

free

What Makes For Peace?

"Give Peace a Chance"



Radical

The counterculture landscape of the '60s teemed with radicals, extremists, idealists, and revolutionaries lurking around every corner. Mainstream society hated these troublemakers, these *communists*, but we loved their passion for peace and justice. Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin jumping up and down on the table in the Chicago courtroom in 1968 didn't rankle us — they had bucked the

system and won a great victory. Hope welled up within us that maybe we could change "the Establishment." We demonstrated in the streets for an end to the war in Vietnam, a nuclear freeze, the dismantling of nuclear reactors, and justice in South Africa. Inspired by the teachings of Ghandi, Martin Luther King, Jr., Scott Nearing, the Chicago Seven, and the Berrigans, we put all our heart into demonstrating for peace, organizing

rallies, getting arrested, and writing letters to the newspaper editors and our Congressmen. Still, the unjust system churned on. Looking back now, it's hard to see any lasting results from all our radical hoopla.

But were we truly radicals? The word *radical*, like its etymological counterpart, *radicle*, comes from the Latin word, *radix*, which means *root*. A *radicle* is the first young root put forth from a seed, the first carrier of life-

of Radicals

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giving nutrients to the young plant. Without this *radicle*, the seed doesn't have a chance, lacking its most basic root. So too, any so-called *radical* or *extremist* can only bring about a lasting positive change in society if he or she is rooted in a life-sustaining source.

So were we truly radicals? Did our roots go down into a life-giving source that could

sustain us and bring about the goals of the Movement? No! Time and time again we went home dismayed and frustrated — our efforts to organize peace coalitions had come to naught and the peace groups we belonged to had divided into warring factions.

Eventually we left the Movement and fell back into the same system from which



we had tried to escape. Instead of changing the world, the world had changed us. At one time, our hero, Jerry Rubin, had railed against the Establishment and demanded its violent overthrow. Ten years later, he became a New York socialite, hobnobbing with politicians and Wall Street businessmen. The swords have yet to be beaten into plowshares or the bombers to turn into butterflies over our nation, as Joni Mitchell had predicted.

The radicals of the '60s had roots that went only as deep as the society which they attempted to change.

According to David Dellinger,

"[The Peace Movement is] a movement whose members are still being crippled by the society from which we are trying to free ourselves and others. Contrary to some interpretations, the Movement's erraticism and inconsistency tell us more about the sickness of the society against which we are in revolt..."

He believed that it was worthwhile to continue to be involved in the Movement in spite of its weakness. At least in that way, one's suffocating human passions would be able

to flower from time to time. But wouldn't it be better if our lives could flower continually, actually bringing about justice and lasting peace?

For a radical movement to blossom and bear abundant fruit, it has to be rooted in good soil, not in the barren soil of selfishness, compromise, and division. There was once such a movement, an uncompromising people who were in total unity. They spoke to their generation with one voice, a voice so clear and exposing that the established institutions were shaken to their foundations. They came together some two

thousand years ago while the iron might of Rome ruled all of the known world. Despite its brutal strength, the Roman state came to be greatly threatened by this gentle people and their message.

These radicals were called together from every segment of society. One of them had been a revolutionary guerrilla who advocated the violent overthrow of the hated Roman oppressors. Another had been a tax collector who collaborated with the occupying army and even lined his own pockets by overtaxing his fellow countrymen. These two, the guerrilla

and the tax collector, would have hated each other had not a greater power brought them together.

Still others in the group were simple fishermen. What held them together was their devotion to one man, the *Radical of all radicals*. His spirit and His teaching were like nothing they had ever heard before. He so captured the imaginations of

His followers that each left everything behind to follow Him, without exception.

Later, after His death and resurrection, He gave them His Spirit to empower them to live a radical life together that would astound the whole world. Within a few days, over three thousand men and women had committed themselves lock,

“For a radical movement to blossom and bear abundant fruit, it has to be rooted in good soil, not in the barren soil of selfishness, compromise, and division...”

stock, and barrel to their Master and to the teachings of those who had been taught by Him — His disciples.

Banding together out of love for one another, they threw all they had into a common pot, giving no thought to their own needs. Their passionate message to come out of the perverse society — backed up by their daily lives of loving and caring for one another — spoke louder and clearer than all the hollow rhetoric of the false religious leaders of their time. Heart-by-yielding-heart, a new nation was born, as these radicals

abandoned their jobs and old lives to be healed of the crippling effects of the society they left.

Today, that radical life of Messiah is being expressed every day by a people who have given up living for themselves and expressly dedicate themselves to fulfilling Yahshua's prayer that the Kingdom would be "on Earth as it is in Heaven." We, His disciples today, live in communities, where the crippling effects of society's ills are being confronted and overcome **every day**. Families and single men and women alike are invited to come

and visit us.

We are an international brotherhood, with communities in nine countries and some thirty locations.

