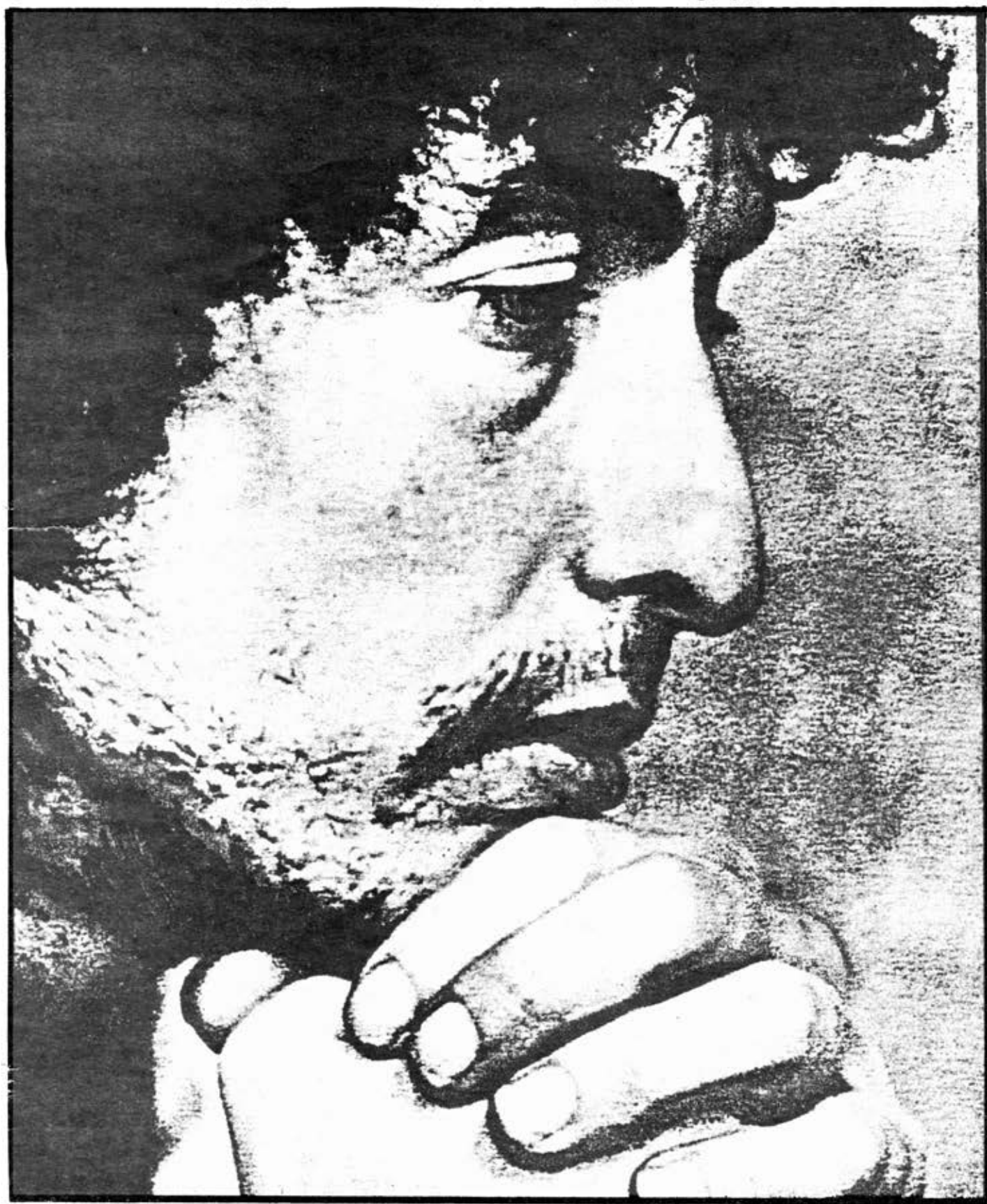


# DYLAN





## To Bob Dylan

You must be the hardest person to speak to; you - the visionary for a lost and troubled nation. Your life has been documented by an untrustworthy media, projecting you to be a leader, ahead of your time, mysterious, over-confident, prophetic and misunderstood. You have experienced everything imaginable, have considered and tried what we all have gone through and more. Your life stretched from the beginning of everything in the village, through the folk scene, radical sixties, the peace movement, rock and roll, self-searching seventies, your own personal problems and struggles, the

apathetic eighties, Christianity, Judaism and self-trust and confidence - the burden of the list goes on and on.

You have said the most outrageous and provocative things of our generation. You have shook us all with your insight into dealing with truth, knowledge, error, love, guilt, human vulnerability, suspicion, redemption, direction and the search for peace. It is obvious you see how things were, how they are, and how they should be. You know the problems and often allude to the answers. But the answers have never been clear. The search continues, you leading some, we the hunters - but where is the catch?

A long, long time ago you said...

**I heard the sound of a thunder,  
it roared out a warnin',  
Heard the roar of a wave  
that could drown  
the whole world,  
Heard one hundred drummers  
whose hands were a-blazin',  
Heard ten thousand whisperin'  
and nobody listenin',  
Heard one person starve,  
I heard many people laughin',  
....**

**And it's a hard, and it's a hard,  
it's a hard, it's a hard,  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.**

To us it spoke of revolution. We sensed it was time but it never really happened. But still we didn't let the hope die, the hope of a world where tyranny is dealt with forever.



Then you saw that the answer was blowing in the winds of our hearts, in the voice of our conscience...

