

THE MOVEMENT



WHY IT NEVER GOT
OFF THE GROUND

ABOUT THE PAPER

This special edition is devoted to the generation who tried to make sense out of their lives growing up in the 60's. That time was a time of desperate searching, a time of deep stirring, a time of awakening and of realization that we had a future, a destiny worth living for. Our awareness of life and the path of love led us to the very threshold of a dream come true. But now for all of us who struggled so long to be free, the haunting question still remains - Why did the Movement never get off the ground?

Some blame the Feminist Movement, others the end of the Vietnam war, and still others believe the Jesus Movement took over. But, one thing is certain. We got burnt out trying to live together in communes, so we don't live that way anymore. We know it doesn't work. We tried to come together but couldn't do it. Those who are still trying don't have much purpose except survival.

Now there is a great fear of any lifestyle that even looks like a "commune" because in the process of "turning on" and "doing your own thing," we got burnt real bad. The people who got burned the most are those who longed for a life together the most.

The failure of the Movement left us without any social answers to the complex problems we face. So our generation is turning more inward, toward satisfying ourselves and fulfilling our own personal goals. Instead of trying to express any type of communal life, it's now a lonely inward turning away from the social and political dream's of the 60's.

Our generation is now going through a tremendous identity crisis. We tasted a little bit of the power of love but we never quite found its source. There is an instinctive longing in our soul for true community, and if our generation can't come back to the essence of what we tasted before, then we're going to become utterly lost in ourselves, unable to even hear the call to love anymore.

But there is an answer to why it never got off the ground, an answer that lets us know we're not alone and we're not without hope. The Movement never got off the ground because our Source of life and love didn't let it happen. He made it so that we would not be able to enjoy community without him. The evil ruler of this earth would have loved to give us a false peace but our Source wouldn't allow it.

Like the building of the Tower of Babel, he could have let it succeed, but instead he let us see that we couldn't do it without him, without the source of love as our motive. He gave us the desire of our heart but the problem was that we couldn't escape our own self-interest lodged deeply within us. Our hearts were not pure. The foundation in us was shifting sand, so the Movement could never get off the ground.

If we had gone on trying to live together, we would have ended up like the "Christian" communities we see today or like The Farm in Tennessee - a form without substance, just

another mask of middle class, American Dream living. If you were able to find one of these communities today that were thriving in the 60's and early 70's what would you find? You would find people who have lost their vision, their direction, their identity as a people. You would find people living there for their own personal benefit.

Those of us who are here have faced these failures even though they have been hard to deal with and have left deep scars within us. That's why we were so happy when we heard the good news of how we could actually be rescued from the chains of self concern that destroyed the Movement years ago.

There is a hope and a direction that is sure. That hope and that direction are written about on these pages. What's on these pages comes from one heart and the reality of these words is being lived out here every day. Our life is a Celebration of the hope we possess. It doesn't go away but grows stronger every day.

There's no more need for LSD. There's no more need to be up or need to be down. There's no more need to be on the outside looking in. A nation free from guilt is being formed. A tribal people is being gathered. The mountains are being leveled and the valleys lifted up. The path is clear and the way is straight before you.

What are you going to do with yourself for the rest of your life?

THE MOVEMENT



It was like we were all in an airplane sitting on the runway, and everyone on board was getting high waiting for the airplane 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.

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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 Capitalistic 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

How could we deny the roots which were still our source?

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.

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.

The authority necessary was never in the anarchy of the Movement.

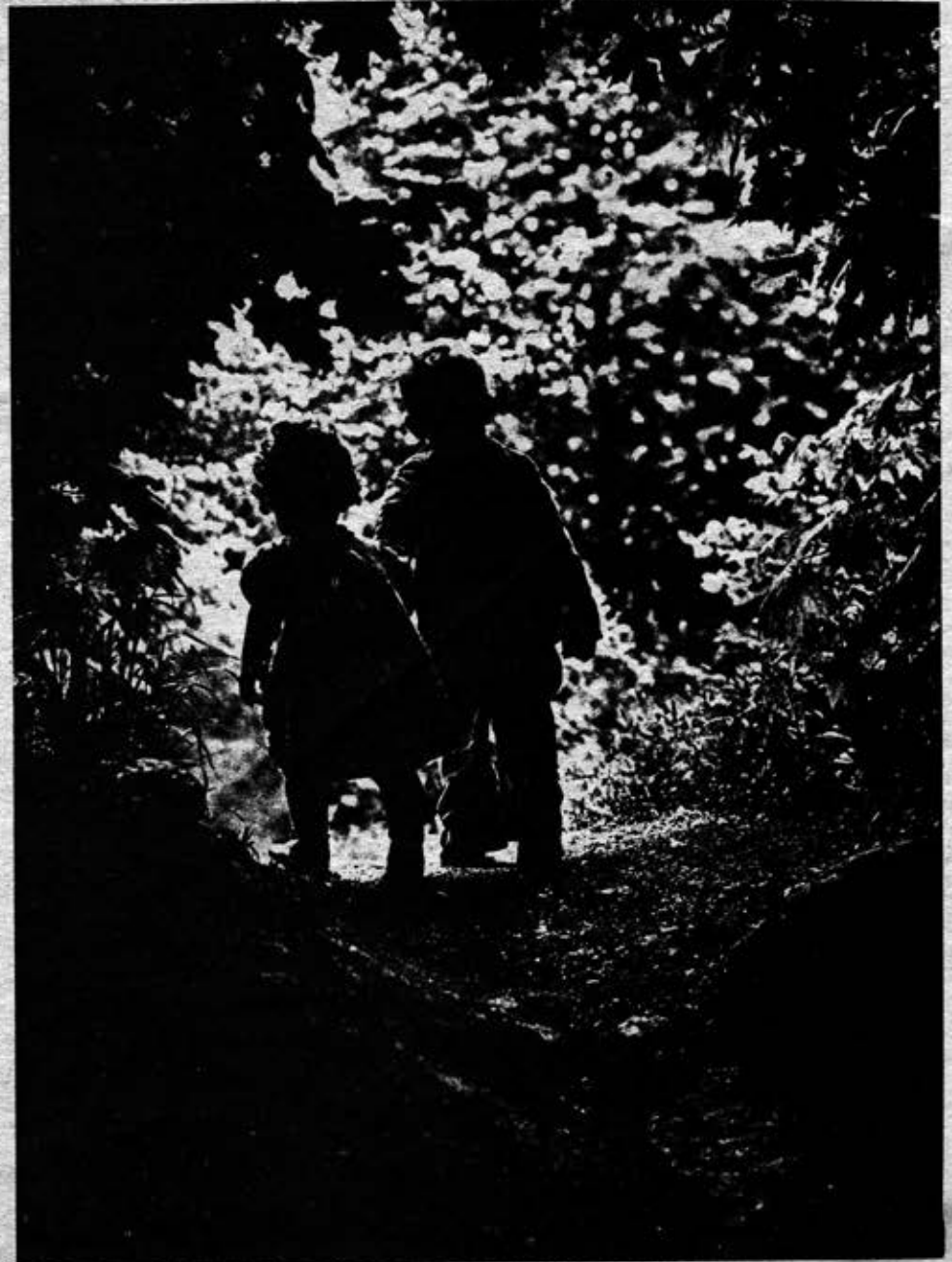
What we needed to begin the radically new life we had envisioned, was the power to cut ourselves free from the old life we hated. The authority necessary was never in the anarchy of the Movement, because that power and authority could not be found within ourselves - no matter how deeply we searched through 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 counter culture of the sixties: where are you now, and what are you going to do with yourself for the rest of your life?

Sir Thomas More had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote about Utopia. He was kidding when he described his "perfect" island where everything was ideal. The very name utopia, means "no place"...the non-existent land of man's dreams. But no one told us that **that** utopia just wasn't real. Even if they had, we wouldn't have believed them because deep inside we all wanted that ideal life to be real.

Somewhere along the line we decided that utopia **must** be possible. So with all ardor and enthusiasm we made our plans and dreamed our dreams and founded our own free society. We could not find an island like More's 16th century dream, but we settled for something a little bit less - Haight Ashbury!



What magic these two words had in our minds! A society of free young spirits founded on love, peace and liberty, equality and fraternity! From far and near we grabbed our bedroll, backpacks, or sleeping bags and left home. We dropped out of school and hit the road. By air, foot, bikes or hitching - our 20th century exodus had begun. Our Moses was Timothy Leary. Our Promised Land was San Francisco across the **Golden Gates**. When we arrived, we were accepted. No one asked any questions. No one made any demands. No one was watching. No one had to prove anything. We were just ourselves and everyone was happy. We were really living. We could come and go as we pleased. There were no deadlines, no grades, no projects, no points to score.

We did not care about money, no one was trying to impress, material things didn't matter. Only people mattered. Easy alliances were formed. No demands. Old taboos were ignored, barriers knocked down and spirits were high. No one was killing anybody, and people were beautiful.

It happened in Monterey, June 1967. The first Rock festival was born, giving birth to Woodstock, Isle of Wright, Altamont, Atlanta, and an endless procession ever since! All day and night the music rocked and rolled on & on and we listened with remarkable fortitude for days. At the festivals we could sense what seemed to be the endless love we had always hoped for. A revolution of love was beginning. We could feel it everywhere. The world would never be the same. We were determined to make this hope, this life, this togetherness last forever.

Joan Baez called it togetherness, and she was right, for men of all ages have been looking for that bond that would make them

one. The desire for an end to estrangement and hostility runs deep in the human soul. The toughest nut will crack under the right pressure and the hardest heart will yield to love, understanding, and a little kindness. The most estranged and antagonistic person will respond to interest and concern, once his suspicions have been allayed. And this is all part of the search for the togetherness we wanted and thought we had found.



So this was the life of the flower children, the beautiful people. If we needed anything, just ask someone. If they had it, they would share it. If they didn't, no one thought any less of them. We panhandled to meet pressing needs and sold our art to the curious. But, it was the curious who supported us that began to undermine our utopia. Tourists arrived by the thousands. They looked at us "hippies" like kids at giant pandas in the zoo.

"Look, a real live hippie."

"He's got nice eyes."

"He stinks. Let's buy some beads."



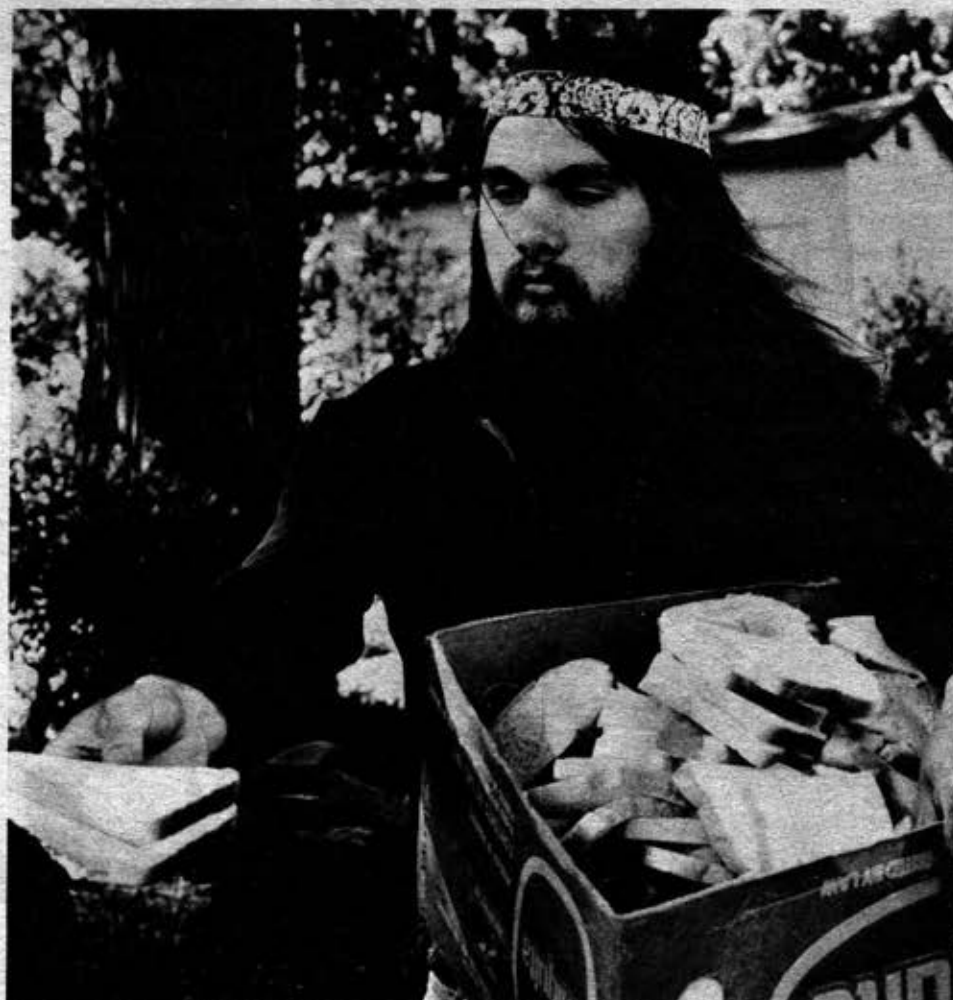
These sensation-seeking middle class American tourists with their pudgy stomachs swamped the serenity and devoured the distinctiveness of our youthful dream on Haight Street. As time went on, we flower children became more and more the center of attention and a phenomenon the media quickly exploited. Things started getting crazy as more and more people came to San Francisco and the good vibes produced by orange sunshine began to give way to paranoia and an increased fear of "The Man." The Buffalo Springfield captured this sense with the words...

**Paranoia strikes deep.
Into your life it will creep.
It starts when you're
always afraid.**

**Step out of line the man comes
and takes you away.
You better stop now.**

**What's that sound?
Everybody look what's
going down!**

Old fashioned greed began to show its ugly head among us, and we began to insist on our rights and our own individualities. It didn't take long for many of us to see what was coming. Professional heroin and speed dealers moved into the Haight, the riot



Then, we began to ask the question, "What is the use of anything at all?" The thought of man living with man as God should intend man to live is what we were looking for. But how to find it is what we needed. Our generation is going mad because we can't find it after twenty years of looking for it. We hated authority because the authority we observed growing up was filled with hypocrisy, prejudice, and glory seeking. We had our fill of the kind of authority that says, "Don't do as I do, but do as I say."

What was needed was good authority to make it happen! We needed leaders who could lead us by their example and who wouldn't compromise.

We wanted to conquer the world with love and bring the healing balm of peace to this earth, but there was no foundation to bring our vision into a lasting demonstration. Some people turned to Jesus in the search for this foundation of love. But this Jesus didn't have the power to bring about the life either.

We turned on the TV and we heard "Christian preachers" talking about how we should live; something that we knew they knew nothing about. Man living with man as God intended man to live is what they promised, but we knew we were not going to get it because the preacher didn't have it either. Someone said, "a student will be like his teacher when he is fully trained," and we saw Christianity today, so what's the use

squad invaded our district beating anyone they could find, and the utopia state sank in a pool of blood when the killing started. The peace we had we saw slipping away as an elusive dream. Like everywhere else and everyone else we, the "love people" and "peace people" were seeing in ourselves the same rotten seed we thought we left back home.

But where could we go and **what** could we do now? Go back home? No! We had made a few mistakes, but the dream was still attainable. It became clear that the peace we wanted couldn't be found in the city. So we headed for the hills. Alternative people U.S.A.! We would do it! There is hope! We will make it! There is true love and true peace! A guru will show us the way! Which one should we follow? Who offers the best vibrations? Everybody seemed to have their own answer, their own separate trip.

As time went on and we attempted to get back to where our own trips led us, there was an increasing sadness growing in our hearts, a sadness brought about because most of our dreams and visions did prove to be unattainable. The highs went away and our experiments with community failed.



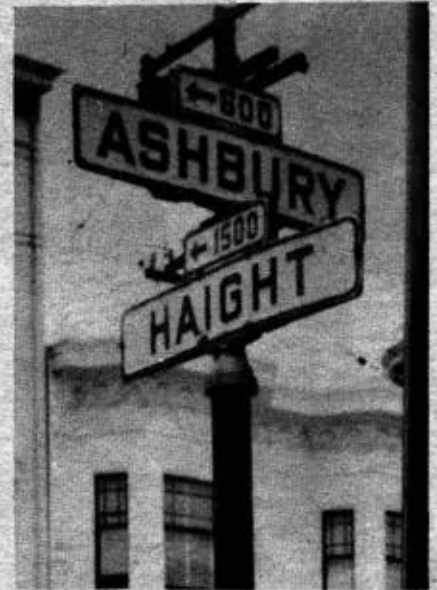


getting our hopes up in a phony Christian sermon? Who wants to be like the blind teachers of Christianity? "If the blind lead the blind, they will both end up in the ditch." Can their Jesus save others when he can't save them? And if they are saved who wants that salvation? We aren't blind! Are we so stupid as to have hope in the phony rap of a preacher who is not practicing what he preaches? For they are exactly the epitome of what we detested and despised. They are the very cause of our rebellion. Their failure to produce the "utopia" they spoke of is what drove us to Haight Ashbury in the first place!