We are truly a radical new social order, where people of every nationality, age, former religion, race, economic and educational background join together, sharing a *common* vision in a *commonwealth*.

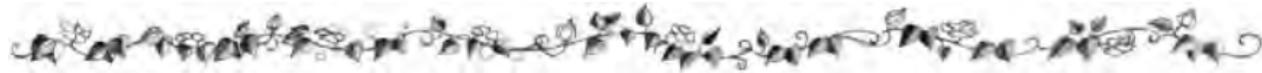
Would you like to be part of something truly *radical*? 🍁



Yahshua*

He grew up like a tender shoot, and like a root out of parched ground; had no self-importance or celebrity that we should look upon Him, nor appearance that we should be attracted to Him. Despised by men, oppressed and afflicted, yet He gave Himself willingly to take on the guilt of the whole world. Not as one who shouts out in the streets, or one who breaks a bruised heart; He fans the smoldering wick into a flame, and leads justice to victory.

Like a lamb that is led to slaughter, He didn't defend Himself.
He is our friend, our hero, the only one willing to take our place in death.



*WE CALL OUR MASTER BY HIS HEBREW NAME, YAHSHUA, WHICH MEANS YAHWEH [THE NAME OF GOD] IS MIGHTY AND POWERFUL TO SAVE. THIS IS WHAT HIS MOTHER MIRIAM (MARY) AND HIS FOSTER FATHER YOWCEPH (JOSEPH) CALLED HIM. THIS IS ALSO WHAT HE CALLED HIMSELF WHEN ADDRESSING SAUL (PAUL), ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS, HE SPOKE NOT IN THE GREEK, BUT IN THE HEBREW LANGUAGE (ACTS 26:14-15). JOHN 5:43. HIS FATHER'S NAME IS YAH (PSALM 68:4, KJV). HIS SON'S NAME IS **YAHSHUA** (YAHWEH SAVES). (JOHN 17:11-12 IN THE NIV IS VERY CLEAR.)

X-ed Out

You voice your dissatisfaction. You desire a real purpose for your life, but “society” seems to require that you conform to a lifestyle that compromises away what you know to be true. You sense that you are making choices that are at odds with your inner being. You hate the injustice you see all around you, but it never gets better. You want a society that somehow lives up to its ideals.

You hate the way people are isolated from each other, but no one seems to understand when you talk about it. Then when the feeling that you are always alone overwhelms you, even when you are surrounded by people... you go along with the crowd even though you hate what everyone gives in to (drinking, drugs, and a myriad of mindless pursuits). And you are not satisfied with shallow relationships. It is as if you have been thrown into a bottomless well and your life isn't even going to make a splash.

Many of us felt that way in the Sixties, so we rebelled against the system and began to question why things were the way they were. We saw that changing the system meant starting over, so we started alternative communities. We changed the way we

looked at things, but we couldn't change what was in our hearts. We didn't know how to love each other in the ways that would really bring about a truly radical change. We traded in our beer and TVs for drugs and "free love." We grew our hair long and dressed differently, but the ways we treated each other didn't change. We were all still living for ourselves, but we thought we were "hip." We had it all worked out in our heads, but the reality was we were still compromising, trading away our integrity for what seemed "cool" and "right on."

We ended up going back to our nine to five jobs and giving up on "The Revolution." Many believed that self-fulfillment was all there was, and many plunged headlong into making money, having nice cars, living in expensive homes. Society seemed spurred on by even greedier motives than ever before. But some of us

***We ended up
going back to
our nine to five
jobs and giving
up on "The
Revolution"***

still hated the way it was, hated our own selfishness. We were miserable being successful, and still felt there was no purpose to living such a life of self-indulgence.

So when we came upon a community of believers who were willing to give up their selfishness for each other, it was both exciting and challenging. Could this be the answer to solving all the social ills and at the same time satisfy all our personal desires to live a life of purpose and meaning?

Come and find out for yourself... visit one of our communities. We live a spiritual life of sharing and caring for one another and invite you to see for yourself how this can be a reality and not just an empty promise. 🍀

Who Are the Peacemakers?

One Israeli's Perspective

So it's time to sign up! Join the march! We have done it before, coming together for *world peace*. We walked around the block, up to the U.N. building. We even walked across America. We gave our allegiance to saving the



virgin forests, wildlife conservation, civil rights, gay rights, amnesty, Ben and Jerry's, and on and on...

It was fun. We wanted a place to belong, but to whom, to what? As I grew up in Israel, I was thinking,

"Why can't we just drop our guns and live in peace with our Arab neighbors? Why is it that there is so much hostility? We can surely share those 'holy places' and end the conflict."

I thought that there must be others like me on the other side of the border. As a youth, I distributed "Peace Now" bumper stickers and attended a few youth peace rallies, but nothing changed and the armies kept on shooting and the widows kept on weeping. I never heard of an Arab peace movement that corresponded with ours.

