producing the fruit of the kingdom.<sup>7</sup> Isaiah said that this twelve-tribed nation, a people in unity, would be a light to all the other nations and that from this light they will bring God's salvation to the ends of the earth.

In his day John the Baptist was the light who brought his people Israel the knowledge of salvation. They rejected him and they rejected the Messiah he proclaimed, who followed close behind. Therefore, the knowledge of salvation must still come forth in these last days in order to fulfill the words of Isaiah. Not even the early church could do it. By the time the book of Revelation was written around 100 AD the combined light of their candlesticks was going out. One by

**Are you sitting  
where the light  
doesn't shine?  
Don't lose hope!  
God's tender mercy  
can reach you  
even there.**



one the churches had left their first love (Revelation 2:4-5).

The light that is so desperately needed can only happen when forgiven people who know God's tender mercy toward them proclaim the message of forgiveness.<sup>8</sup> Knowing forgiveness is the knowledge of salvation. A person's sins must be paid for so that he can be released from bondage or imprisonment to those sins. Anyone who is caught up in this world, entangled in its snares, unable to free himself from its hold, needs to hear how to be free from sin's death grip in a real and lasting way. Here's how:

**I**n God's tender mercy He sent his son, our Master Yahshua, into the world because He loved all of its people with all His heart. He lived in absolute obedience to His Father and became a sacrifice for the sins of all mankind, so that the price for an individual's sins could be sent away from him and put upon Messiah. He bore the awesome penalty of death, the ransom

price for all the sins of man, canceling all judgment and condemnation deserved by that person. Apart from the shedding of the blood of Yahshua the Messiah there is no remission — no forgiveness of sins.

Therefore, anyone who believes in Yahshua the Messiah can be released from the snares and entanglement of his sins and escape the dreaded penalty of death. In exchange for his sinful life, he receives the gift of eternal life. Men who do not love the darkness can come to the light that our Master Yahshua is. He is now seated at the right hand of His Father in heaven, but He is raising up a people who are becoming that same light — His Body, His Bride, His people who will be the light to the nations.

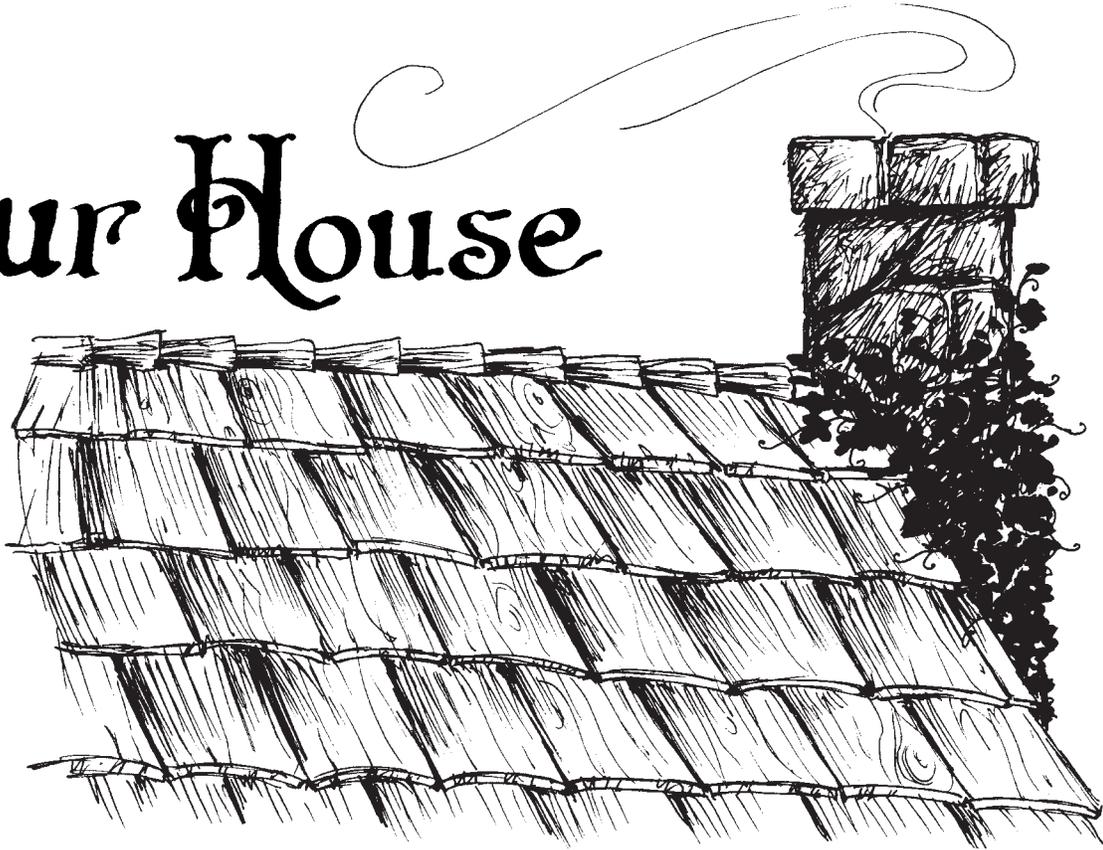
The Dawn is coming. Soon those who sit in darkness will see the light coming from a people who live together (Acts 2:44-45; 4:32-35) and who communicate the tender mercies of God. Their message will then give light and revelation to many who sit at their desks in universities and in their pews

