

free

We love where we live



A Twelve Tribes Freepaper



Woman Set Free

We are people from all backgrounds — young and old, single and married, widows and orphans. We are a part of the wonderful life of the Twelve Tribes of Israel — not the state of Israel over in the Middle East, but a new spiritual Israel living in communities amidst the other nations of the earth.

Just like you, we have experienced things that left us with many questions about the meaning of life. “Who am I? What is my purpose? How am I supposed to be? Why is there so much hurt? What is love?” We were seeking for something greater in life, and we have a wonderful story to tell. Through our search for truth, love, hope, and purpose, we found a people who live a life of love, dedicated to the One who created everything. We thought it was too good to be true. The world is full of catches, you know. But here there are no catches, no fine print — just the requirements spoken of in the Scriptures long ago. “Leave everything behind and follow Me.”

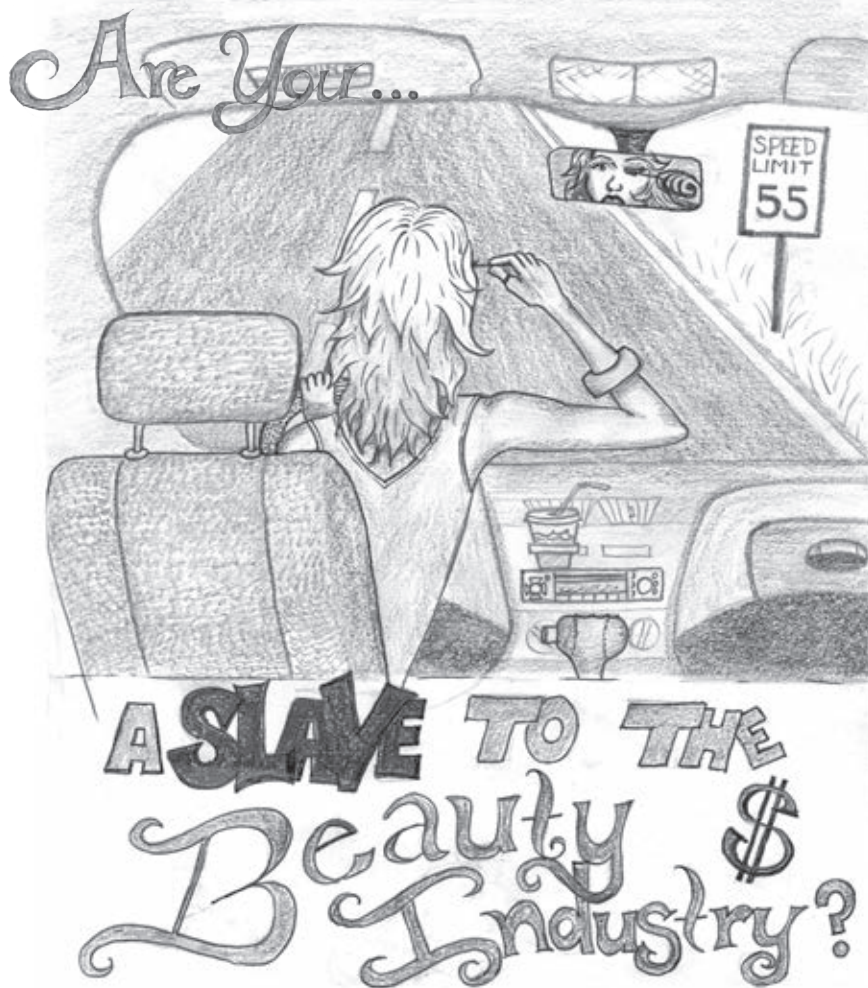
We follow Yahshua, the Son of God, in a new and living way. We are learning about our created purpose as men and women. We women have learned that woman has a marvelous place in life. We are life-givers, the bearers of children. We are the voice of intuition. We are the helpers. We can bring order and care as we take care of others.

We are learning that we have much dignity and glory when we dress modestly, not to gain recognition through our looks and features. There are so many ways in our created purpose to complement man. It is liberating to realize our potential. When we are set free from self-regard and self-concern, we are able to serve and care for others, submitting our lives to our friends. That’s true liberation!

A woman doesn’t have to be an independent free-spirit, doing as she pleases, striving to prove herself. There really is no peace and security in being that way. True peace, security, and happiness come from being in the proper order. Woman rebelled against God’s order, but she didn’t find freedom. She just fell under the control of the evil one, who doesn’t truly love her.

We love the life we live, and we want to see other women set free from oppression and selfishness to be all that woman is meant to be — redeemed, bought back by the One who truly loves her.

Talmiydah



“Your face

...is the wrong shape!”
 “Your teeth are too small!”
 “Your legs are too hairy!”
 “Your hair is the wrong color!”
 “You are too fat!”

The barrage of abuse hurled at the modern woman is endless. Billboards and posters of blond women with flawless skin indoctrinate modern woman into the belief that she is not and never will be good enough – unless she becomes a slave to the “beauty” industry. If she decides to sell her soul in the way that the majority of modern women have sworn their blind allegiance to, she will subject her body to varying degrees of pain and denial. These include ripping hair from her body, pouring poisonous substances on her hair and face, reshaping her teeth, taking sharp metal tools to her skin, denying her body the nutrition it needs, and sitting under strong ultraviolet rays until her skin is fried and cells primed for cancer.

Even girls are starting these widely accepted and even encouraged practices at younger and younger ages. Negative peer pressure in schools bullies young girls into taking a blade to their legs to remove their barely noticeable leg hair. Then ironically her leg hair grows back vengefully, darker and thicker than it was ever meant to be.

Thus, she enters into the slavery of the “beauty” industry. Henceforth, she abides in a vicious cycle of fear and anxiety over the next time she can get her beauty fix, interspersed with fleeting moments of relief when she has had

her fix. Momentarily she feels as if she is worth a little more.

But the reality is that our bodies are mortal. One day they will return to the dust, where they came from, but our souls will live on forever. It is the condition of our eternal soul that we should be concerned about, more than our mortal bodies.

Yet, in a world that seeks lust rather than true love, where can one turn? Love would never berate a woman for the way she was made, and make her feel worthless because she is not as beautiful as the next woman. Love would let a woman know of her infinite worth

as a human being created in the very image of God.

There is good news. You do not need to fight those relentless dark social pressures alone. There is a people being raised up in these last days to live for their Creator the way He wants us to live. We are learning to find our worth in loving one another, not from any fleeting, superficial fantasy. Really, our life is a miracle — in stark contrast to the decaying society all around us. We would love for you to come and see for yourself.





You're so
You're so
I bet you think this paper is about you.

Mirror Mirror

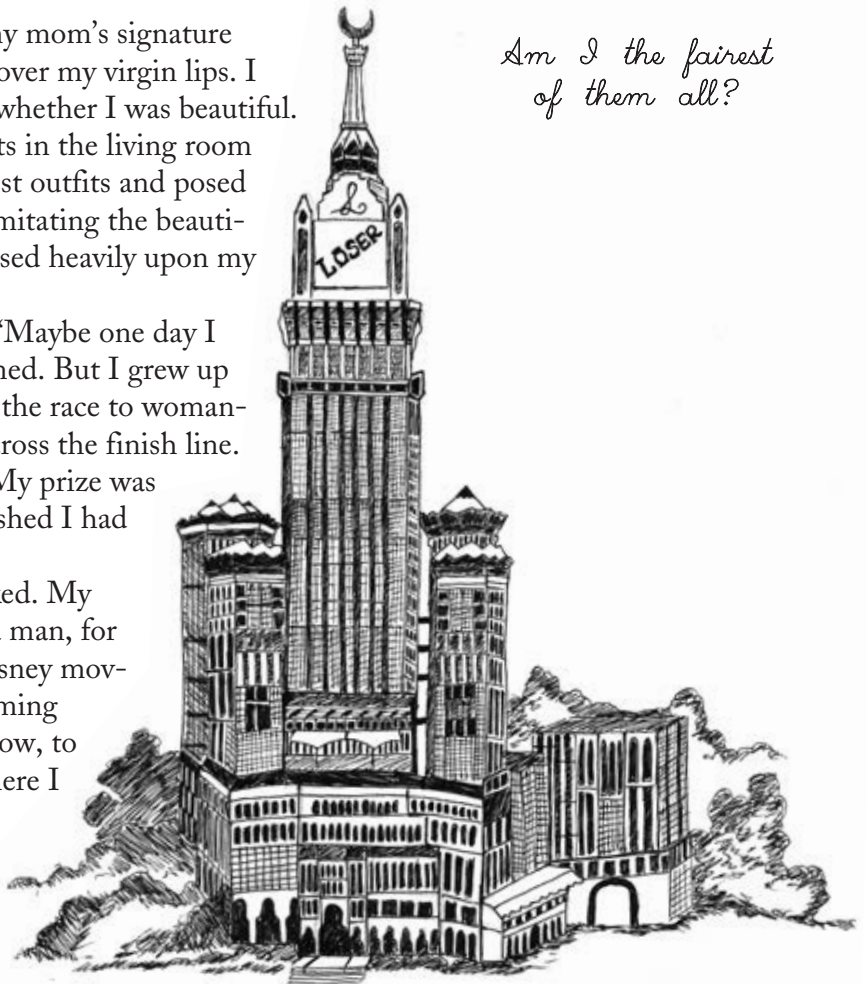
When I was five years old, I picked up my mom's signature Revlon Rum Red lipstick and smeared it all over my virgin lips. I puckered at my reflection, desiring to know whether I was beautiful. I played dress-up and modeled for my parents in the living room during commercial breaks. I chose the fanciest outfits and posed provocatively. I learned sexuality so young, imitating the beautiful magazine cover-girls. Vanity's finger pressed heavily upon my young soul.

My image of beauty began with Barbie. "Maybe one day I would be beautiful like Barbie, too," I imagined. But I grew up and my body didn't. The other girls reached the race to womanhood first, and I bit their dust as the last to cross the finish line. When I crossed the line, I wished I hadn't. My prize was inferiority. Hindsight is twenty-twenty. I wished I had slowed down and not been in such a hurry.

My best friend always dated the boy I liked. My heart was empty and hungered for love, for a man, for a true friend. Maybe I watched too many Disney movies or read too many fairy tales. Prince Charming must be coming on a white horse any time now, to rescue me out of the tower called "Loser" where I looked out the window of loneliness.

I was afraid of getting caught looking at myself in the mirror. Do you ever feel that way, too? We both go to the bathroom and pretend not to notice when we each take a

*Am I the fairest
of them all?*





sneak peak, turning our heads discretely. We both know it's wrong to have such a vain, selfish heart. But before we knew it, vanity had thrown her poison dart, and it was paralyzing.

It is as if you walk around holding a camera two feet in front of your face. On social networking sites, you play The Game of Self. You try to look the best or write the funniest status of yourself on the news feed, as if it were any real news at all that you were eating at IHOP at three in the morning. But it's a funny inside joke amongst you and all the stoners. You are proud of anything that makes you stand out — seem cool, reckless, bold, and nonchalant. You have it all together in the thin little 100% recycled bag you carry around. Inside you keep all your costumes to change your character, and it is bursting at the seams with the weight of the whole sham.

What if we walked around holding a mirror to our face? That's what being trapped in vanity is like — to be stuck in that mirror and never being able to get out. The image follows you around and you pet it like man's best friend, feeding and cooing at it. But I am so vain that this paper is about me. I wrote it for you though, so that if you are brave enough to see the ugly selfishness inside of you, you could come and join me as we are set free from this enemy, from hands too strong for us. I can't do it on my own.

