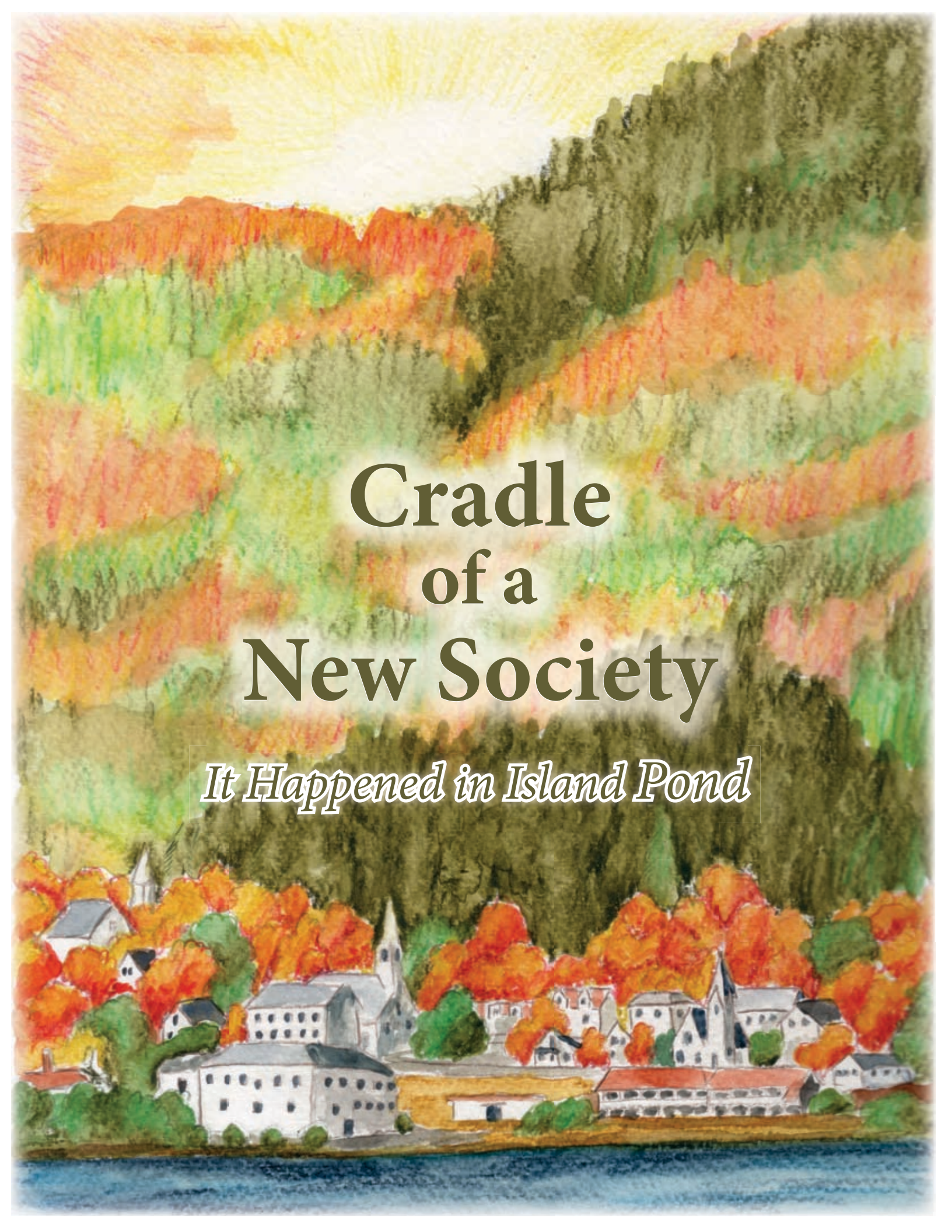




Cradle of a New Society

It Happened in Island Pond



The Miracle in Island Pond

Looking back over the last 50 years, we have to admit that something miraculous has happened. We are filled with wonder and awe over this incredible story that has changed our individual lives, and at the same time caused a holy nation that has come forth out of the “dust” in the midst of a rapidly decaying society. To us, it proves there is a God in Heaven who does far beyond what we are even able to imagine. As it says: “Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man the things which God has prepared for those who love Him.” (1 Cor 2:9) There was a little seed of faith that first sprouted in Chat-tanooga, Tennessee in the early 1970s, and then that seed incubated in tiny Island Pond, Vermont. This seed has become a flourishing “commonwealth” in our day. It is made up of Twelve Tribes – who dwell in various parts of this earth. It is a new life, with new goals, new plans, peace and love... All starting right here in the hills of Vermont.

On June 22, 1984, that little sprout was almost destroyed by an ill-conceived plot to take 112 children away from the parents of the “Church in Island Pond.” We are eternally grateful that our Father in Heaven appointed a righteous judge that day in the Vermont Supreme Court to uphold our constitutional rights and return our precious children. That story made national news and continues to be of great interest to scholars. But there is a much deeper and more profound story behind the “Church in Island

Pond,” (as we were called by many in those days). Who were those people and what brought them together to live in such a contrasting way of life? What has happened in the lives of these families and their movement in the last 50 years? This is the story we will endeavor to begin to tell in this little book. Looking back at everything that happened in all of our lives – the circumstances, the choices we made, the turning of the hearts, the miracles – all working together to bring forth something very wonderful. We now know that it was the work of the God of Heaven to begin to fulfill all things that were spoken by the prophets of old regarding the events that would unfold at the end of the age. We have the Scriptures, which reveal to us how the God works in the lives of men – through His Holy Spirit and the work of holy angels, to bring about His will on the earth. In hindsight we recognize and understand that this simple story was actually accomplishing something amazing. Such is the case with our beginnings and the events in Island Pond many years ago. All we desired was to love God with all our heart and teach our children to do the same. We had no idea that Island Pond would be the “Cradle of a New Society.”

Join us as we consider the
Miracle in Island Pond...

~ Mevaser of Yowceph

LONG AGO... AND FAR AWAY...



Like in the story of Bethlehem and of Nazareth in the far distant past, many times it has been the obscure and far-away places that have been chosen to be the home of extraordinary events..... In the early 1970s a spiritual awakening began to happen in the desolate village of Island Pond, Vermont.

Like its name depicts, there is a naturally formed lake with a beautiful little island in the middle... it looked like the perfect place to experience the “ideal life”... but, sadly, the hard times of a changing economy and a move away from the hard-working days of the past had caused this little village to take a turn for the worse.



DAYS THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS...

Financial crisis had come in those days to northern Vermont, and especially the "Northeast Kingdom" where Island Pond was located. It became the poorest part of the state of Vermont. A small core of local citizens stuck out these hard times, watching many of their long-standing neighbors head out for the big cities for work. Many citizens in Island Pond were of French-Canadian descent, with a strong Catholic family structure.

But the winds of change were beginning to blow... like the winds of refreshment... after a long hard winter.

At the same time, the rest of the United States was in upheaval, having gone through the tumultuous 60s with its rebellious, anti-war, hippie movement. In the wake of that, the young people felt lost in many ways having doubted all the ethics of the older generation. This void had spawned the "Jesus Movement", a burst of unfounded zeal for God. But all those movements were short-lived, and seemed to almost pass by sleepy Vermont...

Vermont had seen a few attempts of young people trying to escape the big cities and "get back to the Garden", heading for the mountains, trying to live a natural, communal life, but all those efforts too had mostly ended by the 70s finding no real solid foundation to build a life on.



The days of difficulty were not letting up in daily life in Island Pond, and the formerly busy train yard in the center of town lay almost desolate now... only one train a day to Island Pond... Hard times... What will the future hold?

Yet the "awakening" in Island Pond was different. There was actually a solid foundation of age-old wisdom on the horizon which would help these people out of their struggle. Yes, by the mid-70s something quite unique was being prepared in the rugged hills of the Northeast Kingdom. This place had the soil in which the hope for

a "new life" could actually germinate and spring forth. It was different in that it was not rooted in rebellion, or in a burst of zeal for "some-



"There must be more to "faith in God" than what we have experienced all our life. We can endure long, dark winters with minus 50 degrees on some mornings, with mountains of snow at our doors. We can still head out with our shovels, and our chain saws to cut trees for firewood and for lumber despite the freezing wind.

***We know how to handle hardships like that;
but what about the famine in our souls?"***

thing new". It came from an earnest and deep conviction that there was something very wrong happening in religion, and people needed to find the true Way back to God... This small group of Vermonters were not going to be satisfied with trivial answers. "Men need God," they need "forgiveness"... But where could they find the truth?

And now they had to ask: "What kind of a future were they raising their large families to go into?"

Everything was being questioned, even their Catholic upbringing. It was times of great uncertainty.

Hard Times

The famous "Ethan Allen" furniture factory that had kept many families going in this area for many years was now laying off many. That would spell the end for the fragile economy of this sleepy village. Little did they know, but the "sprouting up" of New Life was on the way!



Something marvelous began to emerge. A small band of families had decided to leave the organized church, looking for something to satisfy their soul... They were not sure what they would do. There must be some Way to serve God...

One of them had a storefront on the main business street of Island Pond... They turned it into a "church" equipped with pews and a podium. They assumed you needed those things to be a "church," but they wondered... And sometimes they even had a preacher to go with their church if they could afford to pay one to bring "sermons" for them... But even that wasn't working very well.... The year was 1972....



Church services were once held in the Block

*Tromping through the deep snow,
to worship what they barely knew,
they endured... They wanted
to know God, and do His will.
The high snow banks were not
so much of a challenge for these
Vermonters... It was "finding
the truth" that kept them driv-
ing them on... They sang songs
and prayed and waited...*

**MEANWHILE, IN THE FAR SOUTH,
UNBEKNOWNST TO THE PEOPLE IN
ISLAND POND,
A SOLUTION WAS FORMING...**

During those days, young travelers were on the roads with their thumbs out, unsettled. They needed someone to meet them where they were at. They needed someone to try to understand them. The highways had so many young hitchhikers...

An old pick-up truck passes by the hitch-hiker on the busy highway in Chattanooga, Tennessee... and then stops... backs up to the waiting teenager. He throws his back-pack in the back of the truck and jumps in the passenger seat. A kind face smiles, looking right into his eyes. "Welcome..." he says. Michael is surprised by the kindness, "Thanks for stopping!" Being all the way from Massachusetts he has not seen much warmth and kindness thus far in his trip... It is 1972... "What is your name?" asks the kind man with a slight southern accent. "Michael" he says shyly... "Nice name! It's the name of an angel in the Bible, you know?"

He goes on to ask many questions and then invites Michael home... "Come; spend the night at my house. My wife can make you a bed..." Gladly accepting the invitation, Michael welcomes the thought of a place to sleep. This "traveling" has its hard side, which the young man was meeting each night on the cold ground.

Pulling into the driveway of the little old southern style house, Michael meets his friendly wife. Not what he expected, as he sees a rustic sign over the porch, hand-drawn "The Light House"...

"Oh, what is this?" he asked curiously.

His wife smiled and said, "We just moved in... this is our first house. We want it to be a place where people can find the light, God's light!" Michael felt welcome and stayed a few days. But would never forget the kindness...



Several months later Michael dropped by Chattanooga on his travels again. He went looking for the friendly house, but sadly the "Light House" had been torn down. He was directed by a neighbor to the young couple's new place. It was called the Vine House. It was on Vine Street, downtown Chattanooga. It was a much larger house! Oh, so much had changed in just a few months... But the kindness was the same.

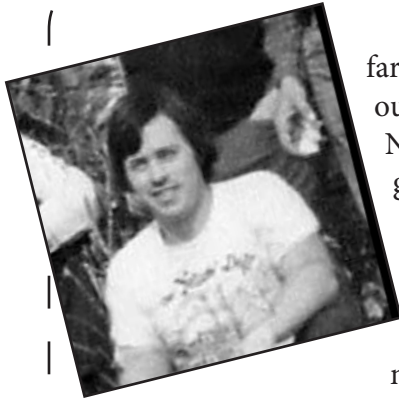
Michael helped the couple and their ever-increasing "family of hitch-hikers" who had stayed on with them. Together they had built a new little restaurant called the Yellow Deli... Then Michael needed hit the road again. This time he said he needed to go to Massachusetts. That was home for Michael. Maybe his traveling days would come to an end soon, but he never forgot the warm bed made for him, and the kind words.... Before he left, they gave him their address on a little paper... "Please come back and see us!"... He kept that paper in his wallet... "Very valuable! Hang on to that note, Michael!"

(He could be an angel...)



MEET THE “WAITERS”...

WAITING FOR THEIR HOPE TO BE FULFILLED IN ISLAND POND IN THOSE DAYS



Gene Sage was a dairy farmer... he lived on a farm outside of Island Pond in Norton. This had been his grandfather's farm. They were even closer to the Canadian border in Norton, and the only claim to fame is that it was marked as “halfway be-

tween the Equator and the North Pole”

by the only road sign they had in Norton. There was a big sugar bush on his farm... They did not have much time for tapping trees anymore though. They could not make maple syrup very often... It was a big job, and Gene had to milk the cows every morning and then go to the woods to work and get firewood.

Gene loved the woods, and his wife, Pauline was happy on their little farm. It was quiet there, and he could think. It was a beautiful place... peaceful... And that old Sugar bush on the hill behind the barn was a “good one”... His grandfather always said it was the best Sugaring



spot in Vermont... But what could he do, people were not going to pay a high price for real maple syrup any more... They would rather use what little money they had to pay the taxes on their farms.... It was difficult days. Gene tried not to think about God much. He went with his wife to the family church but it made no sense to him...



A young family (**Guy and Mona Brosseau**) in the nearby town of Barton were searching for the real faith. They left the established church they had been raised in They

decided that they could maybe help people change their lives toward God, if their large family started a singing group. They taught their children to play instruments and sing about Jesus. They thought they could somehow save the “lost”... But they were not sure they were “found” themselves. They called themselves the “Beacon Lights” because they really wanted to be a light to the world, as they read about in their Bible.

Another young family in Island Pond was **Richard and Lisette Delabruere**. He had a TV repair shop right on Cross Street and was Gene's brother-in-law. He also had a heart to hear from God. He came from a big family who were all in Island Pond, and were well-known in the area. But everyone thought Richard always "marched to the beat of a different drum." He had left the church... He and his wife wanted to do something for God. They heard about the Brosseau's little "singing group" called "the Beacon Lights". Lisette needed to provide some music for a Senior Citizen Christmas party... So, Lisette Delabruere called Mona Brosseau and....

They became instant friends...

One day Richard headed out to Norton to see his brother-in-law Gene, to tell him he needed to turn to God. Gene Sage was not interested in anything but hard work. Well, outwardly anyway. Richard knew his heart though... "We left the Church, Gene. We want to live totally for God. And now it is time for you to start thinking about God!" When Gene gave his typical stubborn reply, Richard told his brother-in-law, "Your barn roof is going to cave in on you if you keep being so stubborn." A short time later on, a minus 50



degree morning, when Gene went to milk his cows, he opened the barn door and realized that the roof had caved in. Gene knew God was speaking to him, so he and his wife moved back into town, and started going to Bible studies with Richard and Lisette. The Bible Study was usually at Andy's House...

They tried to meet together and have Bible studies at different houses at night in Island Pond. But that was a very unusual thing to do, as the Priests had always told them never to read the Bible. They said that was a "Protestant" thing to do, and reading the Bible could be dangerous. They might misinterpret it, the priests warned. Most of them remembered being forbidden to even have a Bible at all when they were young. So, a Bible study was very much "new" to them. But they actually found the Bible to be full of wonderful promises for those who would be faithful and keep His commandments. They all had big families and tried to make sense out of what they were reading so the young people could understand. But they really hardly understood themselves. It was hard to find a teacher for their study group, so they got the idea that maybe one of them could go to a Bible College to try to learn to be a preacher. They picked Andy...



Gene's old barn in Norton



So, then there was **Andy Masse and his wife Jackie**, the town plumber and water Inspector.

Jackie said bluntly, "Everyone in our church knew they were going to purgatory".... but these chosen few were not happy about that thought. "Why do we have to go to purgatory?"... "How can we ***"Be forgiven for our sins?"***" The moments of relief at the con-

fession window did not make them feel restored... "What could we do?"

Jackie had been born and raised in the tradition of her French Canadian Catholic family. They were the Trudeaus, another well-established, Catholic name in the area. . The thought of purgatory was unbearable to Jackie... "What could she do?"

There was a deep zeal to find out about the will of God... it felt like living in a desert in their souls because there was no direction for them...

She and Andy pulled out of the church... their hearts were stirred...

The deep snow piled up outside... another winter with no direction... "How do we do the Will of God?"... Let's move out of Island Pond! Let's start a ministry to young people..." said Jackie pleadingly.

They wanted to know what to do with the faith they had. But then... there is the family, 5 children... not much money... bills to pay. So... We have high ideals but...

"But today I need to go to work. We need to fix some plumbing down town at Kathy's Corner. I am going with the boys to fix some frozen pipes." Andy walks out of the difficult conversation with his wife like he often did. He had no answers...

She looked out longingly into the snowy street she knew so well, "Everyone in her church knew they were headed for Purgatory..." She did not want to go to Purgatory...

Now they have left that church but with nowhere to go!" She sighed deeply and began her household tasks once again...

Francis and Caroline of Barton

They had both grown up on farms in northern Vermont. Obviously, they were both used to hard work. Francis worked for many years at a furniture factory after high school. That is when he first met Andy Masse who also sometimes worked there. Besides working in the factory, he also did mechanic work in the evenings. Eventually he established his own body shop.

Caroline writes:

Within our first years of marriage, we had three little children. I loved just being a regular



Mom and homemaker. I longed to have a nice home and environment for our children to grow up in. So, my father gave us a few acres of the farm property. We worked together - along

with our little ones - on building our house on the nights and weekends. We worked on our house, made our garden, put up our food for winter, etc.

Then as our children were getting older, we longed to be able to keep them from having to go off to school. We knew that God had

Then there was **Maurice Campbell and his wife, Rachel**, a long-time Vermont family, with generations of devoted and hardworking Vermonters.

Rachel tells the story like this:

Before we were even married in 1964 my father and Maurice, along his father worked together there in the hills of Vermont to build our first home in Brownington, Vermont. It was an ideal little life.

They were all good musicians and often sat together in the evenings playing music. Being thankful as our relationship increased in our marriage, we were blessed with three desired children. We looked like the perfect little family. We were happy and were doing our best to get beyond our struggles. But eventually we saw that we were not going in the right way, we didn't have what we needed to overcome the things that wanted to divide us, or lead us down a path we didn't want to go down. Our "perfect life" needed something more.



Maurice made a living for the family as a home heating oil delivery man in the winter. It was hard work in Northern VT getting to all the storage tanks, dragging the heavy hose through the deep

snow. He took our young son, Ethan, with him as often as he could when there was not in school.

Maurice always loved music and had learned from his grandfather to play well on the fiddle and the accordion. They played that special "Acadian" fiddle music that was always a comfort to us. At a young age, Maurice already started teaching our son, Ethan to play... They even learned to make their own musical instruments. This was a very useful skill: to make instruments and make music. Their music was very popular among the culture of old-fashioned Vermonters where we lived....



Maurice's father

continued on next page

given these children to us and we did not want to send them off to be with strangers. We prayed to be able to find a better way. We believed in God and went to church every Sunday - because we knew it was the right thing to do... But we were dissatisfied with church. We wanted to know God.

We noticed a family with lots of children who were always at church. They seemed happy and two of their boys were even altar boys. We admired their devotion. We heard that they were going to bible studies and we were very interested in getting to know them.

They seemed to be dis-satisfied with the way church was going and want to really know

God. So, that is when we first met Guy and Mona's family and Maurice and Rachel's family at a "Bible Study". We also eventually met the "Christians" in Island Pond. We would gather "together" a few times a week to read and talk about the bible. The more we read about the first church, the more convinced we were that was the life we needed to be living. We prayed and waited for six years.

When Andy Masse invited messengers from down South to come to teach us in Vermont, we knew that our Father had heard our cries for help!!

~ Caroline of Barton

Our Simple Country Life in Northern Vermont

To many our life seemed so perfect. What I remember as a small child on the farm in Evansville, Vermont, is neighbors, friends and relatives coming to our house and playing music. It was a social time and people brought instruments, sang songs, and my cousin, Naomi said little children danced and some adults jigged. I remember some of them had babies and laid them on our beds when they fell asleep.

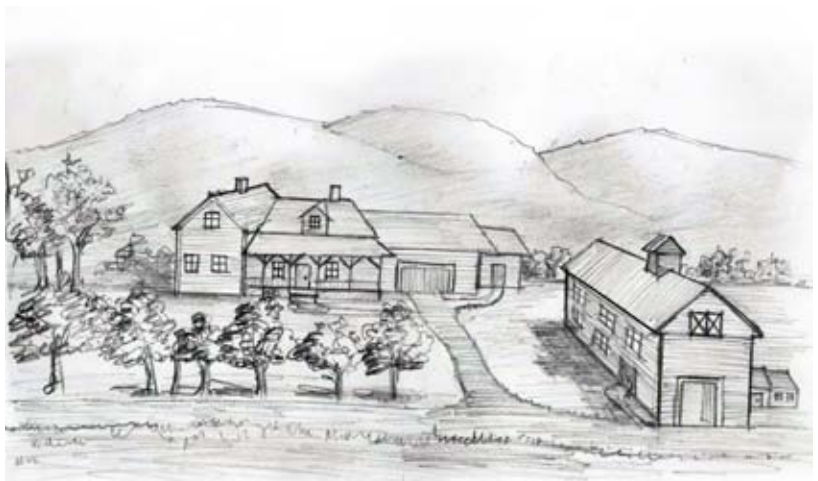
They called these little gatherings “Kitchen Junkets”. It was everyone playing music together after a hard day’s work on their farms.

Mom was always showing hospitality serving homemade pies, and snacks with hot drinks. Her brother also did Kitchen Junkets at his house sometimes. That is how I got to know my first cousin, Naomi so well. She later married Guy Brosseau and through them, we eventually met the people in Barton.

We had these get-togethers in a few different homes from time to time, but everyone enjoyed their time together. This would have been in the mid to late 40’s. Then we sold the farm and moved to Derby where we could walk to school. Maybe it was around 1950.

Then my father built a house in Salem Derby on his father’s farm maybe in 1952. I remember there were more social times with other new friends, neighbors and nearby relatives came for evening social time, but things had changed.

Now our little “kitchen junkets” started to become more like parties with alcohol being served. It was no longer a fun time but scary because everyone became different when they drank. Arguments broke out. I remember going up to my room, as women started becoming angry and started hitting and screaming and my dad made them go outside. No longer simple folks getting together for family social times any more, it had become party time with the influence of alcohol. My mom probably sent me up as she was also afraid



and didn’t like it either. She did not take part in the drinking aspect of the parties.



Why did things have to change like that? It had been simple county folk music, and supposedly “clean fun” at the many small dances in the local farming towns around... But I remember them coming home from playing music at the dances with my grandfather. They would talk about the alcohol, fights, men dancing with

other men’s wives... Evil was already taking it’s toll. I remember some of my uncles, who were hard working farmers, not being upright in many ways. The restraint was being lifted. Why did this have to happen in this ideal world we seemed to live in? I started being aware of it in the 70’s... and it got worse so fast.

“Where is the place for good, wholesome music?” Maurice wondered... The God of Heaven saw our struggle...

So, when my cousin, Naomi, told us about wanting something more, and hearing about a wonderful community she had heard of down South, we had hope. She talked about a new life of pure music and pure dancing and real devotion to God that her family had found. It sounded like it was what we had dreamed of. Maurice and I wanted to come. By 1977 the road became clear. Going to Barton, we met what they had been longing for. Maurice found true and heartfelt music among the people of God. So, we came, and gave our lives... from Rachel

**The “Kitchen Junkets” became “parties”.
Oh, what a great disappointment.
But that was not the end for this family..**

The generations of older farmers, like his father and grandfather, could not understand at first when Maurice was not content with the way things were going. Then, he said he was going to give his life to God. They were surprised when he told them he had been baptized and had become a true believer along with many others. They thought he had always been a good Christian, but they realized eventually that what Maurice had found something very real.

Then his son, Marcel, decided to follow that same path... Now a grown man and an excellent farmer, Marcel had also found the same faith...



Five generations of Vermonters begin to recognize that life had changed. The good clean life that they had always known was not the same... The only way a life can remain pure and idyllic, as Rachel described, is within the protection of the Kingdom of God.

A New Life of true Faith had begun for Maurice (now called Roi Tov, the good shepherd)... A New Song filled the air... Now, there

2 Chronicles 16:9 “For the eyes of the LORD move to and fro throughout the whole earth that He may strongly support those whose heart is completely His....

could be social times free from the evil that was destroying the simple life in Vermont. Maurice (Roi), his son, Marcel (Ethan), and then his grandson, Elionai, found the joy of music the way the God of Heaven intended it to be.



“May your Kingdom come, and your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven”

These strong families from the Northeast Kingdom had been devoted to the old religion they had inherited. They said their prescribed “Our Father” prayers obediently... They meant it when they prayed, “May your Kingdom come on EARTH as it is in heaven”. Thus, when the day came, they saw something of great value in the new life that sprouted up in Island Pond. The Bible calls it “a treasure hidden in a field.”

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in a field; which a man hath found, and for joy over it goes and sells all that he has, and buys that field. (Matthew 13:44)

What is it that all these families found? Maybe if times had not changed so much and the old treasured Vermont lifestyle was not crumbling all around them, they may not have looked up and noticed the treasure.

But they knew that somehow the way things were going, God must have something better. They had faithfully prayed the “Lord’s Prayer” all their lives, “May your kingdom come on earth



as it is in heaven... ” What would that be like, if the “kingdom” actually came?

The hearts of this small group of hardworking men and women were being prepared as the soil into which a seed of true faith is ready to be planted! What set them apart to be chosen in this way?

They were not the great and lofty of earth ... The daily life of each of these local families in this northern village was just average... One was a dairy farmer, the other a TV repairman, another the town plumber, another a full-time logger, a part-time accountant running the local ice cream shop in the summer months, furniture factory workers, heating oil delivery man. Hard work was not a stranger to them.

Though many other families had long ago fled to cities which were a little bigger and a little more prosperous... to find a good living, to find a little more comfort... these local families remained. Their last names became the skeletal structure of the local life of Island

Pond... the Delabrueres, the Masses, the Sages... Everyone in town knew them... and they knew everyone. Many of them were connected by marriage. Many had lots of cousins in town... Even in the nearby town of Barton, many hearts were stirred. It was a stirring that would not be satisfied... In the Bible it is called “the stirring of the heart.”

(Ex 36:2, 2 Chron 36:22, Hag 1:14)

Then everyone came whose heart was stirred, and everyone whose spirit was willing, and they brought their offerings to God for the work of the tabernacle of meeting, for all its service, and for the holy garments. – Exodus 35:21

**How could the longing of
their heart be satisfied?**

Where would this “stirring” bring them?

What is next???

JAY - THE YOUNG MAN FROM UP NORTH

Then into town pulled a young man riding a Mustang (the popular and trendy car among teenagers of that day). He was a messenger, though he did not know it yet. He was on a mission of great consequence. Unknowingly, he was being used by the Almighty to bring about an amazing promise.

But right now he is just “Jay”, a happy, young man with a guitar, who was searching just like many other young people at that time. He is the teenage boy they met at the Bible College nearby who had made friends with them... He seemed to have a special liking for them, especially one of their daughters, Annette... He right away knew that this group of families in Island Pond was special, extremely sincere... wanted to love God with all their hearts... This young man would be used to bring the “message” they had been waiting for...



The Story of the Messenger's Mission

Jay became known as “Malachi”, which means “messenger” in Hebrew)

Here is his story:

Just a young man from up North – searching for true love, he becomes a Christian – ends

up at a small bible school in Vermont... meets a fine Vermont farm girl at school with the same longing for something more than what they saw in the religious systems. “There has to be something more,” we said. It was 1975.

After school, I went back to where I was from in Massachusetts to return to work, but surprisingly there was no job opening at my old job!

I was invited by a friend from college to “Come on down south to Tennessee. I have work for you.” He was now going to Covenant College, a Christian College on Lookout Mountain in Chattanooga. Sounds like a nice country spot in the hills.

Eighteen years old, the longest drive yet in my little Mustang, I realized quickly that Lookout Mountain was actually a ridge just above the big city of Chattanooga... a very wealthy area. I was more of a country boy from Bolton, Massachusetts... apple picking country.



But just before leaving Massachusetts, my friends had a little send-off for me. A man came that night that I had never met whose name was Michael. He told me, “Wow, if you are going to Chattanooga, you should look up the Yellow Deli and the Vine House... These people really love God and are doing something about it.”

He handed me a little note he had been carrying in his pocket with the address scribbled upon it, and I put it in my wallet.

When I arrived at the Christian College, I found they had put the Yellow Deli off limits for their students to go there. I wondered why they would do that. “What are they afraid of?” So, I determined more than ever to go there.

Annette came down and that is when we went together to the first Yellow Deli in Chattanooga. We also visited the community they had on Vine Street. Everything we saw and heard rang true to the longing of our hearts to know the truth. We started to see that the life of a



disciple meant full time service to the One who died and went to death for us. I started going over to the Community more and more, being thrilled by the understanding that was reaching my heart.



The Vine House in Chattanooga

I decided to move into the Vine House (that was the main house where the single brothers lived and where most of the meetings happened). We shared everything just like they did in the First Church (described in the Bible in Acts 2 & 4). I would spend time talking to everyone. I told them about how I wanted to go back up North to get married. I told Yoneq about what was in my heart. He looked me in the eyes and said, "You go back up north and tell everyone what you are doing with your life." I was sent.

I got on my "horse" and drove the twenty one hours almost straight, I was so excited. I found myself asleep in a rest area that I didn't remember pulling off into. I knew I was being protected. Angels must have been watching out for me on my course.

I already knew many of Annette's relatives in Island Pond from visiting them during school. I went to Island Pond hoping to marry the girl with the same heart as me.

I started working with her brother-in-law, Andy Masse in his plumbing business, finding myself helping with laying water pipe in the streets of Island Pond. As we would talk, I could see the kindness and compassion that Andy and Richard Delabruere and others had especially for the young people of the town. We talked much about what was happening in Chattanooga.

Annette and I got married and two weeks after our wedding we were on our way to our new life in the Community in Chattanooga. The openness that the ones in Island Pond had to

know what was happening there grew as we would communicate with them.