If *peace* is "a tranquil state of being with the absence of mental conflict," hardly anyone in the movement

displayed it, and I surely didn't have it .

Then I found myself sitting in an armored troop carrier with other young soldiers and boxes of ammunition all around, weapons in our hands, driving up a mountain in Lebanon. "God," I cried, "what am I doing here? Please get me out!!" The fear of death was so real. **HE got me out.**

Later in the hospital, recovering from a head injury, reality hit harder than ever. With all the blood I lost, I had also lost all hope to live as free people in a "land of peace." I was twenty years old and broken, without hope or peace, in a country that did not seem to be moving in the direction

of peace.

The Middle East seemed like a dead-end road.

That's when my search for true peace started. I still wanted to be part of a movement and to march toward the goal of peace and happiness and away from the inner war that raged inside me.

Even in the U.S., all of the speeches, the marches, the banners and music didn't take away the strife, jealousy and selfishness in me that blocked the way to the goal.

We who write this booklet to you are becoming *peacemakers* by following our "Master" Yahshua, the *Prince of Peace*. He gave His life to

win the hearts of a people, who in turn now live in unity and peace with each other. And we desire an end to this war-torn world. That's what we're living for. With no need for political agendas, we live in a brotherhood of love as twelve tribes whose zeal and commitment never runs dry.

Yahshua is calling to Himself those who want to make the greatest sacrifice, to lay down their own lives and join the most wonderful peace movement on earth. He's created a place where we all can be one. 🌿

In true peace,

Daniel



man what justice

manifesto: a public declaration of principles or motives of a revolutionary group

Stalin once said he and his Communist party would take over the world "without firing a shot." Yet communism was responsible for untold millions of brutal deaths through starvation, torture, and cold-blooded murder.

It seemed like a radical vision, everyone working to provide the needs of others, but the "visionaries" had no concern for human life. Their motive proved purely to be a lust for power.



ifesto demands

Religions have claimed to bring about justice and healing, yet their track record is also revealing. Chief among the offenders (and most popular of all) is the Christian religion, which has a legacy of bloodshed against those who wouldn't "receive God's free gift." Yet the supposed founder of *their* faith wanted nothing to do with taking up the sword. He actually said some

"Do you long for a spiritual revolution? If so, ask yourself what price you are willing to pay..."

amazing things to the contrary. He said, "My kingdom is not of this world."

In many churches today, one can hear from a flattering preacher a message that really amounts to, "Go out and earn lots of money (just add a pinch of Jesus to your self-centered life)." But *He* said no one could follow Him who did not abandon everything, all his

possessions, all his ideals, *everything!* (Luke 14:33)

He understood that the root cause of every injustice is self-life, and justice requires *complete abandonment* of self-life — nothing less. People are sick of hearing mere words. They want to see *real* commitment. A *real* spiritual brotherhood. Any religion that does not *re-link* man to his creator is evil. Faith is not just religion, it's a conviction based on being fully persuaded in what you believe.

Do you really hate injustice? Do you long for a spiritual revolution? Before you read on, ask yourself

what price you are willing to pay. Would you give up your comforts and personal sovereignty if you knew that the only way true justice can come is through people like you being willing to suffer some discomfort? If not, don't bother reading on. The self-righteous love to wave banners about peace and then go home to satisfy their inner appetites for personal pleasure.

I've been persuaded by something far greater. I've made a life-for-life covenant with a people who deny themselves to see my needs met. A new social order is forming from every race and nation on the earth.

We are a commonwealth, living tribally in communities — the only avenue where one can strive to meet the needs of others and still be provided for. There is no other hope. This is our manifesto, our revolutionary declaration: Sin is self-life; justice demands its crucifixion. *It takes a community* to bring it about. It takes the incarnation of the very spirit of God in a people in order to demonstrate His true care. Don't settle for a doctrine that doesn't deliver this fruit.

When you find it, ask yourself what price you are willing to pay for true peace. *Justice requires*

Keeping the Peace

It's hard to keep the peace
 You haven't found
 It's hard to find what
 You know you can't keep.

Life is short
 And death is long.

War is outside and inside
 Peace can't be outside
 Unless it's inside.

It's hard to see past
 The faults in people outside.
 It's hard to see past

Our own faults inside.
 How can peace be made?

Do the great men
 Make crazier choices
 Than you or I
 Do every day?

We all have to answer in the end.

If?
 No peace in the heart
 No peace in the home
 None in the street

Or the city
 Or the nation
 Or the earth.

Peace starts
 With a clean conscience.

How can you make
 The clean
 From the unclean?

WE CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY.

YONATHAN



The noise of the crowd began to die down as He stopped and got off the donkey He had been riding. Everyone became still. All eyes were on Him as He stared into the distance. The evening sun made Jerusalem shine like gold. Jerusalem, *City of Peace*... How many considered the meaning of the name of that city at that moment?