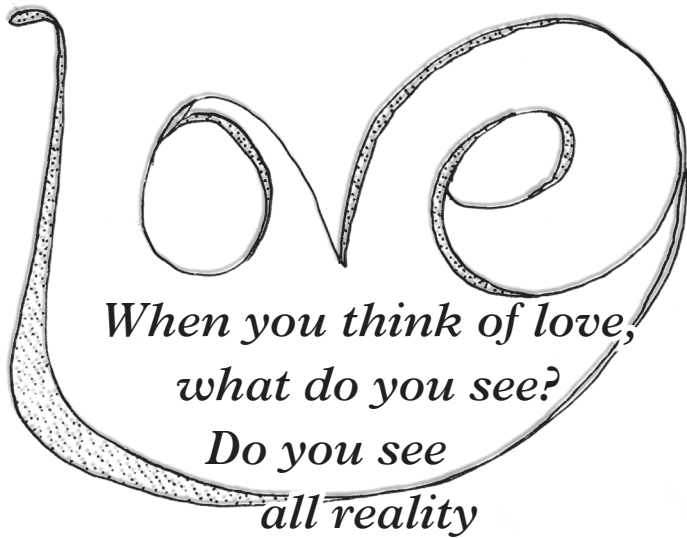
And you can't either. We need a rescuer. Believe me, Prince Charming never came. But my King is riding a white horse with an army of thousands of my friends behind Him. He is Faithful and True. His name is Yahshua. It means I AM MIGHTY AND POWERFUL TO SAVE. He died and suffered agony in our place for an eternal three days and three nights in death. He felt every bit of pain or hurt that you and I have ever felt, and He bore the guilt, shame, and punishment of it all for us. None of it was His fault. He is true love. Through His people, Yahshua told me that He loved me, and that He needed me to complete Him. He needs you, too.

I'm not a slave to Self anymore, but I seek the Kingdom of God. His kingdom is a home for widows and orphans and all the lonely in between.

The true gospel calls for you to turn away from seeking self, and die to your own pursuits. The true gospel is a seed that brings forth life. That life is a nation of people who bear the fruit of the Kingdom, the fruit of love. I'm learning to entrust my being into the loving hands of my friends. Our life is a marvelous light where woman does not see herself, but she sees Messiah and His body, His people. She looks outward to her friends. This is how the mirror is broken forever and she is free from her prison tower.

Yanit



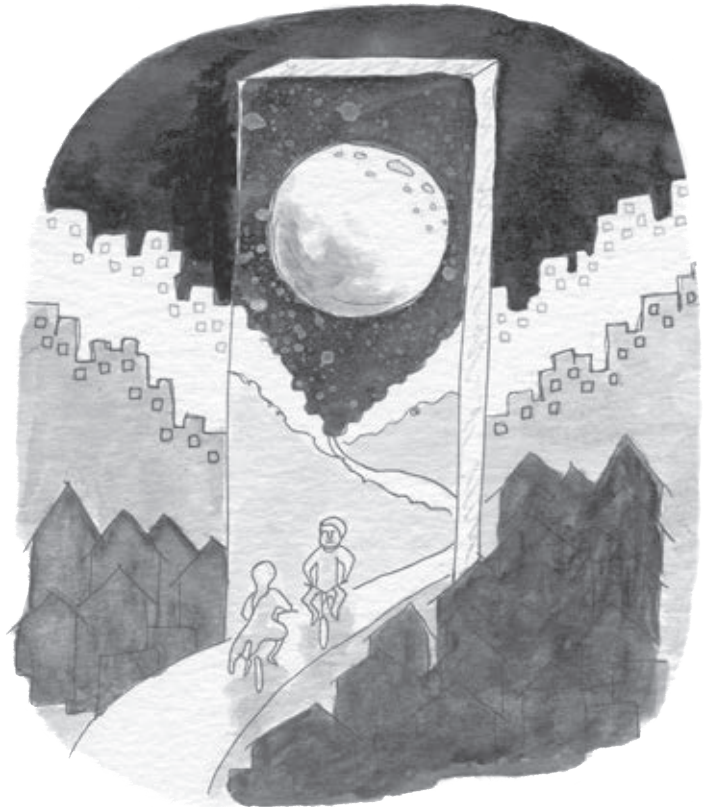


*When you think of love,
what do you see?*

Do you see

all reality

*melting away like a seed
breaking forth from its shell,
springing up with passion
and hope for life?*



IS it between you and another? Maybe you are in love... and nothing else matters. Is it the beginning of the greatest high of your life, or the shadow of great pain, loss, and sorrow? Have you ever felt that word in the pit of your stomach, tearing your heart in two, without hope? Well, you and I are made of the same stuff.

There you are, with a heart just like mine. What's on display in the windows of your heart may look different from mine, but deep inside there is a longing for true love, just like every person who has ever walked this earth. There's no other word so fulfilling as love, yet so elusive. Love is a beautiful word, isn't it? The most delicate flower with a scent so pure grows from the

seed of love, but where does this flower grow? Have you ever seen it or smelled its sweet aroma? Does it grow beside a stream that never runs dry, or does it grow in the rocks up high? I know it's meant to be grown in the heart of you and me, but how? Is there a book, is there a guru, is there a secret recipe? Is it meant to be watered between those whose windows of their heart display the same hopes and dreams? Or is love past all that? Let me tell you how I found love.



There he was, his face lit by the moon... In the dead of night I had found a heartbeat like an echo of my own. I'd never met a stranger so familiar. His spirit was etched into

me, and I hoped to see him again... somehow... somewhere. The next night I went out on another midnight bike ride — the moon, the quiet breeze, and no other soul in sight. I saw in the distance a silhouette; it was as if a mirror had been placed in front of me and it was touching the sky. There he was, riding his bicycle! How sweet the moment smelled! I saw lightning come from the sky. It struck us both, and sparks were flying. The flame of our love burned so hot, I felt as if I could have died, as if our hearts were about to explode out of this world's orbit.

Some time passed and our love grew. We believed we were going to break out of this mundane existence that all of humanity shares — of doing what we don't want to

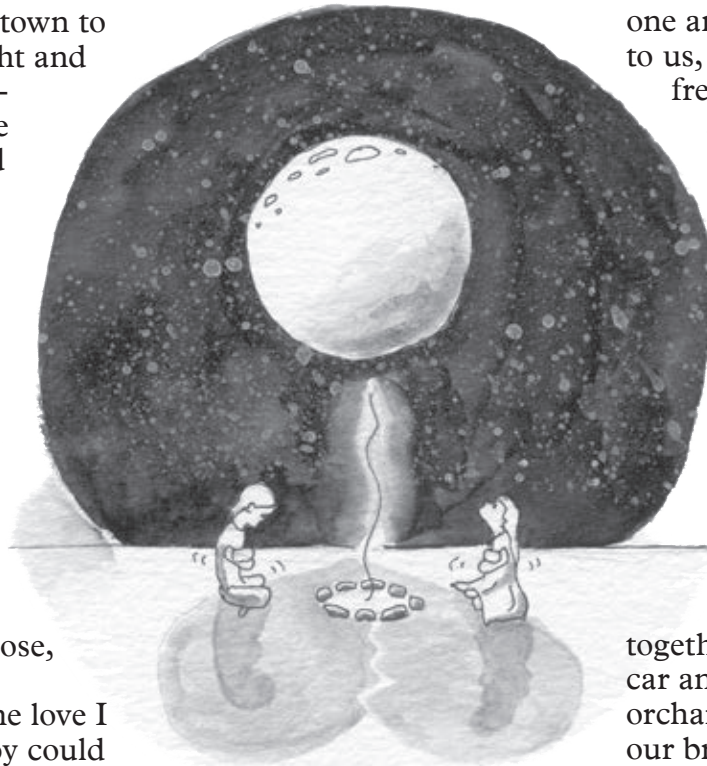
do all day, earning the cash it costs to live under the roof of a heavy burden, on some hill where everything looks just right. What is it all for, anyway? We're all going to the dirt from which we came, so let us love till that day comes.

So, I left town... Where the boy went, I did not know, but I knew the wind would lead us together again, just as it had before. I hitched from town to town, staying for a night and hardly ever more, looking for this place where money is forgotten and love reigns. I knew it had to be somewhere, because deep in my heart I knew I was not created for all that this world has to offer.

I explored everything and tried anything. I met Mary Jay along the way, and her mushrooms answered the questions I could never ask. I, myself, felt so close, so close to finding the physical place where the love I had found with this boy could live forever. Along with some riddles read on Facebook, and some riddles told, the wind never failed our sails of love to meet again. Our feelings were mutual but went unspoken; we held no accountability for one another, as we deemed each other as "free." Our ears were tuned to the call for all who are searching to come on home.

After train hopping to the most remote places, and riding my bike over the Rockies,

enough was enough. There were good drugs and alternative people in Canada, but it was not filling the ever-present void in my heart. Tired of free love, I wanted the kind of love that costs something — something I could give my entire life to. The love this boy and I found was waning, and I was running out of logs to stoke the fire that kept our love warm.



I became desperate. I bought a \$500 Corolla wagon to sail on until we landed, maybe somewhere in South America. Without a map or the right language, we found ourselves and our dog broken down in northern Mexico. This country seemed as if it was on the brink of war within itself: the police had machine guns and were taking advantage of anyone who had money or drugs, but luckily we had

neither and we looked like dirt. We passed through jail and some close calls in our life in the desert, in the middle of nowhere, but we pressed on toward the unspoken goal of finding where we belong.

After settling down for three months in a small pueblo, we discovered that we didn't even know each other. All our unfaithfulness towards one another was catching up to us, and under the mask of freedom and free love was actually hatred. We hated each other enough to not make a covenant from the very start. Our love was pure emotion and fantasy. We were victims of an elusive, selfish game that neither of us knew we were playing. After a lot of fists flying and screaming at one another, we (by a complete miracle) made it back to Canada

together. Living in another car and picking fruit in the orchards of B. C., we ignored our broken hearts, completely intoxicated by anything we could get our hands on.

Then... we found out that there was life being formed in my belly. I felt hope growing inside me. Maybe this would restore us, I thought. Maybe we could forget our past and the ways we had hurt each other, for something greater. Maybe we could have a new start at love. It wasn't long until I realized we were hopping on another fantasy. With a miscarriage to top off the three years of knowing each



light itself. But what about a star? It gives and gives; it never takes. It was never created to be self-centered. Is true love likened to a star? If it is, where can it be found in humanity? Where is there a society of love, of forgiveness, of giving all you have? Where do you see a society of people all covenanted together and in love? Love is like an oak tree — it grows slowly, putting its roots down deep. Love is something solid, immovable, and alive.

On my last bike ride, the one I would have taken to meet my death bed, I took a right turn down someone's driveway. That someone is a people that shine brighter than the sun. They invited me in and gave me a home. They forgave me for my whole life, as they, too, had been forgiven for theirs. These people are not so impressive to the natural eye. They are small and humble. They are actually living together in places all around the world. They are not hippies; they are not Hutterites; they are not a cult or a fly-by-night organization. They are broken people who needed forgiveness and a new life. They live together because that's the only way true love can be shown. This love does not come for free; it is a life for a life. We have been set free to love. 🍷

other, I left town once again on my bicycle with nothing but the clothes on my back and a flood of regret. I was deserving of death.

What I had met on that sweet moonlit night three years before was my own selfish desire to be loved, and I had cultivated it in another man's heart. Nothing can ever satisfy a black hole; it swallows everything in sight — even

Hear the call:



My friend's grandmother had a big wood-fired oven in the middle of her kitchen. Every day she would wake up early, put on her apron, and start her work. She faithfully made a home for anyone who was lonely. Her kitchen became the center of town. Many would gather there throughout the day, knowing this place of hospitality and friendship would always be there. When she finally died, people all over town felt disoriented, and years later they were still facing the loss in their

Grandma's House

everyday lives. Little things enhance the quality of our lives.

This is a simple example of how much security the homemaker brings in society, and especially to her children. But the woman's liberation movement caused many women to turn away from the wonderful labor of brooding over their precious children and creating a home, to seek after other things. I wonder if it satisfies them?



When the sun sets and the day is meant to be over, fireflies flash their lights, finding each other in the twilight. Each flashes and the other responds in the simple, delightful design of creation, growing brighter as the darkness grows. But now the boundary between light and dark is blurred. Man's night-lights display his tampering with the original design. What was meant to be a time for rest and sleep is now full of artificial light in the night sky, fortunate for diligent, hardworking man, perhaps, but unfortunate for the rest of creation. Consider the firefly. With all the lights blinking and twinkling, they can't see each other's tiny light. Instead of being drawn to each other, each is being drawn to the false light made by man that can't reproduce. Fireflies are dying out.