So now where are we to look and in what place can we find a **hope** that does not disappoint us? Romans 5:5. The preachers of Christianity which promise one that he can know the Source of love and the Author of peace and the meaning of Truth but are divided among themselves, cannot communicate love, peace, and unity to anyone's conscience. Mere concepts are all they can offer since they have a life filled with the same old greed that we took to Haight Ashbury. For the greed was in Christianity, in its spokesmen and leaders, long before it got to Haight Street. Christianity boasts of being

the Light of the Whole World and the Salt of the Earth - but the light has gone out and the salt is no longer any good. Luke 14:34,35, Revelation 2:1-5. This same someone also has said, "Be sure that the light in you is not darkness."

So I'm tired of chasing after rainbows only to find a false light at the end of my journey. So where do I go from here? How can I ever find my elusive dream? ■



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.

VIETNAM '69



Sometime in 1969 I attended a peace rally in Knoxville, Tennessee. At the time I had just turned 18. I couldn't even spell Vietnam and to save my life I wouldn't have been able to find it on a map or even tell you what part of the world it was in. So here you will find someone like me at a peace rally. The reality of the Armed Services was beginning to surface, it was becoming a threat and fear to many in my age group.



Rumors of being drafted [pulled right out of your senior year] for bad conduct and grades were going around. I was particularly affected for those two things seemed to be what I was majoring in.

During this time guys were getting braces on their teeth for no medical reason whatsoever or they would disappear from society or just go into such a rebellion that you would hardly know them anymore.

Because of my own shallowness I could hardly understand what was happening. Things were just beginning to form in the minds of the youth in America around this time. Before, going to war was noble and made a hero out of any hometown boy -now

something was changing. You didn't really know if you should bear arms or not. Why were we in Vietnam? Have they invaded the USA? Do we need to recapture something that belongs to us?

Even being shallow I could sense the confusion, and it was obvious, that this wasn't clear to others either. I probably shouldn't have ever been at the rally. At the time I still had to ask my parents if I could spend the night away from home.

That rally didn't bring peace to Southeast Asia and neither did our nation's involvement in Vietnam. The U.S. finally did leave, but this country is still divided over the whole issue. There's still a lot of bitterness, a lot of hurt.



A lot is still being said about Vietnam these days. Movies, books, and much material is on the market for all those interested in what really happened and what it was really like in the USA during this time.

I don't feel as though I am a coward or that I didn't appreciate the United States. I didn't think that my life was so engrossed in wonderful things that I couldn't have taken off a couple of years to go to war.

My main fear was this - that I might find myself in some situation that required me to destroy another human.



Someone **has** to do it!

Well I have heard this before, but what if all those someones all refused to do it?

What if no one wanted to kill someone else?

Somehow my admiration goes to those who can't find it in their hearts to destroy someone else.

57,000 Americans died in that war -some of them my friends. I'm sure both sides were praying to a god to help them kill the enemy.

My Savior is the Prince of life. Once in a garden some soldiers came to carry him away - a friend of my Savior, one of his followers, drew his sword and cut off the soldier's ear.

Touching his ear and healing it, the Prince of life said, "No more of this!"

No more of this!

What was the Prince of life saying?

No more of what?

Was he saying to lay down our weapons of war?

Was he saying to lay down our weapons of self-defense?

He, being the life that men need, made a statement in the garden that night.

His life is in me - now -

I have received the Son of God and have been placed in his body. His purpose is being revealed to a people and I am so happy to be with them.

I love my address

And I am not ashamed of the way I live.

I am a happy man, gathered with wonderful people, who share the same wonderful purpose.

I'm not ashamed of my Savior

I'm not ashamed of my hope

I'm not ashamed of my purpose

I'm not ashamed of my address

I'm not ashamed of my people

I'm not ashamed of my wife

I'm not ashamed of my children

I'm not ashamed of my friends

I could have never found this life on my own - the Prince of life called me.

He gave me his very life and placed me in his body among his people.

My closing statement is bold

Come -

visit with us. ■



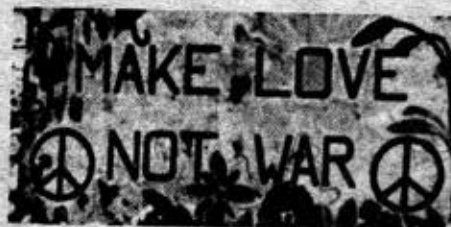
RADICAL RADICALS



Those involved with the Peace Movement for the past twenty years have been stereotyped as "radical extremists". Such people have been viewed as "idealistic", "revolutionary". To the mainstream of society they are trouble-makers or communists. We all remember Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin jumping up and down on the table in the Chicago courtroom in 1968. **The Chicago Seven bucked the system and won.** It was a great victory and gave us hope that maybe the Establishment would listen to us. But did it really bring about a true radical change in society? **Have we ever really seen a radical or a true extremist in this generation who brought about peace or unity or justice?**

RADICAL: The most basic part, foundation; going to the root or origin; touching what is fundamental; being thorough or extreme in the way of restoration.

EXTREMIST: One who advocates extreme political reform or social change by direct uncompromising methods.



This very mis-used word "radical" comes from an agricultural term, "radicle". A "radicle" is the first young root put forth from a seed, the first carrier of life-giving nutrients to the young plant. Without this radicle, the seed doesn't have a chance, lacking its most basic root. As a farmer is familiar with "radicles", so we, who desire peace and justice, must be attached to the good, life-giving spiritual root.

When many of us were labelled "radicals" in the 60's, 70's & 80's, it was because we were misunderstood. We did strive for social change, but were our goals as sweeping and basic as they should have been? Were we truly radical? Can that path to the true root ever be found today? Really, **who are the**

faithful radicals seeking to return to the rudimentary elements of life and purpose? Not only who, but where are they? Are you, perhaps, one of them?

History's last two decades have seen many of us demonstrate in the streets for an end to the war in Vietnam, for a Nuclear Freeze, the dismantling of nuclear reactors, justice in South Africa and more. We have followed the teaching of Ghandi, Scott Nearing, Martin Luther King Jr., members of the Chicago 7, the civil disobedience of the Berrigans, and others. Despite our all-out efforts of writing letters to the editors, to our Congress people, organizing legal rallies and being arrested in front of institutions such as General Electric's Gatling Gun factory, the war machine has still churned on.

**The swords have yet
to be beaten
into plowshares and
the bombers never did
turn into butterflies
over our nation
as Joni predicted.**



Did the end of the Vietnam war end war in Southeast Asia? Have these tactics ever stopped war anywhere on earth? We wanted to see the world change, but were we ourselves changing? Were we in the possession of the blue prints for our own restoration? Twenty years ago Jerry Rubin advocated the violent overthrow of the "Establishment", but now he is a Wall Street socialite, hob-nobbing with the war demagogues. So what kind of change could the peace movement offer the world when its leaders did not have the power to practice what they preached?

We became dismayed and frustrated over the many times that our efforts to organize peace coalitions went unrewarded. As the coalitions of diverse peace groups and individuals continually splintered, some of us left the Movement. Over the years some of us fell back into the same system we tried to escape from, and others of us continued to organize in spite of our diversity. We were limited by our many opinions and pet agendas that kept the walls of hostility intact between us. **The swords have yet to be beaten into plow shares and the bombers never did turn into butterflies over our nation as Joni predicted.** So where is that radical existence today? Does it exist?

At one time there was an everyday demonstration of radical human life, as a diverse collection of human beings dropped their defensive walls and maintained unity over the long haul. No longer splintered, they soared above the cycle of people having to say to one another, "You work for disarmament your way and I'll raise humanity's consciousness level my way".

These men who found the true root were given the power to overcome what one of the Disarmament Movement's leading spokesman, David Dellinger, so aptly pointed out. David said, "we are a movement whose members are still being crippled by the society from which we are trying to free ourselves and others. Contrary to some interpretations, the Movement's erraticism and inconsistency tell us more about the sickness of the society against which we are in revolt..." He went on to say that we should continue to give ourselves to the Movement in spite of its weaknesses for it was there, being involved in Movement endeavors, that our suffocating human passion was able to flower from time to time. But if fresh air is good to breathe from time to time, why not inhale it continually? Why not forever?

Both David and myself, plus countless others who briefly swelled the ranks of the Disarmament Movement only to leave, have

missed seeing the heart of a people that didn't have to compromise. But this uncompromising people of which I speak were in total unity, one people with one voice, a voice so clear and exposing that the established institutions of their day were shaken to their foundation. They came together some 2,000 years ago while the iron might of Rome ruled all of the known world. Rome's dominance lay in both its supreme military might as well as its deceptive, sop-to-the-masses form of democratic government. Despite its brutal strength, the Roman state came to be greatly threatened by these gentle people and their message.

His life so fired the imaginations of his followers that they all left everything behind to follow him.

At one time these first "radicals" were as divided as any one else in man's society. One of them was a revolutionary guerilla who advocated violent overthrow of the hated Roman oppressors. Another was a tax-gatherer who collaborated with the occupying army and even lined his own pockets by overtaxing his fellow countrymen. These two, a guerilla and a tax gatherer, were mortal enemies until a greater power bound them together. And still others were uninvolved fishermen, perhaps even societal drop-outs. All of them went in the direction that one man, the "Radical of all radicals", pointed them. His spirit and his teaching were like nothing ever heard before. His life so fixed the imaginations of his followers that they all left everything behind to follow him. He gave them a life together that gave hope to the whole world. But could these men who began to create a new world continue the work that had been started? If the work was of the truth it would flourish. But if it was just an intellectual fantasy, a cheaply purchased dream, then it would melt under the harsh reality of the world. But it didn't fail! It mushroomed! On the first day of their attempts, over 3,000 men and women committed themselves lock, stock and barrel to the all-out war of all wars. Without firing a shot, they struck decisively with one mind against the root of all oppression.

Banding together like a city under seige, these people threw all they had into a common pot, giving no thought to their own needs, for, only The Cause mattered. The result was that their daily lives of loving and

caring for one another spoke louder and clearer than all the hollow rhetoric of the false prophets of their time. Heart by yielding heart this new nation was being born, as they abandoned their jobs and old lives to be healed of the crippling effects of the society they left.

The "radicals" had led the people to the root of their existence. And all those scattered about the earth who struggled to obey their consciences would soon know the way to freedom. And as the Movement flourished, men and women gathered strength to put everything they had on the line everyday. This new nation would usher in a demonstration of justice like the world had never seen. They only had to pass on this vision and new life to their children and children's children, insuring victory.



But like an all too familiar story, the fire eventually died. The firm root was ignored, and the "radicals" died off with no one to take their place. Compromise won the battle but not the war.

The reason for writing this is to proclaim to you that this radical life has returned. Like those seeking "radicals" of 2,000 years ago, we have not been left to flounder in the dark. There is once again a people who are putting the crippling effects of society's sickness under their feet. In our homes men, women, and children are being given one heart and one direction.

We respect the David Dellingers of this world who seek to follow their conscience. Maybe you are one who has been arrested along with him. We too wanted peace and freedom. We wanted a non-violent world. **At last we are home.** The "Radical of all radicals", whose name is Yahshua, has brought us home. His message and the cost of being rooted to him has remained the same. We invite you to come and see that this life has good fruit. Radical Life! ■



BACK TO THE



I watch contentedly from my bay window, as the brown-eyed Jersey cow munches lazily on red-top clover planted last year. Her form is framed by green, rolling hills as clouds move swiftly across the blue skies, casting dark shadows against the hillside. The contrast of the light and darker greens in this beautiful setting holds my eye, as I reflect on the many blessings and promises of this good life.

I can almost imagine the sound of the fire crackling and glowing behind me in the fireplace that will be done by the cool fall weather. We had worked many hours to acquire the dry, seasoned wood from our 35 acre woodlot. It will burn brightly in the fieldstone fireplace our friends are helping

us build - stones hand-picked from one of our lower fields we had labored to prepare for seed.

Our home is made of logs my husband cut and hauled from the woods with two of our fine draft horses. The house is large and airy, with much light from windows receiving the southern exposure. Though unfinished it is truly the dream house we had always hoped for. We borrowed only a small amount of money to build our home and spent many hours working on it, laboring long days to make it strong and lasting, a testimony to our determination, the fruit of a dream realized. We have peace and security and are growing each day to be more self-sufficient from a world we don't care to

identify with.

Ahh - The good life....

Or is it?

It came slowly at first, this feeling of everything not being totally "right". True, we did have it together: a fine home, good marriage, beautiful land and healthy children, yet we knew deep down inside we did not have real peace in our hearts. Our peace was only external and it was becoming clear to us, ever so gradually, that we had no lasting peace in our souls. The fulfillment of our dream hadn't brought us to a place of being at peace with ourselves. Our happiness was only superficial; it had no depth. There was still an empty place deep in our beings that longed for something we weren't sure



we could find. We knew there were questions we had since our youth that still had no answers. Escaping into the hills of Maine to become as self-sufficient as possible didn't bring relief to the problems we saw in ourselves or in the world.

We determined we weren't going to be like our parents - we were going to be more like Scott and Helen Nearing and build our life from 70 acres of land. For eight or nine years we gave all our energy to our farm, lumbering business, animals and children. We tried to forget the world and all its social, political and economic problems. We worked harder, trying to disguise the frustration of knowing there was nothing we could do about anything. A nagging conscience was causing our dream to lose some of its zeal and we decided our only hope was to work our land, grow old, and some day be buried under the ole' apple tree -compost to the earth.

**Try as we might,
we hadn't escaped**

the value system of America.

During this time, slowly at first, the realization was coming to us that we were just like our parents and those in the Establishment that we sought so hard and long to be unlike. Try as we might, we hadn't escaped the value system of America. Reality was, we were just as selfish and greedy -we wanted to be comfortable and we really only cared for ourselves and our family's needs. It was truly a rude awakening when it finally dawned on us - **we were just like them!** Our lifestyles were different but the selfishness and love for money were the same. Our farm was our kingdom.

We gave when we wanted to and even took people in and shared what we had, but we were still sovereign; we called the shots over our life. We tried to justify our selfish lives just as our parents had. After all, we had worked for it, we had sweated and labored to build our kingdom. We had earned every bit of it. We were good and honest people.

But our motives and desires were the same. We didn't sit in front of the evening news and calmly sip a martini. Instead we calmly and obliviously smoked a joint. We didn't care what people thought of our livingroom rug, but it really mattered what people thought of our new draft horse, the garden, or the construction of our log home that we were equally concerned about paying off.



How could we have possibly deceived ourselves into thinking that we could be any different than our parents or have radically different values than those in America? We had been raised in front of the T.V., spent years and years in public schools and absorbed many of the public opinions and values of our parents. We had gleaned what we saw as good and discarded what we had obviously seen as bad, but, nevertheless much of it was instilled deep in our soul.

Reality was that our faith was in the same thing as our parents -the American dollar. We had the same set of American values, only **altered** to fit our **alternative** lifestyle. For years we had been deceived into thinking we could change the world or be different from the Establishment. We began to see the

real condition in man's heart and our hearts as well. All the things we saw and hated in the world were in us. Not only were we selfish, loving the conveniences and comforts money could buy, but we were filled with anxiety and strife to acquire it as well. Deep down inside we knew we were competitive and even mistrusted some of our closest friends. There was something in us to "prove" ourselves as there had been in our parents. The truth was we were **not** without anger and frustration. What was in our hearts were the very same things that caused men to kill one another. The human heart, our hearts, was what needed to change. But how?

**There was still a tiny flicker
of hope left in our hearts
for peace and love to come
to our hearts and the earth.**

It was somewhere during this point of our life that we turned to our Creator for the answer. Was he real and was it possible to be any different from the way we were? Was there truly no hope for man's condition and the state of the world? We turned to Christianity for the answers but became more disillusioned than ever. They claimed to know God and his son [that supposedly came to earth to offer to change man's heart] but all we saw was more of the "Establishment"....disunity, selfishness and strife. We did see some change in people, some were very sincere, but we didn't find the answer. My husband was 33 and I was 27 and we still didn't know the purpose of our existence. We didn't know how we could possibly change from the things we knew had been in us all along. In the course of our lives we had tried drugs, Buddhism, meditation, demonstrating against injustice, higher education, homesteading, evolving philosophies and finally Christianity. We hadn't found the answer. But after all of this, there was still a tiny flicker of hope left in our hearts for peace and love to come to our hearts and the earth. A desire that just wouldn't quit.

In 1979 we met a group of people who had the quality of life we were seeking. They had peace; the peace we had always desired and sought but never obtained. They were a community of people who had a good conscience, loving and being obedient to the One who created them. They had the answer and had found the reason for their existence.



We were skeptical at first. We were of the generation who had experienced free love communes and the Jesus movement, but we kept coming back to visit. With all of their human failings we saw that they were a people who were actually living the life of what we had read in the Scriptures. Their life together was a living proof that there is a God who desires a people to represent his loving character on the face of the earth. Their unity was living proof that God did send his son who we know as Yahshua, to save us from our selfish motives and desires. Now we could believe it because we saw a demonstration -proof of the life we had longed for. Yahshua is the one who can change man's heart! He is the one we must receive to have this new life!

