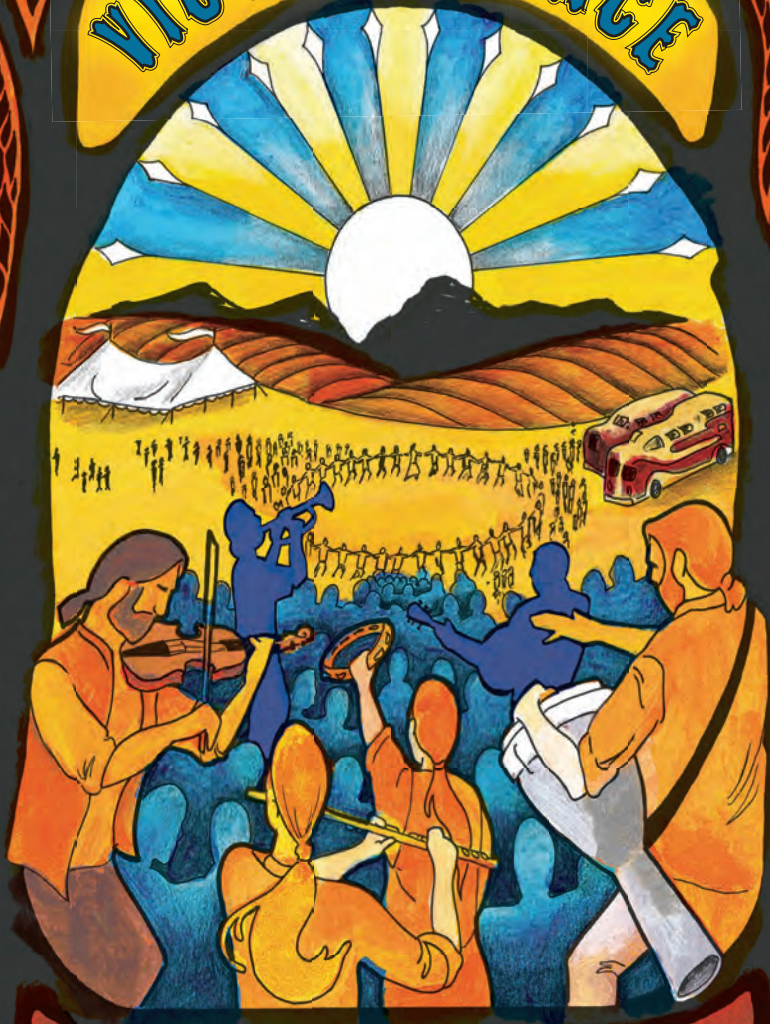


FREE

VICTORY DANCE



A TWELVE TRIBES
FREEPAPER

VICTORY DANCE

Should I close my eyes and prophesy
Hoping maybe some day come
Should I wet the ground with my own tears
Crying over what's been done

Should I lift the dirt and plant the seed
Even though I'll never grow
Should I wet the ground with
the sweat from my brow
And believe in my good work
My good work
My good work
My good work

Hey there, I'm flying up above
Looking down on the tired earth
And I can see, I can see potential
Speaking through you, speaking to you
From all of heaven's possibilities

Power, hey do you know how it works
Hey do you know that the meek,
They shall inherit the earth
You should work, you should work
for the self and the family

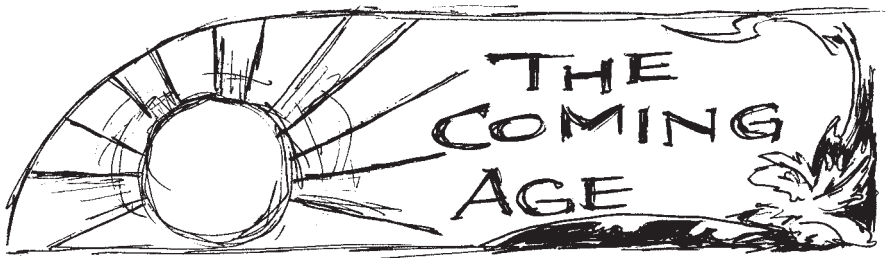
Should I hit the water or stay on dry land
Even though I've never swam
Take machete into the brush
Though at first there is no path

Taste the war paint on my tongue
As it's dripping with my sweat
Place my gaze in the future's path
Seeing things that ain't come yet

Hope to watch the victory dance
After whole day's work is done
Hope to watch the victory dance
In the evening's setting sun

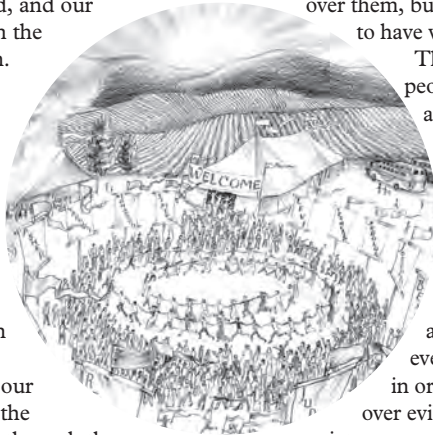
Hope to watch the victory dance
Over many lives to come
Hope to watch the victory dance
In the evening's setting sun

— *My Morning Jacket*



ANOTHER AGE... waiting for us somewhere in the future, where people are living out their full potential, receiving the fullness of creation — a magnificent, explosive expression of the human soul in all of its true depth and beauty, a vibrant and eternally invigorating reality, satisfying the deepest longings of the human heart, where every cell in our bodies is completely awakened, our minds are fully opened, and our souls are released from the bondage of oppression.

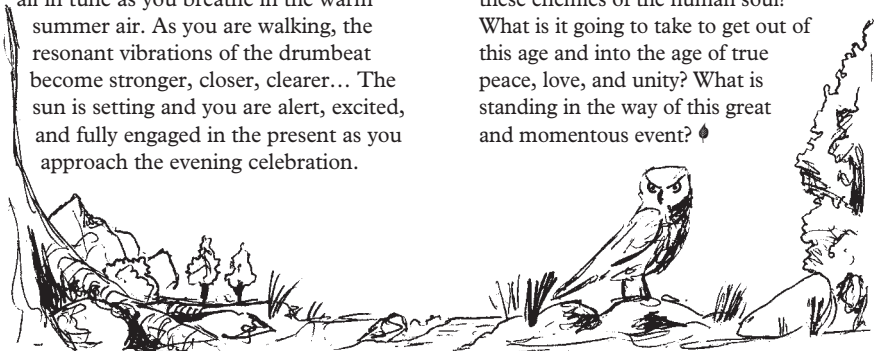
The collective creativity flows like a lucid stream through the once-dormant chambers of our minds, unlocking all that was hidden, all that had yet to be revealed. The earth is now filled with love, joy, peace, and unity — oneness with our Creator. You can feel the tribal drums pulsating through the very heart of the earth as people gather to play music and dance. Your senses are all in tune as you breathe in the warm summer air. As you are walking, the resonant vibrations of the drumbeat become stronger, closer, clearer... The sun is setting and you are alert, excited, and fully engaged in the present as you approach the evening celebration.



There you see it: the dance... *that* dance... the victory dance... the great victory of humanity that all the seekers desired. But victory over what? Victory over evil, over oppression, over the dominant sway of Satan and his fallen spirits who have ruled the earth and conquered the souls of countless human beings over the course of thousands of years. He had victory over them, but humanity needs to have victory over him.

There needs to be a people who will fight against the current of evil to swim upstream, a people who will prevail against the downward pull of darkness, which is selfishness, greed, lust, and division. These are things that work in every human being, but in order to have victory over evil, humanity must have victory over these inner workings.

Do you have power over these fallen, hurtful ways? Do you conquer these enemies of the human soul? What is it going to take to get out of this age and into the age of true peace, love, and unity? What is standing in the way of this great and momentous event? ♦





I'M FLYING UP ABOVE

Looking down on the earth, His eyes have been searching to and fro throughout the ages, stretching back over the sands of time, even back to the ancient world. He has been intently watching the plight of mankind — the hard toil of some as they wet the ground with the sweat of their brow and their tears, and the brutal power-seeking of others, soaking the earth with the blood of nations in their quest for greatness.

