

FREE



The Floyd Fix

The Wall Tour Edition

A TWELVE TRIBES FREEPAPER

Always Free

***The struggle —
how do we deal with
life, with the pain,
with each other?***

Does anybody really know? "The Wall" reaches deep into the inner turmoil of a person in life – what do I do, how do I deal with the struggle, people, with relationships? It touches every note and emotion that comes to a person while hitting those spots when you feel like your are "skating on the thin ice of modern life"

Why do we lay in our beds crying at night because of the choices we made or scream out into the dark black night asking "WHY?" Wondering if anybody hears us. "IS THERE ANYBODY OUT THERE?" Or are we just alone in this universe, can anyone understand? Are there any answers? Is this all just a cruel joke, this thing called life? Is the pain necessary?

"Is there anybody out there?" How many have felt the loneliness of life at one point or another, wondering if anybody else really feels the way you do? Why has "The Wall" hit that chord with so many of us? Why has it left that mark? Is there really any hope to heal the separation that we feel to those around us? Can the wall truly be torn down? Or can we only relate to the hopeless feeling of



being trapped in ourselves? Is there anyplace people can be real with each other and actually be together?

***Can you tear the
bricks out of your
own wall?***

"If you wanna find out what's behind these cold eyes, you'll just have to claw your way through this disguise." Shall we hide behind our masks, or say goodbye to this cruel world and go "over the rainbow" CRAZY? Should we detach ourselves from the pain and go comfortably numb, or go for another round having one of our turns and lash out in a rage and get "mad at the world?" What do we do with all this stuff??? Growing up I longed to know these answers. What do I do with MYSELF?

When I was a youth, the construction of the wall was well underway, it wasn't yet complete but the foundation was laid and the courses were advancing quickly. My hand started to creep along the cold bricks with their joints searching for the way out...

Fifteen, despondent, kicked off the school bus with Scott, we walked down the

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street. House after house we walked through suburbia to the fifth boxlike house from the corner. Walking in, teenagers sat strewn about with glazed over faces staring at a television, which was staring back at them seated at the front of the room. "Sit down, it's "The Wall," it has just begun..."

I sat in awe as I watched my feelings about life portrayed on the 32" screen. I was touched that day feeling every turn of Pink's roller coaster ride through life, deep in my soul. I walked outside after the movie dazed and humming some tune... perhaps it was "Goodbye Cruel World"... I watched the movie countless times as my life rolled on and listened to the album more. I asked myself over and over, was there really any point to life? Did I have "amazing powers of observation" to relate so deeply with these songs or was this something many sensed, that something was missing in life? Somehow the gnawing feeling of an emptiness hit home and gave words and sounds to an unexplainable void. The sounds and images of this show would be the chorus of my life, my anthem, my sad reality...

Years walked on by and the ice started to crack beneath my feet. My hand slid along the velvety chair over and over as my mind reeled in despairing derision

over the life I had come to know as my own. My life, my girl, my sanity all seemed to have fled like a vapor at once, I tried to catch them in my shaking hands, but slipping through my fingers, they were gone. I fell down, slumped back into my recliner to waste away to nothing. I couldn't help, but at that time to feel what "Pink" must have been hauntingly asking when he moaned, "Does anybody else in there feel the way I do?" I did. Trapped, in myself, I sat mulling over my life, or as it felt, my slow death. How did I get here, is there anyway out? "One of my



turns" again felt right around the corner, lurking, they always seemed to be a turn for the worse. That feeling was coming on...

Day after day, love turns gray, like the skin on a dying man.

Night after night, we pretend it's all right,

But I have grown older, and You have grown colder, and nothing is very much fun any more.

And I can feel one of my turns coming on.

I felt deserted, cut off, and alienated from everyone. In my bitterness I lashed out at the few that were still my friends trying to test them to see who would stand with me in my despair. Where did everyone else go "Why are you running away?" I wished I could just run away from myself, just "run like hell," to get away from what I had become in my despondency and loneliness.

Was life really supposed to be like this? Couldn't I escape the prison I had put myself in? Wasn't there anybody out there who actually cared, and if they did, couldn't they help me out of here? – or, were they just in the next cell over clawing at their own walls or maybe setting up their own gilded cages? Was I put in here by my circumstances, or maybe those around me? Who really knows? I asked myself over and over.

