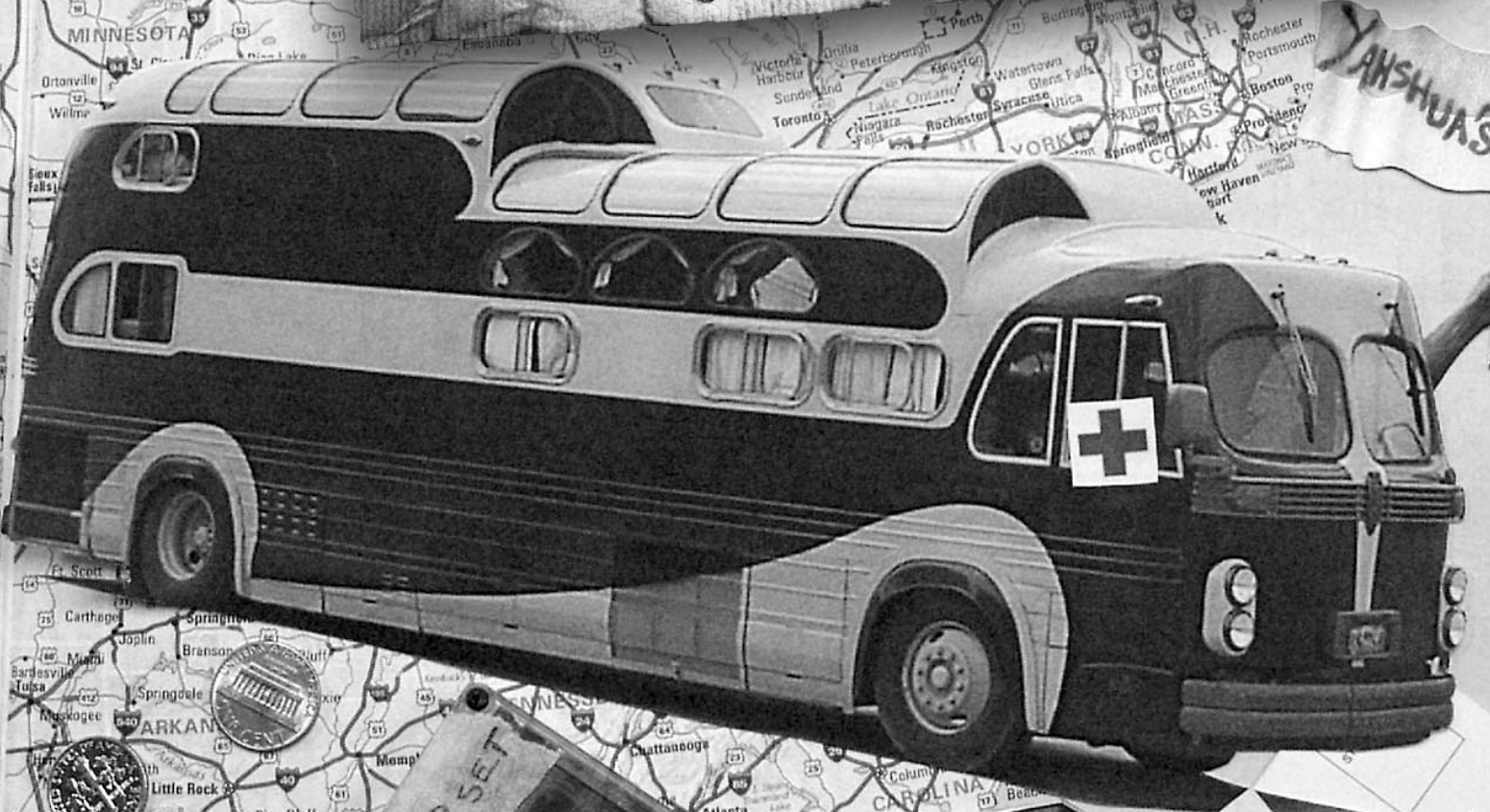


FREE

*grateful
gid on the bus*



YANSHUA'S



*Just a reminder
I am calling
in Richard
I am beginning
things you
from
you better
be*

TKT. NO. 373
LAWN

DEER CREEK MUSIC CENTER
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA
Mon., July 3, 1995 - 7:00 P.M.
\$25.50
PLEASE NO CANS, GLASS CONTAINERS, ALCOHOL,
FLASH CAMERAS OR VIDEO EQUIPMENT OF ANY KIND
(\$12.00 FACILITY FEE)

PRODUCED BY CONTEMPORARY
SPORT AMPHITHEATRE
Heights, Missouri
7:00 P.M. - \$28.50
CASHES, MICROWAVE
EQUIPMENT OF ANY KIND,
OVERNIGHT PARKING
Admit One This Date

TKT. NO. 373
LAWN



After All These Years



*So nice to see you after such a long time.
Where have you been,
tell me what did you find?
Did you ever make it to the end
of your rainbow?
I was watching for you at the door,
hoping you'd find your way home.*

In 1987, a young man from one of our communities named Daniel began to talk about the Grateful Dead scene and how he felt like there were many there who were searching for life. At first we didn't know what to think about it. Most of us had come from different walks of life, although many of us were part of the '60s movement and had at least a little familiarity with the Grateful Dead. But Daniel was very persistent in his desire to reach out to the Deadheads, so we took on Daniel's faith.

We found a bus, well actually two buses. We spent many long days and nights putting the top half of one bus on the bottom of the other, as well as finishing the inside to be a warm place of hospitality. We were so thankful to have a comfortable place for people to come and get to know us. We built a kitchen in the back to make cookies and tea for the new friends we would make.


Then we wrote articles, drew

pictures for a special *freepaper*, and worked many days and nights putting the publication together. We were almost ready to go. But what would we do there? What would our Master Yahshua do there? Well of course, He would go and serve, so that's what we did!

We decided that we would send our First Aid people and make ourselves available to those who needed emergency medical care. We also sent musicians, singers and dancers to give people a taste of the life we had back at home. When everything was ready, we went out, full of excitement and hope... It wasn't long before we understood Daniel's heartfelt desire.

For nine years we went out on the tours, mostly on the East coast, with our maroon and cream, double-decker bus: the "Peacemaker." Perhaps you met us. Did you see us dancing in a circle? We may have taken glass out of your foot, or cleaned up the scrape on your knee. Perhaps you sat and talked with us

on the bus while you came down from a bad trip. Do you remember? We might have helped you find your friends. We laughed with you and cried with you, folk-danced with you, and sang songs to you. Many of you came home with us for a visit. Some fell in love and never left. Many promised to return someday. We have prayed for you and hoped you would find your way home.

We're here because we haven't forgotten about you and hope you haven't forgotten us. We are still together growing in our love for each other and our Master Yahshua.* We made this special paper for you. We have woven together poems and stories and articles to help you understand what we are also beginning to understand — the love of our awesome Creator. Prepare yourself for an adventure! Find a quiet place and discover the truth that will set you free. It could change your eternal destiny... 

*See pages 11, 18 & 19 for more about our Master Yahshua.

"Grateful" is such a wonderful word. Just the sound of it makes you feel good.

Think back to a time when you were very young, when you were just learning how to swim. You got in too deep and you were going under. Then just when you thought it was all over, the lifeguard jumped in and saved you. Remember how the rest of the summer you could not keep your eyes off him? He was your hero. When he came to help you, you were so

GRATEFUL

OR REMEMBER YOUR SECOND GRADE TEACHER? SHE TOOK SO MUCH EXTRA TIME TO HELP YOU LEARN TO READ. SHE DIDN'T NEED TO DO IT, BUT SHE SAW YOU NEEDED HELP. YOU WERE SO GRATEFUL FOR HER

k i n d n e s s

You always wanted to do something to repay her, but the flowers you put on her desk each morning could not even come close to expressing your gratitude. Perhaps it is something else.

There are friends who are very dear to you, and times that

WARM YOUR HEART

...but these are rare. There aren't really that many moments in your life when you were truly grateful. It is too bad, because the ones you remember are so good. One time at a show in Worcester a few years ago, a guy just walked up to you and gave you a ticket. That was one night you were very grateful. Once inside, you forgot all about it, but afterwards you remembered and always wanted to get in touch with him again.

It's easy to forget times like that. It is not easy to stay grateful for long.