Above all the incessant clamor of humanity's progress, the glory of our Creator has shone down. Through the abundance of nature, the rising and setting of the sun, through

the power of the wind and the life of a tiny seed, God's love has been revealed. But who will stop long enough to really see?

There is so much in His heart that He longs to share with mankind, if they would just seek Him. Such a great purpose for humanity and all of His creation is still waiting to be brought about. Endless potential lies dormant in us, just waiting to be unlocked. But still His eyes search the earth...

So men create their religions and claim to know, offering all the brightly ornamented possibilities of heaven. Still, His eyes search. Man's rituals and ceremonial piety cannot satisfy the deepest longings in

the heart of God. After all the incense and chanting ceases, it was really just to suit themselves.

But then, one evening, thousands of years ago, under a starry Sumerian sky, the living God saw something that stirred His eternal Spirit. There was a man looking back at Him. This meek, yet determined, man was looking straight back up at God as he cried out to the heavens, “God, who are you? I want to know my purpose!”

This was what God had been waiting for — someone who would turn and seek Him, someone He could call a friend and reveal to him all of the deepest things of His heart. This man’s name was to be Abraham.

“Abraham, leave your father’s house and your homeland behind, and go! I will bring you into a new land.”

BUT STILL HIS EYES SEARCHED THE EARTH...

Abraham responded with complete trust. He walked out into the uncharted wilderness, not yet sure where he would end up, but knowing that his life now belonged completely to his God. God promised Abraham that a special, set apart nation would be

raised up from his descendants. “I will be your God and you will be my people. They shall outnumber the sands of the earth and the stars of the heavens.”

Eventually a whole tribe formed around this man. The life they had together was truly remarkable. A culture founded on love and care, kindness and justice soon emerged from this tribe of tent dwellers. All their material possessions were shared and there were no needy among them.

Eventually the descendants of this great man became a



whole nation made up of a confederation of twelve tribes. They were all supposed to bear the mark of their forefather Abraham, but instead, a very sad story unfolded. Rather than becoming a nation founded on love and righteousness, they created yet another religion governed by the principle, “Do as I say, not as I do.” Jaded by unfaithfulness and compromise, that nation fell apart.

It seemed as if the seed that had been planted so long ago in Abraham’s heart had died. But through God’s mercy the seed was preserved. At just the right time, in that same dusty desert soil, the seed sprouted again — this time in the heart of a man named Yahshua. He grew up in the midst of the fallen sons of Abraham like a tender shoot. His life was like a young sprig growing out of an ancient stump. He lived innocently as a child. He spoke simply, with straightforwardness. He wasn’t concerned about the world’s standards. He didn’t care about what was popular. His likes and dislikes weren’t petty and self-interested. His pleasure came from caring for the

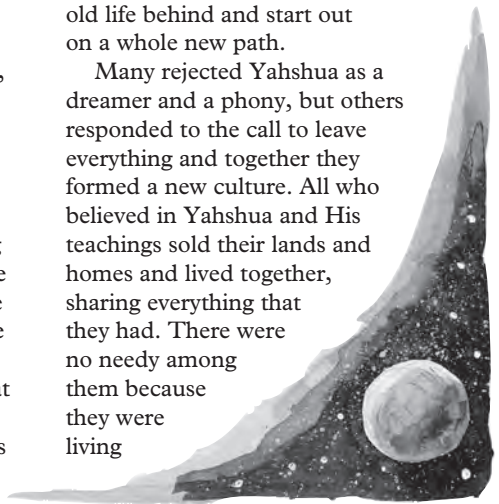


needs of others and doing what pleased His God. The same fire of love, care, kindness, and justice that had been in Abraham was now burning brightly in this man’s heart.

He traveled the countryside teaching and healing. He called others to follow Him on this path of love. The cost to follow Him was everything. Rekindling the life of togetherness and unity that Abraham once had required the same sacrifice: leave your

old life behind and start out on a whole new path.

Many rejected Yahshua as a dreamer and a phony, but others responded to the call to leave everything and together they formed a new culture. All who believed in Yahshua and His teachings sold their lands and homes and lived together, sharing everything that they had. There were no needy among them because they were living



to meet each other's needs. Soon these communities of believers started springing up everywhere. They turned the world upside down with their radical life.

Sadly, after only one generation, this vibrant life began to wane as that dark old spirit of selfishness and compromise slithered its way in between them. Continuing on in mere ritual, these communities transformed themselves into something called "Christianity." Marked by division, corruption, and even bloodshed, the churches of Christianity bear no resemblance of the original pattern set in place by Yahshua and His followers.

So what about the seed? Is it dead? What about the promises made to Abraham? What about the hope and love spoken of by the man Yahshua? Is it all just to be swallowed up by vain religion and hypocrisy?

Like an old root growing up out

of the dry earth, that preserved seed is sprouting again in our day. Once again, like so long ago, there is a people forming with one heart and one way, sharing all that they have, and looking out for each other's needs. In the midst of this narcissistic* generation, there are communities sprouting up all around the world producing a vibrant new life. Blazing a trail into the thick wilderness, we are restoring the ancient path. This time, the life must grow and become a bright light that shines through the darkness of this present age. This time the life of love and unity must find victory over selfishness, corruption, and even death itself.

This life will eventually bring about the fulfillment of humanity's prophetic destiny and created purpose. God's eyes are still searching the earth for those who are willing to do His will. The seed is growing. Will it find good soil in your heart to put down roots? ♦

**narcissistic* — having an excessive interest in oneself and one's physical appearance

The Man Yahshua

The man Yahshua grew up in the hilly surroundings of Jerusalem. He lived a simple and humble life, always respecting His parents and learning from their instruction. As He was growing into maturity, He suffered many things. He understood the sorrow and grief that burns in the heart of a man, because He experienced it Himself. It was through these sufferings that Yahshua learned to have exceeding compassion and love for His fellow human beings. We are His disciples and He is our Master and example.

Many people know and identify the Son of God as *Jesus*. This name is a modern English adaptation of the Greek name, *Iesous*, which is itself a corruption of the original Hebrew name *Yahshua*. The name *Jesus* or *Iesous* has no meaning of its own, but the Hebrew name *Yahshua* literally means, "Yahweh's salvation," or "I am salvation." During the time that He was alive, His parents and friends would have referred to Him as Yahshua, so it is only fitting for us to call Him by His true name, *Yahshua*.

The appointed time has come... No longer strangers

The appointed time has come. No longer strangers, no longer rootless — a nation is gathering. No longer separated, no longer alienated — a commonwealth is forming.

In a modern world where the age-old foundations of family life are all but gone, there is a place where they are being restored. Here the ancient tribal life of Abraham, a life of hospitality and peace, is being re-established. It's hard to imagine, two thousand years after this tribal life vanished from the earth, what it should look like. *"But there is nothing covered up that will not be revealed, and hidden that will not be made known"* (Luke 12:2).

All nationalities can trace their ancestry back to tribal living, but for most, this tribal life no longer exists.

Cultures that ignored their conscience fell apart. Selfishness pulled men away from one another. Wars broke out.

But there is no war in our Tribes. Just as we have been forgiven, we forgive others.



It is a lifelong commitment, knitting us together like a child is knit together in the mother's womb

Tribes

We are part of this people who are returning to the way our Creator intended us to live. Because our sins have been forgiven, we have a new life. "A new life" does not just mean that we have stopped doing bad things — it means that God's love has been poured into our hearts. We are learning to love as He loves. And just like it always has in the past, this love is producing a life of unity and care in which there are no rich or poor. It is the same tribal life that was lived by the early disciples of our Master Yahshua,* the Son of God. We have returned to the same root of faith as His first followers, and hope to bear the same fruit.

We live a simple life in community — working together, eating together, sharing all we have. We are not governed by endless lists of outward rules and regulations. The rules that govern us are being written on our hearts. Our aim is to love each other as our Master loved us, to love our Creator with all our heart, soul, and strength, and

to love our neighbors who live around us as we love ourselves. Daily we gather in our households with singing and dancing to give thanks to the One who has saved us from an empty and hopeless existence.