Is a similar pattern at work in men and women? Perhaps with all the stimulation and artificial lights around to distract them, they are unable to find each others' hearts.

Fireflies

Yonit

I love my Husband!

The life of love that began in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1970 is the same life you will witness today in any of our communities around the world. Only now, this life of love is carried on by the next generation — the sons and daughters of those who began in Chattanooga.

Throughout the 70's, so many communities sprang up across the United States, trying to change the world, only to die off when the children didn't take on what their parents left everything behind to establish. It's rare to find those who will sacrifice every ounce of their selfishness to put something eternal into their children.

This is the life I was born and raised in — a life of self-denying love. It's a life of people who are willing to put away their own comforts in order to follow the Son of God and raise their children the way God commands us. I was loved and disciplined. I was trained by my parents and friends to love God, to deny myself, and especially, to be a wife. There are not many women today who are willing to make their own opinions, desires, and lifestyle secondary to loving their husband and taking on his way of life (Eph 5:22-25).

Woman was created to be a help-mate, not to rule over her husband. Man, male and female, was created to rule together in God's order. The head of the husband is Messiah, the head of the wife is her husband, and the head of Messiah is God. In this order children will grow up securely.

I grew up being secure and knowing my purpose, and I wanted to fulfill my purpose. I would look around at those outside this environment and see broken lives, insecure children, and divorce. Why divorce? I couldn't imagine leaving the one I loved! I was created to be his helper and companion. All of us as women were created this way, but it is our natural fallen tendency to come out

from under that good headship and order and want to be in charge. It happened way back in the beginning of our history as human beings (Genesis 3). Eve wandered away from her husband and put herself right in Satan's hands.

Satan found a way into man's heart through woman. But why was she not with her husband? He would have protected her from Satan if she had stayed in order. But she was not protected and she ate the fruit that caused the Fall.

So now we are striving to come back into our proper order as woman. It is liberating! When I submit my life to my husband I find true liberation and peace (1 Peter 3:1-6). Something in my soul feels right with God, and that is because I was created that way. I love submitting to my husband. In that place I have total freedom to care for those around me. I am free to live from my heart and to serve the One who created me. Only when I allow an evil thought to enter my mind, that I could be something great apart from man, am I dissatisfied.

But the greatest woman I can be is a woman who is totally submitted. That is where our true beauty comes from.

Our goal is to bring an end to the evil one, who deceives our minds. We have to stop listening to those thoughts and live to be who God created us to be. Just as Messiah is the head of the church, which is His

body on earth, so the husband

is the head of the wife. Just as I have committed my life to Messiah, so I have committed my life to my husband forever, and to raising our children.

This is the life you will see when you come and visit. You will witness redeemed woman living out




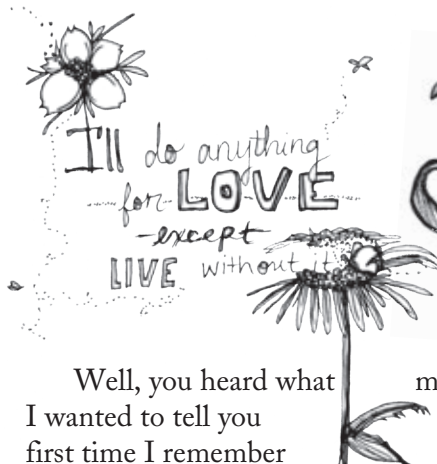
her created purpose. This life is the “Stone Kingdom” spoken of by the prophet Daniel in Daniel 2:44, which will crush all other kingdoms. This kingdom will put an end to the evil one’s sway over the whole earth. You can come be a part of this life, and you don’t ever have to leave. You can learn what true liberation is.

I love where I live, and I love my purpose. I love my husband, and I would be nothing without him. And most of all, I love our Creator who created this perfect pattern for Man. Why would we change it?

Batach

Covenant Love

Deep in the heart of every man and woman is the inborn desire to be bound together in a covenant. A covenant means to promise your life, love and protection unto death to another human being. It is in us because it is in the heart of our Creator. 



I love my wife!

Well, you heard what I wanted to tell you first time I remember women or marriage was when I was three years old.

“Mom, you’re pretty. I want to marry you when I get older.” That made Mom smile, but she lovingly told me that wouldn’t be possible. You know how that goes.

Growing up I remember thinking about girls being pretty or cute and having little girlfriends here and there. It wasn’t until I was 16 that I really thought about the choices I was making and where my life was going. I knew I wanted to get married someday, but I didn’t exactly know why. I knew I wanted to raise a family, have children, but didn’t know what for.

I started reading books on manliness and marriage, about husbands and fathers. I had heard about loving, secure family relationships. “I want that!” said my yearning soul. My family was broken. My father had left when I was very young, and I desperately wanted to offer something different to my offspring. Why did I have to learn about being a man from a book?

I started thinking about what I appreciated about women. Okay, okay, I admit I wanted my wife to be pretty and all, but I was most deeply concerned about her character. I wanted a wife I could grow old

with. We would be like those old couples you see hobbling through stores holding hands. Obviously, good looks wasn’t what kept them together as time and age took a toll on their bodies.

I always noticed a woman who dressed modestly and didn’t wear lots of makeup. Something deep inside told me, “She has dignity. She’s not trying to show off or be something she’s not.”

I respected women who were careful about what they said rather than blurting out everything that came to mind. I treasured qualities like that. I kept in mind that these were few and far between, and most of them were married, or were much older than I was.

I was young, but bold enough at the time to declare, “I’m not going to date any more. I’m tired of cheap relationships. The next girl I date I want to be someone who might be my wife.”

I stayed true to that and didn’t date or show interest in another girl until three years later. I thought it was real, but soon I realized I was in trouble. To make a long story short, I felt as if my convictions about love and purity and marriage were getting thrown out the window. I was unstable, controlled by my emotions and thoughts. I didn’t know how to love and care for this girl. I had hoped to have help from

trusted friends and family and mentors in my life to keep me on track and guide me. Instead, I was left to myself and my tendency to be rash and impulsive. My problems were taking me and this girl where I didn't want to go. My conscience yelled, "STOP!" and I listened. I was afraid of ruining both of our lives.

Afterward, I was left devastated and wondered whether there was any hope for me to have my heart's desire. I felt the insecurity of one whose foundation had washed away beneath my feet. I didn't know up from down anymore. I began to beg God to show me what to do with my life. Life didn't seem worth living if I couldn't do what He created me for. Every night I was on the floor weeping, begging God for the answer to the gaping hole in my heart. "If I can't live for you, then I don't want to live anymore! It's pointless. I don't want anyone to grow up as I did."

I knew deep inside that He created me to be a trustworthy man, a husband and father, and I was tired of the cheap answers I got from churches about how to change. I just wanted to be free to live from my heart. For months I was in turmoil over the futility of relationships and the futility of life. I wanted something real and lasting, and then I was introduced to the Community.

I couldn't believe what I had found. I was home. I found a place where my whole life could be totally given over to the One who made me, where I could pour my entire life out for the sake of Yahshua (called Jesus in the Bible, the one who saved me from the worthless existence I was in). I let my old life go. I gave up my broken hopes and dreams. I left my torn-apart family and found forgiveness for my bad choices. I was able to finally have a clean conscience. I had hope to not be controlled by the enemies of man: cowardice, unbelief, sexual immorality, greed, pride, worthlessness, disrespect, and lies.

Two years later I began to get to know the girl who became my wife. The first time I saw her, I thought she was pretty. I knew right away I liked

her. Many times I would come home from work and hear her playing the piano. I loved it. Sometimes she would get up early with some of the other women and sing throughout the house to wake everyone up. My heart did flip flops when she sang like that. I saw her making meals for the household and bringing cups of tea to our guests. I loved her hospitable nature. She was gentle, with strength under control.

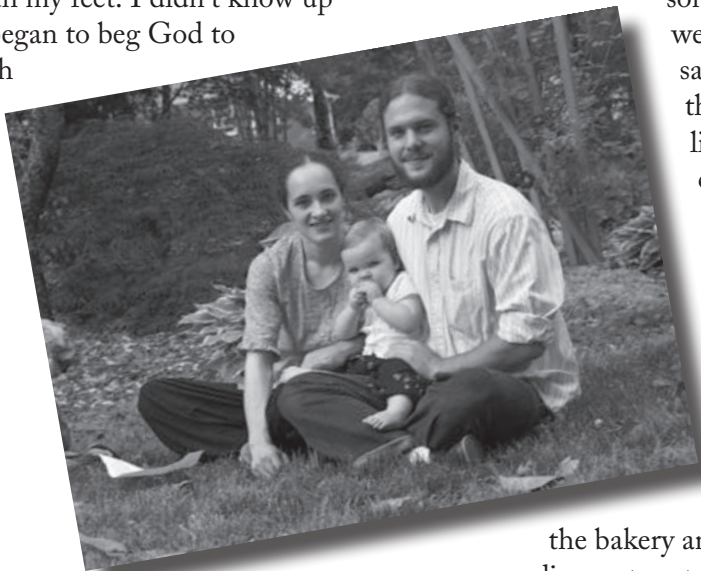
When you live and work in the same place with someone, you get to know her very well in a short amount of time. I saw her overcome every obstacle that would hinder her from living out the purpose she was created for. I've seen passion, integrity, and overwhelming beauty that shines from her because of the great worth and hope she carries in her heart.

There was a period of time when she had been deeply struggling. She still kept on loving. I had come home from

the bakery and saw her in the living room reading a story to a few children, not letting her bad feelings keep her from caring for them. All I could do was to go to the nearest restroom and weep. I fell in love with her heart for children.

We were later married, with her parent's blessing, as well as that of the rest of the community. This agreement from my closest friends gave me the security to be the head of my family. I knew my heart was satisfied. I could be who our Father needed me to be, with her help.

Our first year went by, along with the coming of our first child exactly nine months after our wedding day. We had the privilege of having our daughter at home with the assistance of several of our friends. My wife endured 14 hours of labor with no painkillers or medication. I stayed with her the entire time, caring for her and comforting her. We had the support of our best friends. It was an amazing struggle. I admire my wife's courage and strength to have endured the pain to give my daughter life. It culminated with a health delivery where I caught my daughter in my own hands. I was able to witness the progress of life coming forth from our love for each other as my wife's belly grew to the moment my daughter



breathed her first breath in my arms. I could go on and on about the things I love about my wife.

Much has happened now that our daughter is one year old. I can say that I found all I had ever hoped for in my wife — a helper, a companion, a mother for my children, and a friend. More important, she is someone

who loves God with all her heart, one who can build the kingdom of God. Together she and I are raising godly children who will grow up and take the purpose that is in our hearts beyond where we can go ourselves.

Takif



True Feminism

When I went to college, my friends and I were searching for the truth. While I went searching for it in physics and math, my friends were all taking feminist studies courses and calling themselves feminists. “What is a feminist?” I wondered. Outside the liberal environment of my college I had never met anyone who knew what a feminist was. “Am I a feminist?” was my next thought.

In their search for purpose as women, my friends found that feminists are thought of as those who have broken free from oppression. That sounded good to me, but what did that grand statement have behind it? My friends said feminists don’t take identity with that old-world view that oppressed and kept women locked up at home with a bunch of children and no career or independence. “Oh,” I thought. “Well, I don’t want to support oppression. I guess I’m a feminist.”

Soon I hadn’t just embraced that new identity, I was running with it. In college I began advocating more gender-neutral bathrooms on campus and more freedom to blur the lines of gender. Looking down on the resistance to self-expression, I began attending music festivals where all manner of obscenity took place because the people there were “free.” Nothing of my conservative past remained unexamined and unaltered.