BUT NOTICE THIS: "THERE WILL BE TERRIBLE TIMES IN THE LAST DAYS. PEOPLE WILL BE

LOVERS

of themselves, lovers of money, boastful, proud, abusive, disobedient to their parents, *ungrateful*, unholly, without self-control, brutal, not lovers of the good, treacherous, rash, conceited, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God ...have nothing to do with them."

Someone might say, "I'll be grateful when I'm dead." Maybe that is where the name the **GRATEFUL DEAD**

came from. Life is so messed up, being dead could be something to be grateful for. But who really knows what death holds? Will there be anything there to be grateful for?

This quote comes from the Bible. A prophet is speaking of a time to come when mankind will exhibit these qualities. It is going to be a terrible time. One reason why it will be so terrible is that most people will be ungrateful. Now this is not something that we, in this generation, consider to be so terrible. We never even think much about being grateful. Yet, somehow a person who is *ungrateful* is to be avoided at all cost. Why is this?

But if the prophet says that we are to avoid the ungrateful, then we better start searching for *someone, somewhere*, who has *something* to be grateful for. We had better look to see if there is *anything* in this life to be *grateful* for. If there is nothing in life to be grateful for, there will surely be nothing in death. The grateful living are the ones who will be the grateful dead. Some living and grateful people can be found here. You are welcome to join us.

WISH YOU WERE HERE

I was finally free! I raced through time and space totally unrestrained by the physical boundaries that had always tied me to my home planet. The music was loud and alive. The beat seemed to be in perfect harmony with my pounding heart. The singer revealed the mysteries of the ages in what he said and what he didn't say. My emotions swooped and dived — one moment I was laughing hysterically, the next moment I wept bitterly. I was alone and tripping my brains out. Pink Floyd had totally captivated my soul.

Every once in a while I would open my eyes to reality. I was laying on the couch in my living room curled up in a ball. The room was dark except for the snow on the television screen. There was an eight-track tape of "Wish You Were Here" playing on my stereo. The flow of the music was broken every 15 minutes or so as the tape clicked to the next track. I preferred the fantasy — giving my soul over to wherever the acid and Pink Floyd wanted to take me. I closed my eyes and opened my mind.

The singer seemed to know the truth about what was going on in the world. He exposed the phony, back-slapping promoters that just wanted to exploit my gifts for their own selfish gain. "Have a cigar, you're gonna go far." Then he seemed to be telling me that I had no choice but to become like them, part of the insatiable beast (system). "Welcome to the machine." At first I was sad and bitter about this unavoidable reality. Then I became indignant.

Was this why I was created — to be victimized by, and ultimately perpetuate this corrupt social structure? Was I just a pawn in a seemingly pointless chess game? Whose idea was this, anyway? I was 18 years old and all of the sudden life didn't seem to hold the same promise that it once had.

Why should I be surprised? I had been lied to my whole life. My parents told me all about Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy and Jesus Christ. I felt so stupid as each lie was exposed. I hardened my heart a little more each time my trust was violated.

The singer passionately sang "Wish you were here." Wish who was here? I realized that I was desperately alone. Not just in a physical sense, but there was no one who really knew me or understood me. But I needed somebody. I needed love. I needed a way out of this predicament. The singer exposed the



hopelessness of my situation without giving me anything else to hope in. Was I just another "lost soul swimming in a fishbowl?"

TEN YEARS LATER...

I dropped off my 5 year-old daughter at

my mother's house for the day. I set out on the three-hour drive to Louisville. The Grateful Dead would be playing there. I wasn't very familiar with their music, but the scene was interesting and life was mostly boring so I decided to check it out. Besides that it was one of the few places that you could score real LSD.

As I drove alone on the interstate I thought about my life. So much had happened in such a short time. My wife left me a few years before to be with another man. She told me she loved me. I believed her. She and I became Christians together. Somebody told me that Jesus died for my sins. I believed them. I said a little prayer. They told me that I was forgiven for my sins. It wasn't long before I was back into my same old lifestyle. Oh, I still believed that Jesus died for me, but somehow church life was a little too stale for my tastes.

I had a good career, a nice home, a decent car, always had money in my pocket and Jesus too. What a life! The "American Dream." Only somehow I was unfulfilled. Life seemed pointless. It seemed like I was caught on this treadmill of working... paying bills... trying to get ahead... But where was I going? The singer was right after all (or so it seemed).

I arrived at Freedom Hall around noon. It wasn't long before I found what I was looking for and dosed. I stood there in the parking lot and played my guitar and sang until the acid kicked in and I couldn't play anymore. I spent the rest of the day wandering around taking in the scene.

Evening came and about half the people in the parking lot went into the show. I hadn't come for the show. Why did I come? I continued to wander aimlessly. Then I heard some beautiful music — very different from the other music I had heard that day. Unconsciously, I drifted towards its source.

I came upon this very unusual maroon and cream double-decker bus. This music seemed to be coming from the other side. I walked around the bus.

YAHSHUA'S

It was as if I had walked through a door and entered into another place and time. There they were! I found them, or did they find me? They were beautiful! They held hands and danced in a circle around a sapling in the light of a full moon. Their steps were in perfect harmony. They looked happy and peaceful and somehow clean. There was a small band of musicians playing the beautiful music that drew me to them.

I wept. A young woman was walking around handing out papers to those who watched. She was obviously one of them. She stopped in front of me and looked into my eyes. I had never seen anyone so beautiful as she was. Her eyes were bright and clear and full of warmth. She had a big beaming smile on her face. We stood there for a very long time. I continued to weep. Finally, she asked me why I was crying. I told her I didn't know. She invited me on their bus.

I found out that these people have been brought together from every imaginable walk of life. They told me that they were part of a new social order founded on love. Well you don't hear that every day! Everything they told me sounded too good to be true. Yet I couldn't deny that there was something very unusual about these people. There seemed to be some kind of radiance coming from them — a purity. It was very intriguing. They told me that they follow Yahshua - the Son of God, written about in the bible. Could it be that there really is a way to know God's Son and truly be forgiven? Is He really gathering His children from all of the places they are scattered? I had trusted so many times and ended up disappointed.

It took me another year after I met the Community before I finally went to Vermont to visit them. My daughter and I came to see the life that I heard about on the bus that night. It was everything they told me, and so much more.

I found a true family who shared the same heart — a new heart and a new life — all because of their King — Yahshua the Messiah. They were happy and thankful and at peace with one another. There were no rich or poor among them, because they shared all that they had with one another. The married couples seemed very much in love with one another, even after many years of marriage. The children were cheerful and obedient and very friendly. Their life was living proof to me that God sent His Son and that He loves us.

WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT YAHSHUA

God actually sent His only Son to the earth to walk as a man. Yahshua was fully human. He laughed and cried, sang and danced, and He loved. He saw our condition firsthand. Yahshua saw how lost and lonely and confused we were. His heart ached to see mankind in this state. He knew that we were created for something much greater. Yahshua gave Himself completely to those who came near Him. He fed them and healed them and

He told them the truth. He told them who he was and what was going to happen to Him and how they could follow Him.

Yahshua knew His purpose was to restore our worth, our dignity, our glory — to take away the sin that separated us from our loving Creator. He understood it would cost Him everything to buy us back from the spiritual death we were in and the eternal separation awaiting many of us in the sea of fire. We were worth it to Him. He was able to look past our rough exterior and see our heart. He believed that when we saw how much His Father loved us, we would respond to His love and come back to Him.

Yahshua went to death in our place. Because He never sinned, God received Him as a righteous sacrifice for our sin. Because there was no resistance in Yahshua, He was able to receive in three days what we wouldn't have been able to receive in eternity.

Once our sin was paid for, death no longer had any claim on this innocent man. Yahshua rose to life after three days and nights as the scriptures said He would, never to die again. Through the blood of Yahshua, we can be forgiven and be reconciled to God — to be with Him forever and ever.

This is true freedom. We are no longer in bondage to our own insatiable, selfish desires. We've received the deepest desire of our heart — the love and approval of our Creator. We don't have to be alone anymore.

WELCOME TO THE MACHINE?

The machine (this present world social order) is a trap. It is designed to lull you to sleep. You hardly notice how it trains you to love what is evil and hate what is good. The master of the machine — the ruler of this world — Satan, has been judged. He killed the only innocent man that ever lived — God's own Son.

If you love the machine, you are not only part of it, but you will work with it to destroy the lives of other people. Ultimately, you will share in its fate when Yahshua returns to destroy it.