at church and in the porno shops and peep shows and in their stadiums and at their festivals and in their Congress and Senate seats and in all the work places of the world. They will be elevated from a life of striving for meaning to a life where they can lift their souls up to the rule of love. This life of love is the witness of the Kingdom, the evidence of the reign of the Sovereign King Yahshua (Matthew 24:14).

His people will no longer sit in the seat of the scornful<sup>9</sup> but will delight themselves in Him. For those who take delight in Him, "He will cause them to ride on the heights of the earth. He will feed them with the heritage of Jacob, their father [the father of the Twelve Tribes], for the mouth of Yahweh has spoken."<sup>10</sup> ❁

<sup>1</sup>Matthew 6:31-32 <sup>2</sup>John 12:25-26 <sup>3</sup>John 14:15, 21-24 <sup>4</sup>Ephesians 2:8-10 <sup>5</sup>Acts 5:30 <sup>6</sup>Acts 5:32 <sup>7</sup>Matthew 21:43 <sup>8</sup>Hebrews 9:22 <sup>9</sup>Psalms 1:1 <sup>10</sup>Isaiah 58:14

# Our House



*A New Social Order Is Being Formed on the Earth.  
You Can Be a Part of It.*

**W**e are members of a 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.

Everyone knows what the old social

order is like. Each person is responsible for his own life, and the lives of his family if he has one. Once food, shelter, and clothing are taken care of, people at their best try to be kind to their fellow human beings, but there's a limit. And there are barriers: racial, religious, economic. No matter how many laws are passed, the walls between people still remain.

Even within the same family there are barriers. One brother has his set of friends, the other has a different set, the sister has still another set, and they can't even sit down at the supper table together and eat a meal. Most social barriers are like weeds. They have deep roots. No matter what you do to cut them off at the surface, they keep springing back up.

## **A Radical Solution**

The new society we live in is not this way. We have been given a radical solution that enables us to love. The chains of fear and guilt that hold mankind in bondage

have been broken for us.

Who can love when the barrier of guilt rises up? It is the painful weight, the sudden memory that comes when you are with someone you have hurt, or someone who has hurt you. Who can give when they are afraid of losing their possessions, their time, even their own life?

Our Master Yahshua,\* the Messiah, has washed away our guilt with His own innocent blood. He has given us the power to forgive others the way that He forgave us. We have received His Spirit, the same Spirit that raised Him from the dead, so we can dare to suffer loss in loving others. Fear and guilt no longer have any power over those who trust in Him.

## **Not Utopian**

The new social order we are talking about is not ideal. It is new. Ideal societies are the territory of dreamers and intellectuals. No human being has ever thought up an ideal society that actually works in real-

ity. Even Sir Thomas More, who made up the word utopia, realized this limitation. Utopia means “no place.” There is no location on earth where you can observe an ideal society at work. Man-made societies are based on laws, and laws can only limit evil, they can’t create virtue.

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.

The old saying, “Birds of a feather flock together,” 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 even 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 deeply-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 a monumental challenge to nest together for very long.

### A Vision of Something New

Yet, despite these overwhelming obstacles, the prophet Ezekiel, 2500 years ago, recorded a vision of something new and different. In his vision God Himself took a tender shoot and planted it so that it would grow up to become a mighty tree itself: “Under it every kind of bird will live; in the shade of its branches will nest winged creatures of every kind.” (Ezekiel 17:23)

This prophecy might seem obscure and unimportant if our Master Yahshua had not echoed its words some 500 years later:

*What is the kingdom of God like?  
And to what shall I compare it? It  
is like a mustard seed that some-*

*one took and sowed in the  
garden; it grew and became a  
tree, and the birds of the air  
made nests in its branches.”  
(Luke 13:18-19)*

This new kingdom is a social order ruled by the God of love. He is the “someone” who planted that tree. It is His doing. It is not because of man’s ideals or man’s laws that we are able to live this life of love, but because of His Spirit.