We drove up North again and they had become even more inquisitive about what we were doing. One time we went to the little gathering "church" that was in the first floor of the building we later called the block. It was a Sunday Service. We went in

and all of a sudden Richard Delabruere (Raphael) spoke up saying, "Let's not have a regular service, but let Jay and Annette tell us what is happening in Chattanooga in the Community." We got up and spoke unhindered. It was amazing to see that something was stirring in the hearts of these people... an eagerness and humility to want to hear. I remember it so clearly. All of a sudden it was one of those oral report opportunities, but I realized I was speaking to the heart of all the chosen ones in Island Pond. It was just that



old storefront where we were all singing, and the piano was out of tune, but the heart was just right there. The hearts of the sincere ones were right there to want to love our Master. But it was also becoming clear that there was trouble at that time, there was a split in the church. There were the ones who weren't really so interested. There were those who were searching and those who were kind of satisfied. So that could have been

dangerous. But it was becoming clear that a small group of them wanted to know the truth!

One of Annette's very close friends, Ruth, who lived with her and the Masse family, came to visit us in Chattanooga a little later, on her way to see her parents in Florida. She stayed with us and after going to our celebrations and teachings at the Vine House, she knew she was home; she found the purpose for her life. She was soon baptized and not too long after, she was going to be married. The news went up to the far north

to Island Pond. Andy and Jackie, and their family came to the wedding.

All these things were a picture for them to see a new perspective of what being a believer was... they stayed for another week or so working with us in the Aeropagus (our Yellow Deli sandwich shop).

In Late 1977 we wanted to send Gene and Marsha (Yoneq and ha-êmeq) on a journey to see other communities around the country to look for others who might have the same spirit as us. As they were leaving, Ruth, Annette and I were talking to Yoneq with much pleading, saying, "Please go to Island Pond, they seem to really have a desire to know the truth. They love people and want to have something for the youth there."

After visiting many places and not finding anyone with the same spirit and a life producing the fruit of love, they remembered our plea to go to Island Pond. They traveled up to the



The Aeropagus in Chattanooga

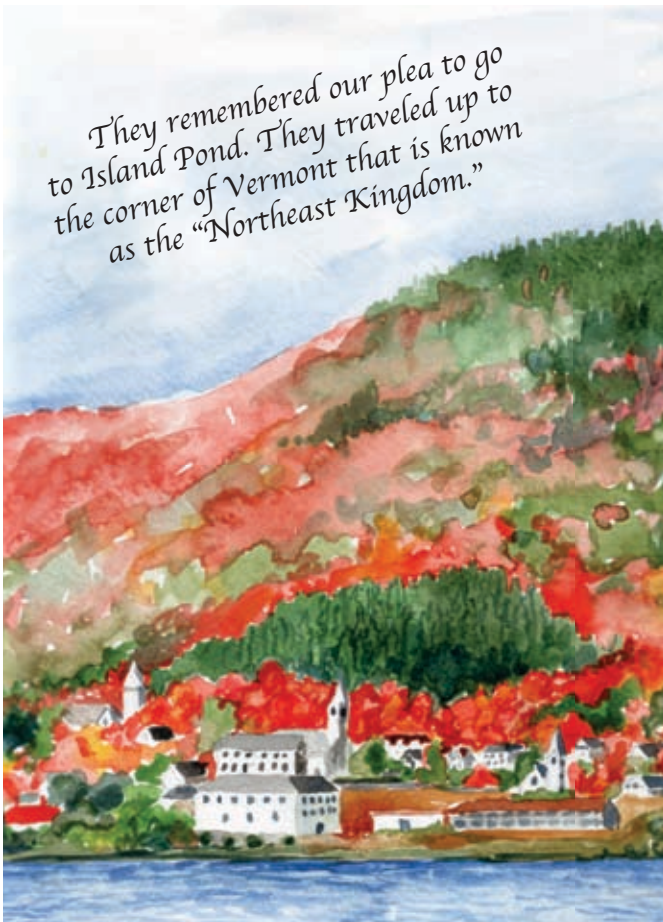
corner of Vermont that is known as the "Northeast Kingdom..." Little did we know what our Father had in store for us...it became the incubator of the Twelve Tribes...clusters of homes...a place to develop in so many ways. In the 80s and 90s, we spread out from there to many places, even around the world.

Well, it really happened! The families in Island Pond and Barton received the true gospel from the sent ones. They heard the truth from Yoneq and were willing to give all to be together and be a true witness of the restoration of what the first church was...Acts 2 and 4.

We are thankful to be part of the wonderful story to tell... We are all called to be messengers to those who are looking, searching, longing to hear in their hearts the voice of God to come into His life on the earth... Oh, by the way, the Mustang car wasn't a community-type car so we were so glad to sell it... an older man bought it for the seats...it wasn't needed any longer...it served its purpose.

~ Jay and Annette (Malachi & Rebekah)

They remembered our plea to go to Island Pond. They traveled up to the corner of Vermont that is known as the "Northeast Kingdom."



Malachi — One vivid memory I have of my time at the Bible School was when they had a College Weekend. They would invite guest speakers, all these highfalutin Christian speakers came to speak. So, although when I was in Bible School everyone loved me being around because I played guitar, they knew I was not settled about the things that were being said there. Really it is when we were in that school that our Father spoke to me about the deception of Christianity. Every time they would tell us all this doctrinal stuff, Rebecca and I would turn to each other and say that is ridiculous. Or I would do a debate with them..... It was so confusing and we saw so many sorcerer kinds of things when we were in school. So that made us ready really for hearing the truth.

FROM RUTH: ONE MORE PIECE OF THE PUZZLE

Though I grew up in a protected environment in Northern Vermont, I had gone through an extremely rebellious time around the age of 14 years old. My parents had been good people but I remember going with them to church and feeling like there was no togetherness there, no love. I remember even saying that it all just seemed like an empty form. I saw that my Christian friends were no different than anyone else and I wasn't either. But at some point around the age of 16 I realized, who was I to say there was no God and decided I wanted to give my life to Him but I wanted it to be real.

One of my friends had a very different family. I got to know them. They lived in Island Pond. They took me on and tried to help me. They had something in their heart's to want to love and help people, me being one of them and it really affected me.

I went with them to that little church they had started in a storefront on Cross Street. They had hired a pastor who was what they called "charismatic" but his life didn't back it up. I could tell that some of the people who went there were very zealous and others weren't. I remember a deep longing in my heart to know that my life was pleasing to our Father. My friend and I would visit a seemingly zealous group of people up in Canada at a place called "The Lord's Farm" who believed in the baptism of the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues and I thought that must be what I am missing. It didn't take me long to realize that it was just some kind of emotional experience and it didn't do anything to satisfy the deep longing in my soul to be pleasing to our Father. I sensed somehow that pleasing Him had something to do with loving and caring for others but I didn't know how to do it.

I went off to Bible College for one semester thinking maybe I would find it there but I didn't. That Bible knowledge did not lead me to loving and caring for others. I remember sitting on my bed crying, telling our Father "I DON'T



KNOW WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME! I THOUGHT WHEN I GAVE MY LIFE TO JESUS I WOULD BE SATISFIED! BUT I AM NOT! PLEASE HELP ME!"

Trouble even hit the little church on Cross Street. I went back there not knowing what to do with my life but no one there could help me because they didn't really know what to do either. Around that time is when Jay and Annette came for a visit.

They had moved into the community in Chattanooga TN after they had gotten married. Not knowing what I was going to do with my life everything they shared with me seemed interesting and they invited me to visit them. All I knew about community, living in Vermont was the secular ones that were near us. Even though we were friends with some of them they didn't seem to be bearing the fruit of love. But what Malachi and Rebecca were talking about seemed different. I had decided at that point that I was going to go visit my parents in Florida and go on to Arizona from there with my brother. I had family that lived out there and I hoped that maybe I could find a purpose for my life there. Since Malachi and Rebecca invited me to visit I thought I would stop there first on my way to Florida. I arrived at the community and was there for about a week. I was very affected during my time there. I was affected by the real relationships people had with one another. People could be more honest about themselves and with each other than I had experienced. They seemed to really love one another. There was togetherness. I saw that people would actually give up what they were doing to help someone else. I loved it! I would go to the gatherings where there would be a teaching or just people sharing what our Father had spoken to their hearts. I didn't even understand all that was being shared but I could tell it was real and deep. I would cry because I was so affected by it. By the end of the week I was in a battle in my soul because part of me didn't want to leave but there was a part of me that was worried about giving up my independence,

doing what I wanted to do and how I wanted to do it. Then I realized it was all selfishness and that the God of Heaven was speaking to me. I had found true love and togetherness that I didn't have and I didn't want to turn my back on Him! So I chose to stay and give my life to Him and my brothers and sisters. While I was living with Kepha and Sarah, I knew that Kepha had a deep desire to have a farm where we could all work together and take young people in and help them find our Father. After I moved into the community I wrote Kepha and Sarah and told them that dream of his wouldn't work. It would have to be based

on this kind of life and His love. I told them I thought this life is what they desired also.

I asked them to please come and visit.

I have never regretted it. Ever since I gave my life to Him in this way I have never felt like I didn't know what to do that was pleasing to Him, I knew that it was pleasing our Father that I would lay down my life for my friends every day and this is love. This love is awesome, it's deep, it's rewarding!

Shalom, Ruth

THE BROSSIEU CHILDREN...



Annette, Daniel, and John Brosseau

"Our family was praying that we could find the 'will of God' for our lives... We all learned musical instruments and began going from place to place singing in churches and at little events."

The Beacon Lights

Daniel Brosseau writes:

The deep clanging bells began to call us... it was time for church.

My parents had been very devoted French-Canadian Roman Catholics all their lives, and they had a love for God that was very sincere. They went to church every Sunday with our large family. My brother and I became altar boys, each in our turn, at about 8 years old. Entering the huge doors of the church each Sunday was hard for me, as I was very afraid... Yet, my parents wanted us to serve up there at the altar. We learned to assist the priests with every aspect, such as preparing the frankincense to be burned. The smell of that smoke impressed my young soul... What was the frankincense for?

As an altar boy I had been instructed how to hold a plate under the chin of those who received the wafer from the priest as they took communion. This was treated as a very serious matter, and the people came to confess their sins to the priest beforehand. Those receiving it were never to touch the little wafer -- the priest himself would place it on your tongue, and a plate was held lest the wafer should ever fall and reach the floor. The wafer was never supposed to be chewed, rather allowed to dissolve in your mouth. This was hard to understand as a little boy. We were taught that the special sacraments the priest carried out actually turned those little wafers into the Body of Christ. Oh, so many important things to understand for an 8 year old boy!

I remembered being puzzled about the immediate change in people when they walked through the doors of the church. I wondered if maybe they were as scared

as I was. Even lively, jolly people would become oddly somber and sad-looking as they came through the doors. I guessed this was considered to be “holy” behavior in God’s house.

But as I carried out my “altar boy duties” among all the people I saw, one young couple seemed to stand out. I saw them each Communion, week after week. I was drawn to their sweet and genuine character. They did not seem to take on a different “holy” personality and change their face and walk differently, while in the church. This made a special impression on me as a boy.

And then, amazingly enough, in a short time later I would come to know them personally. Their names were Francis and Caroline. My parents met them through work and invited them over to our house. I was pleasantly surprised one day to see them in our house. I don’t know why, but they seemed different from many of our other friends and neighbors. Francis and Caroline and their children became very close friends with my family, and the genuineness on their countenance was a true reflection of their desire to love God with all of their hearts, the same desire that was in my own family.

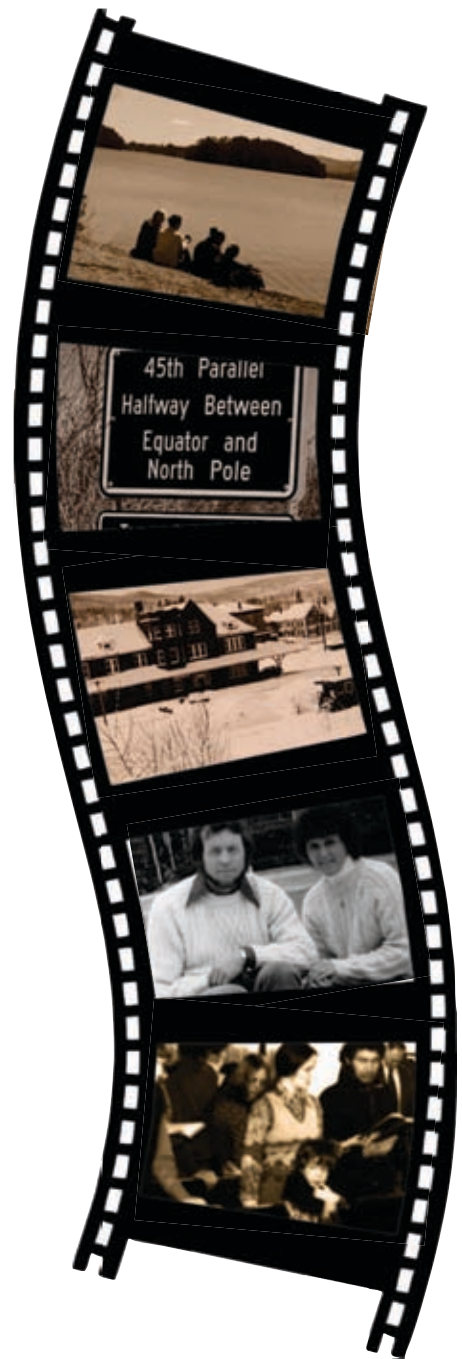
Then something began to shake up our church. Small Bible Study Groups began to form and “charismatic meetings” where people became very emotional and started looking for “miracles”. For anyone sincerely seeking to do God’s will and to live for Him, the time will come when they begin to look for more than the ritualism of the established church. It was no different for my family. We began reading the Bible, something we were never instructed to do at our church. Before Bibles were considered an ornament carefully placed on the coffee table, something to be looked at as a symbol of being spiritual, not something to be read or taken seriously.

But now something different started being opened up to us.

Reading about the life of Jesus with his disciples in the Bible seemed so much more real and down to earth than what we had been experiencing in the church. What did burning incense, sprinkling holy water and the many other rituals we did have to do with the simple life described in the gospels of Jesus and his followers?

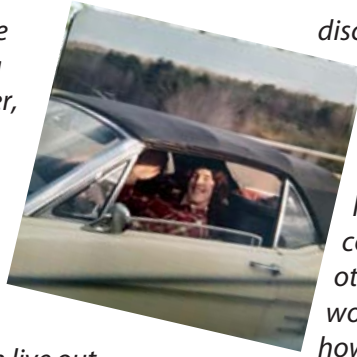
These were very uncertain times in the early 70s. Our family was praying that we could find the “will of God” for our lives... We all learned musical instruments and began going from place to place singing in churches and at little events. My parents wanted to be a light to people lost in the world. My father called our little musical group “The Beacon Lights”. We became popular among the young people in churches. My parents hoped that we could reach them... One night as we were playing songs about Jesus and singing with all our hearts, some of the young people listening came up at the end and asked us for our autograph. They were not seeing “the beacon light of hope from God” but rather only having a good time at a show, and trying to find another music group to idolize. I wished our family would stop trying to go to places and sing. It was not working.

We knew some other French-Canadian families in the next town over, Island Pond. We sometimes joined them for Bible Studies. They also



wanted to do God's will, but were just as lost as we were at figuring out what to do. We sang together, and studied and waited. Then... up our long driveway came the answer to our prayers. Our young friend, Jay, came riding up in his mustang....

He brought us a message:
There is a true Life where you can live out the commands of the Bible everyday... this is what my family was waiting for and also several other families including Francis and Caroline, from this area who earnestly were seeking God's will for their life...
~ Daniel Brosseau



disciples that He had earnestly desired to eat that meal with them. He loved them and they were bonded together with Him. The meal they participated in was a reflection of the life they were living together all week long. He laid down His life for them and commanded them to do the same for each other. He actually told them this is how the world would know they were his disciples, and how the world would know the Father loved them and that He had sent the son. Without this reality, the communion meal is just symbolic without any current meaning in our lives. That is why we had felt so dissatisfied eating a small wafer that melted in our mouths. Without treating one another – His Body on earth – with utmost respect, treating the little wafer with utmost respect not only had no meaning, but was great hypocrisy. I realized it was a reflection of the shallow commitments we had been living. Now we could live in the reality of the New Covenant inaugurated by Messiah at his last supper with his disciples.

A follow-up from the heart of Daniel

After becoming a member of the community, the Body of Messiah, I came to realize the true significance of the communion meal or what is referred to as the Lord's Supper. He told his

Chezikah, daughter of Barak and Naomi



When were very young, our father lost his arm in a work accident. He had experienced suffering before in his life, each time he turned his heart to God for help.

He was a hard-working, kind, gentle man who always meant what he said. He disciplined us for our own good, teaching us there are consequences for your choices. We grew up knowing that our parents loved us.

At one point in his life when he was faced with great pain and turmoil in his soul, he cried out that God would hear him. He told our Maker, "Please hear me! If you can help me and answer my prayer, I will give you my life in whatever way that means!" Well, our Creator heard him and He answered that prayer. It actually opened the way for my parents to be able to

hear in their hearts and seek to understand God's will for their lives. They had become "born-again" believers and began looking for other believers to have fellowship with.

Growing up we loved to sing together. Our parents recognized a way that we could share our new love for "Jesus" with others. He encouraged my brothers and me to practice together. We began to learn new Christian songs and wrote our own songs as well. Before long we were being asked to go to different events to sing. One evening as we were together with our parents, we were discussing a name for our group to be known by. We found a verse in Philippians that spoke about "shining among them as beacon lights..." We all felt that this was the name God was giving us — "The Beacon Lights." But we really did not want to "entertain" people, but to actually be a "light" that could lead people out of darkness. What good did it do to just sing to them?

We became friends with other families. They had the same heart that we had to live whole-heartedly for God. We would meet together in our homes and share with one another what we were hearing in our hearts.

One evening as my family was together, my parents expressed excitement about what they were reading in Acts 2 and 4. They were reading about how the First believers lived together and cared for one another. This led them on a path of seeking to find people that lived this way. They began asking God to lead them to His people and to a place where they could live and care for others just as the first believers did.

In the winter of 1977, my parents planned a trip to visit relatives in Florida. They decided that on the return trip from Florida we would stop for a day at the community in Chattanooga. Well, the one day turned into 5 days. We were overwhelmed with the genuine warmth and hospitality of the people. One couple moved out of their small "apartment" for us to stay. We witnessed the life that we read about in Acts 2 and 4. It was very different from the other intentional communities that we had visited.

As we traveled back to Vermont, we could not stop talking about our time in Chattanooga. We shared our experience with our friends back home. We continued to spend time with our friends in Island Pond also. They felt the same way that we did about their visits to the community in Chattanooga.

We all knew that something wonderful had happened to us. We had witnessed a life that we longed for and believed that God had led us by His angels to find these people.

Back in our hometown of Barton, Vt. The fathers of each family agreed that we would wait to see what would happen. We were not interested in looking at any other communities. We wanted to understand in a greater way the life that we had witnessed.

After a short time had passed, our friends in Island Pond invited someone from Chattanooga to come up to the Northeast Kingdom to teach us about the life of Acts 2 and 4. With great excitement we traveled to Island Pond once a week to be at the Sunday gatherings. Our hearts continued to be stirred.

It was in October of 1978 that we knew we wanted to be part of the life that we saw forming in Island Pond. Several of us were baptized in the cold waters of Crystal Lake in Barton. We had come to understand that the true Gospel calls you to surrender 100% for Him; no longer living for yourself. We came to see there was a Way for us to be able to do this every day. The pattern of Acts 2 and 4 is the Way that is being restored on the earth. It's the only way that the love of God can truly be shown to the world.

We know that there are many other families, just like ours...those who long to do His will but don't know how to with all of the confusion and division there is in Christianity. But just as He led us by His holy angels, He will do the same for anyone who has a true desire to live for Him.

We long for others that have that same desire to be with us, building His Kingdom together.

The promise was that we would receive a hundred times as much when we gave up our house for the sake of the Son of God and his Gospel. It is Matt 19:28-29:

Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. 29 And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.

So why would we need a hundred houses, except to receive a hundred times more brothers and sisters. We have seen that happen! Yes, we have received so many houses and so many brothers and sisters... it is the promise of true community!

Chezikah



FROM HOSHUA BROSSEAU

My eyes focused on the image of the huge cross with an image of Jesus suspended high above the altar in my church in our small northern Vermont town. I was ten years old and as I knelt down in the pew of the cavernous and cold interior of the church, I prayed that I could know God and His will. He seemed so distant to me but I knew deep inside that He existed and I wanted to know Him.

In the beginning I thought that the church I had been raised in all my life was the way to God. My brother and I both became altar boys and immersed ourselves in serving side by side with the priest on Sunday mornings. Functioning as an altar boy gave me a unique perspective in what went on behind the scenes. As a child I always thought that the priests exemplified what a man was like when he was closest to God. As time went on, I realized that they were not as near to God as I first thought. I remember one Sunday morning there was a special high mass taking place and because of that, there were priests and other high-ranking leaders from the Vermont Diocese gathered at our church. As we put on our robes and prepared to leave the sanctuary for the procession in the church, the priests were telling jokes and laughing. I was stunned and disappointed as a young boy to witness how they were acting.

As I grew into my early teenage years, I came to see more of the dead ritual and emptiness in the church but I continued to attend Mass with my family. When I was thirteen, unbeknownst to me, my mother had approached the priest in our church and spoke with him about the lack of fulfillment and spiritual emptiness she was experiencing. He told her about a small group of people from the church who would gather together every Wednesday evening and pray and talk about the Bible. He said that they called it a "prayer meeting" and that my parents should try to see if it would help them find what they were looking for. I can remember my mother coming home after their first encounter with these people. She told me how they had prayed and "asked Jesus into their hearts" and how hopeful they were. We began experiencing renewed hope and zeal about God's purpose on this earth. Looking



Now Chezikah and her family could sing with all their hearts... with her older brother Hoshua

back, I can see how this was a stepping stone in our lives. We started to read the Bible and attending youth group meetings where we sang, talked about how Jesus. There was an awakening happening, a sort of revolution for Jesus and we were in the middle of it. Around 1975 my brother Daniel and my sister Annette, along with a couple of other friends started a Christian singing group. We traveled all over as teenagers singing to the elderly in nursing homes, benefit concerts, fairs, prisons, and on Christian radio and television programs.

As a family we always wanted to share our home with other needy people. I remember how happy we were to be around other people, not just in gatherings but on a day-to-day basis. We tried to take in homeless people who my father would pick up hitch hiking, or to give a place for the night to stay for mixed-up high school students. We wanted to really help people. But it was difficult in the environment we lived in.

One weekend a year we would go to Island Pond, Vermont and attend an event for young people. They called it "Cornerstone Weekend". At the end of the weekend retreat it was so difficult for us to leave and go back to our empty lives. We would ask ourselves: "Why do we have to stop being together? Why do we have to go home?" We actually had everything in life to make us comfortable, a new home in Vermont, businesses, all the material pos-

With great excitement we traveled to Island Pond once a week to be at their Sunday gatherings. Our hearts continued to be stirred. It was in October of 1978 that we knew we wanted to be part of the life that we saw forming in Island Pond....



sessions that supposedly make people happy, but we were still missing something in our lives... true fellowship and the confidence we were doing God's will. I came to the realization that our Christian lives and music ministry were not fulfilling the deep desire and need in our hearts for a life of real discipleship.

When I turned 17, some of our Christian friends from Island Pond came over one evening to introduce my parents to a couple who was visiting from Chattanooga, Tennessee. Gene and Marsha were vibrant and warm and full of excitement about doing God's will. They lived with many other believers in what they called "Community". They were from the South in the Chattanooga area. I can remember them talking about how they worked together to make their living in their little restaurant called the Yellow Deli. They talked about how the Body of Messiah was actually meant to live together. We heard about the life of the early believers in the Book of Acts (Acts 2 and 4) and how that was never meant to stop. Our hearts were stirred. Why couldn't we have the same life here in Vermont?

I turned 18 in January of 1978 and we decided to spend the holidays in Florida. On the return trip home my parents decided to stop and visit the Communities in Chattanooga. We ended up staying for five days. Those five days were life-altering. We experienced love and a place where young and old could participate in a life together.

Everyone worked together and people were acting like real human beings (not putting on a fake front). I remember thinking about how

these young men and women would be exactly the same as the disciples who walked with our Master 2000 years ago. It wasn't just a "Community Life" that we were looking for, but the true demonstration of believers that was once lived in the days of the early church, the Body of Messiah. We wanted a place where the Scriptures were lived out, a place where the gifts God gave to men could function. As Paul the Apostle described in his writings, the apostles, prophets, teachers, pastors, evangelists could work together using their God-given gifts.

As we prepared for our trip home from Chattanooga, we knew our paths must cross again soon. We went home to Vermont with an uncontainable joy in what we had found in Chattanooga. We immediately began to tell all our Christian friends about the life we had seen. We wanted the same life that we had witnessed there in Chattanooga to be in Vermont. Needless to say, we were received with mixed reviews. Some who were close to us were encouraged to hear about what we had found, while others were negative and cautionary. We had found the truth and could not forget it. Over the next several months the Community moved up to Island Pond. We became part of this wonderful Community of believers. Some of our close friends that we had known for years also came with us and moved in. We were taught how to be disciples and how to live a life that mirrored the early believers in the Bible. We were so thankful to be home and to be among true believers.



At the Scent of Water...

The prophets long ago promised that if His people would humble themselves and pray and seek His face, that he would hear from heaven.

If My people who are called by My name will humble themselves, and pray and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal their land. (2 Chron 7:14)

Like a thirsty plant, they would send out their roots seeking to find a way to live a life pleasing to God, seeking for water...

The other citizens of Island Pond and even their own relatives wondered what was going on with these “seeking families.” Why don’t they come to church like they did before? What is wrong with them?

Downtown at the corner restaurant, Cathy’s Corner, their neighbors were a little worried. “What are they doing?” they wondered.



“When we find God’s people we will know it.”

But this little group of seekers did not know exactly what to do either? They came out of the organized church, but now what? They began to read the Bible, and one special verse continued to rumble through the mind of the local plumber, Andy Masse.

2 Chron 16: 9 “For the eyes of the LORD move to and fro throughout the whole earth that He may come to the aid those whose heart is completely His...”

All they wanted was to qualify as those whose hearts were completely His. They hoped His eyes had noticed their plight.

Angels

The work of angels through the centuries has brought about the conjunction of various circumstances in order to bring about the purpose of God. Angels were hard at work at that very moment to bring together all those who would be used by Him to full His purpose. Like the conjunction of planets, marks the orderly universe, bringing together amazing heavenly displays, pointing to events on this earth...

So it is time, the fullness of time, for the spark to come forth that will bring forth a new life.

Though they did not know it yet the answer to the cries of this handful of sincere Island Ponders was on the horizon. Angelic forces caused one thing to lead to another. Soon, all the right characters were in place for something very amazing to happen!

For it was true: The eyes of God do search this earth for those sincere ones just as was promised in the Bible. When the soil had been prepared a seed of faith could come forth... for the scent of water was on the way!!!

At the Scent of Water....(Job 14:7-9)

7 For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. 8 Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; 9 [Yet] through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth fresh sprigs like a plant.

So, what is it that is budding at the scent of water? What is it that is putting forth branches like a flourishing plant? It appears to be sprouting forth from something long ago cut down?

In recorded history as we know it, there are many clues that indicated to us that long ago, almost 2000 years ago, some circumstances caused the death of a tree. It is the same tree that John the Baptist warned the people that an axe is ready to cut something down.... it says in Luke 3:9 that an axe is laid at the root of the failed religious system he was experiencing as a young man in Israel. He warned them, if they did not change their ways the tree would be cut down and thrown into the fire. Well, they were distressed at hearing this from the great man of God and asked him what they should do... His reply is very telling. He did not give them any great religious deed, or stunning spiritual action to do. He simply said, "Share what you have, don't be unjust in your daily dealings in life..." It was small things that proved their repentance: share your food and your clothes. Then when the Messiah himself came, his message was similar. Share, love, give... in your daily life. That is what proves true religion... "True religion is this: take care of people, and do not be stained by the world's idolatry"... Simple commands that prove a heart is right with God.

And it is in those very things that it also proves to the watching world if our religion is true. It is in how we handle our finances, how we share, how we care, how we love. So, many will spout off amazing spiritual words but it is in their daily life that it is validated. That is why the First Believers lived the life they did. It validated that something very new had begun. Why is the Life they lived together so vividly described in the Bible? We would answer: "Because it is supposed to be that way.



This is the way we are all supposed to live!" It tells the story in Acts 2:44, and then again in Acts 4:32. It is the first believers, like the ones in Island Pond, who did not live a life for themselves after their baptism. "That is the way it is supposed to be."

So, out of the stump of a cut down tree comes something new and fresh. The root was always good. It went back to our Father Abraham... But the selfishness of man caused it to be corrupted, so that finally in the end they crucified their long-awaited Messiah. But the sad thing is that the early believers were also corrupted in that same way.

Those same history books tell of the intrusion of the government of the world, in the form of Constantine, giving support to a major shift in the setup of the "church." He was able to organize them into the Established Church as we see it today. He has lost the spark of life that we saw in Acts 2 and Acts 4. It became organized with pews, cathedrals, popes and preachers. It was no longer the vibrant life of "saved people" who were brought out of darkness. It was a beautiful place to go to church. So, there you go... The old tree was cut down and a whole new system was established.

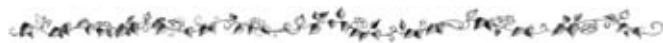
Our hope was to go back and restore it to the way it was in the very beginning. They were not even called by the name "Christians," but were rather those who keep "The Way." It is a "way of life", not a meeting. So, in Island Pond a new way of life was crystallized based upon the loving commands of both John the Baptist and the Messiah. It has become a new tree, based on the same root system but this time it will produce the RIGHT FRUIT.

Growing up in Island Pond...

Growing up in the sleepy village of Island Pond, I longed for a greater purpose than the ordinary life I saw around me. While I had a close relationship with my parents as a child, I began doing things behind their back as I entered my teen years. This really disturbed me because I loved and respected them very much, but the pull of what other youth were getting into was so strong. Then at the tender age of 14 years, I met a small group of Christians who introduced me to being “a born again Christian”. How happy I was to have a new perspective on life just as I was entering high school! Now my life would have meaning and purpose because I “met Jesus”.