**How many roads must a man  
walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
Yes, 'n' how many seas must  
a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, 'n' how many times must  
the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend,  
is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.**

**How many times must  
a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes, 'n' how many ears must  
one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will  
it take till he knows  
That too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend,  
is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.**

**How many years can  
a mountain exist**

**Before it's washed to the sea?  
Yes, 'n' how many years can  
some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, 'n' how many times can  
a man turn his head,  
Pretending he just doesn't see?  
The answer, my friend,  
is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind**

Once again our hearts were stirred by your words. It caused us to hate injustice, to hate war and oppression. We saw the winds as winds of change. A storm was brewing. Things just couldn't go on this way.



And then you urged us to follow the call, to be free, to go where we wanted to and do what we felt...

**Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man,  
play a song for me,  
I'm not sleepy and there is  
no place I'm going to.  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man,  
play a song for me,  
In the jingle jangle morning  
I'll come followin' you.**





Take me on a trip upon  
 your magic swirlin' ship,  
 My senses have been stripped,  
 my hands can't feel to grip,  
 My toes too numb to step,  
 Wait only for my boot heels  
 To be wanderin'.  
 I'm ready to go anywhere,  
 I'm ready for to fade  
 Into my own parade  
 cast your dancing spell my way,  
 I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man,  
 play a song for me,  
 I'm not sleepy and there is  
 no place I'm going to.  
 Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man,  
 play a song for me,  
 In the jingle jangle morning  
 I'll come followin' you.



Though you might hear laughin',  
 spinnin', swingin' madly  
 across the sun,  
 It's not aimed at anyone,  
 it's just escapin' on the run  
 And but for the sky  
 there are no fences facin'.  
 And if you hear vague traces  
 of skippin' reels of rhyme  
 To your tambourine in time,  
 it's just a ragged clown behind,  
 I wouldn't pay it any mind,  
 it's just a shadow you're  
 Seein' that he's chasing.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man,  
 play a song for me,  
 I'm not sleepy and there is  
 no place I'm going to.  
 Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man,  
 play a song for me,  
 In the jingle jangle morning  
 I'll come followin' you.

We followed with reckless abandon. We each followed our own "Tambourine Man." We wanted to be led into reality but even when we became experienced trippers, the dream remained unrealized.



You started to lose hope of finding the answer in the Movement. You saw it wasn't there and you tried to warn us when you said...

You used to laugh about  
 Everybody that was hangin' out  
 Now you don't talk so loud  
 Now you don't seem so proud  
 About having to be scrounging  
 for your next meal.

How does it feel  
 How does it feel  
 To be without a home  
 Like a complete unknown  
 Like a rolling stone?

But we were naive and dull of hearing. We held on to the image of being a "rolling stone." We took our identity in our lack of identity and still we trusted what you said.



But still you never gave up trying to tell us what was real. You tried to show the craziness of the world we sought to save...

"There must be some way  
 out of here," said the joker  
 to the thief,  
 "There's too much confusion,  
 I can't get no relief.  
 Businessmen, they drink my wine,  
 plowmen dig my earth,  
 None of them along the line  
 know what any of it is worth."

"No reason to get excited,"  
 the thief, he kindly spoke,  
 "There are many here among us  
 who feel that life is but a joke.  
 But you and I, we've been through  
 that, and this is not our fate,  
 So let us not talk falsely now,  
 the hour is getting late."

All along the watchtower,  
 princes kept the view  
 While all the women came and went,  
 barefoot servants, too.

Outside in the distance  
 a wildcat did growl,  
 Two riders were approaching,  
 the wind began to howl.

By this time we started seeing what you said all along. The raw reality of middle class deadness started to come into view. At last we thought we could make them see.



After Altamont, after Easy Rider, after Janis and Jimi, after Kent State, after the death of all our dreams you gave us hope to escape the prison of death...

They say ev'rything can be replaced,  
 Yet ev'ry distance is not near.  
 So I remember ev'ry face  
 Of ev'ry man who put me here.  
 I see my light come shining  
 From the west unto the east.  
 Any day now, any day now,  
 I shall be released.

They say ev'ry man needs protection,  
 They say ev'ry man must fall.  
 Yet I swear I see my reflection  
 Some place so high above this wall.  
 I see my light come shining  
 From the west unto the east.  
 Any day now, any day now,  
 I shall be released.



**Standing next to me  
 in this lonely crowd  
 Is a man who swears  
 he's not to blame.  
 All day long I hear him  
 shout so loud,  
 Crying out that he was framed.  
 I see my light come shining  
 From the west unto the east.  
 Any day now, any day now,  
 I shall be released.**

The road was getting hard now. We were beginning to see the price we must pay. But the dues seemed too heavy. Please, but is there another way?

And then after you "got saved" you said that Jesus was the way...

**Sometimes I feel so low-down  
 and disgusted  
 Can't help but wonder what's  
 happenin' to my companions,  
 Are they lost or are they found,  
 have they counted the cost  
 it'll take to bring down  
 All their earthly principles  
 they're gonna have to abandon?  
 There's a slow, slow train comin'  
 up around the bend.**

But then you saw what Eldridge saw and quickly turned away. We gave a sigh of great relief. Their Jesus couldn't save you. He didn't have the life. But still we sensed the hope you had in the words of hope he gave.



Then you said, "The truth is obscure, too profound and too pure - to live it you have to explode!" Is it impossible to find and experience this truth? Much less to define what the ultimate truth, goal, and meaning of this life we are seeking. You said, "We have it within us, for whatever we want to grasp for." How do we sort out these inner mysteries? How can we accept that this is life and we can't do much about it? Questions, questions, questions - where are the answers?

