

We all have a malady. What we need is . . .



THE REMEDY



NEW DAY DAWNING

Do you believe that there's a New Age dawning? Is there evidence of it actually manifesting itself on the face of the earth today?

Even as a young child I saw hypocrisy and compromise everywhere I looked: the Roman Catholic church, the public school system, the U.S. Government. At an early age I began to reject the society in which I lived. I began to search for a way "back to the garden." I investigated many different communities, either first hand or through reading, and considered many alternative lifestyles in my search for "Utopia."

This search led to involvement with many "new age" philosophies: Holistic healing, the network of light, meditation, planetary citizens, the great invocation, visualization, the new physics, inter-dimensional music, multidimensional reality, vegetarianism, tarot, yoga, astrology, Native American Spirituality, and Christianity. These were all ways for me to be in tune with my "higher" or "inner" self and to be connected through that higher self to the greater oneness of "all that is." I began to believe, through a number of different

teachings that I could ultimately become a "co-creator" with God; that through positive thought and proper visualization, I could create my own reality, my "Utopia."

I had much hope in my thoughts about the coming New Age, the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, when love and peace would rule the planet. I imagined myself connected to thousands of other believers all over the world in a "network of light." Each one of us were "light-workers" on this planet, and as we each visualized the light within and created loving "new age" images in our mind's eye, we would actually be changing the world around us.

I started to go to the Unitarian Universalist Church in search of a deeper commitment to my spiritual seeking. The minister was a woman, and she gave very moving sermons about love, laughter, dying, cycles in life, nature, transformative experiences. These sermons were very

uplifting to me.

After reading about the spiritual community of Findhorn for years, and also about spirit channeling, I finally met a woman nearby, who channeled for a spirit. She was a medical clairvoyant. I began to see her and she gave me readings in exchange for working in her Findhorn-type garden, complete with its own "power-spot." She gave me a lot of encouragement and when I found out that she attended the Unitarian Universalist church I thought it was no coincidence.

At this point in my life I was longing for some things deep in my soul. One of these things was a people that I could identify with: a heritage. I related this to the Native American Indians, how they lived together in tribes and all had the same beliefs to interconnect them. Even the different tribes would come together for the Sundance and experience meaning, purpose and unity in their lives.

I also longed for a day when people could travel the earth from one community to another, knowing that they could be at home anywhere they went. Not that you would have to pay for the "experience," but just be at home with your brothers and sisters.

At the same time, I was struggling with incredible fears that I could barely name. It was obvious that the whole earth was in turmoil. The uncertainty of the future constantly kindled my fears. Restlessness clouded my hopes of finding the ideals I longed for. Nuclear issues were hotly debated everywhere. I went to hear Helen Caldicott speak, and she terrified me with the nearness of the threat of nuclear war. This fear came down to a basic fear of death.

About the same time, I read a book "Shikasta," by Doris Lessing. This book plunged me into dark depression for days. Although it was a Science fiction story, it spoke of the last days before the emergence of the New Age. Famines, earthquakes, wars, nuclear skirmishes, Nazi-like youth groups, thousands of orphaned children, were all a part of this story. It touched me very deeply. Somehow I knew that there was some truth in this and although for some reason I felt I would survive all that suffering, I wondered,

"Where will the strength come from? Where are the people who will hold each other up through the worst of it?"



This caused my husband and I to desire to live in community more than ever before. We wanted to share everything we had. But where were the people to do it with? We searched and searched but all the people we found who wanted to buy land together wanted the same thing — their own life. They all wanted their own little piece of land and their own little house. I had lots of vision about having a store, teaching holistic childbirth classes, having a house restoration crew, holding healing circles and more, but I knew that alone it was impossible to do.

It was at about this point that two men walking with backpacks came to our house. They spoke of their community and the life they lived. It sounded like my dream come true; a people, a heritage, communities all over the earth, a people who truly loved one another....But....What about this?!

They were saying Yahshua, the Messiah, had saved them, that Satan had control of the world system, that their children are trained and disciplined, and that the women in their community wear head coverings. And, they said, there is a price to enter the Kingdom of God. It costs you your whole life.

I was turned off, scared, and at the same time convicted. Some of the things I heard sounded to me like a nightmare. Although I liked a lot of what I'd heard about the Community, I didn't like it enough to go and see.

In late summer the apple pickers from the community came to our area and began to have a relationship with us. I began to visit them and see the life that had caused them to give up everything they had. At times I was drawn and at times repelled: repelled because the things I saw went against the grain of the rest of the world; attracted because I truly desired to know the truth. I was shown an actual living demonstration of the New Age. I was shown a people who lived together, truly loving each other and sharing everything they had. They weren't working for a system they didn't believe in. They had left that society completely behind to live in a new one. These people had something I had never seen before. They had the Holy Spirit, and through the Spirit, communion with their creator.

Finally all the grey turned black and white. There are only two choices, two paths on which to travel. One path is the way of life of the nations which has caused all the pain and agony that we witness today all over the earth. The other path is the path Yahshua established. This path brings you into a people, a nation, the true spiritual tribes of Israel. It is a narrow path that few people find. In it lies the hope of all mankind.

What I want to communicate is that it's impossible to see in the darkness. As much as we strain to see, the fact remains that our spiritual eyes are blinded. Try as hard as we might to pry them open of our own volition, all we can see in the darkness is more darkness. I chose to come out of the kingdom of darkness and into the kingdom of light. Yahshua had the authority and power to rescue me and bring me into His people; to actually take a step from one kingdom into another requires faith.

You can't just use your mind and imagine your way through to the other side. You can't understand with your mind what is just a simple love affair of the heart. You have to trust. Yahshua trusted His Father and died to free us from Satan's grasp. And we, too, must die; this means to give up our selfish lives in every aspect to enter into His Kingdom. This is what we were created for: His Kingdom. This Kingdom is the New Age that we have searched for all these years. Our Father created us for this great purpose. His love for us is unfathomable. His plan for us is infinite and eternal. We can't even imagine what He has in store for us. But He shows us more everyday, as we grow in His Body.



There is deep meaning and purpose behind *everything* we do. How I long with all my heart to express our life to you! Our Messiah is not one of convenience. We haven't come together to make our life easier. Everyday we are in a battle, we are warriors who struggle and overcome. The battle is a spiritual one, our enemies are spirits like intimidation, jealousy and frustration. The Holy Spirit gives us help to overcome them.

I know it is very difficult to understand how we can accept the authority of Messiah in our lives. All we have ever known in the world is bad authority. Many have rejected authority altogether. But in the Community we are coming to know a higher authority – higher than any government on the earth. We can see the good fruit that is produced by answering to the good government of Yahweh. We are being made into a new nation. There will come a time when this nation will be recognized and despised by many.

It really grieves my heart that many who are eagerly awaiting the coming New Age are being subtly deceived by the master of this age, the fallen angel, Satan. They are being led to believe that they can change the world through their imagination and that they have a god within which, in reality is their own "Self" with a capitol S. This worship of Self and this inward searching will lead them farther and farther from the one (and only) true reality.

Our life in the Body of Messiah is very real, not just imaginary. It is only through His Holy Spirit that mankind can live together in true peace and unity. It is only through His Holy Spirit that my husband and I are living with our friends and learning to know what love really is.

Everyone who has a real desire to know the truth will have an opportunity to see it.

It is not hidden or esoteric knowledge. There is a practical demonstration of His Kingdom being formed on earth right now for all to see.

Our Father has a deep and personal love for every person; He desires to know you, too!

Ruth

YAHSHUA

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

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

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

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

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

The good news He proclaimed was this:
"Deny yourself. Turn away from your self-centered life. Let your old impulses and desires die inside of you. Follow Me in the way I am going and you will find yourself caring for others and having all your needs met."

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

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

has accomplished. His name is Deliverer.

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

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

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

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

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



We were the crew cut, bobby socked children of the 50's and 60's, fed up on the boob-tube fantasies of "Howdy Doody", "Leave it to Beaver" and "Father Knows Best." Bubble gum and baseball cards were the height of our desires, and our roots in the middle-class values of the American Dream were as painstakingly tended as a Norman Rockwell painting. We pledged allegiance to the stars and stripes every morning at public school, and every weekend we were dressed up by Mommy and Daddy in our permanent press finery to worship Billy Graham's god, who was going to make us a success when we grew up. But we grew up in a way that Mommy and Daddy never had in mind.

John F. Kennedy came on the American scene like a knight in shining armor, but in the midst of Camelot, the bubble burst. Then, as the friends we grew up with returned home from Vietnam scarred and wounded in body and soul, or worse, laid out stiff in a wooden box wrapped in the American flag, our patriotic upbringing began to wither away. Our consciences were slowly awaken-

ing to the self-centered evil of the Great Society that we were growing up to give our blood, sweat and tears to. A cry was forming in our hearts to be free from a system of things that was destroying human life and the earth itself through war and greed-based industry. We had to be free from the



political, social and moral corruption we saw around us. We had to get ourselves out of the passive madness our parents called sanity. We had to get ourselves back to the Garden.

The clarions of a counter-culture became our Messiahs as the Media gave a whole generation of children the prophetic voices of John Lennon, Jimi Hendrix, Joan Baez, Janis Joplin, the Grateful Dead and Bob Dylan. Our minds were transformed by the alternative visions of Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary and Maharish Mahesh Yogi. The prophesy of their messages stirred our souls with the hope that we could return to innocence through flower power, free love and psychedelic revelations. The Movement began as we slid out of a system of hypocritical double standards and compromised consciences to let in "all hang out" and "do our own thing."

We saw a new age coming of peace and love, love, love, all you need is love. Even if we didn't know much about love from how we had been taught as children, we were determined to try all that we could to find

out how it worked. We flocked to Haight Ashbury for the Summer of Love, then to Greenwich Village in N.Y.C., 10th street in Atlanta and other ghetto neighborhoods in the urban centers of America. Once there we engorged our outer and inner senses with metabolic mind trips on Marijuana, L.S.D., and Eastern Mysticism. We lived together in open ended communes sharing our drugs, our thoughts, our bread and our beds with the runaway hungry youth caught up in the great exodus from the American mainstream. We became Hippies, Diggers and Yippies as we strolled the streets and parks of the American way challenging with our flowing locks and sandled feet the very deepest roots of all that was held sacred. We disdained the three piece suits and nylon ties of a plastic Capitolistic Empire based on greed and selfish ambition. Instead we championed the cause of the poor, the minorities and the freaks of the earth.



The hope of the age to come was within our grasp as communities sprang up across the nation sending tender shoots into the fertile freshly tilled soil of cosmic-unity and natural childbirth.

We marched and cavorted in the streets, placed daisies in gun barrels and even tried to levitate the Pentagon for peace. But soon the cities made us easy prey for the profiteering drug dealers. So we began to go with the flow home to Eden. In our VW micro buses and with our thumbs out hitching, we fled to the wilderness of Oregon, Washington, New Mexico and Vermont. Becoming the people of the earth, we built geodesic domes and planted crops or organically grown produce. The hope of the age to come was within our grasp as communities sprang up across the nation sending tender shoots into the fertile freshly tilled soil of cosmic-unity and natural childbirth.

We stood as a scattered motley people before the east gate of the Garden of Eden ready to enter into the Utopia our LSD imaginations had envisioned. But, as we moved to enter, the Movement **stopped!**

In our out of the way wilderness we were free, we had thought, from the evil system motivated by greedy capitalistic "pigs". **Now**, we had thought, we could establish the Nirvana of our own creation. But the reality was cold, hard and undeniable. The system we had so vehemently protested wasn't the only source of violence and destruction. Go as far as we wanted, to the ends of the earth, to the tops of the mountain roads, the enemy followed us - and it wasn't the system. It wasn't Spiro T. Agnew, J. Edgar Hoover and Time Magazine - but it was ourselves - **our** lusts, **our** strife, and the evil we couldn't leave behind.