After much thought and conversation, my husband and I decided to leave our "dream" in order to join our lives with these people. We decided our hope needed to be in the Messiah and in being a people who wanted to help demonstrate his life on the earth.

We understand that the God of heaven is regathering his people, the twelve tribes of Israel which have been scattered throughout the world for a long, long time. It is instinctive in our hearts that we were created to be a tribal people. We were never intended to live independently and separated from one another. He has had one intent since he first created us, and he is lovingly and earnestly trying to win our hearts. He is the God of love, peace, and justice. It was never his intention that the earth would become so corrupt or that our heart would be so distant from his. He is determined that the earth will be restored to the garden-like state it knew when man first was created. He

desires a people who will love him more than their own lives. A life for a life. We give up ours and he will give us his. This is the only way back to the garden. He can't bring restoration to the earth apart from a people who care, a people willing to have their hearts changed, a people willing to admit their need for forgiveness.

Leaving our farm and home was one of the most difficult things we had ever done. But finding our Creator, our Father and in him love, purpose, peace, forgiveness, and a good conscience made it all worthwhile. We found the answer. My husband, friends and I are now a part of the most active, passionate and radical demonstration for justice and peace on the face of the earth. Our Creator's desire is to raise up communities of people all over the world -living together in unity, dwelling in peace and loving their God with all their heart, soul, mind, and strength and their neighbor as themselves.



My husband, friends and I are now a part of the most active, passionate and radical demonstration for justice and peace on the face of the earth.

The earth is in its' present condition because of the condition of man's heart. The solution to today's problems cannot be found in demonstrating against the governments of the world, whether democracy or communism, nor against nuclear arms, pollution, nuclear power, hunger or whatever. Even the most well-organized and supported protest against injustice cannot accomplish anything on this earth. It is only through a radical change in man's heart - a restoration to his Creator and a demonstration of his love and unity that will bring about the end of injustice. We were powerless to bring a solution or change to the earth because our hearts were as corrupt as those we opposed. Our hearts must first be changed and we

must be forgiven. Our life is a demonstration against the root of the problem. The evil prince of this world and his desire to see men kept in the bondage of disunity and self-centeredness is being conquered through our unity and our love for one another.

The world, under the authority of this evil prince, is passing away. This includes those advocating its evils and those protesting them. There is no hope for the world. There is only hope for those who are seeking a renewed heart and want to separate themselves from this evil and perverted generation, who want to come out of the world and into the Community of our Rescuer.

Yahweh, the God of Israel, hasn't given up on mankind and his condition. He will restore the earth and there will be no more pain or sorrow, war or hunger. There will be no more closets full of shoes where others have none, no more unborn babies torn apart from their mother's womb. It will be a new earth as it was originally intended. Whoever truly desires to see justice established, who see their condition of strife and selfishness, who desire a new heart, will be a part of this new earth.

This is the only way back to the Garden.

There is a God and he cares more deeply than we can possibly imagine. He is seeking those who, through his Spirit, will represent his mercy and loving kindness. Those who know that they are loved and forgiven can do this, those who have a small flicker of desire still smoldering in their heart to see true justice and peace come to this earth. We have truly found the good life because we have found and received this good news!

Elizabeth



Is there such a place where one could find all that is in the longings of man's heart to live together in peace? If this place has been lost, can it ever be found again on earth today? If the true Holy Spirit of the One who created us could be communicated to us today we could experience true life, true community, but since no one has "found it" in Christianity - what other choice do we have? Many have had a testimony for awhile in their little utopias, that they "found it" - love and acceptance. We share everything. I matter to people, not for what I've got, but for who I am. I'm wanted, needed, appreciated and never have been so happy," and a few days later they died of an overdose or got burnt out trying to live together and instead became cynical, bitter, and

hopelessly divided. We fried our brains, wrecked our emotions, and did irreparable damage to our consciences trying to come together because the "Christian Church" did not provide the life of love and unity we needed. Since Christianity failed, drugs, sex, and rock & roll was the only hope we had.

"If by being Christians we must live as Christians live, then we will not be Christians at all," we said. But if we could have the Spirit of their Christ with his promises and the life of the people that was recorded to have lived in the first beginnings, then we would accept him.

All of those (first disciples) who believed, were of one heart and soul; and not one of them claimed that any of his belongings were his own, but all things were common proper-

ty to them. There was not a needy person among them because all who were owners of land or houses would sell them (unless they were needed by the community for living space or farming) and bring the proceeds from the sales, and give it to the apostles so that they could distribute it to each individual or household, as anyone had need. They were continually devoting themselves to the teaching of the apostles, to fellowship with each other, and daily they ate their meals together always full of joy and celebration. The result was that the disciples' lives affected all those around them to the point that everyday new people were believing, giving up their lives to Yahshua, and being rescued from the abnormal society of their day. Acts 2:42-47, 4:32-34



**A PLACE
TO
BELONG**

BUT WHERE?

Communes sprang up where everyone shared everything, and returned to the simple life. We tilled the soil and planted crops, scraping at the dirt and scratching out a living. We built simple houses and started families with varying degrees of propriety. The quiet life, the simple life, the life of love and peace was our goal.



But since Christianity who boasts of being the church of the living God has proven that they have not obtained this life, we cannot accept their Jesus with his empty promises. Neither can we be sure he came in the flesh without seeing unity in his followers. How could we even know Acts 2 and 4 was not a myth? We read somewhere one time in the New Testament that Christ's followers **would be one**, and that the world **would believe that the Son** did actually come, if this really happened. John 17:21. But since it hasn't, that is the reason we chose Haight Ashbury over our parents' miserable Christian lives, full of selfishness and greed. They could not get along with anyone, except a few in their own denomination, much less those who were of another brand. And many of our own parents were deacons and Sunday school teachers and on the board of directors!

So what about the Christ of Christianity? Should we scoff in his face since he couldn't save us like the preacher said? If we had walked down the aisle at a Billy Graham Crusade, would we have ended up like all the rest, without a hint of the oneness with others that was promised to all who would follow him? John 17:21. If we did give our lives to him (a myth), what then?

So now we're looking for the next **Movement** to come along. We've tried everything and we've gone everywhere. We're looking for that precious so-called elusive dream called "Brotherhood," that strange indefinable something that makes men of all conceivable differences become **one** in love. What a noble search! What a thrilling objective and a wholesale condemnation of a materialistic, selfish Jesus! A slap in the face for **all** of Christianity today -every pastor, every elder, evangelist and healer, deacon and Sunday school teacher, and whoever else talks about love and doesn't deliver the goods! So don't tell me of your Jesus who died on a cross to save sinners unless you can show me who he has saved lately that actually lives by his teachings!

You talk of an elusive dream, of a true brotherhood found in Christ, as if it were merely a fantastic unreal myth. So since the life Christianity promises is just a myth, we must go on until we find our dream come true. Or maybe there may be a way we can go back in time to a place that we once read about in an ancient manuscript where Acts 2 and 4 were being practiced. But since that is impossible what can we do if we never find that life we read about, and who will judge us guilty enough for the lake of fire if we

don't accept the Christ of Christianity? Will not the whole lot (Christianity) go there before us? Will we not get to heaven before them?

Yes, utopia means "no place," but so does a Jesus and a church today called "Christianity." It is "no place," but preached as a utopia of sweet fellowship, and joy, one with another. It promises much, but delivers nothing. Sir Thomas More's island is much more promising than Christianity today's many independent islands.

That's why Haight Ashbury was a valid alternative to Christianity twenty years ago. But both have been destroyed by greed and selfishness, and **divided** beyond **redemption**. Where have all the flowers gone? Have they not gone to the funeral of Christianity today? Are they not right up there on the altar under the podium where the biggest propaganda of false promises ever heard is being proclaimed today? They gave us more talk and more lies than communism or any politician we've ever heard. They lied to us all our lives. They left us without hope. It was a **different** gospel, another Jesus, a different spirit. 2 Corinthians 11:4.

That's why we left and headed for San Francisco, or to the hills, and Woodstock. That's why we went wherever someone would offer us a little hope, a little kindness,



a little love, where we could find clothing and shelter and daily food; where we would not be told "go your way and be warm and well fed," where we could find people who could give us what we needed. James 2:14-17. We were really looking for hope not dope, or myths, or fantasies. That's why we headed east into mysticism, I Ching, and Zen. That's why we turned to Ouija boards, and to following the Beatles, especially when they took off to India. There they sat at the feet of their favorite guru, clad in full length white robes, long haired and garlanded, as

far from Christianity today as possible. Jane Fonda, the darling of the activists even made her pilgrimage. Mia Farrow, after her divorce from Franky, headed east too. It was the "in" thing.

But it ended like everything else in disappointment, and worst of all, **compromise**. We just weren't stoned enough. Even Stephen couldn't get us stoned enough to stick together down on The Farm in Tennessee. Some say it was not important that the dreams of the Movement didn't come true. They say that the experience of

trying was all that mattered because it taught us what we never knew before. But we all know that's a cop out. If **that** hope and **that** dream of human beings from every race, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the educated and the illiterate living together in true unity, loving one another and constantly striving for justice in their midst is not possible, then everything we say and everything we do is meaningless. In reality we haven't learned anything of value. All of our tripping, protesting, meditating and getting back to the land, led us nowhere. ■



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.

GETTING BACK TOGETHER



An Interview with ROBERT HOURIET

Robert Houriet is a for real fifty year old hippie. In 1968 a spark of hope was kindled in Robert that thousands upon thousands of the sixties children experienced. He took this hope seriously and gave his whole being to make the Movement happen. He is a very sincere man who has tried with all his might not to compromise the ideals and vision that began forming in him twenty years ago. He quit his job as an "upwardly-mobile city editor" of a net chain newspaper in Philadelphia to go to the now famous 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. This began a search through communes all over this country which eventually led him to write a book called "Getting Back Together." He later established a commune called Frog Run Farm in East Charleston, Vermont. In this interview Robert looks back at the last twenty years with honest and penetrating insight into why the Movement failed. He gave this interview, not for nostalgia nor sentimental reasons, but because he still wants to see those ideals come into reality.

Question: How did the Movement begin?

Answer: About twenty years ago, the first communities started. Hippies started these open ended communities. They were formed mostly in opposition to the local structure of Nixon, America, and the plastic nature of American culture. It wasn't very clear in the beginning that there was an underlying spiritual hunger. The sense for community was also not clear. It was evident that people knew this [community] was what they

wanted, but they saw they couldn't get it in society. Community was spoken of first as tribal, extended families, and then later as "community" when the circle widened out to larger groups, and also broke down to smaller households in localities.

Question: Why do you think that the Movement, as it is called now, had such a tremendous, powerful take-off? Why was there so much energy behind it? It just seemed like it exploded into something that affected a whole generation. Why is that?

Answer: I think it got its explosive nature from its anti-authoritarianism. The war brought that out. The baby boom generation, the war, and who knows what else, drugs - seemed to coalesce and play upon this "what we're not" kind of feeling; we are not our parents, we are not university trustees, we are not American capitalists, we are not liberals; without really defining what we were. The clue is really in the name that still exists: the "counter culture." It was not a positive culture to begin with, it was a

counter culture. It was what we were against. When the war subsided, the dust cleared, and the anger subsided a bit, we looked around and found ourselves in places like Vermont, New Mexico, and Oregon. What was left after that anger abated? Was there anything positive to build a community on? What was the basis for a culture that holds families and communities together?

After May Day 1973, the national leadership said, "Okay, we're finished with the demonstrations, all you people go back home, work in your own communities, build your networks there. There's nothing more to fight against, we can no longer hold what we have nationally; we've got to do it locally." People came back and said, "Okay, what do we do in Vermont?" and they really couldn't pull it off because they didn't have their personal relationships together, didn't have their groups together, and consequently didn't have their politics together. The politics were defective because their relationships weren't good. The relationships weren't good because the basis of the culture wasn't there.

Question: Could you say that it was a counter culture in the sense of being against the culture of America, but that it really had no true basis as a nation itself, as far as having a government, a body politic?

Answer: We spoke in terms of the Woodstock nation, but even though it existed in name, it wasn't a nation in the centralist sense of the word "nation." It was a very loose knit concept of very decentralized anarchist groups.

Question: Was the Woodstock nation more like a vision of what was in people's heart?

Answer: Well, I think it was both in their heads and their hearts, and maybe the connection was lacking. I think there was a defect in the vision from the start because it was a vision based on opposition. We were defining ourselves by what we were not. We were not a centralized government, therefore we were a decentralized, loosely organized government. It was a vision in the LSD sense of the word in that you could have a vision of something and yet be unable to attain it in reality. The vision may have had, for many people, a spiritual reality, but

they were unable to connect it with day-to-day life. Somehow the distance between actuality and vision became wider and wider. The contradictions were so painful that it was impossible to maintain that tension without becoming schizophrenic.

Question: Why do you think that happened, that the vision and the actual day to day practice never could come together? What was the flaw? Was it because there was not true spiritual authority?

Answer: People found it difficult to submit themselves to the authority of a group or the consensus of a group because they were very much American individualists. And some of us were very cantankerous personalities! So the anarchists' philosophy of "everyone do their own thing," was unworkable in terms of what will actually work in community.



Question: Why was the "baby boom" generation so primed in every way to become a counter culture?

Answer: Some people reduce it to childrearing. They say permissive childrearing promoted by Dr. Spock somehow cultivated unreal expectations of the world as if it were an unlimited breast, when in fact they found it wasn't. Then they reacted with infantile rage against it. I don't buy it. What stands out about that period of time is not so much the childrearing practices, but the great wealth of this country. You're talking about the height of the empire, you're talking about the most money ever available - everyone was ripping with money in the 60's. Before the oil crisis, foundations gave away money. The upper class as well as the middle had more money than they could deal with. There was a luxury for rebellion.

Question: Was the catalyst a reaction against the American Dream?

Answer: Yes, it was a reaction to the wealth itself which sponsored it, a reaction against our parents' way of life. They had so much money, superfluous wealth - they weren't utilizing for a social purpose.

Question: Was there a rebellion against a lack of conscience in America that somehow was being awakened?

Answer: Yes.

Question: What do you feel was awakening that? What was causing that to happen?

Answer: Well, it goes back to the Civil Rights period. It goes back to John F. Kennedy. The conscience was there. The Kennedy assassination was very important in that such great hopes were raised and then crushed. You were left with an awakened conscience and nowhere to go with it. Kennedy raised a lot of expectations, perhaps this country could save itself. Then

he was snuffed out. I don't know how much you believe in his politics, but he stood for something that aroused us. He was assassinated in 1963, Robert in 1968 along with Martin Luther King, and then right after that came the escalation of the Vietnam war. A cultural revolution in our music also awakened the conscience, (the Beatles came to America in 1964.)

Question: After the May Day thing in '73 when people started going back into rural areas and starting rural communities, Robert

-Do you think there started to be a realization that there needed to be a spiritual foundation in what they were doing? Or do you think that came about earlier through LSD and the whole psychedelic philosophy?

Answer: When people first tripped on acid in the city, during the Summer of Love, the message was "get back to the country." After that the trips people had in the country became more spiritual; more spiritual in the sense that having got back to nature they found a spiritual element in nature. You couldn't have a trip in the city without hearing the message, "Get out!" And once you got out, the message was "get back to something natural, something that's real-reality." "Get back to reality" was the most opposed thing in American society. America at that time was headed toward more urban forms. Once you got back to the country, the message was "find a spiritual base."



Question: So you think people had the concept of getting back to God, or to whatever their spiritual thing was?

Answer: Once people got back to the country, they went off on different trips. Some people went into spiritual communities as a result of those drug experiences, and some people went into other things. Some people stopped doing drugs altogether, saying they couldn't take it anymore.

Question: So those spiritual communities, did they find substance enough to survive and flourish, to prosper and grow as the people went back into the country?

Answer: Well, not all people who had a spiritual level in their trips went into communities. But the spiritual communities continued to exist and there's a definite spiritual sense in people that separates them distinctly from their parents. There's a definite difference.

Question: So, when did the leadership start to break down?

Answer: Around 1970, the leadership of the counter culture was repudiated. It happened for two reasons: 1.) The men failed on their own account. I believe that more than what a lot of radicals believe, like Jerry Rubin, who says it was the women's movement that messed up the whole counter culture. Men failed on their own account. They didn't need the women to help them. 2.) There were situations in which women, seeing the failure of men, took matters into their own hands. They had their own revolution and took the leadership upon themselves, or attempted to. The true spirit of that revolution opposed many things: opposed authority, opposed the capitalist system, opposed the war and after the war ended, opposed men. So then it became

doubly difficult to have men become leaders because 1.) you failed and 2.) the women wouldn't let you forget it. This really led to the breakdown of a lot of the groups. But I won't say that the counter culture broke down because of the women's movement. It wasn't a separate movement, it was related. It was all part of one thing. This issue has taken radical movements round and round for a long time. "Why did they do this to us?" It is something that is very difficult for old radical men to figure out.