If you love Yahshua, you will take His hand and let Him lead you out of this present evil age and into eternal life where you will fulfill everything He had on His heart for you since the

beginning of time. God loves you so much that He gave you a free will. You do have a choice! You are accountable for the choices that you make. Choose life!

WISH YOU WERE HERE...

I know now why I wept when I saw them. Somehow, in my spirit, I knew that I found my people. I had found my home! I left my former life behind and took Yahshua up on His offer of forgiveness. It's been twelve years since we came. I'm not disappointed. My daughter is eighteen now. She is a wonderful young woman who loves our Master Yahshua with all of her heart. We long to see others rescued like we were. Our home and our hearts are open to you.



Michael

A Brand New Culture

Crossing the border
often puts you
smack-dab in the
midst of a
foreign culture.



You're surrounded by
hundreds of new impressions.
People's clothes, food, music, cars,
and houses — everything seems
so different. The same thing
starts to happen when
you follow our
Master Yahshua.



About thirty years ago, our culture began from a few people with childlike hearts who left the popular culture of the world, walking away from their old lives. At that time it was mainly young single people, but soon there were families with children, and even grandparents. We started giving up our houses, farms, and businesses to become part of this new life. Something special and exciting was happening — an enlightenment, a revelation was permeating us. There was an assurance of being cared for, a conviction of something worth living for. This caused us to cast off fear and self-interest so we could live for each other.

At that time we started to understand some of the things that were written in the Bible long ago:

"I tell you the truth," Yahshua replied, "no one who has left home or brothers or sisters or mother or father or children or fields for me and the gospel will fail to receive a hundred times as much in this present age (homes, brothers, sisters, mothers, children, and fields — and with them, persecutions) and in the age to come, eternal life."

The farmer was promised a hundred farms for the one he gave up. Those who gave up houses would gain a hundred in return. And all



the people who were giving up parents, relatives, and friends to be disciples, would, in turn, live in those hundred houses and receive an abundant social life with those hundreds of new brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers and children. What else could the Master have meant by those words? We saw that he was talking about starting a brand new culture, and we began to realize what was happening right in our midst — a new spiritual nation.

Soon we began to form our own economy based on cottage industry, farming, and traditional crafts, because we wanted to keep this new culture pure, free from greed and selfishness. With conviction, we took our children out of the public school system in order to teach them at home. We realized that everything we did would be in vain if we left our children to be corrupted by the disrespect, independence, and peer pressure of the old culture.

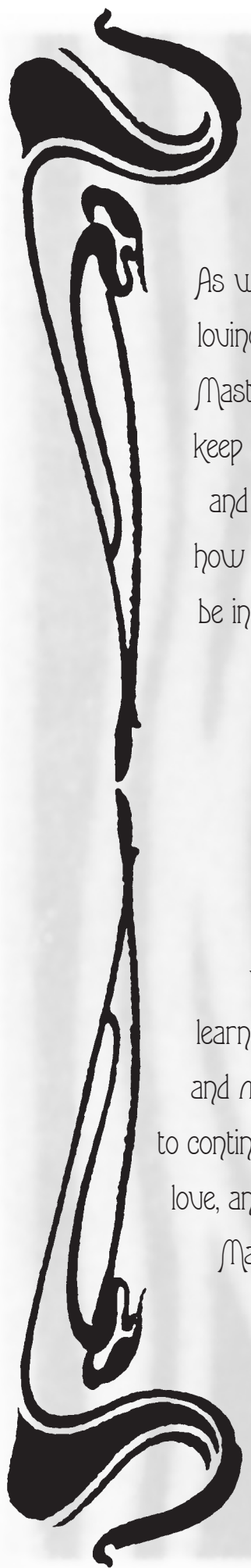
We also began creating and making our own garments, to uphold modesty and purity and respect for each other. Each step of the way our Father was leading us to be more distinctive from the world that surrounded us.


And so it continues to this day. The meals we eat together are simple and nourishing, not driven by health fads, but simply made from whole fresh foods. We like to focus on careful preparation and serving, rather than richness of ingredients, because we know that our Father cares about what we put into our bodies. We want to live a long life so we can serve the One who saved us from death.

This new culture is pure, so nothing strange or defiling from the old culture is allowed to come in. Everyone must give up everything to become a part of it, otherwise our new

It is not just material things that we give up, but also our strong opinions, philosophies, prejudices, politics, fears and fantasies.





As we continue knowing,
 loving, and obeying our
 Master Yahshua, we
 keep learning more
 and more about
 how we should
 be in this new
 culture.

 In this
 new
 culture,
 we keep
 learning more
 and more how
 to continue to obey,
 love, and know our
 Master Yahshua.

culture would become contaminated. It is not just material things that we give up, but also our strong opinions, philosophies, prejudices, politics, fears and fantasies.

Our life is marked by compassion, practicality, and functionality. If someone is lacking adequate clothes or shoes, we provide them. If someone doesn't know how to keep his room clean, someone will show him. Someone who is lacking practical skills will be taught how to use his energies to serve in a cottage industry or a household or farm activity, learning a trade in the process. If a rich person comes, he gives up everything for the benefit of everyone, and of course his own personal needs are met in return. If someone comes without material wealth, he is no less significant and is taken care of as well.

We work and talk and sing and dance and eat together every day — except that we don't work on the Sabbath. As we continue knowing, loving, and obeying our Master Yahshua, we keep learning more and more about how we should be in this new culture. We have learned that our God continues to reveal Himself to those who obey Him. It only makes sense. Without revelation, we would perish.

Our worship is in a circle, a gathering of men and women and children, young and old, married and single. All can speak, and all are heard, because our Father communicates with every one of His children. More understanding and revelation from His Spirit comes every day to help us know how to deal with the unusual situations, problems and purifying circumstances that arise in everyday community life.

For us worship and service are the same. In Acts 26:7, "...earnestly serving God night and day..." the Greek word actually means both *serve* and *worship* — some Bibles translate it one way, and some the other. The way we sing to our God and what we say about Him, the things we say to and about each other, what we teach our children and how we treat them, and what we do during every day of our active lives — it all goes together. It must all be special, holy, and pleasing to Him. That is how it will remain a living, flourishing, and reproducing entity — the very life of God.

By far the most important aspect of that life is our children. They are very special to us. We respect, appreciate, and listen to them. We have a life that includes and makes room for them. This is their people, their culture, their heritage and inheritance. Everything we have belongs to them. They are not left to themselves, in their own world of skateboards, or to fill their souls with television and video games, or to have their consciences worn down by peer pressure. Children who are left to themselves to do these things have no idea who they are or why they are alive.

The way we raise our children gives them dignity and confidence. They learn to relate to and enjoy being with people of all ages. They have plenty of opportunity to show kindness and hospitality toward strangers and guests.

How unique, in a world where people can hardly say hello to each other on the streets because of their fear and insecurity.

Also, we teach our children to be wholehearted. We want them to value and give all of their strength to everything they do. Why? Because we live for each other and no longer live for ourselves. Our Master said, "*I did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give My life as a ransom for many.*" Our children are learning along with us to set aside their own selfish interests in order to serve one another, as we are building a nation together, not our own personal kingdoms.

The generation gap is being bridged from father to son to grandson, and from mother to daughter to granddaughter. The bonds between the generations are being restored and strengthened as one of the most essential aspects of our brand new culture. Parents desire their children (from conception on — there are no abortions here) and thoroughly enjoy being with them. You see this as parents generously share all that they have with their children — all their wisdom and experience as well as their faith and their hope for the future. And so the heart of one generation is passed on to the next, and to the next after them!

As wonderful as our life together is, this new culture that is forming is not an end in itself. We have a magnificent purpose that is always in our hearts and on our lips, as in the chorus of a song that we often sing and dance to, parents and children and single people all together:

We've not yet loved enough —

We'll love and keep on loving until it fills the earth!

Oh, if that is not enough,

We'll love and watch it fill the universe!

Our Master Yahshua once told a very short story to illustrate a point he was making:

The kingdom of heaven is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of flour until it was all leavened.