In your biography you were quoted as saying something to the effect that you wouldn't be understood for a hundred years and that no one really understands what you are saying now. Knowing what an effect and how influential a voice you have over this generation doesn't this vague, never-ending, and unfulfilling search bother and haunt you? Yet another question - Bob, we need more, the search is becoming long and the hunters weary. Broken promises and unfulfilled dreams can only sustain us so long.

And not too long ago you said this,

**All that exists is spirit, before, now,  
 and forever more. The messianic thing  
 has to do with this world, the flesh  
 world, and you got to pass through this  
 to get to that. The messianic thing has  
 to do with the world of mankind, like it  
 is. This world is scheduled to go for  
 7,000 years. Six thousand years of  
 this, where man has his way, and  
 1,000 years when God has his way.  
 Just like a week. Six days work, one  
 day rest. The last thousand years is  
 called the Messianic Age. Messiah will  
 rule. He is, was, and will be about God,  
 doing God's business. Drought, famine,  
 war, murder, theft, earthquake, and  
 all other evil things will be no more. No  
 more disease. That's all of this world.**

What's gonna happen is this: you know when things change, people usually know, like in a revolution, people know before it happens, who's coming in and who's going out. All the Somozas and Batistas will be on their way out, grabbing their stuff and whatever, but you can forget about them. They won't be going anywhere. It's the people who live under tyranny and oppression, the plain, simple people, that count, like the multitude of

sheep. They'll see that God is coming. Not some crackpot lawyer or politician with the mark of the beast, but somebody who makes them feel holy. People don't know how to feel holy. They don't know what it's about or what's right. They don't know what God wants of them. They'll want to know what the Messiah wants. They'll want to know what to do and how to act. Just like you want to know how to please any ruler. They don't teach that stuff like they do math, medicine, and carpentry, but now there will be a tremendous calling for it. There will be a run on godliness, just like now there's a run on refrigerators, headphones, and fishing gear. It's going to be a matter of survival. People are going to be running to find out about God, and who are they going to run to? They're gonna run to the Jews, 'cause the Jews wrote the book, and you know what? The Jews ain't gonna know. They're too busy in the fur business and in the pawnshops and in sending their kids to some atheist school. They're too busy doing all that stuff to know. People who believe in the coming of the Messiah live their lives right now as if he was here. That's my idea of it, anyway.

I know people are going to say to themselves, "What is this guy talking about?" but it's all there in black and white, the written and unwritten word. I don't have to defend this. The scriptures back me up. I didn't ask to know this stuff. It just came to me at different times from experiences throughout my life. Other than that, I'm just a rock 'n' roller, folk poet, gospel-blues-protest guitar player. Did I say that right?

**Don't Ask Me Nothin' about Nothin'  
I Might Just Tell the Truth**  
Interview by Scott Cohen  
"Spin Magazine"

So now everything you've told us all these years has brought you down to this. You've been the prophet to us all these years. We want to latch on to what you say but Bob, where can we go? What can we do to find this life right now? Have you seen it yet or is it still just spinning in your mind?

Without that missing piece, life doesn't have much meaning. We still carry guilt, and peace is still only the moment when you reload your rifle.





Bob, for me the search has ended. The missing element is no longer missing. I'm not a hunter any longer. I have found the **place** where I can live as my deep, inner conscience dictates. The answers to all the questions you've spoken about for years are found within a people, a nation apart from the self-seeking individualism you spoke of.

Within this people lies the home of the new heart that does away with the inner enemy. It's the home of unity and true peace. This nation of people is what all of us have searched for from the beginning. It's what you've come down to - It's what we've all come down to. It's the fulfillment of our hopes and dreams of love for each other, commitment, equality, redemption, restoration.

Your roots have always given you an embracing love for the people. You've been described as a man for life and for the living. Your hope is for real democracy where the people have a voice and the rulers hear...a life of true brotherhood and sisterhood, epitomized by "this land is your land"...apart from self-seeking individualism. Your voice was raised as a reaction to the conflict within you, as your conscience screamed out at the injustice, the human plight, the corruption, the selfishness, and the inner enemy rooted in the inner heart.

Freud said, "In every individual the two trends, one toward personal happiness and the other toward unity with the rest of humanity, must contend with each other." Your voice always led to unity of humanity but the search has never been fulfilled. The goal has never been achieved. What's the missing element that can solve the puzzle and fulfill the vision?