The self sufficiency we had searched for had to be supported, but when things got hard we couldn't forget the lessons we had learned in school. We had to look out for



number one. So to survive we accepted food stamps; to buy our dope, we needed Daddy's handouts; and to get the land we had to get back to, we had to first get a government grant. Welfare checks became our salary from the system as we became Uncle Sam's indigent nephews and nieces.

In our communal farmhouses the sinks were filled with filthy dishes, nobody took out the garbage, and the dogs, the cats and the children roamed in and out through the screen door everybody left open, but nobody fixed. Our passionate anarchy slowly burned down like a marijuana joint, and we were left with the "roach" of our lives. We were becoming passive, apathetic and numb. We had wanted to find ourselves and we did, but the unstable and transient individuals we discovered, caused us to lose hope in ever finding the truly free, unhung-up community. Each new community we drifted to only led us to see the reality that our tribal gatherings couldn't go beyond the fundamental problems in each of our individual lives.

At the gate of the Garden of Eden we were met by an angel with a flaming sword who denied us entrance because of the junk in our own hearts and souls. We had condemned an entire system because of the evil

we now found rooted in our own fallen humanity. **Our** greed, **our** selfishness, **our** prejudice and **our** individual ambitions were the same as **theirs**. We tried to deny it, but we couldn't. How could we deny the roots which were still our source? Unable to finally reject the evil we found within ourselves, all we could do was return to the evil we had left behind. Our consciences, which had barely awakened, now had to be silenced in order to justify the things we were afraid to face. One by one we dropped back in to the society we had dropped out of. A lot of "things have changed" we reasoned. "Maybe we can make changes **within** the system." Mommy and Daddy and our eighth grade civics teacher hadn't been totally wrong after all. They had taught us that if we wanted to make an impact on society we needed to get a good education, so we went back to school to learn how to make changes in the system. But by the time we graduated, **we** had been taught how to **make it** in the system. The only changes made were made in us. We took the worm, hook, line and sinker.

So as we young idealistic hippies got older our need for middle class comforts began to outweigh all the "enlightenment" we had received. Don't trust anyone over 30 was a forewarning of what we would be like when we reached 30. The energy, the vision and the passion of the "children of the 60's" will never be forgotten, but by the time we reached 30 we had lost our fire. Our voice

was silenced and pacified after we got what our parents had wanted for us all along - security, success and becoming a valuable asset to the prized heritage of middle class America. Our acid fantasies blended smoothly into the American Dream we had protested against in our youth. Our Eastern mysticism had taught us to balance the "Ying and Yang" of life, and the resulting passivity helped us justify our "yuppie" success and the compromise of our **own** 30 acre kingdoms.



Our hippie exterior eventually wore **off** exposing the roots that were still there. **We** were wearing a mask that we thought we really were, but underneath the tie-dyed T-shirt, paisley nehru and Indian love beads was a pin striped three piece business suit just like Daddy's. We had met the enemy and he was us!

So why did the Movement never get off the ground? It was like we were all in an airplane sitting on the runway, and everyone on board was getting high waiting for the plane to take off. We were high on the Summer of Love, the end of the war, the hope of a better world. The revolution and the birth of our consciences filled our hearts with vision. But when we looked out the window all we could see was the smoke that billowed forth from our water pipes. We thought we were flying high, man, we thought we had taken off, but as the smoke cleared and we looked out the window, there we were still on the ground. Then as we filed off the plane we found ourselves right where we had started from twenty years ago, a little grayer, a lot sadder and air sick in spite of it all.

And now, after all is said and done, the epitaph to the Movement is "no student is greater than his teacher, but when he is fully trained, he will be just like his teacher." After all, we had been taught and trained by government [public] schools and had our minds exploited by commercial television. Even in our communal outposts, we had our New York Times. We are what we are and we can't escape the seed in us that was given to us by our father. "What we are" is passed on from one generation to the next and has been since our original Mommy and Daddy were cast out of the Garden 6000 years ago.



What was in them is what we rebelled against, and what we rebelled against is what's in us - and that defect in us we can't justify.

We all wanted to get away from who we were raised to become, namely spoiled, self-centered lovers of money, full of strife, competition and vain pursuit. But we all have come to grips with the fact that our Movement failed us. We wanted to "come together, right now!" We looked for a voice among the many voices that could unite us and make us one. But all the walls kept us apart and, in the end, our coming together was only a temporary trip to nowhere. We could not **get ourselves** back to the Garden.

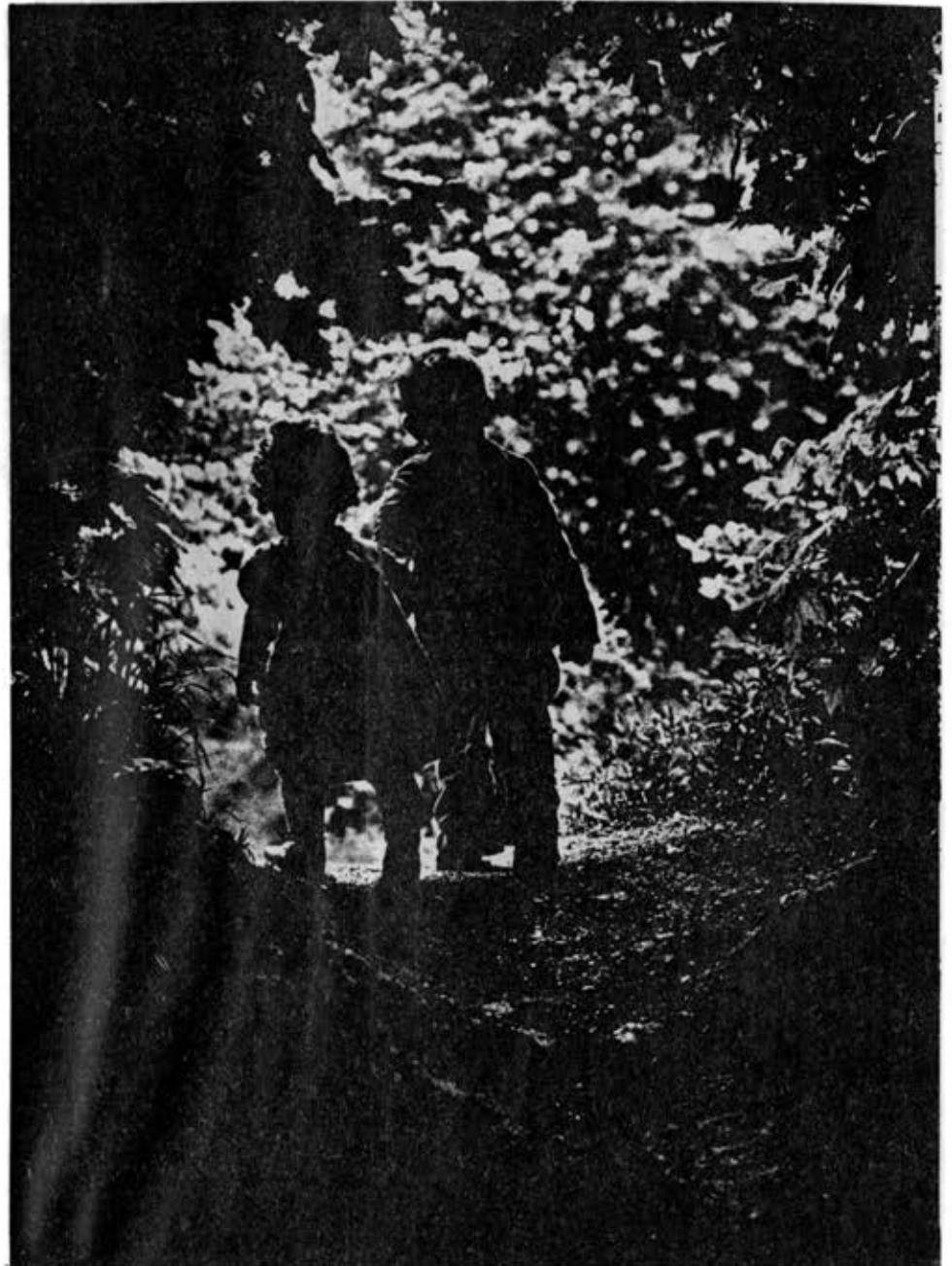
What we needed to begin the radically new life we had envisioned, was the power to cut ourselves free from the old life we hated. The authority necessary was never in the anarchy of the Movement, because that power and authority could not be found within ourselves - no matter how deeply we searched through philosophy, religions or the movement of time. History is full of man's futile attempts to bring about the lasting change man's soul yearns for. But the life we earnestly desire can be given to us only by the One who made the Garden for us and us for the Garden. Of course, he knows how to get us back there.

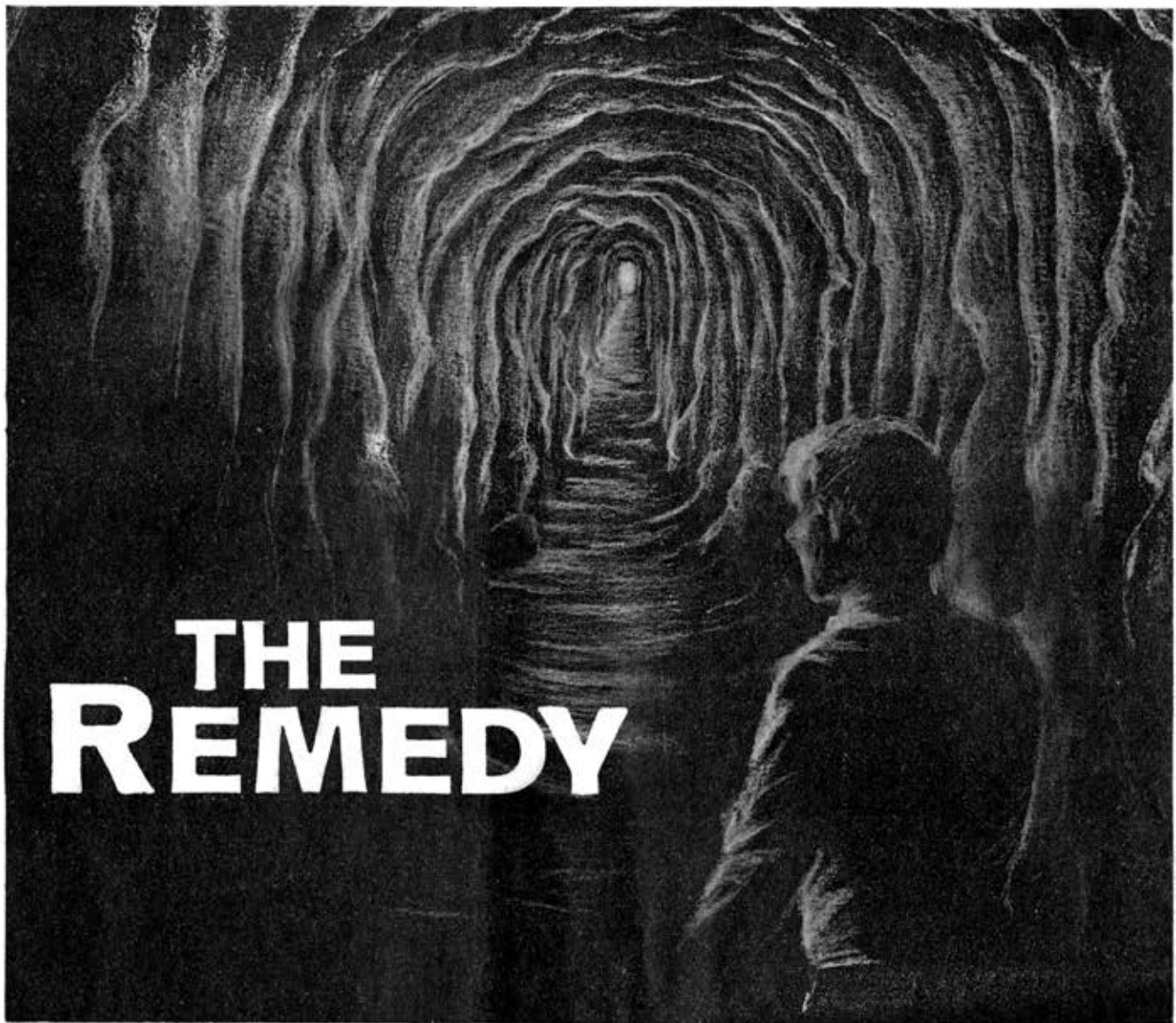
When he first created the human race and placed us in the Garden, we, male and female, were in perfect unity with one another and the One who created us. He wanted to bring the whole environment of the earth into order beginning with the Garden. We were originally placed there with the authority to tend the Garden and to fill the earth with the life that was there. But we rebelled and blew it and lost the authority to do anything about the confusion and chaotic anarchy that now fills the whole earth and that even keeps us passive about our inability to do anything. Now, from the day we're born, all we have to look forward to is death. We were created to eat from a tree of life, but because of our rebellion it has been appointed to each of us to die. The screaming desire deep within us to be free from this trap of death and to get back to the Garden where that tree of life is caused us to begin our valiant, fruitless attempt in the Movement. But, now we have only one

hope that our life will not end up in the empty vacuum our parents were sucked into. Without that hope we will have lived for nothing.