After my college days I wondered who I really was and what I should do with my life. I began reconsidering what true feminism was, as well as what it meant to oppress others and be oppressed. First, I thought, oppression makes a person want to throw hope and any purpose for living down the drain. Such people look at this beautiful world and themselves and only see worthlessness. Many men and women have considered suicide because they feel worthless. Suicide is only a consideration when there is nothing left. What got SOOO bad in the life of a woman that so many women saw themselves as oppressed and worthless? What were those phrases my feminist friends would throw around with disdain about husbands who took headship, responsibility, and leadership in the family? “Patriarchy!” “Male chauvinists!” “Tyrants!” or “The bad rulers of a bad system.” They said, “Marriage has to be redefined!”

Uh oh, that seemed a lot like throwing the baby out with the bathwater. I wasn’t so sure about redefining the foundational essence of a thing and calling it the original. Would you call a genetically modified tomato with frog genes in it a real tomato? I decided I was not going to start saying that marriage had a new meaning in this age and that it meant women and men were both the heads of the married family. A two headed being? Was this normal?



If I said authority and marriage were bad, then I must have been saying I didn't want to get married. Was that really what I thought? The

voice in my heart said, "NO! I want a loving husband, one who will protect me and be the voice of reason and authority I can give myself to, trust, work alongside, and look up to in love." I knew I didn't have all I needed within myself. Shouldn't a truly normal man want to be selfless in his love, humble, and care for his wife and family? I realized that I didn't need or want to be the final voice of authority. I wanted to endure through hard conversations and struggles, and build on a relationship of respect. I wanted to see the fruit of a beautiful marriage between two equally important but distinctly functioning members of the same unit.

So what was the problem with marriage? Why were so many people turning away from marriage altogether, and why was the divorce rate so high? As a lone, independent woman, I wondered if marriage could work or if I was envisioning a fantasy? I saw that people working together in other contexts that were not so politically challenged worked. One of those contexts that struck me as powerful was creative collaboration.

I considered the creative explosion that takes place in art when a powerful, inspired individual imparts vision. It is because others hear the vision, get excited, and take on the speaker's headship, submitting to it and supporting it. The helpers make it into so much more than the speaker could have imagined or done alone. Of course, the others who are involved will

have input, express concerns, and ask for more details later, but first they give themselves to taking on the cause. They're "all in" and it is only a matter of how best to support and make it work. Would the speaker have anything if no one took on what was expressed?

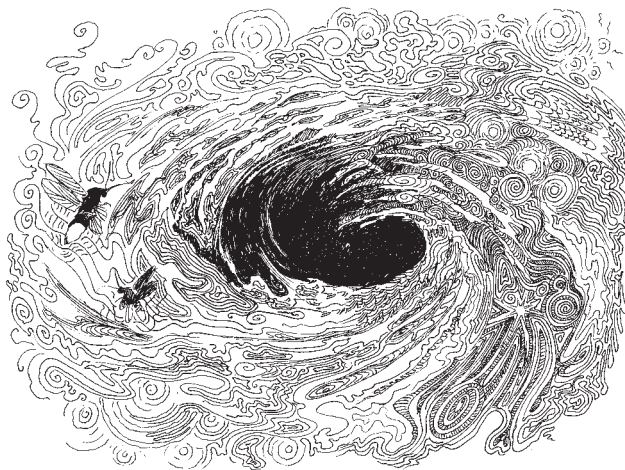
And what about the human body? What if the brain sent a message to the body, but the body did not respond rightly? Would that be functional or dysfunctional? "Get out of the road; a car is coming!" "No! I'd rather keep walking on it." Or, "Take your hand off the stove, it's hot!" "No, I'd rather lean on it for a while." Dysfunction seemed dangerous and harmful to me. Couldn't the phenomenon of supporting authority I experienced work in marriage as well? If the wife supported the husband couldn't something great happen?

Finally, something hit home. It was clear to me that there was a confusing darkness and evil coming over the earth where people were losing meaning, purpose, and understanding in life. Increasingly, identity and definition were disappearing, muddling reality into one

big clump. A certain darkness where nothing could work any more had come (and was coming increasingly) over the understanding of marriage and the purpose of woman. In this darkness all sorts of confusion was manifesting itself in the degradation of human interaction. That train of thought reminded me of a

prophetic exhortation I'd heard as a child: "Woe to those who call evil good and good evil; who put darkness for light and light for darkness; who put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter! Woe to those who are wise in their own eyes." (Isa 5:20-21)

What is worthless about a woman who devotes herself to raising up and supporting



other human beings to fulfill their created purpose, body, soul, and spirit? Quite the opposite! It is harder to use your life's blood and energy on others rather than on yourself. One effort diminishes self-glory and the other effort builds it up.

So what is true feminism? It is the belief that woman inherently has true worth and a purpose for her life. Chauvinism is militant, unreasoning, and boastful devotion to one's own gender with contempt for the opposite gender. Why is it that society points the finger at man as the chauvinist, and his headship as tyranny? Why not point the finger at woman as chauvinist, and her conquests as undermining good, normal authority? Did you know that according to the US Census Bureau over 18,000 American husbands kill themselves every year over their marriage? Did you know that the suicide rate for men is four times higher than for women? So who are the real oppressors?

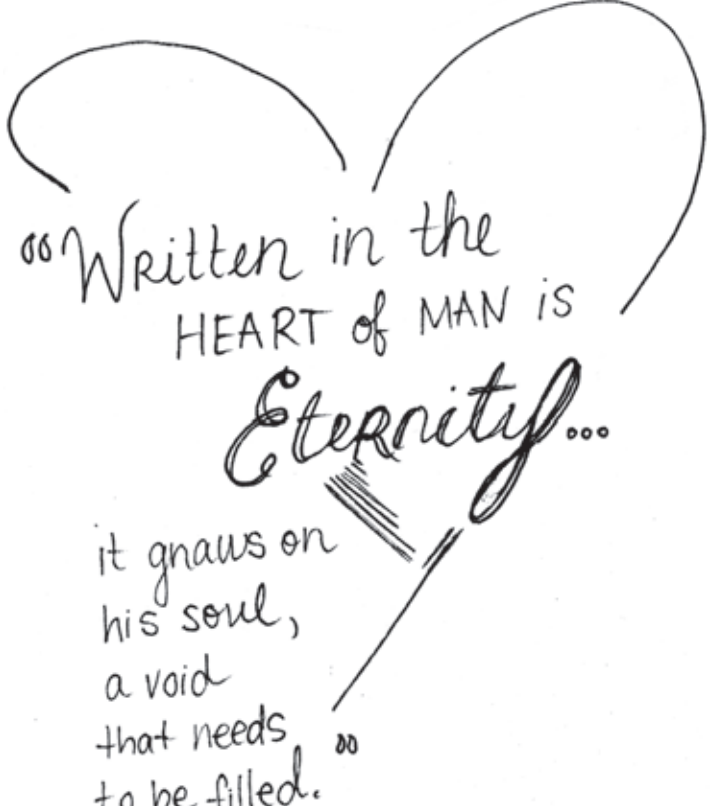
Have you ever seen a truly liberated woman? What would she look like? The first time I met a woman I could call liberated, she was holding her newborn baby, crying as she told me how thankful she was to have had a girl. She was full of excitement about who her daughter would be. This woman's conversation with me was all about finding a name full of meaning and purpose for the baby. The girl would grow up and be able to look to her name and her mother as pillars of identity. The great purpose the young mother wanted to impart to me about life was supporting a husband, submitting to the man she loved, and raising their children. I saw that she was secure in her purpose and that her security gave her freedom.

Women who have this freedom to submit to others out of love are truly liberated. Liberated women are the key to the restoration of all things since that fateful day when the woman, Eve, was deceived into eating from the wrong tree in the Garden of Eden.

Now I live in a community with others just like that woman and her baby. Where I live there are liberated husbands, too! These husbands take the primary responsibility and accountability for the health of their family. They love their wives and give them the great charge to train their children, teaching them to be those who have genuine care and concern for others, and a drive to fulfill the purpose for their life.

Having right relationships is a lot of what the restoration of the earth is all about. We are all being restored, and I'm so thankful! I'm so thankful to have found a cause worth living for, and that true marriage is not a fantasy. It works! There really are good men and women who know who they are and why they are alive. I'm so thankful to be in the process of restoration and liberation with my friends. We'd love it if you'd come see for yourself. Come and visit us!

D'roryah 



“Written in the
HEART of MAN is
Eternity...
it gnaws on
his soul,
a void
that needs
to be filled.”



U



Human beings need tender loving care. More than any other creature, they need to know they are loved and appreciated. They need to know they are special, that there is no one else quite like them, that there is a purpose for their life that no one else can fulfill. None of us were born to just "hang out" on this earth and then disappear. No, there is a reason why we were created. There is a reason we are here right now on this planet. It's all about friendship.

Our Creator always wanted a friend - someone He could love, someone He could trust. He said, "Let us make man in our image. Let him be just like us."

Imagine it! The planning meeting of a lifetime — imagining a human being. There was creative genius, inspiration, imagination, discussion. "What do you think about this? What about that?" The "Us" were close friends, completely at peace, working together in total harmony. They created a being just like them - close, intimate friends. The first man was male and female. Together, they were the very image of God. They enjoyed each other. Together they walked in the Garden in the cool of the day with their Creator, as close friends do. They were companions. They laughed and shared their meals together.

They were in love. Our Creator intended that friendship for all people, male and female.

One day, He came to look for them, but they were gone! They were hiding. Something had gotten in between them. The Serpent had left his mark on them — selfishness. Before this they had been secure in their love. They looked outward to see how they could share what they had with others. But he had tricked them and separated them from their Maker. Now they were ashamed of themselves and what they had done. So they were hiding.



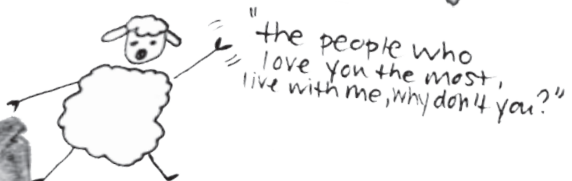


Has this ever happened to you? Have you ever sensed that uncomfortable something, his dark thoughts coming to you? His calling card is fear. He brings suspicion and mistrust. Has he bitten you with his venom? He separates people. That is what he is dedicated to doing.

It happened to me. I loved a man, married him, and together we had three children. We loved each other and our children very much. Slowly, ever so slowly, misunderstandings came, and miscommunications... "Why did he do that? He always..." It was scary. We were falling out of love, and felt helpless to stop it.

In His great kindness, our Creator brought us to the community of His Son - the only one who ever escaped this plight of man. He lived His life in kindness. He put others above Himself. He didn't react when others did Him wrong. His love was stronger than death! We follow Him and His teachings in sincerity and truth. We have pledged our lives to Him and his cause, and are doing what He taught. It works!

Through Him, we have come to know the heart of our Creator. We have been forgiven of all our past hurtful ways. It's as if we were given a fresh, new start. Now, we live with His people.



We are not alone, trying to figure out how to love, and trying to keep from reacting when others do us wrong. We are being taught how to love by those who have been loved themselves. Love loves to love! Love begets more love. Kindness and consideration mark the relationships between husbands and wives, parents and children, single people and families, young and old. We are friends.

Yahshua said, "Greater love has no one than this, that someone lay down his life for his friends."



I USED TO BE A SUPERHERO

That's it! It was over. Our relationship had come to an end, and with it my hope shattered. My idealistic eyes had been opened to the painful reality of selfishness and disloyalty. You think you know someone. You think you can trust.

Where was I to go? What now? I wanted to get on a bus and drive and drive and drive and drive away. I hated my life, my stupid apartment, the crazy, maddening system that kept me in a box.

Ahhhhhhhh!!!!!! I just wanted to break out of this. I remember the night I took that razor to my head. All that long, curly hair that he liked fell to the ground, sitting in a pile. I felt my head. I had made my point. I was going to stand on my own now. I wasn't going to trust another man again.

My life took a turn that night — a big turn. I was cold inside — smiling, laughing even, but cold inside. You could touch me, but not my heart.

When you look at me you see my purpose, see my pride.

You think I just saddle up my anger and ride and ride and ride.

You think I stand so firm...

I used to be a superhero; no one could touch me, not even myself.