### Restoration

All the prophets since ancient times have spoken of this new social order in which all



things are restored — the relationship between humanity and God, between men and women, between parents and children, between one race and another. Daniel, also writing around 2600 years ago, saw that this new social order would be established without human hands and bring to an end the old order:

In the days of those kings the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, nor shall this kingdom be left to another people. It shall crush all these kingdoms and bring them to an end, and it shall stand forever. (Daniel 2:44)

Daniel did not envision a political revolution. What he foresaw was the rule of love over the hearts of men. It is, however, a revolution — against apathy, indifference, and self-centeredness. It is not an “ethnic cleansing,” but a thorough cleansing of the

moral corruption in our own hearts. For to make this new order a reality, the members of this new kingdom must become like their King: self-controlled, patient, generous, loyal, always available to meet the needs of others.

To truly be a part of this kingdom means to follow Messiah with total abandonment, to love as He loved. And love that is complete empties itself, voluntarily embracing poverty, for it cannot keep for itself what another needs. The result is that each one does for all what he would do for himself. No one gathers his own fortune, no one’s heart grows cold over his own economic survival. But this equality is not compulsory. No one is violated or forced, but rather led and drawn by the warmth of love.

### Too Good to be True?

Some will not be able to see the difference between what we are describing here and a dozen utopian ideals and philosophies. Some will feel that it is too good to be true. But those who are ready to do the will of the One who created them will know whether this is actually God’s kingdom we are talking about or just something we made up.

This new social order is not perfect. We who were raised under the old order are faulty in our love. The desires of the self tug at us, and we are continually in need of forgiveness. But our Master Yahshua gave His life to pay for our failures so that we could forgive one another and press on towards the goal — that this new order would one day fill the whole earth.

### The Cost

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.” (Luke 9:24) All who really believe that He died as a payment for their sins will no longer live for themselves but for Him — giving all their possessions, time, and energy to see His people flourish and His justice prevail.

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 soul-satisfaction of doing what you were created for, we invite you to be a part of this new order. ❁



From the time we are born we learn to seek security in our relationships – parents and children, family and friends, husbands and wives. Beyond these fundamental human relationships that are the building blocks of our lives, we become dependent upon such things as our education or career, home or lifestyle, financial independence or insurance policies, our philosophies or politics. We are trained to take our identity in the careers or lifestyles we choose. Consciously or unintentionally, we tend to draw our security from the patterns we see around us. It is only natural. Everybody does it. Human nature relies on such assurances as basic and essential

for survival. Seeking security in these things is second nature no matter what you like, what your background is, or what your opportunities in life might be.

We seek the security of this world because we are all looking for these things to give us confidence and certainty that our life can have a consequential effect to make us happy. We look for safety, a little shelter from the storms that we face every day. We seek freedom from worry, and protection from harmful, hurtful relationships.

But finding ourselves embarking fully on the 21st century, the world is in a period of rapid social change, blurring the ancient boundaries, resulting in apprehen-

sion, uncertainty, and deep questioning about where we are headed on this planet. What hope can sociologists and academic scholars offer to politicians, educators, social workers, judges and lawmakers for the survival of this present world order?

The accelerating social changes of the last 30 years have led us on a search for a meaningful life and healthy relationships in the city, the suburbs, or on twenty acres in the country. We looked for fulfillment and satisfaction, only to discover that these illusions of promise locked us into a life of compromise and merely “coping”. Often our possessions soothed and satisfied our senses and made life bearable, while careers

and intellectual pursuits fed our insatiable minds. But this, too, was a compromise. How could there be a voluntary redistribution of wealth that would demonstrate true justice on the earth? The New Testament teaches us not to worry or be anxious about what we will eat or wear. The Son of God, Yahshua, who spoke these words, promises us that if we seek Him first and desire His justice above all else, that He will see to it that we get what we need. (Matthew 6:31-33) This means that if we share everything we have with others, then our God will see to it that we have everything that people strive for, running anxiously about trying to make a living.

What is it that keeps us from seeking our security in God? What keeps us from living the life that Yahshua called people to live? People are left unsatisfied with the things and pursuits of this world and in that dissatisfaction are looking for answers in some form of religion or spirituality. But is what they find able to satisfy any better? The cognitive are burnt out from their experiences with Christianity or other religions. Where is the model we can look to? Where can such a life be seen? Maybe we just don't know yet what to look for or where to find it.

People have looked everywhere and tried everything to find the security that the thirsting human heart longs for. Most quickly give up trying to find that assurance, that freedom from anxiety and worry that brings rest and peace,

not in the mind, but in the spirit. Others insulate their lives with comfort and financial security to find a substitute. It is impossible because our Master said, "No one can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and riches." (Matthew 6:24-25)

Alienation, the root essence of the moral flaw of everyone's personal identity, destroys the ability to trust. But the truth is that to know God is to trust Him totally. Without that child-like, absolute trust, coming to know God, His will, His justice, and His rest, is an elusive and futile pursuit.