Of course that hope is **not** the Jesus Christ that has made Christianity the most absurd and pretentious myth of all history, but the hope of all the ages is now revealed in these last days in the name of Yahshua. He was the man born from the Divine Seed of the One who created all that we marvel at as wonderful. He wasn't born of the corrupted seed of our ancestry, but he is the Seed of a radically new life. He is the One sent to us to lead us back to the Garden. He is the first born of a new creation, a new nation that is coming together into a unity that is real. He has the power to cut away the old roots and

to give us a new beginning. We can have Yahshua's life and spirit breathed into us, and we can be a new creation. We can be gathered together with others who are already gathered in a never ending demonstration of love. The old things do not hold us any longer, they pass away and the new life begins. **This** is the Movement which will bring about the New Age. There is no hope of it coming about any other way. If we don't know that by now, it's just a matter of time before it becomes apparent to those who are cognitive. Only Yahshua has the power to save us and make our blood, sweat and tears have real consequential effect. Believe me and come gather with us. We're looking forward to being his people forever ■





THE REMEDY

*If you want to keep your life you can...
at least until you die.*

Death and the fear of death are enemies to mankind. No one escapes. All the money in the world can't buy anyone out of it. Rich, poor, black, white, male or female, all are participants. Life is but a vapor, fragile and temporary. All through recorded human history, the tribes and nations of men deal with it, and the fear of it in very similar ways. In many ancient cultures, animal sacrifices and sometimes even human sacrifices were made to please or appease their gods. This was done because of the fear of mishap or tragedy upon themselves. These people sensed a need in themselves to make sacrifices because of fear and guilt. Fear of tragedy upon

them or their loved ones, and guilt for their sins, made them want to be united with whatever god they worshipped.

Man knows his need to reach the divine being who created him because he senses that his actions have separated him from his Creator. Man also knows that he deserves to die for the things he has done to hurt himself and others. But in his heart he has the hope that the death of a sacrifice could be a substitute for him, receiving what he really deserves. Countless animals have been sacrificed in man's attempt to bridge the gap between God and himself.



Down through history friends, especially children, would make little cuts on their arms, then join them together arm to arm, cut to cut, friend to friend, to become blood brothers. They knew there was something binding in a blood covenant. Many tribal people had this custom as adults when they wanted to enter into a blood covenant with a friend. This covenant was binding for life. Those who were true to this covenant would die for one another. All their possessions became common property when this covenant was made. If the one who had made the covenant ever broke it at any time during his life, he was cursed, and cursed was the ground he walked upon. His own blood relatives would try to track him down and kill him for breaking it.

Some tribes had a custom of cutting the wrist of each person who wanted to enter into the covenant, dripping some of their blood into a glass of wine, and drinking it. They felt that it was a joining of each person's spirit and soul with the other, uniting them forever as true brothers. They sensed that the life was in the blood, so a joining of blood was a joining of life.

The reality of death that faces each man should cause him to grieve and yearn for deliverance from death. That is why the God of Israel commanded the Israelites to sacrifice animals.



Each time an Israelite sacrificed an innocent animal he was reminded of the consequences of being cut off from his Creator and the cost of being forgiven. The result of sin was death. Israel was to be a people who were keenly aware that they deserved to die instead of that lamb. Through their example, the whole world would come to know the way out of death.

Once a year each person would sacrifice a young lamb. The requirement was that the lamb must be your very best one, the one without spot or blemish, the one that was worth the most money, the one you would feel the loss of the most. An Israelite who was devoted to his god would bring his best lamb, or purchase the best one he could find if he didn't own a herd, and bring the little creature to Jerusalem for the Pass-over. He took the little lamb into his home to pity it and pet it. If he was a sensitive man, he would truly be affectionately attached to the lamb before he made the sacrifice.

When he brought the lamb to the priests in Jerusalem, he would put his hand on the head of the little lamb and confess every sin he was aware of in his conscience. The priest would look him right in the eyes and tell him that he deserved to die instead of the little lamb. The priest would then cut the animal's throat and the creature's blood would pump out from the rapid beating of its heart. If the man was true to his heart and conscience within him, he returned home a forgiven man. A life was given for a life to live – the lamb's life for the man's life. The lamb's blood was given as substitute for the man's blood.

Israel had the most comprehensive piece of governmental and social legislation ever written and instituted by a people. They had laws and statutes that governed every conceivable situation in a human being's life, every possible circumstance that could happen. But even with such a government and constitution, even the most devout could not fully keep this law, because sin came forth from the *inner man*. Every man who is truly honest knows that he falls short of this standard. This is why the God of Israel provided the sacrificial lamb in his law. The lamb became the substitute for the shortcomings of the man, because no man was able to fully keep the standard of the perfect law. No matter how hard they tried they would fall short of their goal in some area of their life.

This sacrificial lamb was Yahweh's provision for the sins of His people until their hearts could be prepared to receive the sacrifice of the Lamb of God. In the beginning there was the promise that later on in history, after men completely understood it, Yahweh Himself would pay the price for sin. This promise was the good news that could set all mankind free. The prophets of Israel told of One to come who would totally deliver them. A Deliverer who would rescue them from death. Somehow to the discerning, more was needed than just the shedding of a lamb's blood — a greater sacrifice was needed to really get to the root of man's failure and his sin. Year after year of sacrificing lambs still did not heal the root problem in man.

My blood, if I were to die for you, and your blood if you were to die for me, would have no power to forgive sins. There are many people who really don't think they need their sins forgiven. They think they can make it by trying to make themselves better and trying to make the world a better place to live. This is also a vain attempt to cultivate the already cursed ground of fallen humanity. It just wasn't enough that the blood of an animal could be the true substitute for the sins of a man. It has to be a man's life for another man to truly be a fair and just substitute. But the blood of a man whose conscience is stained with guilt can't be substituted for the sins of another man whose conscience is also stained with guilt, for everyone ever born has corrupt blood.

What was needed was the incarnation. That is the union of divinity with humanity. This was only possible in Yahshua, the Anointed One. He took on human flesh and blood when He was born as a little baby from His mother's womb. The blood of a child is inherited from the seed of his father. That's why every man is corrupt, and this corruption is passed on from one generation to the next. But Yahshua was not born from the seed of man. The Holy Spirit placed the seed of God in the womb of His mother and that is how Yahshua was conceived. Therefore He did not have corrupt man's blood. He was pure.

The son of God became a human being. Divinity became human in the greatest love story in human history. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. Our heavenly Father offered His only Son as a sacrifice for us.

Yahshua could have failed. He could have disobeyed as the first man did when he fell. He did not have the corrupt blood of fallen man in His veins as you and I do. But He had human blood. He became a human being. He suffered and overcame for you and I as a human being. He did not overcome sin and temptation through mystical, superhuman power. He did not walk around with a halo on His head and a cosmic, supernatural look on His countenance as He is often portrayed.





He is not an unattainable, mystical being whom you can not relate to.

He was a warm human being that loved children and children loved Him. He was tempted with and overcame every sin the human race is beset with. He has taken total identity with you as a person. He died for every sin in you, no matter how terrible or how trivial it may seem to be. His blood can cleanse you of your sins, if you believe upon His name. If I were to die for you and give my blood as a sacrifice for your sins it wouldn't work. But His blood works. He is your only hope. No other name can save you. He is the only one. He is salvation. His name means salvation. This Salvation is God's free gift to you to save you from your sins.

He told His disciples one time, that to be His disciple you had to eat His body and drink His blood. (A large number of people went back to their homes after that statement. They had better things to do.) In the same way many ancient tribes understood that the life was in the blood as they made their blood covenant with one another. His life for you is in His blood. In Yahshua's death, Yahweh forever bound Himself to be that Lamb that would pay the price for man's sins once for all time.

If you don't lay your hand upon Him as your substitute and as the slain lamb sacrificed for you, actually leaning your entire personality on Him in faith and confidence, you will not reach His blood. This blood is the only thing that has the power to cleanse your dirty conscience and forgive you forever and ever. You will not be able to come into this new blood covenant any other way.

You can not reach His precious blood except through being baptized into His death on the cross, where He shed His blood. And you can't

repent unless you know what it means to repent, unless a true sent one tells you how to do it. You can't do it by merely reading the Bible or believing this in your mind, or by listening to a preacher on T.V. You must count the cost. It's life for life.

You must give up everything. You must give up all your possessions as well as all your personal ambitions. You must give up any earthly tie with relatives or former friends who would seek to keep you from following Him. You must become as a little child to be rescued. Unless you give up absolutely everything then you can't be His disciple. You must give up your home, your farm, your car, your tractor, your independence, your wife, your children, everything, even your own life for these things hold you back from absolutely following Him.

If you do you will find life, true life, Eternal Life. You will reach the blood that can wash you clean and make you new inside. His life will live in your life. His Spirit with your spirit. After hearing such good news of love and forgiveness, what other response could a man have but to devote the rest of his life in giving thankful appreciation for this Sacrifice? You won't want to live for yourself any longer but instead you'll want to live for the One who died for you and rose from the dead to set you free and give you life.

If you love your life you will lose it. If you want to keep your life you can, at least until you die. After you die you will face judgement along with everyone who ever lived. If you love your fallen, rotten, stinking, lonely life you can keep it. But if you are one of the little sheep who desires a new life and a new world to come, you can give up your life. If you do, you will find life; Eternal Life. You will be joined together with His people now in a life together, what you've always wanted.

ANDREW'S LAMB

It was a hot, sunny day as Andrew walked along the dusty road toward Jerusalem. A few steps ahead of him walked his father, head gray with age yet still very strong. It seemed a bit strange to Andrew that it was only he and his father making the journey this year, for in years past, all his brothers and sisters had accompanied them. But they were all grown now and had families of their own to care for, and soon even Andrew himself would probably be leaving home. At Andrew's heels, following obediently, was his most beautiful young lamb. This was a special lamb, for this lamb was the whole reason for their long trip to Jerusalem. He was also very special to Andrew personally because he loved that lamb more than any other that had ever been born into his family's small flock.