He did. He was the focus of their attention. Jerusalem was the focus of His. As they watched, they noticed tears running down His cheeks.

"If you had only known in this day, even you, City of Peace, the things that make for PEACE... But now they have been hidden from your eyes."

What ached in the Son of God's heart as He forced air over His vocal chords to form those words? How much did He desire that the people of that city would know the things that make for peace? How much does He desire that people everywhere would know the things that make for peace? Do we? With or with-

out war, it is perilous times we live in.

I went to a peace march recently. There were a lot of people there. They didn't want a war, but I don't know that they had peace. Is the absence of war PEACE? I know this is all serious stuff! "War in this day could mean the end of the planet!!!" Please don't take it the wrong way, but what is the point if we never learn the things that make for peace?

Today's society is so greedy! There is so much unrest created by everybody seeking their own pleasure. Surely this is the source of quarrels and conflicts, big and small.

People tell me that war is morally wrong and then go and betray their wives for the sake of another lover. It is so hard to trust people's motives. Does that kind

of person really care about PEACE?

Does anybody know how many marriages were broken today, how many children were aborted, how many teenagers got pregnant, how many able-bodied men and women signed up for welfare, how many children were born who will never know the PEACE that comes from knowing that his father *loves* his mother?

Peace comes from knowing that what you are doing fits with what you were created for. It comes from having a good conscience, knowing that you are right with the One who made you and wrote His law in your heart.

Love causes peace to flow. Love is laying down your life for your friends. A true friend loves at *all* times.

If everybody on the peace marches is

so full of love, why don't they share everything they have and live together?

We do!!! We have found PEACE. We have been made right with our Creator. We did not have PEACE, we were not right with Him, we were just like everybody else.

Then the heart of the One that wept over Jerusalem touched each of our hearts. Not the one who hangs passionless on the stained glass windows. Instead, it was the real One: *Yahshua* (the Hebrew name for Jesus). The Savior who has the power to save. He set us free.

He is setting us free from *selfishness*, the cause of quarrels, conflicts, and WARS. Now we share everything we have and live TOGETHER, in unity. 🌿



A Broken Heart Ends the War

I STEPPED OUT of the rally organizer's van. It was like stepping into a churning river. The thought flashed through my mind, "I was coming out!" At last, my newly formed convictions of conscientious objection to war and oppression would become known. I was taking a big risk, but the world seemed entrapped in the death grip of war and injustice. Stepping up to the microphone, I was in full dress military uniform. It was December, 1981, in what was then West Germany and many Germans were wanting to control their destiny.

I was speaking at a demonstration protesting the proposed use of

nuclear weapons for the defense of Western Europe. I knew I was probably going to be court-martialed for doing it. In resolute defiance, I took a stand against the insanity of war.

For months I had been considering it, contemplating and immersing myself into a sea of pacifist thought. Now I desired to take action. The West German anti-war gathering was in awe at my unexpected appearance. *An American soldier protesting his own country's nuclear arms policy meant a great deal to the resurgent peace movement of the early 1980s.*

My presence at the rally was brief

but hardly unnoticed. Demonstrations condemning the use of nuclear weapons in Central Europe had been increasing that year. A BBC news team was covering the event as it scoured the continent for signs of change. In front of the cameras I declared, "There are many Americans, even in the military, who do not condone nuclear war." The German soldiers who stood on the stage clasped my hands. We were brothers, united in a cause!

Deciding to return to my Stuttgart barracks, I changed into civilian clothes and headed for the train station. As I ambled along, I contemplated travelling to another

demonstration the next weekend. But at that moment two plain-clothes German policemen stopped me. "What identification do you have? What do you have in your backpack?" Within moments I was behind the bars of my own military police unit. I had defied the authority that had the responsibility of maintaining a semblance of tranquility in a very insane world. Instead of a possible *Conscientious Objector* discharge, I was most likely headed for a military prison.

My civil disobedience was rooted in the many things I'd read at the base library. I had devoured many anarchist and pacifist writings: Ghandi, Martin

Luther King Jr., Scott and Helen Nearing, and more. The thought formed in me that I had a chance to be part of something great, a chance to change history and live for global disarmament. It became quickly apparent to me that there was a network of anti-war groups to contact. Oh, how I desired to join their camaraderie! I would give anything to be part of something that could shake the world free. It would cost me my soul! I decided it was worth it!

The first payment came quickly.
A Boston radio talk show host

reached me in solitary confinement. "Mr. Bergeron, would you like an opportunity to tell your story? Would you be willing to go on the air live and answer questions?" he asked in a manner that reminded me of a carnival barker as he introduces the next side-show. Was this what I had risked my life for? A sinking feeling overwhelmed me as I responded, "No thank you. I had never meant for my search for sanity to become a circus attraction!" It was later that I would accept media attention in order to give the issues a voice in the press.