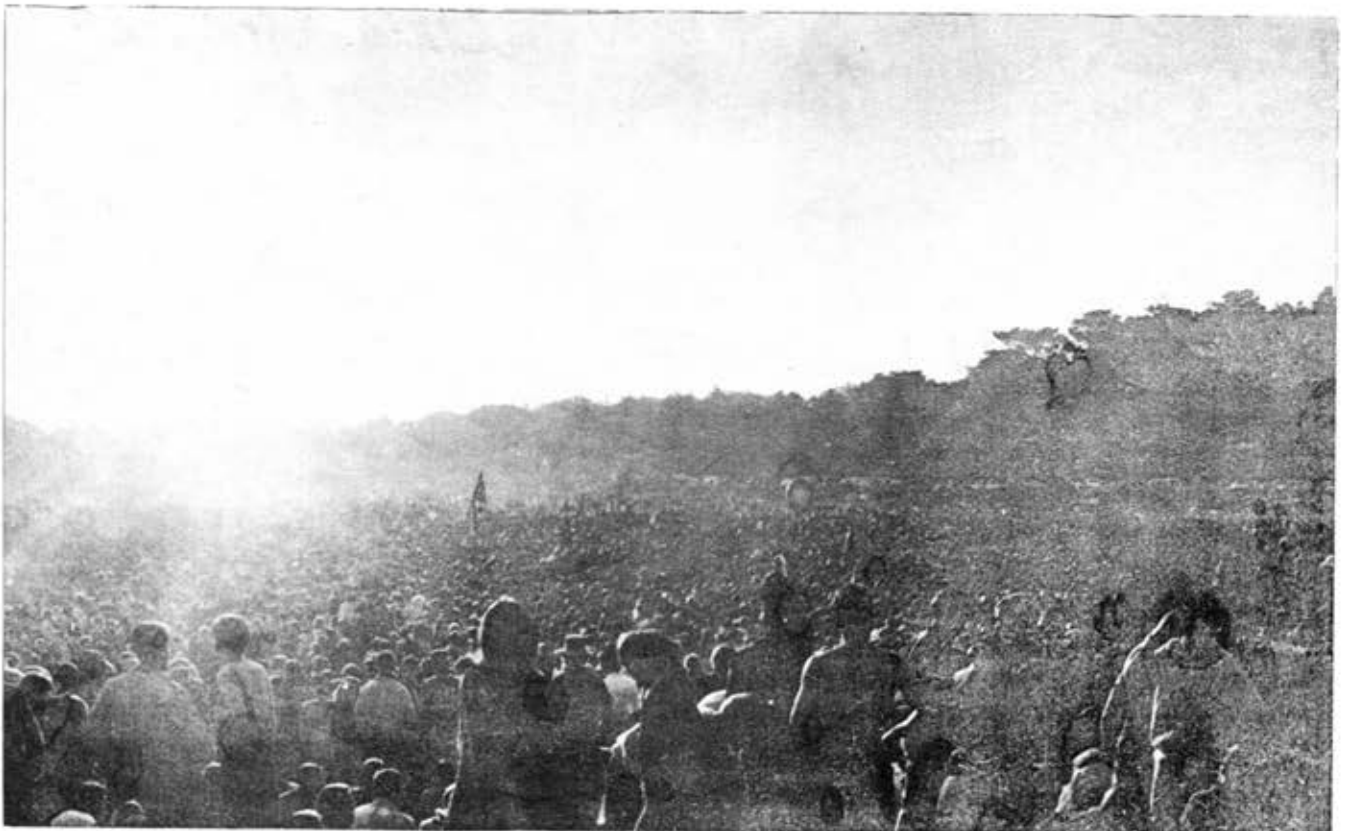
It is true Israel, the real spiritual seed of Abraham, the people who dwell in the place of Messiah's will and purpose. It is the beginning of the gathering of the scattered tribes of Israel, the restoration of his holy nation. It is the place where his people love the Sabbath and await the year of Jubilee when Messiah will come to reign on earth.

You said that when Messiah gets a people who want to know what he wants then they'll want to know what to do and how to act. They'll want to please him in every way. Well, Bob, the creator of everything is calling the true searchers and hunters to his nation now! It's in this people that you or I or anyone can come to know what he wants - how he wants us to live. He doesn't do anything outside his people except put the vision and the longing in their hearts to be gathered from where they've been scattered in every way. He is calling these 12 tribes together from all over the earth to live the way he always wanted man to live.

These are the people who will be the ultimate nation to rule the earth, a nation full of justice and love. Bob, words, hopes, and dreams are not enough anymore. We must have the reality of the life of our God, the God of Israel. This life must be demonstrated as a true and living witness so that the world can see the life of Yahshua and know that he was sent to set all creation free.

You said that when the time is right people are going to know, they're going to sense it. Yes, they're going to be hungry, they're going to be tired of everything else. They will have heard it all. It will be a matter of survival. Well that day is here, Bob, and people are starting to run, they're starting to look and to listen. The prophets are starting to speak Bob, the time is now! They're running to the "real Jews," the ones who have the life of Messiah, the life of love that never dies. They're living their lives right now in his presence. They see the kingdom and they're living it now because his spirit dwells in them.

Bob, you must take notice and contend with this life. It's going to fill the whole earth: many communities in each tribe, in unity, loving one another, entering into rest. Think of the impact this will have all over the earth! It's beginning. The call is for you...come and see what's going on.





You're  
Gonna Make  
Me Lonesome  
When You Go.



I remember my mom singing "Blowin' in the Wind" in the shower. I was such a little girl [6]. I could only respond to it at gut level. It made me really sad - that bird that would sail the seas and never rest in the sand. And the mountain being washed away by the sea. And the cannon ball striking and not being banned. Something was going into my nervous system that was creating in me a sensitivity and compassion that would prevent me from ever settling for the mediocrity growing in society.

Still very young, twelve, I began to listen to FM stations - hard rock, folk and classical music. I was listening to AM, but my older brother and sister scorned me, so I made the leap in a moment's notice. But I lacked the maturity and the depth that comes with time to make the switch complete. I didn't know who I was or where I was going. All I knew was that I wished I was older. It was 1968.

By the time "70" rolled around I was catching up. I had more of the lingo down; I could smoke real cool - I was a lot more formed than at 12. I had a little bit of personality to rely upon. Then Joplin and Hendrix died. The pain I felt only served to add character to my groping soul.