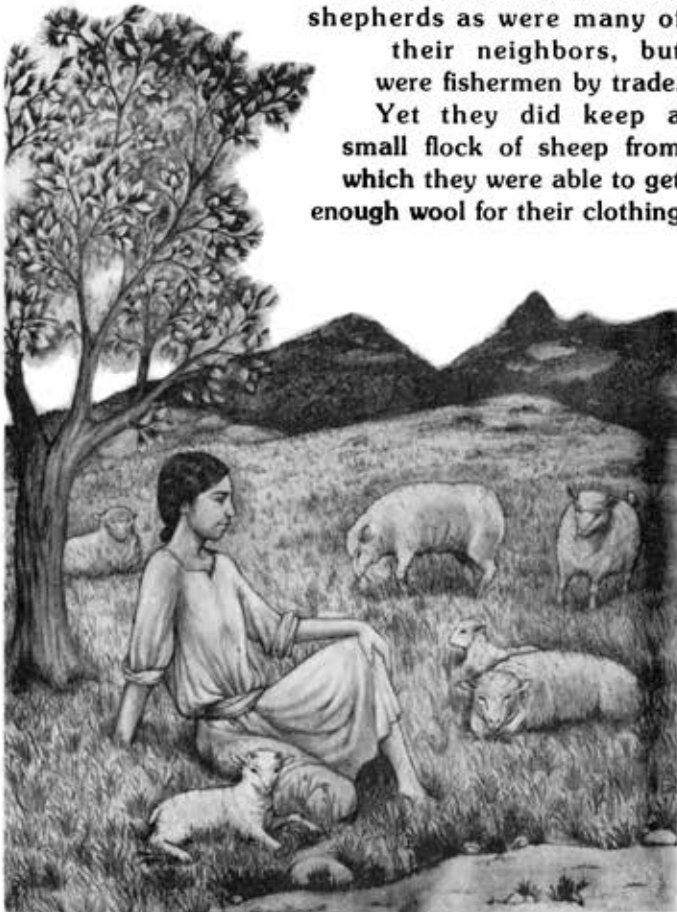
Andrew's family were not shepherds as were many of their neighbors, but were fishermen by trade. Yet they did keep a small flock of sheep from which they were able to get enough wool for their clothing



At Andrew's heels, following obediently, was his most beautiful young lamb.

plus provide for other needs. Ever since Andrew had been quite young he had been the one in his family who cared for the sheep, taking them often from one pasture to another, caring faithfully for them. Some times he would go out fishing with his older brothers, especially with Simon who was next to him in age, and with whom he was very close. But most of the time he was left home to watch after the sheep and other things there.

Andrew was a good shepherd to the sheep, and loved them all, but this young lamb, which today followed so obediently in his steps, was very close to Andrew's heart. He glanced back at the lamb as they walked along the road, remembering so clearly the night of his birth. It had been a cool, spring evening and Andrew had taken the flock down into a sheltered valley quite a distance from their house. He realized that it was a bit far to go with them, but he knew that it would be a nice place for them to spend the night. He also knew that one of the sheep was due to have a lamb soon, but he certainly didn't expect it that night. As they settled in, he noticed that that certain sheep was behaving strangely. As the night wore on it became obvious that she would soon be having her lamb. This troubled Andrew for he had never been alone with the sheep when one was having it's lamb, especially this far from home. Andrew's father knew a



Andrew was a good shepherd to the sheep, and loved them all

lot about helping the mother in case she began to have trouble during the delivery. Andrew began praying to the God of his father for a safe delivery.

The dark hours of that night passed very slowly for Andrew. The mother sheep began crying out in distress. Something was wrong. Andrew felt helpless and totally without the wisdom he needed to help her. She continued to bellow in pain, and looked pleadingly toward Andrew for relief. "What should I do?" His heart was breaking as he sat listening to her groans. His mind suddenly flashed back to something his father had been talking about at the table that morning. His father had spoken of how their God would not continue to delay long if he heard the cries of His people for justice and deliverance. His father always talked of such things, but that morning he was speaking with great conviction, and it had struck Andrew to the heart. Now Andrew felt himself to be in a similar situation. Could he just sit by and let his sheep suffer without even attempting to help? No! He jumped to his feet, breathing a prayer to God for wisdom. Andrew's hands moved skillfully to free the entrapped lamb from its mother's womb. In just a few minutes it was all over and the lamb lay cuddled at Andrew's side, as if he knew it was Andrew who had saved his life.

As Andrew looked down at the new lamb, he was immediately struck by its beauty and perfection. The lamb's soft eyes gazed up at him with a look of seeming gratitude. That night a bit of pain had pierced Andrew's heart as he watched the first clumsy movements of this spotless male lamb, for he knew what the perfection of this little creature would mean. Though he hated to even think about it, he knew that this lamb would serve a greater purpose.



He was trying to overlook that special lamb which was so close to his heart.

For once a year it was Andrew's job, since he was the shepherd in the family, to pick out the very best of their young male lambs. He knew all the sheep well so was able to pick the most perfect and precious of them all. It was always difficult to make this decision because Andrew loved all of the sheep and because each and every one of them was valuable to the livelihood of Andrew's not so wealthy family. The lamb which he chose was to be given up to their God as a *sacrifice*. And for Andrew and his family it truly was a 'sacrifice.' A sacrifice was necessary each year to the God of Israel for the forgiveness of their sins. When Andrew was younger he had not fully understood what this sacrifice was all about, but now he was beginning to see his own sins all too well. Andrew's father had explained to him many times about their God and about how in the beginning when God first created man, man had sinned. From that sin, death came into the world and only through the shedding of blood could man's sins be forgiven and could he be saved from eternal death. His father had also



During these times he would speak about a better day when God would once again speak to His people.

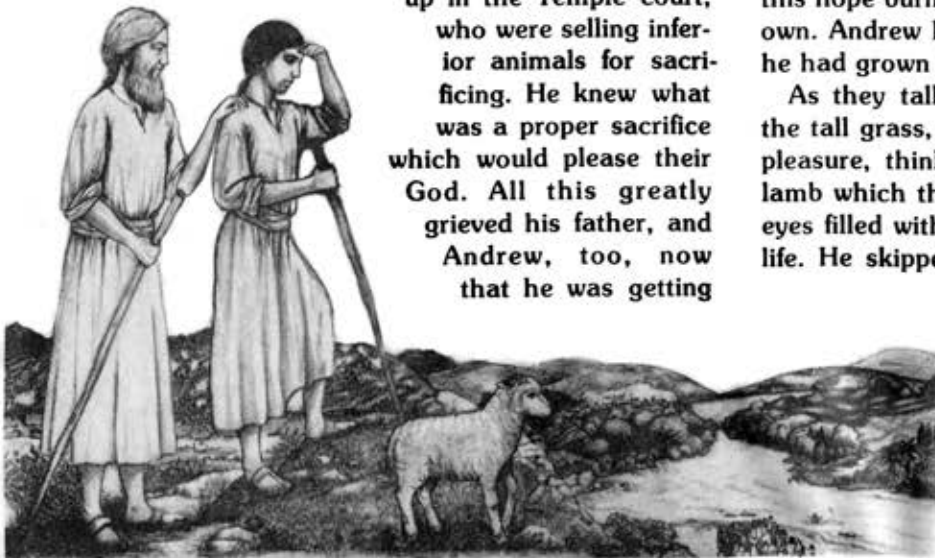
explained that it was true mercy that their God had made a way so that they could be forgiven and would not have to die themselves as their sins deserved.

God's way was that they would shed the blood of a lamb. This was their sacrifice. Andrew knew that for it to truly be a *sacrifice* it must hurt. That was why his family had always been careful to give the most perfect and spotless of their flock to God as He had commanded, giving the one which it hurt the most to give.

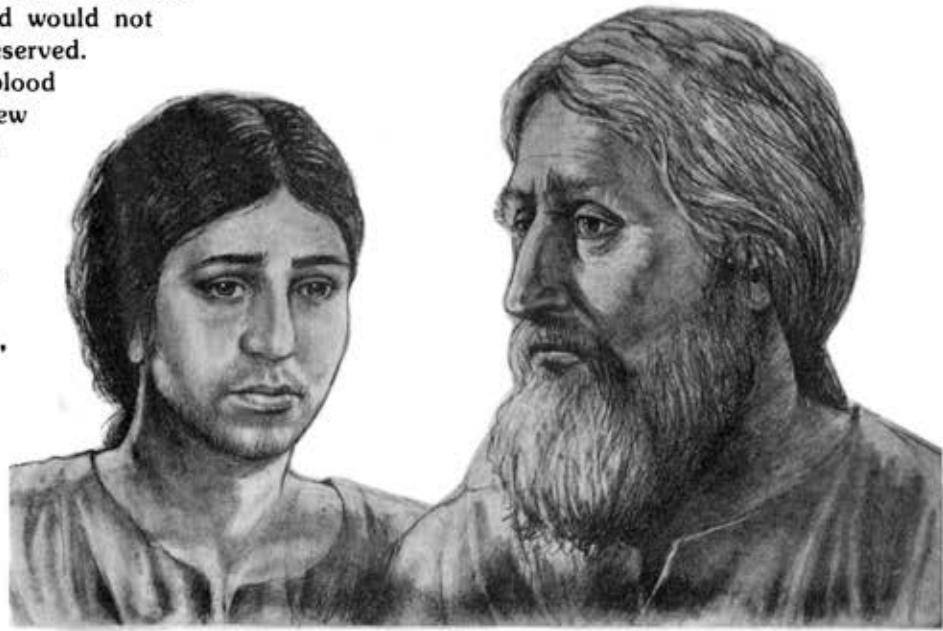
So this year, as he had every year, Andrew had gone out to the hillside to choose the lamb which they would take to the Temple in Jerusalem. In the back of his mind he already knew which one it *must* be, but he tried to ignore that voice of his conscience, looking at the different male lambs of the flock, examining each one. "Maybe it should be this one. No, maybe that one...." He was trying to overlook that special lamb which was so close to his heart. Then he felt a tug on the back of his tunic. It was his favorite lamb nibbling at the leather pouch that hung at his side to see if it contained a special treat. Andrew had often brought treats with him just for the purpose of giving them to his favorite of the flock. Looking down at him, Andrew cringed. "How can I try to deceive myself or our God?" he thought. He knew which one was their most precious and perfect lamb, and the only one which he could honestly call their "sacrifice."

In their visits to the Temple, it had often bothered Andrew when he would see people bringing in animals which were puny and sick. He knew that wasn't right and he couldn't understand why the priests would just receive them as if they didn't even notice their flaws. Andrew's father saw this happening too, but he had never slacked up on his standard for their own sacrifice. Andrew greatly respected his father for that. His father also never gave the slightest ear to the offers of the men with stands set

up in the Temple court, who were selling inferior animals for sacrificing. He knew what was a proper sacrifice which would please their God. All this greatly grieved his father, and Andrew, too, now that he was getting



As they rounded the top of the hill overlooking the Jordan River, they were amazed at what they beheld.



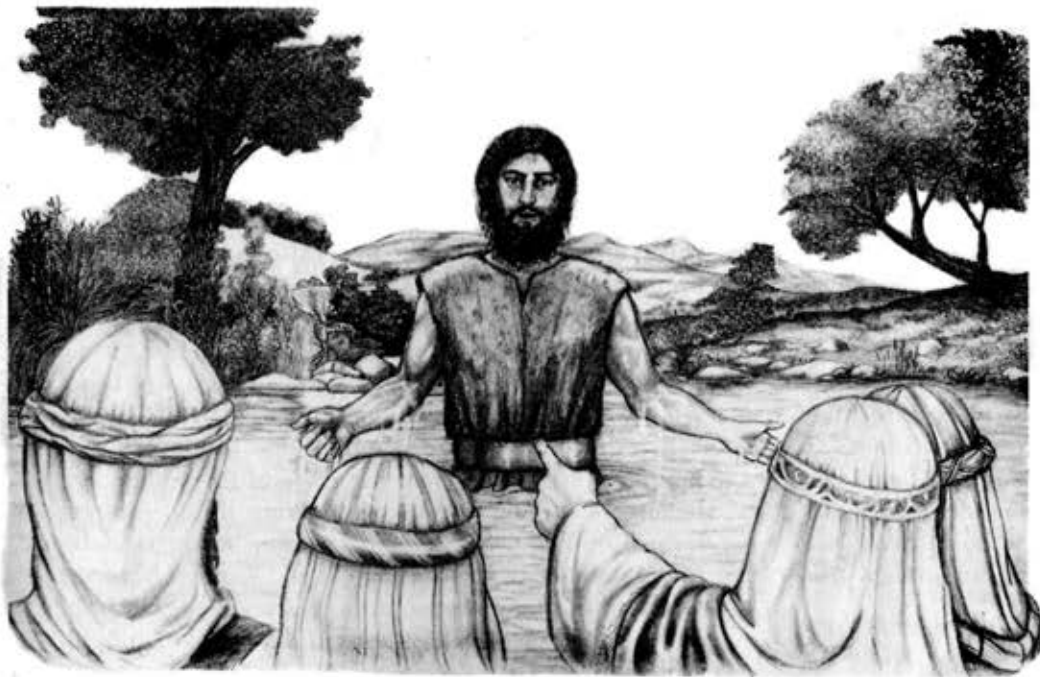
Without the shedding of blood there can be no forgiveness for our sins.

old enough to realize what was going on. It seemed as if the people didn't think that their God could see their deception. His family knew that God always judged men by their hearts, so they always wanted to give their best. And this little lamb, which today accompanied them on their long journey, was truly their best.