In a world full of people I sat, in my apartment, a city

of two million in the dark, I walked the streets, looking for answers – is this really all there is to life, do I have to settle for the wall, was it true what was said in the song Hey You? –

"Hey you, out there in the cold Getting lonely, getting old, can you feel me? Hey you, standing in the aisles

With itchy feet and fading smiles, can you feel me?

Hey you, don't help them to bury the light

Don't give in without a fight..."

"But it was only fantasy.

The wall was too high, as you can see.

No matter how he tried, he could not break free.

And the worms ate into his brain."

Was this it, were the walls too high, should I give up the fight? Am I living in a fantasy that there could be hope? Should I let those hopeless thoughts just come

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boring through and breed in the depth of my soul? I felt them gnawing, alone, you will always be alone.

When I was really honest with myself, I knew that I had pushed people away. The the fact of my loneliness was a result of my own wretched condition. I had become what I had one time in life had hated... A selfish and bitter man. In my relationships – it was about me, in my sufferings – it was about me, in my life – it was about me. I built the walls to protect "me" from those around. Who would save me from myself? Why had I become this person I despised so much, and why did I continue to live this wretched life everyday?

And then it happened.

Hey you, don't tell me there's no hope at all, Together we stand, divided we fall...

I stood outside the house, my hands sweating and my heart started beating through my chest. We stood, the eight of us, a motley crew, waiting at the door. We had heard of a people who shared their lives together... so we came to see. "Did anyone call ahead, do they know we're coming..." "No, they said to come anytime" I started feeling sick inside, and wanted to run to the car, you can't just come knocking to come into peoples walls you know... The door opened, "Hey,

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welcome, come on in, what's your names, how did you hear about us."

We went inside and met families, beautiful families, people who looked you right in the eyes. I could hardly look up, so I sat in the back on the couch as they invited us to dinner, served us cookies they made, and told of a life without walls. We just walked into a home where peoples hearts and lives were open. It was like standing in the sunny fields after being huddled in a grey bunker fearing for your life. I had to leave, I could barely take it.

Over time I came to visit this people more and more. They came to know me for who I was. They actually

clawed their way through the disguise, saw the madness underneath and didn't run away.

They were honest with me – and told me I was S-E-L-F-I-S-H. I needed to learn how to love and they would show me the way – THERE WAS SOMEBODY OUT THERE, and He heard my cries from inside my wall, and brought me to His people. His name is Yahshua, the son of God written about in the bible. They explained to me He is the one who is mighty and powerful to save, and He could save me from my miserable selfish condition

and set me free to love.

Is it possible to get out of the black hole of self absorption and despair to walk in the light of love? –

Finally, there is a place to be real, a place to tear down the walls, a place where people are staying together to face all the garbage that has divided mankind for centuries.

YES, I was seeing it before my very eyes. Finally, there is a place to be real, a place to tear down the walls, a place where people are staying together to face all

the garbage that has divided mankind for centuries.

I have been here, with these people, my true friends for thirteen years.

They have seen me at my best and worst and still love me and I am learning to do the same for them. There is a wise old saying that says "A friend loves at all times and a brother is born for adversity." We can actually be real and honest and see we are in this life together – this struggle against selfishness, the wall...

We have truly found the key to being united together, forgiveness. In our struggle to stay out of the trap of ourselves to love we

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forgive one another along the way, we all have our problems but these aren't the focus, they just get in the way of love. Through our unity and love we hope to provide a way out to all who sit in the darkness. As it was said about our Master Yahshua, He came, "To give light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."

There really is hope, it is out there. I have found it, or it found me. The walls are being torn down, there is a people outside the wall calling to those who desire to be set free. If you are one of them we invite you to come and see. ♦

Help Me To Carry The Stone...

Summer of '77. July to be precise. It was real hot – a big deal for northerners. Floyd was culminating the Animals tour in Montreal. This was to be the show-of-shows. Indoors. 360 degree surround-sound. Animals falling from the sky. 97,000 of us would be inside, together. I got my first insight about "the Stone" listening to "Dogs." Oh, how we hated who they were describing ...

"... and after a while, you can work on points for style.

Like the club tie, the firm handshake, a certain look in the eye and a easy smile.