When our Master Yahshua lived on earth, He understood this plight perfectly, because He knew the nature of man, and He understood how people seek security in the world. He came to establish a new society where our damaged relationships could be restored. He called this new society a kingdom, a new nation, a new social order, a twelve-tribed nation made up of Yahshua's followers, His students and emissaries.

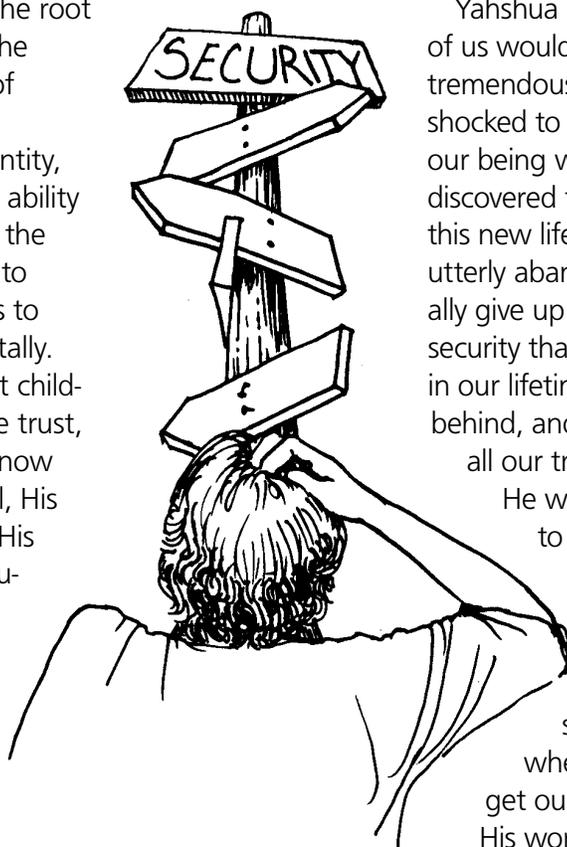
Entrance into this new society was not meant to be a cop-out from the deep problems and complexities of life. It was something well thought out. It was the solution to the imponderables, a life to be immersed in, a purpose to embark upon that would be a light to all the nations of the earth, a seed that would grow and fill the whole earth.

Yahshua knew that all of us would experience tremendous fear and be shocked to the core of our being when we discovered that to have this new life we had to utterly abandon and literally give up all the security that we acquired in our lifetime, leave it all behind, and begin to put all our trust in Him.

He wanted people to have a real alternative life that brought lasting security, a life where we would get our values from His words and instructions to us.

We would have to begin to trust Him to meet all our needs and use whatever wealth we had to build this new nation. What an inspirational calling! What an awesome cost!

Today, as during His lifetime, He is not looking for individuals who are willing to forsake everything, but for those who will actually do it — give it all up for Him — just



like He did for us! That is the cost: everything. There is no shortcut. His encouragement to all men is, *"Do not be afraid, little flock [to forsake everything, all your possessions], for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom [this new nation of those who have given all]. Sell your possessions and give to the poor. Make purses for yourselves that do not wear out, an unailing treasure in heaven, where no thief comes near and no moth destroys. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also"* (Luke 12:32-34).

We were once afraid and skeptical, too, mistrusting and deceived by our own understanding and the deception of the world's purveyors. But we have come to know the reality that He is the hope that does not disappoint. It costs everything, and what you receive is not the kind of merchandise that ever goes on sale. It is a precious jewel that is priceless and enduring.

Yahshua did not want any of us who have been disappointed so many times in the past to be afraid to lose everything — even those who tried to give it all in the past. He wants us not to be afraid to trust Him. His promise was to give us a new society in which all we have can be used to build it up, to establish a corporate life, a restored life, a model or demonstration of the life that we

were all created for. This life is founded in love, because Yahshua, our Master, is love perfected. This love is going to fill the entire earth in the age to come. It is the very life that will be a light to every nation in this day where men see only darkness. This light is the evidence of a life and a purpose that proves how



worthy Yahshua is. It is a life worth giving up all to possess. Yahshua made this very clear when He said, *"He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me; and he who loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me, and he who does not take his cross and follow after Me is not worthy of Me"* (Matthew 10:37-38).

This is the challenge. Are you

willing and able to trust? Is there anything left in your heart to trust? Does any vestige of hope remain in your heart or have disappointment, skepticism and mistrust robbed your soul of its desire to find something worthy of your trust? Yahshua proved that He alone is worthy. His promise is sure. You are worthy of this precious pearl only if your heart is willing to pay the price.