Meet Yaqarah, the daughter of the famous “Kathy” of Kathy’s Corner, the happy disciple.



Kathy’s Corner

Well, maneuvering through the perplexing years of youth hood in a big high school challenged my new found beliefs. My family worked together in the restaurant my parents owned. It was called “Kathy’s Corner.” My mother was the “Kathy” of “Kathy’s Corner” (though her name was not actually Kathy). Kathy’s Corner was on the main corner of town and that is where all the “small town news” was broadcast. My mother knew everything going on. And my parents did their best to raise us with good moral values and strong work ethic in the midst of those all around me going the other way. I tried joining a singing group of zealous youth who sang songs about Jesus. What really helped me was that I began to attend bible study at Andy Masse’s house once a week. He was a kind and gentle “older” man (then in his mid-30s) with a nice family who loved youth. Of all the adults in our small Christian group, he seemed the most genuine and wise.

But oh how the years of becoming an adult toss your mind and emotions back and forth. Despite my parent’s best efforts, a stable family life, I still often despaired about the condition of the world and all of its troubles. “Why do people have to suffer injustice?” I wondered. “Why don’t they get along more?” And all the other “whys” that come to a young mind about life. Even

with Christians, it seemed to me that some were full of love and concern for others while some remained cool and unemotional, not noticing others besides their own family. As I was approaching graduation from high school I felt so much pressure within myself to decide what I would do from there; go to college, seek a profession, get a good paying job so I could afford living off campus, experience life in a different setting, travel...? “What next?” I wondered. My parents just wanted to support whatever decision I made, but I was torn between going on into secular life and serving God somehow. I really wanted to dedicate my life to Him, but I didn’t know how. I had so many wonders and so many questions about the purpose of life which troubled my young Christian heart. I didn’t feel that strong in faith, but deep down I wanted to know God and his ideas about life.

During this time, my former youth group leader and his sweet Christian fiancé (who had also been a part of our singing group) had traveled down south



and became involved with a very different group of “Christians”. When I was still in high school, I saw a little tract called “Light Brigade” in our “store front” church. It seemed like the heart of the Jesus Movement to me, like really sincere young people working together. Wow! I wondered what this was all about, but it was beyond my grasp, being based so far away in the South. I was still at home and finishing high school. I did write to the people who wrote that paper, and asked for a few “free” tracts to put at Kathy’s Corner. I wanted people to know the “good news” about Jesus even though I didn’t feel capable of expressing it. I felt like my life should be a witness, and not just religious talk. So to my great surprise, Jay Howley, who had led our singing group, wrote a friendly note back to me with a small stack of tracts. What an encouraging circumstance! “Maybe our paths will cross in the future,” I thought.

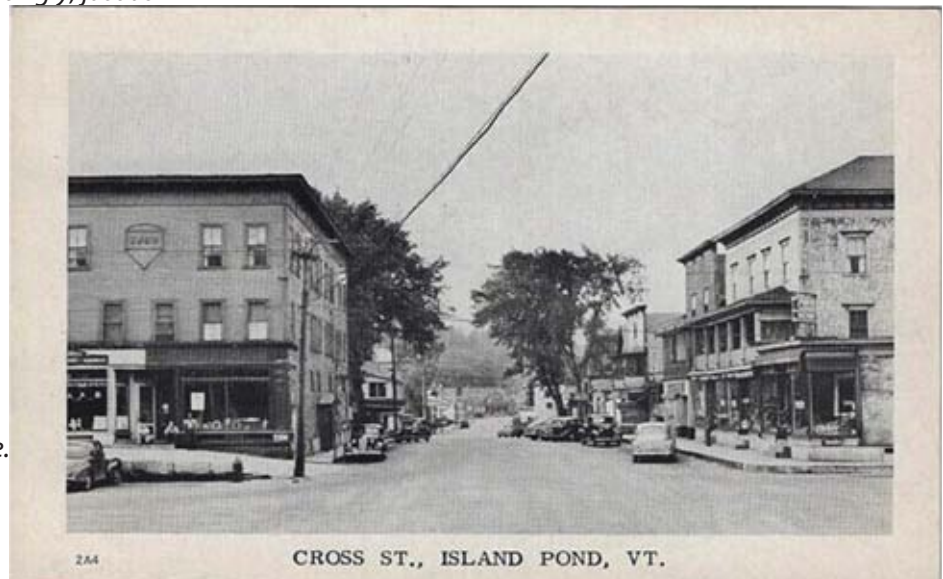
Well, at the end of my senior year, I moved from Island Pond for a while. Interestingly, just as I moved from town, some of those zealous Christians from down south were moving into town. My mother wrote and told me they had come into Kathy’s Corner often, and they were actually becoming involved with them. My parents even helped them acquire their first house in town- the Maples. All of it seemed great to me, but my interest was already elsewhere.

Many circumstances came into my life in the following two years. I ended up getting married and returned to Island Pond in the spring of 1980 to help at Kathy’s Corner for the summer. This is when my relationship with the community first blossomed. Amazingly in the two plus years that had passed since I actually lived in town many more zealous disciples had moved there. Now known as the “Church in Island Pond,” the community had taken off. They seemed to be everywhere. Friends from our former “storefront” church had invited those very same people who made that interesting Freepaper I had ordered to put in my mother’s restaurant to

actually live with them in their homes, including the kind and wise youth leader, Andy Masse. “Wow! What is happening here?” I wondered.

I was amazed, drawn, but very cautious. Could this be the real life God intended for Christians? (I was not easily convinced; nevertheless, because of my family’s perspective and those I looked up to like the Masse’s, Sage’s and others from my former group, I slowly let down my guard.) I started making many friends with people in the Church (as we called it).

Then a time of crisis hit our family when my first child was born. He became terribly ill at only 5 days old. I had to live in the hospital with him for a month. During that time, the Community folks were so concerned and helpful, sending cards and even visiting me in the hospital far from Island Pond. I even heard their whole community was praying for my baby to recover. “Wow! I don’t even belong to their church and



they cared about us and made the effort to let us know that.” This meant so much to me and made a huge impression on my skeptical heart.

When I finally returned home with my new son, there was great rejoicing in my family and with my new friends. Little did I realize just how attached I was becoming to all of them.

Many circumstances happened in my life from that point on. I was finally convinced about where God was and what I needed to do with my life.

There is no easy entrance to the Kingdom of God, the “new life” to be gained in Messiah. To receive the most amazing life you could ever imagine, there is a very narrow gate. Although, my husband eventually chose not to enter that gate, he was very happy for me that I found the desire of my heart. He also thought it best that our children would be raised in a wholesome and godly environment. Nevertheless, giving up the man I thought I would spend the rest of my life with was a heartbreak for me. But when you actually see the incredible, extraordinary, uncommon, remarkable, vibrantly social, inclusive life of people who truly love God and believe in the Son of God’s great sacrifice, no cost is too great!

Now, 40 years later, with children and grandchildren in the Community, I reminisce fondly about those early years in our Island Pond households. Wonderful memories of

our first communal way of life; raising our children together, cooking and eating together, having festive celebrations, and working at various tasks with one another, all call to mind that special time and place. And it is still going strong in many other places!

The Cradle of a New Society

Imagine, tiny Island Pond, in the beautiful Green Mountains of Vermont being chosen as the “Cradle of a New Society,” a new social order that has spread all over the globe! What an honor our God has bestowed on this humble, old railroad town and its upright citizens. I would never have dreamed it possible to be part of such an awesome life right in the town I grew up in. Island Pond is a testimony forever of the fire our Creator kindled in men’s hearts to begin a new witness of His Kingdom in these last days.



The former site of Kathy’s Corner, the central intersection of Island Pond, is NOW the exact location of the Yellow Deli in Island Pond



A PROMISE TO BE FULFILLED!

Now when they heard the Gospel, they were cut to the heart, and said to Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men, brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. For the promise is to you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, as many as the Lord our God shall call." - Acts 2:37-39

"But you, tiny village of Island Pond..., though you are little among the thousands Yet out of you shall come forth to Me The One to be Ruler in Israel, Whose goings forth are from of old, from everlasting." - Micah 5:2

...So, into this far corner of Vermont came a **spark** of life... which has become a fire...

COME OUT IN ORDER TO COME IN....

Because those few local families decided to separate themselves from a religion which had so disappointed them, they could not come out into "nothingness". Even the momentary revivals, like the Catholic Charismatic Revival was short lived. During those days, little groups sprung up, exercising the "gifts of the Holy Spirit". They noticed that on the day of Pentecost, the people were all "speaking in tongues" when the Holy Spirit came. So, the sign of "speaking in tongues" was being presented in the Charismatic Revival, as proof that a person possessed the Holy Spirit... For they had neglected to mention what the people actually did on the day of Pentecost. Once they had been baptized and received the Holy Spirit. It was

not that they just acted emotionally stimulated, expressing their "spiritual gifts" all day long every day. It says very clearly in the Bible what they did.

They began a life of sharing and caring together right there in Jerusalem. This is what the Bible says in Acts 2:44, stressing that immediately after their baptism they all stayed together and shared all things in common. This must be important because the Bible mentions it 2 separate times very clearly... both in Acts 2:44 and then in Acts 4:32. They loved one another and there were no needy people among them.



Why are these verses in the Bible so clearly avoided by those who claim to follow the Bible?

So, little Island Pond had begun to stir, and when a stirring happens it is hard to conceal the zeal. It was like the beginning of a fire... Thus, everyone wants to get in on the excitement. But then when the excitement dies out though, too many will head for another "exciting" location. But these sincere ones who had eyes opened by our Father remained together miraculously. There are promises in the Bible that make it clear that those who seek WILL FIND. The voices of the prophets are still alive and will lead us if we heed them. So, now there must be something for them to come in to... A Place to Belong...



THE LIFE BEGINS... SAP BEGINS TO FLOW!

The connections of the sincere ones in the North and the South had been made. Now the life could flow! It was springtime and the sap was beginning to flow in the Maple Trees! The long winter was over....

A small apostolic team came up to Island pond...It would be life to these Island Ponders who longed for the Truth. Andy took them for a walk in the deep snow, but the signs of spring were clear in the forest in Northern Vermont.

Sadly, the political situation with the Christians in Chattanooga had become very hostile toward the blossoming community. A decision was made to move the whole community up north, leaving 6 small Communities in and around Chattanooga, and 7 Yellow Delis. Thus, Island Pond would become a refuge for those from Chattanooga who had found that there was no room for the "First Church"-kind-of-religion in the Bible Belt full of Protestant denominations who were all sure they had the right doctrine... and were ready to kill those with the doctrine they consider to be wrong. The Southerners were not looking for an easy life. The Northerners were looking for the truth. Yoneq, ha-êmeq, and Deshe meet "sap" for the first time, as Andy Masse explains the flow.... "We will make Syrup together!"



The Bible comes to life in the Northeast Kingdom

John 14:16-23 (Amplified Version) verse 18: "I will not leave you as orphans (comfortless, desolate, bereaved, forlorn, helpless); I will come to you." We were all orphans until Yoneq received the Spirit that our Master promised. Now we could know our Abba in heaven and our Imma "the Jerusalem above who is free, and she is our Mother." (Gal 4:22-31). We are those born of Her and "...if anyone keeps My word, he is truly My disciple, and he shall know the truth and the truth will set him free." And those sincere ones in Island Pond were longing to be free. Free from the slavery of self and of the world. They proved to be the ones our Father was searching for through Yoneq. They received the word of truth as is recorded in 1 Thess 2:13-14. Love, Deshe



THE MAPLES

But where would they all live?

One kind lady heard something in her heart... It was Kathy, of Kathy's Corner.

Yes, though we had a few other houses that had been given up which could be used to house disciples it was not enough. The homes of the Masses, the Delabrueres, the Sages, and others, would not be sufficient for all the young families moving in... They would need a large, central place to live with many rooms.

Going into Kathy's Corner one day with Jay and several others shortly after they had moved to Island Pond, Yoneq asked Kathy if she knew any houses that were for sale. "We need a big place to all live together . . ."

Again she smiled her all-knowing-smile and said, "Look up there on the hill. I own that house. You can have it just for paying the back taxes!"

"Yes," pointing through the big picture window in the front of the cafe, "Look, just across the street and up the hill behind the railroad station!" . . .

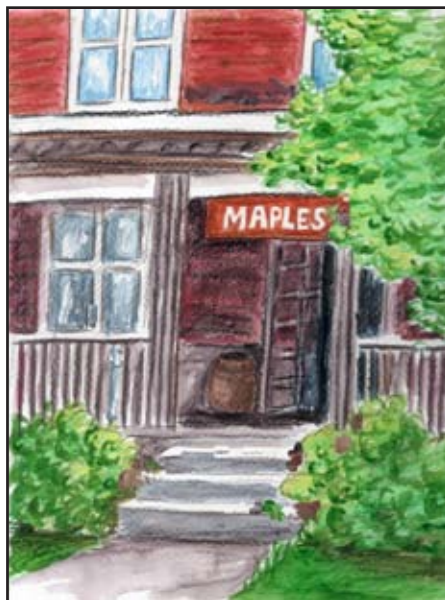
Partially visible was a very large, run-down looking house. Yoneq struck the table with a shout of joy. . . "There it is!" . . . His wife took a deep breath as it was obviously going to be a big job to make the place livable again after all these years, but she also jumped up and followed as Gene and the others with him all went running outside rejoicing. From the sidewalk outside the whole house could be seen. There were broken windows and peeling paint, but the doors were still on there . . . Together they all ran to the top of the hill and entered the ramshackle house.



The floors creaked. Spider webs... dust everywhere. But miraculously preserved. Dry basement, usable chimneys if we can fix the furnace... and if we can buy wood stoves they could heat the main rooms... This is it... we are very happy.

So, this home became central to all the lively activity that began. It was an open door to many... It had been the old railroad boarding house on the hill above the old train station in the 1800s when the trains were running freely into Island Pond. But it had long-ago become an eye-sore to the town. By 1977 when we acquired it there was no one who even wanted it. Finding an ancient sign in the basement of this run down house when they moved in, they excitedly brushed off the century of dust and hung it back up above the front door. "The Maples"... our new home had a name. Quickly filling up with happy disciples and their children, we looked for more homes. Aside from the houses brought in by the local couples, we ended up acquiring many more rundown houses in town, until we owned 14 houses in little

Island Pond. We had become ten percent of the total population of the town once all the disciples from Chattanooga moved up . . . Restoring it made us remember how great our salvation actually is to restore us from a useless life.





Just after the Community began in Island Pond we had many thoughts of what we could do to help improve our situation there. The town was very run down and most of the houses were in need of repair. Then we had an idea, “Hey, let’s make a sign for the town.... “

Someone else answered, “No one really cares if there is a sign for our town anyway.”

“Well, this is going to be an important town in the future. IT NEEDS A SIGN.”

Someone said: “Maybe we can figure out how to make signs... I think that youngest Delabruere boy, Leonard, knows how to draw... We can have a little sign shop for him... We will call it, “Significant Signs”. Because there is something significant getting ready to happen here... that is why you put up a sign.... something SIGNIFICANT.”

So the Community made a beautiful sign for the entrance of Island Pond. It was a pretty sign. **It is still there.** Really, it did seem like no one really cared about this poor old village. Even the people who had lived in Island Pond wished they could live somewhere else at the time...

But actually Island Pond had become a very important town!! The Kingdom is coming on earth as it is in heaven... Heaven has visited Island Pond because of the hearts of those who love our Father, and had the courage to follow His commandments. Though the true meaning of “baptism” has long ago been lost, as most religious groups rather spend their time debating over all the doctrinal issues concerning the subject.

It actually is a very deep symbol of your death to your old life and a new life beginning. And then there must be something to “be baptized into”. Acts 19:3 alludes to this very clearly. It is a new kingdom with totally new “rules” to live by. So, at this time many were baptized in Island Pond and a vibrant community like began.



Baptisms ... even in winter...

Many of the families were baptized in the Lake on June 20... more baptisms came later on in the winter...



Chazaqs Meet the Community

James Cleveland heard about us, and his heart was stirred. This is his story:

My parents were born and raised in Massachusetts and grew up experiencing the Depression and World War II. I was born on December 6, 1950 also in Massachusetts.

My father was very consistent over the years, making a living in a small local building supply company to provide for my mother, two sisters, and I. Although my mother was trained as a registered nurse, she never returned to that profession, choosing to remain a mother and homemaker. Perhaps we would have been considered a middle class family financially. I have some pleasant memories growing up in those earlier years with my family in Rockport, part of the North Shore.

My parents became "born again" Christians when I was around 8-10 years old. We would often go to a Christian camp in southern Maine during the summer where my father served as a maintenance man on weekends and my mother as the camp nurse. The church we attended in Rockport often hired pastors or youth leaders that were part of a Christian Seminary which was not far from where we lived. From what I understand, they had a Calvinistic point of view.

As I grew up with neighborhood friends and started to go through grammar school and high school, I began straying away from the positive influence my parents had desired to raise me in with that particular way of living. My mother had a copy of Dr. Spock's book on child rearing which affected their way of raising me. I did receive discipline a very few times from my father but it was needed and affected me positively. One of the more powerful influences in my life besides peer pressure was when the music group, the Beatles, first appeared in 1964. There were great changes going on in society during these times of the sixties and seventies and I was in the middle of it. The music of the times and my few friends had a great effect on my life.

Upon graduating from high school in 1968, I enlisted in the military and served one year in Vietnam and one in Germany.



When Dr. Spock came along, the spanking stopped, permissive defective parenting came in, and all hell broke loose. Not only was it in my life with the choices I made (to my shame), but also in society at large. My rebellion was expressed in more of a hidden way but it was ruining my conscience. Really, it was a moral cultural revolution that was taking place in society. Sexual looseness, eastern philosophy and drugs came on the scene and I, with my attempt to find an identity, acceptance, and purpose in that moral revolution, received much guilt which accumulated in my soul. Guilt is the root of most psychological disorders, and disorder was developing in my soul.

I had to find a way to face and cope with that guilt and in that attempt, after a time of great desperation, I turned to the Christian god of my parents to the greatest of my ability and became "born again." It was all I had and all I knew that late summer in 1970, my only hope. I felt I really wanted to know the Son of God and be wholehearted.

Upon completing my military service, through much groping and others' advice, I enrolled in a Bible Institute in northern Vermont. It seemed to be the best way to become established in some solid Biblical teachings and to be prepared for

“full time” service in response to the forgiveness I thought I had received. Little did I know I was about to meet my future wife there. We fell in love and after a few years, were married in the church where I was raised. During our time in the Bible school, my wife served with a mission group in northern Canada amongst the natives in that area. I also served the next summer with a missions group in Italy. We desired to be “full time for the Lord”.

After we were married, we sought to know what God’s will was for us. We had our first child and then another one three years later. We considered several options over these next five years- youth pastor, assistant pastor, RN nurse’s training in hopes of serving on the mission field medically, caring for foster children, serving in alcohol/drug rehab homes for troubled teens. I wanted to work with people and not in some factory or construction job which did not seem to me to be “full time for the Lord”.

What I came to see over these years was the reality that my iniquities were still destroying me and my family. They had dominion over me. In my searching and attempts to live a set apart life for the Redeemer, I was not showing the fruit of a believer. My wife and I both knew it. It was a hard reality to face. Desperation began to mount again, as there seemed to be no hope. I wanted to go live with a Christian writer in Colorado who taught about and seemed to know the way of the “cross”. I knew I didn’t have what I needed and would need someone with authority to show me the way, deeper than what I knew. At one point I read about Christian communities that were springing up around the country as a result of the “Jesus Movement” of the 70s. A seed of hope entered my heart at the thought of living with others who had faith.

Then in the summer of ‘78 a friend from our Bible school days came to visit us. He told us about his sisters who had met a Christian community in Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was moving back to his hometown where that same Christian community was beginning a work there in northern Vermont. Again I had a spark of hope. I was beginning to see I needed a new life and that I had been in a double prison, thinking I had escaped the world and my selfishness, not realizing I had not yet found

the saving truth. Our friend invited us to come see him and his family when we had a chance.

I had leave time coming to me from my job in the hospital. We took that time in the fall of ‘78 and went to visit our friend at his parents’ house, not far from where the community was beginning to form in Island Pond.

Our friend took us to visit the newly forming community over a few days’ time. At that time, they had one common house and everyone else still lived in their own homes. What I witnessed was love and joy being expressed by a people who claimed to know the Son of God. Local families were in the process of responding to the true gospel in Luke 14: 25-33 and Mark 10: 28-31. They were responding by giving up their possessions and homes out of love for the true Son of God. The message they heard showed them they needed to not go to church but to be the church. They were to be a separated people from the decadent society around them to truly be His set-apart people and witness as it says in 2 Cor 6: 14- 7:1 and Exo 19: 5,6.

I was witnessing love and friendship amongst those sent to Island Pond from the Tennessee community. I witnessed authority and the true gospel. There was personal accountability. I knew forgiveness was real here, but if we received it, it would require us giving everything to Him in this practical way of showing love in community. 2 Cor 5:14,15. Living for Him would mean being true disciples that live by the cross daily and deny self.

I was convicted through the witness I saw and the authority I heard. What more did I need? I was home! I had found the pearl of great price! It was what I and my family needed and was what I desired. We had a place to belong, the perfect place to do the will of our Father.

~ Chazaq

Chazaq’s wife Azarah’s side of the story

This is what I, Azarah, shared at our 50th Anniversary:

As we visited the community for those few days, my reaction was quite different than my husband’s. I remember walking into the Maples and meeting Joy in the kitchen. She was wear-

ing a long flowing skirt and had a kerchief on her head. My first thought was – “Hippies!” That lifestyle did not appeal to me at all, coming from a very conservative Christian background. Saturday night, Chazaq went to a “Bible study” taught by Yoneq but I stayed home with our friend’s wife, as Peter was still a nursing baby. She shared a few fears she and her husband had about the community and authority. Chazaq woke me up when he got home, full of excitement. “This is it!” He exclaimed, “This is what I’ve been looking for all these years!” He went to sleep while I, being unable to sleep, stayed awake, thinking and praying.

The next day, the community was meeting at Wildwood for “Critical Mass” which I assumed was their church service since it was Sunday. They gathered in a circle. We sat, watching them sing and dance (something I was never allowed to do in my church growing up). I felt uncomfortable. Then they began speaking, not just one man as I was used to but many of them shared their hearts, some very zealously. Again I was uncomfortable. “Did they have to be so excited?” I wondered. I could tell that Chazaq was taking it all in with great excitement. When the “service” ended, he turned to me and said, “I am going to talk to the elders about us moving in.” I said nothing as I didn’t know what to say.

I went outside into the yard with my children and some others while they set up for a lunch they were going to eat together. My husband was talking to some men. After a time, he came to me and announced, “They said we could move in. We can stay here!”

My heart dropped. “What about all our things at home?”

“I’m not worried about that stuff. I am going to call and tell them we don’t need the apartment anymore.”

“What about your job?” I asked.

“I am going to call and tell them I am quitting my job,” he replied.

“Where are we going to live?” I wondered.

“I don’t know but they’ll find a place for us,” he confidently answered.

It was too much for me. I had to get away and consider things. I grabbed 4 year-old Daniel and the baby and got in the car. Our friends

tried to dissuade me but I wouldn’t listen. I backed up the car and drove off. Years later, Yoneq told me that I was a coward when I made that decision. At the time, it seemed right. I prayed the whole way home, all 3 hours! What was I going to do? I didn’t want to leave my husband but I also didn’t want to live with a bunch of hippies. Deep in my heart, I knew I loved Chazaq and needed to follow him.

A week later, I returned, still hoping to convince him that it was too hasty a decision and we should go home and think about things. But it did no good. He had found what he had always desired and was not going anywhere. He was baptized that next Sunday without me. I knew that he had entered a different kingdom than me and it tore me up inside. I was in turmoil. At that point, I started opening up my heart to the love that was so obviously in the people in the community. It was something I had never experienced before. Before long, I also fell in love with the merciful, caring God of these people. Two weeks after my husband was baptized, I surrendered my life to the only one who could truly save, Yahshua.

I am eternally grateful.... Azarah wife of Chazaq



Throwing in their lot with those who were gathering, Chazaq and his wife and family became treasured foundation stones in this new nation!

AN ODD PROMISE

one that is different from what is usual or expected; strange

*Yahshua said, "Truly I say to you, there is no one who has left house or brothers or sisters or mother or father or children or farms, for My sake and for the gospel's sake, but that he will receive a hundred times as much now in the present age, houses and brothers and sisters and mothers and children and farms, along with **persecutions**; and in the age to come, eternal life. (Mark 10:29-30)*

That is an odd promise - *persecutions* for those who give up so much for Messiah and the gospel's sake. What kind of reward is that?

What if people today would have the radical response to Yahshua and his gospel of giving up their families and their homes and their land? Peter had just proclaimed "See, we have left all to follow you!" That was part of a conversation where a rich man had chosen to not do that, and walked away sorrowful. They were told he would not enter the kingdom of God.

So what was Yahshua saying?
How can we understand it?

Firstly what Yahshua called the rich man to was not isolated. The call was the same to everyone who wanted to follow him and inherit eternal life. That is why the ones with him said they had done it. It is clearly laid out in Luke 14:26-34. It is clear that even when Yahshua had ascended it was the same message because it produced the same response as is documented in the book of Acts, chapters 2 and 4.

And all the believers were together and had all things in common; and they would sell their property and possessions and share them with all, to the extent that anyone had need. Day by day continuing with one mind in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, they were taking their meals together with gladness and sincerity of heart. (Acts 2:44-46)

What would happen if the same gospel that caused those 3000 on the day of Pentecost to give up their possessions and even relatives (if they would hold them back from total devotion) was preached today? What if people could respond

the same way for his sake and the gospels sake, what kind of gospel would they have? It would be a gospel that would make a very close knit family, the family of God, who do the will of God.

For whoever does the will of God, this is My brother, and sister, and mother. (Mark 3:35)

If any of those who were added as brothers and sisters had property it would be forsaken. One who gave up property would eventually receive 100 fold through others who would give up their property and so on. Moreover those properties would be needed, not to increase the wealth of the one who gave, because he no longer would be interested in that because he lives what it says in 2 Corinthians 5:14-15:

For the love of Christ controls us, having concluded this, that one died for all, therefore all died and He died for all, so that those who live would no longer live for themselves, but for Him who died and rose on their behalf. (2 Cor 5:14,15)

BUT he would need the houses for all the added brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers to move into - TOGETHER. That was the pattern of the early church.

That explains the first part of the promise, but not the odd part, persecutions. However, if people would respond in this way then a nation would start to form, the nation of Ephesians 2:12 (that they had been excluded from).

Remember that you were at that time separated from Christ, alienated from the commonwealth of Israel and strangers to the covenants of promise, having no hope and without God in the world. (Eph 2:12)

It would be a nation so strikingly different in foundation that it would be a light in this dark world. Their selfless giving up of everything and sharing would expose the selfishness of society. Their obedience would present a real threat to

the ruler of this age, the one who the whole world lies under the sway of. That sway is only possible because of selfishness. He knows that he will lose his influence over a people with this kind of selfless devotion to Messiah and the consequence of that will be that they will bring his end. The consequence of this consequential life is persecution... and in the age to come, eternal life.

CHILDREN... CHILDREN... CHILDREN

Jay “Malachi” and all his children...

The children of Island Pond begin to startle the world around. Malachi and all the families began to increase beautifully. Many children were born, many were taught the ways of our Father...

Like in the days when Moses was born, and also like the days of the rumors of a King being born in Bethlehem, the rulers of the world begin to take notice of the “increase” and the possible challenge these children could be to the current order of things..... The battle begins...

Swarms of happy CHILDREN blessed our life. Our Father must protect them....



Restoring the joy of children...

This is just the start of the restoration of ALL things.

The value of children was being restored as the days and years proceeded in Island Pond. Home schooling, proper discipline, good food, clean fun came alive. A great love for children came to us. This is part of the restoration that was predicted by the Prophets of old. The status of children rose from basically being “play-things” to be the potential great men and prophets of the Kingdom of God they were created to become. The hearts of the fathers turned to the children because “The Spirit of Elijah” had come... Just as it was prophesied by Malachi the prophet long ago:

Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the LORD: And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.” (Malachi 4:5-6)

So, a great turning had started. It was beautiful... Something amazing was arising.

But we learned a new proverb: When our Father says “Rise and build,” the evil one says “Rise and oppose”. Unexpected opposition arose came suddenly...



Bad Press...Stage set for that very big day in 1984!

Do Not Believe What the Media Says

from Bob Racine, who came in 1984

I know that... my father didn't have eternal life, and he didn't understand eternal life. But he certainly thought about it. And he thought about other things, too. He told me the year that I met the community as he had told me many times, "Don't you believe what you hear from the media, DO NOT believe it. You make observations with your own eyes and with your own ears, DO NOT listen to them." I didn't even understand the significance of it, but I know there came a time when I really needed what he had told me, and because I didn't go by the media, I went to see. And I found the place where I heard the word of eternal life. So I am thankful he told me that.... Their new ideas were causing the odd phenomena of "persecution". The historic conflict which had been so clearly seen in Jerusalem 2000 years earlier of the violent attacks of hostile religious people, was again being seen... They even used the arm of the government to carry out their hostilities, as Pilate became the executioner even against his own will. So, plans were being concocted to stop the pleasant life that had begun in Island Pond.

Thus, as the sincere hearts of the Island Ponders met the zealous hearts of the young disciples in Chattanooga, there were great tests ahead for them. They were worthy of persecution because they had obeyed the gospel and given up their lives.

A PROMISE WAS GETTING READY TO BE BESTOWED UPON THEM... a promise that has not found a home since the days of Jerusalem. It can only come upon those who will obey the first part of the promise, repeated several times in the New Testament:

Assuredly, I say to you, there is no one who has left house or brothers or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands, for

My sake and the gospel's, 30 "who shall not receive a hundredfold now in this time--houses and brothers and sisters and mothers and children and lands, with persecutions--and in the age to come, eternal life. (Mark 10:29-30)

Thus, it appears from this verse that people who are "leaving house, brother, sisters, fathers, mothers, wives, children lands for the gospel sake..." Who is doing that? Why would they be leaving those things...? For His sake and the Gospel's sake? Does the gospel call for leaving something? ... And then what will we do with a hundred brothers, etc.? Well, little Island Pond is getting ready to find out... and then here comes the special and unusual part of the promise: "persecution"!!!