You have to be trusted, by the people that you lie to, So that when they turn their backs on you, You'll get the chance to put the knife in ..."

An astute Floyd insight ... but then they give us a glimpse into where these "dogs" go off to spend their last days ...

"And in the end you'll pack up and fly down south,

Hide your head in the Sand, Just another sad old man, all alone and dying of cancer."

But even Pink Floyd understood there had to be consequences

"... you'll reap the harvest you have sown.

And as the fear grows, the bad blood turns to stone ...

... so have a good drown, as you go down, all alone, dragged down by the Stone ..."

A fitting end for those who used others for their unjust gain. No band compared to Floyd with their razor-sharp insights, cryptic messages and their ability to use their synthesizers and strings to catapult our souls

out of the mundane. Of course, live shows were rare so the norm was to settle for second best.

Mom and Dad went out for the night. This was a no-brainer. I parked my bean bag right between my speakers while Floyd poured out of my Harman Kardon. A doobie assisted my journey with Floyd. Hadn't planned on mom getting a stomach bug. Cranked as high as my stereo would go, the voice of someone trying to call out to me was faint. I glanced over my shoulder ... MOM! The blue dope smoke still in the air. The look on her face wasn't just anger – there was pain. I was caught too red-handed to just wiggle my way out of this one. From so high to so low in an instant. The stone took me down, down, down ...

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My other friends could just shrug-off their moms. Not me. Couldn't do it ... The only way to get out of trouble with Mom was to add more weight to the Stone ... "Mom, I'm really trying to quit. In fact I haven't really been doin' it much since the last time I did it. Please Mom, believe me that I wanna' quit ..."

What a pack of lies. I had no intent on quitting. Deep-down there was a desire but my will was a slave. The Stone was getting heavy but when you're used to riding that high, its not easy to get off the ride.

They said, "College is the only way .." I weaseled my way in by drawing pretty pictures. They turned a blind eye to my grades. This was 1979. One year of college and I was needing a U-Haul to pull my stone wherever I'd go. Made a few close friends. Just a few. One was Ingrid — she was from Holland. Sensitive, oh, so sensitive, she was. She would read to us from Kahlil Gibran. I identified with her because she had flaws — insecure, lanky, plain-looking. That was just the outside ... Inside she was a rare gem.

After just one year my Stone was so heavy. And they said you had to do 4 years to get the Diploma to serve the Machine. I knew simple math. If it was this heavy after one year then 4 would put me under. I had to admit I was a little confused. It seemed to me as

if I was just being used. If I don't stand my ground, how can I make my way out of this maze?



I actually stood my ground. Not the norm for an addict. I joined the ranks of "drop-outs" and headed off to Africa, as far away from the Machine as possible. Animals, the indigenous, no time clocks. But it was only fantasy. The wall was too high as I was starting to see, leading Americas elite children on expeditions. No matter how hard I tried I could not break free. Sure I shed some things: dope, booze, the ambition to be a big shot, but alone hundreds of miles away from any civilization, in far away Africa I saw the walls within myself. I could no longer just blame the Machine or the Dogs.

Dejected and depressed I left the dark, pristine continent. Ingrid, who was now back in Holland, said I could stay with her family for a week on my way home. So I spent a week with my friend and her family. She was troubled. I could tell. We had hearts for something different but didn't know where to find it.

I will never forget the day I left Ingrid. It's like a re-run that appears every so often. She brought me to

the train station on my way to Paris. I had my backpack on, ready to board the train when Ingrid approached. She couldn't hide her tears. Words were hardly needed. My soul understood hers. "Why are you leaving? Please don't leave. I will be OK if you don't leave." I had to go. "Ingrid, I'm not the one. We're friends but that's all. You'll be OK."



Ingrid wasn't a pretender. She didn't know how to. She couldn't hide her hopelessness. I never saw her again or heard from her. Only got a letter 3 months later from her family. It was written in Dutch. I couldn't understand a word but knew something was wrong. Moms friend translated it for

me. Ingrid took her own life. No details. Just the fact.

"Goodbye Cruel World ... I'm leaving you today, there's nothing more you can say."

She gave in without a fight. She probably tried the churches but Ingrid was too sensitive to fall for their softly spoken magic spells. It happened in Leiden, where 400 years earlier the Pilgrims already saw the church was dead and were driven out.