Many households make up a clan. Many clans make up a tribe. The tribes are united across national boundaries by their love for one another. This love is not just a feeling. It is a lifelong commitment, knitting us together like a child is knit together in the mother's womb. The tribes are being formed. And then, a nation will be born in a day — *Israel*. It's forming; it's coming! The day is about to dawn! You can be part of what God is doing on the earth. ♦

*See *The Man Yahshua* on page 7



Synchronicity

**My life was a
progression of
emptiness
and despair, with glimmers
of light and scattered flickers of hope.**

**It was in these mere moments of illumination that
I gained the vision needed to press on through the
heavy darkness of my life in this world.**

**I began to realize that there was a synchronistic thread of hope which had woven
its way throughout all of my days, and it seemed to be taking me somewhere.**

“Daily, every minute
your possession of my
mind
Ticking synchronicity
of time
Your life synched to
mine, on a dime
Dear one”

dear one

People, events, ideas and songs all seemed to connect in a way that was leading me somewhere... but where? One door opened to another, and that door to another. I began believing that I was traveling on a synchronistic pattern towards God, and my destination was the ultimate purpose of mankind. My attention was drawn to *My Morning Jacket* in a major way.

**synchronicity* —the simultaneous occurrence of events that appear significantly related but have no discernible causal connection

“Tell me spirit, what
has not been done?
I’ll rush out and do
it, or are we doin’ it
now?”

wordless chorus

“I’m going
where there ain’t
no fear
I’m going where
the spirit is near
I’m going where
the living is easy
And the people
are kind
A new state of
mind”

wonderful

“I followed all the
wrong dreams
Lost in man’s
schemes
Oh lord
I pray that all is
forgiven”

all is forgiven

“Hey, open the
door
I want a new life
Hey, and here’s
what’s more
I want a new life”

new life

The music of the band and the words they wrote connected to that same sense of destiny. Their words seemed to speak of a greater purpose and a mystery that needed to be revealed. I wanted to know the substance of whatever he was speaking of. I knew that the man who wrote these songs was stirred in his heart to express something external, and I had a strong sense that I was looking for the same thing. Whatever was real, whatever was the truth, this is what I was looking for, and what I inevitably found. It was no longer just words in a song or an elusive dream, but rather an all-encompassing life of love and true unity. The heart, soul, and words of *My Morning Jacket* were expressing to me the same synchronicity, of a path that I found myself on, and it was that path which eventually led me to find the sons of God.

~ *Richard*





IF MAN COULD SEE WHAT HE WAS MEANT TO BE, IT WOULD GRIEVE HIS HEART TO SEE WHAT HE HAS BECOME...

Man is God's highest thought, the central figure in His eternal purpose. He doesn't think of anything else but redeeming man to become what He created him to be. But for now creation is on hold until that time comes when man can be crowned with glory and majesty - once our sickness has been healed and our selfishness has been overcome. When man finally has triumphant victory over all the forces of evil, human beings will be released to fill the entire universe with the very image and glory of our Creator.

Our Creator's image is the ultimate expression of love, care, gentleness, and warmth. This love is going to resound throughout all of creation for all of eternity, and it is never going to stop. All of the planets in the universe will be filled one by one with restored human worth and dignity. Life on earth was always intended to be a seed that would sprout, extending its growth to the infinite planets and galaxies spanning all of creation. This seed will fill them with the dignity and value that is so precious in the eyes of our Creator.

Human beings were created to be the dwelling place for God's eternal Spirit, His home, forever and ever. But all of this is

on hold, and waiting to become a reality. The reason that this incredible reality is on hold is because there are spiritual entities that have power and authority over the whole world, and they are fiercely opposing God's will from being accomplished.

These fallen spirits are alive, and they are ruthlessly ravaging the human soul. Without any mercy, and leaving nothing behind but fatherless children and shattered lives, the fallen spirits of this age are set on deceiving humanity into embracing evil and becoming worthless by the choices that they make. As somebody goes against their conscience and does evil continually, they actually lose the image of God that is inside of them. They willingly choose to accept and embody the image of Satan, which is worthless and depraved.

The current of the world is raging towards eternal destruction, taking with it anyone who will go along. But it is we who write this paper who are fighting with all that we have to swim upstream against the violent current of evil. In order to fill the universe with undying love God needs people who will let the light shine in their lives, expelling all of the darkness from their souls. ♦

WILL THE LIGHT
SHINE?

WHAT IF YOU
WERE GIVEN
AUTHORITY TO
CAUSE THE LIGHT
TO SHINE?

WOULD YOU
MAKE THE SUN
RISE UP?

WHAT IF IT COSTS
YOU EVERYTHING
YOU HAVE?

WOULD YOU
HIDE IN THE
SHADOWS
INSTEAD?

IT'S TIME FOR THE
DAWN TO ARISE AND
SHINE ON THE DARKNESS
OF THE EARTH.

WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO?

ONE DAY, YOU WAKE UP IN JAIL. It's the darkest, blackest, gloomiest jail you've ever seen in your whole life. You can't imagine how they built cells where no light can creep in. It's so dark you can't even see your feet ... or your hands ... or even the tip of your nose. The pitch-black room cuts off any chance for you to see what kind of shape you're in. You might as well not even have a body, you think, 'cause you can't tell if it's even there.

You try to feel around, but your hands are chained. When you try to move your toes, they're chained, too; so tightly, they can't even wiggle when your brain commands them to. It's the same way with your head and neck. They've got it pinioned in some sort of deadlock. Maybe you're strait-jacketed. Or maybe they've drugged you up with a sedative that makes you feel limp like a bowl of mush or a wet rag. They might have given you an injection in the base of your spine, a powerful nerve block, and you're as good as paralyzed until it wears off.

**YOUR VOICE TRAVELS
ABOUT AS FAR AS YOUR
LIPS AND GETS DROWNED
IN A SILENCE SO THICK
YOU CAN HEAR A PIN
DROP**



There's really nothing to do except to wait for the effects of that stupid stuff to go away. You fight back an overwhelming surge of panic and settle down to think. You figure the best thing to do is to try and cry out for help. "Help! Let me out of here!" you scream. Your voice travels about as far as your lips and gets drowned in a silence so thick you can hear a pin drop. Must be soundproof cells. You know it's your voice, though. You've known the sound of it ever since you were a little kid. Even if no one else can hear it, you do.

Solitary confinement is pretty solitary, you note. You wonder what you can do to get yourself out of your predicament. You don't like the lonely feeling that's settled down on your guts like a bunch of crows on a newly-seeded field. You want someone to talk to in the worst way, but there is only yourself, and you'd give your eye teeth for a way to shake off that nagging voice that says you're never going to get out of there.

You start to think about your recent past and in a split second a couple of numbing incidents pop up. The memory of them is as perfectly clear to you as the very day they happened. You're walking up Church Street, on your way to the music school and Fred the Panhandler hits you up for a quarter. He hits you up whenever he sees you. Never mind other people, he always seems to find you. Maybe that's why your heart burns against him so, 'cause he always puts you on the spot. Or maybe it's 'cause his skin is black and he's on welfare, and the state is giving him more money for doing nothing than you get for working. Whatever reason, you tell him no, and an angry train of curses follow. You just let them fly and all your pent-up rage gets released on Fred. He's hurt, you can tell. You know he's taken it before, but you've stripped his dignity away and humiliated him in a way no human should. Your pangs of conscience at the time are washed away by a flood of reasons and the whole scene gets filed away until this day, this moment, when you're alone with your thoughts. The pain feels so fresh and keen, you wish you could say something to make it right. But you can't. And it simmers in your memory like a little sterno flame.

Then there's the time you ripped off those guys in the car. This incident follows hard on the heels of what happened with Fred. You're hitching to Hammonasset on a beautiful fall day to hike on the beach and wander around the saltwater

marshes, the dunes, the old houses, and the scraggly trees. Four guys from the sub base in New London pull over and crowd in to make room for you. They're all stoned and they're getting even more wasted on the biggest hunk of hash you've ever seen in your whole life. It's as least as big as your thumb nail and twice as thick as the end of one of your fingers. You join in, everything's great ... then someone fumbles the piece as he shaves off some for another round. You join them in searching and you're the first to find it on

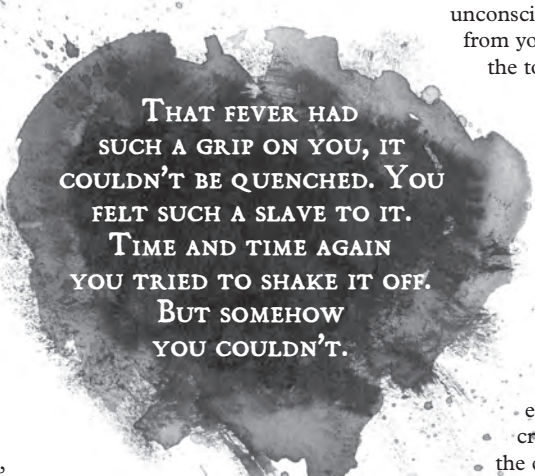
one of the mats. Almost unconsciously it slips from your fingers into the top of one of your boots.