"Why is it always the people with the right doctrine persecute the people with the wrong doctrine, and not the other way around?"

Court Jails Seven For Contempt



At one point when false stories began to circulate the police wanted to know who the elders of the community were so they could press some kind of charges against them. The constitution gives us religious freedom and freedom to not speak. Being accustomed to freedom in America, our brothers chose to remain silent. This was called "contempt of court". They spent a short time in jail for their stand.

The light of dawn had not yet begun to shine over the Pond when buses, police cars, SWAT teams surrounded all our houses... It was the pre-dawn raid...

June 22, 1984.

In the society in which most of us dwelt, there had been a continual dread of the year 1984. There had been a fiction book written many years earlier with that name "1984," but it was not really so "fiction." The author, George Orwell actually turned out to be a "modern-day prophet" of sorts... Thus, many of the things described in that terrifying book began to happen.

So, here we find ourselves right in the middle of the year 1984...



This young mother describes her wake-up call on June 22, 1984:

It's amazing the difference it makes when one has confidence before God. You know that He is aware of your needs and can actually do something about your circumstances through His holy angels. When there is nothing hidden that has violated your conscience, you find yourself in another dimension rather than left to the confines of whatever resources you can muster up at a moment's notice.

One day about forty years ago I found myself proclaiming something to my two sons, ages four and eight. I had found them standing embracing each other in the middle of their bedroom that morning. Startled, I questioned them, "What is going on!"

THE RAID

"Mommy, the police have come to take all the children," they informed me in their little quivering voices.

"Well, I know that if our God could part the Red Sea for the children of Israel, then certainly He can deliver us!"

How did I actually KNOW that? Very surprised by my confident response, I left their room to go check on their newborn sister, barely one week old. Would the police insist on taking her, too? How was I going to care for her brothers?

Many armed police surrounding our houses was the view from our window. Clutching the baby, I returned to gather the boys and waited for their father to come and bring more understanding to our troubled souls.

"Yes, we are all going to the big gymnasium in Newport. We will travel together on school buses," my husband told us in his steady tone, bringing us peace. The few minutes we had

to get ready seemed like hours. Everything seemed like it was going in slow-motion.

We all piled in the many buses and, singing songs of deliverance, we traveled the back-country Vermont roads to our destination. The scene was almost comical, what with so many families and children. Piles of musical instruments were being unloaded from the buses, and once "settled" at the gym, the band began to play the happy, festive music the children were all so familiar with. There was plenty of food and drinks provided for everyone.

Since I was still recovering from major cesarean surgery, as well as having a newborn baby to take care of, a friend asked the policeman in charge of the whole thing if there was perhaps a cot so I could rest. This policeman seemed angry that I had that need, and wanted to speak directly with me. So, I approached him, hoping to find a human being with compassion for my physical state. But, rather I found he had a cold, glaring gaze as he demanded... "WHY ARE YOU HERE!?"

"Because I have to care for my baby," I answered, trembling, almost weeping.

"We can care for your baby," the man stated.

"But, but, I have to nurse my baby," I tried to explain.

"Well, you will not be nursing your baby when she is in a foster home in Burke," was his icy cold response to me.

A form of paralysis seemed to seize me at that moment, but I was able to turn away from this unkind man. Going the other direction, I managed to get a couple of steps away.

Then a very remarkable incident occurred. Two among the one hundred or so social workers that had been called in that day approached me. My mind was racing and I frantically wondered what they had for me.

One of them placed her hand on my shoulder, and the other said, "We heard everything he said to you, and we want you to KNOW that your baby will not be taken away from you."

Relief is not an adequate enough word to describe the comfort these women provided for me. I wonder if they were somehow messengers from the host of heavenly servants in God's mighty army. Maybe they were women who were righteous in their usual conduct, so they could discern the evil that was going on there. Whatever it was, at the same time a righteous judge was interviewing some of the members and their children. He was soon to realize that the whole incentive of the State was unconstitutional and dismissed the captive families that evening.

Although this happened forty years ago, it still seems like yesterday. The details are crisp and clear in my memory. Appreciation for the God we serve wells up in my soul, as He made it that my words to my young sons early that morning became reality in our lives that day. The women who brought words of comfort to me will always have a special place in my heart, as I pray for them that they will receive a well-deserved blessing for the courage to speak up. May they receive an eternal reward, as I am sure they had a practice of being just and kind to everyone.

As for the chief policeman who seemingly was having a "bad day," I later realized that he probably was simply carrying out the directives given to him that morning. Many of those hired by the State of Vermont had no idea of what they were going to face that day as they showed up for work that morning. We all fall short in many ways and all need forgiveness. I had no problem forgiving him, and pray also that he came to understand who we are as a people.

Deborah, wife of Andrew



My three children were all taken in the Raid. They always sang in the younger training class we had for all the little children at that time... There were many wonderful songs taught to all our children who were in those little groups? There was one song that some of our youth wrote back then. It went like this:

***O Lord you are a faithful father,
When I cried for help you answered me,
When I was being surrounded by my enemies,
Who threw arrows of discouragement
I cried out for encouragement and
you gave it to me, you gave it to me.
You gave me grace to believe in Your name
And cry out for salvation
You gave me joy in my heart
You are worthy to be praised
You are worthy to be praised, to be praised***

(song written by Yael, the daughter of Maurice Campbell, who is now the wife of Haggai son of Andy Masse)

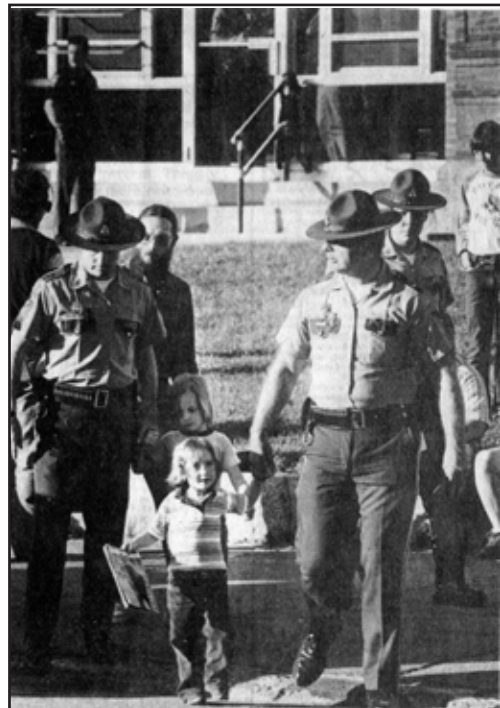
Well, Rebecca had never heard the song. But was very worried as they traveled along in the police car with one other dear friend, our beloved Barbara Lacey, an older disciple who had given up everything to follow God's will and who passed away not long after the raid. The baby started crying in the police car, and all of a sudden Sarah and Leah started singing that song which they had learned in their training class. It was like two little angels. I wasn't with them when the police raided our homes. I was in Boston, getting produce for the community. When I heard what

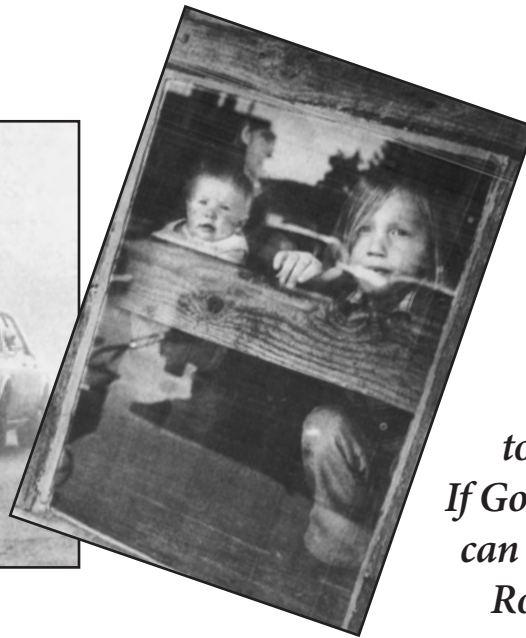


happened I rushed on quickly toward home. I got there when they all arrived in Newport.

As the girls sang, Rebecca said she just totally had peace, just like that. She knew that our Father was going to deliver them when the girls sang that song. I don't know if the police officer heard it but he was a very nice man. It was really amazing. Our Father answered our cry just like the little song the children were singing had said.

From: Jay (Malachi)





*What then
shall we say
to these things?
If God be for us, who
can be against us?
Romans 8:31*

This scary, foggy day for many little children was wrapped in the comfort of knowing the God of their parents was with them. Holding the hands of her parents, LoNekar's daughter Ishah Ruth had to trust...

Here is how it looked, as seen through the eyes of a 5 year old girl...

After waiting in the Gymnasium all day long, at about 9pm an announcement was made before everyone. I was very young and could not understand everything that was being said. The Lawyer (who we know now as Havah shel Hakam) came in who had also been taken in the raid because she was spending the night in one of our houses. She made, what seemed to me to be a very long announcement which had facts in it about injustice and legal issues. I could not understand and only waited for her to finish... Then she announced, "So... you are all free to go!"

Yes, "free to go!"... "FREE TO GO?!!!"

Excitement filled the air...

A song started that we all knew very well, "If God be for us, who can be against us, who can be against us?" We all sang with all our hearts. It was deafeningly loud... ending with the famous word, "Nobody!!!!"

As we gathered all our things and headed for the large doors, one of the officers who was in front of the big door said to the children, "Make sure to smile and wave when you go

out the door. Wave to your grandma as you walk out the doors, she will be watching you." I did not even know my grandma, who lived down in Tennessee. How would she see me? , I thought ask the officer spoke.

When the doors opened bright lights blinded my eyes. There were so many reporters with cameras lining both sides of the ramp leading out of the building. It was loud, as all the reporters called questions to us as we passed by them. I tried to wave as the officer had commanded us to do, feeling disoriented with all the flashing... Certainly the situation became national news!

But there was no doubt in "little me" that "nobody can be against us if our God is for us!"

And it is clear that GOD WAS FOR US that day, and still is today!

~ Ishah Ruth (wife of Sharat of Yehudah)



"free to go...."

OUTWARD INSTEAD OF INWARD

After the Raid in Island Pond, the brothers of the Community were sent out to all the surrounding towns to have “Town Meetings”. It would be like an open forum for the citizens to ask their questions, speak up what they were thinking, and especially to hear our side of the story! This was very important, so we would not turn “inward” as a result of this great and shocking event.

From Robert Racine (Shoresh):

“He Sounded like a Man of God to me”

At the time I didn't have a television, I didn't have anything, I just lived by myself, but my wife -to-be lived with her parents. They made her sit down and watch the reports about the Raid, and they said, “This is what happens when you go overboard about the Bible.”

At the same time, I am sending her the newspapers clippings I had found about it the next morning, because I am curious. I had hope: “Could these be real disciples?” So I am cutting clippings out to her because I am engaged to her, and I am mailing them to her from my little apartment in Burlington. I was asking her, “What do you think about these people?” She is reading these things and she knows there is something in me about them, thinking maybe there is hope here. Her parents are saying, “You sit down and watch this! This is what happens when they go overboard about the Bible.”

So, since I didn't have a telephone either, I would go to the pay-phone when you put coins in there and I would call her. I would say, “I sent you some newspaper clippings about what happened up here in Vermont? What do you think?”

Then she said, “My parents made me watch this television program.”

*It was probably “60 Minutes” or one of those, and she said, “You know it is kind of scary and,” she said, “but on that television program as it got toward the end, the news man was interviewing this one man” (it was Hakam). Then she spoke; I heard her say, “**All I know is he sounded like a man of God to me.**”*

It was like something went into me. And then I think it was that evening or the following evening that a woman that worked for my parents went to a Town Meeting put on by the Community of Island Pond to try to explain to the Vermonters what had really happened on June 22nd.

They did this because the Raid wasn't just some obscure little event that happened in the middle of nowhere, which hardly anyone knew about. It was broadcast on all the major news networks in America. But we were given direction about how to respond, “I want you to go to towns throughout Vermont, and I want you to have town meetings, and let people ask questions.” We had good authority in the community in Island Pond. They weren't going to allow fear to settle in. “Oh, no! The whole world is coming against us!” The apostolic direction was, “Go out and speak.”

That had everything to do with how I came to be saved. You see, my parents had stores on Main Street in Burlington, and I grew up working with them in their stores. Many of the people who worked for my parents for many years knew me. So, one of those women went to the town meeting in Burlington, Vermont, where I am from. She had worked for my parents for years, and knew me since I was a little boy, and she knew I was searching for something real. The next morning I was cleaning my parents' store before it opened. I washed all the windows, cleaned the railings, and vacuumed the floors, and then I would leave. But that morning she showed up early, when I was getting ready to leave, she called to me across the store, “Bob, I went to the town meeting with the Church in Island Pond last night. If you go there, you are going to find what you've been looking for.”

Her words went right into me. That night I showed up in Island Pond, right when the sun was going down. It was a Friday, the day when my parents issued the paychecks. So at the end of the afternoon I went to the store to get my paycheck, and that woman saw me, and she actually spoke from across the store again, and said, “If you go there, you are

going to find your people." I didn't even own a car, because I had sold everything to go to Wheaton College. I went to my mother and said, "Can I please borrow your car for the weekend?" And she said, "Sure," and handed me the keys, and I was in Island Pond that night.

That was the work of holy angels, because that woman was just an ordinary woman, a Roman Catholic, but she knew that I was searching, and she sensed something in that Town Meeting, and she knew it met up with my desire. We have to live in anticipation of that sort of thing happening over and over again!

TOWN MEETING IN BURLINGTON

by Soreph Gamaliel

Going out, not Going in

I remember what we heard at our First Day Celebration of June 24, 1984, as vividly as any event of the Island Pond Raid of June 22, 1984. Hakam (Eddie Wiseman) stood up and shared passionately what he had heard from Yoneq in the two days since the Raid. "The very capstone of the arch – of all that our Father is building, His very purposes on earth – is that we, God's people, would not take our own revenge."

There was no dispute or dissension in our midst. We were as united hearing this word as we had stood on our faith two days prior. On that day, June 22, all we could pray was, "We are in your hands, Father. We trust you with our lives, and the lives and futures of our children." We had no power against the might of the State of Vermont.

What we understood specifically became direction for us in the future. You could say that policy was set for the Twelve Tribes of Israel. We were not going to sue the State of Vermont or anyone else seeking our own revenge. We had been urged by friends in law to sue the state, "Sue them for one hundred million dollars," some said: a penalty of roughly one million dollars per child unlawfully seized that day.

Some guests staying in our houses did sue and won monetary damages against the State. Any thought of following their lead was quashed that day when we heard that word. As David Yonah put it, "And if we did sue the state and win, who would be paying? It would be the poor farmers of Vermont through their tax dollars."

They had nothing to do with the Raid and probably profoundly disagreed with it. Enough people in Vermont profoundly disagreed with it that Judge Frank Mahady became "Vermonters of the Year" for his landmark rulings sweepingly upholding freedom of religion and the rights of parents to raise their children free from governmental interference.

So what would we do with our sudden notoriety (or fame, depending on how you looked at us)? We heard clearly, "Go out, have town meetings – open forums – where the people of Vermont are free to go to know us and ask any questions they want to." And we did just that in the following months, going all over the State of Vermont.

I only remember being at the first, replete with television crews all the way up from Boston. I was way in the back, not up front representing us, and I saw the reporters give their wrap-ups when it was done. What stood out to them is what stood out to our neighbors. It was not pulling our children out of public school (the real cause of all the fuss – the loss of tax dollars to the school districts), it was not spanking our children (which almost certainly all of them did), but it was the Bible! Whenever one of us, particularly Hakam, quoted the Bible, there was an uproar in the audience.

There was something offensive and threatening about our common life together, I thought, that bothered our neighbors more than anything. We set ourselves to become better neighbors, helping with the volunteer fire department for example, being a greater, more friendly, and more open part of our town. When I returned to Island Pond in the year 2000 for the Sixteenth Anniversary of the Raid Celebration there was no fuss, but figures involved in June 22, even state troopers, were willing to step forward and say what they thought

about the whole thing, and the life of faith the State of Vermont encountered that day.

We know that many people were listening as we went around the state, and one special young man heard about it in Burlington, Vermont, when a co-worker told him – who had gone to the Burlington Open Forum: “Go to Island Pond, you will find your people there.” She was a sweet, sincere Roman Catholic, who knew her young friend, Robert Racine, was looking for something different, something real. She knew he would find it in Island Pond, and she was right.

You can never tell what the results of obedience will be, what blessings await. They don’t always come right away. Our Father had told us to go out that day, not in, to tell people who we are and not hide away hoping people would forget about us. We are so glad we did!

P.S. Something else was set at work in those days and months after the Raid. It had to

do with what we did not become. We did not become anti-government malcontents, always suspicious of every encounter with local and state authority. The memories were not so quickly washed out of our children’s souls—for them it was a terrifying encounter with state power. With Judge Mahady’s ruling, we came to understand the differing spheres of authority, both in the church and in the world.

We could see in many officials since then the desire to do their best in difficult times with difficult demands placed on them in law. Understanding and appreciating their labors changed the entire nature of our relationship with authority. We began to pray for servants in the nations we lived in, as it was abundantly obviously – as clear as our deliverance on June 22, 1984 – that they were there... waiting to be affected by Yahweh’s secret council with the up-right (Pro 3:22) according to the sincerity of our prayers and the purity of the hands we lifted up.

Background of the June 22, 1984 Raid on Island Pond

To remind you all of just how it was that Judge Mahady upheld the United States and Vermont Constitutions to protect us as a people, a few basics are reviewed. Officers of the state took one hundred twelve children into custody. Parents of forty-five children revealed their names and parents of sixty-seven refused to supply their names. So at the individual hearings throughout the day, Judge Mahady ruled on behalf of each of the forty-five named children and their parents, having provided lawyers for both each child and their parents. By 9 p.m. that night he had found that the state had not followed the law in numerous ways and therefore allowed the children to return home with their parents, instead of being separated from them for examination. Later he issued five legal opinions detailing how and why he ruled. We should understand these reasons and our rights. Judge Mahady’s sixty-four page opinion can be found on our Twelve Tribes website. The unnamed children never even had to appear in court before their cases were summarily dismissed because of the state’s legal errors.



REFLECTIONS ON JUDGE FRANK MAHADY

from Hakam and Havah

Our nation will always honor Judge Mahady for setting our sons free. Here is a description of how that righteous Judge made a lasting impression upon all our lives.

Why We Honor Judge Mahady

We remember Judge Mahady's courage. He followed his conscience to defend the rights of us as parents to raise our children according to the dictates of our conscience as directed by the Word of God and to protect our children. He forcefully and effectively halted the State of Vermont's effort to take our children away from us in the 1984 Island Pond Raid.

We have had heartfelt appreciation for Judge Mahady over the years. We were chosen by him before he died to participate in his funeral in a powerful way. Most of us know that Judge Frank Mahady from Middlebury Vermont is the judge who presided in court the day of the Island Pond Raid on June 22, 1984. He followed the law and Constitution and "searched out the matter" before making a decision that would have been based on public pressure and unfounded lies that came from accusations. As a result, we have honored him for 40 years as a "man of the nations" because he returned our children to their parents without granting the state's request to examine them for signs of child abuse. He looked at the evidence before him—the children themselves—and concluded that they were "healthy and happy," quite the contrary from victims of abuse.

Judge Mahady died eight years later in August 1992 and how his life and our lives intersecting back then still has effect today. June 22 1992 we had our Raid celebration at the Basin Farm. We invited Judge Mahady to come so that we could honor him in person. He could not accept our invitation because he was seriously compromised by cancer at that time, although it was obvious that he really wanted to accept. Some of you grown children that were taken in the raid, nearly thirty years ago now, might remember that our Abba showed us a way to honor him anyway. Havah

arranged with his wife Sherry for us to be able to sing to him over the phone! Dozens of children, now eight years older, gathered on the hillside in front of the farmhouse at the Basin Farm.

As the children exuberantly sang into the extended phone receiver, Judge Mahady strained to hear every word from his sickbed. We sang several songs. "Arising and Shining," "Be Glad and Rejoice, for a Nation is Being Born," and "There is Life in a Stream."

At the end the children screamed out with all their hearts, "We love you, Judge Mahady!" He was so very appreciative...So much so that nearly three months later, when he was on his deathbed in hospital in Hanover, NH, his dying request was that "the children of Island Pond come sing!"



And that, indeed, is what we did. We went to his bedside, and sang him several songs. Although comatose and unable to open his eyes, he smiled sweetly and nodded his head in appreciation as if hearing every word. He squeezed Havah's hand in thanksgiving. A day or so later, on August 18, 1992, he died.

Within hours we got a phone call from a fellow judge, letting us know that before his death he had made his wish known that Hakam be one of his pallbearers and that Havah be one of four people to speak at his funeral in Burlington VT. In addition he asked that the "people of Island Pond sing at my funeral." It seemed, somehow, that he was so proud of us and that he wanted everyone to see how we really were.

At the funeral it looked like the whole state government of Vermont was in attendance. The church was packed with dignitaries and friends from all over the state and beyond—judges, legislators, the entire Vermont Supreme Court and the governor himself, Howard Dean was also there.

Hakam wore men's Sus pants as he led the procession carrying Judge Mahady's casket. A photo capturing that was on the front page of the Burlington Free Press. Havah spoke the following remarks to a hushed crowd, after which we sang "When a Man Dies, Will He Live Again?" The words and melody rose through the rafters to the sky above. Many wept and wiped away tears.

On his tombstone Frank Mahady requested that the names of three cases be inscribed. One of them was "Island Pond".

Summary of remarks spoken by Havah at Judge Mahady's Funeral

"I am so happy to be here today, knowing that it was Judge Mahady's wish that I could speak to you on behalf of my people, the communities in Island Pond, Burlington, Bellows Falls and Westminster. We are honored today to be able to express thanksgiving and appreciation for Frank Mahady, a man who lived according to his conscience and judge those who came before him justly according to the law of the nations, that is, the Constitution.

"Were it not for his commitment to such justice, we, as a people might well have been prevented from passing on our faith to our children. As we have told Judge Mahady himself, we also want to proclaim to you: we believe that Frank Mahady is a righteous man of the nations who will be blessed in eternity because he fulfilled the purpose he was created for when he delivered us as a people on June 22, 1984 by adhering to his conscience, the law and the Constitution when he did what was right, rather than to compromise his conscience and his office in order to win the favor of those in power, or of public opinion, in Vermont. There are not many, if any, who would have done the same. Instead of satisfying those who were against us, he chose to obey his conscience no matter what, and in so doing, he

pleased God. Judge Mahady was a good man and a fair man. He was devoted to ruling with justice. He was humble and he treated people kindly.

"We give great glory to our God for such men as Frank Mahady. They are few and far between, indeed, those who use their instinctive knowledge of good and evil to judge righteously regardless of the consequences. Such men and women are worthy of the nations, where, for all of eternity they will rule as they would by the glory of God's light because they chose to do good and not evil in this life.

"There will be nations in the eternal age to come. They will be filled with people like Judge Mahady. In this age, however, the nations are like a battleground, where there is a constant contest between good and evil. There are always those in power who use it wrongly, selfishly or with unrighteous motives. Others rule wisely as servants striving to do right and to punish justly those who do wrong. The Word of God says that "He made every nation of mankind to live on all the earth, having determined their appointed times and boundaries... That they should seek God, if perhaps they might grope for Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us." (Acts 17:26-27) Frank Mahady was a man who groped for God; as a judge he ruled righteously and groped for justice.

"Everyone must die and face death. The question is: "When a man dies, will he live again?" After the separation of death which is agonizing and lonely, every man and every woman will be judged according to their conscience, how they lived their life in accordance with their own personal knowledge of good and evil. That's how where every person will spend eternity will be judged. It is good news that man does not need to be separated from God forever if he chooses good.

"Last week a friend of Judge Mahady's told me that as he considered the truth, he came to the conclusion that the first church was the truest demonstration of God that he could find. It made my heart happy to know that about him; I, too, know that is the truth. It made me wish that he and I had taken the time to talk about these things: the Kingdom of God and the truth of the Word. We had always intended to, but

Zech 4: 6 So he answered and said to me: "This is the word of the LORD...: 'Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit,' Says the LORD of hosts.

never quite made the time. I'm deeply thankful, though, that Frank Mahady and I became friends in the waning months of his life. When I saw him a week ago today, as life was slipping away from him, he softly requested, "I want to hear the children sing. Can I hear the children sing?" And last Sunday, he did. He rested in weakness and smiled, as he heard the littlest ones singing praises to our God who "seeks justice on the earth".

Frank Mahady was a man who sought justice. God will acknowledge him for that for all eternity. The One who died for justice to reign forever and ever is the Son of God. He was the cornerstone upon which the first church was established. He made a way for us. He was the one who commanded His followers to sell their property and possessions and to share what they had with each other as anyone might have need. Those who believed in Him lived together with one mind, taking their meals together with gladness and sincerity of heart, praising God and devoting themselves to their Master's teaching.

We are eternally grateful to our God and to Frank Mahady because he protected our right to believe these things and to live according to the dictates of our consciences. He had wisdom to see that, though any of us might stumble, we should not be judged wrongly because of our association with one another. We praise our God for the integrity of Frank Mahady and we pray continually that it would be given to men such as he to rule at every level of government in Vermont and anywhere that we might be.

The First Amendment guarantees both freedom of religion and freedom of association.

Judge Mahady correctly discerned that the state's case against our people was based solely on their "association" with the Church in Island Pond and not on evidence of individual wrongdoing by specifically-named people. He found this to be totally unaccept-

able and outside the bounds of the law and he severely rebuked Vermont state officials.

The government is only allowed to intrude into the lives of individuals when there is probable cause or some compelling reason to do so. What Vermont sought to do in our case was to detain each child as a ransom until their parents "cooperated" with the state's investigation, trying to force them to answer questions about their religion and the practice of their faith. Such a practice, known as investigative detention, is illegal in the United States. Judge Mahady informed the state, in no uncertain terms, that is what they were doing and that the claim of "preventing child abuse" was entirely pretextual, done in an effort to bypass the demands of the law.

Judge Mahady noted that "the State admits that there is not a single piece of evidence in the material submitted that documents a single act of abuse or neglect with regard to any of the 112 children."

Therefore there was no basis to interfere with our families. He recognized the fact that "the freedom of children and parents to relate to one another in the context of the family, free of governmental interference, is a basic liberty long established in our constitutional law."

For similar reasons the search and seizure, not only of the children, but also of many personal records, journals, diaries, letters, and the like were found in violation of the Fourth Amendment to be a "grossly illegal and unconstitutional scheme." Judge Mahady would not permit the state to rely on the wrongly-taken items.

The care and precision with which Honorable Frank Mahady wrote his decision will be cherished and used by us for decades to come. We hope you can digest his lessons of history and "tell your children."

THE LAWYER ASSIGNED TO OUR CASE ON THE DAY OF THE RAID....

MEETS US AGAIN!

The coming 40th anniversary of the raid on our Island Pond Vermont community has been continually on my mind lately. I have thought of the lawyer who was assigned to our family after we went into the court to speak with Judge Mahady. His name was Peter Stern and he was young and zealous American Civil Liberties Union lawyer. Ishael and I wanted to invite him to the reunion.

Years ago, I was given a little scrap of paper with his name, e-mail and number. I can't remember who gave it to me or what community we were living in but I tucked it away somewhere... years later I am thinking about this man and amazingly found this little scrap of paper buried in a file box I had of stories and other papers I have kept over the years. It came to me to pull the file out from under my bed and go through it. I was so excited to find it!

The e-mail didn't work so I tried the number (thinking it had been 10 or 20 years and had probably changed). He didn't answer so I left a message. Ishael and I waited and prayed he would respond. Three days later we had pretty much given up hope when he called. He was so excited and animated, "Elizabeth! How are you and Jerry? I can't believe you called after all these years – I had lost track of you!" His voice was so warm and happy.

With all sincerity he said, "Tell me — how are you? How are your children — are you all good?"

I told him about how Jerry and I were living with one of my daughters, son-in-law and five grandchildren in the community in Asheville, North Carolina.

"You are with your daughter and grandchildren... how wonderful! That makes me so happy." (I could tell he was tearing up as his voice changed and was so emotional. His response caused me to tear up as well.) Peter said, "I'm crying." I said, "Me too."

We (he actually) talked for the next 45 minutes and I tried to write down some of the things he said. One story in particular that occurred 10 or 15 years ago...

He said he was living (and still lives) about 30 minutes from Vista, California. His good friend insisted he come with him to this unique restaurant in Vista. "Oh, why not." He responded. When they arrived at the Yellow Deli, he said he sensed something special about the place. When inside he said, "This place reminds me of... some place." Looking around at all the wood work and sensing the atmosphere he commented, "I feel like I'm in Vermont."

He and his friends sat down to order their food. He said he kept looking around and then it struck him. He asked to speak to the manager. A young, pleasant, bearded man approached and asked how he could help him. "Is this the Church?" Peter blurted out.

"Yes, it is. We call ourselves the Twelve Tribes Communities now," the manager answered.

"Do you know the Pimpare family?... Jerry and Elizabeth?" The manager replied, "Yes, I do!"

Peter went on to explain that he had been our lawyer after the State of Vermont raided our Island Pond community many years ago. Before he knew it, he said people started coming from all parts of the deli to his table to meet him. He was amazed! He said the men and women were so kind and polite and happy to meet him. "They wouldn't let me pay for my meal!"

Evidently, he gave someone his number so we could reach him. Thank you, whoever that was.

He said someone gave him the CD of music by the children in the raid. He said he still has it and it made him cry the first time he listened to it. "It's amazing how thankful your children were and how they weren't bitter." Apparently, he had talked to some of the children who have left and he said they weren't bitter and acknowledged "the wonderful life they had growing up."

Peter went on to say how shocking and terrible the experience had been for him and his lawyer friends. "But, it must have been even more terrible for you and your children!" He said the whole thing was like a nightmare, "that I carry with me even to this day."

He related another story. He was in St. Johnsbury when they got the call about the Raid. The lawyers in the ACLU office grabbed their brief cases and ran to the parking lot. Several of them jumped into a car and someone said, "Wait...! Where are we going?" One of the lawyers who grew up in the area said, "Newport – I know a faster way to get there!" "So, here we were a car full of lawyers wearing suits and ties, barreling down some back country dirt roads." Peter laughed and said, "Dust and gravel kicked up a cloud behind us as we raced to Newport."