My stone was getting so heavy. Why did I leave her at the train station? Was I just too selfish? But how could I carry her stone when mine was already unbearable?

"Vera! Vera! What has become of you? Does anybody else here Feel the way I do?"

My Vera was Ingrid. Why couldn't I help her? Not just keep her from dying, but have somewhere to point her to? Something and somewhere you don't have to swallow hard to accept ... I know all Ingrid wanted was love ... That's all she was looking for.

Time won't permit me to tell of my fight to find

A Twelve Tribes Freepaper someone who would help me carry the stone. Somehow I couldn't give in ... Being comfortably numb sounded like dying to my dreams and I couldn't accept that. You shouldn't either.

Euphoria is possible. But its not a song or a drug or a meal or a boyfriend. Its the reward from a life of hard work, striving for true love. Sacrificial love. Love that isn't selfish. Selfishness is death. Love produces community. Selfishness destroys it.

God is Love. Love isn't Selfish. Gods enemy is selfishness.

I am thankful for guilt. It's been my friend — keeping me from becoming comfortably numb; self satisfied while out of sync with my Creator and His purpose.

Please, I beg of you, don't underestimate the Power of the Stone.

Please, Come Home.

Don't take on Death alone.

We'll help you carry your Stone.

I live in a special place — we call these specials places "clans and tribes", where these words are a reality ...

"You know that I care what happens to You. And I know that you care for me. So I don't feel alone or the weight of the Stone."

My name is Shoresh.

Please come see us. *Please.* ♦

Don't Give Up Without A Fight!

You've been everywhere and done everything to try to make sense out of your life. Perhaps you've given up the fight. Or perhaps you never had much fight in you, having been conditioned by this society and your upbringing to just settle for pleasure and comfort, never thinking too much about the consequences or what lies beyond our brief lifetime on this planet. There is a way to break through the wall of alienation and separation that keeps us from sweet fellowship with one another and our Creator.

If we could read between the lines of the written word of God, we would understand the heart of God and His eternal purpose for mankind. For the word of God and His commands are spelled out very plainly in the scriptures. But only when it truly dawns in a person's heart that they are being called by God into eternal fellowship with Him, will they find the courage and determination to obey His word.

God is Homeless, Too

You would probably never imagine that the Creator of the infinite universe has an unmet need. God is homeless. If it were as simple as a tent or a building, or even a planet or galaxy, God would have a home in which to dwell. But from the beginning, He has had

His sights set on something so much more magnificent and beautiful. He is waiting for His highest creation, whom He made in His very likeness, to be made fit to be His dwelling place. He is waiting for you.

Thus says the LORD, "Heaven is My throne, and the earth is My footstool. Where then is a house you could build for Me? And where is a place that I may rest?" "For My hand made all these things, thus all these things came into being," declares the LORD. "But to this one I will look, to him who is humble and contrite of spirit, and who trembles at My word. (Isaiah 66:1-2)

God's prime and essential purpose is made clear through the "Good News of the Kingdom" that was proclaimed by His Son Yahshua.¹ This same good news will be proclaimed by all those who are seeking God's glory and are living to bring about His will on the earth. Yahshua Himself prophesied that this good news of the Kingdom would be proclaimed as a tangible witness to the whole world, then the end will come. What is the "good news," and what is the "Kingdom" we are to look forward to?

¹ See Yahshua, *The Name Above All Names* on page 7.

Reconciliation

The word *reconcile* is the primary indication of our Father's great love for mankind whom He created for Himself, for His own purpose. To be reconciled means a change from a state of enmity between persons to one of friendship. The word *reconcile* comes from an old Latin word, which means to *cause to coexist in harmony; make to be compatible*.

Mankind has drifted far from the likeness of God we were created in. Though we were born with the instinctive knowledge of God in our conscience, we also inherited the inclination towards evil (selfishness), which was in the generations before us. *Sin* is simply *not doing the good we know to do*. Along the way we have all made choices that not only separated us from our fellow human beings, but our choices also demonstrated the fact that we were separated from God — *dead in our trespasses*. Yet from the beginning God has had a plan to reconcile us to Himself.