Question: Did this type of thing happen in rural communities as well as on the national scale?

Answer: Oh, yes. It happened in urban groups first and then it was quickly imported to the country. Some people think that it happened at the same time in both groups, or some say it happened faster in the country because the groups in the country were like pressure cookers where social change



was rapidly accelerating. The women there reached that point before any groups in the city did. Things changed, relationships changed; it was very speedy. That is a big thing that we have left out - the social issue.

Question: It is really an interesting point because you said earlier how the whole thing came down to relationships - people couldn't get along, and this is really the essence of it - relationships between men and women.

Answer: Men's relationship to each other, to the society; women seeing that failure, and seeing men's misuse of their power. These guys weren't any better than the fascists in some respects. I am just quoting.

Question: Once the men were deposed as leaders, were the women able to - I guess this is an obvious question - was there any leadership after that point? Was there a head after that point?

Answer: No.

Question: Why do you think that?

Answer: Well, because that was the ideology of the women's movement. We are all leaders.

Question: There are no followers. It just seems like for there ever to be any kind of restoration of the Movement that will really, truly be the Movement, that there's going to have to be a restoration of relationship between man and woman - a right relationship between men and women.

Answer: That's one thing you have going for you (in Island Pond).

Question: That's the restoration of authority? The restoration of man, male and female?

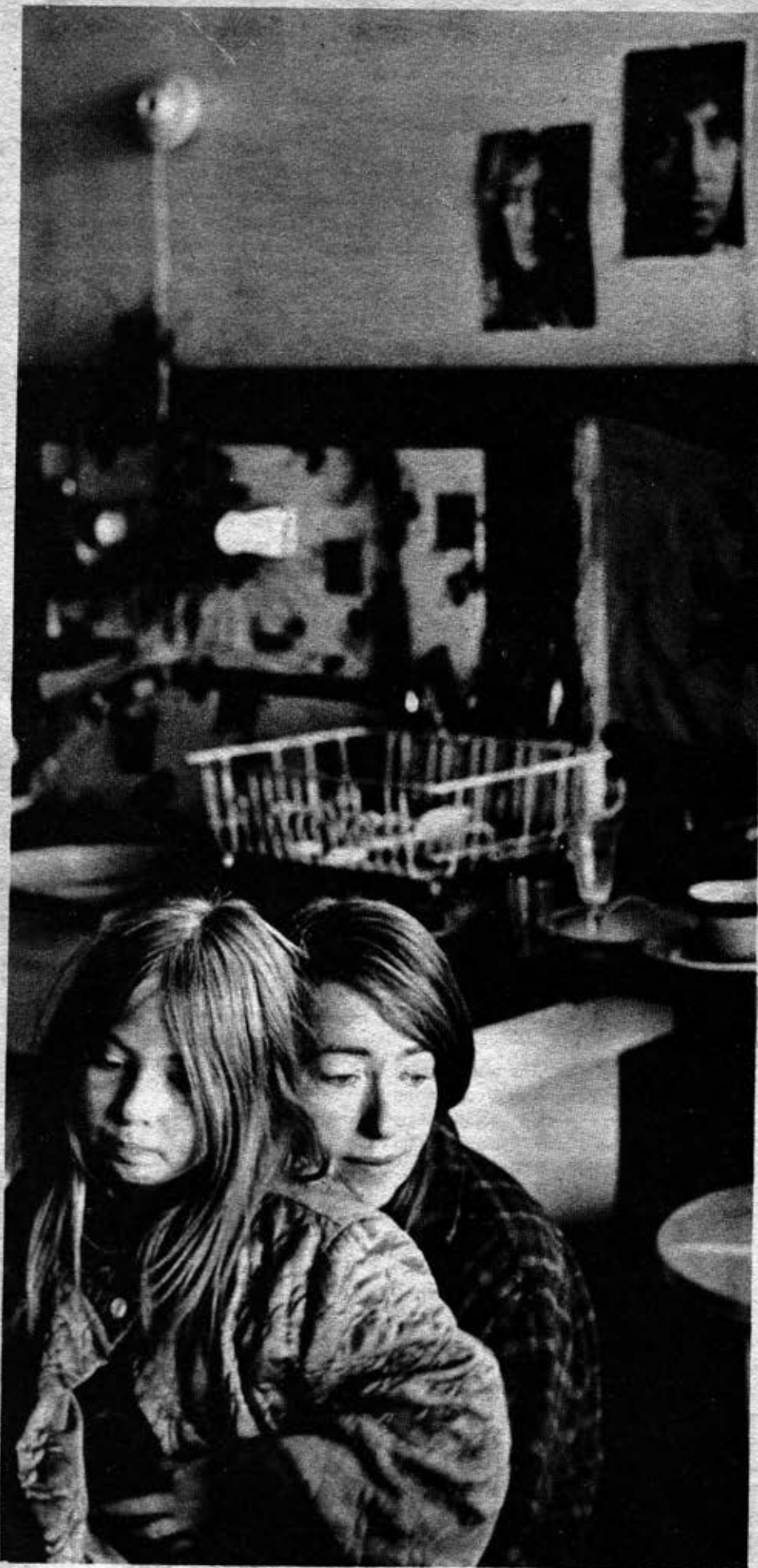
Answer: That's it.

Question: Since there has been no true authority to get the Movement off the ground, do you think that over time they have had to compromise with the system of their parents that they rejected, say 20 years ago? Has there been an element of compromise that has forced these people back in that direction, out of necessity or survival?

Answer: Oh yes. There has been, both on an economic level and in the fact that they got older, had children, and had to compromise. When you become a parent, you tend to revert to patterns that you inherited. Then your parents die and you psychologically absorb their roles. That is part of the life process.

Question: Do you think that is why when people from the counter culture, get to be about 40, they are really taking a hard look at their lives because maybe they are going through some of these things that you are talking about, and maybe they are realizing some of these compromises?





Answer: Well, yes. I think that everybody, well almost everybody I know who is 40, is going through a tremendous crisis, a personal crisis. It is amazing to me how many of my friends are in so many different ways. It's hard to get a handle on it, it's so widespread now. It isn't like people are doing something so dramatic or outlandish -barricading themselves in their farmhouses, being surrounded by SWAT teams or freaking out that way...it is a very subdued and a very unpleasant kind of psychological/ spiritual crisis that is going on in their lives. I know people go through this, you can read books about it. However, it seems to me, and I've only lived half of one life, that it seems to be harder and sharper right now than what I'd known of my parents experience or what I've read. One doesn't have any perspective on it. But there is definitely a personal crisis going on.

A close friend of mine who has been through communes, political anarchism, organic agriculture, marriage, 2 kids, successful vegetable farm, etc., (semi-successful, no one is very successful in vegetables) - is going through something. I don't know what it is, except that he is drinking and I can see it in his face. He is trying hard not to drink. I think people stop going on when they feel there is no basis to their lives. It's like they wake up and the bottom falls out. What are you going to do on that day? Why do it? I've always done it this way, but why do it? What for? This is how they feel inside. It is an inside feeling. They begin to feel disjointed, unhappy and depressed. They can't function. They either don't want to get up or everything they do hurts them too much and they start to drink or take drugs or cover it up or avoid it, or lash out suddenly. It is like in the deepest recess of people's conscience there is this nagging feeling of unreality. They want reality. They want a basis for their lives and yet it's just not there. You go around and talk to people and they say, "Gee, I don't feel real anymore!" They're afraid to admit it, but when you get right down to the conversation and say, "What's the problem?" They say, "I'm just losing it, I just can't get my grip on reality." It's a hard thing to pin down. It is hard to say what causes it. You try to describe what it really feels like to live in 1987, and you're a 40 year old hippie and you've gone through this - what does it feel like to suddenly fall all apart?

Question: Do you think that maybe some of these feelings that people are having at 40 are some of the same feelings that they had at 20, or do you think that they are on a different plane altogether?



Answer: No. They are on a different plane altogether. For one thing, drugs aren't working. You can't cover it up anymore and they also realize addiction. You know when you were 20 or 30 you didn't think that you could become addicted, that there was no such thing as addiction, it was psychological or physical. But now you are 40, and you know that there is such a thing as addiction to marijuana. Addiction to anything. I mean suddenly they are addicted to coffee, cigarettes, sex or whatever. And what's more, the addiction doesn't get better, it just gets worse. It was great stuff back then: sex, drugs and politics, but it doesn't work anymore.

Question: So what are some of the realizations? Do you think that people who are going through these things are coming to any realizations, or is it just basically a thing where there are no answers?

Answer: Yes, I think that right now a lot of people are going through therapy. They are going to A.A. to get straightened out, to get rid of the addictions. They are going to psychological root getting, to counseling about what you get counseled for, exercising, looking at their lives, changing jobs, trying to be more honest about their feelings, taking more vitamins - but maybe they've done that before, and maybe they've gone through therapy before, and those who have been through therapy already, are realizing that this is a different kind of crisis. This is no longer a

It is like in the deepest recess of people's conscience there is this nagging feeling of unreality.

psychological coming of age, "I am a man now and a parent" kind of crisis. This is something of a different order.

Question: Is it something deeper?

Answer: Yes.

Question: I want to get back a little bit now. Back in '72" in your book "Getting Back Together," you were of the opinion, that communities could not survive "if they set themselves above the reality of man's nature." What did you mean by that?

Answer: Well, I suppose I meant that if you look for a utopia with unattainable ideals, the result is going to be a utopia where there is a contradiction between reality and the ideals. The whole thing is going to fall apart. Everybody is good, everybody is a brother, it's lovey-dovey, but actually you have to deal with how people are: they still have egos, private property, still have to raise their children themselves, because that is the culture we're from. You can't ignore that.

Question So you think that when they tried to live in community, they weren't able to deal with the reality of how people really are, and weren't able to overcome those obstacles in each other. Do you think they became really frustrated with that and were unable to cope with it?

Answer: I think that it drove some people insane, to realize their own reality. Because the discrepancy between the vision they had of themselves and human nature in general, and the actual reality that they were confronted with was shocking to them.

Question: Once all the smoke cleared, the good vibes went away?

Answer: Yes, we're talking about evil here. We're talking about a fundamental flaw, and our inability to deal with it. It's hard to recognize evil in ourselves or in nature. You think evil doesn't exist, so you go along and boom, you are swallowed by a shark!

We went through great disillusionment with ourselves, tremendous disillusionment - it was more than disillusionment, it was a moral shock to realize the existence of evil in ourselves. Yes, it is very shocking to realize that it exists. People ran away from it, ran away from communities, away from Vermont, back to Boston. They retreated because they saw things in themselves that they couldn't accept; things they didn't want to see anymore, so there was that denial stage.

Question: Denial of what?

Answer: Evil.

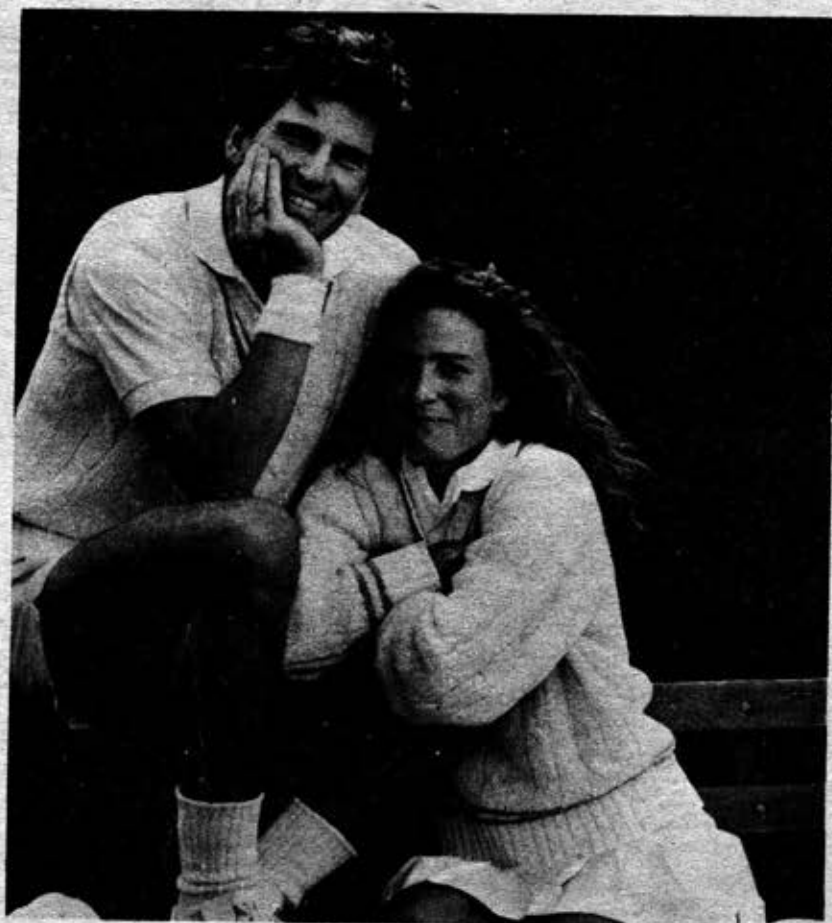
Question: It seems like a person who would deny evil would be really for the vision of the Movement. But to deny evil and to also deny the Movement seems like a real contradiction.

Answer: Well, it's as if they were denying the whole experience, because of the evil they came to realize. It's like amnesia. They want to wipe out the whole experience. Both parts of it, as if it didn't happen to them. I've met people that when you talk to them it's as if there is 10 years of their lives that are missing. It is no longer there. It is wiped out.

Question: Do you feel that seeing the evil in themselves, but not being able to deal with it - that they tended to find it easier to accept as necessary the evils of the society that they had rejected?

Answer: The first step was facing the evil, and then denying it. Then they denied the Movement, and went back into the system. Some yuppies today are old hippies who have a split conscience between the things they do in the system, (which involves a certain amount of playing-the-game) and their own private life, (which is almost separate from what they do for a living). It's as if they can

juggle the two. I find people who call themselves "New Age people." I think of wholesale organic companies who talk "New Age" and yet they are actually dealing with you just like a capitalist. There is a certain hypocrisy there. I don't know where their heads are at that they can do that. They can function that way on one level and talk to you another way. I don't know if they know what they are doing, or if they are fooling themselves. The conscience is there but it is denied. And that is why they have to maintain a split level personality. If they allowed their conscience to function, then the conviction of their life would be too difficult for them to deal with. I really can't speak for yuppies. It's hard to figure them out. But there is a little bit of yuppie in everybody. In myself, I suppose I can justify certain things that I do in a yuppie way. It's hard to think of myself as a yuppie. I think yuppies today, even if they have families, two cars, and are making money - are more desperate and insecure than their parents who believed in the system. They may be using the system in the same way, but yuppies realize that it is going to fall apart. They are just taking what they can for the moment while it's going down - and making money on the downside of the system.



Question: Where are the people now - the true genuine counter culture people who really are trying to maintain some sense of integrity in their conscience and in their life? What are they looking forward to? How are these people dealing with the future - their own future and the future of their generation?

Answer: If anything, they're slipping back into the system. It is awfully hard to be out there in the so called "New Age" believing that it's *Arrowsmith* magazine you're editing or it's organic natural foods of America that you're running. The longer you're out there in the system the more you have to recognize that you're part of it. You have to give up even the hypocrisy of believing that the "New Age" is coming. People can be hypocrites for only so long and then they're going to say, "I'm making a buck."

Question: What is the main reason for the inability to fulfill the vision of living in community?

Answer: The lack of personal relationships. There is nothing else. We couldn't deal with each other. It wasn't society, it wasn't Nixon, it wasn't Mayor Daley; we couldn't deal with each other.



Question: Isn't that the same root problem in traditional American communities - the same reason why they've fallen?

Answer: You have to survive and you only have a certain number of ways to survive. If you cooperate with the things that are there then you'll be able to keep together to some extent. That's how people have stayed in communities. Because they have had to cooperate, they've had to farm. But once you remove the necessity, and get food stamps or stock dividends, or checks from Daddy, then you don't have to be there. You don't have to farm - you split!

Question: So if people need one another, if they depend on one another, is that a basis for them remaining together?

Answer: The question is what to base that need on or base that bond on. The real communes, for example, base that bond on self-sufficient agriculture. Do we really need to do that? If it is not economically possible to survive agriculturally, does that nullify the need for people to be together? What is the real basis for that need?

Even in agricultural communities I find people fight over how to live and farm. They will find reasons to do it differently. Unless you put everything together in one pot and say, "this is our land," you'll find differences. You'll even have various approaches to how to hay: do we use horses, do we use tractors, do we keep inexperienced women from driving tractors. There are all kinds of ways you can disagree. I wonder sometimes if agriculture itself needs to be based on something other than agriculture. Certainly an agricultural community isn't enough. Agriculture has to have it's roots in something more.

Question: You are saying that people need a basis to come together - and you talked about agriculture - that agriculture was just not enough, there has to be some kind of a foundation based on need that is realized in human beings, individually, the need for one another - then you say that when people come together, they are still at each other's throats, still trying to decide how to do it?