I was an outcast already by junior high. Nobody liked me or could take identity with me. I was the only girl with really long hair, a fringed suede jacket, a cobby cap [wool herringbone] and an army backpack with a peace symbol finely drawn on back. I was disgusted, never fitting in with anyone: not the greaser on the corner, or the black girls in school, or the Jewish - American princesses like I should have been. I was always somehow different. I'd listen to Dylan, the Stones, Zeppelin, Airplane, Who, CSN&Y, and Simon & Garfunkel. The thoughts I was beginning to muse upon were

**I met a white man who walked  
a black dog,  
I met a young woman  
whose body was burning,  
I met one man who was  
wounded in love,  
I met another man who was  
wounded with hatred,  
And it's a hard, it's a hard,  
it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.**

**Come mothers and fathers  
throughout the land,  
And don't criticize what you  
can't understand.  
Your sons and your daughters are  
beyond your command.  
Your old road is rapidly agin'.**





At 15 I wandered the streets of the lower East side all hours of the morning; fearlessly, I was the star of my own movie - how could I ever die? I'd hitchhike to New Paltz on weekends and live in bars. I made myself a wild dancer, tough talker, an aggressive female - demanding friends and pushing my way into peoples' lives. I'd do outrageous things. I didn't care. But inside I was just a scared and insecure little girl just wanting to be loved and wanting to know who I was.

By 17 I had an apartment over The Electric Circus in the East Village. I went to CCNY in the day - I'd hitchhike to Harlem, worked in Baskin-Robbins in the evening on 68th St. and returned home late. I barely slept. Weekends continued - bars, bars, bars of every kind. Finally I got sick of learning about life in a classroom and decided to live it. I hit the road for two years. I went everywhere and did everything. There was hardly anything I wouldn't try once. I wanted to be somebody. I came crashing into peoples' lives. But I always found this: as I walked out from myself to reach out to someone - I'd get just so far and I'd meet a big brick wall. Try as I would I could never get over it so I'd give up, turn around and come back sadly to myself. No one really wanted me. No one was willing to pay the price. Relationships didn't go very deep and they just didn't last. From Key West to New Orleans, to San Francisco, to Washington State, from Atlanta to Massachusetts - from Nassau to Tennessee I lived and wanted to live to the fullest.

**...wait only for my boot heels  
to be wanderin'  
I'm ready to go anywhere,  
I'm ready for to fade,  
Into my own parade,  
cast your dancing spell my way,  
I promise to go under it.**

I fell in love with a man; we became inseparable. By then there was some security, some personality established. It was 1976. "Blood on the Tracks" was out. We clung to every word. The deep passion of our romance was radiated through every word Dylan uttered. It says in scripture that a cord of three strands is not easily broken. He was our third strand. It was he who painted the scenes for us to walk through, who set the atmosphere of our every moment. He was the channel through which we could connect and relate to each other. Why? We were under a spell.

**Purple clover, Queen Anne lace,  
Crimson hair across your face,  
You could make me cry  
if you don't know.  
Can't remember what  
I was thinkin' of  
You might be spoilin' me  
too much, love,  
Yer gonna make me lonesome  
when you go.**

**Flowers on the hillside,  
bloomin' crazy,  
Crickets talkin' back and forth  
in rhyme,  
Blue river runnin' slow and lazy,  
I could stay with you forever  
And never realize the time.**

**Situations have ended sad,  
Relationships have all been bad.  
Mine've been like  
Verlaine's and Rimbaud.  
But there's no way I can compare  
All those scenes to this affair,  
Yer gonna make me lonesome  
when you go.**

Every moment we'd look at each other -sing a line and laugh with unspoken agreement. We were one. Finally we got to his concert in Gainesville, and dropped some acid. It was a beautiful day. We were really high. Kinky Friedman came out in a wild sequined cowboy get-up, blasting Rock & Roll. No - was this Dylan in disguise? Did he trick us? This crashing obnoxious music - what's going on? Did he fool us? We were appalled! But wait - here he comes in blue jeans and a work shirt. Soft and even acoustic, clear and in command; we were reassured. As he rocked back and forth in the sweetest and gentlest rendition of "Mr. Tambourine Man", a lullaby, he had us in the palm of his hand. We were his. We were breathless. We loved him. Then he dangled us on a string - "You're gonna make me lonesome when you go." We couldn't go on without him. We needed him. What was life anymore without him!!

I lovingly sketched some quick pictures of him on stage. I wanted to give him some of them but I couldn't get thru. I gave them to a bouncer to give to him - my token of esteem, but I don't know if he ever got them.

It wasn't even what his words said so much. It was just his spirit that came forth from him. It was fresh and vibrant and formless, filled with guts and character. It

didn't fit into a mold or category. Dylan just spoke of life from every aspect, every facet, every direction. The perspective from which he rendered each subject was similar to mine - as I understood it. My love for freedom was voiced in all his works. The search I so doggedly was locked into became glorified and highlighted at every turn by the color and wit of Dylan.

Everything Dylan described, I was - a loner, a hobo, a wanderer, a lover, a little girl. I was starving for something to fill the gaping hole in the center of my being. I clung to Dylan as a friend, as one who understood, as one who paved the road I was on with adventure, enlightenment, color, glory and electrifying thrills.

But how much more can one have lived? I could have gone further and even for longer **but** I didn't have to. I found what all my sincere searching had been leading me to. There was no longer a reason to go on. I found what Dylan failed to bring us to - the direction, the answers, the true food for the starving cry.

When I first met Messiah I prayed for Dylan every day. I had such a deep kinship to him in my heart. When I heard that he got "saved" I was ecstatic. But I knew that we were so far removed from being "Christians." I knew he was close but he needed to find what I had found. The actual life that goes with all the words. Christianity has words but I found the life - the life I'd always wanted. Not only the life but the identity and dignity and security I had suffered for nineteen years to obtain. I knew that if Dylan could just come and see this life, he'd fall in love as I did. I'm still waiting for this to happen.

As Judy Collins and Joni Mitchell sang they summed up the truth and the mystery that surrounds it well. They said, "I've looked at life from both sides now, from up and down and still somehow...It's life's illusion I recall, I really don't know life, at all." The reason that they didn't know life or love is that these are hidden in a **very** obscure place. Ask anyone! Who has found it? Has Dylan? What will he tell you?