Now all these things are from God, who reconciled us to Himself through Christ, and gave us the ministry of reconciliation, namely, that God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not counting their trespasses against them, and He has

committed to us the word of reconciliation. Therefore, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God were entreating through us; we beg you on behalf of Christ, be reconciled to God. (2 Corinthians 5:18-20)

You can see in these verses the two primary aspects of God's plan to bring us back into friendship with Him:

1. God was in Messiah (Yahshua) reconciling the world to Himself, not counting their trespasses against them.
2. He has committed to those who belong to Messiah, the word of reconciliation.

The Man Yahshua

The Spirit of God was in "the man" Yahshua reconciling the world to Himself, as it says in 1 Timothy 2:5: *For there is one God, and one mediator also between God and men, the man Messiah Yahshua*. Yahshua is the only one who can mediate between man and God. *Mediate* means to *intervene between people in a dispute in order to bring about an agreement or reconciliation*.

God cannot be the mediator to Himself. The mediator can only be a man who has no sin of his own. But now He has given "us" the word of reconciliation, in order that we could bring people to Messiah, who in turn brings them to the

Father. The "us" who have this ministry of reconciliation are those who have already been reconciled, and have been entrusted with the same Spirit who filled Yahshua — *as though God were entreating through us; we beg you on behalf of Christ, be reconciled to God*.

These righteous "sent ones" were described by Yahshua: "He who is seeking the glory of the One who sent him, he is true, and there is no unrighteousness in him.² He also said, "Truly, truly, I say to you, he who receives whomever I send receives Me; and he who receives Me receives Him who sent Me." When this righteous sent one brings the word of reconciliation, the one who is willing to do God's will, will gladly do what he is being called by God to do in order to be reconciled to Him.

Since God was in Messiah reconciling the world to Himself, this was Yahshua's full-time occupation while He was on the earth. He set His face like flint to accomplish His mission. Now all that He said and all that He did is left to those who carry on this mission of reconciling mankind to the Father, through the sacrifice of Yahshua. They no longer live for themselves, but for Him who died for them, to carry on with His prime objective. All that they do and all that they say is for the purpose of communicating the great love of our Father for man and

² John 7:18

His desire that no one would perish, but that all would come to repentance.

When You See With Your Eyes, And Hear With Your Ears

What will it take for men to recognize the true disciples of Yahshua among all of the confusion of Christianity? Who is walking the way He walked and becoming like Him? How do we become like Him? Yahshua said, *"By this all men will know that you are My disciples, if you have love for one another."*³ What you saw in Yahshua was the love of the Father, and it will be the same in His disciples. This is what will enlighten men to *know*, which means to *believe and trust that which you hear*.

'For the heart of this people has become dull, and with their ears they scarcely hear, and they have closed their eyes lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart and return, and I should heal them.' (Matthew 13:15)

When you come to the place where the walls are coming down and harmony and understanding is growing between brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, parents and children, then you will know you have found those who have been reconciled to Him. This is the home of God and a home for all the lonely who are not satisfied to spend eternity apart from Him. Don't give up without a fight! ♦

³ John 13:35

A New Social Order

Isn't there a tree where birds of every feather can flock together and find a nest, a place to belong, a home? Is it just an elusive dream that human beings could live together close enough to really care for one another? Will every attempt of diverse groups of people to live in unity of heart, mind, and purpose always be destined for miserable failure?

As a tribal people who follow Yahshua, the Messiah spoken of in the Bible, we have been growing for almost forty years, becoming spiritual Israel. We all work together to support ourselves, raise our children, and share a common life like the disciples did in the first century. We are not just trying to have a nice, cozy, secure life in community. To do so would be selfish. We're not even living as we do to make the world a better place for our children.

Instead, Yahshua has called us to give up our self-centered lives in order to save us from eternal death and give us eternal life. We could never create this life through self-effort, but only by absolute surrender of our sovereignty to the One who made us. In return, He gave us His life, which is eternal life. Now, by the energizing power of His life within us, we have begun to experience this eternal life in advance of the coming new age. It is a witness, a sign of what it will be like then. As a result of this witness being lived out in the presence of all the nations, our Master Yahshua will return, bringing justice to the earth. Then the new age will begin, and we will share with Him in the full and perfect expression of this new life. This is our hope and the hope of the whole world.