Answer: Yes, you are getting me there.

Question: All right, so doesn't that bring you to the conclusion that there has got to be authority?

Answer: You're right on! Authority and leadership. There was a time in the counter culture when there were leaders. Not the best leaders, but there were leaders, and they were respected and they were followed, but they abused their leadership and they were the worst kind of egotistic, arrogant, male, macho leaders that you could imagine. But they functioned as a leadership. That was demolished. The anti-authoritarianism that turned against the war, turned against the leaders when the leaders failed.

They abused their leadership, they abused their power. They misused their power. I can be more specific, but I don't need to be. A lot of it was sexual abuse and power. As a result, you had leaderless groups.

But then relationships are very difficult to work out. You just go around in circles. People today have just given up. There can't be



leaders; as soon as someone tries to lead, they got shot down, or you have to use such indirect means to manipulate the group or lead the group without them being led to believe or swayed.

Question: You have to be self-accomodating?

Answer: Or you finally say, "Okay, I'll be accomodating and diplomatic, then in ten years we'll have planted one more acre of carrots." So what! There is a distrust of leadership. I don't know what to do about that. Leaders themselves must do something about it. They must be firmly rooted in reality.

Question: So, it comes down to what was missing all along - what has been missing all along is true, genuine authority. Good authority!

Answer: Some greater reality is what they have to believe in. You can't be a father or a leader unless you had a father, or have a father you believe in. And we can't believe our own fathers because they are human.

Question: Is the idea or possibility of finding a true father just too impossible or too incredible to actually consider?

Answer: It is a matter of faith.

Question: What if those in the counter culture saw the reality of true fathers, true leaders? What if they actually saw a demonstration of it - do you think that once again there could be an awakening in a whole generation of people?

Answer: I don't know. It's hard for me to speak about how a whole generation of people would react to that kind of demonstration. I'm afraid at this point that they may not see it if it happened, or they would dismiss it as something else because they are so suspicious and cynical, not only about groups, but about all authority. How I got to this point of opening up was through reaching the bottom, the absolute bottom. I recognize that. Unless I establish my own reality or am attached to a greater reality, (or sense of reality) I would be lost. What can I tell my son to do tomorrow if I don't have my own sense of reality. Recently I saw that I am gradually coming out of that. I think it's a gradual process. I think that the masses of people aren't going to see the example and change overnight. I think they have to reach the bottom and come up. But I wouldn't be here unless there was someone else who had done it too. It's true. And knowing you people makes it easier each day to keep on growing in that way. If I were totally alone, as I said, I couldn't even talk about it. I probably wouldn't be trying to go very far. Knowing that there are other people that are headed the same direction - there's help.

Question: Do you think that the crisis that you see to an overwhelming degree in people who have reached forty is coming to the realization of that need?

Answer: Yes, but the way out of that crisis is not a sudden conversion. The way out of that crisis is step by step. If you try to confront people in their forties right now, who are at the bottom and they are just coming

up, they will reject it. They have to come up step by step.

Question: Because you have to get through layers?

Answer: Yes, that's right. I can relate to you and almost join you, because I have come up several steps. If I was back several steps, I wouldn't. I would probably be at the step of rejection, or denial or paranoia ■



HOPE THAT DOES NOT DISAPPOINT



To some of us The Movement is just a dim memory. The passing of time and the pressures to decide what you're going to do with yourself for the rest of your life tend to dull you little by little. It forces you into accepting compromises hardly noticed until, at last, you're like all the rest. Others can't stand to think about what they lost when the Movement failed because at one time the dream seemed so close at hand.

So now it's too painful to remember and there is no opiate strong enough to drive away the pain. Many others are burned out, tired of trying, suspicious, cynical, hopeless. Where did the Movement go? Why did it slip away? Is there a true hope that will be realized in a life that will never disappoint and never end?

So where are you today and what are you going to do with yourself for the rest of your life? Where is the same basic unfulfilled desire in you, suppressed behind the pile of bureaucracy on your desk, while you now try to make it in the system you detested a few short years before? "Idealistic," you say. But you say that only because you did not find what was basic in you, what was real and genuine, what life was really supposed to be. No, you didn't find it, but there is still hope!



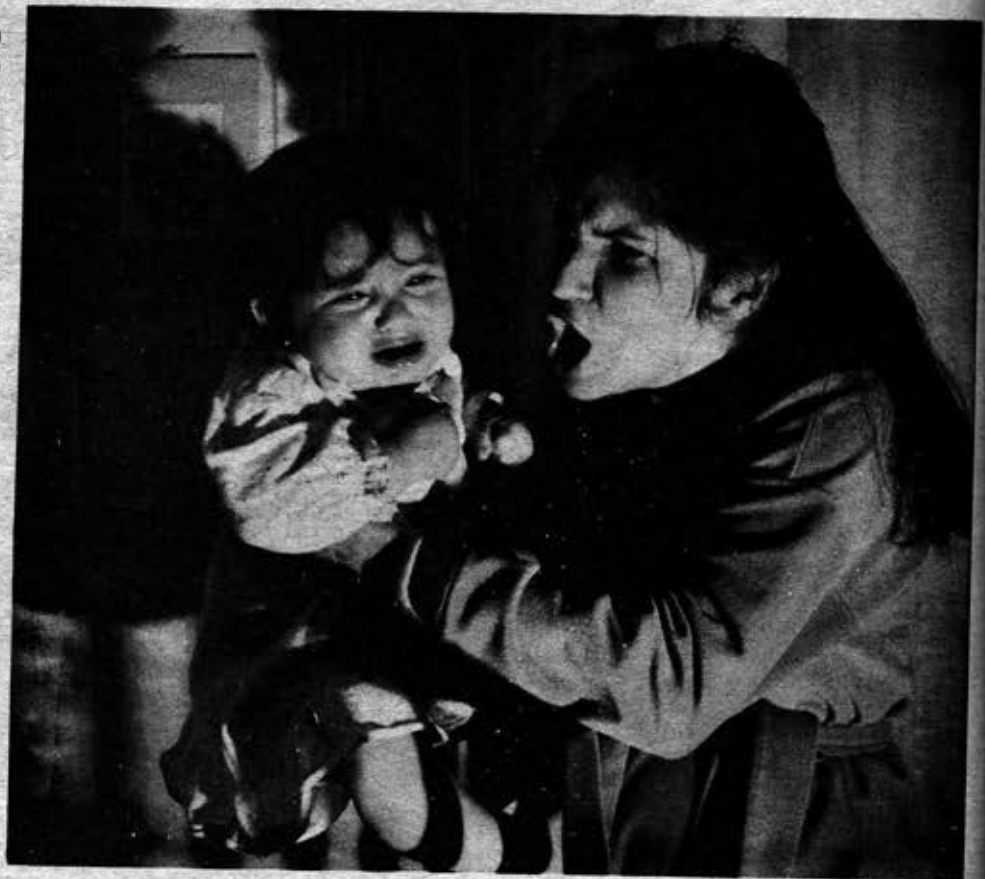
If the good news spoken about in the New Testament of the Bible were true, if we human beings really could be washed and cleansed of all the guilty stains buried deep in the recesses of our souls, **then we could be one!** This hope is the only genuine and living hope we have. All other hope has proven to be false. Paul the Apostle said that if we truly come into the real Messiah, we will find that hope. Romans 5:5. He sums up the life you always wanted but never found in Ephesians 2:12. He speaks of a tribal people with a **hope** that does not disappoint. What if it was possible to become an entirely **new man** (personality, a new you). Ephesians 4:22-25. At some point your utopia busted up because through the superficial ground of good vibes and acid highs the old man in you and his ways surfaced and the real you came out.

In order to make any commune function the way the original did, first there has to be a way to get rid of that old man in you and put in the new man. Galatians 3:27. You know what the old man is. It's your corrupted human nature which is overwhelmingly bent on satisfying yourself, satisfying your old sensual desires and fulfilling your own pleasures. Human nature is filled with lusts which are fantasies that you constantly try to fulfill. Lust is the sway toward the falseness in you. You will even deceive others in order to fulfill those fantasies. From this corruption in each of us comes the things which divide us and destroy our lives - greed, envy, jealousy, hatred, strife, ill will toward others and ourselves, treachery, slander, arrogance, unbridled sensuality, etc. This corrupted old man represents all mankind, the entire human race, including the whole of Christianity today.

This one spirit is the source of the passion we have, to guard and keep the harmony and oneness we have in the binding power of peace.

The new man, on the other hand, is the life or character of Yahshua himself, created in justice and peace. This life of the spirit is what makes us one with our creator and with one another. It is what enables us to regard others more highly than ourselves and to lay down our life daily for others, being gentle and patient and kind and forbearing with one another. This one spirit is the source of the passion we have to guard and keep the harmony and oneness we have in the binding power of peace. The life of this new man is a communal or common life which includes all who have totally died or given up their old life and come into Messiah, a partnership in a commonwealth or a holy nation. 1 Peter 2:9, 1 Corinthians 10:16, Ephesians 2:12, 4:2,25.

Just think, here is the secret of living in a commune with success without ever busting up! If only we could have the power to lay aside falsehood and speak the truth to one another, knowing that we truly belong to one another. But in order for this to happen, there has to be a beginning. I mean a new beginning where you could listen to a true or a real preacher (not one on T.V. or in church, but one sent to you from a commun-



ity of people bonded together forever in love and unity,) like the one in Ephesians 1:13. Such a preacher could bring you to the point where you could be sealed in your spirit with the very spirit of God who bonds you together in unity and peace with all those in every Community of Messiah. He gives you the power to overcome the forces of deceit and falsehood that once ruled your life. Romans 3:23, 6:23, James 4:17.

Messiah himself said that whoever believes and is immersed into his life Galatians 3:27, Mark 16:16, will be saved. He told this to his disciples. Baptism is another word for the term "immersed into Messiah's life." It does not mean to merely listen to the truth through one whom is sent to you. It means combining what you hear with obedience. Not only must you receive the message of the one sent to you, but you



must also share a death like Messiah's. You must give up your old life **completely** with all its desires and ambitions. You must put an end to your old life. John 13:20, Luke 10:16, Romans 6:2-5. Then, if you do this, you can be rescued from this wicked self you detest that made this world so wicked in the first place, and the wages of such a life is **death**.

It must be life for life.

This is the only way it can happen. It must be life for life. The life you've always hoped for, the one that will not disappoint you cannot be found any other way! It's as simple as this. Messiah died for all of us so that all of us who are alive will have the opportunity to live no longer for ourselves, but to fulfill the purpose of him who died for our sake and rose again from the dead. Therefore, if anyone is immersed into the life of Messiah, he is a new creation, he has become a brand new person inside. He is not the same anymore. The old ways have passed away. The fresh, new life has begun. 2 Corinthians 5:15, 17.

I didn't want to get complicated, but we only want you to see what you must see, what we now see about forgiveness. Now, after all your travels and all your trips and all your illusions and disappointments, you must now see the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world and covers it with his blood and causes every one of us to **know** we are forgiven. We must all come to know we are forgiven, so that we can forgive others, so that we can come together. But you can't get forgiven by trying to forgive yourself, through some therapy or psychology. You can never analyze yourself into forgiveness.

Forgiveness is a gift that is based on a deep price that was paid for it. It's not cheap. That's why it's eternal. True forgiveness lasts forever.



It's not justice that one would do wrong to his neighbor. But this injustice fills the earth, it fills every neighborhood, it touches every life. There is a penalty for this injustice and that penalty is death. Everyone who ever did harm to his neighbor is guilty enough to die and must taste the horrible separation and confinement of death to pay for his sins.

But the God of Israel provided a sacrifice for his people so they would not have to taste death. He provided a lamb, a choice lamb, the best lamb from each man's flock. When this lamb was slain, the guilt of the man was transferred to the lamb and the lamb's blood was then poured out as an offering - a life for a life. The lamb died so the man could go free.

This always pierced the heart of the sincere because he tenderly loved his flock and especially his choice lamb. So, to kill it was a most painful experience. The God of

Israel wanted his people to know the terrible cost to undo the effect of sin on the earth, to finally set creation free from its curse.

At just the right time in history there came into being an even more costly and perfect lamb than the very best of their flocks. It was the human lamb of God, our creator's own son. He was the very best of the flock of humanity. In fact, he was the firstborn of a whole new race of unstained, guilt-free human beings who could love one another from a pure heart. He never did harm to his neighbor, but instead was the ultimate example of how we should live. So this lamb, this perfect lamb, was slain for all of us, for all of our guilt. Belief in him that causes one to give up all we have, even our own sovereignty and receive his life is what transfers forgiveness to us. It is life for life. His life for our life. We can be forgiven! This is how you can be free. This is the good news and it's meant for you. ■



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.

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE

In my school few people had long hair!
If you did it meant one of 3 things;
you were gay
liked the Beatles a lot
or were in opposition to the war in
Vietnam.

No one had long hair as a fad, it was more
a statement of what you believed at the
time.

"Strawberry Statement" was the first
radical movie I can remember that had a
positive life-changing influence on me. This
movie came out around the time of
Woodstock. This movie wasn't entertain-
ment - but carried the theme of "Give
Peace a Chance."

Around this time - things started chang-
ing for me. My understanding of life was just
to raise as much hell as you could and that's
why we are here.

So I was in the flow of being a good ole
boy, having a good ole time.

Hey listen, I had little concern for peace,
other's peace anyway. My whole life was
cultured to look out for number one -
me! Everyone is that way and I was no
different.

It's easy to look back and see how in-
secure my life was.

My life would tremble whenever I wasn't
accepted by others. I hated being so fragile,
but what could I do? No matter how I acted -
the fronts I put up - I knew how I really was
and I hated it.

My desire to love and have friends has
been with me as long as I can remember.

I almost hated those who really knew me
because my needs and insecurities were
overwhelming. That's why so few knew the
real me.



I was even looking for me - cause I
wanted to be who I was - but how could I find
myself? Where was I?

It took me a long time to realize all human
life had value; my own personal was not yet
before me. It hurts to look back and see how
little appreciation I had for others.

I wanted to be loyal - loyal to what-
ever I was doing; loyal to my friends, family,
and to my wife should I ever get married. I
would often wonder how I could do this.
Could anybody really be in love, raise their
children and enjoy life together?



In those days it seems as though, there were so many concerts, gatherings of beautiful people,

colorful people,
flower children,
free love people,
peaceful people,
looking for life people -

These gatherings represented freedom - peace and love for the brotherhood - (Somehow you were able to see and choose who was in the real brotherhood.) They were like you! It's as simple as that, I found myself in a place of being able to somehow determine who was a good or bad person - who I had need for and who was a waste or non-contributor to the cause.



My thinking wasn't right.

Concerts were a place and time to meet new folks, to find new love, and forget your problems. Somehow you could share your life with others - you could connect to them through talking about places you had been, music, drugs, art, or talking about the way things were, even throwing a frisbee.

It was for the most part good, and there was much to be gleaned. You could just be hangin' out; even that was nice.

Yes, concerts were great - but they always came to an end, and then it was time to go home. They also charged a lot, tickets were often hard to come by - that's why gate-crashing was so popular.

Searching just like everyone else, I knew I felt no different. It was a whole generation looking.

Peace, love, bell bottoms only, black lights and posters - I made the scene, I stayed out of the scenes - I was so cool that only I knew it.

It was a time of little worry. At the time

even Kent State didn't trouble me. I was angry about it, but hey, I didn't realize humans with eternal souls died.

"Johnny-and-Susie-good-times" - that's who we were. No one would have dreamed of such a dreaded thing as AIDS. The greatest worry was body lice or crabs, none of those being fatal.

Many - really many people will tell you of the glorious things they went through during this time. All the drugs they consumed, the guys or girls they were with, this story or that one; I'm sure you've heard all the stories. Nothing is more boring than to hear about someone else's hallucinations.

One night at a Steve Miller - Quicksilver concert - All was going well.

Someone in the crowd of people I was sitting with broke out some smoke. It was soon passed my way.

After a couple of hits, I told the folks how good the smoke was and thanked them in a cool way, for adding to the on-going buzz I had already acquired.

Everyone started laughing and so did I. It was wonderful, the warmth we shared.

Things changed very quickly for me, my laughter stopped when I looked down in my hand and realized that what they had passed me was cherry incense.

That's right - I was so cool, so with it - to be asking, at this concert, if the cherry incense that I was smoking was Jamaican or Colombian stuff.

Was I plastic, a phony
or just stoned out of my mind?
Probably all of the above.

If many were honest, they would admit, how lonely life was for them back then - and still is!

How love was not found!

They would tell you how they have gone on to other unfulfilling things - how deep their insecurities are now.

Years have been spent for many and the plastic life we hated so much is still before us. We even grew up to carry plastic money, have purposeless jobs and compromise with all the things we were trying to stand against. We gave peace a chance, but drugs, good vibes, concerts and travel weren't enough to bring peace to us, our relationships, this earth.