Ani DiFranco

You see, my heart was guarded, and sore, and hurt, and crying, but on the outside, everything was fine. This was

my new radical life. I was bald, so I said what I felt, tested the limits, used others, hurt myself. I wanted to be free, but somehow I felt more caged and more enraged than ever.

I sang in a band and then went home and cried my soul out. People liked me for my ridiculous, rebellious image. I was alone and yet surrounded by people. I was starving for love. I got the sense that everyone else was, too. I also got the sense that people didn't have a clue, not a clue how to love. So much junk in the human soul. Men using women. Women reacting to men. People going gay. Nobody was really dealing with selfishness enough to truly love and put themselves aside.

It's hard not to go crazy in a world like this. In this state, I started searching for something real. I wanted solutions rather than reactions. I started looking at the stars. I wanted to know why I was even alive. What was the point of being here if I couldn't really make a difference? I started sensing a need for something greater than what was in me. "Me" kept causing me more problems.

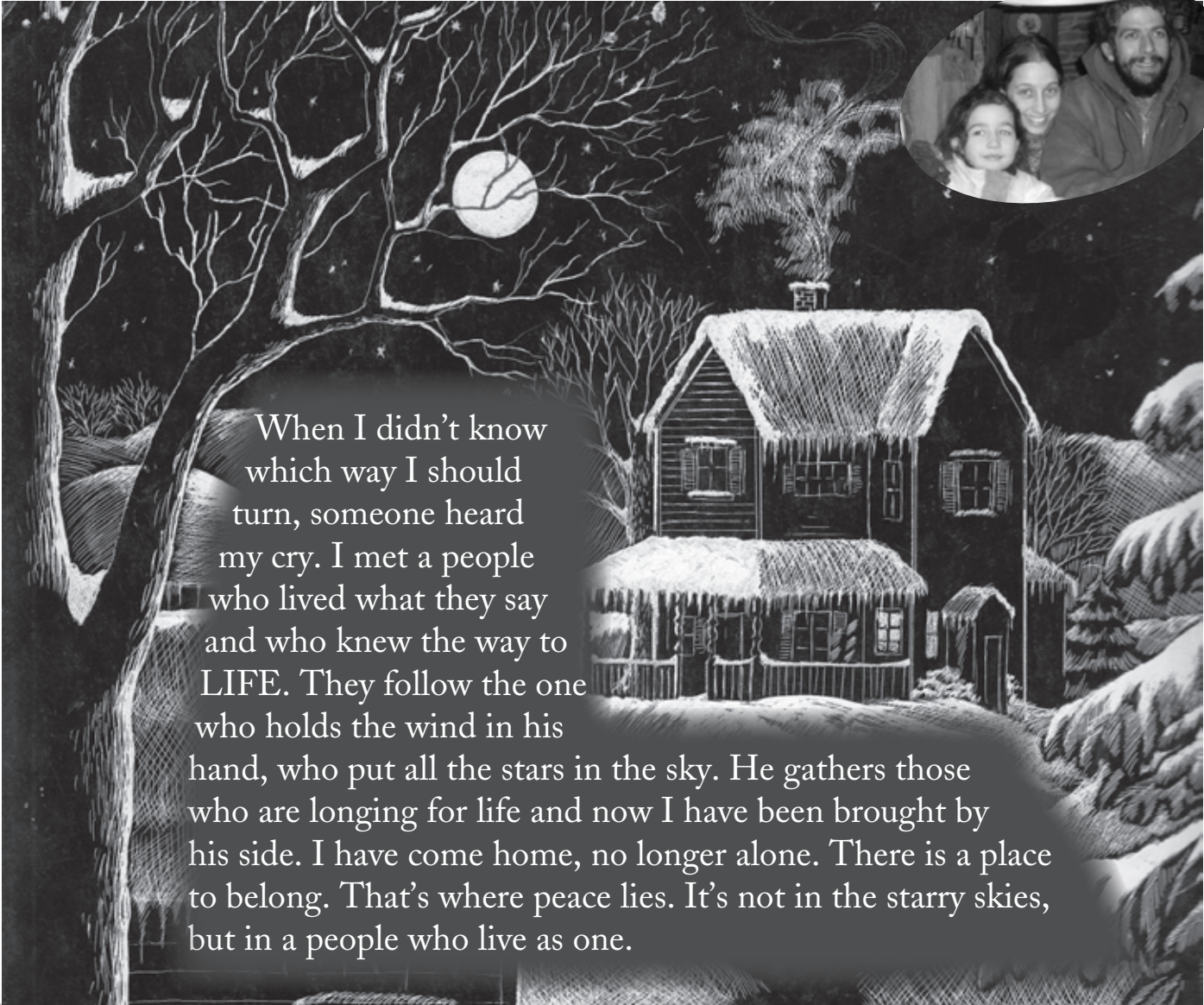
I needed something greater than me, me, me. I needed someone I could trust.

I used to be a super-hero. I would swoop down and save me from myself... And now look at me. I'm just like everybody else. I am worse than everybody else.

Ani DiFranco



I searched the wind for the answers to life, yet the answers the wind did not hold. I studied the heavens. I searched for a sign, but my search left me out in the cold. I followed the ones who said they knew the way, but their words just fell to the ground. I tried to be somebody others could trust, but I always let them down. Where can I go? How can I know the way to be? I want to be free. Can't run and hide from what's deep inside my heart. I long for a new start...



When I didn't know
which way I should
turn, someone heard
my cry. I met a people
who lived what they say
and who knew the way to
LIFE. They follow the one
who holds the wind in his
hand, who put all the stars in the sky. He gathers those
who are longing for life and now I have been brought by
his side. I have come home, no longer alone. There is a place
to belong. That's where peace lies. It's not in the starry skies,
but in a people who live as one.

I found myself blurting it out, pushing past the pride and hurt. "Help me! I want to know if you are real! Do you even care about me? Are you even there?" I didn't want religion; I didn't want church and donuts and coffee. I wanted life. I wanted healing. I wanted to know love. If there was some solution to the madness of life, I wanted to be part of that rather than the problem.

My life took another turn. I became very discontent with the rock-star dream. My "rebel girl" friends who had seemed so free and so strong — I wasn't buying that lie anymore! I could see the unhappiness. I could feel the bitterness, the resentment, the pride. My pride. I hated this façade of being liberated. I was dying. My lonely heart ached from pretending to be so strong, so tough.

With this sentiment of feeling a deep need for some remedy, I searched for the remedy. Now, I have a new song in my heart for you...

The LIFE in my song is Yahshua, the Son of God. He was the most radical person who ever lived because love was the only force that motivated his life. He loved people and healed them. He became nothing so that others could be something. He gave up his life for his fellow human beings out of pure, unselfish love. He set an example to follow.

His life came to me one day as a life and a way, not a religion or lifestyle. Now, I'm learning to be a true radical like Him, loving rather than retaliating, trusting rather than testing, seeking humility rather than pride. It's a narrow way that challenges every fiber of your being, but I'm finding liberation in not living for myself. Now, I can live for others, for my husband and my children, and really make a difference with my life. Come and see! I'm no longer a superhero, but I'm free! You will probably find me in the kitchen with the ones I love.

Chayah

I Was a Loner

I was a loner and a cynic. I pored over philosophy books on Friday nights with a bottle of wine. The little time I did spend with other people ended in debates over the state of humanity, which I believed was doomed. I went to class. I wrote my papers. I passed by as if on the conveyor belt, largely unnoticed. I listened to music, blasting, in my apartment in the slums of Worcester, Massachusetts. I would go hiking and camping whenever my meager funds allowed me to. Every relationship I was ever a part of served only to further amplify my loneliness. I could not find a solid rock to stand on anywhere, so I set my sights on a peak unseen and began to climb. But on top of cliffs is not where we were meant to dwell.

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

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

Society perceives creation and our existence as purposeless. This take on reality perfectly lends itself to the shallow and self-centered lifestyle which pervades our culture, our practices, our beliefs, our minds, and our spirits, “for if there’s no everlasting God, there’s no such thing as virtue, and there’s no need of it.” (Dostoevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*) I thought I saw society for what it was, valuing personal success in fulfilling one’s purpose, with progress being defined within its limited scope.

Under this regime I grew more and more dissatisfied, unfulfilled, and empty. I increased my

consumption of my many vices, becoming numb and disconnected from others and from myself. I rode on false highs and temporary escapes from reality through pleasurable and isolating pursuits.

Nothing could keep me distracted from my innate knowledge of good and evil for long. I could not shake off this awareness, but I also couldn’t live in accordance with it. So I continued running from it, searching desperately for something indefinable to fill my emptiness.

“A rat in a maze is free to go anywhere, as long as it stays inside the maze.” (Atwood, *The Handmaid’s Tale*) I knew deep down that I was a rat, too, just like everyone else. I knew that as a member of society, there was no escaping it – but at least I knew that I was inside of a maze.

The wicked spirits of the modern world continually whisper of distractions, but in exchange for their promises of entertainment and ease, we learn to silence our conscience. If we hear its faint whisperings we shift our thoughts to something more comfortable, glancing down at our expensive watch. Time – if only we knew what to do with it. “Our civilization being what it is, you’ve got to spend eight hours out of every twenty-four as a mixture between an imbecile and a sewing machine. It’s very disagreeable, I know. It’s humiliating and disgusting. But there you are. You’ve got to do it, otherwise the whole fabric of our world will fall to bits and we’ll starve. Do the job then, idiotically and mechanically; and spend your leisure hours in being a real complete man or woman.” (Huxley, *Point Counter Point*) Convinced as I was that I was set apart from my morally degraded peers, I was really just another lost soul that the world had molded into a pre-fashioned box of optimal productivity and assimilation into society as it already stands.

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

The thrilling feeling that once arose in me whenever I would think about eternity was replaced with an uneasiness. An impending sense of doom was developing deep in my gut. I was hopelessly lost in a world which encouraged sin and evil, and I knew I wasn’t right with our Creator. Still, I lived under the pretense that I was

Society perceives
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purposeless.

doing the best I could, given the circumstances. The compromise of one's soul is a gradual deception.

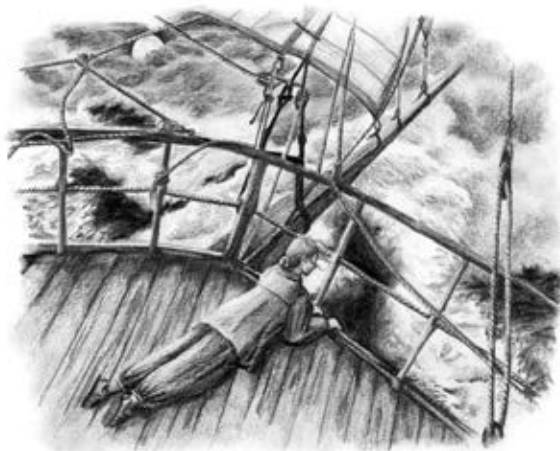
I would watch the faces of those whom I walked by, noting the fleeting eye contact, the anxiety. I felt pity, anger, and resentment for all of these passersby, under the illusion that I was any different. In the passing moments I would sense the depression and dejection in their eyes, how disconnected we all seemed from the rest of creation and from one another.

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

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

The crooked way in all of us is what makes the world a crooked place to live. The good news I have found in the Twelve Tribes of New Israel is the message of man's salvation – being redeemed for the purpose we were created for. Our Creator appointed mankind to rule and restore the earth through love. This love manifests itself in a love for others that causes us to forget our selfishness. This way of life is the only way that we can live by the love of God's Spirit. Our Creator gives His Spirit to those who obey him. He set eternity in our hearts. The key to eternity is love – a true, self-sacrificing, all-encompassing love.

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



build and not just add to the destruction. Triumphant over the darkness inside of me no longer remains a distant dream.

I have learned that the truth is simple. The truth is love, and love repeats itself over and over again, for eternity. I have joined the ranks of those who have decided to no longer allow evil to triumph over our souls. Through our lives, our God is restoring the streets for all to dwell (Isaiah 58:12).