The tribal communities that are being gathered in the name of

Yahshua the Messiah, are becoming a nation. This nation will be distinguished by bearing the fruit that eternal life produces — love perfected in unity. We have come together from many different nations and backgrounds, both religious and non-religious, to be a living demonstration of this unity that can only come about in Yahshua. It is possible now, in this life, but only because our Master has forgiven us of our sins and given us His Spirit, which enables us to live this new life now in this age, together.

Men were meant to love as Yahshua loved when He was on the earth. This is how we become friends with an eternal bond. If this friendship is rooted and founded upon true faith in our Creator, and divine love for one another, it will endure. As foretold by the prophet Ezekiel, birds of many different feathers will flock together to find shelter in God's mighty tree, which will be the habitation of men and women purchased by God from every race and every nation to be a part of God's kingdom on earth.

This life is coming about because God is doing something extraordinary in these most difficult and confusing days. His love is compelling men and women to give up their causes, their agendas, their possessions, and all their ambitions to follow Yahshua, the Messiah, in obedience to His word. To gain this life on earth now, it costs you everything. Our Master offers this eternal life freely, but only to those who see the precious value of it enough to forsake all selfish pursuits. Only then can there be true fellowship with birds of every feather who will never leave you or forsake you.

Eternal life is a totally new life. To get this new life here and now,

you must terminate your present independent life, come to where Messiah's Spirit lives, and surrender. In doing so, you will be immersed into a life together with others where you will be taught by God, through His people, a whole new way of living, thinking, and being. If you want to save any portion of your life in this present social order, you will lose it — that is, you will go to eternal death. But if you are ready to lose your life, utterly abandon it, for the sake of Messiah and the good news we proclaim, you will save it, which means you will inherit eternal life.

Yahshua is the Son of God who died in our place for our sins. He suffered the death that we all deserve for repeatedly ignoring our consciences. He knew the selfish center of man's heart, which is the root cause of all the massive problems plaguing the earth. He knew His people would sense their own personal guilt, their part in this destruction we see all around us. He knew they would want a way out, a way to be forgiven, a way to have a whole new existence. He knew they would be drawn to His love, the love that was demonstrated for them when He died on the cross. That's why those who actually believe that He died for their sins, will actually no longer live for themselves, but for Him, who died and rose again on their behalf. They will give all their possessions, and all their energy to see His people gathered together as one nation, a new social order. ♦

If you are looking for actual community and the life we have talked about here stirs your heart and challenges your spirit — come and see.

Our Liberator

A person facing certain death has no doubt about the reality of judgment. At that instant, he knows where his life is taking him; he is no longer able to ignore the voice of his conscience.

He faced certain death. He not only sensed judgment — He stood before the judge and was condemned. The dreadful sentence of death had been rendered. He bore a heavy weight of guilt as He left the court.

His was not a private execution before the eyes of a few required witnesses. He walked before His countrymen, disfigured by the brutal treatment of His guards. Strong men paled at the sight of Him and women wept. Step by awful step He walked to where His life would finally be wrenched from His battered body.

Many men had walked that grim path before. The guilt they bore sealed their eternal destiny. Stumbling and collapsing from exhaustion, He finally reached the place of execution. In a few agonizing hours the public spectacle came to an end. Those who were there heard Him cry out about being forsaken by God. He surely was.

There before the eyes of heaven and earth His life ended. The weight of guilt thrust His righteous soul down into the pit of death, the place of torment. Yet He didn't bear His own guilt — He bore ours. He willingly took upon himself the anguish that our sins deserved. In all His suffering He uttered no complaint and felt no bitterness.

His death was the greatest act of love ever demonstrated. His innocent blood covered every unjust and filthy act that we have ever done — all the things we continued to do against our consciences.

He spent three days and three nights in that place of torment, and that was enough to pay for the sin of us all. The pain He went through was enough. Even in death there was not one bit of distrust or resistance to His Father's will for Him. That's why the full anguish of death was able to reach the very core of His being in such a short time. It more than equaled the suffering which the hard-hearted will resist eternally as they continue to reason away their guilty consciences.

When He had done all He was sent to do, His Father raised Him from the dead. Because of His innocence it was impossible for Him to be held any longer in that place of torment. In His death He purchased the earth and all its inhabitants. In His resurrection He became King to all who would follow Him. His name — **Yahshua** — means **I am mighty and powerful to save**. That same power that raised Him from the dead enables His disciples to love one another the same way He loved us. It actually breaks down the barriers that alienate human beings from one another. It produces a life of love and unity — the evidence that God loves mankind and sacrificed His Son to set us free.