This challenge, this reality, confronted each and every one of us at a different time and place, with circumstances unique to each of us. One at a time we surrendered. Because we did, by giving up all the things we took security in, we met the terms of peace with our Sovereign God. We took the risk and came out of the fortified bunkers of our lives in a collapsing social order. We left it all behind. Now our hope is sure. We are on the path. The light is growing brighter.

The answer is not the universalism of the ecumenical movement or the fanatical judgments of fundamentalism. The social remedy is the emergence of a whole new way of living, one of love perfected in unity, of justice demonstrated in a voluntary sharing of all our resources. It is a new and lasting social order called the Stone Kingdom by the prophets of old. It is the only hope of the world. It is what will bring about a new and lasting age of peace on earth. ❁

# Dreamer

**T**hey had lots of problems. The homeless poor were everywhere. Diseases that they had never known before ravaged the nation. The stench of all the sick beggars in the city streets was enough to knock a person over. It seemed like they were cursed, forgotten by God. A few affluent religious leaders were saying that it was all because of sin, but nobody seemed to have any real solutions.

So what did they need with an idealist? What good did it do for some uneducated visionary to come along saying, "Blessed are you who hunger now, for you shall be satisfied. Blessed are you who weep now, for you shall laugh." Why hold out to people the promise of heaven on earth when it seemed the government was trying to make life hell with all its oppressive regulations? Surely no one would listen to this man.

But strangely enough, people did listen. They traveled for miles just to see him.

Maybe they just needed a little hope. Maybe it didn't matter that he didn't have any money to hand out or any social reform programs to propose to the government. Maybe there weren't any solutions, and all that they could expect was a fantasy of love and peace that would get their minds off of their problems for a little while.

The more popular he got, the more rumors circulated about him. They said that he was a healer, a miracle worker. They said that he was a zealot, advocating a new kind of government. They said that he was a devil, calling people to abandon their religion and follow him.

Eventually, he caused such a stir that some of the leaders began to be concerned. There might be riots. There might be government reprisals. A lot of decent law-abiding citizens might get hurt. All his talk about a government based on love might just be a front for an attempted political takeover, one that would surely end in disaster. Something needed to be done, so they did it.

They found someone to betray him, seized him in the middle of the night, and brought him to trial. Evidence was scanty and conflicting. His own testimony seemed to be that of a mere dreamer. "My kingdom is not of this world," he said. "If it were, my followers would be fighting to deliver me."

The judge handed down a bizarre verdict, simultaneously declaring the prisoner innocent and condemning him to death. After a tormenting six-hour-long execution, his brutally disfigured body was laid in the grave. To the thinking of most, both the dreamer and the dream were gone forever.

Seven weeks slipped past, just as inconspicuously as his followers who had deserted him on the night of his arrest. Nothing was seen or heard of his cause.

Then suddenly, vividly they reappeared. Clear-eyed and articulate, full of peace as well as passion, these disciples testified to the goodness and innocence of their Master, as well as the guilt

of the nation and its leaders for putting him to death. But they weren't calling for blood. They were calling for repentance and forgiveness. They were saying that their Master's death was enough blood to be shed — enough to pay for the guilt of the whole world.

They were also saying that he wasn't dead anymore. They had seen him alive. He had gone up into the heavens to sit on the throne of the universe. He had given them his very own spirit to live in them and cause them to be just like him.

The result of their sincere, impassioned testimony was electrifying. Thousands cried out in desperation to be released from their guilt. They were each plunged into water as a sign of their cleansing and proclaimed to be new creatures with a new life, the life of a disciple of Yahshua, their slain and resurrected king. The form that this new life took was

even more electrifying. Every disciple was so

concerned for the welfare of his brothers that he sacrificed his own time, his own goals, even his own possessions to meet their needs. The result was that in a nation where homelessness and poverty abounded, there were no rich or poor among these disciples, and each one had a home where he was loved and cared for. The words of the "dreamer" had come true: the poor and hungry were blessed. A new social order had begun on the earth.

History records this enthusiastic communal life of 2000 years ago as a short-lived phenomenon. Before the end of the first century A.D. it had given way to factions and compromises. Roughly two centuries later it had been transformed into the state religion of the Emperor Constantine, bearing little resemblance to the vibrant community that had obeyed the commands of the Master. Nothing, it seemed, was left of the dream but a written account, carefully preserved by a religion that makes much of this man's death and resurrection but attaches little importance to his vision and teachings.

But the validity of the dream never passed away. A new social order where there are no rich or poor, where such divisions are abolished by love, is still the goal of this resurrected king who sits on the throne of the universe. His words of 2000 years ago still stir us today: "Do not be afraid, little flock, for your Father has chosen gladly to give you the kingdom."