The world is under the sway of the evil one. His spirits masquerade as the comforting distractions from our gnawing conscience. The conscience was created to be a light of truth in our struggle to decipher good and evil. We then make choices based on our inherent knowledge of good and evil that shapes our eternal destiny.

Satan wants to distract people from this struggle.

To disobey Satan is to destroy him. When anyone disobeys evil and does good, Satan is conquered (Hebrews 5:8-9; 10:13). Only by knowing the true Man, the One who disobeyed Satan in all things – Yahshua – can we disobey Satan, even unto death. We love our Savior by loving one another; anything short of laying down our lives daily for our Savior, Yahshua, just continues to build Satan's kingdom.

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

I am no longer alone and lost at sea, hanging on to a broken piece of driftwood for dear life. The ship I am now on is sailing hard and fast towards the Kingdom of God, and the wind in our sails is the glory we bring to His name through loving deeds and hearts overflowing with gratitude and fortitude for the rough waters ahead. Our Creator can bring about His purpose only through those who are broken in spirit and see their need for forgiveness. If our life of love stirs your heart, then come with us and abandon the barrenness of this modern world. We need your help to bring about our Father's purpose on this earth, the purpose that our Father intended for us all from the beginning.

I am learning what it means to build and not just add to the destruction.

The crooked way in all of us is what makes the world a crooked place to live.

Have you ever raised a daughter?



Have you ever raised a daughter? I have one. She is only three. She means everything to my wife and I. Fatherhood is the most challenging thing I have embarked on, on par with being a husband.

Lately, I have been thinking about this little girl of mine growing up. They say it happens fast. It's challenging to raise children well. I know people who refuse to bring children into this world as we know it. I don't blame them.

I watch other parents. I hear so many sad stories. I have seen so many broken lives. So many parents in our day wind up with their hearts ripped out by those same ones they held in their arms just a few years before. Today's parents are only reaping what was sown.

Parents face a great conflict of conscience. For example, should we allow our children to watch television, play video games, watch DVD's, go to public school? These and many others are moral issues. Parents know full well the hazards and dangers involved – emotionally, mentally, socially, and physically. Many parents feel forced into less than desirable child rearing decisions often because of economic pressures. Parents decide it is better that children would have a roof over their heads and food in their bellies. I understand. This is partially true, but often I have seen there is something else at work. In order to have the "free time" to do their own thing, parents will gladly sit their children down in front of the TV, using it as a free baby sitter.

Most parents are raising their children according to today's societal norms. They reason that what they are doing is "ok" because the majority of others are doing the same. What if you don't want your daughter to grow up like all of the other girls though? What if you really care about how she talks



and the attitude she carries? What if you don't want her to grow up showing off her figure and being so consumed with how she looks? Do we have to raise our daughters to be petty, vain gossips?

Parents these days seem to throw away their God-given right to raise their children. I have noticed a prevailing thought pattern. Parents by and large are letting their children "find themselves," allowing them to "make their own mistakes." It is almost seen as an injustice to the child when parents deprive their children of their total independence and autonomy, steering them to be or think a certain specific way. It is viewed as normal to leave life's choices up to the children, fostering their individuality and personal identity as if they have wisdom for such decisions at such a tender age.

We have found in this permissiveness, the child actually feels unloved and unwanted. Though they also have rebellion at work within, children instinctively desire to be trained by their parents. They need the loving controls of their parents in order to thrive. With the warm tight hands of their parents, they sense they are protected and cared for and it makes them secure. Children become adults and they must learn that there are consequences to their actions.

This self-driven society has created a child-rearing method that is compatible. Parents are more and more adopting an "anything goes" attitude. The result of this lack of discipline and restraint is tragic. The victims are the girls and boys we "love." Have you paid attention to the statistics on teen pregnancy, abortion, school violence, teen drug addiction, and suicide? The statistics should be shocking, but most yawn and click the remote to the next channel, hoping with wishful thinking, "that

will never happen to my kids.” The devastation in the young people should be a shaking, screaming, wake-up call, but instead most are strangely unaffected. They are unaffected in the sense that they are not really going to do much to raise their children any differently than the rest of the society that is creating this mess.

Do you wish you could raise your children in a pure environment, without the fear of them getting involved with the wrong crowd? Do you wish your daughter had the chance to remain a virgin until her wedding day? Don't you wish your children would be obedient and respectful? What if you could keep your daughter's heart close to yours and lead her to be a godly young woman with virtue and character?

This is what my wife and I deeply desire. We live with other families that are striving to do the same. We share all of our possessions in a communal setting where we are able to serve one another daily, meeting the needs of our friends and family. The God of heaven is teaching us His way, the way of Abraham.¹ We are taking it on and learning to turn our attention and love towards our children.² We are learning together to train them up in a pure way.³ We are seeing the good fruit⁴ of raising our children in this way. We are not perfect parents, nor do we claim to have perfect children. What we do have is forgiveness, one another, and the love of God poured out in our hearts.⁵

Our Creator is teaching us the purpose we are created for. Human beings are made in the image of God, which tells us loudly that we are special with unlimited potential. Mankind is created to flourish and thrive. We are not meant to be mundane, shallow or failures. Buying into the materialistic rat race is



1 Gen 18:19

2 Mal 4:6

3 Prov 22:6

4 Mt 7:17-20

5 Rms 5:5

such a rip off...we are created for much more. Now we are cleansed through the sacrifice of the Son of God, and we are called to fulfill something very great. We live in the communities of the Twelve Tribes, and we are learning to have our priorities right. First, we love Yahweh our God with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength.⁶ This is a very comprehensive. We are called to obey everything He commanded us. “If you love me you will obey what I command you.”⁷ We are learning how to care for our relationships, starting in our marriages, then on to our children, and one another. We are learning how to never let anything come between us. Our continual, perpetual, daily goal is love and unity.⁸

Together we have a high aspiration. We have a hope and vision that our generations could be raised more and more pure until the most pure generation of all time is finally raised. These wonderful young people will be the key to Messiah's second coming. They must be raised by someone...will it be you? They will be the fulfillment of Rev 7:4-9, 6:9-11, and 12:1-6. Their life of complete self-sacrifice is what it will take to usher in the rightful King of all the earth, Yahshua.

From then on, children will no longer be raised under the tyranny of this unjust, corrupted world order. The old will pass away and be forgotten. As parents and friends, we are working to secure this new age where love, joy, peace and every other good and perfect thing far beyond our highest imagination

become the new normal. Never again in any nation will mankind feel lost and confused about how to raise our little girls. You should come raise yours with ours.

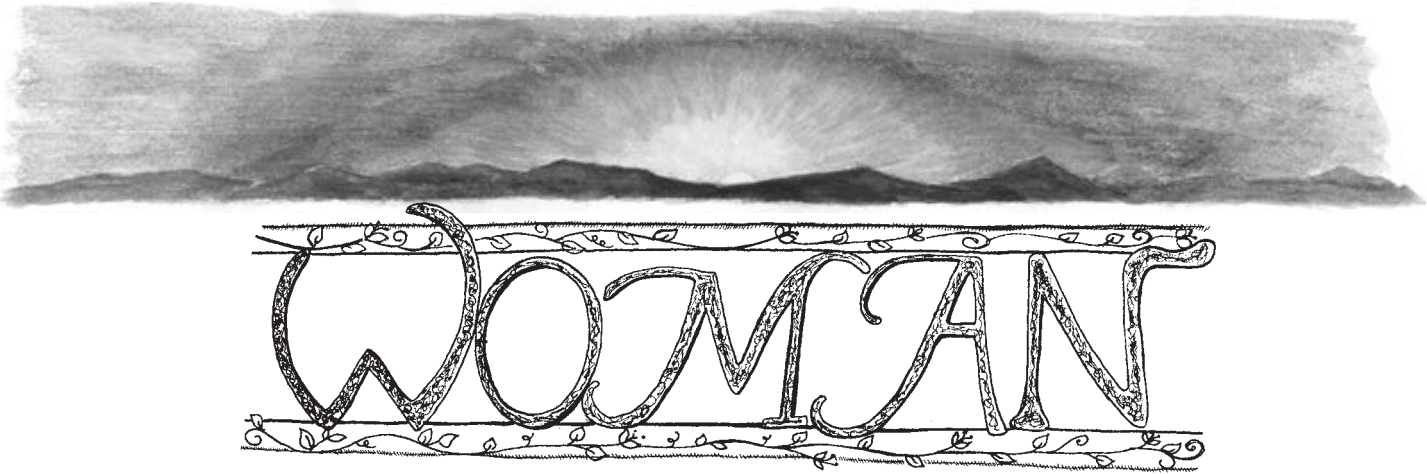
Malak



6 Mt 22:37-40

7 Jn 14:15,21,23

8 Jn 13:34-35;Jn 17:20-23



WOMAN

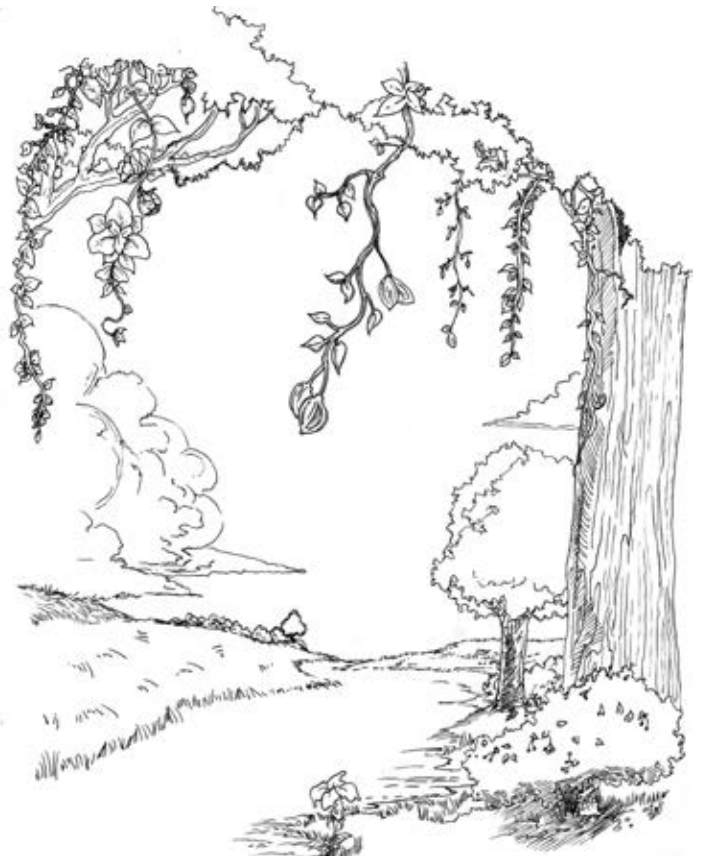
Who is woman? Who is man? But more fundamentally, Who is God? The things in our Father's heart have been so distorted, misrepresented and confused that most of us can't imagine who He is. On rare occasions you get a glimpse; when you see an eagle soar, you see a baby born, you see a sun rise, you sing lyrics of a song that speaks what you have deep in your heart, or you see someone you love smile at you in approval. In these moments you might think, "I'd like to get to know the One who made all these things."

We draw close to nature because there we aren't afraid to make ourselves vulnerable and see if we can recognize God's fingerprints on what He created. But it describes human beings in the scriptures as man, male and female, and says together they are God's highest creation. If this is true is it right that many human beings look at other human beings and are afraid? Why are people silent on the elevator? Why don't you go out walking late at night in the city? Why do people choose to sit down in a public place leaving several empty seats between them and the other people sitting there? God made all of the animals and plants and finally he made the male part of MAN and he said, "This is good." But then he deeply considered and said, "But it is not right that he would be alone." From his side he took a rib and made woman and said, "This is very good."

Now, I don't know if you've ever made something and felt totally satisfied with it, but once God made MAN, male and female, He rested. He had a

deep peace that His creation was finished and able to do all that was in His heart. So what did He have in mind that made these two, VERY GOOD?