You continue to help them look, you poke around the floor mats, you reach under the front seat, you even check the crack between the cushions. It's not there. And when your exit comes up, you leave them at the ramp, still searching high and low for the missing hash that you know you'll get a beating for if they ever catch on.

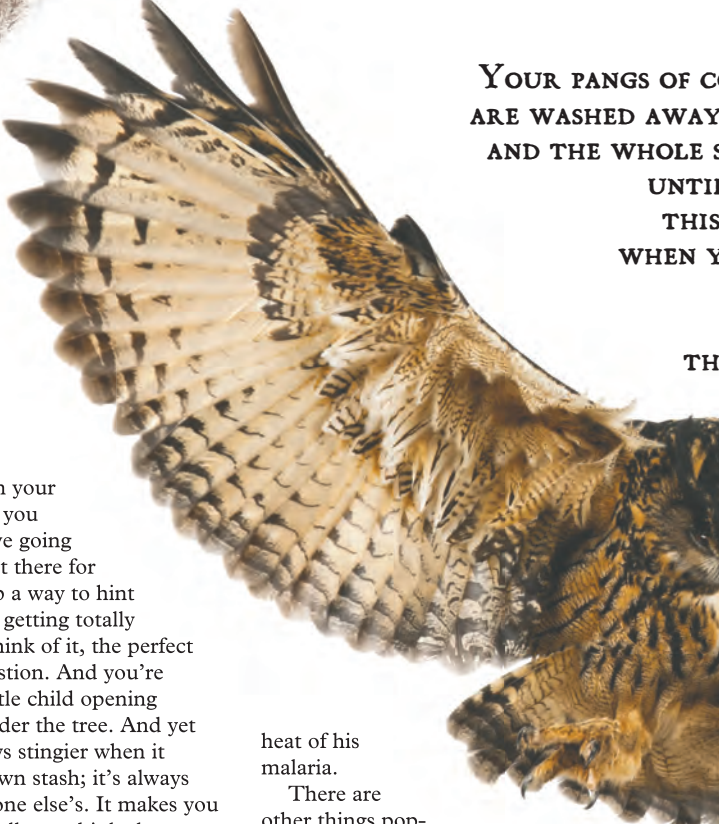
Why you remember it today and not back then seems a little strange to you.

But, you figure, it's just another case when dooper's greed got the better of you.

It struck every time the bowl was empty or the last bit of the roach had gone out. You know the typical scene: a circle of friends, the camaraderie around the pipe, the other guys settling down in comfortable listening positions; Circuital comes on. And there you are, sitting beside them with a stupid grin on your face. You want



THAT FEVER HAD
SUCH A GRIP ON YOU, IT
COULDN'T BE QUENCHED. YOU
FELT SUCH A SLAVE TO IT.
TIME AND TIME AGAIN
YOU TRIED TO SHAKE IT OFF.
BUT SOMEHOW
YOU COULDN'T.



YOUR PANGS OF
ARE WASHED AWAY
AND THE WHOLE S
UNTIL
THIS
WHEN Y

TH

more. Of course, you want more. You're never satisfied until you're zonked out of your mind.

The knot tightens in your stomach. "Is that all?" you ask yourself. "Aren't we going to do another?" You sit there for ages, trying to think up a way to hint at doing more without getting totally rejected. Finally you think of it, the perfect way to plant the suggestion. And you're as happy inside as a little child opening Christmas presents under the tree. And yet you know you're always stingier when it comes to doing your own stash; it's always easier when it is someone else's. It makes you a little hot under the collar to think about the way you were, way back then. Yet there's nothing you can do to get rid of that memory.

What you'd do to get high! What you'd do to find dope! It was like a fever that made your eye glisten with a false lustre, your cheeks flush with deceitful color, your muscles twitch with unnatural activity, and your nerves throb with restless desire. That fever had such a grip on you, it couldn't be quenched. You felt such a slave to it. Time and time again you tried to shake it off. But somehow you couldn't. You always felt so empty inside and there was never anything to fill that emptiness gnawing away at your guts. Today when you think about it, it nibbles a little bit and worms away. You feel about as vital as a man who can't shake the cold chills and the fever

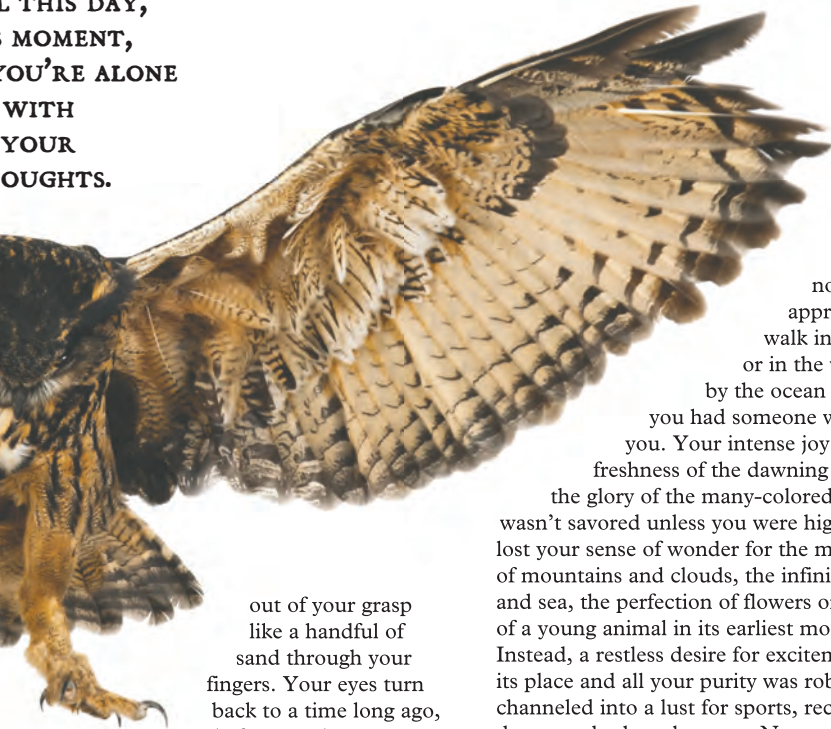
heat of his malaria.

There are other things popping up, in quick succession, dogging your steps like a bloodhound after an escaped criminal. Things besides dope that your heart panted after and coveted. There were your best friend's girlfriend, another man's wife, your buddy's best clothes, or someone else's car. There were jealousies and envyings and rivalries. There were rip-offs and shop-liftings and cheatings. You could stay in any one category for hours and never exhaust it. And after that, your mind flips back once again to the old thing about Fred the Panhandler and the guys with the hash. Another endless cycle begins and you play it through again like you would a Bach fugue, with a hundred or a thousand new twists to the old theme.

It's hard to face up to some of the things you did, hard to look into the darkness all around and know that it's penetrating into your innermost parts bit by bit. Or that it had been doing that all along for years.

And yet, you search for times when you still had some innocence left, before it slipped

CONSCIENCE AT THE TIME
BY A FLOOD OF REASONS
SCENE GETS FILED AWAY
L THIS DAY,
MOMENT,
YOU'RE ALONE
WITH
YOUR
THOUGHTS.



no longer appreciate a walk in a field or in the woods or by the ocean unless you had someone with you. Your intense joy at the freshness of the dawning day or the glory of the many-colored sunset wasn't savored unless you were high. You lost your sense of wonder for the majesty of mountains and clouds, the infinity of sky and sea, the perfection of flowers or the sight of a young animal in its earliest moments. Instead, a restless desire for excitement took its place and all your purity was robbed, channeled into a lust for sports, recreation, drugs, and other pleasures. Now you can't produce those feelings again. You are empty.

and indifferent; back before the public school system got a hold of you and regimented you into its citizenry. Lust and covetousness for the best of everything and whatever money can buy were bred into your little heart, year by year. They told you the sky was the limit to all your greedy desires. But once you started to acquire the possessions you longed for, it only bred new desires within you for more. The worm of discontent gnawed at your peace and all your unsatisfied desires tossed you to and fro like the waves of the restless sea. Your conscience continually cried out for some authority, any authority in your barren life, and inside lodged a pain of a hunger that could not find any satisfaction.