They are hidden in a man. This man is life and is love. When people hear of the tag that people in the world call him by, they are immediately turned off. But the man is someone very obscure. Few know him for who he really is. His name is Yahshua. He is a rock that most stumble over in all their searching. But those who are truly desperate and honest in their searching and not just caught up in all the glory, glamor and color of the search - can find him. He is simple and there is a people who have this life. You can come see it lived out and be so happy.





# MY BACK PAGES

I was in high school when Bob Dylan came out with his "Blood on the Tracks" album. I began to listen to his music and stayed in it heavily. I'd come home from school at night, take out some books to study, flip on a Dylan album, put them away and listen to "Shelter from the Storm," "Idiot Wind," "Tangled up in Blue" and "Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts" for a couple hours. In just a few years I had most of his records. I liked them almost automatically; it was Dylan.

His thinking was so different from the way my extremely conservative, old-fashioned Catholic parents thought. I saw that the morning my dad came into my room. James Taylor was singing about "nine lucky soldiers had come through the night, half of them wounded and barely alive." He told me to "turn off that trash" and left the room. Up till then I hadn't really been aware of the words, but after he left I listened more closely to the music. I knew why he was so upset. This was the first time I realized that my parents' beliefs and the music I liked were two quite opposing ideologies.

By my senior year I was going downhill fast. I was drinking more and beginning to smoke pot. Friends of mine told me I was born ten years too late - as I spouted lines from Dylan and other voices of the Movement. Fall came and I started going to Syracuse University.



Around this time Dylan had become a Christian and sang his "Slow Train" album. It didn't matter what he was singing about - I liked it - it was Dylan singing. That was all that mattered to me. I was still searching...wondering what I was doing.

I had a book with all his songs and poems written from the early sixties to the mid seventies. I read it constantly thinking that surely he had the answer. I read it almost nonstop for a couple days and started realizing that most of what he said ended up really sad - people dying, injustices, hurts, losing women, etc. I had always liked his music, but suddenly I realized I had been molded by it without my knowing. I was like the people he sang about.

I heard Dylan's words a thousand times; "Tangled up in Blue" kept going through my mind. The only thing I knew to do was to keep on keeping on. I realized how these words had gone into me, changed me - I had become withdrawn, aloof, spurning relationships in order to avoid being hurt, not wanting the way I was inside revealed to others.

Then I read Dylan's "Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie." He wrote, "You need something special to give you hope, but hope's just a word that maybe you said - maybe you heard." What jumped out at me, affected me, was the word "hope." There's got to be some kind of hope, why would Dylan mention it if there wasn't? I left my room and wandered around the campus

wondering where I could find it. Dylan went on to describe where it wasn't. He said, "You gotta look some other place. And where do you look for this hope that yer seeking?" I became convinced that there must be hope somewhere. I didn't have it; Dylan didn't have it; it wasn't anywhere I'd been or heard or seen, or experienced these last eighteen years. I hit the road thinking, "There's gotta be hope some other place because it's not here."

natural prophetic ability. He's opened his eyes and ears to the things around him; he has revelation of the way things are, insight into where the world is headed. He identifies himself with the poor, abused, misused and downtrodden. This has enabled him to affect millions with his lyrics.

From "Masters of War," an anti-war song written in the early 60's:

He pleaded for justice when a society was bent on destroying itself. But now a quarter century later, things are even worse; most cognitive people don't want children, knowing this world is headed for destruction. Fallen men can't reverse the last six thousand years of hatred, greed, and self-exaltation.

Some hope to change things, thinking they can make the world a better place by their involvement in politics, law, and religion.



After a month on the road, a young man directed me to a community of people who could help me. There I found hope. People were loving each other and loving their enemies. All my life I'd heard of people talking about love, but I actually found people who were doing it.

In "My Life in a Stolen Moment," Dylan wrote "Open up yer eyes an' ears an' yer influenced. An' there's nothing you can do about it." He's been called "a prophet" by many because of his perceptions about life. It's a role he dislikes. Others have often tried to force him into it. Yet he does have

**You've thrown the worst fear  
That can ever be hurled  
Fear to bring children  
Into the world  
For threatening my baby  
Unborn and unnamed  
You ain't worth the blood  
That runs in your veins.**

But the only solution is by changing the human heart. The only cure for a human being is coming to know the one man who allowed his own blood to be spilled onto the ground. That man, Yahshua, allowed himself to be murdered because he loved you and wanted you to be released from death.

Only in community [which he establishes] can men be released from death and the fear of death which hangs over them. Only here can they be delivered from the fear of bringing children to birth. There's a promise in the scriptures that the peace of our children would be great. Though we suffer and our

children will suffer, this suffering will one day bring an end to all injustice, hunger, murder, strife, hatred and greed. There's a new age coming, the age Messiah will rule. His peace, love, joy, and righteousness will rule the earth and eventually the whole universe.

Our Creator wants men to be where his love can reach them - where his protection is. Psalm 68:5,6 calls him a "father to the fatherless and protector of widows is God in his holy habitation [the community]. God makes a home for the lonely and places the solitary in families. He leads out the prisoners into prosperity. Only the rebellious dwell in a parched land."

In "Neighborhood Bully," Dylan speaks of the physical country Israel, having to fight to survive. But today there is a new Israel - one that has unity and love as its basis. This is the evidence of Yahshua's death. This is the evidence that death did not hold him. The evidence of his life is brothers and sisters dwelling together in unity, in harmony, being true friends. He wants a

demonstration of his love, his character, to fill the whole earth. He wants to completely express himself through man, who is his highest thought, his highest creation.