With the attention that I had received, a court-martial would be

difficult to conduct. The international peace movement promised to make the trial a spectacle. My military lawyer presented me with the option of a discharge "for the good of the service." After accepting the discharge, I was flown back to America.

Immediately after landing, I sought out the movement that had seemingly saved my life. Within a matter of weeks I met many of the well-known activists of the peace movement. I was acknowledged and invited to speak on television and at demonstrations. A Vermont-based political-theatrical group even did a

play depicting my story.

Finally, the door had opened and I was connected to a global community of social justice action groups. Here I would find the community of which I craved to be part. In 1982 the nuclear freeze movement was working its way through the political circles. Vermont was leading the way in its town meetings in supporting this halt of weapons production. The movement was colorful; it was strong in my home Green Mountain state. We were also *good copy* to the media.

Joining league with other veterans of civil disobedience, I

lived and breathed protest. I realized that many tactics were used by the various groups, such as voting, product boycotting, etc. But only civil disobedience seemed effective to me. Other expressions of dissent didn't seem wholehearted enough. These actions were not effective against the military-political-industrial giant. It would take selfless devotion to abolish war. My friends and I knew what was also needed was a base for

activism: we had to be contributing members of the larger community.

“How I needed to be planted like a seed”

It would not be enough for us to be “revolutionaries.” Being teachers, farmers, and co-op workers would show that we had unity and could make positive contributions, and we would not just be pointing the finger at “The System.” Seeing the problems is one thing, but *living* the solutions is another!

I met some wonderful people.

We tried to make a growers co-op work, but our own egos got in the way. To plant tiny seeds in the hard soil of the Green Mountains was a labor of love indeed. The co-op suffered because members did not honor their commitments. Living off the produce of the land would often lose in the contest with easier ways of making a living: being lawyers, carpenters, computer analysts, and other occupations that produce better wages.

The months turned into years and being an activist took its toll on my soul. Along the way I had

angered many veterans who had, in an honest and sincere fashion, risked their lives for my freedom. Someone even threatened to kill me as I marched in my hometown in Vermont. That incident made the press and the person lost his position as a public official. My life was one of strife and turmoil. Good people (who only tried to live their lives as best as they could) were offended at my

irreverence. My hope for community never materialized.

“Please, if you are real, come down off that cross and show me.”

take place. *How I need to be planted like a seed*, I thought. I was very

In the spring of 1984, I prepared to plant my carrots. Turning in the buckwheat for weed suppression and nutrients, I planted the carrot seed with my friend Louie and watched for germination to

alone and not bearing fruit. I was scratching others with my thorns.

After planting the carrots, I traveled to my last protest. Our plan was to disrupt the daily functioning of the CIA's lower Manhattan offices. We sat down in true Ghandi form, forcing the police to physically dismantle the human blockade. Looking at my 25-dollar violation, I questioned within myself what it was that I was planting. Was civil disobedience the seed that should be planted in the hearts and minds of people? Would the seed of protest bear fruit that could "speak truth to power"? In Vermont, my carrots were germinating. In New York City,

my conscience was beginning to cry out for moisture, for water.

Upon returning home, one of my friends realized my plight and tried to cheer me up. "Come on Jim, let's take in a movie!" As we filed out of Jimi Hendrix's *Rainbow Warrior*, I looked into the eyes of the aging '60s generation and hopelessness filled me. Our heroes were committing suicide. Our leaders were successful authors. But where were the words that could set a people on fire? Who could take us beyond our own pet agendas?

At this time, I gave myself to tenderly weed the tiny carrots. Every day after working for another

organic farmer I would work, alone, sweating long hours to save the fragile fruit. Now I was distancing myself from the angry words. Yes, the world was corrupted, but so was I! I was trapped in a shallow political existence. My roots were hitting the hardness of my own heart. If my heart didn't break soon I would shrivel up, burnt up by the unmerciful heat of my own tongue.

Many years before that time, I remember walking into a church. I was searching then, too. I looked up at the cross and pleaded in my thoughts, "*Please, if you are real, come down off that cross and show me.*" It was 1984, and I was nearing

the place where I might be able to hear something deep inside. My heart was beginning to break.