Under the pressure of work and social life and the lure of cheap pleasures, you lost the wonder of your earlier years. You could

Also your friendships became more demanding and painful. To know others in a deeper way claimed your wholehearted loyalty and commitment, your watchfulness and care. Much time and effort was required to increase in them. In the end, it cut deeply at the root of your self-centered life. A lot of relationships died from neglect. The tragedy of these embittered you and when you tried again, you tried more cautiously. Next time your defenses were up and your heart stayed guarded.

In the end, your innocence was sacrificed for other goals, other pleasures, and other pursuits. All that remained was the melancholy longing for a paradise lost. A sorrow filled you and you looked at all your wasted opportunities

THE WORM OF DISCONTENT GNAWED
AT YOUR PEACE AND
ALL YOUR UNSATISFIED DESIRES
TOSSED YOU TO AND FRO
LIKE THE WAVES
OF THE RESTLESS SEA.

and wondered
why you lived
the way you lived.

Little do you know that
in the next cell over is a vet who's
playing back his whole scenario,
watching it run in reverse before his
eyes. He's seeing the little zinging pieces
of metal fly out of a guy's chest and
wing their way back to his rifle. The man
he just shot stands up again and he and his
buddies take their rifles back to camp, hand
them in, and others pack them away, crate
by crate. They're all shipped back overseas
by boats and planes and taken to big
factories where women disassemble them.

Funny, he thinks, it's women who
are chosen to do this special, careful
work. The pieces are all sent off to huge,
roaring furnaces and all the little parts
get melted down into one great molten
mass. As it cools, railroad trains line up
nearby and take the crushed ore off to
the most distant parts of the country.
Far away from man or beast, in lonely,
remote places, men bury the trainloads
far beneath the ground where no one will
ever find them or use them ever again.

And all around you, for miles and miles
in every direction, other men lie tucked
away in the folds of darkness. Like you,
their thoughts busily race over the nagging
past, and their mind's eye examines every
detail of the misdeeds that brought their
innocence to an end. Each knows his own
agony of mind and each hears his own

excuses
over and

over again. Each goes back
through his own experience, trying
to erase the effects his greed had on
others. Go back through yours.

Go back to a time when the North
Woods were pristine and alive, before the
greed of men chopped them down and
destroyed the giant trees year after year.
Go back to the mountains before the
miners appeared, back to a time when
streams were unsluiced and valleys were
lush and green. Go even further back before
the plains belonged to the government.
There you'll see herds of buffalo, cropping
slowly windward, great shaggy beasts
darkening the plains. Ride through just
one herd. It'll take you all day to do it.

Watch oak trees shrink into acorns and
wildflower seeds return on the wind to
their source. Gold-seekers return East and
railroads uproot track mile by mile. Ten
thousand settlers all leave the newly-opened
Oklahoma territory in one day. Greed runs
backward and the ravaged New World
springs back to newness. Millions of acres
of hardwood and white pine take root
again. Chestnuts and walnuts burnt for
charcoal, chopped up for firewood, and laid
in the mud for road beds, again sway in the
wind. Golden plovers again fill the skies
and passenger pigeons roost in the woods.

Go back to a land of canebrakes,
bluegrass, wild grains, and salt licks. West
of the Cumberlands, a thousand animals
might be glimpsed there in one lucky
moment. Push your way back through
the mountains, back to the fertile valleys
of the Mohican, Western Massachusetts,
and Connecticut. Go back to a time when
deer browsed on lush meadowlands in
unconcerned droves, when the land was
a riot of color and sound... when turkeys
gobbled and squirrels barked and waterfowl

took flight with thunderous wings at the approach of men ... when the skies were darkened for hours with birds and when grapes hung over the banks of rivers.

When men returned home at nightfall, their pant legs and the bellies of their horses were stained red from the scarlet beds of strawberries and ground fruits they had trampled through.

Go all the way back to when Henry Hudson's crew on the Half Moon were disarmed by the fragrance of the New Jersey shore; when others sailing further up the coast occasionally sailed through beds of floating flowers. Verrazano smelled the cedars of the East Coast a hundred leagues out, and Raleigh's colonists scented what they thought was a garden. The heavy odor of forests and fields greeted all who first came to the New World.

Sail back to Europe, bloodied by its wars and religions. Go back through the years to when Christianity was young. There, most of the early followers were

led astray by a spiritless form of the life Yahshua led. Go back to him, the seed, the beginning of it all, the most tender, compassionate, and caring friend you could ever find. Had you been there, you would have loved him. Had you heard him, you would have listened. Had you been in jail, he would have gotten you out.

But men quickly forgot how he was and what he taught. It was too hard and they wanted something easier. So that was what they got: a religion called Jesus and no way to touch his heart. That's what came over to the New World. It wasn't his spirit that came. His spirit didn't hate the Indians, or the wilderness, or the laws of his father. His spirit didn't lead men to be greedy or selfish. And his spirit didn't make the New World waste and void.

His spirit would never leave you alone. Or in jail. Or dead. He would give you life and take you home. His people have gone before you and made ready those homes. They are in communes. They are near. ♦

Remember watching Saturday morning cartoons, and seeing all the crazy situations the characters got themselves into?

Whenever they were faced with a moral decision, that little angel and that little devil would appear on the characters' shoulders. The angel would try to get the character to do what was right in the eyes of God, while the devil would say, "Forget about what anybody else says, let's go out and have some fun!"

The character was then left with the choice of which voice to listen to. The difference is that in cartoon land the artist can determine how the cartoon ends, whereas with human souls the final outcome is determined by the moral decisions of each individual.

If you are a normal human being who has not become morally depraved, there exists a deep struggle inside of you due to the two conflicting longings in your heart: one, to keep the knowledge of God in your conscience, the other, to satisfy the selfish desires that will lead you to eternal destruction.

The voice of conscience echoes from the inner chambers of your soul, saying: I ought not to be the way I am; I ought not to be doing what I am doing. I was made

for something greater. This voice conflicts with your selfish nature and causes that frustration within you, the inner struggle between good and evil. No matter how hard you try to reason it away or rebel against it, you cannot escape the objective truth. ♦

Enigma



Do you know that the Meek

I WAS A LONER. And a cynic. I pored over philosophy books on Friday nights with a box of wine. The little time I did spend with other people ended in debates over the state of humanity, which I believed was doomed. I went to class. I wrote my papers. I passed by on the conveyor belt largely unnoticed. I listened to music, blasting, in my apartment in the slums of Worcester, Massachusetts. I would go hiking and camping whenever my meager funds allowed me. I prided myself in being a headstrong woman, rejecting all the societal norms that tried to confine me.

Every relationship I was ever a part of served only to further amplify my loneliness. I could not find a solid rock to stand on anywhere, so I set my sights on a peak unseen and began to climb. But on top of cliffs is not where we were meant to dwell.

Even though I watched drugs and alcohol destroy the lives of my family, I began to experiment with them myself. I convinced myself that it brought me closer to God. With every psychedelic trip, I developed what I thought was a deeper love for my fellow man — a clearer perception of reality, that dissipated all too quickly once I returned to the wretched state of sobriety, a state that left me all too aware of my loneliness. Then it was back to the daily grind of work, school, and play. I was looking for something eternal that would satisfy my soul; I was convinced I could find it in six to twelve hour increments of shimmering awareness.

I believed in God, but did nothing to actively seek Him. Still, I felt a deep-seated depression at the thought of what our Creator must think of the existence of life on this planet. Had we all become a mindless mass of pleasure-seeking machines? I was convinced that God is love. I wanted to understand my purpose and be solidified on the path of loving my neighbor. I spent my days seeking an all-encompassing love, but I could not find it anywhere.