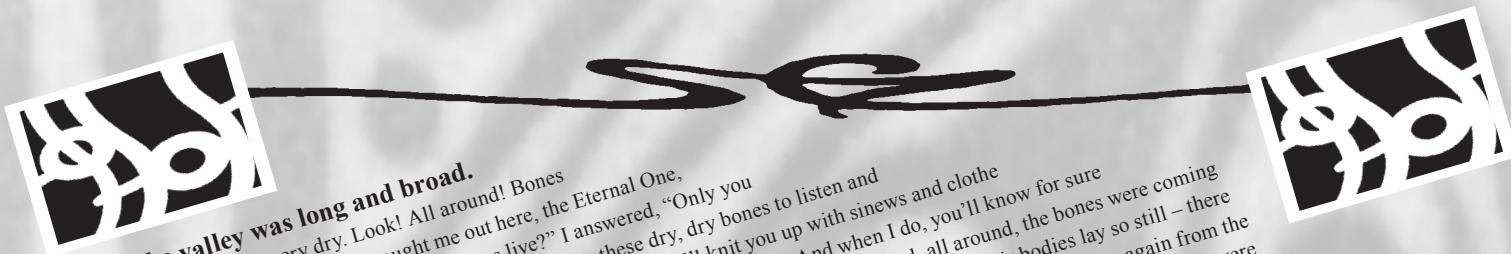
In those times, bread dough was leavened with a lump, a culture, saved from the previous batch of dough. The old lump was kneaded into flour and the dough was allowed to sit until the leaven had permeated it. Our Master Yahshua was establishing a new, pure culture on the earth. He would warn His disciples, the ones who were constantly with Him, learning from Him, "*Watch out for the leaven of the scribes and Pharisees.*"

"Leaven? Do the people have bread? What does he mean?" they would ask themselves. So then He would respond plainly, "*Watch out for their teaching, for the old influences that would change the pure culture I am forming among you!*" And he said, "*Beware of their leaven, which is hypocrisy!*" He was teaching them to be the same on the inside as they were on the outside.

He is establishing His pure, new culture, in us, teaching us to get rid of any old leaven, and He is placing His culture in areas all over the earth. Then, when it is totally pure and perfect, He will come back and cleanse the earth of anything and everything left of the old, bad culture. Then He will start life anew, with the righteous people of the earth, and He will knead into them this new, holy culture through the kind rulership of His holy people. In that new age His life will fill the earth... which is really not enough.

It will have to go on and fill the universe!





The valley was long and broad. The bones were very dry. Look! All around! Bones and very dry. The one who brought me out here, the Eternal One, said to me, "Can they live? Can these bones live?" I answered, "Only you know, O Master, only you know." He said, "Speak to these dry, dry bones to listen and give heed: I'll put the spirit in you and you will live again. I'll knit you up with sinews and clothe you all in skin. When you are flesh I'll give you breath and you will live again. Down on the ground, all around, the bones were coming together. They rattled and clacked and soon they were attached with sinews, flesh and skin. But still their bodies lay so still — there was no breath in them — oh no, no breath in them." He said, "Call to the breath and say: Hear the Eternal One, Come again from the four winds wherever you have gone. Breathe upon these dead ones so that they can rise." I did as he said and soon all the dead were coming to life. They were forming into an army right before my eyes.

THE VISION OF THE DRY BONES

OF DRY BONES

THIS IS WHAT A PROPHET SAW 2500 YEARS AGO. The dry bones were scattered people who said in their hearts, "Our bones are dried up, our hope is gone, we are cut off from one another." They wanted to come together as a people, but they had lost hope of doing it. They had never been gathered in all this time, until now. We, and maybe you, are a part of this people. The Eternal One calls this people Israel. Not a religion, or a country in the Middle East, this Israel is a people who have been rescued out of the death they were trapped in. They have seen the walls broken down between rich and poor, black and white, men and women, deadhead and businessman. Being divided is the same as being dead. In the sixties and seventies we were tired of being in a divided world full of divided people with divided interests. We looked for a voice that would unite us. Many times we thought we found that voice. But all our coming together was limited and temporary. Whatever voice we thought we found, it wasn't the voice of the Eternal One. By the eighties, most had given up on really being a people and settled for a few scattered experiences of "unity," no more lasting than going to church or synagogue. That valley of dry bones is a vision of what we all become without the breath of the Eternal One being breathed into us. All are scattered, confused travelers through this life. All our own attempts to come together fail. Without the one who made us, everything ends up in a dry heap. But our Maker is also our lover. He loves his people like an only son. He proved it. He's setting a people free to be who they were meant to be — kind, loving and with a heart for justice. One people. Twelve tribes. Israel. "It is too small to restore the preserved ones of Israel; I will also make you a light of the nations so that my salvation may reach to the end of the earth." Isaiah 49:6



From time to time, radical men and their radical thoughts have swept across the stage of history. When these men appear, they disturb the comfortable and self-satisfied among us. But there is one man who deserves our special recognition.



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

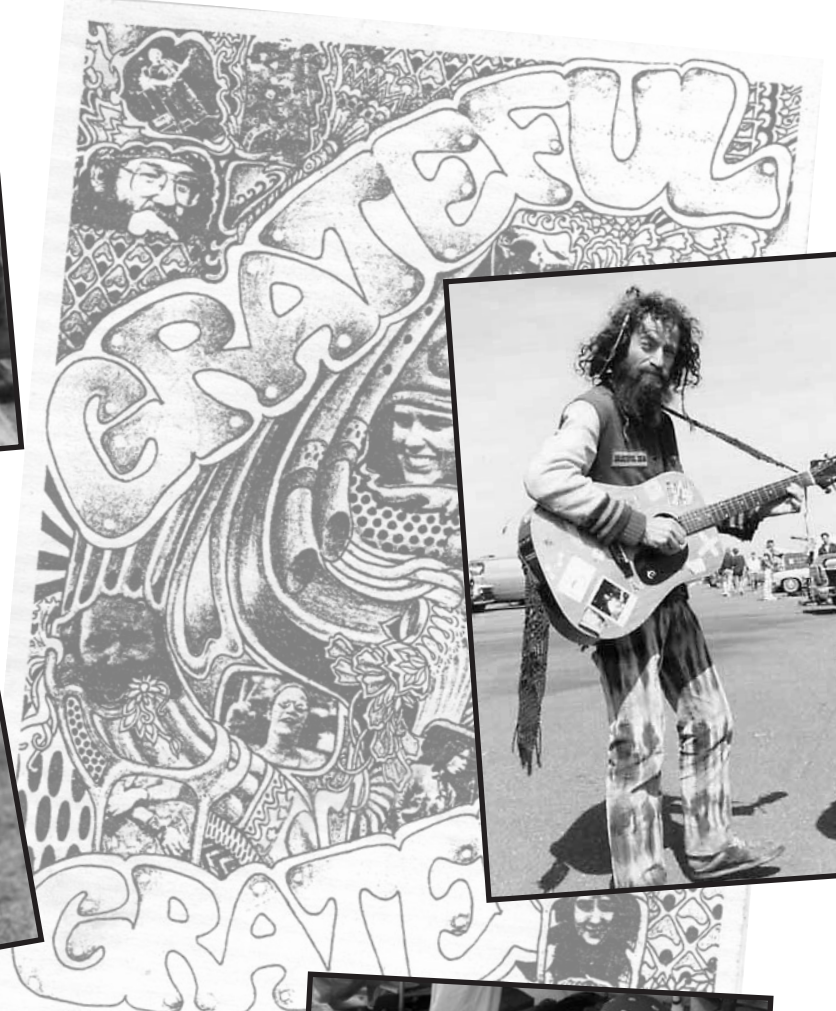
His career was like the path of a comet — in both its briefness and intensity. Who was this man? He was everything His name describes. He still is. His name is Healer. Though His years were short, His extraordinary life established a new race among the afflicted, broken-hearted, and strife-torn peoples of the earth. There has never been a light like the light that shone forth from this man. His words broke into the unexplored areas of the human heart, bringing men's motives out of their dark burrows and into plain view. Even those who followed Him found the ancient foundations of their lives quaking in devastation. The words that He spoke had an amazing effect on people. When He spoke, some people totally abandoned their homes, families, jobs, and properties to follow Him from town to town, doing whatever He told them to do. Others heard His words and turned their backs on Him, or called Him a devil, or plotted to kill Him.

that if you heard it, you could hardly believe it. The good news He proclaimed was this: *Deny yourself. Turn away from your self-centered life. Let your old impulses and desires die inside of you. Follow me in the way I am going and you will find yourself caring for others and having all your needs met.* Is it any wonder that the society of His day cried out against Him? Whatever else the deafness and blindness of His hearers might have missed, it's clear that they saw this: He was the seed of a whole new order of things. The greatest enemy to this man's message was the fossilized human heart. Yet, what this man accomplished was enduring. That's why His name is important. His name shines in all that He has accomplished. His name is Deliverer.