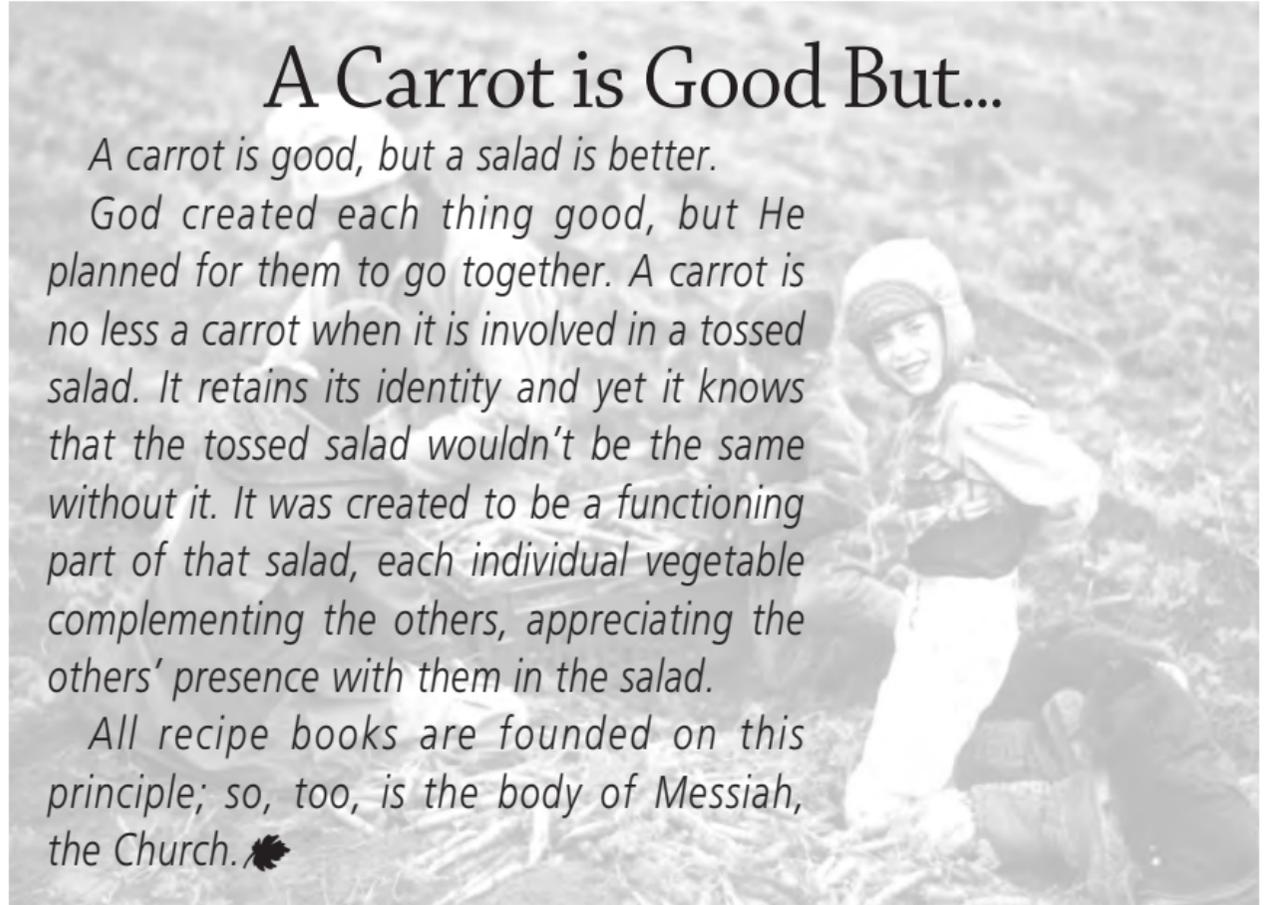
On June 22nd a world-shattering event took place. A small, humble people in Island Pond, Vermont, had been rounded up and brought into court. Their “crime” was that they loved their children with all their heart and soul. I was stunned! All the civil disobedience that I had committed could not hold a candle to the illumination that the Community in Island Pond shed that day. I read their exposé on the inner workings of the mass media and saw that I too was trapped in a web of dullness. Their simple life of devotion

A Carrot is Good But...

A carrot is good, but a salad is better.

God created each thing good, but He planned for them to go together. A carrot is no less a carrot when it is involved in a tossed salad. It retains its identity and yet it knows that the tossed salad wouldn't be the same without it. It was created to be a functioning part of that salad, each individual vegetable complementing the others, appreciating the others' presence with them in the salad.

All recipe books are founded on this principle; so, too, is the body of Messiah, the Church. 🍃



to their God and His purpose had threatened guilty men. I found one of their freepapers in my friend's house. Reading it, I fell in love with a people whom I had never met. The freepaper spoke of a life that comes from peace, not war. It spoke of a love so powerful that it had the divine ability to persuade people to give up their own greed and selfishness.

One of the poems I read spoke of a salad. It was written just for me, by the very God that is protecting this planet. The work was entitled, "A Carrot is Good, but a Salad is Better."

My carrots were all that I had that contained any virtue. I could sense something very real tucked away in that remote corner of Vermont.

An inner force compelled me to visit this brave people. I quickly saw that what had taken root among this people was worthy of my full attention. I capitulated to their good and kind King, Yahshua. I and my carrots had found the salad!

This all took place 20 years ago and much healing has taken place in my life since then. To further hasten the healing of my soul, I met a wonderful

woman. Before we got married, my wife saw that I was changing and gave me the name "from the heart." It is not good for a man (or for that matter, a carrot) to be alone.