The sun was rising high in the sky now as they walked, making the heat nearly unbearable. Andrew's father eyed a shady spot up ahead and decided to rest awhile. They sat down in the tall grass under a large tree. Andrew's father laid back in the grass, sighed, and then began talking as he so often did, especially on this yearly journey to the Temple. During these times he would speak about a better day when God would once again speak to His people. He spoke of their people's need to hear the voice of the prophets in their land. And he spoke of the hope which was nearest his heart, that of the coming of the Messiah. He was old now and his life would soon be over, but he wanted to be sure that this hope burned in the hearts of his sons as it did in his own. Andrew loved to hear his father talk like this, and he had grown to love the God of his father.

As they talked, the little lamb frolicked playfully in the tall grass, eating his fill. Andrew watched him with pleasure, thinking that this was truly the most lovely lamb which they had ever had in their small flock. His eyes filled with tears, seeing that young lamb so full of life. He skipped to Andrew's side and laid down as if sensing his grief. Andrew burst out in tears. "Why, why father must he die for my sins? I should be the one to die.... I hate my sin. Why am I such a slave to this evil heart of mine?"

His father put his compassionate arm over Andrew's shoulders



"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Make straight the way of our God' "

what they beheld. In the river stood an unusual looking man. He was calling out in a loud voice to the crowd which had gathered. He was also baptizing some of the people as they walked out into the river to him. Andrew's father recognized those being baptized as his fellow Jews.

"What?" he exclaimed, "Is this man baptizing Israel? Only the heathens have ever needed to be baptized. Can this be a prophet of our Holy God, calling his own people to baptism?"

They walked quickly down the hill toward the crowd. In the midst of the group, some of the priests and Levites from Jerusalem appeared very disturbed at this man preaching from the water. They yelled to him, "Who are you?" Andrew was glad they had asked that question for that was just what he was wondering. Some people in the crowd answered the question, "He is John the Baptist, sent to us from the God of Israel." The Levites hushed the crowd, advising them to let the man answer himself.

"I am not the Anointed One," replied the man they had called John.

"What then, are you Elijah?"

"I am not," he responded.

"Are you the prophet?"

"No!" he called back.

"Who are you then, so we may give answer to those who sent us? What do you say about yourself?"

"I am a voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Make straight the way of our God,' as Isaiah the prophet said."

As Andrew heard these words from John, his heart leaped. He pressed through the crowd to draw nearer to John. The priests and Levites continued their interrogation, "Why, then, are you baptizing if you are not the Anointed One, nor Elijah, nor the Prophet?"

saying, "Son, we need a Savior. We need salvation. Were it not for the mercy of our God you would have to die for your sins. This is His provision for you, my son. And in this there is a greater purpose."

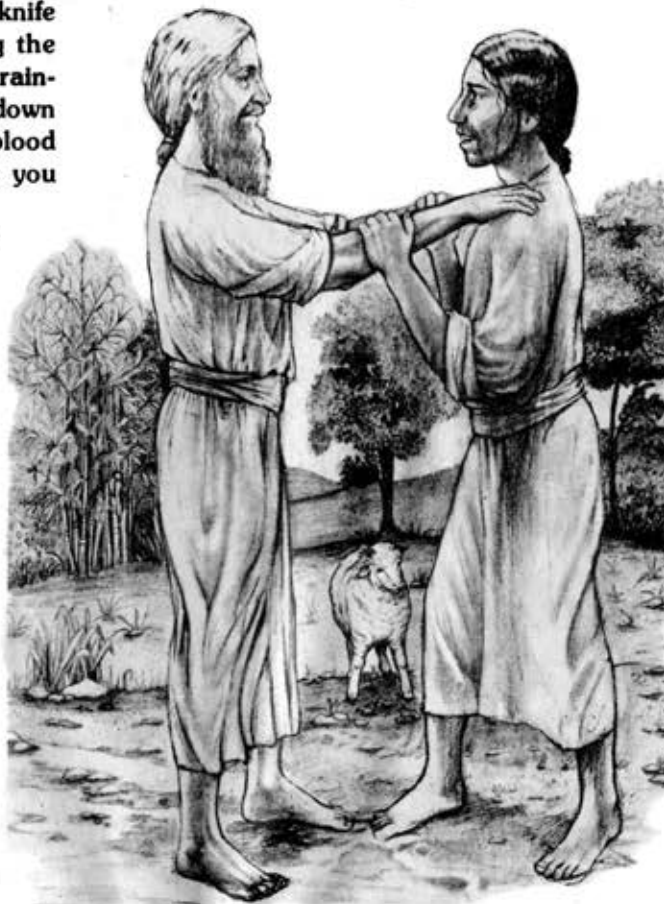
Andrew continued to sob, thinking of the fact that soon the knife of the priest would be piercing the throat of his precious lamb, draining all of its blood. Looking down at the lamb, he said, "Your blood for my sins! I am guilty and you are innocent."

His father, wiping the tears from his own eyes, being touched himself by the anguish his son expressed, said, "The life is in the blood and without the shedding of blood there can be no forgiveness for our sins." He, too, hated their plight as fallen men. "All we can do is pray, crying out to our God for the consolation of Israel."

They sat together silently for a while and then Andrew's father motioned for them to continue on their journey. The lamb followed submissively without even a command, oblivious to his fate.

As they neared the village of Bethany, they

heard the sound of many voices in the distance. They wondered what it could be. Turning aside from the main road, they headed toward the river from where the sound seemed to be coming. As they rounded the top of the hill overlooking the Jordan River, they were amazed at

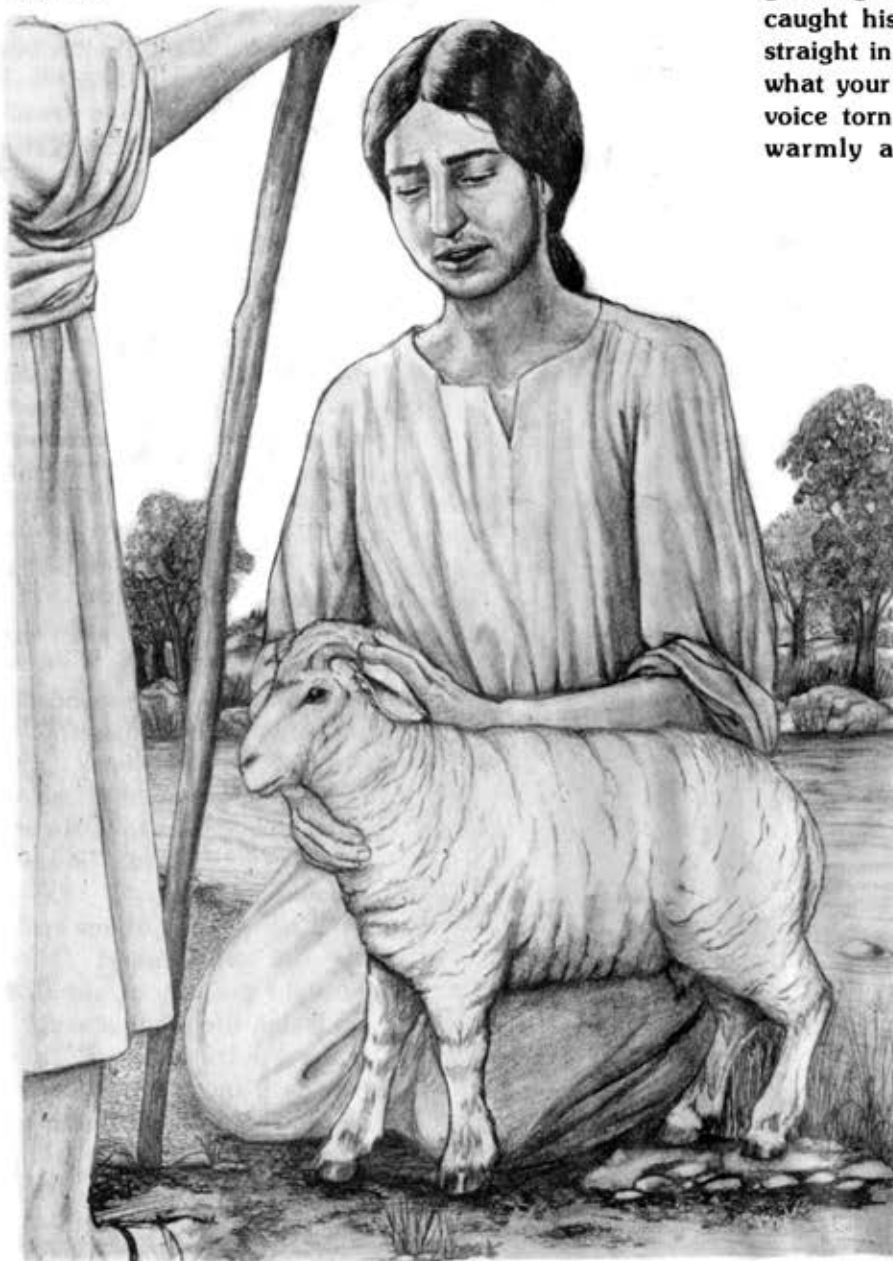


A few moments later, Andrew and his father stood together, dripping wet at the edge of the water.

John answered, "I baptize in water but among you stands One whom you do not know. It is He who comes after me, whose sandals I am not worthy to untie."

After that he refused to respond to any more questions.

Andrew didn't like the way the priests were speaking to this man. It seemed strange, because Andrew had always greatly respected and admired the priests and Levites when he had seen them each year at the temple in Jerusalem. But now they seemed so different. He was puzzled as to why they were treating this man of God with such disdain. To Andrew, it was obvious that this man had been sent from God, and he wanted to hear more from John. Andrew was pleased at the way John was not intimidated by the hostile spirit of the priests and Levites.



May I fulfill the purpose for which I was created as you are fulfilling yours

Andrew had become so wrapped up in listening to John speak that he had totally forgotten about his father and the whole purpose for their trip. But soon he felt the warm hand of his father rest upon his shoulder. Andrew turned and looked into the eyes of his father, conveying in that one look more than a thousand words could have said. Andrew's father seemed to be equally as touched by John's words. Without a word spoken, they turned and walked arm and arm into the cool waters of the Jordan.

"May Israel see the meaning of this baptism!" Andrew's father shouted as John was baptizing him.

A few moments later, Andrew and his father stood together, dripping wet at the edge of the water. John finished speaking and began walking away. Andrew's father motioned for his son to come along with him to continue their trip to Jerusalem. Andrew hesitated, glancing in the direction John was walking. His father caught his son's hesitation and turned, looking him straight in the eyes, saying, "Go Andrew. Go and do what your heart is telling you to do." He spoke in a voice torn with emotion. His father embraced him warmly and turned to leave, not looking back.

Andrew stooped to pet his lamb for the last time.

"May I fulfill the purpose for which I was created as you are fulfilling yours, our sacrificial lamb. There is hope for Israel now, for God has sent us a prophet. Perhaps our redemption comes soon for he speaks of the Anointed One. Oh," said Andrew, rising to his feet, "I wish you could understand." He directed the lamb to follow his father.