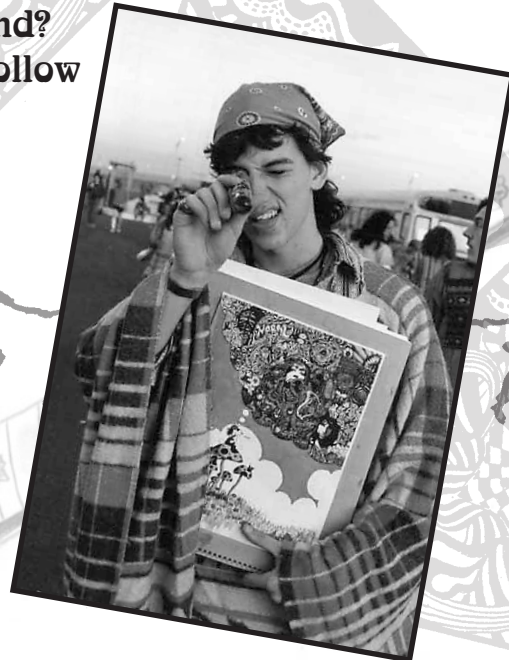
The same world that He came into has made Him the victim of a great campaign, a campaign to distort His true image. His shocking message and what it brings us all to has been intellectualized by a million hollow words. We've lost sight of Him in the dust of a stampede to enshrine Him and institutionalize Him. Although He poured out His life in the dusty, sun-bit villages of Judea, artists have insisted on presenting Him clean, combed and sleek, in spotless clothing, and with an expression that the average child would think strange and repelling. These, among a million other impressions, have made Him unreal to so many of us. This distortion of His image has also distorted His name. If we view Him in an unreal way, we truly cannot know Him or be connected to Him. His name is Restorer. The traditional groups that have a supposed devotion to His memory largely ignore the matter that was closest to His heart — the message of His kingdom, the call of deliverance from the decaying society in which we live. He was the most passionate and determined man who ever lived. The blazing quality of His life was so pure that even death has bowed down before Him. His endurance and single-mindedness have established a beachhead in this hostile world. He accomplished the mission He was given to do. He is God's Anointed Son, sent by His Father to set all creation free. To the complex reasoning of the resisting heart, He is a tyrant, demanding total obedience. But to the yielding heart, He offers total care.

To take Him seriously is to enter upon a challenging and radical new path. Of those who find themselves stirred by His word, He said, "These are my sheep. They will hear my voice." He is the perfect Shepherd. The life He established is unending, and one day it is going to fill the whole earth, and then the whole universe. Despite what we may have been told, we now know that His name is Salvation. This is the name He is known by among the people He is gathering. His name is true because it says what He is. His name is Yahshua. Does His name stir your heart?

Do You Remember?



Do you remember the sweet songs we sang,
the hope in our hearts to find the good land?
Sometimes the signs weren't so easy to follow
You drifted away at the show
I was hoping you'd find your way home...



Count back the years and too many miles
What have we learned through all of our trials?
I know that I need the love of my brothers
There's no need to go on alone
We know the way, we'll bring you home...



LOVE IN THE DREAM

I believe it! I think deep down I always believed it! Maybe everyone does deep, deep down.

I mean that love is powerful enough to make your dream come true.

A dream is a cherished desire. I think I always wanted true friends. To be really connected to others that I could feel safe and secure around. To be allied in the same struggle. Standing back to back, through thick and thin. It was my cherished desire. For a lot of my life it seemed to be just a dream. One that would never come true.

Those words from *Help on the Way* gave me some hope. That, and the scene at the Dead shows. It seemed so different, so hopeful. Lots of smiles and hugs, and good music and drugs. Not so hard to fit in, everyone seemed so close — what I had always wanted.

For a day, for a week, maybe two for me, more for others.

I mmmmm. I didn't want it to end. I was so close to my dream. So close to being close to others. But still most of us had lives that pulled us away from the scene. Those who didn't were really cool. Maybe someday I would be like them (I was a wannabe)

going to make my dream come true.

It was the focus of my existence — finding love!

Now that's a job.

What is love anyway? It makes your dream come true!

O ne book suggested that I might find it in me if I looked hard enough, or sat still long enough. I took the book's advice. Funny, the more I looked the less the stuff I saw in there looked like love. Though I tried to hide it and

act as cool as the other people who I knew had read that book, I found it quite discouraging.

Time and experience started to show me that there wasn't much substance to the things that I thought had some.

Smiles, hugs, music and drugs just didn't seem to be that binding. Seemed like love should be.

I n 1987 I noticed some people on a really nice bus. For whatever reason I didn't think too much about it at the time.

Over the next three years I noticed that they stuck together. While I spent three years trying to stick they seemed to get on with sticking.

If everyone made it seem like it was so hard to say goodbye at the end, then why did we?

I didn't want to!!! I didn't know how not to!

My mind started working. Love is

If I could find love I think it would stick me together with others with that sticky substance

After three years of frustration and hopelessness I quit my job and set off on tour to find some people to stick to. Someone to take me home.

I met some crystal miners who lived in a community. Desire fulfilled????

After less than an hour of listening to their conversation I knew they were not standing back to back.

There they were again, the people on the bus. The ones

who played music and did medical stuff. Some people called them the Yahshua's.

I sensed the sticky substance, I sensed love. Care that kept them together.

A man offered me one of their papers; I took it but couldn't help remembering what my friends had said about one of their papers three years before.

"It's pretty religious"

O n the ride to the next show I looked at the paper. I saw nice pictures of people working together; I read that to have a life together you had to give up everything. If there was anything I had learned in that three years, it was that very thing through trying to be together (even live together) with people who had their own agendas, their own life.

The final realization had been seeing that in me.

"I think I might spend the rest of my life with these people" I said to my friend.

I didn't think about it, it just came out. But I was still afraid of the religion.

Religion always seemed to get in



"YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR"

Him all my life, under the name *Jesus*. I never knew Him though. I

never heard about His dream that had *love* in it.

He dreamed that there would be a people that would represent God's heart in the way they treated one another. A people that would make other peoples jealous by the love they had for one another. A society where people cared so much that they would not allow there to be any poor or needy among them. A society where love made things work.

N ow I am part of it, the deepest desires of my heart are becoming reality, as I am being set free to love.

It is hard to know what is in another's heart. I don't know what Jerry thought when he sang those words. I just wish everyone could know the love that is in Yahshua, love that has the power to make the dream come true — the only dream worth dreaming.

Emet



the way of love. It seemed to always either want to totally dominate everything or just be a joke. I couldn't handle all that stuff anymore I just wanted love. I wanted commitment. I wanted to find a people who wanted to make things work between them so much that they would do whatever it took, even to their own hurt. (Of course when I found a people like that I did wonder where I would fit in as I started to wake up to how I really was).

N ext show I determined to find out more. "Just answer me this," I said. "Are your relationships the most important thing, or your religion?"

He understood where I was coming from. He knew what I was looking for.

He knew that I was looking for love. He followed love.

He knew my dream because he had the same dream and now it was coming true because love was in it.

I could not stay away. Within a week I was at one of their communities, finding out the truth about love.

I found the ultimate love, that a man would lay down his life for his friends. I saw it and experienced it. It opened my eyes. Love was not a feeling or emotion. It

was a reality of continual action that makes a home. It makes the dream come true. It forces its hand.

OK. Great. What I had always wanted!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Tell me the cost; I can pay, let me go, tell me love is not lost. Sell everything; without love day today, insanity's king.

B ut wait. A question that had always nagged me. When I find what I am looking for, will I fit in????????? Everyone was

so nice, so genuine, but still something was very wrong!

Why did I hate being where I always wanted to be? I came to see that there was something inside me that hated love!

I liked to be loved, but the cost of love was so high. I learned the fallacy of "free love."

There is a saying "you get what you pay for;" I think it applies to love. If you didn't pay anything for it, it probably isn't worth anything. Maybe that's why there is so much divorce, abortions, and broken relationships.