My search is over - I'm at peace. My purpose is before me. I have found life in trusting my Creator. He has rescued me from all of the above through his Son.

All my life expresses thanksgiving to him no matter what my circumstances are.

It's wonderful being rescued from this insane society, having faith, and being loved by so many people in the community of disciples. We're tasting the peace we searched for so long. This peace will fill the earth!

If you would ever visit us - you would see why we live this way. ■



There is a struggle inside each of us as we come to grasp the vastness of the suffering in the world around us. How shall we, personally, respond? What are we going to do? Whether our graduation speeches caused us to cringe or filled us with warmth, something powerful within us wanted to believe that we were the future-leaders of America, that our lives would make a difference.

For many of us, world events and personal inclinations have produced a "radical" view of the American way of life along with its politics and business. Yet somehow the events that etched themselves into our consciousness affected some of our closest friends and relatives otherwise. Instead of producing a radical view of the American way of life, it caused them to adopt more



conservative, traditional views of how to make the world a better place to live. It was so difficult for us to see how anyone who truly cared for other human beings could put their trust in the system.

We wanted to bring an end to the injustice and suffering we saw in the world, but our liberal views constantly clashed with those of our conservative counter-parts in society. And no matter how clearly we presented our case to them, no matter how many facts we marshalled, any dents we made in their minds and hearts were quickly recovered, even followed by a well-polished counter attack.

We had endless heated discussions and debates about everything from Star Wars, to Nicaragua, to religion, to politics, and back

BLOOD ON OUR HANDS



again. But in spite of all our seeming differences we both found ourselves on the same broad, accomodating path in life; both casually enjoying the freedom and independence so abundantly offered in this pluralistic society. Both of us were raised from childhood as spoiled, educated, middle class Americans. And we now find ourselves living the same basic lifestyle, having to deal with the same compromises everyday, and neither of us seeing any real alternative coming into existence. After all is said and done, they go back to their jobs, maybe as an aspiring conservative corporate lawyer, and we go back to our equally successful liberal professional endeavors.

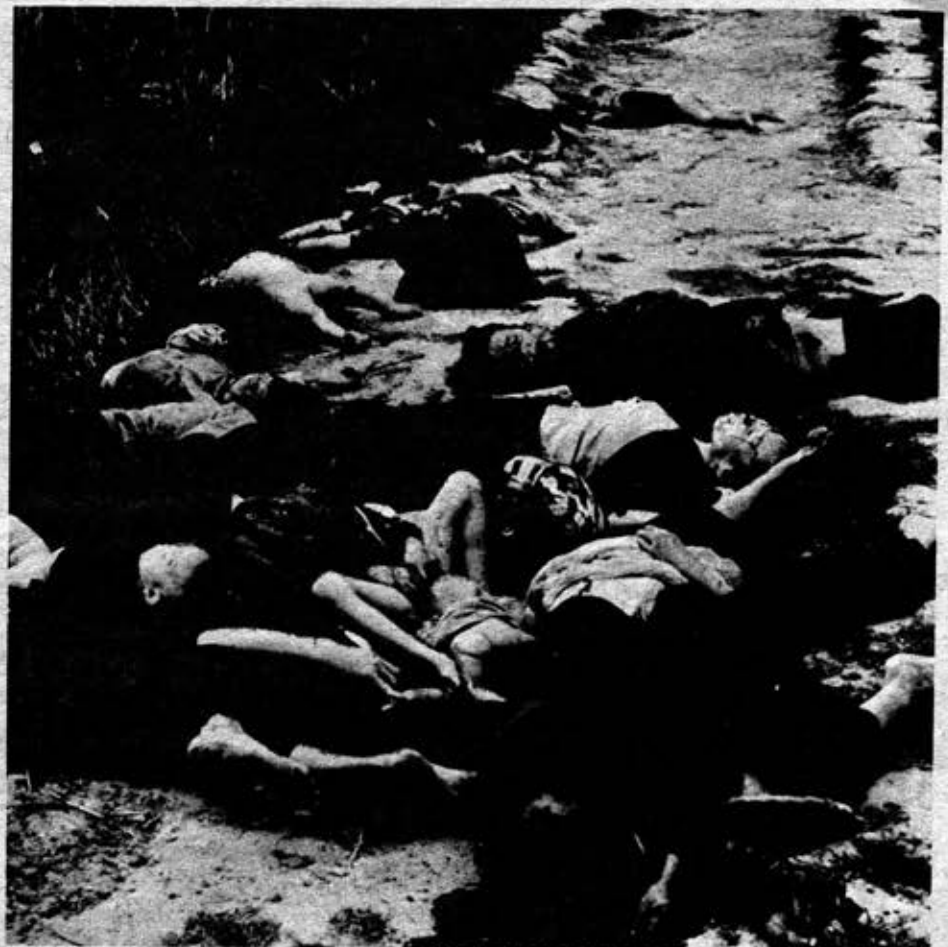
**Every voice had its pull
on our conscience and
after awhile it became
hard to buy things
with all the companies
we boycotted.**

So we sought to carry out our alternative views that we thought would change the destiny of this nation. Every new piece of literature we read revealed more and more things that were wrong in the system. It exposed sources or corruption, ways of thinking and living, and ways of earning or spending money that might in some way hurt people. Every voice had its pull on our conscience and after awhile it became hard to buy things with all the companies we boycotted.

So it comes down to the same thing no matter what side of the fence you're on. You want to get more involved but you have to make a living! There are so many demands and responsibilities. Your job enslaves your time, energy, and talent to the point where you don't have much time to really get involved in anything you truly believe in.

So you just send money to your favorite progressive foundation structured to raise money and establish programs to help the oppressed and starving in third world countries. Or you send money to support the E.R.A. or to bring about nuclear disarmament. But somehow that's not enough. You're just not becoming more encouraged about the condition of the world or the methods of change you fought so hard to defend.

The more you look the more it strikes home that there is blood on your hands



because you continue to be a comfortable middle-class citizen with a New Age mind. From the oppression of blacks in our cities to the never reconciled guilt of the land theft and genocide of the American Indians, from the blood of the martyrs of Central America to the blood of your children growing up in a polluted, nightmare landscape, from the mistreatment of animals in modern science and agriculture to probably a dozen more issues you're aware of, from the heart-gripping to the ludicrous, every voice, every issue, and every circumstance holds a burden of guilt over your head.

You hoped that the revolution within you, that had so profoundly affected your own outlook and had made you, seemingly, into a much more caring and compassionate individual, would finally affect the society around you. In fact that was the promise made by every voice you listened to. "Right where you are, you can make a difference." But deep down, where you can't hide what you really feel, you're beginning to wonder if anyone is making a difference. But still you give your money and go to work everyday, getting on with your life, the way of life that is the essence of the problems you see all around you.



This is the trap that leads to hopelessness. This is where passion and activism eventually bring you. You are unable to change the mind of even one conservative, unable to reconcile yourself to the millions of hurt and murdered, unable to change the relentless course of history, unable to die for your sins, unable to live with a good conscience. Your life degenerates to the point, although you surely don't recognize it, of eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die. Who knows better how we may die than the "enlightened," liberal thinkers?

Is there anything better than the American way of life? Is there life anywhere? Is anyone not guilty? What can we do? Go to Central America to die, to become a victim instead of an executioner? Is there any way to be clean?

You're an American from the day you live till the day you die.

America acts in your name and for your benefit. All your protests, letters, and intellectual dissent only bolsters the conscience of the nation, it is part of the greatness of America that she allows dissent. You're an American from the day you live till the day you die.

It's not merely your political views which are at stake; it's your conscience. If you go against your conscience you've had it, you're finished. You will become like all the rest of those in the system that you despise. All men will be judged by whether they

even if that word has repelled you until now. The only ones who ever offered you salvation before always seemed to confuse it with being a good American, which is the insanity it always seemed to be.

What you need is to be washed clean of the guilt of the nation, not immersed deeper in it. You need to come to a place and a people where every trace of your former way of life, every bit of greed, fear, insecurity, anxiety, every bit of hate, anger, jealousy, in other words, everything that has made you one with the corruption around you must be washed away. You need a clear conscience. You need to be **one** with the source of life. You've been **one** with death long enough.

Then you will no longer take identity as an American. You will no longer work in and for the system you protest against. You will no



Can you be cleaner than the nation you are a part of? Those in the peace Movement know they can't. They are as guilty as their nation. It's finally what motivates them to act. The same identity that filled you with warmth as a child is now the source of your disquiet - your nation.

Its' people, conduct, policies, armies, covert agencies & multi-nationals are yours. Like it or not, you're an American and America draws the benefit of your life and work and yes, even your children. They will grow up to fight in America's wars. That's what the children of every nation do.

obeyed their conscience or not, whether you are conservative or liberal, black or white, Christian or Buddhist, agnostic or atheist. When you stand before your Creator and have to give an account for your life you will stand or fall based upon how you obeyed your conscience. All mankind will be judged by this same standard. Justice will come to all. No one will have any excuse. So how are you going to deal with the pressure to compromise? How can you break free?

What you need is a way out, a place for the passion in you to blossom and not wither. You need to be able to get out so you can follow your heart. You need to be saved,

longer do the will of those you don't know, motivated by the fear of want; to spend your life as part of the consumer society. You will know in your conscience you are a **life giver**, not merely a consumer. You will weep for joy at your salvation.

Your family will be part of the care and sustenance of a large, extended household; how we were always meant to live. You will be **freed** from the looming nightmare of, "my four and no more." You will live under the good government of men who confess their sins and faults, with people whose lives are marked by compassion and openness. You will live for them and in them - your kind,



Forgiveness will become such a sweet, sweet word.

faulty, loving brothers and sisters. Your needs will be met by those who freely give to you and your heart will be the same. You will finally become a part of the tribal people you were created to be.

These are the literal, actual fruits of being forgiven. Forgiveness will become such a sweet, sweet word. You will receive it and you will extend it. There is no healing apart from forgiveness. You will find rest in the One who sensed from the start that his people could never dwell in the nations of the world. These are his words, "At last the time has come! God's kingdom is near! Turn from your sins and act on this glorious news." Our life together is the fruit of his life. It is the demonstration that he was serious and that his life, death and resurrection do indeed have saving power. His name is Yahshua, and he is the way, the truth and the life. If you abide in him, among his people, you will be set free in **deed!**

Until we, as human beings, are set free in our experience to love and cherish one another, to nurture and discipline our young, to receive as little children our elders, to obey our conscience, then nothing else we do will make any difference. We can't free ourselves. All the appeals to enlightened self-interest will never free us from the bondage of sin we are in. They will only lead to the triumph of enlightened self-interest, which is what some people call capitalism.

The way out, for you as well as your conservative rivals, is very clear. You must come to the only one who will truly receive your life and die, just plain give up everything. You will never find such relief in your life. To all who cry out to him he is absolutely faithful. They are not disappointed. They receive a hope which no one can take away. They will experience the New Age in this age, right now, among his people, their new, holy nation - the restored 12 tribes of Israel. Those who are content with the life of the nations of this age will experience the death and destruction of the nations.

If you love your life, your bad conscience, your compromise, then you will never sense your need for Yahshua. But those who want out of this insanity, this abnormal society, can't help but see!



Children of the Children

The following two articles come from the life and experience of an eighteen year old girl named Yashepheh. Her parents were part of the Movement so all her memories from her childhood represent much of what being a hippie and living on the land is all about.

Dreams of peace, love, freedom, happiness, and equality filled my mind and heart as I was growing up. My parents were much involved in what was happening during the 60's Movement, but when I was still young, the heart of that generation had long since died out, except for in my parents, some others around them and our record player. I spent most of my life living in and visiting communities that were trying to live a life similar to what I dreamed of and what was being striven for during the 60's. In about

1974 we lived in the Needmore Community near Bloomington, Indiana. About seven years later my dad bought some land from the Needmore people and began to start an egalitarian community of his own called Chrysalis. It was listed in the Federation of Egalitarian Communities. In my early and middle teenage years I visited the Twin Oaks Community in Virginia and spent a summer in Dandelion Community near Kingston, Ontario.

We were dairy goat farmers. My parents were into self-sufficiency. We lived a good portion of our life without running water and electricity in hopes of finding a more natural way of getting these things. For some time we lived way back in the woods on part of what was an 800 acre community. In the late 60's to early 70's, it was thriving with dedicated homesteaders and hippies. Craft and music festivals were happening all the time. However, as I got older, I was beginning to discover that all these dreams

of "living back to the land" had evolved into one thing. Even though there was a lot of talk of a better way, all I really saw around me was a lot of partying, drugs, booze, and sex, a lot of quarreling and hidden motives and feelings. I was trained that "whatever feels good to **you**, do it". I was the fruit of the 60's generation.

The community we lived in was an open community. The expression "free love" was a way of life in which my parents raised me. Everyone was very "open minded" about such things and having sexual relations with many people was considered to be the pathway to freedom from the religious and moral restraints that had made the system such a cold and heartless beast.

But instead of setting my parents and their friends free, it caused them to have deep seated mistrust for one another while promoting strife and jealousy between community members who were always trying to be the most together, most liberated person. All this caused the adults to be extremely insecure and of course all these things were passed right into us - the children of the "children of the 60's".

My parents were also very involved in the anti-nuke Movement, and I joined in and gave all my heart, my heart full of bitterness to fight the system. But still I was part, a product of that system, and there seemed to be no real way out of it. All my protests never really helped a thing. Things just kept

getting worse. Sure, I got a lot of good feelings and high hopes of change, but in the end, I personally was always left feeling lonely with no peace, love, freedom or lasting happiness. I had friends, and some of them even felt the same way I did, but I could never find any true-unity between us. We had hopes and dreams, but they never did anything for us. We were, or at least I was left in desperation, turning to the music, drugs and other things the kids my age were into.

Peace? Peace only seemed to come when we were stoned or fantasizing. But fantasy is only a product of a lack of peace. It is an escape from reality. The thing is, after it is over you only come back to reality. Getting stoned you can sit in a room with people and feel in love with them all. You seem to be at peace; maybe you'll fall off to sleep feeling good. But when you come down from your high you are back to reality. Where is the peace? So it's time to roll up another joint to escape reality. So where is the peace? I never found true peace there. If it were true, it would have lasted.

Love? What is love, really? Is it going to bed with almost anyone? Is love what you do in the bed? Or do they just do that because it feels good? Something always seemed wrong to me that they would just jump into bed with almost anyone. But still I was encouraged to do the same being just **barely** a teenager. But my parents would say, "Get birth control! Don't get pregnant! We have too many children right now; we can't have another". Is love what you see on T.V.? Or in the movies? Is love holding your true feelings inside as not to hurt anyone? What was love anyway? **I longed to know what true love was**, but I didn't find it there.

Freedom? Is freedom just another word for nothing left to lose? Was Janis Joplin right? This seemed to be what we thought. But OH! How wrong we were! I can still remember our music and crafts festivals. We would have puppet shows, bands would play, people would paint faces, my parents would sometimes set up a drinks stand. People would bring their blankets and lay around listening to the music, drinking and taking drugs. The children would skinny dip in the large creek at the back of the field. At night the party would go on and on. We would build big bon fires and people would sleep out. Yes, I can remember in the day by the light of the sun, running through the field to the music naked or at least half naked. I felt so free. I was free to do whatever felt good, and I was only 4 yrs. old.





A lot of times people would come over and we would get stoned and jam. If you didn't have an instrument, you'd find one, grab a pot or beat the table with your hands. I can remember one time doing this for awhile on the night of a "full moon". After getting very drunk and stoned we took our instruments and danced, sang and made noises. All in a line we did this "Indian powwow and moon dance" by the light of the moon. We danced through the woods and down to the lake to take a late night dip. Freedom? Was this freedom? We weren't seeking freedom. We were seeking pleasure! The reality was that we weren't really free but enslaved to our sinful, self-centered ways.

Happiness? We thought if we could all be equal then we could be happy. So someone made by-laws and one of them was; "There should be no differences between sexes, creed, color or age...." but this led to many problems in terms of equality between sexes and equality between ages. Another time in a community that was trying to get started, there was only 3 members, one man and two women. The man had violated some of the by-laws so the two women kicked him out. [The two women happened to be his wife and daughter.]

Equality? They wanted every one to be equal so there was to be no "coupling off". This meant that if you were married when you came in, you must not be possessive of your wife or husband, but you must share him or her. This would also keep people from spending most of their time with just one person but their time would be shared among the community. Somehow there was **always** a tendency to couple off though. It must be because it is normal for a man and a woman to be **committed** to each other.

**I would go off by myself
into the woods and dream
of a better life,
of the restoration
of the creation around me.**

**I would have dreamed of unity
between human beings,
but I was losing
all hope for mankind.**

They also believed that parents of children should not be called mom or dad or anything like this. But they should be called by their first name because they were to be just friends, no one superior or inferior. That way every adult would be equal; no one would be parents and another not parents but they would share the children. In some of the communities the children had a childrens' building away from the others where they would spend most of their time with "Meta's" [people trained by the community to be with the children. They would have the mind of the community in child raising.] At suppertime they would go to be with one of their "Primaries". Each child had two or three primaries. These people would take turns taking the child from suppertime to bedtime.