Andrew watched as his father walked off through the crowd. Andrew knew that the tears that he had seen in his father's eyes had not been tears of sorrow, but rather of joy. It was a joy coming from deep within, as he realized that what he had desired fervently all his life would soon be coming to pass — perhaps even before his death. His father and the lamb vanished in the crowd and Andrew turned to follow the hope of Israel.

The next day, Andrew stood once again at John's side as John cried out to the people of Israel of their need for baptism in order to be prepared in their hearts to receive their Anointed One. Then, suddenly, John stood in awe as he gazed upon a certain man that had just approached the crowd. John raised his arm, pointing toward that man

and exclaimed, "Look, the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world!"

Andrew's heart stopped as he heard these words. His mind went immediately to his own lamb who was probably at that very moment being slain on the altar for his own sins. "Why did John call this man the LAMB OF GOD? Is this God's own lamb? Did God search heaven for the most perfect, spotless, and precious of His own flock? A lamb that would take away the sins of the *whole world*? What can this mean?"

The man to whom John was pointing walked into the water, coming to him to be baptized. At first John refused, saying that he was not worthy to do that, but that it should rather be that this man would baptize him. The man insisted, saying, "Please, do it at this time, for all righteousness must be fulfilled." John then baptized him.

Andrew's mind was bursting with questions, not fully understanding all that was happening.

As this man came up out of the water, John suddenly called out. "This is He whom I spoke of, saying, 'After me comes a man who has a higher rank than I, for He existed before me.' And I did not

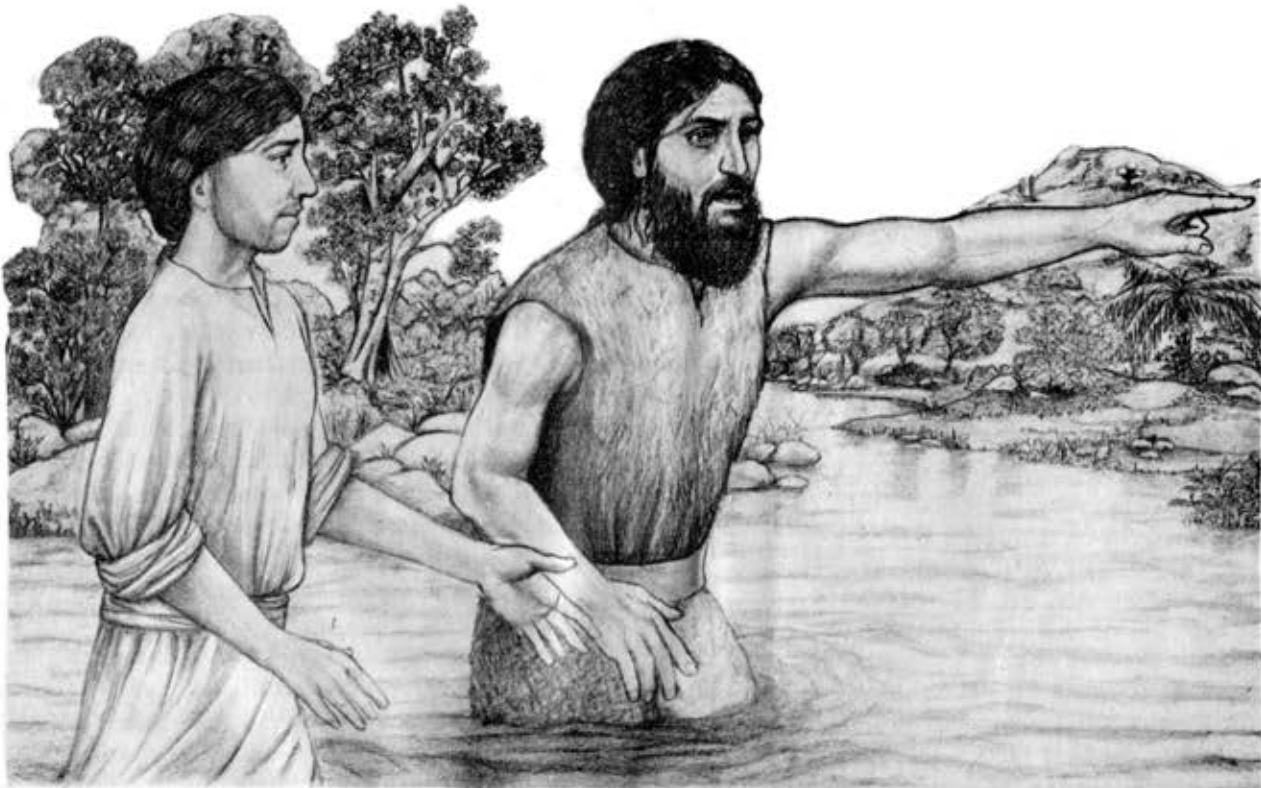
recognize Him before, but He who sent me to baptize in water said to me, 'He upon whom you see the Spirit descending and remaining, this is the one who baptizes in the Holy Spirit.' And I have *seen*, and now tell you certainly that this is the SON OF GOD!"

"The Son of God?!" Although Andrew didn't understand much, he surely knew what it meant when John said, "The Son of God." As Andrew was pondering these things, the man who was just baptized disappeared into the crowd.

Andrew's mind was in turmoil. "Who is this man? Is He God's Lamb and God's Son? Is God's own son the only lamb which can satisfy His standard of perfection? Is this the only sacrifice which God can make that will take away the sin of the whole world? This will surely be the ultimate sacrifice. Is He God's Lamb sent to Israel for us?" Andrew found no rest for his questioning mind.

"Behold, the Lamb of God!" Those words thundered through Andrew's mind, piercing his heart, "God's Lamb, God's Lamb, the Lamb of God!"

Andrew walked quickly from the water to follow that man of whom John had spoken. Andrew knew in his heart what that meant ... THE LAMB OF GOD, THE LAMB OF GOD ■



"Look, the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world! "

MALADIES

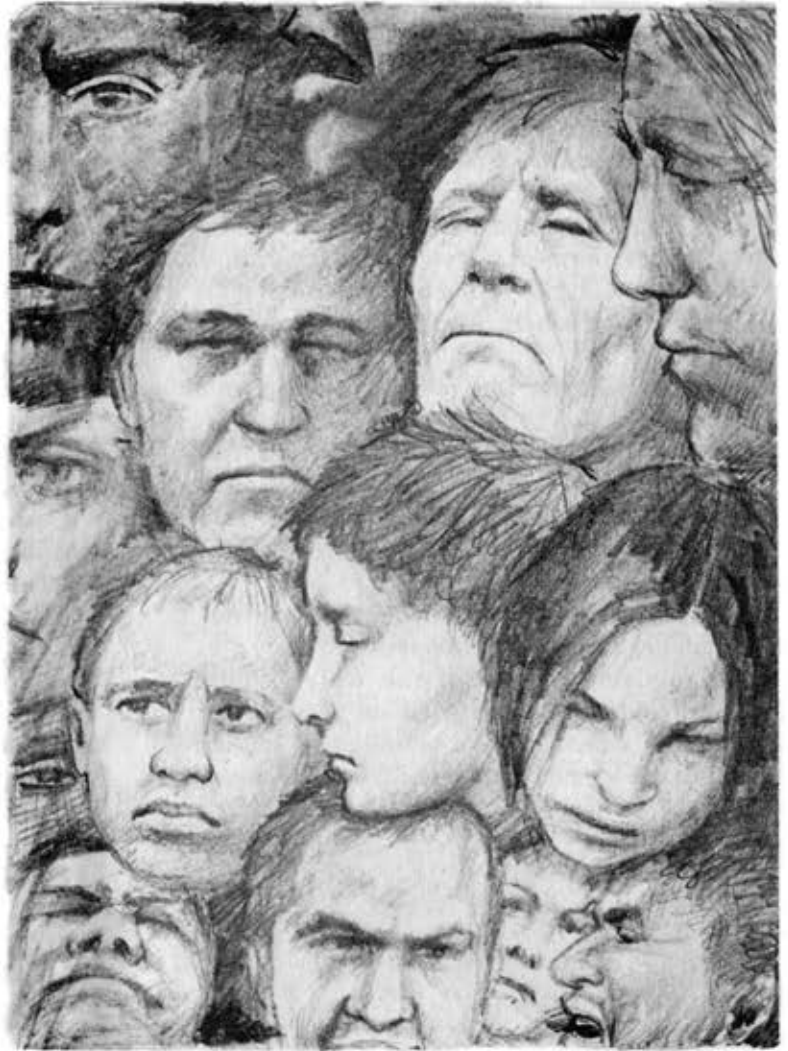
We, who have experienced the depths of sin in the world, are deeply scarred and irreparably wounded by what we have gone through. Our wounds demonstrate the great injustice which rules this planet. For the evil one is destroying and ravaging lives in every dark corner of this society. There is no one who is spared from the devastating effects of sin and death. But we, personally, suffer from our own various flaws and weaknesses as a result.

Many times when we realize the damage that has been done, we are unable to figure out how we got in this condition in the first place. But just take a look at how we were trained from our youth. We learned from our parents, our schools, our friends, and our society at large to love money and to love independence. We were taught to do our own thing and to disregard anything or anybody that didn't like what we thought or what we did.

Our parents put virtually no restraint on us. They were too busy making a living to have much time for us. Many of us seemed to be more of a bother to our parents than anything. So as a result, we grew up being disrespectful and disobedient to our parents. We were trained to strive to be the best and to envy those who had what we didn't have. Our hearts were full of spite and hatred toward those we didn't like or those who got in our way.

We learned that deceit was a valuable tool to manipulate others and to get the upper hand. We couldn't be faithful to our friends if it cost us anything. And when we got older we especially couldn't be faithful to our wives. We were taught that "variety is the spice of life". So our deceit and unfaithfulness opened up the door for us to be treacherous, shifty and evasive, misleading and disloyal. We quickly learned to pursue our own pleasure and we did so with reckless abandon.

No one ever told us these things were destroying our lives or that because of these things the world was bewildered, confused, and troubled with problems. In fact we were taught to put on a mask of religion every Sunday to cover up the irreparable damage that was done to our soul from the "normal" life of our society.



But 2000 years ago a true prophet warned us what it would be like in these times, these very difficult and grievous times we live in. He said that these practices and this way of life that we have learned to accept is really a sign to us that we are living in the very last years of this age. He said that, because of these things that have filled our lives, the world would be on the brink of destruction – filled with war, starvation, terror, oppression, injustice, fear, and horrible, unstoppable epidemics such as A.I.D.S.

It is recorded in the ancient writings. You can read it yourself in 2 Timothy 3:1-5 (New Testament of the Bible). It will make sense to you. This "normal" life is the snare you're caught in. This is why your life is a wreck, why you're lonely and unable to find true meaning and purpose for your life.

You are going against the standard or law that your Creator established for you to live by. This law is a perfect standard of what is right, what is absolutely just. It is the foundation of His character and the expression of everything that is good. It is immovable and unchangeable like the stars in the heavens.

His law is like a charter, a rule of conduct. It is a radical guideline that gives direction and purpose to your life. It is a command or a directive that proclaims the way of life that will fulfill your true heart's desire.

As a result of going against that law, you have gone off the path on which you were created to walk. It's like trying to go against the law of gravity. It doesn't work. So when you go against God's spiritual law it hurts your conscience, making you feel bad inside. The more you go against your conscience, the worse it gets.



We are all suffering from the injustice of the fall and the consequential effect of going against God's law. It's just not fair that some of us have a hard time learning to share our abundance with our brother or neighbor who has needs — much less with a total stranger. We're this way because we learned in our youth to be greedy for money, things and pleasure. It's just not fair that some of us were stuffed with junk food as a child causing us to suffer the effects of being overweight to this day. It's just not fair that we learned to hate and mistrust authority and have no respect for others. It's too bad that most of the authority we saw was abusive and not due any respect.