I love you and invite you to join in the real struggle. 🌿



Melevav
(Jim Bergeron)



What's It All About???

War from within and war from without.

The kind of thing that makes you scream and shout.

But wait! Can you hear that still small voice, saying
“What’s it all about?”

Sometimes it’s clear and sometimes it’s not.

Who’s side are you on?

Who’s running this show anyway?

Do you really know? Do you really care?

Are you a pawn in the game ?

Trapped in a snare?

Really this is becoming a living nightmare.

Here you are marching for peace, hoping
that the chance of war would cease.

Is this an act of your own volition?

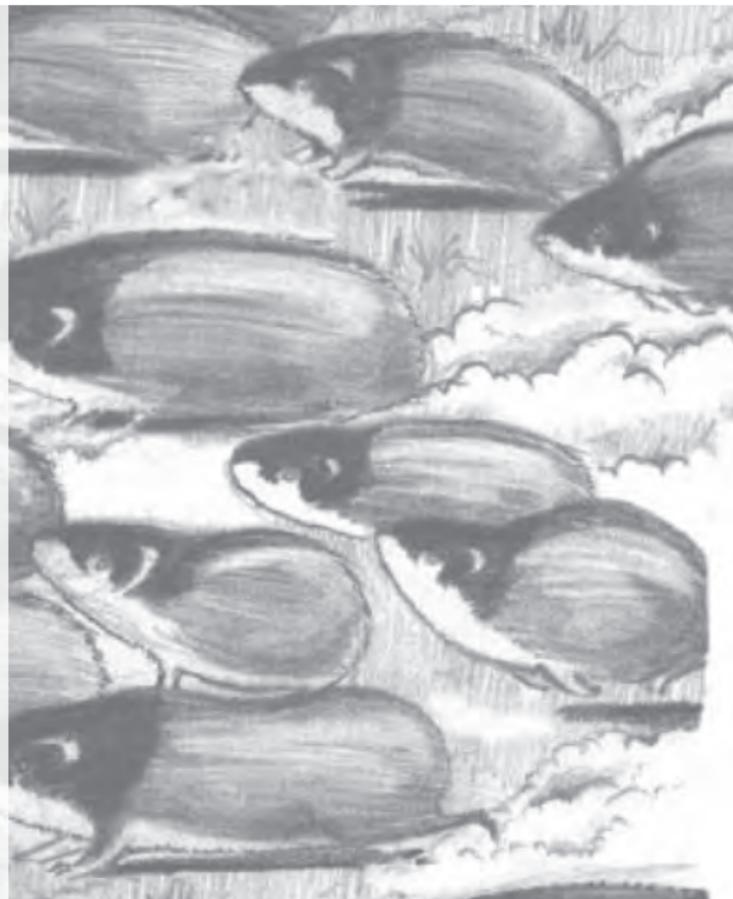
Or is it part of a COALITION...?

Perhaps you've become a pawn in someone else's mission.

Do you know? Can you really know?

Do you want to know?

Yochanan





Terms of peace

Total Surrender

What sort of man would say, “Love your enemies, bless those who curse you”? It’s the same Man who warned that, “...there will be wars and rumors of wars.” Talking to His disciples, the Son of God went on to say: “See that you are not troubled, for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet here.” You can see that He had something different on His mind. Even in His time, knowing the condition of man’s heart, He looked over the city of Jerusalem and lamented “If only you knew the things that make for peace.”

True peace starts in the heart of every man. Yahshua (the Hebrew name for the Son of God) was concerned, not for world peace as we know it, but for the kind of peace that is found in a person's heart when coming to true repentance and receiving forgiveness for sins.

The gospel that He preached proclaimed that He came "not to bring peace but a sword." So you can tell that His *peace* was not of this world. He meant that once a person truly heard His message (that is sharper than any two-edged sword), they would be cut to the quick about their own condition and would want nothing more than to surrender to His will. *Then* peace can come.

Our Master said, in essence, that

True peace comes
through the love
that we are able
to share with one
another and by
defeating spiritual
enemies that
lead to hatred
and strife.

the "terms of peace" is total surrender. He told a parable in Luke 14 about a king (Himself) coming with an army of 20,000 men against another king with an army of 10,000 men. The king of the army of 10,000 has to seriously consider his position before coming against the army of 20,000. Someone who recognizes that he has disobeyed his conscience and sees his need for forgiveness would surrender to the one who is greater.

What makes Yahshua, the *greater king*, worthy of total surrender? We, His disciples, have all recognized His authority as a rightful ruler in our lives because of the sacrifice that He made for us. His death on the cross and subsequent three



Make peace while the King is still a long way off... His ambassadors – the peacemakers – come ahead of Him, making His terms known to all not allied with Him.

days and three nights in death paid for our sins, and now, because of that, we want to give Him everything He is due. He reigns on the throne of our hearts.