These words are true. God has gladly chosen today to give us this new social order, a kingdom which is not of this world, but which is beginning once again to be expressed in the midst of this world. It is a kingdom based on love, on the sacrifice of our Master Yahshua's life to pay for our guilt, on the outpouring of his spirit in our hearts so that we can love as he loved us.

Just like the first disciples, we want to share with others the life that our God has established in our midst. We want to freely give to you what has been gladly given us. ❀





Most of us "Children of the '60s" came from middle-class American families with middle-class American roots and middle-class American values engrained in us since childhood. When the time was ripe, we threw off our parents' values and society's norms in an attempt to be free from all the chains of hypocrisy and greed that were consuming America. But there was one thing that kept all the LSD trips, all the intellectual enlightenment, all the swelling emotions charged by the meaningful songs of our prophets from breaking those chains. The one thing we lacked was the power to break free from the rotten, selfish seed that was passed on to us from our middle-class fathers. Though we could not see this at the time (we were too caught up in the excitement of the moment), we would soon enough.

As we young hippies got older, our desire for middle-class comforts began to outweigh all the "enlightenment" we had received. "Don't trust anyone over 30" was a forewarning of what we'd be like by forty. It proved to be true. By the time middle age arrived, we were no longer out to change the world. Our voice had been silenced. What our parents had wanted for us all along - security, success, becoming a valuable asset to the prized heritage of middle-class America - was now ours. We'd become a part of the American Dream we had protested against in our youth. Our

greatest challenges now came from trying to justify our "yuppie" success or explaining away the compromise of getting our own thirty-acre kingdoms.



Yes, the hippie exterior eventually wore off exposing the roots that were still there. Like it or not, we've become a generation of "hippie-crits." Being a hippie-crit is like wearing a mask that you think is really you, but when you pull it off, you see that underneath the mask, you're really no different than your daddy. You act like someone who detests the establishment, pretending you want nothing to do with it, while all along living in what you condemn.

A hippie-crit is a person who presents himself as someone from the '60s

Movement, who prides himself in nostalgic memories and cynical comments about the future, but all the while compromising his integrity for the comfort of the middle class. A hippie-crit is worse than a hypocrite in many ways, because as a '60s hippie he proclaimed the ideal of a better way, an alternative to the 9 to 5 job, and as a '90s hippie-crit he is firmly entrenched in what he once scorned. Despite the words he speaks, he has compromised the goals he once sought.

Our parents' view of life was one of hard work, faithfulness to wife and family, and living by the golden rule. They were actually a lot closer to the Garden than us because they lived more closely to the covenant of conscience that all mankind has within to lead them back to their Creator. At least they made no bones about working hard to support their families (that's us!) ... and for the most part they gave us a standard of loyalty and faithfulness that we could at least remember in the height of all our rebellion.

After all is said and done, the love of self-life has proven to be the failure of the Movement. No student is greater than his teacher, but when he is fully trained, he will be just like his teacher.

You are what you are. You can't escape the seed in you that's been passed on to you from your father. That nature is passed on from one generation to the next. It's inherent. The birth of the Movement came from a stirring of the heart, but nothing in the '60s had the power to deliver us from the death grip human nature had on us.

Remember walking down the street stoned out of your mind, thinking you're different from the Establishment around you? Remember the pride you had when you ridiculed the guy in the three-piece suit and laughed to yourself thinking you were free? In the midst of a scene like this did it ever dawn on you that you were just like him or realize that what's in you is no different from what is in your parents? To see this is to take the first step toward the open door of freedom.

**T**here can be no true Movement unless we find a way to escape from those corrupt, selfish spiritual roots. As mature, middle-aged ex-hippies, we ought to be able to know this by now. But what can we do about it? Our only escape from these roots is to experience a true renaissance, a rebirth, a regeneration of our human spirit. Where can we find someone with the authority to bring about this renaissance? Where is the man who is free from the curse of self-life? By definition, love is giving yourself up or laying down your life for someone else. So, someone with the authority to lead such a Movement would also have to be someone who loved. The life he lived would be full of love, not merely in words, but in actions, right?

When this profound truth is understood, then the fascination of the ages can begin. What fascination? Our fascination with the life of a man not born under the curse of self-life, the One whose spirit was free to love like no one else had ever loved. He willingly became a sacrifice, like a lamb, or like a seed that fell into the ground. That seed died so a whole new cre-

ation could spring forth on the earth. This new seed has roots that go down deep into the soil of love and shoots that spring up with a life that never ends, one that is starting to fill the earth and ultimately the universe, forever and ever. This seed was the man Yahshua. He is gathering His people from every nation, every tongue, every race, every background, every orientation under the sun to become seeds also, just like Him.