Since the death of Yahshua, the only death that is not in vain, the only death that brings life must be according to II Corinthians 5:14,15 - "For the love of Messiah compels us, because we are convinced that one died for all; therefore all have died. And he died for all, that those who live might live no longer for themselves but for Him who for their sake died and rose again." Men who have died to themselves - released from lives of apathy, self-satisfaction, and bitterness - and who are living for Yahshua will bring an end to death forever. Isaiah 25:7,8 - "And he will destroy on this mountain the covering that is cast over all peoples, the veil that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death forever and the Sovereign will wipe away tears from all faces."

I know Bob Dylan has heard this, too. He knows these things, and talks about them.

He hasn't given up on a Messianic Age coming to earth. He still hopes for it. Yet he doesn't know how it's going to come. All he can see is that it is going to come mystically, that some day the mood and the thinking of people will be ripe for it. It will be the plain, simple people who are looking for him that will find him; people who don't know how to feel holy, but will want to know what the Messiah wants. They'll want to know what to do and how to act, just like you would if you wanted to know how to please a ruler.

If you are one of those people, you don't need to wait till the times have changed. There are people who are bringing the change about. They are living simple, quiet lives - just like their Master wants. He'll be with them and they'll represent him to the world. They'll be living for him everyday. They are coming together now. They are gathered in communities. You can come and see what they are doing. You can come for a day or to stay. This is the answer that Dylan could only see dimly. This is what he has wanted. Please come.





# YAHSHUA

From time to time, radical men and their radical thoughts have swept across the stage of history. When these men appear, they disturb the comfortable and self-satisfied among us. But there is one man who deserves our special recognition. His career was like the path of a comet — in both its briefness and intensity. Who was this man? He was everything His name describes. He still is. His name is Healer.

Though His years were short, His extraordinary life established a new race among the afflicted, broken-hearted, and strife torn peoples of the earth. There has never been a light like the light that shone forth from this man. His words broke into the unexplored areas of the human heart, bringing men's motives out of their dark burrows and into plain view. Even those who followed Him found the ancient foundations of their lives quaking in devastation.

The words that He spoke had an amazing effect on people. When He spoke, some people totally abandoned their homes, families, jobs, and properties to follow Him from town to town, doing whatever He told them to do. Others heard His words and turned their back on Him, or called Him a devil, or plotted to kill Him.

What did this man talk about that caused such a stir? What was it that polarized all of humanity, causing some to adore Him and others to grind their teeth at Him?

It was something so wonderful that if you heard it, you could hardly believe it.

The good news He proclaimed was this:

**"Deny yourself. Turn away from your self-centered life. Let your old impulses and desires die inside of you. Follow Me in the way I am going, and you will find yourself caring for others and having all your needs met."**

Is it any wonder that the society of His day cried out against Him? Whatever else the deafness and blindness of His hearers might have missed, it's clear that they saw this; He was the seed of a whole new order of things. The greatest enemy to this man's message was the fossilized human heart.

Yet, what this man accomplished was enduring. That's why His name is important. His name shines in all that He

has accomplished. His name is Deliverer.

The same world that He came into has made Him the victim of a great campaign, a campaign to distort His true image. His shocking message and what it brings us all to, has been intellectualized by a million hollow words. We've lost sight of Him in the dust of a stampede to enshrine Him and institutionalize Him. Although He poured out His life in the dusty, sun-bit villages of Judea, artists have insisted on presenting Him clean, combed and sleek, in spotless clothing, and with an impression that the average child would think strange and repelling.

These, among a million other impressions, have made Him unreal to so many of us. This distortion of His image has also distorted His name. If we view Him in an unreal way, we truly cannot know Him or be connected to Him. His name is Restorer.

The traditional groups that have a supposed devotion to His memory largely ignore the matter that was closest to His heart — the message of His kingdom, the call of deliverance from the decaying society in which we live. He was the most passionate and determined man who ever lived. The blazing quality of His life was so pure that even death has bowed down before Him. His endurance and single-mindedness have established a beachhead in this hostile world. He accomplished the mission He was given to do. He is God's Anointed Son, sent by His Father to set all creation free.

To the complex reasoning of the resisting heart, He is a tyrant, demanding total obedience. But to the yielding heart, He is the King who offers total care. To take Him seriously is to enter upon a challenging and radical new path. Of those who find themselves stirred by His word, He said, "These are My sheep. They will hear My voice." He is the perfect Shepherd.

The life He established is unending, and one day it is going to fill the whole earth — and then the whole universe. Despite what we may have been told, we now know that His name is Salvation. This is the name He is known by among the people He is gathering. His name is true because it says what He is. His name is Yahshua. Does His name stir your heart?

## THE NEW ENGLAND FREEPAPER

This paper is written and printed by the publisher of The New England Freepaper. The publisher consists of all the people in the communities listed on the back of this paper. As you can see from reading this paper, we grew up with Bob Dylan in the 60's, 70's, and now the 80's. We write this paper to those of you who really want something real, a true purpose, and a life together where you never have to leave your friends.

What we have said on these pages has come from deep in our hearts and expresses our hope for all mankind. The life we share together is not a part of Christianity, for we saw like Dylan their example and it turned us off a long time ago. We're interested in bringing to you the essence of what you and Dylan have longed for, but which has never come about in a real and lasting way.

The publisher fully supports what is printed here and is totally accountable and totally responsible for the content of this paper. Because of this accountability, we take very seriously everything we say. We have said on these pages only what we have seen, what we have heard, and what has been proven through our life together.