It's just not fair that our bodies and our minds are suffering the repercussions of the awful junk we put into them as children and teenagers — coca-cola, drugs, alcohol, T.V., cigarettes, etc. So now our livers, our lungs, our veins, our reproductive organs, our backs, our brains, and our nerves are scarred, wounded, and in distress. It's just not fair!

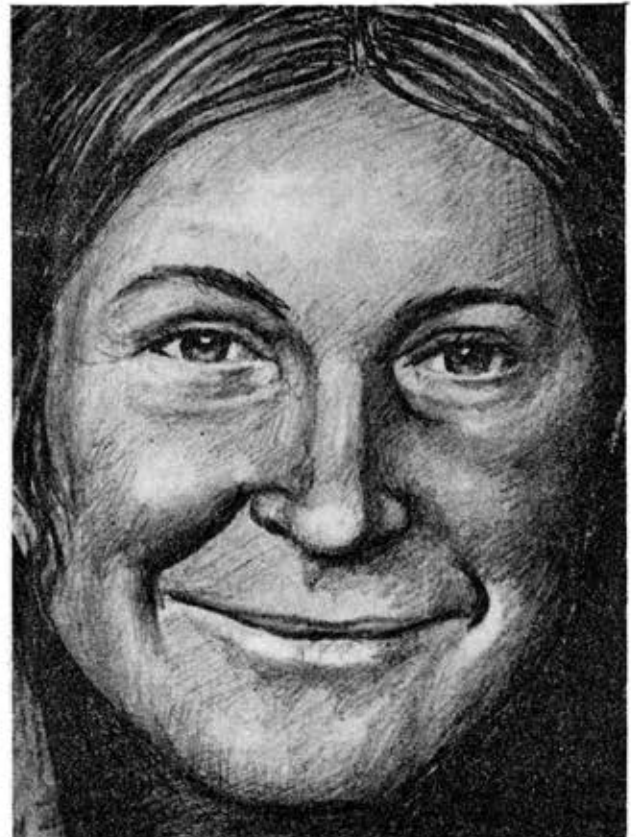
So, what can we do?

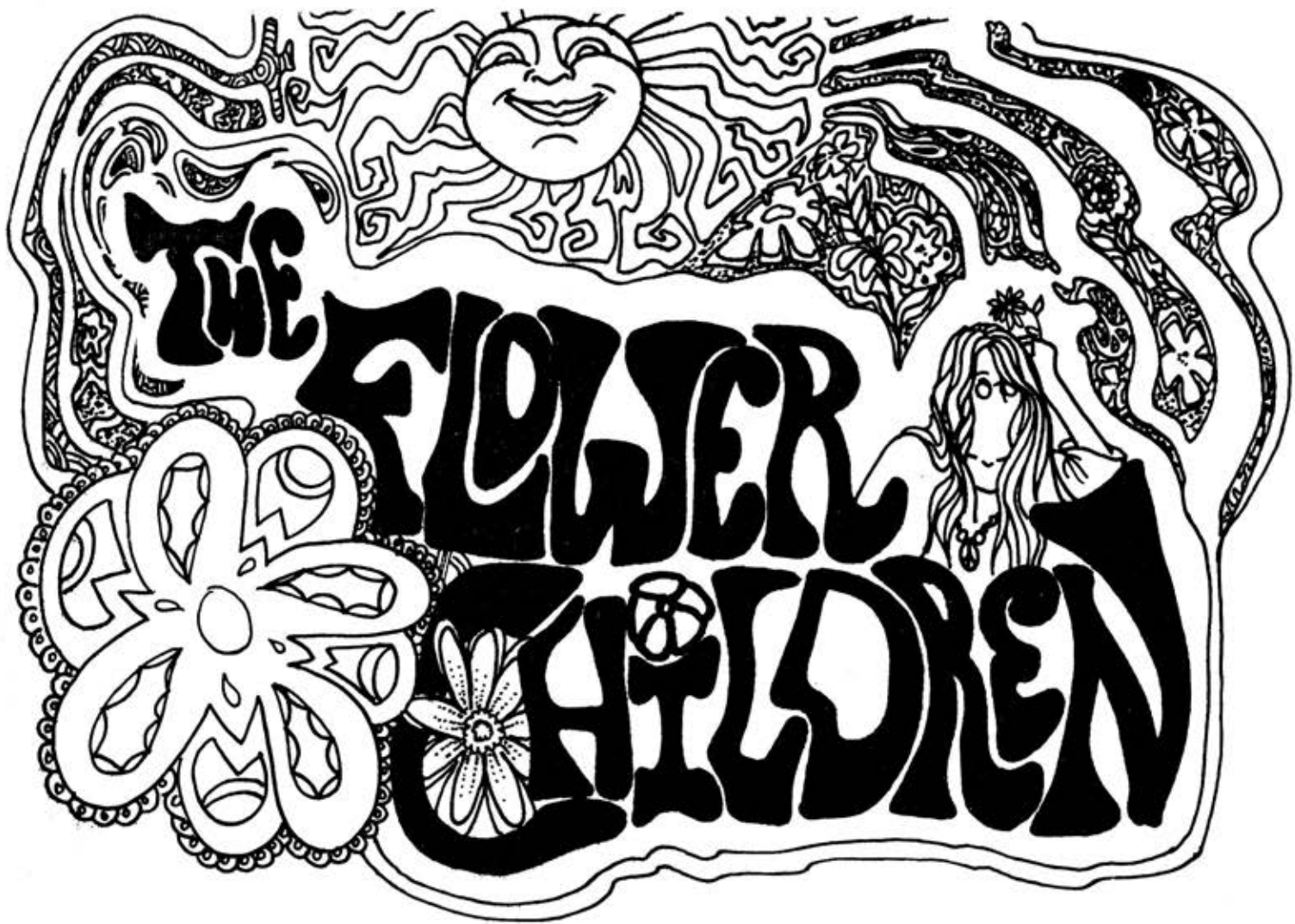
We have seen our Creator's mercy toward us in providing a way out of our past way of life. He provided a sacrifice to remove the guilt we suffer with daily from our life of blatant disregard of our Creator's commands for us. The sacrifice was the spilled blood of the Son of God who walked the earth as a man much acquainted with the suffering and grief of mankind. He gave His pure and innocent life in exchange for our life stained with

guilt. His name is Yahshua. He gave us a new life when we cried out to Him and asked Him to rescue us. Now He has written His laws in our hearts and on our minds. Now we have come to know that absolute standard inwardly, in our innermost being, through the voice of our conscience. He gave us His own Spirit to fill us with this life every day.

But even though we now dwell in the marvelous light of salvation and have been washed clean of the eternal penalty of our sin, we are now, in our own physical bodies and in our minds, still suffering the effects of the mire in which we dwelt for so many years. Had we been raised in the community, we would have been safe from many of the terrible experiences that we had in the world. Yet even here we are not beyond the reach of the inborn aspects of sin. We all need salvation, each one of us, everyday.

And that's why we've been gathered together as a people. We need Yahshua. His Spirit lives in each of us in the community and now we can help one another. We have the hope of becoming a nation of people ruled by the love He has given us. We're on the path we were created for once again. We love His commands. Someday we will see this wonderful life rule the whole earth. But now is a time to be rescued and to be healed and made fit for the age to come. We would like to tell you more. Write or call us or come and see for yourself.





**All flesh is grass
and all its beauty is like
the flower of the field.
The grass withers, the flower fades,
when the breath of Yahweh
blows upon it.
Surely the people is grass
The grass withers, the flower fades.
but the word of our Elohim
will stand for ever.**

Yeshaiyah (Isaiah) 40:6,7,8

Yeshaiyah the seer captured an essential quality of human life in his vision - our beauty is kin to that of flowers. We share a brief and intense life in common; when mature we flower and burst forth with seed for future generations. As for them, everyone recognizes their colorful make-up, how it lures the eye of wandering insects, assuring that next summer the meadows will again be clothed with splendor. We humans likewise desire to generate in beauty and bring forth others who will be like us.

One summer day my imagination was stirred by the love that was all around me and from that day forward I yearned to participate in a new life that was filling our country. And like me, for many Americans now alive, 1967 to 1973 were the years of our flowering. We lived, breathed and drank in a colorful, passion-filled time; work, travel, music and politics plunged us into monumental joys and sufferings; we experienced an endless summer brimming with



hopes and dreams. All during the Woodstock years, from that first "summer of love" to the close of the Vietnam war we burst into flower, faded, and scattered the seed of our generation all across the United States. We bore the seed and carried the new raw love that burned in our blood; we built the bridge from the last generation to the present, from our parents to now; we were the flower children - young, innocent, and short-lived.



"The summer of love" almost slipped by me like a day lily's brief appearing. My one true glimpse of it was like a French sailor gawking at the enchanting natives of a Tahitian village. Sixty red-blooded Boy Scouts from Ohio and I spent two weeks in the furnace heat of Idaho's Farragut State Park. To cap off the adventure we bussed to Seattle for a free evening before taking the ferry to Vancouver Island. A few friends and I rode the monorail to the old World's Fair site in search of excitement. Everywhere we walked young hippies filled the grass and paths. It was like going from a foreign legion outpost in the Sahara to Paris. We stood out like sore thumbs in olive-drab uniforms, dark

green knee socks, red tassels on our garters, and wide-brimmed "Smokey the Bear" stetsons. All around barefoot teenage girls drifted by, some in long length white cotton dresses, some in clinging Indian prints, some in bell bottoms and peasant smocks with hand embroidered designs, some with flowers in their hair, or head bands, or beads and garlands around their necks. They looked like part of an Indian tribe, or like medieval minstrels, or gypsies; we looked like Mayor Daley's police or the National Guard at Kent State. The sweetly acrid smell of marijuana burned on the evening breeze. They were around my age yet casual, un-selfconscious, absorbed in another reality I wasn't even aware of, neither out-of-place nor awkward in the slightest. Had someone explained what they were into, I might have deserted right on the spot and never gone home. Who knows? Two more years were to still pass before I bought my first pair of bell bottoms and tried the drugs of the freak culture.

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For flowers to grow, the tiny seeds must first fall into the earth and die. For a long time, the little seed in my heart remained buried before it began to grow. Little roots went down - Timothy Leary's interview in *Playboy*, Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*, the Beatles' *Magical Mystery Tour*. Similar to the tactics of a communist on US soil, I hid underground, biding the time, awaiting the right opportunity. Secretly, anonymously I took root - thinking, reading, watching, preparing for the days ahead when my ideals could be expressed openly.

A "Death of God" theology course the following summer paved my way into hippiedom. Without God, nothing ultimately mattered. Why shouldn't I do anything I felt





like? Who was keeping track of me? Who was watching? My theology professor, an old Kierkegaardian led me down the primrose path of his master's genius. As soon as I learned that the road to freedom divided into three main branches, I had a choice to make. One led to an ethical life, one to an aesthetic, and one to a sensual. Which would be right for me? Should I live doing what was right, or for beauty, or for pleasure? Should I be a monk, a Mozart, or a Don Juan? I chose the aesthetic. I would search for truth in beauty and beauty in truth. I would enjoy life's most beautiful things and find meaning in them to go on living. My tenets were simple: art was the most beautiful part of life, film the greatest art; nature the most beautiful part of the earth and hippies the most beautiful people.

For some of us drugs led us away from society and into nature. Nature invoked worship and worship led us down one spiritual path or another. We ended up in Kierkegaard's realm of the ethical. To others drugs led to sensuality, then to immorality, and then the monastery (like Don Juan in

later life.) Some began with protest, switched to business, and now live steeped in this world's pleasures. My pursuit of beauty began in film and nature. Both led to a startling end point - death. Why were the most beautiful experiences in life so filled with the ominous presence of death?

In the old German tale **Faust**, the world-weary savant conjures up a spirit one dark night in his study. With hopes of learning the meaning of life, he embarks on a quest, guided by Mephistopheles, the devil. The cost of the experience will be his soul, the wager hinging on the devil's confidence that he could get Faust to say "verweile doch, du bist so schoen," ("linger a little, you are so beautiful.") to something he would not want to let go. I, too, awaited the same - that one



awful, beautiful moment I would wish with all my heart to linger a brief second longer. As close as I came, my years as a flower child never fulfilled that wish.