Both my mother and my sisters were fairly active in the E.R.A. and feminist movements. It seemed like they had a general disgust towards men, except in one



vital area. I was following right along the same path, but wasn't old or scarred enough to understand why they felt this way. Besides, I had another thing going. At 10, I became more involved in fantasy. I would go off by myself into the woods and dream of a better life, of restoration of the creation around me. I would dream that the animals could live in peace. I would have dreamed of unity between human beings, but I was los-

was hypocrisy. Yet, the words of the Bible contained so much hope. So we and a few other people grouped together to try our best to live out these words, but trying to live the life shown in the Bible without a true community of the Spirit is impossible. So there I was again in desperation.

But the true God of heaven knew our hearts and he led us into his dwelling place, his community. When I first came, it was like

to live together. They couldn't get along with one another. They were always dividing with one another, getting offended, and leaving the community. Also every personal relationship didn't make it. We just couldn't be restored to one another. We just couldn't forgive one another because we weren't yet forgiven.

My hope includes the restoration of all things, for this is the very heart of my



ing all hope for mankind. I despised the world's system, and I thought that human beings had everything to do with it. It was all so corrupt.

Religions never interested me. I thought they were unreal, another perverted creation of man. Any exploring of them just increased that thought. At 14, I fell in love and married a man who was very interested in the Bible. Searching and searching through Christianity and other things, all we found

I was in a dream. I saw people living together in unity. They had peace, love, freedom and happiness, and it was real and unending. But I wasn't dreaming, it was real! I never would have believed it unless I came and saw it with my own eyes. All I knew was that I wanted that same life that they had, and now I have it, and I am thankful.

It was obvious that there was no restoration in my parents and the others who tried

Creator. We no longer are a part of the world and its system, but we have come out of it. We no longer have to worry about providing for our own independent nucleus family because all is provided as we learn to give ourselves every day to the will of our Creator. This demonstration that is being raised up will someday bring about the end of this age, the beginning of the New Age, the return of Yahshua, and the restoration of all things. ■

AT EACH OTHER'S THROAT



I would like to share the hope I see that all of these types of relationships that I mentioned earlier **can be** and **are** being restored. I would like to share some things that I have learned about feminism and how it keeps these relationships from being restored. The restoration of all things cannot come about until men and women become one. Right now, and for a long time, men and women have been at each other's throats. Men have mistreated women, and because of it women have lost respect for men and have become bitter towards them. It doesn't take long to find out that down through history, women have been mistreated. Nothing can compare to the suffering women have gone through at the hands of men. So men have become the chief enemy of women.

But what women fail to see is that their enemy is not men, but the evil spiritual Prince who rules this world. Men have been used as his tool to exploit and hurt women. They must see that flesh and blood is not their enemy. If men and women can be kept

from being one, then the Evil One can keep our Creator's will from being done. He will accomplish what he has set out to do -destroy all of creation! This is why men and women **must** come under the **good** government and authority of Yahshua's people in the communities established by his sent ones. With men submitting to God and women submitting to men, healing can come to both and unity can be restored. It is truly a wonderful thing, a **new thing**, women full of dignity and purpose, covered women, doing what women were created to do, encompassing men. Jeremiah 31:32.

Only in Messiah can a woman be a support, a help-mate, a life-giver, and bear children with vision. This was in the heart of many women in the 60's but the barriers weren't broken down that divided them from their men. If they cannot do this, then the earth will never be restored. For this reason, the ruler of this world came up with the Feminist Movement. It is a direct attack from him **against** women. It is his last and most evil plan to destroy women. The reason

why it is most evil is that it directly affects her conscience. The Feminists have come to a place in their bitterness towards men that most of them feel that they don't even need men or their own consciences. This makes it very difficult for them to hear the good news of Yahshua, the Messiah, who was a man. This is a sad thing, because Feminism is bringing women to a place where they can't be what they were created to be, a support to man, a life-giver. They have been robbed of their purpose, their dignity. I was on the road to the same place, but I am **so** thankful that I was saved from that before I was totally robbed.

Since I started writing this, my husband and I have had our second child. She is a healthy girl. Her name is Besorah, which means, literally, good news, bearer of glad tidings, messenger, cheerful. It also means freshness, flesh, person, or body. She is good news to us. Her older sister can't stop smothering her with love. My daughters will become the mothers of many who will bring about the coming of Messiah and the new age ■

THE NEW WOMAN



If you're someone who doesn't believe in miracles, consider this: a woman who's been a feminist, child-of-the-sixties lawyer, an individualist who has believed "I could make a difference," and lived that way, chooses to abandon all that, to give it all up in favor of a simpler life, one devoted to putting others ahead of myself and to submitting my own independence to the judgement of my friends, all of whom are committed to the same purpose.

That purpose is to make the universe be whole and united in peace, as it was meant to be: men and women living together in harmony. To me that's been the longing of my heart. Yet some people who know me have

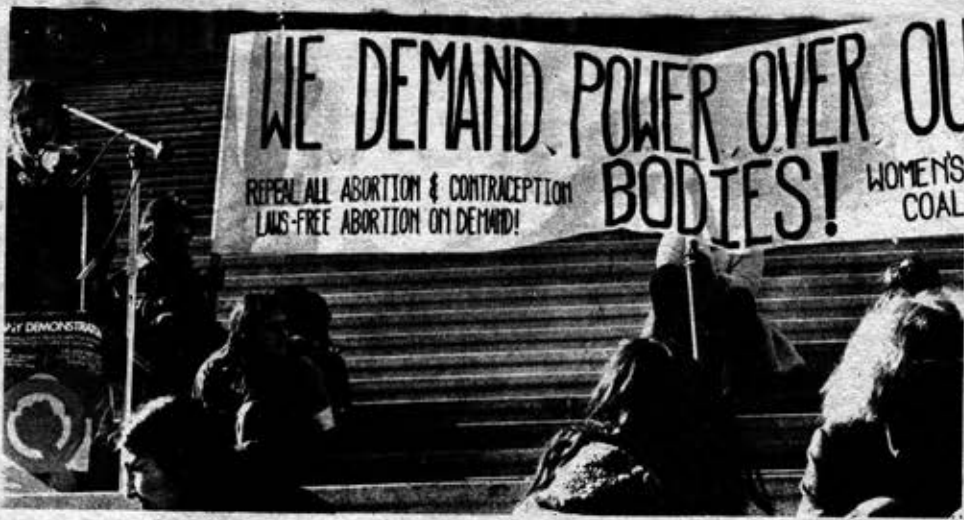
responded "she's gone off the deep end...some form of craziness...she's worked too hard and burnt out." You might be thinking "People do all sorts of things with their lives which are not understandable to me...why should I care?"

I've come to see, however, that before the entire universe can be unified, the true relationship between men and women must be restored.

Therefore, I'd like to share with you the truth about why I'm here, living in this community of people who believe with everything in them that we were created to love one another. I've always believed that truly our only hope is to love one another.

That's pure love, not selfish love - but never before have I witnessed a people whose lives were totally committed to doing that...REALLY.

My life may not have looked like much when stacked up beside the world's greats, but I can tell you that I liked it; I was not unhappy. For me, it was a lot to give up: a job I truly loved, was good at and respected in, a job in which I got equal pay with men (and it wasn't bad pay either); a new small house with 40 acres of land situated in a beautiful rural setting that was ideal...there was nothing more I longed for on that front. I had wonderful friends and neighbors close by, throughout the state and beyond; and



most importantly, the "perfect" relationship with a man I loved and lived with for nine years. It was "equal," caring, sharing, loving, communicative. It diminishes the turmoil and anguish that every ounce of my being experienced to say merely, "it was the hardest decision of my life."

That was nearly two years ago. I had to follow the longings of my soul and see whether or not what drew me was really what it appeared to be. I can assure you it was not the words of scripture which drew me, nor was it the community's belief that "God is the head of his Son, his Son is the head of man and man is the head of woman," that had any appeal whatsoever. I Corinthians 11:3. In fact it repelled me

greatly. For nearly a year as I got acquainted with members of the community and their "philosophy," I deliberately avoided discussion of such topics because such talks would only cause my emotions to boil, so much so that I couldn't even hear what was being spoken.

However, I could not deny the life that I saw. I could not forget the way people simply were. Many of their words seemed to me to be language indicative of female oppression, but I saw men treating women with respect, dignity, sensitivity and care. It was not mandated; it was real. Men regularly and routinely did piles of dishes without resentment, cared for children and changed diapers as if it came naturally, were

gentle and asked the opinions of their wives before making a decision. It was a marked contrast in a world influenced by feminism such as chore lists free of sexual bias, child care schedules focused on "equal time," and enforced quotas of women on decision-making boards. Deep inside, as I both participated in and observed the feminist movement, I was always bothered by the apparent necessity of forced measures to guarantee fairness. It weighed me down because it smacked of a subtle hopelessness founded in the intuitive knowledge that "if I had to force someone to treat me justly, it couldn't be worth very much." The method lacks love, and so does the product, the fruit. Without a heart for justice, a spirit of righteousness, what hope is there for unity and love between men and women.

Feminists are right about a lot of things, a lot of true facts. Their anger is righteous, but inadequate and faulty as a motivation for change. Women have been abused, mistreated, and violated by men for centuries, throughout human history. Our pain and suffering is great; the injustices are many. The same is true for men, however. That fact cannot be ignored or discounted. Women, in angry rebellion against being oppressed, sometimes behave as if they are the only ones wronged. That is not true. The truth is that the whole human race suffers, albeit in differing degrees and varying forms. Men and women are not in harmony anymore. There is strife, contention, competition, demands for "equality and justice





under the law" ...none of which is founded in love. If each of us truly loved one another, that love would inevitably be reflected in the way we treated each other. We wouldn't need legislation and court decisions to try to force it.

Here in the community we don't have rules and regulations. We don't need them because we have true love for one another. That gives us eyes to see and ears to hear each other and meet one another's needs. We trust one another. It is not blind or foolhardy trust, but trust that is built one day at a time, as we live with each other. Our lives are totally exposed and we are honest with each other. We are not perfect, and neither are our lives. We make mistakes but we can trust that our brothers' and sisters' love remains. We forebear with one another's weaknesses and encourage each other. We become true friends. The emotional, psychological, and social "baggage" that each of us acquired in the living of our individual lives is not magically erased upon entering the community. What there is however is the commitment to love our brothers and sisters as we love ourselves, and to make that the most important part of our lives every day, in every encounter. This is no idle platitude or fine-sounding theory for utopia. It is how each of us was created to exist.

I have found that the people I live with are committed to doing that. That commitment means giving up your own life, your own agenda, your own independence. The cost is dying to yourself daily. It is not mystical or highfalutin'. I used to live my life believing that freedom was being independent enough to "do my own thing," being confident enough not to be afraid, and being self-reliant enough to stand unequivocally on

my own judgements. Now I see a better way. I know that this way is the truth.

Not only have I seen it, but I have experienced it. It is worth it; I am happy. It is hard; it costs everything you have. The man the world calls Jesus was right. I call him Yahshua because as he walked on the earth as a Jew that's what he was called by those who knew him. I'm not religious and for years I was prejudiced against the words in the Bible. But now I am oh-so-thankful to see that his life cannot be judged by those who distort it or misrepresent it. That is the lie; religion is the lie; his life was the truth. He gave his life to his father's will because he trusted him. He died without any just cause and he gave himself to that death. By today's standards, he would be judged a fool.

Do you know that his submission, that total ultimate submission, is the **only** thing that allowed him to conquer death? A word of hope: don't be discouraged (or turned off) if you don't now believe in God or Jesus or the resurrection. You don't believe it yet because you haven't seen the truth of it, of

its power. Nevertheless, it is real and it is the truth. I have seen it. That is why and how I am able to submit my life to my brothers. They are men whose lives I have seen and know I can trust. They are not the men whose lives you see all around you, those oppressing and being oppressed. These are men who have new hearts because they too have submitted themselves to a just government, one governed by the standard of the man Yahshua. I know I can trust them and it is wonderful. They listen to what I say because they love and care for me. I don't have to scream to be heard.

If you are skeptical of my testimony, I understand. Two years ago if you predicted I'd be living as I am now I would have called you a fool. Yet, here I am, being of sound mind, body and spirit, doing it, and resting in it. To me, it is indeed a miracle. They can happen.

I'd be glad to share more with you anytime. Ask me anything you'd like. Come visit and see for yourself. Know your life might change if you do.

Hannah

Jamie Swatko





Dr. Timothy Leary began to preach the gospel of LSD and left Harvard in search of disciples. As high priest of the drug scene, he taught us the risk of rational disorder is worth taking compared to the possibility of rational expansion. We felt that the possibility of a horrifying head trip was worth risking in the light of the possibility of a euphoric experience.

We were taught that LSD offered new perspectives, new horizons never before dreamed of. We learned that we could expand our minds, deepen our consciousness, and thus lift ourselves out of the mundane existence we saw in society. We began to dream of a state of anarchy in which glorious liberty dwelt, where we could be transported into undreamt of realms. We thought drugs could make a note of music take on an infinite variation of tone and make flowers more glorious in a 1000 ways. Colors took on new meaning and the total man was deepened and enriched and made transcendental.

It was preached as being a means of religious experience and we swallowed it, hook, line, and sinker. After all what realism did Christianity today give as a valid religious experience? Revelation 18:24,

17:6. So drugs were the answer to a false hope called Christianity. We wanted to be set free into the Law of Liberty where we could act in a way that would benefit mankind.

We were prepared, at least some of us, to take the calculated risk. Taking LSD was no longer viewed as irresponsible action, but rather a way to find ourselves, our purpose on this earth. It was worth the gamble simply because we saw the possibilities of enlargement and discovery. When Timothy Leary began to preach the drug gospel we were in a time and a place to listen and believe in his hope and his future. He was our high priest and prophet leading us into realms undreamed of. We were fed up to the gullet with a false hope, with broken promises of a religion that didn't work. So we dropped out of "the Church" called

Christianity, which was absolutely no different than the rest of the insane world who did not "go to Church" on Sundays. If you look into the drug scene when it started you will see many who had a common experience of **Sunday school** (as if we needed another day of school), and one hour of boredom once a week in our upbringing.

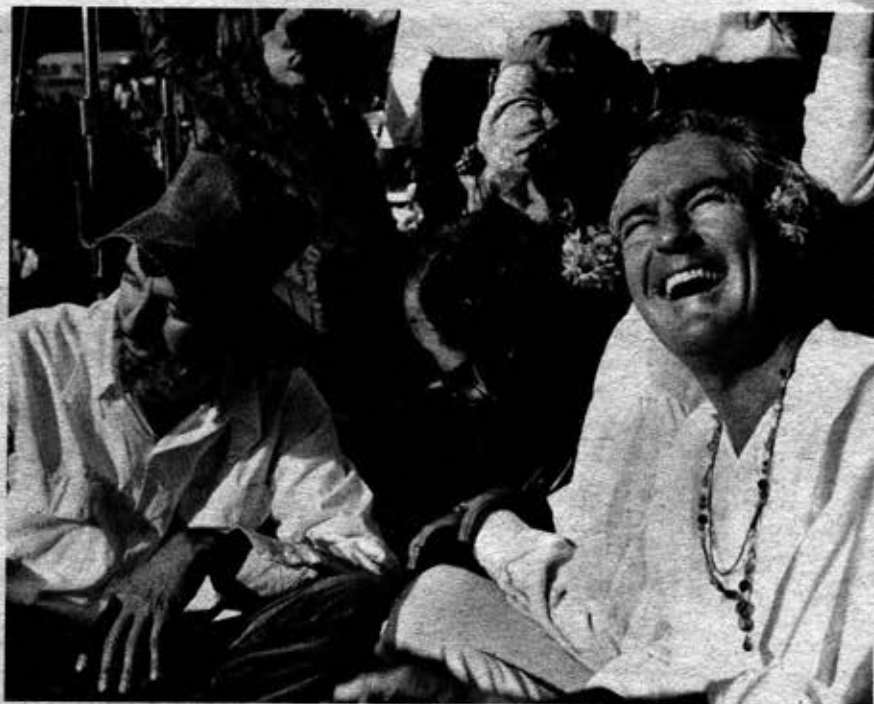
By smoking pot and taking LSD, we were searching for something that the Christ of Christianity could not give to anyone. We were searching for adequacy, meaning and fulfillment, and we were shouting it out loud and clear with all our heart. Since no one told us the truth, we had to be set free by our own gospel, a gospel we were more inclined to accept. All our life growing up we heard

the words, "You will know the truth and the truth will set you free," but no one told us the truth. "If the Son sets you free you will be free indeed," was the message we heard over and over again. But the freedom we experienced on LSD was far greater than anything the bamboozelers on T.V. and in church pulpits were offering. None of them showed us a life of a disciple, of obeying the wonderful commands that would truly set us free. John 8:31,32.