This gathering is the beginning of a Movement that will one day produce the Twelve Tribes, a nation of communities whose Sovereign king and ruler is the Messiah Yahshua. It is He with whom we are fascinated; it is He who gave us the glory to live as one. In the same way as He is one with His Father in heaven, He gave His disciples that same glory to make them one. This twelve-tribed nation exists as a new social order that once had its begin-



ning in Jerusalem in 34 AD. It was the true Renaissance, becoming a new creation, that Yahshua's followers

experienced. This Renaissance was into a life together where people shared all things in common. This life of sharing is the perfect environment to show the world a demonstration of love being perfected in unity, the convincing proof that all barriers between people have been torn down, including that between parents and children.

This life is the life we longed for in our hearts when we tried to abandon the path of a society sick with disease in the '60s!! The worst disease was in a religion called Christianity, which tainted and defiled the real life of Yahshua and robbed us of our rightful fascination of Him.

But now this Movement has begun by the actual Spirit of Yahshua in a people, completely outside the ranks of Christianity or any other religion on earth. This shared life, this witness, is the only proof that will convince the world that Yahshua's blood actually has the power to forgive and to cleanse a person from his sins and to tear down all the barriers that divide.

Seeing this demonstration is what will convince all the people in the world that God did truly send His Son and that He really does love all of mankind. It will, at last, vindicate the true God, the Creator of all! The completion of the life that was begun in Jerusalem is what will bring about the end of this age. We are living in and experiencing the time when the Renaissance of the ages is beginning. Come join us and let Yahshua set your soul free! ❁

*Hakam*

**Look for an announcement on our web site,**  
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**regarding the upcoming *Hippie Crit* periodical.**  
**It will regularly feature new articles**  
**and social commentary.**

# Tribes



*What the Israelites fell away from and never attained, what Plato could only write about, what Aristotle could only criticize, what the early church could only start, what Karl Marx could only theorize about, what John Lennon could only imagine and what the Woodstock Nation could only hope for, is beginning again in our homes at the addresses below. This time, if we are faithful, it will last forever.*

**Something very old is being born. The appointed time has come.**

**No longer strangers, no longer rootless, a people is being gathered.**

**The prophetic voice of a new millennium can be faintly heard.**

**No longer separated, no longer alienated, a commonwealth is being formed.**

Who are these tribes? Where are they? What do they do?

1900 years ago the ancient tribal life of Abraham and his offspring, a life of hospitality and peace, vanished from the earth, but now is the time when they are being restored, the Twelve Tribes who "earnestly serve God night and day." (Acts 26:7)

The families, households, and clans that make up these

communities are made up of people with a common character from a kindred spirit, with brothers and sisters dwelling together in unity. Generations live together in a place where God dwells, where the lonely have a home, a place to belong that is blessed with life everlasting.

This commonwealth is a new spiritual nation made up of twelve tribes which encircle the globe. There are no rich or poor, but these preserved ones of Israel are becoming a light to the nations, where generations live together learning how to love one another.

In a modern world that has removed the ancient boundaries, the age-old foundations are being restored, the hearts of fathers and sons united. Good and pleasant, like the dew, like oil upon the head, like a watered garden, a place where God dwells..

We live a simple life in community, working together, eating together, sharing all we have. The laws that govern us are being written on our hearts. Our aim is to love each other as our Master Yahshua loved us, to love our Creator with all our heart, soul, mind, 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. We have moved from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of his marvelous light... you are invited to come visit. ❁

# Communities

- 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) 463-4149 (V/TDD)
- Community in Rutland**, 115 Lincoln Avenue, Rutland, VT 05701 ♦  
(802) 773-0160
- Community in Boston**, 92 Melville Ave, Dorchester, MA 02124 ♦  
(617) 282-9876
- Community in Hyannis**, 19 Camp Street, Hyannis, MA 02601 ♦  
(508) 790-3172
- Community in Lancaster**, 12 High Street, Lancaster, NH 03584 ♦  
(603) 788-4376
- Community in Cocksackie**, 7 Ely Street, Cocksackie, NY 12051  
♦ (518) 731-2181
- 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
- Community in Palenville**, Rt 23A, P. O. Box 158, Palenville, NY 12463  
♦ (518) 678-2206
- Community in Buffalo**, 2051 North Creek Road, Lakeview, NY 14085  
♦ (716) 627-2098
- Community in West Palm Beach**, 6311 Wallis Road,  
W. Palm Beach, FL 33413 ♦ (561) 686-7561
- Community on the Lake of the Ozarks**, 145 E. Main,  
Warsaw, MO 65355 ♦ (660) 438-4481
- Community in Colorado Springs**, 406 Karr Road,  
Colorado Springs, CO 80916 ♦ (719) 573-1907
- The Stentwood Farm**, Dunkeswell, Honiton, Devon EX14 0RW, England  
♦ (44) 1823-681155
- Communauté de Sus**, 64190 Sus/Navarrenx, France  
♦ (33) 5-59-66-14-28
- Gemeinschaft in Pennigbüttel**, Unter den Linden 15, 27711  
Osterholz-Scharmbeck, Germany ♦ 4791-89657
- Gemeinschaft in Oberbronnen**, Wirtsgasse 3, 73495 Stöttlen-  
Oberbronnen, Germany ♦ (49) 7964-1550
- Comunidad de San Sebastián**, Paseo de Ulía 375, 20014 San  
Sebastián, Spain ♦ (34) 943-58-00-29
- Comunidad de Irún**, Caserío Barraca, Barrio Ventas 88, 20305 Irún,  
Guipúzcoa, Spain ♦ (34) 943-63-23-16
- The Peppercorn Creek Farm**, 1375 Old Hume Highway, Picton,  
NSW 2571, Australia  
♦ (61) 46-772-668
- The Community in Winnipeg**, 89 East Gate, Winnipeg, Manitoba  
R3C 2C2, Canada ♦ (204) 786-8787
- Comunidade de Londrina**, Rua Jayme Americano 420, Jardim  
California, 86040-030 Londrina, Paraná, Brazil ♦ (55) 43-339-2228
- Comunidad de Buenos Aires**, Batallón Norte y Mansilla,  
1748 General Rodríguez, Argentina ♦ (54) 237-484-3409