Society perceives creation and our existence as purposeless. This take on reality perfectly lends itself to the shallow and self-centered lifestyle which pervades our culture, our practices, our beliefs, our minds, and our spirits, “for if there’s no everlasting God, there’s no such thing as virtue, and there’s no need of it.”¹ Under this regime I grew more and more dissatisfied, unfulfilled, and empty. I increased my consumption of my many vices, becoming numb and disconnected from others and from myself. I rode on false highs and temporary escapes from reality through pleasurable and isolating pursuits.

Nothing could keep me distracted from my innate knowledge of good and evil for long. I could not shake off this awareness, but I also couldn’t live in accordance with it. So I continued running from it, searching desperately for something undefinable to fill my emptiness. “A rat in a maze is free to go anywhere, as long as it stays inside the maze.”² I knew deep down that I

¹ Dostoevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*

² Atwood, *The Handmaid’s Tale*

shall inherit the earth?

was a rat too, just like everyone else. I knew that as a member of society, there was no escaping it — but at least I knew that I was inside of a maze.

The wicked spirits of the modern world continually whisper distractions. In exchange for their promises of entertainment and ease, we learn to silence our conscience.

Convinced as I was that I was set apart from my morally degraded peers, I was really just another lost soul, though the world was trying very hard to mold me into a pre-fashioned box of optimal productivity, neatly assimilating me into society.

As time went by I made it my highest focus to be completely honest with myself. I had learned that attempting to reach this zenith of honesty and truth with another human being always ended painfully. A lack of true human connection further entrenched me in my lonely life, but I convinced myself that I was fulfilled by my books, music, knowledge, drugs, and cynicism.

The thrilling feeling that once arose in me whenever I would think about eternity was replaced with an uneasiness. An impending sense of doom was developing deep in my gut. I was hopelessly lost in a world which encouraged sin and evil and I knew I wasn't right with our Creator. Still I lived under the pretense I was doing the best I could, given the circumstances. The compromise of one's soul is a gradual deception.

I would watch the faces of those who I walked by, noting the fleeting

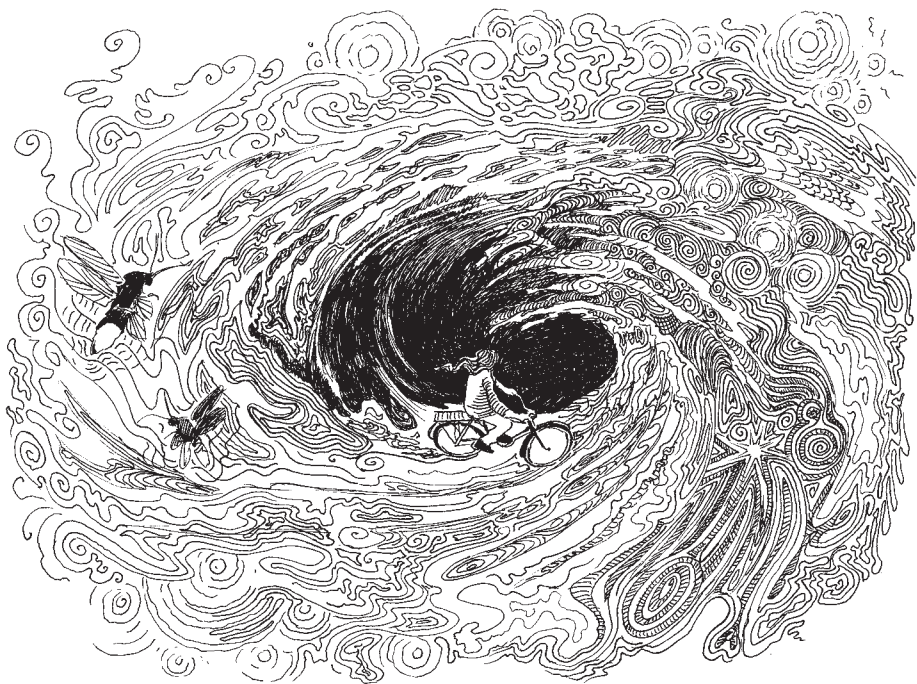
eye contact, the anxiety. I felt pity, anger, and resentment for all of these passerby's, under the illusion that I was any different. In the passing moments I would sense the depression and dejection in their eyes, how disconnected we all seemed from the rest of creation and from one another.

I wanted to scream from the tops of buildings: "Do you not know that there comes a midnight hour when every one has to throw off his mask? Do you believe that life will always let itself be mocked? But he who cannot reveal himself cannot love, and he who cannot love is the most unhappy man of all."³ I wanted to snap people out of their drudgery, even though I was also neck deep in it.

Just before going under, I met a group of people whose lives surpassed all of my highest hopes of peace, love, and unity. They lived together, worked together, and shared all things in common. There was no pretense among them. For the first time I saw the true extent of my fallen condition, compared to the limitless love and selflessness I had finally found in them. I never wanted to leave, and they welcomed me with open arms and eyes filled with love. I am now a part of them.

The crooked way in all of us is what makes the world a crooked place to live. The good news I have found in the Twelve Tribes of *new* Israel is the message of man's salvation — being redeemed for the purpose we were created for.

³Kierkegaard, *Fear and Trembling*



**I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING ETERNAL THAT WOULD SATISFY MY SOUL;
CONVINCED I COULD FIND IT IN SIX TO TWELVE HOUR
INCREMENTS OF SHIMMERING AWARENESS.**

Our Creator appointed mankind to rule and restore the earth, through love. This love manifests itself in a love for others that causes us to forget our selfishness. This way of life is the only way that we can live by the love of God's Spirit. Our Creator gives His Spirit to those who obey him. He set eternity in our hearts. The key to eternity is love — a true, self-sacrificing, all-encompassing love.

I have found the place I have been seeking, a place where we look one another in the eyes, together restoring the human worth and dignity God intends for his highest creation. We are those who were not satisfied with our lives in this world. I am learning from my brothers and sisters what it

means to truly walk in love and not just hope for it to someday come. I am learning what it means to build and not just add to the destruction. Triumphant over the darkness inside of me no longer remains a distant dream.

I have learned that the truth is simple. The truth is love, and love repeats itself over and over again, for eternity — no one is ever left behind. I have joined the ranks of those who have decided to no longer allow evil to triumph over their souls. Through our lives, our God is restoring the streets for all to dwell.

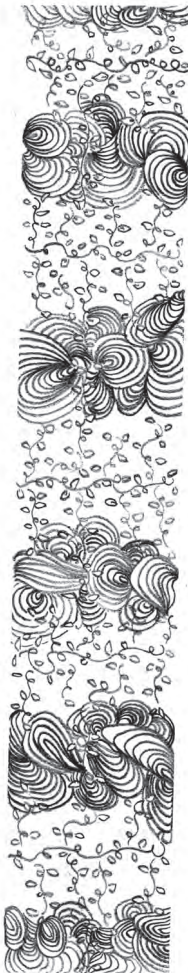
The world is under the sway of the evil one, called Satan. His spirits masquerade as the comforting distractions from our gnawing conscience. The conscience was created to be a light of

truth in our struggle to decipher good and evil. We then make choices based on our inherent knowledge of good and evil, and this shapes our eternal destiny. Satan wants to distract people from this struggle.

When anyone disobeys evil and does good, Satan is conquered. Only by knowing the true Man, the One who disobeyed Satan in all things — Yahshua — can we have the power to disobey Satan, even unto death. We love Yahshua for delivering us from the power of sin and death. We love Him in a real way by loving one another; anything short of laying down our lives daily for our savior Yahshua just continues to build Satan’s kingdom.

We know that there are others like us, who are still lost in the world of selfish pursuit and deep struggle. We know that there are others who will give everything up to do God’s will. Yahshua has brought us to His home where we can forsake our life in this world and find true forgiveness, and receive the joy that comes from being set free to live for others.

I am no longer alone and lost at sea, hanging on to a broken piece of driftwood for dear life. The ship I am now on is sailing hard and fast towards the kingdom of God. The wind in our sails is the love He has poured out in our hearts through His Holy Spirit. By His abundant grace we bring glory to His name through loving deeds and



hearts overflowing with gratitude and fortitude for the rough waters ahead. Our Creator can bring about His purpose only through those who are broken in spirit and see their need for forgiveness. If our life of love stirs your heart, then come with us and abandon the barrenness of this modern world. We need your help to bring about God’s purpose on this earth, the purpose that our Father intended for us all from the beginning.