He said, "We didn't know what was happening but we knew it was BIG and BAD and we were all kind of in shock." Evidently their adrenaline must have been pumping.

"Once we got to Newport it didn't take us long to figure out what the State of Vermont was trying to do to you all... We were horrified at what they were trying to do and sensed the evil ... but we had to keep a straight face – we knew they couldn't get away with it, but it was so evil."

Peter said, "I can never erase the nightmare – that nightmare still lives inside of me. It was the darkest day in Vermont's judicial history. But, the wheels of justice (and your God) prevailed."

"I can't imagine what you all were going through... the thought of losing your children must have been horrifying!"

Peter continued, "It was such a shameful event, but a victory for the American Civil Liberties Union – and of course your God. I was so proud of how it turned out – justice happened that day thanks to the wonderful lawyers and

of course Judge Mahady. It was such an honor to work with Judge Mahady. I'm not proud on my part but proud there was justice – Vermont didn't succeed in taking your children."

We talked a little more about some of the personal things in his life, but he finished our conversation with this:

"I can't believe you remember me so well– you all are the highest compliment I have ever received in my career and life time. It's so infrequent that any client appreciates what I do, but you all are different – you were the warmest, kindest clients I have ever had. Amazingly, in the midst of your great suffering. ... You could have been irate and fearful ... but you all had such great peace and appreciation."

We probably don't even realize the impact this raid had on others who were participating or watching that day forty years ago.... social workers, lawyers, state troopers, newspaper and television reporters. And of course there are the many sincere still watching our life today. Some may wonder, "So whatever happened to that Community in Island Pond? Where are they now?"

May we never grow dull to the deliverance of our God. He preserved us that day for a cause. ... He must have believed in us. He is truly great and wonderful and needs us to continue to overcome and bring about the restoration of the life of the First Church and the fulfillment of all He promised.

~From Ishael and Elizabeth of Yehudah



Many people were affected by the Raid, seeing the injustice. It alarmed the good people of Vermont. But also attracted many others when they saw how we reacted to this unwarranted attack... Thus, many began to be drawn to this new way of Life... It is the Life that sleepy Island Pond had been longing for. And it was not able to be snuffed out... IT WAS NOW "FREE TO GO"... The Good News began to spread....



I FOUND A HOME WHERE LOVE LIVES

Isaac Dawson comes to Island Pond. He writes:

Looking into the rear view mirror of my vintage Sedan, I could see the skyline of the city I had lived in most of my life, Montreal. My memories of that place were mixed, but for the most part had left me somewhat lost, alone, and hopeless. (Eph 2:12) I was the son of an influential builder who had built part of that world I was leaving behind. Although my father had done his best, it seemed at times, that he treated his buildings more like his children and his children more like his buildings. As I watched the facade fade from sight, the hope of something greater loomed on the horizon.

I did not consider myself a religious person but tried to be a spiritual one. Having been raised in a way that allowed me to have my fill of what this world had to offer, I was now on a quest for something greater; to find a life of meaning; something that would fulfill the longings of my soul. I had for the most part lost touch



with most of my friends, had left a trail of broken relationships with women, and my connection with my family was strained to put it mildly.

In my thirty-one years of life I had dabbled in different things including meditation, Yoga, intentional community, and adventure. Others had urged me that I should go and visit this group in Island Pond, Vermont who supposedly had “the way and the life”. In my mind, I lumped them together with all the other Christian stuff I had heard about over the years. Then, one evening, I came across something describing how a family from that Community in Island Pond was being moved to a new beginning of the same community in Canada. It was not just the information about them now having a place in Canada that caught my attention, but that they had been “directed to move” and they willingly acted on that direction. They packed up their belongings, a van was provided, and they went. (John 10:18) To me the concept of being sent was revolutionary given my free-wheeling lifestyle. I could sense that they were under some kind of authority but almost like it was not only of man but had some higher power behind it. (Luke 7:8) I was fascinated by what I had perceived and I wanted to know more. This opened up a whole new realm to me. Could this be God’s calling for me? (Heb 1:14)

As my life in this world continued to close in on me, I came to the place, being nudged by circumstances, to reconsider what I had heard about this community in Island Pond. (Dan 2:45) I then came upon a free paper written by members of the community, and I was very effected by what I read. I knew I had to go and see for myself. I had been reading the Bible on my own and believed that the life I was reading about in the Gospels and book of Acts was being lived out somewhere on this earth could Island Pond be that place? (Acts 2:44, 4:32)

The drive to Vermont was not that far from where I lived in Canada, but once I entered into Vermont the roads became long and winding. I anticipated that this could be what I had been looking for my whole life. Intuitively I had a sense that it would require something of me beyond anything I had ever known; if it matched up with what I read in their paper. (1 Pet 4:12)

It was March, the snow was melting and spring was in the air. I arrived in the small rural village to find a rustic building like an old general store, right in the middle of town. The sign read “Common Sense: A Wholesome Food Store & Restaurant.” As I slowly eased myself out of my vehicle donning my tweed pants, bomber jacket, and cropped beard I noticed something that caught my eye. There was a group of boys and, what looked like their fathers, standing in front of the store bundled up in checked jackets and overalls, looking to be going somewhere. I timidly approached them and learned that it was, in fact, fathers and sons heading to their sugar bush to make maple syrup. I knew that the State of Vermont is well-known for their syrup, but what I admired was these boys working closely with their fathers. After seeing families splinter all around me and even my own, I treasured the sight of such relationships. (Mal 4:6)



“I was home!”

Upon entering the store, I was struck in my spirit by just being there. I had never had a sense like it before, even though I had traveled the world. I deeply knew I was home! It was overwhelming for me because nobody told me, I just knew it. I was somewhat caught off guard and I was not sure how to process it, or even how to tell these folks what I was thinking. They were very kind to me. I had found what I was looking for. (Matthew 13:44)

Once I quickly dealt with my affairs in the world I moved into the community knowing that it was the first step in following the Gospel that continued to be explained to me by the people I was now living with. (Mark 10:29,30) Over the



following weeks I came to understand the full message of the life I was now living in and I renounced my old life and embraced the new life I had so desperately desired. (2 Cor 5:15)

As the years passed by the circumstances continued to unfold in my life exposing the strengths and weaknesses in my character. (1 John 3:1-3) Now older and looking even deeper into the things that would disqualify me in eternity I am confronted with issues that need to be resolved. The hope that I saw when I first walked into that Vermont store has and is being fulfilled. There are too many things that have happened since that first encounter to mention now. (Rom 8:28) I could go on and on about the many wonderful things that happened and are continuing to happen in my life as a

result of following the Son of God,(whom we call, Yahshua). I can only say that I have not been disappointed and I look forward to the continued purification of my soul, (Phil 3:13) and the ongoing hope of being part of the witness of the spiritual Twelve Tribes of new Israel. (Mt 24:14)

In closing I would like to invite any who are not satisfied with their life in this world to come and see the most amazing work of love that is going on in this brand new culture. Our homes are open to any who want to set their hope in the promises that await those who want to love God with all their heart, mind and soul. (Matt 22:37-40) We now have many places where you can find that same "home" I myself found that day when I came through those doors on Cross Street in Island Pond. Our addresses are listed... All those "homes" sprang forth from the Life in little Island Pond. Like me, you will not be disappointed.

Shalom, Isaac



THE ANGELS AT WORK

Andrew and Deborah come from Virginia. They write:

The angels of God working in the lives of many families residing in Vermont's "Northeast Kingdom" were only a portion of the angels assigned to what God was doing there. There were a few angelic messengers also assigned to a tiny portion of the foothills just east of Shenandoah National Park, in Northern Virginia. In a fold between Big Cobbler Mountain, and Little Cobbler Mountain, was a log homestead, built just after the Civil War. In the summer of 1980 two young, zealous Christian couples, each with one small child, were sharing this home, with its 21 acres of mostly



Deborah, Andrew, and their first daughter

wooded land. My wife and I had miraculously acquired this house and land a couple of years prior.

Upon returning home one evening, my friend excitedly recounted his encounter with these two

young people he picked up hitchhiking. They told him all about a community of believers they were part of. We all marveled that such a community as they described could even exist!

After some correspondence by mail with those two travelers, we arranged to spend some time with the Community in Island Pond, Vermont. We were overflowing with curiosity and hopefulness. It was Jan. 7, 1981. By noon the following day, we pulled into Island Pond, with the outdoor temperature at 25 degrees below zero.

Nevertheless, well within the first 24 hours, my wife, Deborah and I were experiencing the clear sense that “we were home.” Upon informing one of the community leaders that we wanted to live as they lived, they welcomed us. Driving back to Virginia, Deborah and I decided that we would sell our house, land, and business in order to gain the greater treasure of being able to actually live out the good news of the God’s kingdom. We did just that and moved to be with our people... This was 3 years before the raid. ~ **from Sehyah and Deborah**

A LIFE LIVED OUT...

Notes of a gathering with Keli, son of Andy Masse the plumber

Everyone gave up everything!

Keli — In Island Pond everyone gave their house up. They did! They didn’t keep it and sell it and stick the money in their pocket. Five or six gave their house up: Barak and Naomi, Raphael and Mary Martha, Kepha and Sarah, and others gave their houses up. That was how the community began. Like Mark 10:29 promised!

Malachi — I gave my Mustang up.

Ethan — My father gave up his house back then.

Keli — Oh right, your parents, Roi and Rachel.

Malachi — And then we got the more houses.

Shaul — My parents gave up their house, too, Benaiah and Hannah. How much a miracle is that they just received those sent ones? It wasn’t Billy Graham that went up there.

Raphael — All you have got to do, for that gospel, as he says, is, “Just put your hand on the TV screen and ask to be saved.” And you believe what they say.

Keli — Raphael used to go around and repair people’s TV’s in Island Pond! He was the TV repair man!

KELI’S STORY

Keli — We were all looking for something. I know my parents were always just looking for something. My abba had five children, but he quit working and went to Bible School so that he could learn how to apply the Bible to his life. He got back from Bible School and didn’t know anything more! He said it wasn’t any different.

Naomi shel Barak — And more confused.

Keli — Right, he didn’t learn anything through that great school. He was just so frustrated. He went from one church to the next, and he wanted this to be real. Then we went to Chattanooga, and we saw it lived out! I know we didn’t know who we were and what we were doing back then, but somehow our Father had revealed something to us: you read the little things in



the Bible and you obey them. And that is what was going on! And that is how it turns from being figurative and metaphoric to being real.

So here we are. You know if you “take out” those verses, Acts 2:44 and 4:32, then you have to take everything else out of the Bible—you have got to get rid of it all! There is no Revelation 19, where the Bride is made ready, if there is no Eph 4:16, where you are building up the Body and making it get ready! And then if you take out Eph 4:16, then you have to get rid of all of that “stuff” in the Old Covenant, as we were reading in 1 Chronicles 28, where it talked about, “My son build up His sanctuary, this house, this place.” And I think he was talking about what it is saying in Eph 4:16—about building up the Body! Every member needs to take part. We are supposed to teach these things to our children.



So I am just so thankful that, somehow, all these circumstances happened, like how Jay and his mustang ended up at Covenant College, down there, and then he saw the Yellow Deli,

and then, just from there, something... spawned. Then they came up north and started talking to us about it, and I remember those years just being so excited. Then we went down to, I think it was, Deshe and Ruth's wedding... I know something happened in my heart there. But it happened at the Yellow Deli, too. I went in there and I worked for a whole week with LoNekar. I did dishes and served drinks. I am telling you; it was the most exciting time of my entire life. Then when we went back up north we kept talking to our parents about how wonderful it was. I think it was a year or a couple of years later that everyone came up.

I just remember having seen the Yellow Deli down there, just hoping — that a Yellow Deli



could be in every little town in Vermont. I was thinking that for sure, if it was there, then everybody would come to that place.

They would because of what I felt when I walked into the Yellow Deli in Chattanooga! It wasn't the building or the place, but it was the place teeming with life, the people that were in there, and we were just so excited. I remember it like it was yesterday. It was just the most exciting thing.

If you ask Barak's family about it, they would say the same. They had just been to Disney World in 1977, they stopped in there to see the community on their way back home. They didn't remember anything about Disney World after their trip. What they remembered is their time in Chattanooga! At the Yellow Deli!

Naomi shel Barak — That is right. We stopped in just for one night and we ended up being five days there. And love and hospitality won us over. Yes.



*Yellow Deli
Main Street, Island Pond*

Keli — But that is what changes it from being metaphoric and figurative to being “real” — **to being a life lived out.** I am so thankful that we are actually learning what happened, like we are being taught right now, what actually happened back then.



THE SIMPLE STORY OF HOW THE LIFE BEGAN...

What is it that causes the spark of life to happen? Men have been debating about this subject since time began... "Since time began"? That is an unusual term... "Since time began..." We all must acknowledge that time did begin.

So, people have to admit that they also "began". Those people may even have a party and a piece of cake to celebrate the length of time they have been around. "Happy Birthday!" But the essence of the matter is that "it began," and "what for?"

The conception of life is a miracle. So, we see a seed waiting to be planted. We see land prepared to receive it, then we see care to nurture it, then we see a garden full of produce. So, life began in Island Pond...

It is a long way from Vermont to Tennessee...

Far from little Island Pond, almost 1500 miles, you will find Chattanooga, Tennessee. So, what connection would those 2 places have? There would be no connection if a few simple, yet very important incidents did not happen... This is the work of angels...

There was love working in the heart of one man. His name was Yoneq (Gene Spriggs). It wasn't just that he was a good and loving man. But something phenomenal took place in Gene's life in the year 1971 in Santa Barbara, California. Having known the reality of God all his life, but feeling far from him. Coming to the end of his selfish life and surrendering his life to serve Him, then God poured His special unfailing love into Yoneq's heart. "All I want to do is LOVE", Yoneq had earnestly prayed. It was this love which led him to pick up a certain hitchhiker a year and a half later in Chattanooga and bring him home...

It was 1972. Yoneq was then living in a little house in Chattanooga, just down the road from his parents' house where he was born and raised. He and his wife, ha-êmeq, had gotten that house because he had the hope to reach out to young people. They could see how young people seemed so lost at that point. Yoneq and ha-êmeq had the hope if young people could just come to know the God they knew, they could possibly be saved



from a purposeless life. Then they could also receive the power to love others. So, they got a little house and wanted to use it to help others... They gave their house a name, "The Lighthouse", envisioning the huge waves battering a poor little ship at sea... and then "they see the Light"!

So, Yoneq pulled his old, red pickup over to the side of the road and a dusty hitchhiker hopped in. His name was Michael, maybe 18 years old...

Michael came home with Yoneq and spent the night there. His wife figured out how to make him a bed in their small house. Yoneq had learned that caring for people's physical needs is just as important as caring for their souls. . But God's love cares for every aspect of our life...

So, other young people had already begun coming to this little house of Yoneq's in Chattanooga. It was usually full of lively young people, asking questions about God. Michael stayed for a few days then traveled on. Yoneq and his wife did not want him to leave. They had fallen in love with him. But "travelers" usually just keep on traveling. That is why they are called "drifters"... they drift away. "But where would he go and what would he do if he left us?"

Letting Michael know he was always welcome, they said good-bye. He dropped in again a few times over the next few months, but always "needed to continue to travel and go somewhere else" within a short time. He was becoming a real drifter... A few months had passed and Yoneq now had finished the first Yellow Deli, working with a few other young men he had befriended. The Yellow Deli was open, and God gave them a bigger house than the little Light House they had started in. It was called "The Vine House." Yoneq had lots

of room for Michael now at the Vine House, and lots of needs for him to stay and help with... But after a short stay, he again needed to travel on. Yoneq gave him a little piece of paper, urging him to please come back and stay... The paper had the address of the house and the Yellow Deli. Off he went to important business in Massachusetts!

Massachusetts and “Jay”

So now Michael drifted up to Massachusetts. He had some “obligations” there. Shortly after, Michael was invited to a going away party for someone he did not even know. He found out the person who was “going-away” was actually going to Chattanooga. So, Michael handed him the little note paper he had received from Yoneq... Scribbled on it was the names Yellow Deli and Vine house. Michael said emphatically “the people there love God and they are doing something about it”...Michael has been touched by God’s love, and it was unforgettable to him... Well, the person he gave the note to was none-other than Jay!

Well, this little note would be the connecting



thread to bring together the North and the South. A tiny string of events would connect the far northeast to the distant South, and the heart of Jay to Yoneq, the one who had showed unconditional love to Michael. The kindness represented in the one little note, and what it would communicate the heart.... “Come home and spend the night! Please stay with us. We love you. Don’t just drift off one more time! Come back, we are always here for you! We will keep the lights on for you!”

This new way of love had started in distant Chattanooga. So, now Jay puts the note in his pocket and off he travels. But will Jay meet the same love that Michael had met?

Ending up in Chattanooga, Jay remembered the little note in his pocket. He mentioned it to the people at the Covenant Bible College where he was staying in the lovely, upper class part of town... “No, don’t go to the Yellow Deli! It is off limits for students here! Those people are bad people.”

Jay somehow doubted their words of warning, and determined within himself to go there anyway.

So, Jay came to visit the Vine House, and met the one who had given the note to Michael... Yoneq loved Jay, just like he had loved Michael. He came to the Bible studies at the Vine House. He heard words of life that answered many of the deep questions in his heart. He always wondered why people talk about God but you cannot see that their “faith” changes the way they live their daily life. Talking about the Bible at the Vine House with Yoneq, and many other interested young people, caused Jay to know that there was a lot more to “getting saved” than he had been told at Bible College. He saw that living together like they did in the First Church was the only way to obey the gospel that the Savior had given them. His heart swelled with love for these people and he gave his life to serve their God.



Bringing Good News to Island Pond

But Jay could not forget his friends in Island Pond though, and especially the young woman he had met there whom he wanted to marry. Yoneq sent him back and told him to tell everyone about the joy of this new life he had found.

When he returned to Chattanooga with his bride a couple months later, he often talked about the nice group of sincere people he had met in Island Pond, who really wanted to serve God, but were not sure how to do it. “Maybe Yoneq should go up and visit them... Please go, please go!” Jay kept asking...

A few months later Yoneq was sent on a journey to look if there were others who might

be trying to live as they did. They had heard of “Christian Communes” that had started up in the 60s in other parts of the country. He was given the addresses of several places in several states as far west as California, who had been advertised as Christian Communities. “They must be like us. Surely we are not the only ones!”

Determined to find others with the same heart, Yoneq set out. He and his wife traveled to many different places, hoping they could find a kindred spirit. Sadly, they only met disappointments on this journey. Either the places had long ago disbanded or were in a state of pitiful demise. The “Jesus Movement” which had flourished in the 60s, appeared to have vanished “back into the pews.” At the end of the list of addresses of places they were supposed to visit was the name of “Andy Masse, Island Pond, Vermont.” Jay had written that address there!

It was hard to find Island Pond, but finally Yoneq arrived there...

Kathy's Corner

Driving into town, they could see the run-down state of most of the houses. There was not much for a downtown. There was a bank and gas station, several closed-down shops... but in the center of town was, “Kathy's Corner.” It was a little café frequented by the locals. “Surely they will know about Andy Masse there!”

Yoneq and his wife went in. Behind the front counter near the door was “Kathy,” the center-pin of the social life in the village, knowing every one and all the latest news. Full of zeal Yoneq asked her, “Kathy, have you ever heard of Andy Masse...” She smiled broadly. (Her name wasn't really Kathy, but actually Jean Bresciani. She had only purchased the cafe from Kathy years earlier. But she seemed like “Kathy,” so they always called her Kathy after that.) She replied, “Well, he is actually down

in my basement right now, fixing the plumbing. It is quite a mess down there. You can go down and see him if you want...”

She pointed toward the back of the restaurant. Heading through the few rustic tables in the restaurant, the signs of many years of wear were evident everywhere. It looked like it had been a nice gathering place at one time when things were more prosperous. But now the place was run-down and was nearly empty. It looked like hard times had come upon little Island Pond.

Kathy was directing them through the old door that headed down the creaky wooden steps into the darkened basement... “Oh...it is so dark! There is no light down there!” said ha-êmeq. But Yoneq headed down anyway. Taking the first step down, Andy's soot-covered face appeared on the bottom stairway, coming up with a flashlight. He was in the midst of a big plumbing job. When he realized who had come to visit him, Andy was very happy. “You came! You came!” Andy exclaimed. He had heard (from Jay) of the possibility that someone might come from Chattanooga sometime.

Andy could not even stretch out his hand to shake Yoneq's ... “Oh, such dirty hands, sorry!” But then he compelled Yoneq to just walk up to see his house and family. He promised he would come right up... as soon as he got done.

Kathy stood observing this happy encounter between complete strangers, wondering... “Why this spark of joy...?”

Kathy's Corner would become a very important spot in the weeks and months to come...

Walking along toward Andy's house, after so many disappointing places they had seen on this long trip, they somehow felt a sense of excitement that they may have found something special... After a little walk, they came to Andy's house. The Masse family was kind to them... Andy arrived and told Yoneq that they would have a Bible study right after sup-



per and he wanted him to go with them. They said maybe Yoneq could have time to tell all the neighbors about the Life Jay had found in the South.

Later, they all walked up to the street to his neighbor's farm. It was Gene Sage's house. It was just a short ways up the street. Their hearts were pounding with hope, that maybe there would be people with open hearts.

A small group of men, women and children were gathered in the living room of the farm house. It was a nice little farm. Gene's wife had decorated the house with pretty furniture, and nice things. There was a large TV in the corner of the living room where the Bible study was being



held. Above the TV was a life-size painting of Jesus with his heart dripping with blood. It must have been a famous painting in the Catholic Church. There were other religious paintings and signs that revealed the strong Catholic influence among these people. Normally, the signs of such strong religious influence would make it hard for the people to hear Yoneq, yet their genuine kindness was comforting. Maybe the "heart" would win out...

They said their "pastor" would arrive soon to lead the Bible Study, but until then they asked Yoneq to talk to them. They had heard of Yoneq from "Jay," and wondered what he would teach them.

So Yoneq began to explain the whole Gospel to them, along with revealing the demise of the First Church and how obedience to the commands of God was no longer stressed in the churches. Thankfully, the pastor never showed up that night, so Yoneq continued to talk the whole time, unhindered. The air in the room became tense at times. He told them they must

not just talk about the Bible, but obey what it says. Would they react and come against his words?

By the end of the meeting they were all quiet but they did not reject Yoneq's words. After traveling many miles across the country, talking to many people and even large groups, it was unusual to meet even this "quiet" level of acceptance of his message. They had a lot to think about. They told Yoneq they wished he would come to Island Pond and stay for a while. He told them he would go on his way back to his community and talk with his brothers there. But he would let them know soon if he would come back....

Yoneq drove away being thankful that these people had seemed so interested.

Times of trouble in Chattanooga

Because times were so uncertain for the young community in Chattanooga with much opposition that had arisen against the True Gospel, it was hard to see what the future would hold for the fledgling community there. The many denominations of Protestants in Chattanooga were coming against the simple Truth of "obedience" to the Word of God.

It was becoming clear that the hostility of the Christians in the "Bible Belt" South was becoming very threatening. The more the young community on Vine Street grew in their "faith," the more confrontational the denominational church became.

Even those who had supposedly "come out" of the organized, established church, and were having their "Home Church Meetings" were not agreeable with the Community on Vine Street... Maybe those home churches had begun to realize the truth of the Scriptures more, but they were still difficult to talk to. It seemed that once they were "outside the established church," they appeared almost to be in more entrapped to strange deceptions. They were subject to every odd doctrine with no authority governing any of their beliefs. The Charismatic Movement was making even more division. It almost looked like a double prison to Yoneq.

There was no foundation or authority for their new doctrines in the "home-church movement". A major lock-down had happened since the free flowing "Jesus Movement" type

of happy faith had started. They began to realize these days were very similar to the days before the Pilgrims left England... Knowing a little history, it was clear to Yoneq that the Pilgrims had been forced to flee England to find freedom to be able to even “suggest” that the huge churches if England had gone off course.

Stopping on the Way Home at Plymouth Rock

So, on the trip home from Island Pond, Yoneq and ha-êmeq decided to stop in Plymouth, Massachusetts, home of the Pilgrims. Standing together on Plymouth Rock Yoneq felt the whole weight of the bondage which the Pilgrims had fled from. He knew that the established church of their day had the suffocating power to quench any zeal of those who wanted to truly obey God. The pilgrims wanted freedom, they needed freedom. Thankfully, that freedom had been gained in this new land, New England.

So, now living in this land of religious freedom, Yoneq and his wife prayed that what the Pilgrims came for could be fulfilled. In countries without religious freedom, it would not have been possible. They would snuff out any small attempt for restoration of the Primitive Church Pattern (as the pilgrims called it). So, traveling back down south they heard the call deep in their hearts for the “Restoration of all Things.”

Yoneq wanted the true pattern of the church to be restored... and it would be, if the hearts of the sincere could be prepared. The heart is like a garden that WILL PRODUCE GOOD FRUIT if it is prepared to receive the good seed. They knew they were carrying the pure seed that would sprout up and bear the good fruit if nothing impure was mixed in. He was determined to carry that good seed back up to the far north. There was an open door, open hearts in Island Pond...

Oh, how careful he must be now that the right pattern would be established!

But now there was news that some of the people in Andy Masse’s group had bought a new place to start a “ministry” for the youth of the area.... What would we do with “Wildwood”?

Wildwood

The families in Island Pond had the thought to make a Christian Retreat Center just outside of town. They called it Wildwood. They had already begun to invest lots of money into it. They had a heart to reach out to young people and felt “God” had shown them this place.

Yoneq arrived back up north and saw that the new place was very pretty with many rooms snuggled in the woods outside of Island Pond. It had been a little ski area, and had a lodge with lots of sleeping rooms.

But Yoneq wondered about an isolated spot like that to have a “community”. He did not say this to them right away because he saw their excitement over this property. But he just watched and waited. The Christian concept of “retreats” did not seem to fit with the pattern in his heart or what he saw in the Scriptures as the “Way”. Yoneq had always felt it best to be near people. Love is being right there next door for people to see us. But the whole group from Island Pond now felt



The unimpressive small rock on the shore in Plymouth, Mass, is greatly honored as the stone upon which the brave feet of the Pilgrims first stepped... Could it be true, as William Bradford stated, “Let us be the stepping stones for others...” Could it be that we are those “others” the Pilgrims had hoped for? Bradford wrote that they had arrived with: “A great hope and inward zeal for the propagating and advancing the gospel of the kingdom in those remote parts of the world; yea, though they should be but even as stepping-stones unto others for the performing of so great a work.”

as if God had provided Wildwood for them and would be the perfect way to reach young people. Some of them had already even moved out there to Wildwood by the time Yoneq arrived, and

were enjoying the beautiful place. This would be a major test, with the potential to divide them!



CHET AND PAT DUFFORD HAD COME TO WILDWOOD WITH A DREAM



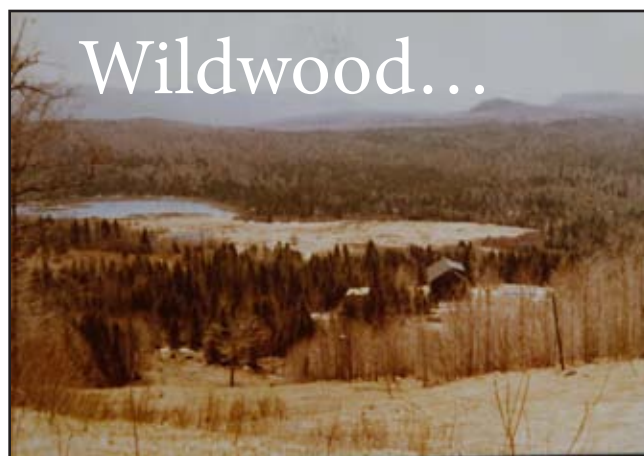
Being a career naval cadet, I assumed my life would be a certain way. But the love my wife and I had in our hearts for God made us start considering leaving the Navy and wanting to start running a Christian Retreat Center. We

found an advertisement in the Wall Street Journal for a property in northern Vermont which had 700 acres of wooded land, a small downhill ski area, a 20-bedroom lodge with a commercial kitchen and dining room, and two other houses... a perfect setup for a retreat center.

A friend from Maine said he would go over to Vermont to check it out for me and let me know what he thought. So, the next weekend they took a trip up after contacting the realtor in charge of selling. It was a beautiful trip through southern Maine and into northern Vermont. But when they were getting near the designated property, they passed through a small, dirty, run-down town called Island Pond, VT.

Looking around as they passed through they all agreed that when they were finished looking at the retreat center they would return home a different way so as to not have to go back through Island Pond.

As they met with the realtors and were looking over the property, the realtor mentioned that there was a group in Island Pond who were also looking at the property to purchase it with exactly the same vision we had of turning it into a retreat center. He was trying to pressure my



friends into making an agreement to purchase it, not knowing that they were looking at it for me.

At the end it became clear to the realtor that my friends weren't going to jump at making an offer, and one man said to the other that, really, the Island Pond group didn't have any money, they just "prayed a lot." Being Charismatic Christians this really caught my friends attention and they got the name of the "head" of the group before leaving, "Masse." As they drove away from what would eventually be called Wildwood Retreat Center, they all looked at each other and said, "Let's go back to Island Pond."

Arriving back in Island Pond a few minutes later, they stopped at the only phone booth in town and looked up "Masse" in the phone book and since there were about 6 entries for Masse in the little dirty town. They just called the first one, Andre Masse. ... He was the town plumber...

Answering the phone, Jackie, Andre's wife, got really excited as she listened to my friends

describe why they were there calling her. She immediately invited them to come to her house. They gathered all their friends together to meet my friends from Maine, as they pulled up into her driveway. It was clear that this was the place for us together and plans began to be made.

My wife and I immediately felt that this was an answer to our prayers to have a way to reach out to people needing to have a better relationship with God, and so a week or so later

we went to see Wildwood and meet the group in Island Pond. One thing led to another and a few months later my family and I were in our pickup on our way up to our new life at Wildwood in Vermont, leaving behind 15 years in the navy and looking forward to fulfilling our dream. Little did we know – what our Father really had in mind for us was way better.... **Chet Dufford**

DREAMS....

from the good wife, Pat

Wildwood Christian Retreat
Center — a dream come true.

Oh, how we had longed to be able to do something like this with our lives, to have a real purpose and do something worthwhile. How did it happen?