He is our Liberator. Anyone who is willing to do His will can come to Him and be set free from the sentence of death. God, in His great mercy and lovingkindness towards man, provided a way that even the unjust and filthy could find forgiveness and change their eternal destiny. ♦

Yahshua

The Name Above All Names

In the days of John the Baptist and the Son of God, the preserved language of the devout Jews was Hebrew. So, when the angel Gabriel brought the good news to the Hebrew virgin, Miriam (or *Mary* in English), that she would give birth to the Savior of the world, and told her what His name would be, what language do you suppose he spoke? Hebrew, of course! And certainly Miriam and Yoceph (or *Joseph* in English) named the child just as the angel had commanded them — *Yahshua*.

In Matthew 1:21, your Bible probably reads, "...and you shall call His name *Jesus*, for He will save His people from their sins." But the name *Jesus* 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*,¹

¹ *Yah* is the personal name of God, and *shua* is from a Hebrew root word that means "to save." God identified Himself to Moses as *YAH* (meaning "I AM") in Exodus 3:14, as in Psalm 68:4, KJV ("whose name is *Jah*"), and as most familiar in the word *Hallelujah* ("Praise *Yah*"). And in John 5:43 and 17:11, *Yahshua* says that He came in His Father's name, "the name which You have given Me" (NASB), so it is not surprising that the Father's name would be incorporated into the Son's

which makes sense out of what the angel said in Matthew 1:21, "...you shall call His name *Yahshua* [Yahweh's Salvation], for He shall save His people from their sins."

The fact is, the name of God's Son was not even pronounced as "Jesus" in English until the 16th century, simply because there was no "J" sound or letter in English until then.² The modern letter "J" developed from the letter "I" which began to be written with a "tail" when it appeared as the first letter in a word. So in old English the name now written as *Jesus* was actually written and pronounced much like the original Greek *Iesous*. Eventually the hard "J" sound crept into the English language to accompany the different way of writing the initial "I" in the name.

You may also find it interesting that in Acts 26:14-15, it says that the apostle Paul heard the name of the Son of God pronounced "in the Hebrew tongue" by the Son of God Himself, so he certainly didn't hear the Greek name *Iesous* or the English name *Jesus*, but rather the Hebrew name, the name above all names, *Yahshua*.³ ♦

name, *Yahshua*.

² Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary (Oxford University Press, 1971), pp. 1496,1507.

³ Philippians 2:9; Acts 4:12



If God lived on my street, I'm sure the house would be big. It would have lots of rooms for all the widows and orphans who live there. It would be their home, not some institutional orphanage with bars on the windows. I'm sure the rooms would have windows to let lots of light in. The house would probably be old and fixed-up, not new and plastic.

There would be a nice white fence around the house, so that the children are safe inside. It would have a gate that is easy to open, so that guests could come in. No mean dog would bark and scare people.

Lots of people would live in God's house, I'm sure, because God doesn't want to be alone. He's not a lonely God. Nobody would cry alone in their rooms at night, or at the dinner table over a bowl of reheated canned soup. No, all the people would eat together, and some would cook, and some would clean up, but they would all be together.

They would invite everyone on my street to a special dinner. They would invite the poor couple in the small apartment, and the crippled woman, and the lame boy with the funny legs that curved inwards. And the blind man, yes, everybody knew his name, and he came all the time. There was a place for everyone at the table, but not everyone came. The important people never came, because they were too busy doing important things. They could have come, but they didn't.

God's house would be clean. God's yard would be clean. In fact, all the trash on the street would get picked up. You could tell someone cared.

God is love, and love is God. I think – if I lived where Love lived, that I could change my bad habits. I could even be honest about the bad things I had done, and then I could change. I bet everybody who lived at God's house says "I'm sorry" a lot and "I forgive you" even more.

If you wanted to come over, you'd be welcome. All the people inside would stop and talk to you. If it was getting late, God would invite you to spend the night and give you His room. He'd even let you move in to His house. And you could bring home another person, too.

It would be a place to belong, a place to be for a long time, a place where the people belong to God, and He belongs to them.

I would move in and live with Love, if God lived on my street. ♦

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