~ *Ishah*



DREAMER

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

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

But strangely enough, people did listen. They traveled for miles just to see him. Maybe they just needed a little hope. Maybe it didn’t matter that he didn’t have any money to hand out or any social reform programs to propose to the government. Maybe there weren’t any solutions, and all that they could expect was a fantasy of love and peace that would get their minds off of their problems for a little while.

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

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

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

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

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

Then suddenly, vividly they reappeared. Clear-eyed and articulate, full of peace as well as passion, these disciples testified to the goodness and innocence of their Master, as well as the guilt of the nation and its leaders for putting him to death. But they weren’t calling for blood. They were calling for repentance and forgiveness. They were saying that their Master’s death was enough blood to be shed — enough to pay for the guilt of the whole world.

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

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

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

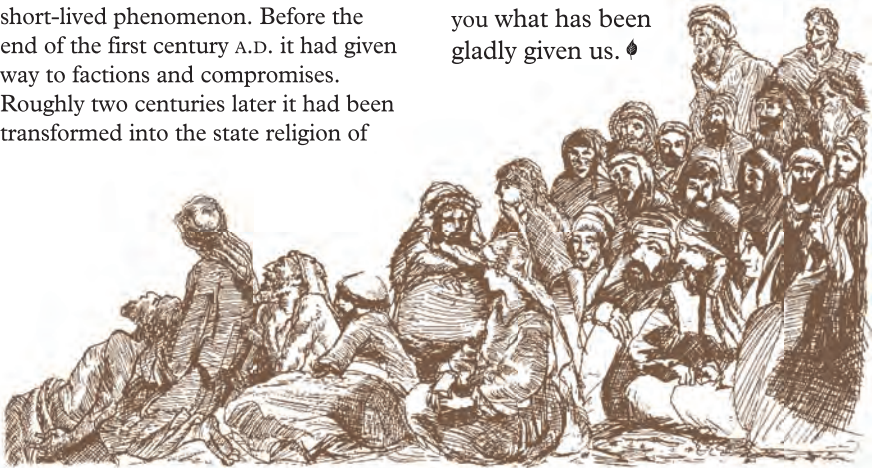
History records this enthusiastic communal life of 2,000 years ago as a short-lived phenomenon. Before the end of the first century A.D. it had given way to factions and compromises. Roughly two centuries later it had been transformed into the state religion of

the Emperor Constantine, bearing little resemblance to the vibrant community that had obeyed the commands of the Master. Nothing, it seemed, was left of the dream but a written account, carefully preserved by a religion that makes much of this man's death and resurrection but attaches little importance to his vision and teachings.

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

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

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



Fascination

He knew that no man had ever made it through the ordeal. Like an obstacle course through a desert, each hurdle, each almost insurmountable obstacle tested whether he would win the prize that held his heart spellbound.

Each day the sun came up and each night it set brought him closer. Nothing could hold him back — neither fire, nor water, nor test after test after test. Like a man in the twilight working feverishly to finish before nightfall, he raced on, drawn by his love for something more precious than life itself.

What was it? Wealth? Fame? Power? Pleasure? Were these what claimed his heart's energy? Or was it something deeper, longer lasting, something living and eternal? It had to be. For he knew, as men have always known, that once this brief life on earth is

over, we face an age so long that no one, not even the wisest among us, can grasp more than a tiny piece of it. Here we live our few short years that make all the difference where we will be forever. If he could complete the ordeal, if he could run the course, then he would not be alone. Others would follow, ones like him who would be with him in that unending future.

On the last day he faced his final obstacle. Death himself had come to test him. Like a scapegoat* thronged about by those eager to cast their sin upon it, he passed through a gauntlet of his own





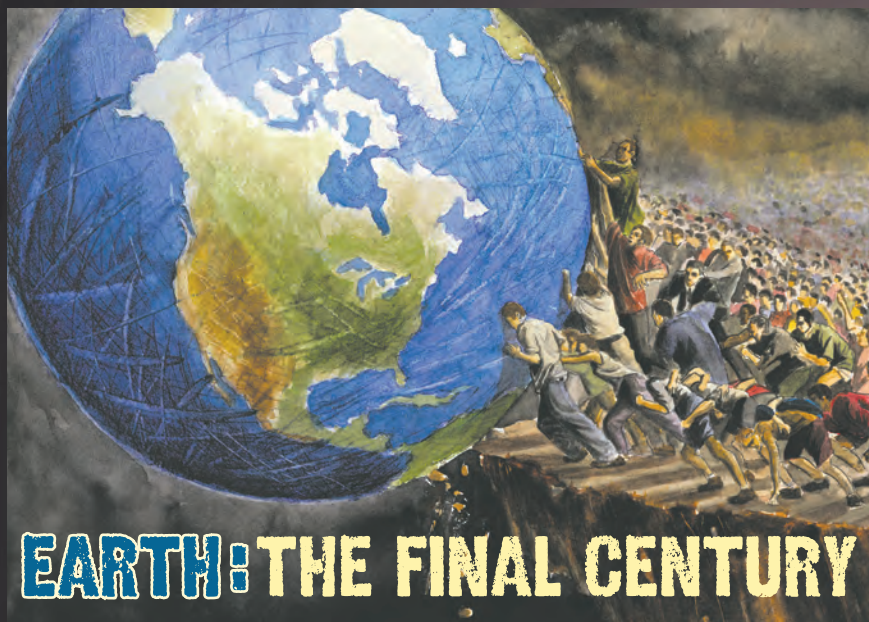
people, a crowd lining the streets, hurling abuse and scorn and curses. Beyond that came a second, more dreadful torture. All his spiritual enemies had gathered round and formed a gauntlet, too: two long rows of savage beasts armed with long rods, swinging at his back as he passed between them — to break his spirit, to cause him to give up, to drive him to his knees, and into the ground, and down into death.

Like the scapegoat wandering around in the wilderness until thirst or hunger or wild animals killed it, he took the sins of the whole world far away into the fiery darkness in the core of the earth. In that wild landscape he finished the agonizing ordeal. In a tossing sea of volcanic sulfur and molten stone he received the storm of Heaven's full wrath against sin. Like a helpless victim drowning in the flood, he passed through a suffering too great for us to understand. A universe of hurt and shame, of unpayable injuries and ruined lives, of corruption and perversity was paid for, one crime at a time, in that brief three-day eternity. Finally it ended!

What had given him the strength to go on and on? Love, for certain; only love grants such strength to endure. But wasn't there something more? Something else that had captured his heart and was the center of all his attention? What could have fascinated him so? Who was it?

It could only have been those who would follow him and be like a bride married to him. They were the reason why he felt compelled to die. He wanted to save them from the horrible agony of unending death. He knew that once they heard what he had done for them, they would respond to his love with the same fascination he felt toward them. They would willingly give up everything for his sake — family, career, wealth, ambitions, dreams, comforts, even their very own life and interests. This sacrifice, on their part, would come from their genuine response to his sacrifice, and would bring about a new nation of twelve tribes. Though his ordeal is over, hers is yet to come. Through all the labor that will take place, she won't lose heart, for he is her fascination. He is Yahshua. ♣

scapegoat — (*in the Bible*) a goat sent into the wilderness after the Jewish chief priest had symbolically laid the sins of the people upon it (Leviticus 16); a person who is blamed for the wrongdoings, mistakes, or faults of others, esp. for reasons of expediency.



EARTH: THE FINAL CENTURY

LONELINESS, alienation, and the disintegration of basic human relationships always go hand-in-hand with selfishness. Even consuming vast amounts of the world's goods does nothing to make up for the gnawing emptiness when human warmth is removed. The only escape from this ever-increasing cycle of selfishness and consumption is to enter into a brand new society as a brand new person. Here's how:

Since the beginning of time, Creation's voice has spoken to man. When the air was clean and you could drink water from the streams, Creation's voice spoke of the Creator and His bountiful intentions toward mankind. It spoke of His invisible nature which is seen through what He made for us: the faithful sun, the crisp silver moon, countless twinkling stars, majestic sunrises, fresh flowing streams, graceful birds in flight, the miracle of life itself... His handiwork. Even today creation proclaims this same message to every creature under heaven, great and small alike. It tells of the Creator's care for everything – from the farthest galaxy to the soil that He carefully designed so we could grow plants that contain just the right nutrients to sustain life and prevent disease.