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The energy, vision, and passion of the "Children of the '60s" will never be forgotten. It was like being in an airplane sitting on the runway with everyone getting high while waiting to take off, high on the "summer of love," the hope of a better world, and an awakening of our consciousness that filled our hearts with joy. As we looked out the windows we seemed to be moving down the runway in the mist of the smoke that ascended from our water pipes. As the music played and songs filled the air, everyone kept assuring us that the plane would lift off at any moment.

But that moment never came. Looking out the windows when the smoke cleared, there we were, still on the ground. The slow, painful realization that the Movement didn't happen caused most '60s children to write it off as a mere "passage," "just another phase of life." A question that haunts our souls if we care enough to let it is, "Why did the Movement never really 'take off' despite the commitment and zeal of a whole generation?"

We still need a true alternative to the never-ending status quo, one that works. Dissatisfied with the world we inherited from previous generations, we searched for a better way. We strove to find peace and enlightenment and longed to find love, friendship and justice that would endure. Sadly we could not satisfy our dreams. The power of greed and injustice and the resulting poverty, racism and inequality was too strong for our Movement to make much of a difference. While one war ended and some laws changed, the plight of the human condition remains.

Although it didn't take long for us to see through the futility of mainstream life, the more we lived on the fringes of society, the more we came to see how much of that society was still within us. Most of us claimed to know what love was, to understand truth or at least be on the path, and to have the answers that others only looked for. It would be more honest to say that the more we examined the fruit of our lives, the less confidence we had to say anything. Many of us have tried to survive the broken relationships caused by our inability to love and to be loyal. Most are well-acquainted with the disillusionment of trying to find peace through one form of religion or another. All of us carry the scars from how the corruption of our own heart hurt others and vice versa.

We were a generation that tried to be the New Age without a new heart, finding ourselves returning to the society we never really left. For sure, we did sincerely desire to find love lived out, but there was really nowhere else to go.

Once we saw our inability to change ourselves or the world around us, all we were left with was finding a way to survive the madness. So at best we may have settled for a counterfeit lifestyle and lived alternative lives in alternative houses without really changing on the inside. Burnt out by trying to save the trees, save the whales or save the children, we woke up a little to the reality of own lives as our husbands and wives left us. Whatever we were left with provided little comfort.

We have not come together. The Movement never got off the ground. Actually it died long before most of us even got on the bus. It is time to admit that at a fundamental level we children of the Sixties failed to be the Movement, the revolution of love that the world still needs.

It's hard to face it because we gain security to think we're different, enlightened, that we see things and that our lives really matter. We actually did see through some things, but we lacked the remedy, just as much as those whose lives we spurned.

The good thing is that the story is not over. It is time to come together, but this time on the right foundation.

We are living in a prophetic time, a time destined to come upon the earth. The Movement is beginning as an embryo of an emerging new social order. It is destined to come to birth...a life of love, of restoration and unity between men and women, parents and children, across all racial, political and religious barriers. It is not organized religion, New Age mysticism, liberal social policy or the Christian right. It is the families and clans of the Twelve Tribes Communities that is coming together. It is a life of loving one another in a way that produces a real and lasting unity and economic justice that the world can see. It is just beginning - hardly noticed, a harbinger of what is to come. If hope flickers deep inside you... probably dormant for some years, then maybe you should check us out.

Love is coming...\*



# THE MOVEMENT