So when Timothy Leary came along we were ready to leave everything to follow him since he was going somewhere we wanted to go. He offered a measure of hope and we were enthusiastic about his gospel. We were ready for it. The time had come. Christianity had run its deadly course and we were ready for life!



Christianity has never quoted the words of this so called savior, "to leave **everything and follow me**" or "give up all, leave your possessions behind, your family and friends. No one can be my disciple unless he gives up all of his own possessions." Luke 12:32,33. "Do not think I came to bring peace on earth; I did not come to bring



peace, but a sword. He who does not take his cross and follow me is not worthy of me." Matthew 10:34,38.

For a materialistic Christianity this was absurd and blasphemy. We were looking for a real family and love, the love described in the Bible, but never lived out or seen in practice. Mark 3:31-35. If someone had told us, for example, about a real family of love and told us that if we obeyed his commands we would not be destroyed like the communes we once were members of, we would have done it. If there had been such an example twenty years ago, we could have realized that we now must suffer hardship and endure in his word to really be his disciples and to really know the truth and be set free indeed. We could have saved ourselves a lot of heartache and pain and disillusionment.

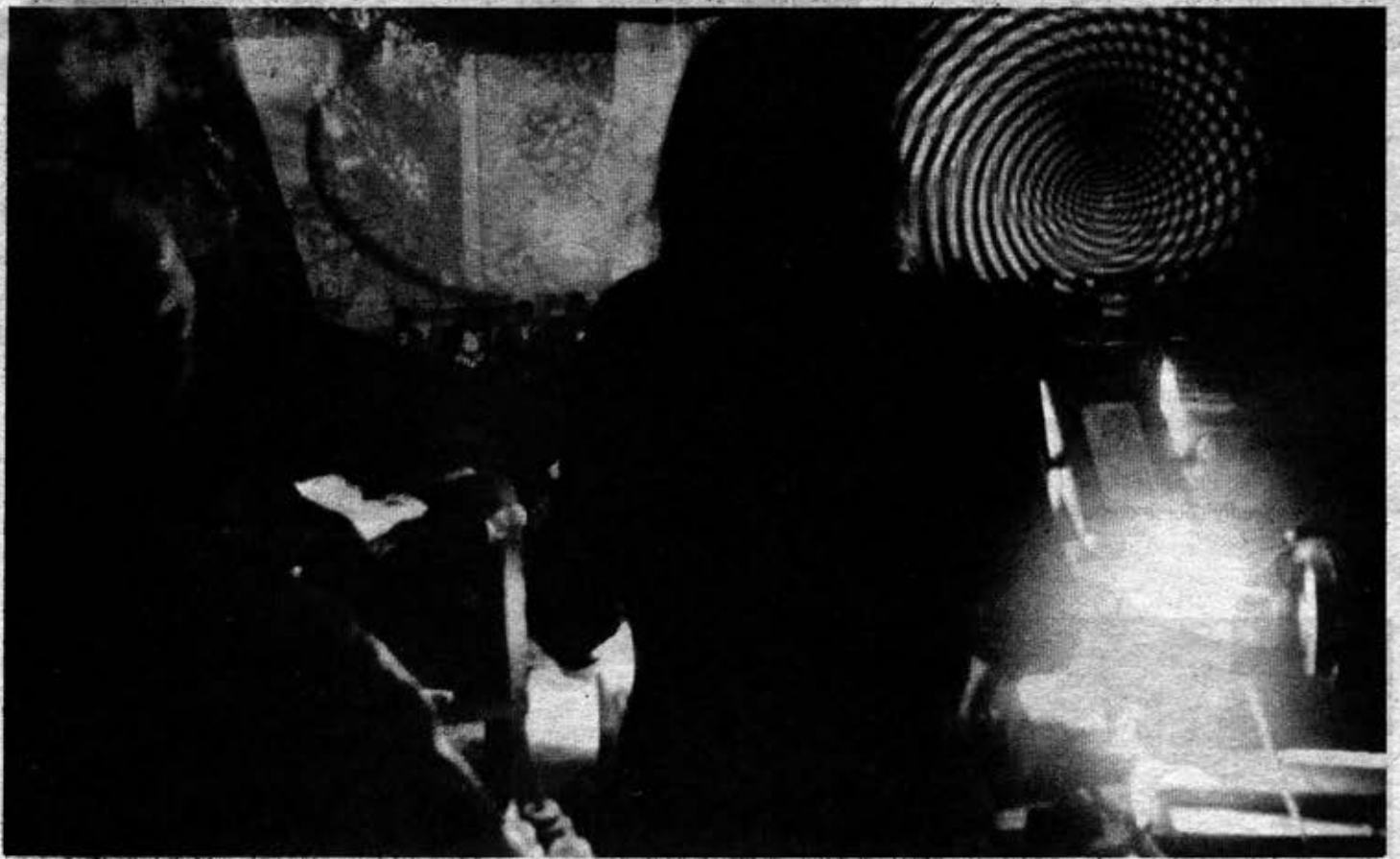
We wanted a new life, we wanted to give our old bored life up - we were looking for what this man Christ offered us, but no one told us! Christianity was a circus of confusion to us with its many shows going on all at once. Christianity is a circus where everyone is doing their own thing - whatever is right in their own eyes. It merely draws attention to itself, and like in a circus, each performer merely draws attention to himself.

That is why we Christian kids rebelled, but we didn't really rebel either, for we had nothing substantial to rebel against. The possibility of a bad experience on drugs was worth the risk of the experience we longed for, but a drug experience wasn't what we wanted! We wanted what we were longing

for down deep, and taking drugs was a way to get to that something. In other words we had a vacuum of experience trying to fulfill that gnawing void inside.

We went into the drug scene with open eyes, longing and hoping and yearning for something to fill up that which the vacuum of Christianity could not provide. We were willing to take that calculated gamble since the





glorified truth spoken by the clergy was not in the least being lived out by them much less by the Church who were their students. "And many false prophets will arise and mislead many." We were some of the many, for you can know a tree by its fruit. Matthew 23:3, 7:15-20.

We had a case against our parents who got high on caffeine and uppers and downers prescribed very righteously by their quack physicians. Pot was not proven addictive and they called us addicts while they were addicts on every conceivable "legalized drug"

including alcohol and tobacco. We gloated in our righteousness as they did in their own. We were disgusted with the whole hypocritical scene of "the establishment" with Christianity being the foremost disgusting!

We shouted "unfair," but they refused to give up what they demanded us to give up. Instead they condemned the innocent and made us lawbreakers because they would not legalize "pot," all the while they were dying with emphysema and cancer and liver problems and quite legally.

The adult society of cigarettes and alcohol and drug store drugs became the champions of "honesty and integrity" while we were demoralized and exasperated until there was no more hope of "recovering" and fitting into their way of life. They engaged in a perverted rationalization to arrive at the conclusion that we were the rebels and they were the standard by which rebellion was measured.

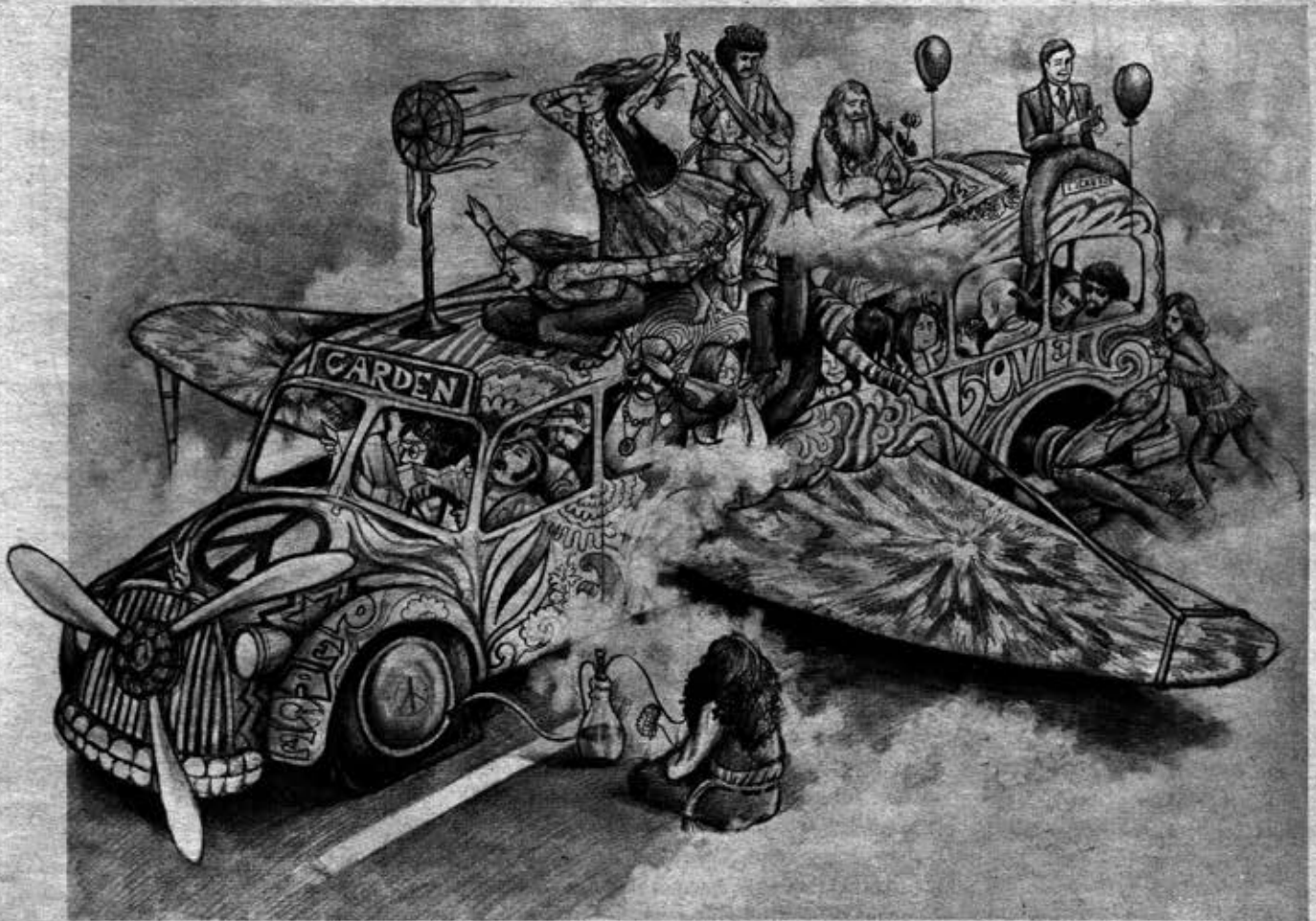


They told us that we could only be saved if we became like them, finding adequacy and meaning for our lives and fulfillment when we abandoned our lives to an "all sufficient Christ." But, we all in one voice scoffed at them and asked, "Where is this all sufficient Christ of yours who makes a difference and makes those who believe in him all one?" We were searching for the Christ the Church was supposed to represent. We were looking for

the unity promised by Messiah in John 17: 21-23. Then we would have believed.

So where are we today after all this injustice we endured? We cannot justify ourselves by our mishandled past, for we are a new generation ourselves. But, we have found the way. No, not LSD or even legalized pot, but then even to say "I found it" is going to be hard to convince even us. But we will say this - it's worth a chance, even a

gamble, to risk all and come and see. Come here and we will personally talk with you and you can meet our friend, our brothers and sisters. For we have met the One who does make a difference. He is the one you can read about in the Bible, yes, but we call him by his Hebrew name - the one Gabriel called him when he appeared to Mary his mother - YAHSHUA. He was not Greek and we are not speaking Greek - he is no longer Greek to us ■



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 ■



**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



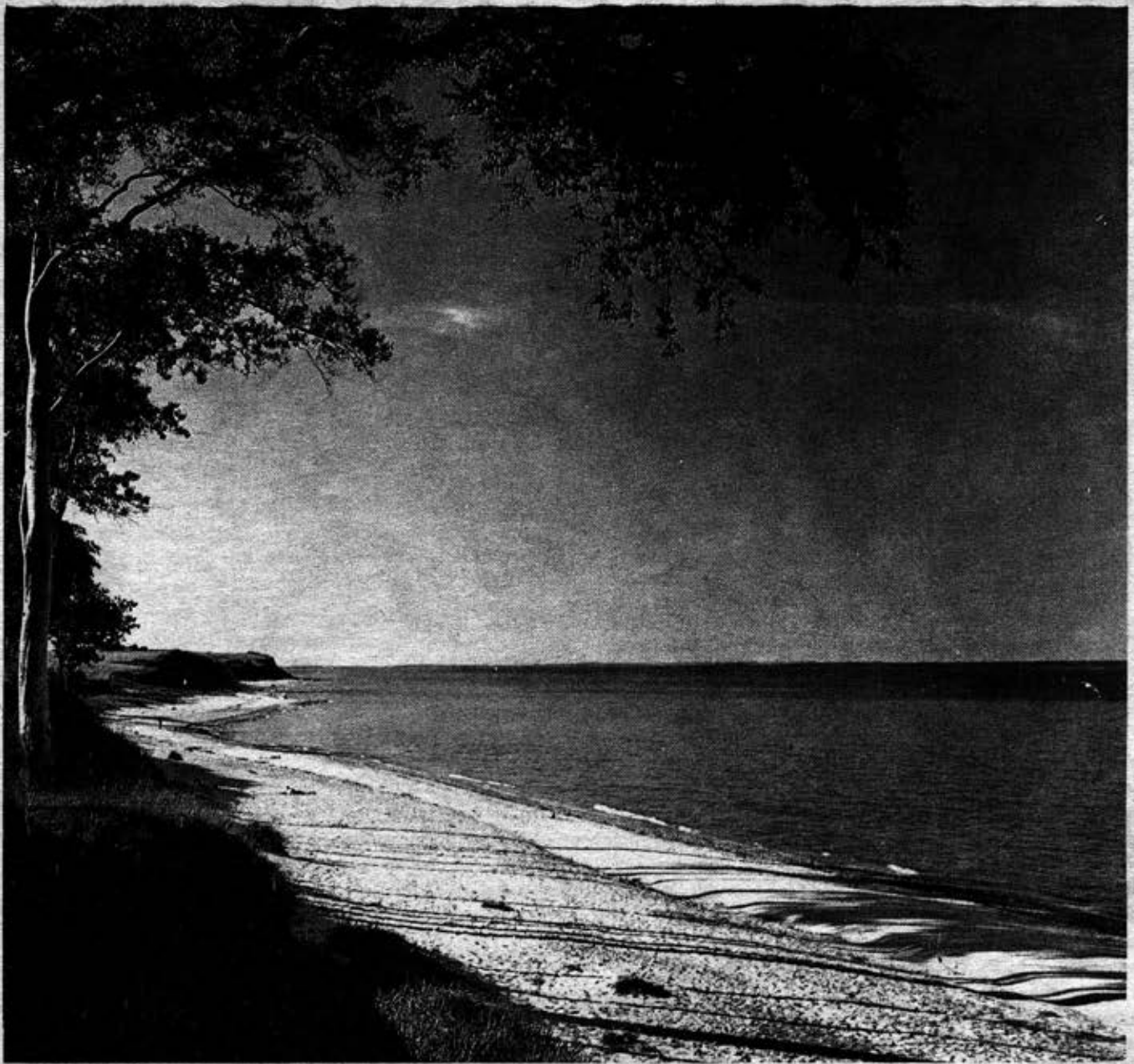
awful, beautiful moment I would wish with all my heart to linger a brief second longer. As close as I came, my years as a flower child never fulfilled that wish.

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.**



YAHSHUA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

has accomplished. His name is Deliverer.

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

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

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

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

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

THE MARITIMES FREEPAPER

This is a special edition of The Maritimes Freepaper. It has been written and published especially for the children of the 60's. The publisher consists of all the people in the communities listed on the back of this paper. As you can see from reading this paper, many of us grew up as a part of the 60's generation. We have written this paper from a special love in our hearts because we've been there. So we address our hearts and our words to those of you who really want something real, a true purpose, and a life together where you never have to leave your friends. What we have said on these pages has come from deep in our hearts and expresses our hope for all mankind. The life we share together is not a part of Christianity, for we saw their example and it turned us off a long time ago. We're interested in bringing to you the essence of what you longed for in The Movement but which has never come about in a real and lasting way. The publisher fully supports what is printed and is accountable and totally responsible for the content of this paper. Because of this accountability, we take seriously what we say. We only say on these pages what we have seen, what we have heard, and what has been proven through our life together. It is our desire to publish The Freepaper as often as the Spirit within our hearts inspires us with something to say. Subscriptions are not available since the paper is intended for distribution primarily in the Maritimes. However, individual copies are available upon request, at no charge, by writing to: Publisher, P. O. Box 583, Barrington Passage, Nova Scotia B0W 1G0. Telephone: (902) - 637-3130. Letters from readers are invited and will be considered for publication.

WHO WE ARE

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

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

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

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

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

HOW TO REACH US

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

The Community in WATERVILLE
Myrtle Tree Farm
P.O. Box 122
Waterville, Nova Scotia B0P 1V0
(902) 538-3674

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