How many times had I listened to that line in *Help on the Way*.

"Tell me the cost; I can pay, let me go, tell me love is not lost. Sell everything; without love day to day insanity's king."

Certainly, if I were honest I would say that insanity was king in my life.

Now I was seeing the cost of love and finding I could not pay. It seemed beyond me. Like flying.

I used to dream when I was young that I would be able

to kick and push with my arms (like swimming) enough to stay above the ground for a few minutes, escaping the force of gravity. I found that loving was like that. Like trying to escape that continual force of gravity. The force of my selfishness.

They told me about Yahshua. I guess I had kind of heard about





COLORS

4 Colors that were not real
Highs that did not last

Walking
Realizing the horror of needing to change
Unable to connect with reality

My heart would not let me touch anyone
in a clean way
Living, struggling with maladies
Change seemed impossible

How can you have a proper fear of death
When
You know so little about life

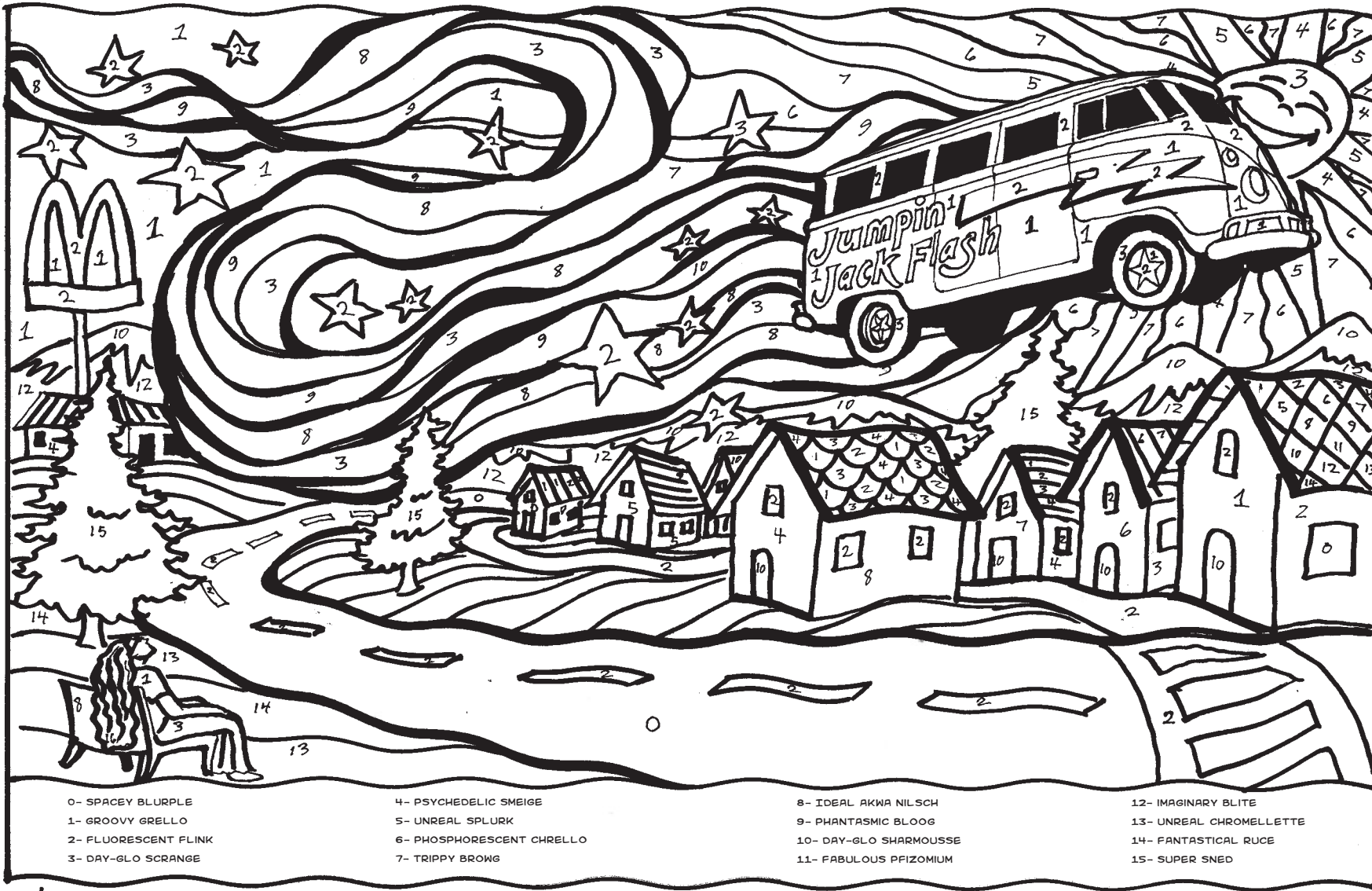
Lonely, forcing others to notice me
Being different was no different
Because
I was neither

Doing nothing
Except aching in separation of life
Always despairing for friends

Walk
Thumb
Drive
Fly
Grey Dog
Getting there was
not the issue

Arriving and leaving the same
Never finding soil to die in, never coming
to life
Living only for pleasure is being dead

*John
C. Hark*



- | | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| 0- SPACEY BLURPLE | 4- PSYCHEDELIC SMEIGE | 8- IDEAL AKWA NILSCH | 12- IMAGINARY BLITE |
| 1- GROOVY GRELLO | 5- UNREAL SPLURK | 9- PHANTASMIC BLOOG | 13- UNREAL CHROMELLETT |
| 2- FLUORESCENT FLINK | 6- PHOSPHORESCENT CHRELLO | 10- DAY-GLO SHARMOUSSE | 14- FANTASTICAL RUCE |
| 3- DAY-GLO SCRANGE | 7- TRIPPY BROWG | 11- FABULOUS PFIZOMIUM | 15- SUPER SNEO |

2
Curse you for going to
McDonald's
For taking your children there
Curse as I would nod on smack
(heroin)
You scum, not even I would go
to Mc Donald's

Been down Hwy 41
Doobied with the brothers
Johnny Winters white as snow
Space Cowboy orbiting at his
ranch in California
Humble Pie, Quick Silver
It's a Beautiful Day
How many of you now sell real
estate, cars or insurance

Someone played Moody Blues
through the night
His fingers bled the next
morning
Was there really a bearded
lady standing on the corner
throwing up the color of
money
To a father-less child I could
sing a sad song

Oh God I am so afraid of you
And
My evil heart

Duluth Minnesota
Chilling shores of Lake Superior
The blackness of your water
Causes me to fear

Smoking pot
Inhaling
Loving what I hated

You never cut me with a knife
But
Your words made me leave

On a plane sitting next to a
priest dressed like a crow
Do you think I could stop the
LSD
And listen to your words
Words that were not even
saving you



THAT



WEREN'T

The grass is green, yet no one
could see it grow
How nice her street was, and
the bright white trim on her
house
It was so beautiful knowing
she could only see me in her
heart
Walking away looking back as
she sat in the summer sun
I thought
We should all be this way

Mom was so young with 4
children
Its like we all had to grow up
together
Just today she told me
She was sorry for leaving me
at home and going out to
have fun
Just today
I said, I forgive you for that
Knowing, no one will prosper
unless we forget our injuries

I am 51 and born the same
Year
Two days ago
Bugs hit my windshield
Spreading out their life in front
of me
Their death stuck to my
window

Being so miserable
The only thing
that made me
happy was to make others
miserable

It takes a community
For GOD to rescue someone
like me
He provides a home for the
lonely, not a place to be
But
A place to belong

If you have something better
than what I have found and
given my life to
PLEASE
Come get me and I will be
there with all my heart for
the rest of my life

How one cursed when she passed
Trees dancing in the wind
About the parade of clouds over us
Telling her about how beautiful the day was
Sitting with a blind woman
Boulder Colorado
someone else
So was my dog and I gave it away to become like
He was like me, he was not real
Jagger
Even though I hated the words and lips of Mick
Volkswagen
Jumping Jack Flash was stenciled on my
Knowing I had nothing to offer
I preyed upon others for friendship
insecurity
With my loneliness and
Could help you start
But
and could not stop
Then realized, been that way every day for 4 years
Loved it
Stoned
I was cool enough to see the movie barefoot
Tennessee
Woodstock was a long way from Chattanooga
How your words fed us and left us to hunger
Crosby Stills Nash and Young
Crossed borders
We crawled under houses
disappointment
Believing this, soon released greater
Then all will be well
Dick Nixon has to go



*John
C. Hark*



REAL



WATER OF LIFE

The man stood before the crowd and lifted up his voice, *“If anyone is thirsty, let them come to me and drink! Whoever believes in me as the scriptures say, will have rivers of living water flowing from his innermost being.”* What a bold proclamation this was! Who was this man? What was this living water He so freely offered to the thirsty?