Because we love our King, Yahshua, He is faithful to show us that true peace comes through the love that we are able to share in our communities all over the earth. He wants to restore us to be who we were created to be. He wants us to have peace with one another by defeating

those spiritual enemies that lead to hatred and strife and eventually death. In so doing, we, as His demonstration here on the earth, can bring about an age of peace, when there will be no more war or bloodshed.

For a foretaste of the hope for which we live, we extend an invitation to any who are interested in finding *true peace*. You are welcome to visit any of our communities any time.



SOME OF OUR HOMES & FARMS IN THE UNITED STATES

VERMONT

Community in Island Pond

P. O. Box 449

Island Pond, VT 05846

☎ (802) 723-9708

Basin Farm

P. O. Box 108,

Bellows Falls, VT 05101

☎ (802) 463-9264

Community in Rutland

134 Church Street

Rutland, VT 05701

☎ (802) 773-3764

MASSACHUSETTS

Community in Boston

92 Melville Ave

Dorchester, MA 02124

☎ (617) 282-9876

Community in Hyannis

14 Main Street

Hyannis, MA 02601

☎ (508) 790-0555

Community in Plymouth

35 Warren Ave

Plymouth, MA 02360

☎ (508) 747-5338

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Community in Lancaster

12 High Street

Lancaster, NH 03584

☎ (603) 788-4376

NEW YORK

Oak Hill Plantation

7871 State Route 81

Oak Hill, NY 12460

☎ (518) 239-8148

Common Sense Farm

41 N. Union Street

Cambridge, NY 12816

☎ (518) 677-5880

Community in Oneonta

81 Chestnut Street

Oneonta, NY 13820

☎ (607) 267-4062

Community in Ithaca

119 Third Street

Ithaca, NY 14850

☎ (607) 272-6915

Community in Bethel

177 Perry Road

Cochecton, NY 12726

☎ (845) 583-1071

NORTH CAROLINA

Community in Asheville

9 Lora Lane, Asheville, NC 28803

☎ (828) 274-8747

Community Conference Center

471 Sulphur Springs Road

Hiddenite, NC 28636

☎ (828) 352-9200

TENNESSEE

Community in Chattanooga

900 Oak Street

Chattanooga, TN 37403

☎ (423) 752-3071

Community in Pulaski

219 S. Third St

Pulaski, TN 38478

☎ (931) 363-8586

GEORGIA

Community in Savannah

223 E. Gwinnett St

Savannah, GA 31401

☎ (912) 232-1165

Community in Brunswick

927 Union Street

Brunswick, GA 31520

☎ (912) 267-4700

COLORADO

Community in Manitou Springs

41 Lincoln Ave

Manitou Springs, CO 80829

☎ (719) 573-1907

MISSOURI

Community on the

Lake of the Ozarks

1130 Lay Ave

Warsaw, MO 65355

☎ (660) 438-2541

Stepping Stone Farm

Rt. 2, Box 55

Weaubleau, MO 65774

☎ (417) 428-3251

CALIFORNIA

Community in Vista

2683 Foothill Drive

Vista, CA 92084

☎ (760) 295-3852

Morning Star Ranch

12458 Keys Creek Rd

Valley Center, CA 92082

☎ (760) 742-8953

1-888-TWELVE-T

Communities

Where you are always welcome!



Asheville, NC



Vista, CA



Horiton, Devon, England



Sus, France



Sydney, Australia

For more information, or to request more literature or a complete list of our community addresses, please call:

1-888-TWELVE-T
1-888-893-5838

or visit our web site at:

www.twelvetribes.org

Like a Beehive

Have you ever watched a beehive? It is fascinating seeing thousands of little bees working together to produce honey. As you come near the hive, you can hear an exciting buzz as they go about the many tasks necessary to keep the hive alive. The workers are responsible to collect nectar and guard the hive. The young bees keep the hive in good condition, feed the larvae, and support in other household chores. There is never a dull moment in the busy life of a little bee.

This is much like the life that we have. No matter what we do, we love to do it together. Daily we gather to thank our Master for His salvation, and to hear Him speak to us through one another. This gathering keeps alive a genuine love and care for each other. As we work, we take advantage of the daily situations, guarding ourselves from the selfishness and pride that would come in to separate us and take away our love. Our children are a vital part of our life. We not only homeschool them, but we work with them to accomplish the simple tasks necessary to maintain a family life. Our life is not a dull routine of chores, but is full of the warmth that comes from the sweet fellowship of friends speaking their hearts to one another.

But there are a few things that differ in our life from that of a beehive. One is that we are not driven by instinct or controlled by something separate from our own will. Each of us is here because we chose to leave behind our own separate lives to increase the life of this hive. Our life is not enclosed like the hive of a bee, nor do we have a stinger to harm any unwitted guests. We welcome anyone to experience our life with us. Please come and see what it is like to be part of a beehive of people expressing the warmth and love of our Creator. 🐝