There were times, tripping or stoned or close to nature that the awesome splendor and the painful briefness of life drove me deep into despair and near to giving up my own Faust-like quest for beauty. Why couldn't we be always tripping? Why did we have to come down? Why couldn't my friends and I stay like this forever - carefree, young, unambitious, giddy with purposelessness? Still, behind every one of such

fine moments hid the unrelenting Mephistopheles, quick to snatch even that brief glory out of our hands. He knew how to draw us on, how to tantalize and further promise and then lock us up forever in the prison of his insane world. Behind the beauty of every experience lurked a hopeless despair, an agonizing feeling of helplessness and futility. All the flowers were meant to fade and every relationship to fail. A sense of impending doom damned every endeavor. "There's a thorn tree in the garden, if you know just what I mean," Eric Clapton sang. The thorn tree was death. We had to get back to the garden but the cost of getting there was enormous - the thorn tree blocked our way.

The garden was lush and relieving. All around lay low lying hills, lakes, streams, waterfalls, meadows and woods. Nearby too was the ocean, low dunes, reeds, and salt water marshes. Yet in spite of all this beauty there often came the terrible lonely feeling of not fitting in. It didn't matter where I was, stoned or not. The sensation that I was out of place overwhelmed me. Sitting on a cliff's edge watching the hawks gyre and soar on the updrafts, or on a lawn beneath a shade tree, I knew that nature was doing what it was meant to do. I knew that plants





and bushes and flowers were all fitting in their proper place, but I, strangely enough wasn't. They were in harmony with the wind, the air, the sun, the rocks, the tender skin of the earth, the cool waters, and the fiery heat of day. But I was alone, a stranger and an outcast. Thoughts like these continually disquieted me. Even in the stupor of being high I couldn't dull my senses enough to the awful feeling that I didn't fit into the realm of nature as all the other parts did.

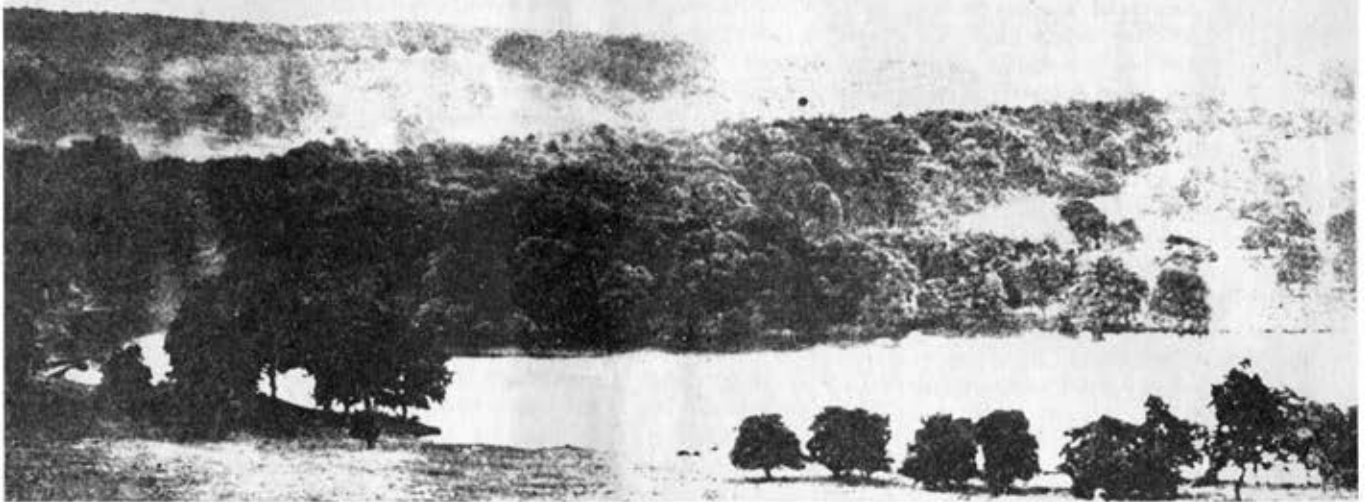
I was like a thorn tree. I felt a horrible outrage at the thought of death. It was so unjust, like a knife stab to the heart or the twist of a screw deep within. One day I wouldn't be on the earth watching the sun come up in all its peacefulness or see the

moon rising in the early twilight. I wouldn't be around when the apple trees came into bloom to fill the air with fragrance or when the lilacs came out drenching the evening, or when the daffodils covered the hillsides. The clouds would come and go and I wouldn't be there to notice them. I wouldn't be able to see the sparkle of sunlight on water or feel the raw saltwind off the Sound, or sniff the soft balm of melting snow. The seasons and life would run on without me. It would never halt and wait till I was there. Was there anything more unfair than that? In all his wisdom, Shakespeare could only say,

**Golden lads and girls all must,
like chimney sweepers
come to dust."**

There was little consolation in Georg Buechner's thought: Christ was the greatest epicurean because he knew when to die or in Jacques Brell's lyrics, "It's hard to die in the spring, you know," or in Omar Khayyam's quatrain:

**When you and I behind the veil
are past,
Oh, but the long, long while
the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and
Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed
a pebble-cast.**



It wasn't fair that I would have to lie beneath the ground year after year and miss everything. Death was horrid and ugly: I didn't want to be a disembodied spirit, chained in the deepest recesses of the earth, held in agony by the excruciating, crushing loneliness. Who didn't dread the stillness, the imprisonment, the horror, the hopelessness, the helpless despair? And the conscious waiting that would go on - every second of every hour, day after day, year by year. The torment of mind would be acute, the pangs more fierce than losing someone you truly loved. Over and over again would be the thoughts of my conscience and the clutches of hopeless darkness all around.

One day I faced the issue squarely and decided to wrestle with this fear. I heard rumor of a man who had defeated death and I found him at his cross. Joining him was better than anything else I had ever done. I had nothing more important to do than be with him. I had nothing left to really live for, no where to go, no more true friends, no lasting hope or adventitious future. With him I could face the threat of death. He was all I needed. It was a relief to see it all go, especially the empty life I clung to so greedily. With him all things became new. In him there was no more dying. He was life. His name -Yahshua.

Unlike some I followed, his people love to live together and be with one another. With

the help of others like myself, all the deepest thoughts and greatest longings of my soul came into being. I became a member of a commune of people, part of a tribe with its own culture and government. Together we have the hope of bringing forth another generation, our true sons and daughters to fill the earth with love and

**a garland instead of ashes
the oil of gladness instead of
mourning,
the mantle of praise instead of
a faint spirit;
that they may be called oaks of
righteousness
the planting of Yahweh, that he
may be glorified.**



WHO WE ARE

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

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

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

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

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

HOW TO REACH US

Our addresses and phone numbers are listed below. Feel free to call or come see us anytime, day or night. Our homes are open to you for a day or to stay.

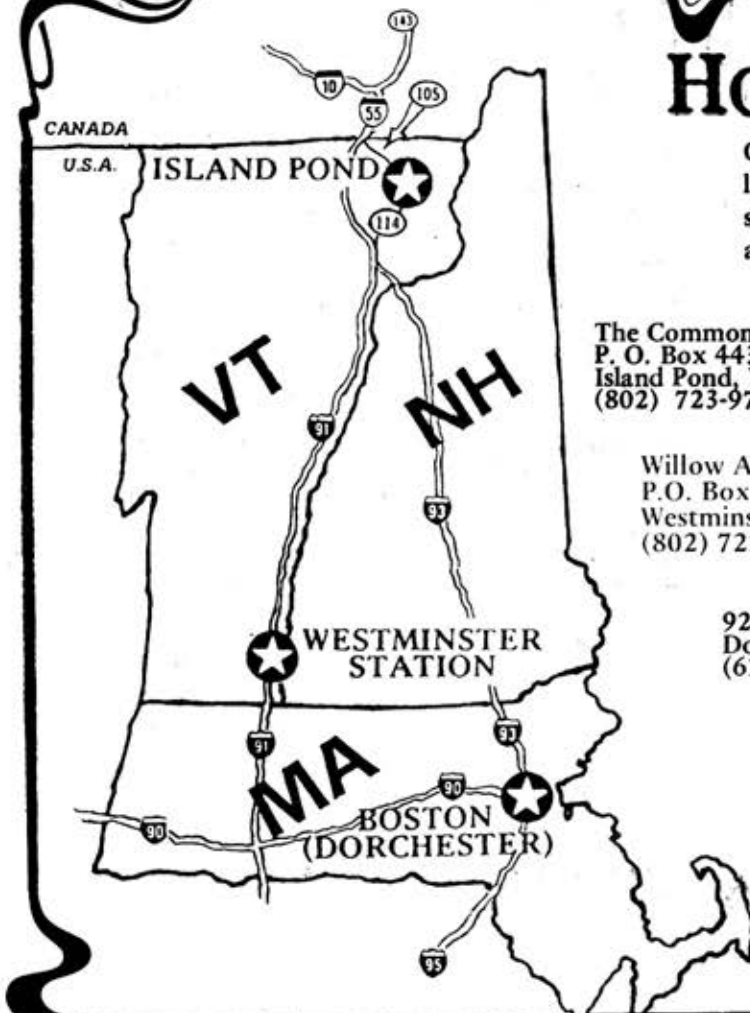
The Common Sense Store
P. O. Box 443 - Cross Street
Island Pond, Vermont 05846
(802) 723-9708

Willow Acre
P.O. Box 110 - on Route 5
Westminster Station, Vermont 05159
(802) 722-3169

92 Melville Avenue
Dorchester, Massachusetts 02124
(617) 282-8402

The Old School House
P. O. Box 587
Barrington Passage, Nova Scotia B0W 1G0
(902) 637-3130

Tabitha's Place
Communaute de Sus
Navarrenx 64190
FRANCE
(011) 33-59-66-1428





THE REMEDY

YAHSHUA

Those who were tired of compromise, tired of living as slaves, waited for the Deliverer. Those who knew that there had to be something more to life than growing old and dying, more than storing up wealth or losing it, spoke this Name. The ones who longed to see something pure, beautiful, fresh, and holy on the earth whispered this Word in hope. They recorded it in their sacred writings, and read it over with quiet awe. And they brooded with passionate longing—waiting for the day to arrive.

Many of these faithful ones grew old and died, lost their wealth, never saw anything pure or true. But still they waited for their Salvation. Even though everything seemed to fall apart—even though their children failed them—still on their deathbed they called upon this Name. They still hoped. They still waited.

Then, at just the right time, a child was born. Just as the ancient prophets had said, a virgin gave birth to a son. Can you imagine such a thing? In purity, the blessed virgin Mary gave herself to her God for this miracle to take place in her womb. An angel sent by God announced His Name—the one whispered, written, and brooded over for generations—and the waiting was over. The much awaited King had come to Israel.

In the Hebrew tongue, the Name was Yahshua. Translated into English, it would mean literally "Salvation." But whatever men may call Him, He is the Son of the Almighty; and He is mankind's only hope. Only through Him can you ever be forgiven for the greed, the selfishness, the compromise, the sin that fills your life.

Although some call Him Jesus, we prefer to call Him Yahshua, or Salvation. Jesus is a name that is not *hallowed* much these days, but rather used as a curse. Few people know the meaning of the Name of God's Son. Few whisper His Name in hope.

But to us His Name is full of meaning, for He has saved us, and we wait expectantly for His Kingdom. One day He will rule the whole earth, just as He now rules the heavens. On that day He will deal with wicked men, schemers, those who oppress the poor, those who know His Word but do not put it into practice, and all others who do not know His Word but still do not obey their conscience. On that same day, He will relieve all victims of injustice and reward all those who have been faithful to Him.

He is our Master, our Deliverer, the One who paid the penalty for our sins, the One who gave us a life worth living. To others He may be a myth or a doctrine, but to us He is our Peace, our Righteousness, our Joy, our Hope.