Those who were with Him had heard Him talk of these things before. They remembered the woman at the well. She was a Samaritan, considered a low class person by their people. But He didn't see her that way. He was so kind to her. She had come to the well to draw water. He had taken her by surprise with His gentle, loving way. He told her that, *“Everyone who drinks of this water [from the well] will thirst again; but whoever drinks of the water that I give him shall never thirst; but the water that I give shall become in him a well of water springing up to eternal life.”* He went on to tell her about her life. Somehow He knew her. Somehow she believed Him.

The Samaritan woman was so affected by her encounter with this man that she went back to her village and told all her friends about this amazing man and His kindness towards her. So they went to see Him and invited Him back to their village. He went with them and spent the next few days teaching them. He touched their lives in such a profound way that many people came to believe in Him.

This was nothing new for Him, because this is what He always did. He spent all of His time caring for the needy people, the afflicted ones, those who were oppressed of spirit. Many times He wouldn't even take the time to eat or sleep. He wasn't thinking about these things. He had His mind set on one thing: communicating the love of His Father to those who so desperately needed it.

You see, the people had been downtrodden by proud men who claimed to know God. These religious men were supposed to be the closest to God, but they were so distant... so uncaring... so cold. The people couldn't help but think that God must be that

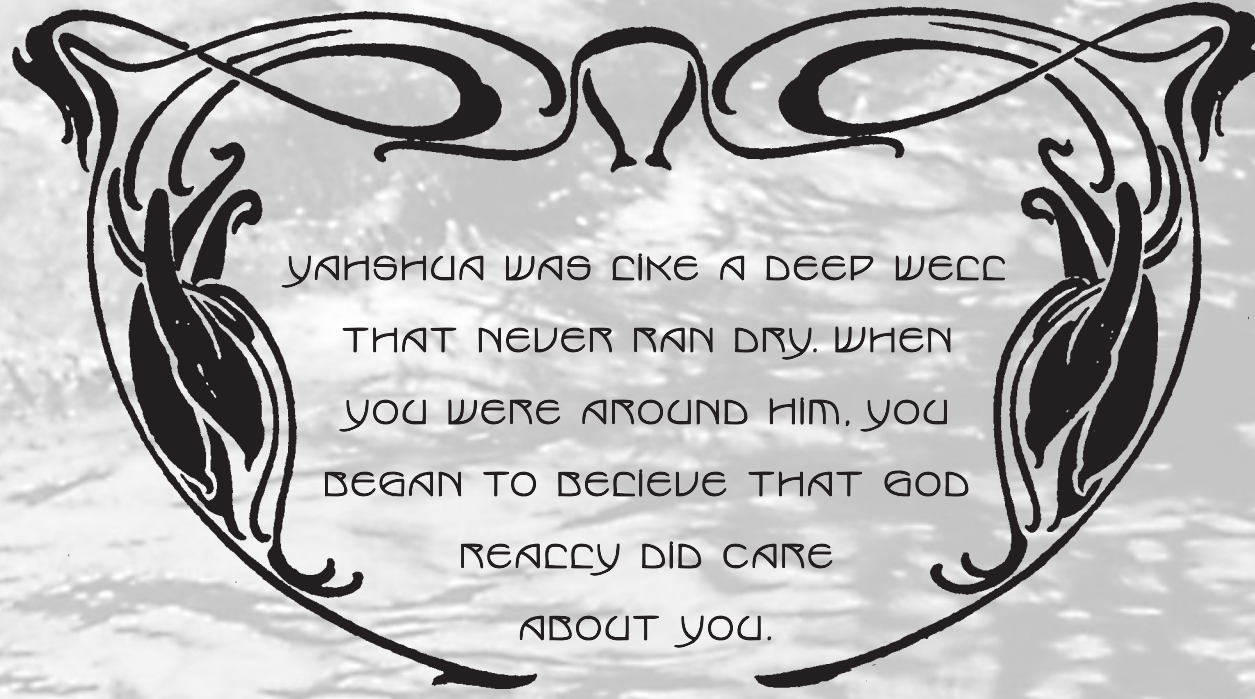
way too. But many held on to the hope that God really did care, that He really was a loving God who had not forgotten His people. They waited for their promised Messiah, the anointed One whom God would send to deliver them from all their troubles.

This man Yahshua was different than the religious men of His time. When you were around Him you began to believe that God really did care about you, that He understood your plight. The people began to flock to Yahshua. They would hang on His every word. He was like a deep well that never ran dry. His words had a way of refreshing the thirsty souls of those who could really hear them. The religious leaders however, were so jealous. They hated Him and began to look for a way to eliminate Him.

Yahshua was the most humble man who ever lived. He didn't react or revile them when they brutally took Him away to die. He knew it had to happen that way. It was all part of the plan that was conceived in His Father's heart so long ago. He knew they didn't know what they were doing. They didn't understand when they killed Him that He was dying the death they deserved. He was making a way for us to be washed clean of the guilt of the sin that separates us from Him. This had to happen in order for Him to be able to restore us back to who we were created to be — His image-bearers.

His desire is that His life-giving Spirit could actually come and dwell in our hearts. That is the living water that Yahshua spoke of, His Holy Spirit. Through His death and resurrection He has provided us entrance to the spring of the water of life where we can drink freely of this water without cost. That is what made Yahshua who He was. He continually drank from the spring, the very source of all life, God Himself. This became a well within Him that flowed continually, pouring out the love of God on those around Him.

Yahshua was the firstborn of a new race of man. Now, through Him, we can be reconciled to His Father, God. This makes us His brothers who can walk in the same way He walked, with the same




YAHSHUA WAS LIKE A DEEP WELL
THAT NEVER RAN DRY. WHEN
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ABOUT YOU.

love. But understand this, His life was an example to us in every way. To walk as He walked is no small undertaking. He made it very clear that to follow Him meant that we would deny our own self and *“pick up our cross every day.”*

The message is simple, we must come to an end of our own self-centered life to come to the beginning of His self-sacrificing life. You cannot drink from two cups and you cannot serve two Masters. He is either everything to you or you are not worthy of Him.

One time Yahshua watched a great crowd of people turn away from Him after He explained to them what it really meant to follow Him. They wanted to be healed and fed but they weren't willing to suffer for His sake the way He had suffered for them. They didn't believe like they thought they did. They were cowards, too afraid to let go of the comforts and pleasures of the world in which they found security.

Yahshua turned to one of the few who remained and asked him if he was going to leave too. But this man loved Yahshua with all of His heart. He knew that He was the anointed One, the Son of God. He responded, *“Where else can I go, who else has the words of eternal life?!”* This same man also made it clear that he understood what it meant to follow Yahshua when he said, *“Master, we have left everything to follow you!”* Yahshua assured Him that, *“...there is on one who has left house or wife or brothers or parents or children, for the sake of the kingdom of God, who shall not receive many times as much as this time and in the age to come, eternal life.”*

Yahshua has brought us to the spring of the water of life. He has promised us that if we overcome everything in order to drink of the water of life, He will be our God and we will be His sons. That is all we desire. He is everything we desire. No one else has the water of life. This water is becoming a well of living water in our hearts. We are becoming like Yahshua, the one we follow. You can follow Him too... 

FAREWELL TO THE BERKSHIRES

Last look, as a man, a young man, is dying
from a heroine/cocaine cocktail. I watch
the medical team pump air into him, keeping him alive
until the ambulance arrives.

Selfishness keeps people in the prison of their own desires.
The dead are always alone. To live for yourself is death.
Only the life which sets you free is life.
It's a deception, to live for yourself.

I hitch a ride by truck to Vermont and spend the night in Bellows Falls.

In the morning I go for a walk, through the town, through
the dilapidated loneliness of self: self-driven, self-enforced, self-contained.