But wait, "Very good"....is that your experience? Throughout history the genders have tried to work out how to relate to each other. Some have used the word of God to justify the way they misused the person of the opposite sex. Oppression is the cry of some women. Certainly



there has been oppression and abuse, but at least in modern times it has been on both sides.

A thought has formed that one or the other of the genders is inferior. Which one is inferior depends on what thought you believe. But here is a new thought. What if they were created equal with unique abilities that compliment each other? What if they were designed to function differently but fit together in a way that makes the two greater than the one alone? What if they actually need each other to be set free?

Just for fun consider a man and a woman on unicycles. Would it work better if they put the single wheels together into a bicycle built for two and rode off together? Ahh, but here is the problem. Which wheel would go in front? And who told them that the one in front is more important? Is it because the one in front turns the wheel that takes them in a direction? There are two sets of pedals and two sets of brakes. Can you imagine the chaos that results if one is pedaling and the other is braking? What if one leans to the right and one to the left or one suddenly jerks to one side.

I think that is what we see in human relationships on the earth today. Imagine instead coordinated communication where both know where they are going and are giving every bit of their strength to get there together. You'd experience the exhilaration of flying down the hills confident in your steadfastness to smoothly glide in the right direction. Then you'd encounter the hills and some of your momentum of the previous hill would carry you up but there would come the intense effort to pedal to climb against the opposition of the degree of slope to get to the crest. Then at the top you'd experience that victory together and renew your vision and see where you are going.

The one in front might be able to see more clearly, but they could be sensitive to stop at the top and let the one in back rest and see as well, if their life was one of caring for each other.

In our Father's word there are several accounts of how our Father sees woman. Abigail delivered her household and kept King David from great sin in 1 Samuel 25:33 and Yahshua appeared first to a woman after he resurrected (John 20:16.)

There are two other very powerful images that speak clearly that God does not feel women are inferior to man. One is the image of the Bride (Rev 21:9), (the corporate body made up of both genders) and the woman, the wife of Messiah giving birth in Rev 12:5 to the male child that will take the message of hope to all the earth. These are not images of a creation that is lesser.

Within the function that our Father has for women is the key to be truly liberated, set free from the lie that women are inferior, and have to prove something but instead to gain the understanding that woman is personally the key for the male part of MAN to be liberated as well. She can love him enough to restore him to what he was created to be as she becomes all she was created to be.

The testimony of our Father's purpose is demonstrated clearly saying Man, male and female, is created in the image of God. Not just His fingerprints but His entire identity is shown when a man and a woman who deeply love each other and have made a life long covenant become a creator of another human being like themselves in the deep intimacy that results from their love for each other.

It is a travesty that woman has been led to believe that she has to be something other than what our Father created her to be in order to have worth. She has been deceived into thinking if she doesn't take over man's role in society she doesn't have worth. How can she be a better man than a man can? It is like a dog trying to be a cat or a cow trying to be a horse.

Woman is unique and perfect in our Father's heart just the way He made her. She is "very good!" Without her there would be no intuitive sense of life, there would be no warmth and compassion and multitasking, but the bottom line is the human race would cease to exist. So here we are. Woman is awesome! But don't forget without the male part of MAN the human race would cease to exist as well. It takes both parts, MAN male and female with dignity and respect working together in unity to become our Father's highest creation.

Sarav



It was YOU

They all swam with every bit of power they could rally, their short tails snapping back and forth devoted to their purpose. Only one would fulfill that purpose, the chosen one but ALL swam together and protected each other with their bodies. The intense acidity in the environment ate their protective coating and wore away the padding on their noses.

There were so many turns and twists but they were approaching their goal. They sensed it just ahead. The electric tempo increased and they all surged forward. One with exactly the desired qualities

was sucked up through the open door that instantly sealed, shutting out all the others. The tail of the chosen one fell off at the door and the rest of the outer coating dissolved once inside, spilling all its precious contents. The receiving one merged, mixing its contents as well, giving everything it had. Together they made something new that had never existed before on the earth and they were swept along to a place prepared for them. Now they were one and they multiplied over and over again, replicating the precious information they carried into each as they traveled.

Finally, the journey was over and they snuggled into the rich nutrient filled environment to grow and prosper.

All of this together was YOU! You nestled in just under the heart of the one who already loved you enough to give her body as a place for you to

grow and gain life. She was a woman, doing what only she was able to do.

Now, you've grown up and you are a woman too. But did you know that when you were in your mother's womb you were carrying the image of God, the Creator, so that you can reproduce more human beings like yourself. Already the seeds of future life were formed in you. You are a

nurturer, a caregiver, one who was created to love. The seeds of all those qualities were formed in you before your birth.

But, sadly an unseen power gives thoughts and shapes lives to cause women

to become something else. We have been trained to only trust ourselves and live for ourselves with the promise that it would make us happy. This is a lie! Certainly doing what you want to do is pleasant for a season. Living for yourself and making sure your needs are met can certainly take all your time. But there comes a time when you realize you

are alone with the self that you have given your life to satisfy. That tyrant that you have created in your soul will suck every bit of life out of you and life will not be worth living. We need others. We need man! You will be empty and hopeless without those human relationships. Human beings and particularly women were made to love others. The definition of love that we find in 1 John 3:16 that we lay

down our lives for each other sets us free. We realize that a man, male, died for us and paid for our selfish ways so that we didn't have to be that way. If we really believe that, we can become a NEW THING! Jeremiah 31:22 speaks of a woman who loves unconditionally because she sees something more important than herself, her hair, her dress, her comfort. She will encompass a man. She will surround, protect, encircle the men around her. Her voice can rise and speak up for woman. Hear the voice of that woman!

"I know it seems completely senseless. But I must do what I can do in this desperate situation. There is no time to sit and mourn for ourselves, full of self-pity. I have my strength and can help. I can support. I can make a difference." She has the courage that loving brings. Jeremiah the prophet of God calls that woman with hope "A New Thing!" (Jeremiah

There comes a time when you realize you are alone with the self that you have given your life to satisfy.

This woman, this new thing, sees her forgiveness and because of that a deep love forms in her heart that is too big to be contained in her own body. She has to reach out to others

and love. She sees her need for man and willingly lets him function as he was created to function. She helps him be set free to rule. She eagerly submits her life to him because he loves her. And the amazing thing is that in her loving she sets free those around her to love and find forgiveness as well. Our mirth, that is, our joy, is restored in that right relationship that saves and satisfies.

Sarav



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 backs 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 into has been intellectualized by a million hollow words. We've lost sight of Him in the dust of a stampede to enshrine Him and institutionalize Him. Although He poured out His life in the dusty, sun-bit villages of Judea, artists have insisted on presenting Him clean, combed and sleek, in spotless clothing, and with an expression that the average child would think strange and repelling.

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

The traditional groups that

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

To the complex reasoning of the resisting heart, He is a tyrant, demanding total obedience. But to the yielding heart, He is a 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?

*Yahshua is the Hebrew name of the Son of God. It is what His father Yoceph (Joseph) and His mother Miriam (Mary) called Him when He was born, as recorded in Luke 1:31 and Matthew 1:21. Actually no one who ever knew Him once would have ever dreamed of calling Him "Jesus" as that was not His name. The footnote for this verse in the NIV New Testament reads: Jesus is the Greek form of Joshua. In Hebrew, as in old English, there is no "J" sound, and the name is more accurately rendered Yahshua. It means, "I am powerful to save," since it is constructed from Yah, the name of the Father (as in Hallelujah, "Praise Yah"), which means "I AM," and shua, which means "power and authority to save." We call Him Yahshua because that is truly His name.

Abort or Abandon — Which is Worse?

"How can I make up for the evil I have done by aborting my child? Or, would I have done a greater evil by bringing a child into this world?"

In this day and age, what chance does a child have not to be raised to go to hell?

What is a fetus? Is it alive? Is it a human being with an eternal soul and spirit that will have to spend eternity somewhere? Where will he spend eternity if he dies in the womb?

A child grows into a full-fledged and responsible human being, a member of the human race, with a conscience that holds him accountable for the choices he makes, according to the knowledge of good and evil inherent in all men. As a spiritual creature, he is also vulnerable to the evil spirits that lead the whole world astray from their created purpose. So what chance does he have to spend eternity in good standing with his Creator, who made him responsible to determine his own eternal destiny?

Here is a great dilemma: Is it a greater sin to abort a child, or to bring him into this world and let him go to hell? Perhaps the greatest horror is the adult human being who was raised to go to hell and is now responsible for where he will spend eternity. Will he end up in that place of eternal torment which Yahshua,¹ the Son of God Himself, the Word of God incarnate, told about in the Gospel according to Luke?

There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. But there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, full of sores, who was laid at his gate, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. Moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. So it was that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died and was buried. And being in torment in Hades, he lifted up his eyes and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. Then he cried and said, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." But Abraham said, "Son, remember that in your lifetime you received your good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is

comforted and you are tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that those who want to pass from here to you cannot, nor can those from there pass to us." Then he said, "I beg you therefore, father, that you would send him to my father's house, for I have five brothers, that he may testify to them, lest they also come to this place of torment." (Luke 16:19-28)



In the Gospel according to Mark, the Son of God again makes it clear the state of a person who ends up in this place of torment. Three times He describes that place: "...where their worm does not die, and the fire is not quenched."² There is no exit from this place. How one lives his life in this age determines his eternal state of being. There is no way out once this determination is sealed at the judgment.³ There is no second chance, but only the outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Which is Worse?

For you formed my inward parts. You knitted me together in my mother's womb. (Psalm 139:13)

So which is the worst sin — to have aborted one's little developing baby, or to have let him come to birth and then raise him to go to hell? Abortion is definitely a great sin, but could it be worse to have a child? Today, so many are being born and so many are being aborted. What happens to both? The wages of sin is death.⁴ Whatever a man sows, that he will also reap.⁵ But what seeds does a fetus sow? Or what wages must be paid by an aborted baby?

For the Son of Man goes as it is written of him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It would have been better for that man if he had not been born. (Mk 14:21)

The Son of God Himself said that it would have been better for Judas if he had never been born. It would have been better for him if his mother had aborted him, rather than to be

1 See *Real* for an explanation of this name.

2 Mark 9:43-48, NKJ, KJV

3 Romans 2:14-16 and Revelation 20:12-15, as in Matthew 25:41

4 Romans 6:23

5 Galatians 6:7

raised to be the one who would betray the Son of God. Surely, the same could have been said of those who yelled, “Crucify Him! Let His blood be upon us and our children.”⁶ Where will they spend eternity? And where will their children spend eternity, if they inherit the same hatred?

So what did Yahshua mean when He said it would have been better for Judas if he had never been born? How would it have been better? Surely He was thinking of the judgment that awaited Judas, once he had made the choice to betray Him. An unborn child would fare better in the judgment than a person who had lived to make the kinds of choices Judas had made. There would be mercy for the unborn child, but no mercy for the one whose choices in life brought ruin to the lives of others.⁷

But what is the hope of one who is born in this day of unrestrained selfishness, when good is called evil, and evil is called good?⁸ What will become of someone who is morally abandoned, growing up without parents who train him up in the way he should go.⁹ What does the Bible call someone who is not disciplined as a child? The good old King James Version doesn't mince words:

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all [in a healthy society] are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. (Hebrews 12:7-8)

Who is guilty here? Yes, it is true that a child will die for his own sin¹⁰ but what about the so-called father who failed to discipline him?

Besides this, we have had earthly fathers who disciplined us and we respected them. Shall we not much more be subject to the Father of spirits and live? (Hebrews 12:9)

Does this not concern one's eternal destiny, in speaking of the Father of spirits? The natural fathers are compared to our heavenly Father, who desires that we would have eternal life, not eternal death.

So who is the biggest bastard, the child or the father who does not discipline him? If one's child that was not aborted is then not disciplined (which all true sons are, that is, sons who

6 Matthew 27:22-25

7 We do not believe the classic Christian teaching that there are only two possible eternal destinies for man — heaven for Christians and hell for everyone else, including unborn babies. We do not believe that babies are doomed to hell, as Augustine taught. There is a third eternal destiny for those whose sin was not of the kind or degree that would make them worthy of eternal damnation (Revelation 21:8; 22:15). Please see <http://www.3edm.org/> for more about **The Three Eternal Destinies of Man**.