It had been so intense yet so amazingly wonderful. It began years before as a concept but now it was a reality!

So we hoped to soon go to the property that was to become a Christian Retreat Center where families could learn how to relate to each other and love each other, sharing their lives and faith in our Father!

We had been youth sponsors for the Methodist Church there in Corpus Christi, Texas, and my husband was an officer in the Navy who graduated from the highly esteemed Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland, groomed to be a career officer. We were happily married and things were “set”, so we thought. He intended to make the Navy a career but as we lived the life of trying to do the right things to please others so you can be promoted, even if it went against what we thought was right, we became more and more disillusioned and more and more dissatisfied. We had been raised in the thought that defending your country was a noble occupation, but we saw that much of what went on there wasn’t the least bit noble.

My husband was the Race Relations Officer and the Nuclear Weapons Training Officer. He



found he could do almost nothing to help the different races get along with each other because the things each man valued and his perception of how he should be treated

by others was so different and all solutions were unacceptable to somebody. There was something fundamentally wrong in men’s hearts that was separating them, and no amount of “training” could change that. The other job, with the goal of teaching people to fly over an area where you didn’t even know who was down there and drop a nuclear bomb that would kill so many and spread radiation that could cause many more to have cancer, didn’t seem so very noble either. Disillusioned is a good term to use because we were under an illusion of what life should really be like and that illusion was getting exposed by the hopelessness of the reality we saw before us.

At the same time that these ideas were growing in our hearts we were deeply troubled by the young people at our church. We were trying to help them to believe in the true Savior. We would meet together with them on Sunday and sometimes other nights and discuss things that were really important to each one of the young people. We saw the reality of peer pressure and the pressure to conform to the ideas of what was right in the society that was evolving around them. Choices were made despite what their parents had taught them to value. The

deep turmoil that we saw in each person's soul grieved us deeply. We wanted to offer them hope of change, but we didn't really see any hope.

Then there was a little spark of light in the dark scene. We took the young people on a retreat to a campground deep in the woods. There we had meaningful activities and stimulating conversations which drew us all together. We saw the walls between us start to be torn down. This was so encouraging! Maybe there was hope after all. But then we returned to our normal routine and gradually we watched the walls go back up between people and soon it was as if that nice time we had in the woods had never happened. We were so upset! What could we do?

Finally, we had an idea. We reasoned that if young people could see God and have fellowship with each other on a "retreat," then God must want us to have a retreat center somewhere. So we decided to go work at a retreat center. That way we could be where God was working all the time. We wanted to belong to God 100% if He was real and we didn't think He deserved 10% if He wasn't real! That was our faith and we decided to put it to the test. We would get out of the Navy and look for a retreat center!



Wildwood Retreat Center

Our friends in Maine searched around and found a retreat center we could purchase! They also found other Christians who wanted to belong to God 100%. They had a burden to help youth and were running retreats on the weekends occasionally for young people in their area up in Vermont. They had been Catholics together but had left the church wanting something more real. They were

all French Canadians, many related, who had come across the border to find work. They had become dissatisfied with Catholicism and became Baptists together but life there was not so perfect either.

Now, some of these friends had gone to Chattanooga and met a group of people who lived a different, sincere life. They hoped that they could possibly live that same life. Their Baptist minister left them and they were just staying together and praying together. They were waiting for something, but they weren't sure for what.

One family in particular, the Masses, wanted to participate in our dream of having a retreat center. They had children of all ages and raised horses and other animals. They had many friends in the area. Some of their friends were musicians, the Brosseaus. This was just what we needed! We could design our own programs for young people and their families and help them all to have a wonderful time together and tear down the walls that separated them. We could help them understand each other and be close friends! We had many high hopes! Did we have faith to run a retreat center not just work at one?

My husband flew up to Vermont to meet with them and discuss our hope. He came home convinced it was God who was leading us to do this!

We gave our notice to the Navy and sold our two houses to send the money up to start the process of getting the retreat center, near Island Pond, Vermont. It was 700 acres on the side of a mountain overlooking a lake with apples trees, a lodge, a swimming pool, downhill ski area, and two other houses. We saw pictures that were so beautiful!

LIVING THE DREAM

Our new friends, the Masses, moved from Island Pond, Vt. to live in the lodge at the retreat center. They got the lodge ready and planned a weekend retreat. So much was happening so quickly. We were thrilled because we were actually going to be living what we had hoped for when we became believers who thought God cared about what you did every day instead of a God who just wanted you to get saved and go to heaven one day.

Finally, the day came and we packed up and drove to the far north. Spring followed us as far as Virginia where the cherry trees were starting to blossom. From there on the darkness of winter started to creep up on us with its quiet gray feet. We drove on but a feeling of disquiet was starting to overtake us. What were we really doing? Where were we going? What was it going to be like? No steady income, no familiar places, no close friends, no family, no security of any kind. We drove on for twenty-four hours straight to arrive in the early morning on April 1, 1978, to a mountain covered in snow and ice.



The Lodge in Spring

We knew it took courage to obey your conscience, but we were determined to follow our dream. We still had hope, though the reality of our decisions had come upon us; much hard work was ahead.

CHATTANOOGA

Right away they told us stories of the people whom they had met from Chattanooga. We listened respectfully but didn't take very seriously what they were saying. We knew our dream and it was not far from our grasp. We weren't willing to look any further than that. But still they spoke of these people who ran a Yellow Deli and lived together, sharing all things in common. We could tell that was part of their dream but it didn't fit very well into ours. They said the Yellow Deli people lived like the people did in Acts. That was a bit interesting since we knew we had been taught that was for "back then," not now. It wasn't possible to do that now. We had accepted that answer

quite easily because running a retreat center was already just beyond what we thought we might be able to do. We didn't even want to consider what it would be like to live with a bunch of people as well. We were planning to share the second story of our house with another family and actually eat our meals together. This was a big step and with the retreat center was quite drastic enough.

We looked around at the beautiful snow-covered trees and lanes and the fantasy stories we had heard of picking people up at the train station in horse drawn sleds in the winter and wagons in the summer to come to our retreat center filled our thoughts. Oh, we would help families to love each other again! We worked hard to get everything ready to try to open by June. We invited a youth group to have their retreat at our place on Oh, we had to be ready.

The commercial kitchen in the lodge had to be modernized and the tow for the downhill ski area had to be repaired. Later, the swimming pool would have to be cleaned and made ready, that is, if the snow ever melted here. The forty rooms in the lodge had to be cleaned and painted. The other home on our property for our friends to live in had to be repaired and painted so they could move out of the lodge. So much to do! It kept us well occupied and every day it snowed and snowed. Would spring ever come to this frozen land?

Then the almost fictional people from Chattanooga arrived for a visit on the 1st of May. Gene and Marsha, Ruth and Timothy, and Sarah Masse's sister came with her husband, and they were very real! Gene was speaking clearly about the Word of God, along with the other two men. We invited them to stay in the lodge. The group of people from Island Pond gathered together at our retreat center to listen to these three couples speak about living together and loving each other. There were meetings every night. We made a big meal in our newly remodeled kitchen and ate together.

Then we heard an amazing thing. There had been a meeting and it was decided that the people from Chattanooga would go back to their community there and consider coming back to Island Pond to live to teach us all how to live together in community. How had that happened? We heard

there had been a meeting where many people expressed so many opinions. The atmosphere was growing more and more confused with different ideas of how to go forward and how to obey God. Suddenly, in the midst of it, a respected member of the group stood up. He was a man known to have great common sense and a heart for God. Richard began to speak in his honest simple way. Everyone turned to listen. "I don't know why we're talking so much. It is obvious that Gene is from God and knows what he is talking about. He has already taught the people in Chattanooga how to live together like it says in Acts. I think we need to listen to him and do what he tells us to do."

Then he sat down. No one said anything for a few minutes, but the words were obviously so wise, what else could you say? Gene's authority had been recognized and established in their midst. No one could argue with his sincerity and wisdom. Now, the only question was would he do it? He had agreed to go back and talk with his community and then let them know. The way to be was opening up.

A day or so later a small group of people were marching around Island Pond with Gene and everywhere they looked Gene would explain that we would have a cluster of houses here and a restaurant there and a cluster over on the mountain side of town. It was amazing to hear him speak about it because we had no money and no people to live in all those houses, but we believed him just the same. Then the small group went down to Kathy's Corner, a little country restaurant in the middle of town, to get something to eat and talk. While they were eating they asked the owner if she knew of any houses they could buy that wouldn't cost too much money.

"Well, she said, you could have the Maples right up there," she said gesturing through the picture window on the front of the restaurant, up the hill.

"How much would it be?" They responded.

"Just the taxes should cover it, I'd think."

As one man the small group jumped up and ran outside to look past the train station up the hill to the large inn facing the town. It was beautiful, in need of repair, but beautiful

through the eyes of faith. That was confirmation! They had a place and authority to build!

In a short time they heard from Chattanooga. Gene was coming back, but before that happened, they wanted to use the lodge to have a big Israeli dance seminar. How exciting! That would be our first event. Maybe this community that was going to form in Island Pond would be a good customer for the retreat center.

The day arrived and so many people gathered in the lodge and started playing Israeli music. Many people from Island Pond stood in a circle to learn how to do folk dancing. I had always enjoyed dancing so that sounded very interesting. We were all cooking in the kitchen and suddenly the swinging doors burst open and a young man with a great smile on his face plunged into the kitchen did a few quick steps and ran back out. We stared in amazement at his boldness and then in just a few minutes he popped back through the doors to disappear in much the same way. We couldn't help ourselves. We left our pots, drawn to the excitement and warmth that was generating from the other room. Everyone was dancing with all their hearts and having an obviously wonderful time.

It was so warm to be around these people. You felt like part of the family and like you'd just gotten such a warm hug. What made them so different? Soon they left to go back to Chattanooga, but Gene and Marsha took their place with Yonah and Yacheved, and others to teach us how to live together.

They arrived and right away the folks from Chattanooga started painting and repairing the Maples. Every day the people from the group in Island Pond came over to help them and give them food and help with the repairs. Those of us out at Wildwood came every night to hear the "teachings" that they called their evening gatherings. They were words from the Bible, but they sounded so different to our ears than they did when we had heard them in church. "Why was it so different?" We asked ourselves over and over again. Then it dawned on us, "They were trying their best to find a way to live what they

were reading. They weren't just reading words to think about or admire. They were obeying what it said to do!" We were amazed and our shared vow that brought us to Wildwood rang in our ears, "We want to belong to God 100%!" Did we really? Their 100% was very different than ours was. They patterned their lives after Acts 2:44 and they were devoted to finding and obeying the commandments of Jesus and how He had said His disciples should live. They wanted to love each other by serving each other and living together, helping each other to be obedient. I wondered if Jesus would have run a retreat center.

We were so attracted to these people, yet we already had a ministry out at Wildwood that was so very important! Families really needed to be united again. We hung up our sign proudly proclaiming "Wildwood Christian Ministries." Yet, the nagging thought was still in the back of our minds. What would happen to the people who came to our retreat center when they went back to the routine of their lives? Could a retreat center change people's lives?

All this time we worked closely with the Masse family getting everything ready to open our retreat center. We watched as Gene walked around Wildwood praying. I asked him what he was doing and he said he was asking our Father how Wildwood fit into His purpose. Somehow that brought me peace. He didn't have his own self-confident pre-planned agenda. He

genuinely wanted to hear from our Father. Then there was a big storm and the proud sign crashed to the ground. Was that angels, that wind?

Finally, the day came. Andy and his son, Marcel, came over to our breakfast table. There had been a meeting the night before where it was decided that anyone who wanted to be part of the Edah (community) that was forming in Island Pond had to move there. Andy had come to tell us that his family was leaving Wildwood to move to Island Pond. We sat there together under the morning sun trying to say goodbye to the friends who had stood by us in every area of work that needed to be done over the last months' time. Andy always had what you needed in his pocket. Marcel was always smiling his special smile with a twinkle in his eye. As we looked into their eyes we knew we couldn't bear to be away from them. If they were going to Island Pond we were going with them.

They couldn't believe their ears and really neither could we believe what we were saying, but we knew we meant it with all our hearts. Love compelled us to be together. It was definitely supernatural because seconds before we had no such plan, yet now we could entertain no other thought. Wildwood died on our porch that morning, and a whole new life together began.

~ Savav (*Pat Dufford*)



It was a great challenge to stand up with the deep conviction Yoneq heard from our Father concerning this “Retreat Center”, and speak it to the sincere ones of Island Pond. He knew it would be a very hard word for them to receive. He spoke right to the heart of the matter when he said he felt they should all move out of Wildwood and back into town. It was solely based upon the Word of God, and speaking through his established authority that he called them back. He had a meeting with the brother’s and told them.

Walk in a manner worthy of God, who calls you into his own kingdom and glory. And we also thank God constantly for this, that when you received the word of God, which you heard from us, you accepted it not as the word of men but as what it really is, the word of God, which is at work in you believers. For you, brothers, became imitators of the communities of God ... that are in Judea... (1 Thess 2:12-14)

Yoneq told them, “We must imitate the faith of the First Church in Jerusalem, follow the Judean Pattern, and also the “Way” as was proven in Chattanooga.”

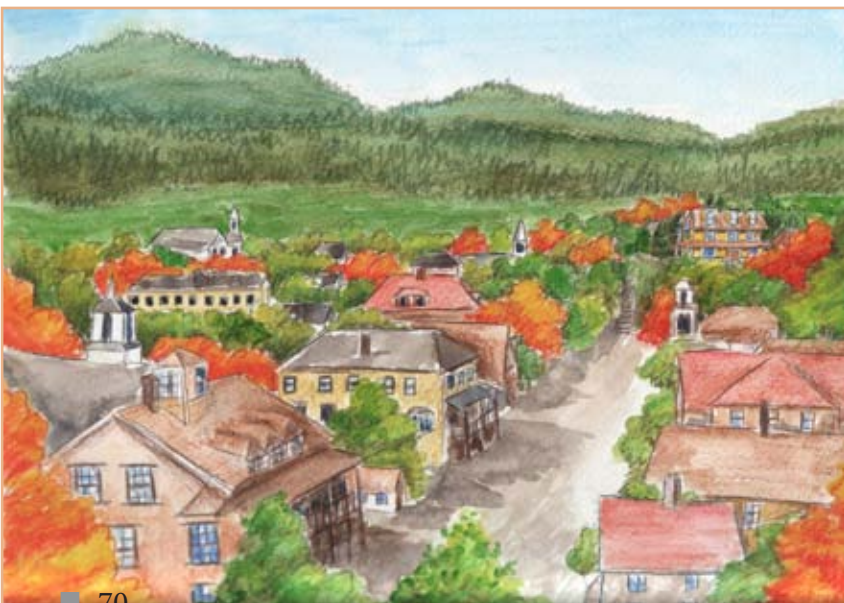
The air was tense... Would they sacrifice the thing they thought “God had given them”? His words came from deep conviction and the brothers considered it soberly. Raphael spoke up in the meeting, saying clearly that Yoneq is speaking from God and we must listen to Him.... They all followed in one accord. Everyone moved back to Island Pond....



The Judean Pattern The Way

A new way of Life began in earnest that day. Little Island Pond was chosen because God knew that it is only surrendered hearts through which He could establish his Kingdom.

As religious men and women they had been praying the “Our Father” prayer all their lives, but never understood how “his Kingdom could come and his will could be done on earth as it is in heaven.” Now it was becoming clear. All the commands in the Bible could only find a place to be lived out in a people who were together. That is why the first believers “all lived together and had all things in common.” It was not just a spurious thought that came upon them. These were the men and women who wrote down the New Testament who did that... They knew! This was important information recorded in Acts 2:42-47, and Acts 4:32-35.



So, a beautiful life started in Island Pond, and it grew rapidly in spite of the difficulties. With little money and lots of hard work the families pulled together under the good Apostolic Authority.



Apple season in Northern Vermont, working together, picking apples, making apple cider the old-fashioned way.

We needed an “outer court”, open to the public, to reach out to the people of the area. We needed a place right on Main Street so people could see us and not be afraid. We fixed up the old Store Front where the families used to have “church”, turning it into a beautiful little Market and a little place to sit at a table and get something to eat. It was similar to the Yellow Delis we had left behind in Chattanooga. We served a few sandwiches...



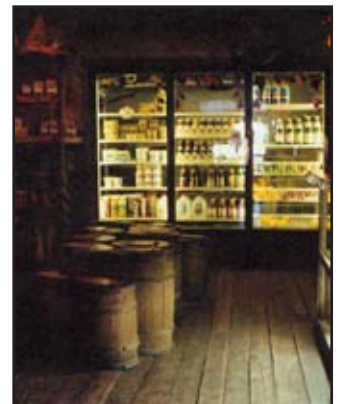
A beautiful Life began...

but did not have the means to have a full Yellow Deli Menu... There were not many people passing through town so we mostly just took care of the 300 people who were living in our community.

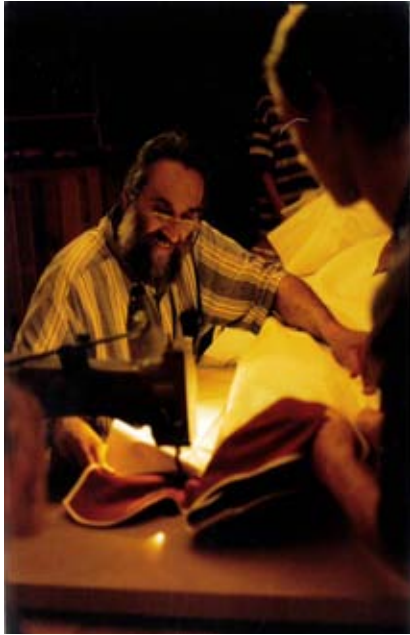


The Third floor of the building became a huge gathering room, the second floor was the print shop... and then there were training rooms for the many children. It became the center hub of our Life. We lovingly called our gathering place, The Block... The third floor was where we danced and sang, giving thanks to our Father with all of our hearts for the wonderful life he had given us together. People of all different walks of life were coming to move in with us. We had simple meals that we shared with all.

We had the Market on the first floor almost ready to open, just doing the final touches. We were awakened in the freezing night by the news that someone had broken in to our Market. The sheriff called us to come down to the Block. Arriving, we sadly saw all of our work had been devastated. Someone who hated



us came smashing and destroying all our hard work. Anything glass was destroyed, even the light bulbs under the bushel basket lamps above each table. The glass door on our refrigerators. They caught the drunken vandal who did it. They followed the footprints in the snow. We forgave him... The Sheriff wondered why.... We all learned to obey the Word of God...



The former TV repair man, Richard, closed down his repair shop and helped the community start a sewing shop, along with his wife, Lisette... She could sew almost anything. She started making nice bags with a heavy duty sewing machine. Then when we realized how many mattresses we would need for all those people moving in to our community, we decided to start making mattresses. We made them using cotton we purchased in bulk. It was our "futon business." We knew things that were not natural, like polyester mattresses, were not good for our health. We continued that very good cottage industry for several years until we realized that all cotton

was now treated with a deadly fire retardant and making so many futons was hurting our health. We stopped that cottage industry, our income was gone, but we saved our health... We call Richard by the name Raphael now, which means "the healing of God"... The community became interested in becoming healthy...

Millet and other good things...

One person in our community died with "cancer." We could not understand why. We started to learn the connection between cancer and the kind of food we eat. We then tried to begin eating all very good natural food. We made gardens at every house and started growing food we knew would be healthy. We dug wells to get good water. We did not want our people to be sick. We started eating millet, good salt, olive oil, things that were really TOO EXPENSIVE for us, but that did not matter. Our Father spoke to us many things about staying healthy by eating good food and drinking good water, and picking fresh strawberries together.

The Restoration of ALL THINGS

The anointing we received proved not to just teach us things about the Bible but also "all things" in our practical daily life that were important. That is why it is called "the restoration of ALL things."

We learned to TRY TO NOT be "wasteful Americans" who had all been spoiled by being



The Restoration of All Things

raised in a society with an abundance of wealth in our childhood. We counted the sheets of toilet paper we used, we quit making unnecessary phone calls, together we watched every penny spent and conserved... But we did not neglect the things that would make us healthy. We would not be like the rest of the world, spending all our time at doctor's offices. We spent our time on growing food and making healthy meals. We rejected junk food, and even junky cleaning products - "Old things have passed away. Behold, all things have become new."

Yes, it was spoken by the prophets long ago, that at the end of time there would be a "Restoration of All Things," speaking of a time called in the Bible "the Last Days," and of the returning of the Messiah. Acts 3:21 whom heaven must keep until the time for the [complete] restoration of all things about which God promised through the mouth of His holy prophets from ancient time. Matt 19:28: "I assure you and most solemnly say to you, in the renewal [that is, the Messianic restoration and regeneration of all things] when the Son of Man sits on His glorious throne, you [who have followed Me, becoming My disciples] will also sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

Word spread quickly that something amazing was starting in Island Pond, and people began coming, seeking a new way of life... These were the gentle people of earth who were looking for a refuge from the harsh reality of the selfish existence they were trapped in... Some of those people stayed with us. Some did not. They had to count the cost as our Master said. Some saw it as a pearl of great price worth giving up



"...that is what changes it from being metaphorical and figurative to being real — to being a life lived out." ~ Keli



everything for, just as it says in Matthew 13:46. Others saw it as a very hard life with little of the "fun things" which were so important to them... Those continued on to whatever was ahead. But many others sat down and counted the cost...

Luke 14:28 "For which of you, intending to build a tower, does not sit down first and count the cost, whether he has [enough] to finish [it]-- Yes, the words of our Master ring true... Do you have enough to finish it?"

Investing all, the chosen few began to be sent out to other places.... with the Word of God and a heart full of love that brought the words to others.

"It is a treasure hidden in a field. Give up all that you have and buy that field!" From the lively, young apple-picker from Quebec (Phineas), to the former Marine



from Massachussetts (Amaciyah), they all came together to be part of this great work of God.... Picking apples... Working together in whatever we could do, as a team working hard we were able to have apples for our people all winter long. The Darrows (Green Mountain Orchards in Putney, VT) would let us glean after the season and they stored many bins of apples for us.... The women canned and made lots of good things for us. Thus, a wonderful life began in Island Pond!

KEPHIR'S STORY

from the oldest son of Andy Masse

I want to tell you a little bit about my family. My father's name is André (Andy) Masse. We moved to the states from Quebec when I was 6 months old to Island Pond, Vermont for my father to have work. I was brought up in a God-fearing home. When I was about 6 or 7 years old some of my relatives were leaving our established-family-faith, the Catholic Church. This move away was being led by my mother's brother-in-law who was a pastor in Quebec. Since we all spoke French, he helped us once we left the Church to find a French-speaking pastor for our little group of families. That pastor stayed with us for a while, but soon came pastors one after the other. Different Protestant preachers would come to teach us for a while, but always leaving for a better paying bigger church job! We began our little church meetings in a little old school house just outside of Island Pond, and later moved to a big building in the central part of town that we knew of as The Block that my grand-father had purchased, a large three-story building that he said we could have our meetings in. It seemed we would be fine, but it began to not go well. One vivid memory I have is the division that was going on in our little "church" and the arguing in a meeting we had over the pastor being what some would call "carnal". My father went up to the pulpit crying. He said, "Where is the love we read about in the Bible that Jesus talked about?!" When I saw how my father responded to that situation, the conviction he had and the heart he had, I decided right there that I was going to follow my father, and whatever path he took, no matter what. I knew in my own heart that his search would lead us to the right place (I was about 13 or 14).

My father was starting to realize that we had just come out of the dead religion of the Catholic Church into another dead religion in the Protestant Church. Shortly after this, those that preferred that lifeless way where there weren't many demands on their life, separated from the few families that were clearly looking for something greater. The few families that were left were disappointed though, because

they had been looking for the life that was in the early church, but all they found was another emotional religious experience without the demands of love, which is really giving up your life. The life that our Master was calling His disciples to was still not being lived out. It was just another form of self-life.

My father was always searching for the Truth and had a heart for all the purposeless young people in our area. He even had vision of having a farm that could give them occupation and a purpose. I had decided that I would help my father with his vision for young people though I was just a needy youth myself.

At one point (1975), Gene Sage (Benaiah) suggested that my father should just become the pastor, the leader of our group. He was humbled by the request, but by then we were a struggling family with five children not doing all that well. My father was just a plumber and working on the town water commission. He did not feel as prepared to lead, not knowing the Word of God. With great deliberation, all the men there decided they would help support my father going to Bible College, so he began to go in the fall of 1975.

He attended BINE (the Bible Institute of New England) which was nearby. That is where our young friend Jay (Malachi) was attending there (1974-1975). He had gotten to know our family and after a time my Aunt Annette (Rebecca), my mother's sister, and Jay (Malachi) were considering marriage. Jay introduced my father to a nice professor at the Bible Institute, and he came up preached at our church a couple of times. He confided in my father about the bad influences on his daughter, Ruth, that were shaping her character, and my father wholeheartedly offered that she could stay with our family. She was about 15 years old. She stayed with us until she graduated from high school at 18 years old. She became like a big sister to me. In the summer of 1976, Ruth began doing books for my father's business. Her parents had moved to Florida because of her father's health issues and she asked

to be gone for 10 days in order to see them. This is how Ruth came to be part of this great story.

Now back to Jay and Annette (Malachi and Rebecca). Jay went to visit a friend further south and look into going to this famous Christian College down there in Tennessee called Covenant College. It's the summer of 1975. He had met a young man names Michael who remembered Gene and Marsha (Yoneq and ha-êmeq) who had taken him in when he was in need. He said, "You should meet them. They have REAL faith." So, when Jay went down to visit the Christian College he also met Gene and Marsha and saw the Yellow Deli there. They were living like the early church lived. They were only in their beginnings, but Jay didn't want to go anywhere else. He found what he was looking for. However, Annette (Rebecca) and he were engaged and she was back in Vermont, so he asked that he could go and marry her and bring her there. Gene believed he would keep his word, and he sent him with his blessing. Jay and Annette were married in December of 1975, while my father was in Bible College trying to learn all he could to shepherd the small group of us. After the first semester of college my father was done with it. There was nothing that he was receiving, but a lot of head knowledge and no tangible reality to it all. At the same time, a little seed was planted from Jay (Malachi) who had encountered these people who were obeying the gospel and was now going to live with them with his new wife. (This is why we call him Malachi, because he was the messenger who introduced the true gospel to us.)

Soon after Jay and Annette (Malachi and Rebecca) were married they moved to the community in Chattanooga, Tennessee (January of 1976). At that time, the little group in Chattanooga began to really grow with several Yellow Delis in surrounding areas, including one that they called the Areopagus (opening in June of 1976), which also had a stage to play live music and maybe have a forum to speak. The area had several Christian Colleges that they were hoping would see our life and see the difference in living your own selfish life in comparison to the requirements of the gospel as laid out in Acts 2 and 4. So, in the summer of 1976 Ruth traveled down to Florida, but decided to stop and see her old friend, Annette (Rebecca). She was captivated with the

fascination for the pearl of great price. She could not forget what she had seen as she traveled down to Florida. She came back to Chattanooga after her visit to her parents no longer to leave. Her 10 day trip became a lifelong love affair with our Master Yahshua. She contacted my father and said she wasn't coming back. So, now my Aunt Annette (Rebecca) and Jay (Malachi), and now Ruth are all living in Chattanooga at the Community. Ruth met her husband there, and in April of 1977 she was to be married and invited our whole family to go to the wedding. It was a simple wedding, but the impression everything made on my family and the hospitality could not be erased. We, my brother, sister and I, and my abba worked with Charles Campbell (LoNekar) and his wife, Verna, (Ishah) in the Areopagus for a whole week. We were so excited about the life we were experiencing. These people were living out their faith!

Timothy and Ruth (Deshe and Ruth) came to



visit all of us in July of 1977 after their wedding in April in order for Timothy (Deshe) to meet her family (which we were now a part of) and friends. They returned to Chattanooga pleading, along with Jay and Annette, that Gene and Marsha would visit the little group in Island Pond. So, they came up to visit in the fall of 1977 on their way to travel out west to try to see if there were other Christian Communities who were doing the same thing they were doing in the south. We met together when Gene arrived and he was speaking to all of us about the kingdom and giving up all to follow our

Master Yahshua. Richard (Raphael Delabruere) stood up in the assembly and said boldly that Gene (Yoneq) spoke with the voice of authority. He said he had the Truth and we should listen to him.

Over time we had also met the group that had been meeting together in Barton, Vermont through different gatherings and singing presentations, but we were 2 different groups trying to do similar things with youth and wanting something greater than mainstream Christianity could give us. We asked Gene and Marsha if they would come again and they promised us they would return to see us in the spring after their trip.

Also, during this time, by a miracle, we, along with 2 other couples, purchased Wildwood, an old ski resort that had been abandoned, in late fall in the hopes that it could become a Christian retreat center where we could reach out to the young people of the area. My parents did not have the money, but they had faith. Chet and Pat (Yachin and Savav), after meeting us and seeing my father's heart, decided to put the money up for the property. Gene and Marsha returned in the spring of 1978, as promised, after returning to Chattanooga to give a report of their travels. They came bringing with them Jay and Annette and Timothy and Ruth. They were very disappointed with what they had witnessed in those communities they visited out west. During their stay with us we had several meetings with the Barton group, traveling to Barton and then coming to Island Pond, listening to whatever Gene would have to say. It was like water to a thirsty soul. After talking with

the other members of our two groups, my father, Andre', and Guy Brosseau from the little group in Barton (Kepha and Barak), approached Gene with the request for him to come up to be our "pastor." They told him, though we didn't have much money to give, we would pull together to pay him if he came. He said he would not be a "pastor", neither would he accept "pay", but as for "returning" he could not make that decision on his own, but would have to submit it to the brothers down in the Community in Chattanooga because he didn't do anything apart from counsel and being sent. If it was decided that he would come he would bring others with him, and he would be supported from the communities down south. Getting paid for his "services" was not part of his gospel. When they left they assured us they would contact us soon with an answer. We were overjoyed with anticipation of what our Father would have in store for us because we wanted to see something happen in our little town. My parents had been so affected when we had visited the Community in Chattanooga. We had seen a reality to the scriptures we so often read, the Gospel lived out.

Gene and Marsha went back to submit that maybe something was happening in little Island Pond, Vermont, because the families there were receiving the message of the true gospel. There were several families and there was the group in Barton, Vermont, the Brosseaus, the Langmaids, and the Campbells. Could this be a place where our Father would want His name to dwell?