The voice of Creation is the outward witness or evidence that there is a Creator. This voice agrees with the inner witness or conscience of

man. It knows what is right and what is wrong — intuitively, instinctively, without being taught. The truth about the Creator is evident, revealed in the heart of every man and every woman.

If a human being ignores this inner voice, he is without excuse. To suppress the truth in the innermost recesses of one's heart is to deny God. Men do this by the choices they make in life every day. They can obey what they know, what creation and their conscience tells them, or they can suppress what they know — the truth of creation and God's voice within, sinking instead into the gutter of self-interest.

This is the root of mankind's problems. When a person stops listening to God's voice in his heart, he starts to fall further and further from his Creator. What will ultimately control the heart of man? Will it be his intuitive sense of what is right? Or will it be his reasoning which always succumbs to the common denominator of greed and selfishness? Despite lofty talk and ideals, this common denominator is winning out. The result is the disintegration of basic human relationships. In its wake follow alienation and anger, separation and strife, bitterness and jealousy — the rest of the world's problems.

The earth reflects the same condition. Just like the breakdown of relationships in society, the ecosystems that have so delicately held the earth

together are rapidly breaking down. Her resources are being sapped and used up, vast areas of her surface are being drained of life, and she is reeling on the edge of destruction. Man has consumed so much of the earth's life to satisfy his own wants, he can hardly see that he is killing his mother. If this happens, the human race cannot survive.

The earth is polluted by its inhabitants; they have disobeyed the laws, violated the statutes and broken the everlasting covenant. Therefore a curse consumes the earth; its people must bear their guilt. Therefore earth's inhabitants are burned up, and very few are left. (Isaiah 24:5,6)

The extent to which the earth is polluted is in exact proportion to the degree that individuals have suppressed the inner voice of their conscience. They have violating laws, statutes, and covenants by which all men have been given to live by their Creator Himself. The result is that we think we know better than God regarding what is good for us and what is good for the earth. Science, higher education, and contemporary thinking have subtly deceived us and caused our hearts to become dull, forgetting and ignoring the voice of our Creator in our conscience. This process has resulted in man exalting his ways above God and His ways. This is not going to have positive results. Man's understanding is so darkened that he thinks he will be able to solve the world's problems before they will destroy him. But the prospective solutions have only produced bigger problems.

Few men realize that it is their own distance from God that is polluting the earth. Blaming large corporations is not the answer; living apart from conscience has done more harm to the earth than these giant polluters.

Guilt is real. Guilt causes violence and pride to rule instead of humility and reconciliation. Killing, immorality, and making a living off of someone else's sweat is unjust and wrong. Decency is an almost forgotten value. Few people even remember what it means anymore. People have started to believe that same-sex unions are normal, and as pleasing to God as traditional covenants of marriage. Many know that having sexual relationships outside of a lifelong covenant of love violate people, but they approve of it anyway. But few realize that immorality, indecency, and injustice also upset the fragile balance that sustains nature. To think otherwise is to believe a lie.

All people will stand or fall before God based upon what they actually did, not on what they thought or what they wanted to do. If we want to save the earth, what can we do? We need to admit our culpability and guilt in polluting the earth through our transgressing of God's internal code of conduct. Whether we are champions of environmental causes or not, we have to face the hypocrisy in our own hearts before any radical changes can be expected to come about. We cannot attempt to save the earth when we aren't putting other people ahead of ourselves. We are choosing instead to lead selfish lives.

To truly make a difference we must come out of this existing social order that is driven by consumerism. The word *consumerism* describes a way of life that continually wants more, never being satisfied. Self doesn't care whom it hurts to feed its insatiable lust for more. The society of consumption in which we live cannot last much longer. It destroys itself with the wasteful philosophy of "anything at any cost." Present-day society is comparable to ancient Greece and Rome, which experienced decay, decrease, depletion, and finally, destruction. They were consumed by wasting diseases such as society is experiencing today. There is no changing this. If you stay in it, you will be eventually consumed by it.

We, the Communities of the Twelve Tribes, are harbingers of a new social order. We are the first whisper of a voice that will warn all the earth's inhabitants of what is coming in the decades ahead. Just before the end of this age, the collective witness of this new social order will have a loud voice that will be heard throughout the whole earth. Its warning will ring out, giving man a chance to hear what he had been ignoring — the voice of Creation and his own conscience.

In the time of the end, the earth will shake, tremble, and spew forth her insides. Those who do not heed the call and escape into this new social order will cry out for the rocks to fall upon them; they will seek death but not be able to find it. They will be in a state of terror fearing the coming execution of justice, because they repeatedly chose what was evil in the sight of God. At that time, our Master Yahshua, the Messiah, will return to save the earth and to rule over it. He and those who belong to Him will bring judgment to all those who have polluted and destroyed her. ❖

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*T*here is a destiny and purpose for mankind. It is to fill all of creation with God's eternal image — the ultimate expression of love. This was God's plan since the dawn of creation, and is still His plan for you.

But the fulfillment of man's prophetic destiny is on hold, waiting for the redemption of mankind. This is because we are fallen human beings enslaved to sin and to the evil spirits that presently have authority over this world. They are the source of all evil, and those who choose to do evil actually give these dark spirits authority over their eternal souls.

Death was never intended for human beings, but without redemption and without a Redeemer all men will taste death. We desperately need to be redeemed back to our created purpose.

To *redeem* is to bring something back to its original value and worth. It is to restore what once was, but has been lost. The redemption of humanity involves the restoration of the human heart, the relationship between man and his Creator, and also with his fellow man. This means that human beings who are truly redeemed will no longer be divided or alienated from one another, living separate lives with conflicting goals and aspirations. They will truly be one — a living demonstration of the love of God.

This is actually happening on the earth right now. Even as you are reading this, Acts 2:44 and 4:32 are a living reality:

“All those who believed were together and shared all things in common.” (Acts 2:44)

“And the full number of those who believed were of one heart and one soul; and not one of them claimed that anything belonging to him was his own, but all things were common property to them.” (Acts 4:32)

This is the true pattern that expresses God’s image.¹ It is being established all over the earth² by a people who love Him with all their heart,³ and have given up everything to follow their Master Yahshua,⁴ the Son of God; for that is the cost of truly following Him.⁵

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

We surrender everything to Him — all of our possessions and all of our strength — holding on to nothing from our lives in this dying world. What we receive is far greater than what we give up. This is the *true* gospel.

We want to sincerely call you out of the kingdom of darkness and invite you into the kingdom of light. In order to enter the kingdom of light you must die, like a seed, as our Master said:

“Truly, truly, I say to you, unless a seed falls into the earth and dies, it remains alone, but if it dies, it bears much fruit. He who loves his life in this world loses it, and he who hates his life in this world will keep it to life eternal. If anyone serves me, he must follow me; and where I am, there my servant will be also; if anyone serves me, the Father will honor him.” (John 12:24-26)

Are you satisfied to just sing and dream about the next age, or are you ready to help bring it about? ♦

¹Acts 2:42,44 — “And they devoted themselves to the apostles’ teaching and the fellowship, to the breaking of bread and the prayers ... And all who believed were together and had all things in common.” ²Malachi 1:11 — “For from the rising of the sun to its setting my name will be great among the nations, and in every place incense will be offered to my name, and a pure offering. For my name will be great among the nations, says Yahweh of hosts.” ³1 Peter 2:9 — “But you are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for his own possession, that you may proclaim the excellencies of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.” ⁴See *The Man Yahshua* on page 7. ⁵Luke 14:33 — “So therefore, no one of you can be my disciple who does not give up all his own possessions.”



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THERE IS A PEOPLE who woke up this morning with one thing on their minds — to love their Creator with all their heart, mind, and strength, and to love one another just as He loved them. Being just ordinary human beings, we are far from perfect in our love, yet, in hope, we persevere. Our goal? That the kingdom of God would come on earth as it is in heaven, so that love and justice can rule on the earth. Sound impossible? It would be, were it not that the Son of God came to earth to redeem mankind, to set us free from the curse of sin, and to enable us to love. Because we have come to see His worth and our own desperate need, we have surrendered everything in order to follow Him. Our hearts and our homes are open night and day to any who are interested in our life or are weary of their sin and want to know the purpose for which they were created.

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