At the border between Vermont and New Hampshire
I look down the Connecticut River, just under the roar of the falls
ancient faces, carved from the rocks, look up to the heavens,
etched into the stone more than a millennium ago, by Indians
groping to know how they fit in, why they lived, where they belonged.

I wonder if that young man lived?



Sholom Israel

CAN YOU TELL ME OF BEAUTY?

I saw it on the window
barely reaching my eyes to behold
something so beautiful as this
just a little snowflake
like a jewel
a collection of sparkling crystals
and pure
connecting me to something far beyond
then I was ten
and thirteen and more
I wanted to know
who made the snowflake
or the sunrise
or an ancient oak on the hill
how can I reach what I do not know
the clouds towering above my head?
school rooms and study halls
tears in the dark
the pressures of peers
silence my heart.
can you tell me of beauty?
for from me it fled
far from my yearnings
fear instead
violations, unforgiveness
my soul cut in half.
live here? the rest of my life?

unyielding
without mercy
it never ends
no one can answer
the cry of my heart
a nighttime of terror
as darkness divides
my soul from all hope
was I born just to die?

Unaware was I
of the One who knew
all of my sorrows
His love was true
He spoke of a kingdom
A circle of friends
a nation of builders
that would never end
although I was broken
with scars so deep
He saw me as a treasure
for Him to keep
He told me of beauty
so pure and so rare
the purpose for creation
hands of care
He gave His ear to listen
to the journey of my soul

I put it all behind me
and now He makes me whole
in all my life
I never dreamed
of anything like this
now I belong to the One I love
the Source of life and peace
and to this day
He has a call
to find ones just like me
they are searching
seeking answers
longing to be free
free from all
that holds them down
from what they were meant to be
a reflection of His very heart
for all the world to see.



Elisheva

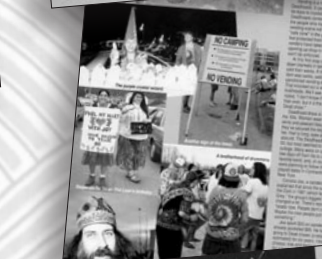
Parts of this High Times article (June 1990) caught our attention. We appreciated that the author understood we were there to help people. Those times hold a lot of good memories for us.

"The sun was setting as the concert began. Shrouded in darkness, the scene took on an ethereal quality. The wall-to-wall vendors on the back lot looked like a Turkish bazaar. Dust kicked up, dogs skipped along, drums beat, sufis danced. Dazed by a combination of the scene and our own altered states, we quickly sought solace inside a magnificent red-and-white-bus owned by the Yahshuas, veteran Deadheads who have steered towards spirituality over the years. A black man named Amasiah (I mention this only because I saw so few blacks at the concert site) told me how the Yahshuas help Deadheads in need. He spoke of Deadheads freaking out on acid, and how the Yahshuas were the only people there who knew how to handle such problems. **I couldn't get over the image of the Yahshuas spending hours picking glass out of Deadheads' feet.** [emphasis ours]

...Every ten minutes, the Yahshuas lead a circular, hand-holding dance that resembles the Jewish hora. In the group's publication, someone wrote: "We have found the way. No, not LSD or even legalized pot. We have met the one who does make a difference. You can read about him in the Bible, yes, but we call him by his Hebrew name — YAHSHUA." Interesting stuff, but we wanted to get their view on the scene we were watching through their bus window... —Steve Bloom

Good Times...
Bad Times...
Low Times...
High Times...

We've been
through a lot
together all
these years...



We are indebted to the kind folks at High Times for letting us reprint this article.



The only alternative to love — a cool middle-ground.

The porcupines all lived in the evergreen forest, contentedly munching away day after day at the bark of various trees. It was pleasant in the evergreen forest, and none of the porcupines had any complaints. They all went their own way filling their soft bellies with whatever they could find to gnaw on.



porcupines

Then one day they scented winter on the air. Gone were the musty smells of autumn. Instead, a sharp, barren wind began to rustle the needles of the trees. Temperatures dropped, snow began to fall, and the porcupines began to shiver. Instinctively they began to search for one another. Their beady eyes looked to and fro as they waddled around the forest floor. Their blunt noses sniffed the stinging air.

Slowly they gathered to one another, desperate for warmth. They all located a long, low cave and began to crowd in. But even though they were together, they still felt the discomfort of the winter air. All a-quiver they snuggled closer to one another, craving the comfort that such intimate warmth would bring. But even as they moved toward each other they began to utter little porcupine cries of pain.


Dismayed, they all retreated to the perimeter of the cave, unable to understand what had happened. But it was still cold in the cave and before long they were sidling warily back together again.

No sooner had they gotten close enough to enjoy the warmth than they began to cry out in pain and retreat from one another again. Time after time they repeated this process tossed to and from by the pain of being alone and cold as well as by the offensive quills that pricked and stabbed them when they got too close.

After much experience they arrived at a solution. All of them decided to draw as near as they could under the circumstances and yet keep a safe distance to avoid getting hurt.

So it is with human society. Man comes together to form a social order, seeking to escape the emptiness and monotony that comes from a completely self-centered existence. But before long, their repulsive qualities, faults, and unbearable mistakes cause them to recoil from one another. And so they develop manners and refinements and codes of conduct that keep them from getting too close, but allow them to experience a little comfort from one another's presence.

In our enlightened day, however, many have seen through the sterile, hypocritical customs of the former generation. Why be bound up and hung up? Why try to live by a bunch of out-dated values and customs? Why not love? Why not be warm and kind and really close?

But it didn't take long to find the answers. There was a reason that the generation before ours built so many walls around themselves - they didn't have the power to really love. And what about our generation? We learned to "accept" everyone, to have "unity in diversity," to be "open," but to "keep our own space." Isn't that just an informal version of the customs of our parents? And who's the bigger hypocrite? The one who pretends to be normal, or the one who pretends to love? 

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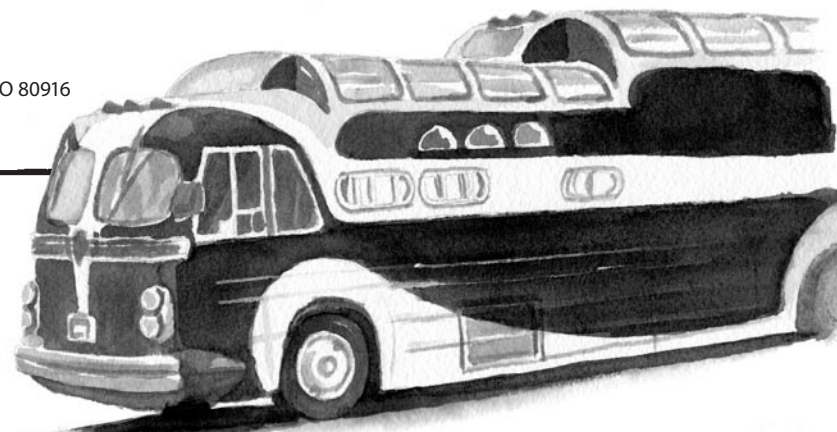
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WHO WE ARE

Our communities started out in Chattanooga, Tennessee, about 30 years ago when a couple who sincerely wanted to do God's will opened up their home to whomever wanted to do the same. People came. Some stayed.

We came to have many houses there and started the Yellow Deli. In time we had households and Yellow Delis in Dalton and Trenton, Georgia, Mentone, Alabama, and Dayton, Tennessee.


Eventually we all moved up to Island Pond, Vermont. In time we spread out throughout Vermont and made our home in other states and countries around the world. We've had a handful of restaurants in the towns we've lived in and many cottage industries making all kinds of things from candles to futon mattresses to furniture. You might have even worked alongside us on a construction site somewhere.



We've been many places, some for a little while and some where we still live. Maybe you've met us or seen us around. Maybe you befriended one of us somewhere and when you came to see us later, we had moved. Just about all of us you've met are still here somewhere in the list above.

Way back in Chattanooga we called ourselves "The Light Brigade," and "The Vine Christian Community;" later in Vermont, "The Northeast Kingdom Community Church," and more recently, "the Communities." Some people have called us simply "the Yahshua's." Today we call ourselves "The Twelve Tribes."

If you ever saw a big burgundy & cream colored double-decker bus, that was us.

We'd love to see the life our Master Yahshua has given us fill the whole earth and we want people who desire the same to come be with us. 



WE KNOW THE WAY

WE'LL BRING YOU HOME