Anything we have written on these pages may be copied or reprinted by permission of the publisher. Subscriptions to the Freepaper are not available, but individual copies are available upon request, at no charge by writing to: Publisher, Box 443, Island Pond, Vt. 05846. Telephone: [802] 723-9708. Letters from you are invited and will be considered for publication.

# WHO WE ARE

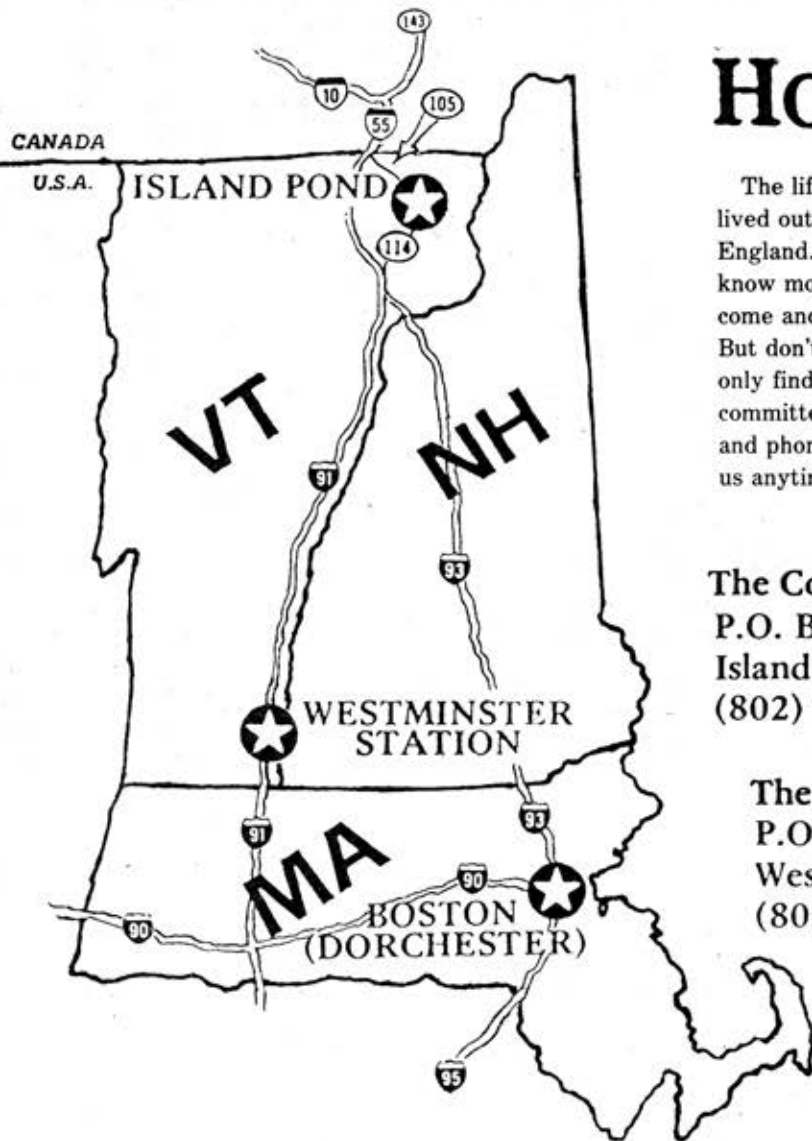
We used to be desperate and lonely, even though most of us had a lot of friends. Some of us were successful in what we did, and some of us were failures beyond hope. We came from everywhere and we have done everything trying to make sense out of our lives. But no matter what we did, we were left feeling dirty inside. We were scarred deeply from the effects of mistrust and hurtful relationships. We strove for acceptance, money, and whatever else could give us comfort. Some of us had dreams of a better life, but most of us had given up the struggle, settling instead for compromise and consent to "the way things are." We were lost, scattered, without direction, doing our own thing.

Then we heard a voice that spoke to us right where we were, exposing the emptiness of our lives. This voice matched up fully to the longing of our hearts. Somehow a lifetime of being unable to trust was shattered by this voice of hope. It came from a people who had their dirty con-

science washed clean. They had a clean slate and an absolutely new life. This new life they eagerly offered to all who wanted it.

So now we have a life together. We no longer have to be separated by race, education, appearance, position, status, or where we came from. Instead our days are filled with seeking not only our own welfare, but also the welfare of others. This new life has given us the power to care.

We hate the war, strife, hatred, starvation, murder, injustice, greed, and selfishness that is leading the whole world to destruction. We want to see all of this come to an end. But we are convinced that the demonstration of our new life together is what will bring about the end of this age. We want many, many more people to hear the voice of hope we've heard, to come and see the life. This life we speak of in this pamphlet is what you were born for. Your whole life you have been trying to find it. We are thrilled to be able to invite you to come and see that it's real.



## HOW TO REACH US

The life that you have read about in this pamphlet is being lived out on a daily basis in several communities throughout New England. We want to invite anyone who earnestly desires to know more about our life and the good news we speak about to come and visit. Our homes are open to you for a day or to stay. But don't expect to find anything flashy or glamorous, for you will only find sincere people living together in unity who, in love, are committed to one another from a thankful heart. Our addresses and phone numbers are listed below. Feel free to call or come see us anytime, day or night.

**The Community in ISLAND POND**  
P.O. Box 443  
Island Pond, Vermont 05846  
(802) 723-9708

**The Community in WESTMINSTER STATION**  
P.O. Box 30  
Westminster Station, Vermont 05159  
(802) 722-3169

**The Community in DORCHESTER**  
92 Melville Avenue  
Dorchester, Massachusetts 02124  
(617) 282-8402