One vivid memory I have is the division that was going on in our little "church" and the arguing in a meeting we had over the pastor being what some would call carnal. My father went up to the pulpit crying. He said, "Where is the love we read about in the Bible that Jesus talked about?!" When I saw how my father responded to that situation, the conviction he had and the heart he had, I decided right there that I was going to follow my father, and whatever path he took, no matter what. I knew in my own heart that his search would lead us to the right place

In June of 1978 Gene and Marsha, David and Pat (Yonah and Yacheved), and Timothy and Ruth came to live with us. Those who came up over the next 2-3 year period were mostly young people and young families, whereas we had families that had children who were school-age and the parents were in their 30s and 40s. During all this time, as each gave up their home to include others who were moving up from Chattanooga, Gene (Yoneq) was teaching about what true baptism was and the gospel of the kingdom. In July of that year all of us (20-25 people) were baptized into the reality of the Body of Christ. (We now say the Body of Messiah.)

In late fall, my parents, along with Pat and Chet (Yachin and Savav), and another family, gave up

their dream of having Wildwood be a Christian Youth Retreat Center near there, and moved back down into the central part of Island Pond because that is where they were needed to care for the shepherding of the large flock, we were told. It was hard for my mother to give up her garden and the horses and their dream, but she followed my father and trusted him like Sarah followed Abraham. This is how she got the name Sarah because she was so submissive and followed her husband who was like Abraham. During all the struggles and the call of the gospel, my father never wavered. He was a Rock. This is why they called him Kepha, which is what Peter's name really was since he was a Hebrew.

~ *Kephir and Talmiydah*

IN GENE AND PAULINE SAGE'S OWN WORDS

There is a part of my story about a spiritual awakening happening before meeting our brothers from Tennessee- especially our brother Yoneq and his wife ha-êmeq. They had heard about us families in Vermont not being part of the mainstream with an open-mindedness concerning the gospel of our Master Yahshua.

So when Yoneq came to Island Pond to visit, he came to my house to tell us of their belief in a true Messiah. He said, "We live like the first church in the Book of Acts, a covenant with our brothers and sisters and our Master, the Son of God, in order to obey the commandments of our Master." This seemed so interesting to hear because at that time we were studying the Bible in the book of James about being a doer of the word and not just a hearer. So we in Island Pond and Barton asked for them to come back to teach us and come live among us- "Please!"

Yoneq said they would go back to Tennessee and pray to know what our Father's will was, and exhorted us to be praying here, as

well. He said that he would need to be "sent" from the Community in Tennessee if he were to come to Island Pond. He needed confidence to know what our Father's will was for us.

Fast forward 3 weeks later, Yoneq called and asked me, "Do you still want us up there?"

I said, "Yes! For sure!" He told us we had chance to buy a big house across the railroad tracks. Our Father had spoken to us that it was His will for us to go up there and live among us and teach us the word of Yahshua.

Well, as you can see, I am not much for writing letters. I am better with words, and I am trying to get to that spiritual awakening. The work of the angels of God was preparing us to be true disciples of our Master Yahshua. Let it be known clearly that we had not received the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit yet, but the work of the angels or spirits that is written in Hebrews 1:14 was preparing us to meet our Father's messenger. We had not yet been brought into the common purse and life of Acts 2



and 4, which is where the restoration has to take place as a reality before our Master can return.

I hope this makes it clearer to understand the spiritual awakening which is the ministry of the angels but not yet the indwelling of the Holy Spirit- the Spirit that brings us into a new life. The Holy angels working in coordination with a true sent one- Gene Spriggs better known among us as Yoneq.

P.S. I had a chance a few years ago, before Yoneq died, at a gathering one evening to say to him, “You are the one who led me and my family to Yahshua and this is my testimony. We had to be born again into a new life of Acts 2 and 4, and allow the Holy Spirit to purify us as His holy people.

Our brother Yoneq asked me years ago if there was a difference between a Christian and a disciple. My answer back then was, “No. Not if you are a GOOD Christian- meaning you are willing to count the cost and give up everything. But if you were to ask me that question now, I would probably say “Yes, there is a difference- Luke 14:33, Mark 10:29, and in many other places in the Bible that talk about the cost of being a disciple as a true believer and not a “Christian”.

I hope this can be as clear as it can be, that my connection as a believer is our Master Yahshua.

~ *Benaiah Sage*

From his wife, Hannah:

My husband and I and our three boys lived on a farm in Norton, Vt. My hometown was Island Pond. We were happily married. My

husband was a hard worker and raising up our three wonderful children the best we knew how.

I grew up in a family of 12 children. So my mother taught me a lot on how to help her, being the oldest girl and 4 boys ahead of me. I was pretty secure in raising my children. I was raised in discipline. And being Catholic, was raised with a righteous standard. Raphael and I were very close. After 10 years of being married, Raphael and Mary Martha used to visit us a lot. Our families would spend a lot of time together. One weekend when they came to visit, Raphael started telling me how he was changing and had left the Catholic Church. He was going to a small Baptist church with a group in Island Pond. I could tell there was a difference in him.

I was curious so I asked my husband if we could go and see what he was talking about. My husband said, “I am not going there, and he’s not going to talk me into another religion! You can go if you want. I told him that I didn’t want to go without him. That is when I started praying that our Father would show us the way.

The next time Raphael came, he brought Andy and his pastor, and we had a little Bible study. The more that we heard, the more we wanted to check it out.

That’s where I saw there was more sincerity working in those people, even in how they were praying. I started to pray, because I wanted to know Him, too. The more we went, the more I started to understand what our Father did when he gave up His Son to die on the cross for us. He went to death



Benaiah and Hannah Sage on the front porch of their farmhouse along with Oded and Tikvah They had also moved into Island Pond along with Barak and Naomi and Roi and Rachel selling their houses in Barton. Their son, David grew up and, became the chief-farmer at our Community Farm in Bellows Falls, Vermont. He has brought so much increase to the farming of our land along with his parents. But these 2 “farming couples” laid the foundation of the promise: Mark 10:29-30 - Truly, I say to you, there is no one who has left house or brothers or sisters or mother or father or children or farms, for my sake and for the gospel, who will not receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses and brothers and sisters and mothers and children and farms, with persecutions, and in the age to come eternal life.”

for three days to pay for our sin. I said to myself, “WOW! That’s how much He loved me? That He was willing to sacrifice His own son? It made me want to love Him and all I wanted to do was to please Him and do His will. That was when I realized that I needed forgiveness. I had conviction in my heart that I wanted to live for Him.

We wanted to go talk to people and tell our friends all about Him. Being on a farm, you don’t have time to go anywhere. You can’t leave those cows for too long! My husband and I started to talk to each other- how are we going to do this? We wanted to go be with everyone in Island Pond. So we decided to sell our farm. We believed that our Father would help us sell it. So we started to look for a piece of land to build a house with the sale of the farm. We couldn’t find any land that we liked.

My father was trying to sell his little farm house and barn with six acres of land. We looked at it and saw that we could restore it, instead of building. We saw this was our Father’s doing. So we sold our farm and bought my father’s farm in the woods. We started restoring the house. The boys each had their own room. After a while I saw that I was becoming consumed with material things. I cried out to our Father that I didn’t want all these things in the way of loving Him with all of my heart. I told Him that

this was HIS house and I wanted to bring in the people He wanted to live there. We always had a burden to go talk to people about Him.

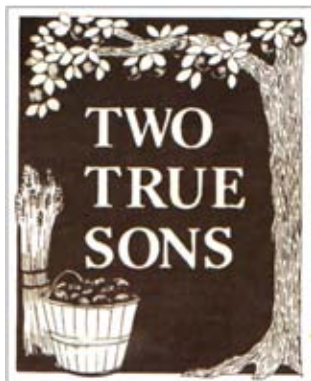
Time went on and we had been Christians for about 2 years. Our pastor told us that he was being called down to Massachusetts and that he would come visit us once a month. He told us that we needed to stay together. He never showed up...

Yoneq and ha-êmeq came up to Island Pond. They went to see Raphael and Mary Martha. Malachi had told them about my brother. So he brought them over to our house where everyone was waiting for the pastor to show up. So we asked Yoneq to speak to us. He started telling us about how they were living together. He talked about the life of Acts 2 and we knew that he was sincere because they were living it. That was the first time we ever heard the true gospel. We had just been reading in James how we were to become “doers of the Word.” All we wanted to was keep His Word and be like Him, and walk like Him. So we invited Yoneq to stay and keep teaching us. At this point, we still thought that we had the Holy Spirit. After being taught for a full year, we realized we all needed to be baptized. 26 of us went down to the waters. We know the angels were at work all that time. ~ *Hannah Sage*

RECOLLECTIONS OF 1981

from Timshal at a Gathering (December 31, 2016 in Fort Myers)

Timshal—I just realized that it was on this very night that I visited for the first time many years ago. The walkers had met me in November, and invited me to come to Island Pond, and left me a paper. Compared to what we have now, our literature was somewhat primitive, but it didn’t matter because it was the little things that spoke to me. This little what I call a tract was not very big, and on the front it said, “Two True Sons.”



I must have read that little thing about ten times over. But it wasn’t until our Father put me in a very needy place that I even considered actually going there to visit. It was only about 3 hours away from where I lived. I remember coming into the little village of Island Pond and the snow seemed like it was up as high as the ceiling. There was a lot of snow that year.

I came in and met Barzel; he is the one who had found me on the walk. I went to

I never will forget LoNekar with that big smile of his, proclaiming how “We are going to see even more wonderful things in the years ahead.”



his household, and we had dinner, then he told me about this celebration that “we” were going to have that night. That was December 31, 1981.

So we all went downtown and we went in and up to the third floor of a very old building. It was really cold outside but it didn’t take very long, when everybody got in that building, before it was very warm inside. Of course they had a big stove downstairs that was heating up the place (that stove also was somewhat primitive).

I just remember sitting there, as I was beginning to experience what was going on. People were singing, and dancing, and women had their ankle-boots on, like men’s boots. That is what they could afford to have to keep their feet dry in the snow! And all the people just trudged down, and walked up to this third floor. It was just the most incredible thing. And I just sat there in amazement.

David Yonah was sitting on my left-hand side, and he looked at my hands... my nail-bit hands because I was such a nervous, insecure person. He looked me right in the eyes and said, “There is healing for you here.” And I can’t remember if I started crying or what, but it just reached something in my heart.

Then the celebration ended and they passed out hot tea and cookies, and then one by one people started standing up and sharing about the past year, and all the things our Father had done. I never will forget LoNekar with that big smile of his, proclaiming how “We are going to see even more wonderful things in the years ahead.”

Anyway I just could go on and on about how wonderful it was, and the next day they had a wonderful meal.

Just before I left, on Monday, there was all this excitement. These two men wanted to be immersed. So then I thought, “Where are they

going to baptize them in the middle of the winter?” So I asked somebody and they said, “In the lake.” “In the lake? But it’s frozen!”

Then we went down to the lake together, and we gathered around the shore of the Lake House, and there stood these two young zealots, with hair out to here, all curly, and I heard that one of them actually took their last pack of cigarettes and threw it off into the snow, as they went down into the waters, and they got into that water—together—and they both cried out with all their hearts, and then they put them underneath the cold water...

It was cold enough that they had to chop through the surface with a splitting mall, but they didn’t have to get a chainsaw like sometimes we had to do, but...

Kepha—Only because the water was running there, by the Lake House, since that is where it goes out of the pond, so it is a place there where it doesn’t really get really deep ice.

Timshal—So they chopped it, and they went in, and you wouldn’t even THINK the water was cold, the way they were both smiling in that water! They were just overflowing with happiness. Their hair is tied back now, so it is not so frizzy and out to here... Just so you know who, it was Eleazer of Yehudah and Phineas Maqor of Gad!

So they came out of that water and the brothers and sisters there went and laid hands on them. I teared up and my car was running and I was going to head back home, and then I got in the car and I just could not stop crying. I could not stop. I could hardly see to drive at one point because the tears were just running down my face.

I was never the same again. I gave up my life...

Later I started working in the Print Shop in Island Pond with Malachi and Mevaser...



Our Own Print Shop

You will know them by their fruit...

From the earliest days we felt there was a need for a print shop to print what we called "Freepapers". We knew that we could reach out to people if we could just print the truth and passed it out. So, we printed "The Light Brigade Freepaper". Yoneq had been passing out little, hand-drawn cards inviting people to come for "rap sessions" at the Light House from the very first day he moved into his first house. Many responded in those few months in 1972 when we had the Light House. But he wanted to print a real paper with testimonies by young people who decided to follow God's way. It needed to be interesting to young people, with the gospel printed in a way that would speak to their hearts.

So, we just needed a printing press. Well, the printing of those papers actually started happening... A man who was a Methodist preacher brought his teenage children to the meetings at the Light House. He was extremely interested in the Gospel, though he appeared outwardly to be a very conservative Methodist. When we lost their Light House, he offered the "chapel" of his big Methodist Church for the little group to have their meetings. They would come in on Tuesday and Thursday nights and sit on the floor of the chapel to sing and hear teachings from Yoneq.

This preacher also had a part time job at a local Print Shop. When the preacher heard



The all-night print crew at the borrowed print shop... Ricky (Aquila), a passing artist, a rich young ruler and his girlfriend (who later bought us our first printing press when we got our own print shop), 2 single men who stayed for a while with us and then drifted off, and Marsha (ha-êmeq).

that we wanted to print our own Freepaper, he offered us the opportunity to come to that Print Shop where he worked after they had closed at night and "print." He showed us how to use the press, and a little crew of very inexperienced printer converged on the little print shop by night. There they did all the layout, made plates for the press, and printed the papers...

A few months later, Jay arrived into our life. It just happened that he had been trained in printing at his high school on a press exactly like we had been trying to use at that Print Shop. Jay loved printing. He arrived in Chattanooga just in time to take over the printing for us, as the rest of us went off to work in the newly opened Yellow Deli. We had encountered a young, rich zealot who liked our first freepapers. He found a press just like the one we had learned to run and dropped it off in our building... A NEW PRINTING PRESS! Jay was happy to begin the first print shop of our own. We moved our print shop up to Island Pond when we



Island Pond Printshop





all went there to live.

Our own print shop was very, very productive in making

ing thousands of freepapers from the second floor of the Block in Island Pond.

Malachi — We did not even charge for our papers. They really were Free-Papers. That's the difference between a hireling and a shepherd. You can see that the Love of Money is the root of all evil...

Yoneq never wanted to be a hireling. He wouldn't even let you pay him anything. That was always his heart. He never would let people even give us donations, people wanted to give us all kinds of stupid stuff. Even with our freepapers, we used to send out 10,000 freepapers for free. We didn't even ask for anything. In our early freepapers it said, "We're not asking for donations. We don't want to have anything or any part in "asking for donations." But it wasn't easy you know how to get the funds to send out 10 or 20,000 subscriptions like that.

Miraculously the poor little community in Island Pond began to find more equipment until the print shop was fully equipped.

The Freepapers became very well done. Others were added to our number who had known printing. So, the papers not only had the truth in them, they were printed so they could be easily read and were quite interesting. Even if there was not a lot of food on the tables, we still kept enough funds to print freepapers. We were not going to hide up in the Northeast Kingdom. We continued to go



out to any big gathering and pass out papers. We wanted the Gospel to go out even though we lived so very far up in the countryside of Vermont.

The Freepapers kept us "out there" for the people who might be seeking for the Truth. Many people came up to visit us after reading the papers... We continued to send out "walkers" to seek and save the lost, and they were always

equipped with Freepapers!

Amazing paper, all night pushes, until one very cold and snowy day, the fire alarms went off in downtown Island Pond. A major fire... It was our building. The Block was on fire.

An inexperienced fire builder and a very old chimney caused a major fire that completely destroyed our building. The miracle of the angels had caused us to move the print shop just a few days earlier into another building... never suspecting a fire was coming... The beautiful store on the first floor, our big gathering room on the top floor were gone... but the Freepapers would continue on!



Kepha and Sarah's Story (Andy and Jackie)

So there was something that was working in me to love and obey God, even though my flesh just couldn't overcome. My flesh got in the way, selfishness. So, I wanted to please our Father. So when a new gospel came into town, rather than what we had heard at the church all our lives, we went after it... It was an evangelical gospel. We somehow person realized and were thankful that somehow Jesus had died for my sins. Before, in the Catholic Church what I heard was that you just had to be good, and so then I'd see that I'd lie do something that I knew wasn't right, and I heard through the evangelical gospel that I could be forgiven of those things. That really drew my attention. And so I gave up the Catholic church and I became a Baptist. But then it wasn't that long before I saw people having disagreements and you'd try to be open with someone with what's going on in you and you'd find out it was used against you. And so then our children, our boys were getting older. Kephir was graduating from high school and Keli was a year behind and so they boys started growing up. Then drugs started coming in in Island Pond. (Crying)

I wanted to have a place for my children to be protected. So I thought we'd have to do something with young people. We called it the Snow Weekend. We'd have them go sing in different churches. Rebecca was one of the teenagers who went singing with us. She was Sarah's sister... We named our group the Cornerstone Singers. So we would go to different churches on the weekend and sing. Even Yaqarah Surla, the daughter of Kathy's Corner Jean, was one of our singers. But then, what we saw after the weekend was everybody was going back home in the same environment that they had before, falling into the same bad things. We had a burden not just for our children but for youth in Island Pond. Like Lebanah who ended up marrying Leonard Delabruere. So we thought if we could have them come and work with us for a time and help them to be on a better foundation, and then they could go back out and deal with the world. That's all we knew. And so when the opportunity came to have that closed-down-ski lodge eleven miles from Island Pond, we looked into that.

"So it turned out that it was seven hundred acres of land with a ski slope on it. This is where Yachin comes into the picture. Yachin had seen the ad in the paper in Maine for this big place, and was also looking for a place to have a "ministry for youth"... So the real estate agent wanted to put a little pressure on Yachin and told him, "I have another offer. I have some people here who are interested in it. They don't have money, though, but they're praying about it! And one of them, his name is Masse. And he lives in Island Pond."

And so they came to Island Pond and looked us up in the phone book. I was the only Masse in the phone book, and Sarah answered the phone, and I was downtown getting groceries. So she invited them to the house, and they came over, and that's when we started having meetings together. They had the same vision as what we had. They wanted to start a retreat and recreation center, a place where people could spend some time recreating.



This is the same time Malachi and Rebecca went to Tennessee. They got involved in Tennessee because Malachi went to the same bible school as we did. Malachi was determined saying, "I've got to go get married, and then I'll go back to Chattanooga with my bride." And then they got married and they left soon after to return to Chattanooga. During that time we kept hiring pastors, and then the pastors kept leaving to go to Boston or some other place where there was more money. So then we were able to get a pastor who stayed for a short while. And he was Ruth Deshe's father. He was having trouble with his own daughter being rebellious so he let her stay up in Island Pond with us, hoping we

could help her. So Ruth came to us and she asked, "Can I come and live with you?" And I said, "Yeah, you can come and live with us as long as you listen to us, we'd love to have you come and live with us."

She was fifteen and she came in high school and she was working for me in the office and during that time her parents were living in Florida for health purposes. So one day Ruth came to me and asked if she could go to visit her parents and then during that time she stopped in Chattanooga, Tennessee to see Rebecca and Malachi.

Then we got a phone call from Ruth. She said, "I've found what I was looking for, I want to stay here." I said, "Great, you found what you want." So then a year later she called and she said she was going to get married to Deshe. She called and invited us. So we were invited to the wedding, and that's how we get involved with Chattanooga. We took ten days off from work and went to Tennessee.

We spent ten days crunching lettuce with LoNekar. That was in the Areopagus, the Yellow Deli. That was our first encounter with the Community. What we saw there really affected us. We saw people working there in unity together. We didn't see Yoneq that much, we just saw him here and there. But then later on they got married in April or something like that. And then in the fall, that's when Yoneq and ha-êmeq were touring New England. We got a call from the girls that they were touring New England, and did we want them to come and visit us? We said, "Yeah, we'd love to." There was something that was attracting us, that was drawing us to what we saw.

Another pastor had left. There was a division in the church because the Grace Brethren came by and said, "We'd like one of us to be your chief elder." And then, so some of us didn't agree with what they believed in, so there was a split in the church. We had a meeting Sunday evening, and the other group had a meeting in the morning, in the same building. That was at the Block!



(Laughing) We had another pastor that came who was an Evangelical Baptist. And finally a job came up in New Bedford, Massachusetts, for him to have a job there. But he said, "I'm not going to leave you alone. I'm going to come every Wednesday to have a Bible study with you." So he came two weeks in a row. So one Wednesday, we had a meal at Benaiah's house and then we had a Bible study after. So Yoneq and ha-êmeq showed up Wednesday afternoon, and the pastor never showed up. So we had a meeting with Yoneq and ha-êmeq.

So the subject of the meeting we talked about, I remember very clear, was Luke 14:33. You can't be a disciple unless you give up everything. We had invited the other half of the people that had split. We had invited them to come to the teaching. At one point Yoneq asked the question, "Can you be a disciple without giving up everything?" Someone said, "Well, that's what it says in the Bible. You can't be a disciple without giving up everything." The chief elder perked up. He said, "Well, you don't have to give up everything. You just have to be willing." So that was kind of a loophole for someone to slide into. They spent three days and then they went back. That was at the same time we were trying to buy Wildwood. That was the fall of '77. We needed to have somebody up there to protect it from vandalism. Yachin and Savav couldn't come until April because that was when he was over in the Navy. And the other couple couldn't

come until June because they had two boys in school. And we were going to sell the house in Island Pond but we moved up to Wildwood and moved the horses and everything up there and then in the spring following that, that's when Yoneq and ha-êmeq and Malachi and Rebecca and Deshe and Ruth came to spend three weeks with us. During that time we were having meetings with Barton who had just come out of the Catholic Church. Roi and Rachel and Barak and Naomi and Oded and Tikvah Langmaid and another lady, Jeannie LeBlanc.

So we had meetings with them and with Yoneq and ha-êmeq and the brothers that came up from Tennessee. And so we said, "This is what we want." So we tried to find ways to help Yoneq get up here. We could support him with our ten percent. We thought, "Maybe he could have a radio program." (Laughing) We had an apartment in our house so we thought they could live in that apartment for free. At the end of that evening Yoneq said, "Well, I don't know if it's our Father's will that we come to Island Pond. But I'll have to go back and talk to the brothers there and if it's our Father's will, you won't have to support us. We'll be supported by our brothers in Chattanooga."

Three weeks later we get a letter that if we still wanted them to come, they said it was our Father's will. Soon a big van pulled in with three couples in it, and we had moved up to Wildwood so our house was empty and that was the first house they lived in when they first arrived.

Then at Wildwood we had meetings, we had teachings; that's when Yoneq would teach... Chazaq heard the gospel and he said, "I'm staying here, this is the truth, I'm staying here." So his wife got the two boys in the car and said, "I'm leaving!" (She changed her mind though and became a wonderful disciple after that.)

The call came to leave Wildwood around that time. Yoneq felt like it wasn't time to have a ministry. We needed to be in town where the people were. It was hard for us to do that because we had been praying for something like that in order to have a ministry for young people. We prayed and the only thing that was coming to me was that we have to listen to our brothers. So I came back and told Sarah that we were going to

move back to Island Pond. They already had moved to Island Pond. We had started doing some repairs to get the place open. Somehow the sign that hung out front had got broken down three times. So we came back and I told Sarah that and she said, "You're crazy." I said, "Either we move back to Island Pond, or else I take my Bible and throw it in the fire."

I told Yachin and he said, "Well, if you're moving to Island Pond, we're moving too. We're doing it together." What was in Yoneq's heart about being in the same place? He said, "If our Father wants us to have a ministry he'll provide for it." We'd spent about fifty thousand dollars with Yachin already to get Wildwood. So we just gave the place back to the owner and moved back to Island Pond – no refund!

Before we moved back to Island Pond, we had got baptized in July.

And so why did we need to get baptized? We were already believers. Yeah, that's what I thought at first. I thought, "I'm not getting baptized again." But then it became clear that in order to be part of the Body we need to be baptized into the Body. We hadn't been baptized into anything except confusion. So then what happened? We started meeting up at the Maples. At first we were meeting in



Benaiah and Hannah's barn above the animals in the hay barn. It was summer. So then we started having meetings in the Maples. We got the Maples and it needed a lot of work when we got it. It had apartments in it. It had had dogs in it, and it needed cleaning up.

So we heard the Gospel; we had to give up everything for the Gospel. When we moved back from Wildwood to Island Pond, Sarah was sitting on her furniture at Wildwood so they wouldn't move it. She really did not want to move back to Island Pond. She changed her mind. So the disciples were helping move our things back. Somebody decorated the kitchen with barn wood.

Sarah: *I didn't mind that. The worst thing was to leave Wildwood. That was our hope. It was for the young people. But it wasn't a whole life that we could bring people into. It was just whatever it would take. And you know, they would have let them help us for the rest of their life up there but it wasn't a requirement. We needed the grace of an apostle. The foundation was being willing to do anything.*

Kepha: *So we left a dream and went back to where our life could be seen in the town. I was known as the Water Superintendent. I used to pump out of the lake when I had to. That's what made the Gospel real in Island Pond, because there were families. I was willing with an established family, to give it all up for the gospel. Malachi had his daughter Sarah, and he came here where there were families with teenagers. It was like a new beginning for Island Pond.*

That's when the people from Barton moved here, so they heard the same message we heard, that they needed to move out of Barton and into Island Pond, and they responded. They had teenagers, too, the same age children. They had Daniel and Hoshua and others who were willing to come in. So those families, they had older children. Hoshua was eighteen. My oldest son Kephir was seventeen. They were still going to school until they had their own curriculum. Kephir graduated from high school. He graduated in the spring and in the fall we didn't send the children into public school anymore. Hoshua had graduated from the school they went to in Barton.

People started trickling in from Chattanooga over here until 1980 when everybody from Tennessee was up here in Island Pond. This was all we had in the world. People learned how to walk in the snow. Those Southerners, they were so cold, they wrapped up their faces with

scarves all winter, because they were so cold. They had left everything they had down South to be up here. They had seven Delis, and beautiful communities, and they left it all for what our Father was really doing way up North in Island Pond. It was a test to endure the hardship up there. We were about 50 between Barton and us. And then 150 people moved up and at one point we were 300 people. That's when the town asked us not to vote. They were afraid we'd take over the town. Our Father gave us wisdom.

Receiving THE PROMISE

Well, our hearts were the reason our Father could even protect us in 1984 during the Raid because the Gospel was so clear that that's how we needed to be. You know what it said in his word? If you give up your house, your family, your friends, your farm you get 100 times more in this age, with persecutions and eternal life in the age to come. That's the promise, our Father preserved us. He had a jewel in his possession that he could preserve because he had a people that gave up their selfish life. Then we had people from Montreal that wanted to have what we had here, so we went up to Nova Scotia so they could have what we have, and then in Nova Scotia there was somebody from France, and so we went to France and Germany and helped those people over there to be able to do what was on their heart, to establish the same life we had in Island Pond. And then somebody from France went to Spain and then that's how it increased to what you see now on the little card, "Where in the World Can You Find a Yellow Deli?" All over the world.

I'm going to be 86 in June. Sarah is 84. Well, we appreciate being here in Plymouth doing just what we love to do, talk to people about the hope in our hearts. If you ask questions I might talk to you for a little while, to share what is in my heart.

Our Father gave us clusters of houses. We had our house, the Pleasant House up the street, the Dale House, the Harvest House, the Timothy House. Our horses were in the backyard. It was amazing. We had 16 houses. The Block downtown, the Gateway House, the Corner house, the Spring House, the Maples, the Green House, the Arbor, the Maxwell House, the Branch House, on

and on and on. We had a cluster of houses on one side, a cluster on the other side, and all the houses would come down the hills, to the Block.

We gave up our house so other disciples could come and live in our house, and then we got 16 houses. And the story goes that Sarah Masse gave up her kitchen. She gave it up to people who didn't even know how to cook. She was a professional cook, a French cook, and she just submitted to people who didn't know as much as her. Things would happen, we'd work it out. We had to work through things. We have conflicts, we have iniquities, but we repent and forgive, we love and that's what keeps us together. Love is like glue.

Sarah: *One time I was upset because I needed to be the cook at the Bellevue for the many people in the house. I got upset at something. I know I wasn't happy to have to cook for so many people, not just one meal, but all the meals. So, I just got on my horse and ran away. I went to the field in front of the Dwelling. I stopped and started crying on the ground. The horse just stayed there by my side until I was ready to go back. It wasn't so much just the cooking, so many changes happened during that time.*

We were willing, wherever the need was, if something was going to be sold. I think that happened in the beginning in Island Pond, we sold a bunch of stuff and got a lot of nice Victory wood stoves. Because those Southerners wanted to be warm. We didn't use oil stoves any more. What was that saying we all had? "No swine in '79." (Laughing) It was too expensive.



Anyway, it was a rugged beginning in Island Pond. We had wood stoves, we had wood cook-stoves, we had aqua heaters that were wood-fired—we had a whole woods crew. At the end we ended up having to produce 350 cords of wood a year to heat our houses in Island Pond. It was a full-time job.

All our houses before that were heated with oil. Some of us may have had a little wood stove in our houses that was pretty and extra. We had really all heated with oil before. But with so many people, we chose to live a simpler life. We had a crew to get the wood. We went back in time. We had to chop wood in the morning before we made breakfast.

But then Ayal found this rocking chair factory that made all these little pieces of hardwood—oak, and maple—and we got all this scrap wood for free, and it was the most perfect kindling. We had the most beautiful wall in the basement, full of that wood, and we said, "Ayal, we can't do this. We can't be the only ones who have this wonderful wood here." So he ended up getting it for all the different

houses. So the women just loved him, because having all that wood was like having matches—it went, "phoom" and caught fire. It saved the women chopping wood; it was so nice. So what did we do with the wood? It was for the wood cook-stoves, even to start a fire. It was kiln-dried pieces; we mixed it to start a fire.

We gave up everything, even the security of having something simple to having something harder, but it was all together. Yes, and we did fire watch every night— together...

~ Kepha and Sarah



400 HUNDRED HAIL MARYS (AT A GATHERING ON PINE ISLAND, 2018)

ha-êmeq — Our Master Yahshua died for all of our sins! He died for our grumbling ways, our resisting ways, and all of the bad things that we fall into. He died for them and he will forgive us, but we have to confess them as SIN. We can't just go on talking about the hard time we had and never get to the point of confessing it AS SIN. If we don't, we will never be forgiven. That is why we would have to pay for it, as Yoneq has always shared with us. We would have to pay for those sins in death because we never confessed them. We would never let it come to us that, really, we sinned! Reasoning it away, "Oh I was just going through it and he did this, and there was that circumstance, and she did that," means you never get your sin out there and say, "this is sin, and please forgive me for my sin!" Justifications or whatever else keeps you from doing that. I am so thankful that Yahshua did die and he went to death for our sins!

The Stations of the Cross

I always think of that story that Naomi told about how she would walk around her church, on some kind of "trail" with statues on it, and you could see Yahshua doing this and that, then you get to the place where he died for your sins, and I guess it was kind of a "moving experience". I know the Catholics "know" He died for their sins, they think he went to death. But the result of knowing that is that the whole story just "breaks your heart", because he died for our sins. It makes the people want to cry because he died.

Yoneq — And he just didn't just "die". He went into death.

ha-êmeq — Yes! He suffered for those sins in sheer agony. Though really, all any of us have to do is confess our sins from our heart and we can be forgiven. If we do, then he didn't die in vain, he didn't suffer in vain. If we don't, we have to go to death for those things.

Barak — They call it the "Stations of the Cross" and it is all around the church, one station after another. They tell you he was crucified, but when you come to the end? The only thing you are left feeling is – "Those bad people that cruci-

fied him, really they are the ones who deserved to be crucified," or something like that. You don't get the point of it all: "He did this for our sins." That doesn't even come into the picture. All you do is feel bad for what happened.

A Sincere Boy confesses his Sins

ha-êmeq — Yes, Yoceph Takif of Yehudah was sharing about this very thing in Hiddenite (Yoceph was a Catholic also), in one of our gatherings. He said that he went around the "stations" when he was 13. He said when he got to the end he was so hurt by his sin. He said, "I am going to take confirmation," and then he said, "I am going to go to confession first."

So, to the confessional he went to confess his sins, and he really confessed them to the priest who was behind the curtain, and Yoceph said, "I told him everything, I just confessed, and confessed everything that I had done because I just wanted to be sincere." He said it even seemed like the priest was uncomfortable that he was so honest in his confession, how he said it. He could tell that the priest didn't know what to say



Yowceph and Zaviyth eating supper in the midst of their new friends along with Asuryah and Ruth when they first moved into the Community

at the end. But finally the priest responded, "Say 400 Hail Marys," and he told the priest, "Yes, that is what I will do!" (Hail Mary is a catholic prayer to be repeated over and over as a show of repentance by the one who says it). Well, the priest told him to say the "Hail Mary" 400 times. It is considered a way to be forgiven for your sins.

They don't expect the sorry person to say all of the Hail Marys at one time in front of the priest right there, but say it later. So, Yoceph Takif started trying to do it every time he could and counting them. He got to a point though where he said, "I am not going to do this anymore". He could not see the point. He just threw it all away. He didn't go to Church anymore. He said, "This can't be it!"

But he was so sincere and our Father saw him. So one day, when Yoneq was driving along that special highway in Northern Vermont by Westminster Station, he saw a pretty farm house with people on the front porch, and he said, "We have got to send walkers on this road. We need to have a way to meet people who are in the countryside who might want to do our Father's will." We marked where we were on the map, and when he

got home to Island Pond he told the brothers about "going walking". So, that highway is exactly where we sent out the first walkers from Island Pond.

And right there as they were walking along, Yoceph and Zaviyth called to the walkers and invited them into their home. They heard the gospel, and Yoceph and Zaviyth were saved! Our Father never forgot that thirteen-year-old boy who had been so sincere about confessing his sins. He must have been about 30 years old by the time the walkers came. Our Father didn't forget him! He heard his cry and He came to him as soon as He could. Yoceph still wanted to be forgiven for his sins.

Naomi shel Barak — And how many more are out there like that, how many more? They were only a child and they were touched in their heart somehow, and then they were in their 30s and really still crying out. They will give it all up when they hear the truth just like Yoceph and Zaviyth did.



Love one another, just as I have loved you....

Happy children, different races in harmony, Jews from New York City singing along with school teachers from the Midwest. We had finally met "the one another" spoken of in the Bible when it says: Love one another just as I have loved you. It was talking to that small group of disciples who adhered to the teachings of the Son of God. You can read these words in both the Old and New Testament in the Bible. Love was always the central message. It did not mean to love every person in the whole world. There was already a special group forming who was called the famous "one another" spoken so often about in the Bible... Love one another as I have loved you... He was not talking about loving everyone, but rather the committed and covenanted group of disciples who had given up everything to follow the Way.



Without human plan a network of related brothers was spreading out. John 1:12,13 But to all who believed him, he gave the right to become sons of God. This new life came forth not by human passion or plan but from God.



No more heart-breaking Kitchen Junkets... now Marcel had found his heart's desire to play true music from the true heart which pleases our Creator!



A New Song was beginning to be sung by a New Culture of Love...

A Promise that is being fulfilled:

The Smile of fathers and sons...

The spirit of Eliyah will come and turn the hearts of the sons to their fathers... That is a promise!

MANY people have been waiting through the centuries of human history for the fulfillment of this prophecy made by Malachi the Prophet at the end of the Old Testament. A long period of silence came upon the people of God after those words were spoken by Malachi until the spirit of Eliyah did come in the form of John the Baptist... But men did not receive him. His words were too radical. His message went right into their closet and into their bank account and into their mode of conduct.



"Religion" looks to more mystical solutions for the ever present problems they were facing in life. The spirit of Eliyah spoke through John the Baptist proclaiming the first prophetic words since that prophesy of Malachi so long ago... It is written clearly in the Bible here:

But the promise is that the Spirit of Eliyah would turn the hearts of sons to their fathers, and fathers to their sons. That is what has happened among us, as many sons have chosen the hard road of their fathers because of their "turned heart". Certainly many will not follow the Way as also was "promised" by our Master in Mark 13:12. Children shall rise up against [their] parents, and even cause them to be put to death.

And also [Matthew 10:21] A brother shall deliver up brother to death, and the father the child: and the children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death.

That is our Master's description of the Last Days, and it is clear that "family relationships" will not be pleasant in those days, unless the Spirit of Eliyah is able to turn our hearts.

Thus, we in the Twelve Tribes have the hope that many sons will follow the amazing path their fathers have taken, yet not so foolish to think that all will want to follow the Way. It is a narrow road for the "few".



THE ORIGINAL FAMILIES OF ISLAND POND IN A CONVERSATION YEARS LATER

Rachel — I want to say one thing. I appreciate Barak and Naomi because if it wasn't for them, Roi and I probably wouldn't

be here. They were our friends.

Naomi — In the early days we talked and talked about our life, didn't we?

Rachel — Yes, we did and when he came to visit us, everyone knew Yoneq was going to say his pure gospel, and that it would mean total surrender. When they came to the Bible Study and saw your beautiful home and your family, they thought having all that would mean that probably we would reject the gospel. We came so close to rejecting. For a week we even had said to the messengers, "Please, stop coming to visit us, the cost is too great!" And we didn't know if we just needed time. We were afraid, "Is this from our Father?" But then at one point, we all agreed, "Yes, it is from our Father," and "Yes, if we don't go, we are going to get left in the dust!" We all agreed to give our lives.

Malachi — Do you see that picture that was up there of ha-êmeq and Kepha in the woods? That was at Wildwood



on the very first visit of Yoneq and ha-êmeq... They went all the way to Vermont first, and our Father spoke to them. Then a few weeks later, there were Yoneq and ha-êmeq, Rebekah and I, and Deshe, and Ruth who all went up. It was really in the beginning of that vision to have a ministry. It was even before some of the meetings at Wildwood. It was actually the time when they put up the first sign that said "Wildwood Retreat Christian Center". During that visit, they wanted to take a

picture of everyone in front of the sign. Yoneq did not want to be in that photo, not even in the background.

So, we just went ahead and put up our sign, advertising our new place without Yoneq in the photo. Then the next day, there was a storm, and that night and the sign blew down. I went to Yoneq and I said to him, "Did you take the sign down?" "I didn't take the sign down. It must have been an angel. I don't know what happened." I think they went back out and put it back up again though.

Kepha — ...and it blew down again.

Malachi — I thought that was significant.

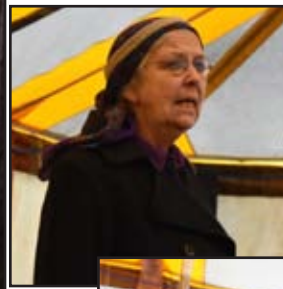
Yachin — It was definitely a sign.

Sarah shel Kepha — After we had what we thought was "a sign" that we were going to be allowed to buy that beautiful property, I remember being so happy because I knew we had something that we had prayed for, and I was walking up and down that hill there and just so happy and praying,

"This is so wonderful that God gave us this beautiful place..." And I would pray that way... but also, "If this isn't what you want, if this is going to destroy us, I don't want it."... I did pray that way, but I was also kind of mad because I knew that possibly it would destroy our lives. That's what I thought – it possibly could destroy our lives. I didn't know a whole lot about our life or anything yet, but I knew that I believed that I was praying to God.

Malachi (Jay) — Our Father was listening!





Naomi — We had that willingness in our hearts to do His will. So, it is just amazing, it is a miracle that we can stand here together. All of us, are still here together.

Barak — I was thinking about Wildwood. We were having a meeting and Raphael spoke up, and he said, “To me, it sounds like he has something. Yoneq has something from God.” He started it out, what he shared was the spark.

Savav — It was a timely word.

Still Together after all these years...

The little group of sincere believers is still together after all these years... Their love for one another did not fail. As it says in the Bible in John 13:34 “A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another, even as I have loved you, that you also love one another. By this all will know that you are My disciples, if you have love for one another.”

And their lives have brought forth much fruit. Many, many more communities have started since those early days. Yes, after the Raid in 1984, the disciples in Island Pond spread out all over. Their message spread across the USA, into Canada, over to Europe, and even as far as Australia and South America. It is a message that is not easy to just take on. It is opposed.

Luke 2:34 NKJV: “It was prophesied that when the truth is spoken it will be... for a sign which will be spoken against.” This precious Life has been spoken against in many ways. It is because it is a life of self-sacrifice. Remember

the promise... You must give up all, houses, farms, family members who do not follow God’s Way, and you will get a hundred times as much of all you give up... But then it all promises persecution (which means unjust treatment).

Yes, the life they found did not stop, because of the unjust treatment... and it has still not stopped. The persecutions of 1984, and many other incidences of persecution, have not been able to snuff out the flame. It has actually been like dandelion seeds, being blown by the wind of the Spirit of God.

There are addresses at the end of this little book of many of the places where there are people just like these who have given up everything to follow the Commands of the Savior who was born in that obscure village of Bethlehem...

These courageous men and women had left everything to follow Him...

As the apostle Peter said: “Behold, we have left everything and followed You; what then will there be for us?” And the Savior replied to them, “Truly I say to you, that you who have followed Me, in the restoration when the Son of Man will sit on His glorious throne, you also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. “And everyone who has left houses or brothers or sisters or father or mother or children or farms for My name’s sake, will receive one hundred times as much, and will inherit eternal life....Matthew 19:27-29

What a wonderful promise it is... Island Pond is the verification that this Promise is true...

“It Takes a Community”...



And whatever happened to young Jay who wanted to see the life of the little seed he had found in Chattanooga spread to Island Pond? Well, Jay and his wife continued to give a hundred percent to care for and feed, and cloth all the many people who continued to come to the Island Pond Community, as a result of the Promise being fulfilled.

“We shared all things in common just like the First Church in the Book of Acts. We refused to opt for the typical American Lifestyle. We all picked apples together, and berries, and vegetables to live...” But the story does not stop there... For there were many more “Jays” added to the com-



munity... who became “Malachis”, which means messengers. They became messengers of a new life that was springing forth for receiving the Gospel of Salvation. Yes, a new life began and BLOSSOMED and brought forth fruit in many other places...

Like the apple trees in the orchards bore abundant fruit to feed all the first disciples in Island Pond, so the Life that had begun there also bore good fruit that has endured the test of time in other parts of the earth...

Thus they started to spread out... moving to Boston to do jobs together in order to be able to send funds to very large community in Island Pond, and also to the new places that were starting.

Yes, they needed to go out. Canadians had come in. Germans had come in who needed to return to their countries. “We will go with them and start communities there.”



As it says in the Bible, 2 Samuel 5:1 *“Then came all the tribes of Israel to David, saying, ‘Behold,*

we are your bone and your flesh.”

In other words, we are one family of the same seed. This terminology comes from the beginning in Genesis when

man and woman were first created. Adam looked at her and said: *[Gen 2:23, This [is] now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: “So after that in Israel people used that saying to mean that we are bonded together for ever.*

They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, we said to them so we will not just send them on their way to “find a Bible believing church” somewhere, as we had heard so many times in organized religion. “No, we will go with them!”



The Europeans eventually all ended up in France where a big old run-down chateau was opened up to us by a kind woman who opened her heart just like Lydia in Acts 16:14. The men of Island Pond to on jobs in Boston working hard to make the funds to pay the relatively small price she needed to get for the chateau... These sincere French people would become the tribe of Reuben. A community also started in Canada for the many Canadians who had come to visit Island Pond and wanted to live that same life. They eventually moved to Winnipeg and found a big house... Cold winters did not hinder their zeal for the will of God just like those who first were in Island Pond. They became the tribe of Gad.

So, the first three tribes formed quickly... Judah (New England), Ruben (France), Gad (Canada)... With the apostolic authority of Yoneq in the lead, men and women were coming to see their need for true salvation that only dwells in "community"... We heard many times... "It Takes a Community"...

Then a man from Australia went with others "down under" and a vibrant life began there. It began just outside Sydney, Australia, tender hearts were found to begin a community that has endured much opposition, but continues to flourish. This is the tribe of Asher.

Then another man believed the Gospel and was sent back to his home country in South America. The large country of Brazil. Oh, how different the culture is there, but the



Australia



Brazil



Kansas



same zeal was spawned in the new Brazilian disciples. Connecting with the people who were less able to make a good living for their people because it is a third world country, caused the love to flourish in the tribes where the possibility of earning more by selling the unusual things that came be grown and made in South America, helped this new tribe get a foothold. Because we share all things in common there can be no needy among us.

Barely able to afford tickets to get to all these distant places... the Word of God continued to spread... Thus began the tribe of Naftali.

And then into the fertile land of mid-west God's Word was received with joy. This is the farming bread basket of the United States. The importance of farms and farmers in our

Communities has become very clear over the years. Good grain will be very precious in the future and the farms of the mid-west will bring us the wheat we need... We are an agricultural nation in many ways. The availability of good food for our people will become scarcer.



Many Spanish brothers and sisters responded to the Gospel and obeyed the demands of love, living together and sharing their lives. Thus, a tribe began in Spain... One new disciple had a little house on the St. James Way (Camino de Santiago). This tiny house on the hill overlooking the ocean in San Sebastian became the first community in Spain and also an amazing “hostile” to provide for all the walkers who pass that way... By making little additions and acquiring the house next door, it has become a major stopping place of the Camino “for many weary pilgrims.” They are the tribe of Shimone, and have shown their hospitality to many people from many countries there. But it has also be the center of a vibrant common life of love, as the Community has grown and spread out in other parts of Spain...

The German people who originally found us in Chattanooga had now found many others who wanted to be disciples, and moved back to Germany. Finding much hostility with the German Government which will not tolerate any alternative cultures in their county, the community in Germany moved across the border into Czech Republic. They began farming and living the Gospel there. That is the tribe of Levi.



The Spanish speaking South Americans now could not stay in the Portuguese speaking land of Brazil. It was time for them to go back to the land where they were from. So off to Argentina they return... A small delegation was sent to find the home where they could raise their families and also bring the Good News of the Gospel to the many Argentinians, and also the other countries near them. They found a starting place just outside of Buenos Aires, the tribe of Issachar was formed.



The brothers and sisters in the Communities in Europe could not remain there. They were English and needed a place in their homeland. They sent Messengers into their country to find a place for them to settle. There were many discouraging days, waiting to find the place. Then miraculously an old, run down farm on the hillside opened up to them. They were not afraid of hard work of restoration... The community of Zebulun was formed... in 1990.



A remnant of West Coast residents was increasing in the cold Northeast of the United States. Now they were flourishing and ready to return to the West. It was a hard decision to



send these Messengers out to spy out the land. The West Coast is a challenging environment for His holy people. The humble Vermonters helped organize a crew to work on the West Coast and search for the place where the needy souls would find a home. Shortly, a place began a community in California, first in campgrounds, then in apartments, then a run-down home with land... it was given to us to restore... there was a home. And soon a family from Washington State came to give their lives to do God's will... they gave up their farm... And sure enough... there was the promise... Now many more have been added... and we have the beautiful tribe of Yowceph...

Could we return to that land of hostile religion where our story all began? Will the deep South of the United States let Love rule? Those first Messengers who came to Island Pond had been forced to evacuate to preserve the precious seed of our new Faith.

Well, it became evident hostility would follow us wherever we were. We actually realized that "persecution" was part of the promise... So, rather than being surprised by it we have learned to expect it. Why? Because the ancient battle of good and evil is certainly still a reality that no one in their right mind can deny. But somehow the "blessing of protection" can be maintained if his people are obedient to his commandments and do what is pleasing in His Sight...

And just as long as there are open hearts like those in Island Pond, there is a refuge for "good" still remaining on this planet...

That little cradle that we had found in Island Pond, made a place for the truth to prosper....

And thus it has spread like the seeds of the dandelion blown into the wind...

So, just a block away from the original house... the one that "Jay" found in the beginning of our story... The Vine House... another old house that lay empty and in need of much restoration.... "Oh, we know how to do that? It is the time for the restoration of all things. Don't be afraid. Take it on".

So, the seeds of Love took flight once more. A remnant returned to Chattanooga, much older and wiser than before. They came along with their children and grandchildren, and with their love which now has found root and begun to flourish even in the "Bible Belt".



***Back to Chattanooga Again?
WILL THAT BE POSSIBLE?***

Can the last be first? Is the leader... little Benjamin? How can the last be "the leader"? Yes, the Bible says that the last of the tribes, Benjamin will lead the way. He is humble, small in his own eyes. He has gone through much over the last 50 years... He knows religion from both sides. The humble are those who will receive abundant grace. So, the last of the 12 tribes was formed. It says: Act 26:7 "To this promise our twelve tribes, earnestly serving God night hope to attain..."

The phenomenon of Island Pond is that the promise in the Bible of receiving “a hundred houses” if you give up one.... and hundred brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers and children, if you have to give them up for the gospel’s sake, has been fulfilled.

Why would a person need a hundred houses?

Because he has to make rooms for a hundred mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters...

It is rare that a person would give up something in this manner. But it is written in the Bible that people must give up everything... Surrender their whole life... BUT THE GOOD NEWS (definition of the word Gospel) is that you will get a hundred times as much as you give... and thus, we have a “community”!

It is a promise!!!

So, we can no longer say: Long ago and far away.... Now, there is hope right around the corner in many places.

We do not want to present to you a fairy-tale



The Maples in Island Pond, Vermont, remains a landmark. It's a very present witness that this life of love is possible.... And endures!

of a life, but rather one that the Creator desired for mankind to live from the beginning. Because we have become so accustomed to the wars, greed and strife which seem to rule men’s behavior, it almost seems like an impossible dream to even consider a life of love in the midst of this current chaos.

But there had been a beginning and there will be an end...

The Island Ponders will be standing together when that end comes. The vows to their God will hold their bond of Love. And the Life will continue for eternity...

That is our hope! Come and join us!

Where in the World can you find a Community of Believers where everyone has given everything? Where you can come for a day or to stay.

UNITED STATES (1-888-893-5838)

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

COLORADO

Community in Manitou Springs 41 Lincoln Ave, Manitou Springs, CO 80829 ☎ 719-685-1250

Community in Boulder 5325 Eldorado Springs Dr, Boulder, CO 80305 ☎ 303-719-8168

FLORIDA

Community in Arcadia 601 West Oak St, Arcadia, FL 34266 ☎ 863-491-0160

Community on Pine Island 15621 Quail Trail, Bokeelia, FL 33922 ☎ 239-558-2266

GEORGIA

Community in Savannah 403 East Hall St, Savannah, GA 31401 ☎ 912-232-1165

Community in Brunswick 927 Union St, Brunswick, GA 31520 ☎ 912-264-2279

KANSAS

Community in Lawrence 805 Ohio St, Lawrence, KS 66044 ☎ 785-304-5110

Fieldstone Orchard & Farm 7049 E 149th St, Overbrook, KS 66524 ☎ 785-665-7643

MASSACHUSETTS

Community in Milton 152 Robbins St, Milton, MA 02186 ☎ 617-282-9876

Community in Plymouth 35 Warren Ave, Plymouth, MA 02360 ☎ 508-747-5338

Community in Hyannis 14 Main Street, Hyannis, MA 02601 ☎ 508-790-0555

Pleasant Street Farm 1128 Pleasant St, Raynham, MA 02767 ☎ 508-884-8834

MISSOURI

Community in Warsaw 1130 Lay Ave, Warsaw, MO 65355 ☎ 660-438-2541

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Community in Lancaster 12 High Street, Lancaster, NH 03584 ☎ 603-788-4376

NEW YORK

Common Sense Farm 41 North Union St, Cambridge, NY 12816 ☎ 518-677-5880

Community in Oneonta 81 Chestnut St, Oneonta, NY 13820 ☎ 607-267-4062

Community in Ithaca 119 Third Street, Ithaca, NY 14850 ☎ 607-272-6915

Journey's End Farm 7871 State Route 81, Oak Hill, NY 12460 ☎ 518-239-8148

Community in Hamburg 2051 North Creek Rd, Lakeview, NY 14085 ☎ 716-926-9216

Community in Cocksackie 18 South River St, Cocksackie, NY 12051 ☎ 518-655-1007

NORTH CAROLINA

Gladheart Farm 9 Lora Lane, Asheville, NC 28803 ☎ 828-274-8747

Community Conference Center 471 Sulphur Springs Rd, Hiddenite, NC 28636 ☎ 828-352-9200

TENNESSEE

Community in Chattanooga 900 Oak St, Chattanooga, TN 37403 ☎ 423-752-3071

Community in Pulaski 373 Glendale Dr, Pulaski, TN 38478 ☎ 931-371-7731

VERMONT

Community in Island Pond 126 South St, Island Pond, VT 05846 ☎ 802-723-9708

Community in Rutland 134 Church St, Rutland, VT 05701 ☎ 802-773-3764

Basin Farm P.O. Box 108, 175 Basin Farm Rd, Bellows Falls, VT 05101 ☎ 802-463-9264

VIRGINIA

Stoneybrook Farm 15255 Ashbury Church Rd, Hillsboro, VA 20132 ☎ 540-668-7123

WASHINGTON

Community in Raymond 418 State Route 105, Raymond, WA 98577 ☎ 360-529-1559

CANADA (1-888-893-5838)

Community in Winnipeg 89 East Gate, Winnipeg, MB R3C 2C2, Canada ☎ 204-786-8787

Mount Sentinel Farm 2915 Highway 3A, PO Box 82, South Slokan, BC V0G 2G0, Canada ☎ 250-359-6847

Fairfield Farm 11450 McSween Road, Chilliwack, BC V2P 6H5, Canada ☎ 604-795-2225

New Sprout Farm 7191 Howard Road, Merville, BC V0R 2M0, Canada ☎ 250-337-5444

Community in Kingston 1560 Abbey Dawn Rd, Kingston, Ontario K7L 4V3, Canada ☎ 613-877-3754

BRAZIL

Comunidade de Itapeperica da Serra Rua Emilio Colela 195, 06855-350 Itapeperica da Serra, São Paulo, Brazil ☎ 55-11-4667-4397

Comunidade de Londrina Est. Major Archiles Pimpão 5000, 86040-020 Londrina, Paraná (Mail to: Caixa Postal 8041, 86010-981 Londrina) ☎ 55-43-3357-1212

Comunidade de Campo Largo BR 277, km 107,5 s/n° (Sentido Ponta Grossa - Curitiba) Caixa Postal 1056, 83608-000 Campo Largo, Paraná, Brazil ☎ 55-41-3555-2393

ARGENTINA

Comunidad de Buenos Aires Batallon Norte 120, 1748 General Rodriguez, Buenos Aires, Argentina ☎ 54-11-5984-2613

ENGLAND

Stentwood Farm Dunkeswell, Honiton, Devon EX14 4RW, England ☎ 44-1823-681155

CZECH REPUBLIC

Preserved Seed Farm Mšecké Žehrovice 150, 27064 Mšecké Žehrovice, Czech Republic ☎ 420-721-305558

Community in Skalna 481 Ceská, 35134 Skalna, Czech Republic ☎ 420-355-455182

FRANCE

Communauté de Sus 11 route du Haut Béarn, 64190 Sus, France ☎ 33-559-661428

SPAIN

Comunidad de San Sebastian Paseo de Ulia 375, 20013 San Sebastian, Guipúzcoa, Spain ☎ 34-943-632316

Comunidad de Igeldo Benta Aldea 6, 20810 Orio, Guipúzcoa, Spain ☎ 34-943-632316

Comunidad de Corella Avda Navarra 22, 31591 Corella, Navarra, Spain ☎ 34-943-632316

AUSTRALIA

Community in Katoomba 196 Bathurst Road, Katoomba, NSW 2780, Australia ☎ 61-2-4782-2131

JAPAN

Community in Kyoto 621-0122, Kyoto fu Kameokashi, Nishibetsuinchou, Manganji daido 21-59, Japan ☎ 81-80-8948-1619

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Colorado

Maté Factor Café, 966 Manitou
Avenue, Manitou Springs, CO 80829
• 719-685-3235
Yellow Deli, 908 Pearl Street,
Boulder, CO 80302 • 303-996-4700

Florida

Yellow Deli, 22 N. Polk Ave., Arca-
dia, FL 34266 • 863-842-7545

Georgia

Maté Factor Café, 401 East Hall
Street, Savannah, GA 31401
• 912-235-2906
Yellow Deli, 801 Egmont Street,
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Oak Hill, NY 12460 • 518-239-4240
Yellow Deli, 18 S. River Street,
Coxsackie, NY 12051 • 518-655-1655
Yellow Deli, 143 East State Street,
Ithaca, NY 14850 • 607-236-3772

North Carolina

Yellow Deli, 5081 NC Highway 90 E,
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Tennessee

Yellow Deli, 737 McCallie Avenue,
Chattanooga, TN 37403
• 423-468-1777

Yellow Deli, 219 S. Third Street,
Pulaski, TN 38478 • 931-363-8586

Vermont

Yellow Deli & Hiker's Hostel,
23 Center Street, Rutland,
VT 05701 • 802-775-9800
Yellow Deli, 2 Main St, Island Pond,
Vermont 05846 • 802-723-4452

Virginia

Stoneybrook Farm Market,
37091 Charles Town Pike, Hillsboro,
VA 20132 • 540-668-9067

CANADA

Manitoba

Yellow Deli & Bakery,
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British Columbia

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Nelson, BC V1L 4E2, Canada
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Yellow Deli, 45859 Yale Road,
Chilliwack, BC V2P 2N6, Canada
• 604-702-4442
Yellow Deli, 596 Fifth Street,
Courtenay, BC V9N 1K3, Canada
• 250-897-1111

Ontario

Yellow Deli, 647 Princess Street,
Kingston, Ontario K7L 1E4, Canada
• 613-546-8384

BRAZIL

Yellow Deli de Londrina, Est. Major
Archiles Pimpão 5000, 86040-020
Londrina, Paraná (Mail to: Caixa
Postal 8041, 86010-981 Londrina)
• 55-43-3337-4562
Yellow Deli de Itapecerica, Rua
Porto Alegre 10 Itapecerica da Serra-
SP
06850-440 Brazil • 011 4210-4942

ARGENTINA

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General Rodriguez, Buenos Aires,
Argentina • 54-237-485-1584
Yellow Deli, ARTURO 120,
B7601 Sierra de los Padres,
Buenos Aires, Argentina
• 223 6517248

ENGLAND

Yellow Deli, 43-47 High St., Honiton,
Devon EX14 1PW, England
• 44-1404-378023

FRANCE

Au coeur du grain, 47 Rue Riquet,
31000 Toulouse, France
• 33-950-60-49-92

SPAIN

Yellow Deli, General Etxagüe 5,
20003 San Sebastian, Guipúzcoa,
Spain
• 34-943-47-74-41
Yellow Deli, Benta Aldea 6, 20810
Orio, Guipuzcoa, Spain
• 34-843-74-00-20

CZECH REPUBLIC

Community Foods Farmstore,
Vinohradská 74, 130 00 Vinohrady -
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420-727-910458

AUSTRALIA

Yellow Deli, 214 Katoomba Street,
Katoomba, NSW 2780, Australia
• 61-2-4782-9744

JAPAN

Yellow Deli, Kyotofu Kyotoshi
Ukyouku Uzumasa Tayabucho 14-11,
Japan
• 81-75-881-6886

New Delis opened:

- Hamburg, New York
- Lancaster, New Hampshire
- Island Pond, Vermont

New Delis opening soon:

- South Bend, Washington
- Lawrence, Kansas



Did you ever Wonder...

Maybe you have wondered over the years...

"I wonder what ever happened to those people way up north who got raided by the police and all their children taken away back in 1984... Or did the children actually get taken?"

Well, you can't really remember... it was a long time ago.

Yes, a long time ago... 40 years... most of us weren't even born at that time... But we heard stories about it... But the real story is not the Raid, but what has happened since that day.

The happy ending to our story... is a beautiful little Yellow Deli opened in downtown Island Pond on the very foot print of the former "Kathy's Corner" (which closed down many years ago because it was ancient). A new little building had replaced it, right there on the main corner of town! And there are many happy families who love God still living on the hill in the "Maples" overlooking the Deli. And even more good news, the people there are still hospitable, inviting guests to come visit! There is Love growing in this "cradle of a New Society".... You are invited to visit any time, night or day. God has His hand stretched out night and day to all men, through His people who earnestly serve night and day, as the Bible says: Acts 26:7 For this amazing (and odd) promise our twelve tribes, through earnestly serving God night and day, they hope to attain...

Yellow Deli, 2 Main St, Island Pond,
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