8 Isaiah 5:20

9 Proverbs 22:6

10 Ezekiel 18:4,20

are not morally abandoned so as to become bastards), what will become of him? Such a son is obviously hated, and not loved:

Whoever spares the rod hates his son, but he who loves him is diligent to discipline him. (Pr 13:24)

So what if one's child is not aborted, but is then not disciplined?

There is a way that seems right to a man, but its end is the way to death. (Proverbs 16:25)

These days, it seems right not to spank children. They say they love their child too much to spank him, but the Bible says that kind of permissive “love” is really hatred, as the parent dooms the child to continue in his folly. So these unloved children will end up in hell (death), along with both he parents and the society that agrees with this mode of raising children.¹¹

So are the Proverbs false? What then is “the way he should go”? Whose standard should mankind adhere to? The Apostle John said, “The whole world lies in the power of the evil one,¹² and that the evil one's chief occupation is to lead mankind astray.¹³ Do you think for one minute that you are not being led astray? So the Word of God is mankind's only hope of deliverance from the evil one's strategy.¹⁴

So what is the way a child should go? The way of the world, or the way of God? How many children today are not being raised to go to hell?

Do not withhold discipline from a child; if you strike him with a rod, he will not die. If you strike him with the rod, you will save his soul from Sheol [“hell,” the abode of death]. (Proverbs 23:13-14)

If one curses [slights, shows disrespect or contempt for] his father or his mother, his lamp will be put out in utter darkness. (Proverbs 20:20)

The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself brings shame to his mother. (Proverbs 29:15)

Discipline your son, and he will give you rest; he will give delight to your heart. (Proverbs 29:17)

When the spanking stopped, all hell broke loose, “therefore Sheol has enlarged its throat and opened its mouth without measure¹⁵ to receive all who go down to the pit.¹⁶

Abortion would normally be considered the height of pagan barbarity, but the only moral sense that can be made out of not aborting a child is that the parents would actually raise him up in the way that he should go, so as not to go to hell:

11 Romans 1:32

12 1 John 5:19

13 Revelation 12:9 and 20:3

14 Matthew 6:13; John 17:15

15 Isaiah 5:14

16 Ezekiel 31:16

continued on next page

Do not withhold discipline from a child; if you strike him with a rod, he will not die. If you strike him with the rod, you will save his soul from Sheol. (Proverbs 23:13-14)

We write these things for your consideration and not as a political stance either for or against abortion. The abortion issue is one of the most polarizing of our time. It is a complicated matter with many facets. We are grateful that



Over the past thirty or forty years, what have feminists accomplished for the good of women? To answer this question today is to be in the heat of a raging debate. Many women today are forming groups to vocalize the fact that they are not man-haters and to proclaim their disagreement with the radical feminist agenda aimed at putting women on top.¹ “Enough is enough,” they say.

Prior to the rumblings of the women’s movement in the 1960s, most women expected to marry, have children, and “keep the home fires burning,” while their husbands earned a living to provide for the family. As it had been for generations, women primarily cared for the children, made the meals, did the laundry and served as the necessary touch that made an address a “home.”

Who decided it was so much better, so much more equal to leave the house, commute to work, earn a living

1 Boston Globe, Sunday, May 29, 1994

Yahshua gave His life to bring about a brand new culture where children can grow up with a purpose, nurtured by parents who love one another. Yahshua once said, “Wisdom is vindicated by all her children.”¹⁷ We take our stand with the wisdom of God, which is contrary to the teachings of Dr. Benjamin Spock.

17 Luke 7:35

JUDGE BY THE FRUIT

by working forty hours a week and maintain the car? Was it you? It wasn’t me.

In the name of financial independence, freedom of choice,² and the necessity of equality in everything, women became vocal about their need for recognition and identity. Discontented with being homemakers, they saw careers as more desirable. Children were placed in day-care centers and push-button technology made housework quicker than ever.

The prevailing winds rose to gale force. Woman declared herself equal to man. She could do anything he could do! Woman was well on her way to being set free. She was determined to find her own identity and worth. She strove to rule every area of her life. She gained control over her own body, her finances, her career, her education, and her general pursuit of happiness. The book *Our Bodies, Ourselves* was a manifesto of woman reclaiming her body — married or not, it was hers.

Is the Fruit Good?

So how is she now? What is the fruit of woman’s hard-fought-for gains of freedom and equality? Acquiring independence and economic clout at home, she has made being the head of the household a contest. Desiring to control her own sexuality, she has assumed the right to say no to her husband’s physical needs and has emasculated him in the process. As she stepped into a man’s role, she threatened man’s maleness, fueling an alarming rise in adultery and homosexuality. She has opened wide the door to divorce, single-parenting and lesbianism.

And what of woman? Is she happier? She carries more responsibilities and demands than ever before. The search for that “something” lacking in her life hasn’t

2 Notably the momentum of the women’s movement took off after *Roe v. Wade* in 1973 when the U.S. Supreme Court declared abortions legal.

brought her any closer to her purpose. Mistrust, strife, and insecurities continue to plague her. The truth is obvious for any woman willing to be honest: women were created with an amazing capacity to love, capable and willing to sacrifice everything to be mothers, wives and friends. When a woman selfishly takes back her self, the life of giving and nurturing that is her essence is lost. Children are without mothers to depend on, husbands are adrift without devoted wives, and families are broken, broken beyond repair. Broken families means broken people, adrift without a source and without a foundation. What is left to build upon and to bring life? Where can a child find the love needed to thrive? Where can families find healing?

Does Christianity Offer a Remedy?

It seems that to keep pace with the times, churches bend and change — not just their policies but their beliefs — so as to accommodate whoever screams the loudest. If there is only one body, one Spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and one God and Father of all,³ why isn't there one mind about the function of women? Where I live now, all the women are priests.

While many women desired “to be sensible, pure, workers at home, kind, subject to their own husbands,”⁴ in Christianity we were encouraged to have careers and fewer children, to make our own decisions and leave others to train our children, just the same as in the unbelieving world. We saw our Christian friends divorce and have abortions. Unfaithfulness and adultery were not uncommon. Even within Christianity, marriages are broken and women are ruling over their husbands, labeling it “Christian feminism.” What's the difference? It's everywhere. It's embarrassing. Still, woman intuitively knows she should be a helpmate and support to man — it is in her conscience and in her heart.

Woman was created to complete man. It is her purpose — a noble purpose. It has worth and dignity. It is not second class or second rate. It is enough. Had Adam remained alone, all the potential and capabilities that God had put in him would have lain dormant. Like yeast, which is only activated when warm water is added, Adam's spirit was inactive until Eve's presence released and brought to completion everything God put into him. Adam could not be complete without Eve. Together they were to bear God's image, and to rule the universe like He would.

3 Ephesians 4:1-6

4 Titus 2:3-5

The Capacity to Rule

Recently I read a review of Madeleine Kunin's book chronicling her years as governor of Vermont, *Living a Political Life*.⁵ By her own account, she spent much of her time in office behind a facade, necessary to convince the world a woman was as capable of governing as a man. “My womanhood and its relationship to my capacity to govern were the central issues of my political life,” she writes. What a tragedy, I say.

Her capability and capacity should not be an issue; but what she does with it is critical. Woman was created to rule with man, by his side. Doing so alone, she is dysfunctional and left feeling dissatisfied, frustrated and restless, as Governor Kunin seems to reflect. If man and woman would just work together, the contest would be over. Both would get what they need. The differences between man and woman are good. These days World War III might erupt if you dare to articulate such a difference. You risk not being politically correct.

It is woman's rejection of her role in creation, literally in the universe, in preference for what has traditionally been man's function, that demeans her. She brings confusion and breakdown to all of society by striving to compete in ways never imagined just a few decades ago. Women are needed to be women and men are needed to be men. Isn't it telling that to make this simple true statement in the 21st Century is to risk the wrath of many?

The link in an age-old chain has been broken by dysfunction. It is in man's conscience to love woman. That is why a man wants his wife to stay with him no matter how much he fails. He knows he cannot make it without her, and despite his faults he wants her by his side to help him make it... together. The good news is that it is possible for the missing link in the chain to be found. Redeemed woman is the missing link. Where is she?

We, the women in the Communities writing this paper, have found her! We have discovered who we are and it makes us happy. We don't have to compete with men any more. We are man's helpmate. By obeying the commandments and direction of our Master Yahshua we have found a life of healing to wash away the years of bitterness and mistrust. We are being set free to love. There is no greater purpose woman could have than to be the key to restoring relationships among mankind. Do you have a better one?

5 David Moats, “Commentary,” Rutland Herald editorial, May 11, 1994

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

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The Yellow Deli 737 McCallie Ave
Chattanooga, TN 37403 ☎ (423) 386-5210

Community in Pulaski 373 Glendale Drive
Pulaski, TN 38478 ☎ (931) 424-7067

The Yellow Deli 219 S. Third Street,
Pulaski, TN 38478 ☎ (931) 363-8586

VIRGINIA

Stoneybrook Farm (Washington, DC area)
15255 Ashbury Church Rd, Hillsboro, VA 20132
☎ (540) 668-7123

Stoneybrook Farm Market
37091 Charlestown Pike, Hillsboro, VA 20132
☎ (540) 668-9067

NORTH CAROLINA

Gladheart Farm 9 Lora Lane
Asheville, NC 28803 ☎ (828) 274-8747

Community Conference Center
471 Sulphur Springs Road, Hiddenite, NC 28636
(near Statesville & Hickory) ☎ (828) 352-9200

GEORGIA

Community in Savannah 403 E. Hall Street
Savannah, GA 31401 ☎ (912) 232-1165

The Maté Factor 401 E. Hall Street
Savannah, GA 31401 ☎ (912) 235-2906

Community in Brunswick 927 Union Street
Brunswick, GA 31520 ☎ (912) 264-2279

FLORIDA

Community in Arcadia 601 W. Oak Street
Arcadia, FL 34266 ☎ (863) 491-0160

MISSOURI

Community on the Lake of the Ozarks
1130 Lay Ave, Warsaw, MO 65355 ☎ (660) 438-2541

Common Ground Café 145 E. Main Street,
Warsaw, MO 65355 ☎ (660) 438-2581

COLORADO

Community in Manitou Springs 41 Lincoln Ave.
Manitou Springs, CO 80829 ☎ (719) 573-1907

Maté Factor Café 966 Manitou Ave
Manitou Springs, CO 80829 ☎ (719) 685-3235

Community in Boulder 4325 Eldorado Springs Dr
Boulder, CO 80305 ☎ (303) 719-8168

The Yellow Deli 908 Pearl Street
Boulder, CO 80302 ☎ (303) 996-4700

CALIFORNIA

Community in Vista 2683 Foothill Drive
Vista, CA 92084 ☎ (760) 295-3852

The Yellow Deli 321 East Broadway
Vista, CA 92084 ☎ (760) 631-1888

Morning Star Ranch, 12458 Keys Creek Rd.
Valley Center, CA 92082 ☎ (760) 742-8953

The Yellow Deli 32011 Lilac Road
Valley Center, CA 92082 ☎ (760) 742-2064

MASSACHUSETTS

Community in Boston 92 Melville Ave.
Dorchester, MA 02124 ☎ (617) 282-9876

Community in Hyannis 14 Main Street
Hyannis, MA 02601 ☎ (508) 790-0555

Common Ground Café 420 Main Street
Hyannis, MA 02601 ☎ (508) 778-8390

Community in Plymouth 35 Warren Ave.
Plymouth, MA 02360 ☎ (508) 747-5338

Common Sense Wholesale Food Market
53 Main St, Plymouth, MA 02360 ☎ (508) 732-0427

Blue Blinds Bakery 7 North Street
Plymouth, MA 02360 ☎ (508) 747-0462

Community in Raynham 1128 Pleasant Street,
Raynham, MA 02767 ☎ (508) 884-8834

NEW YORK

Journey's End Farm 7871 SR 81,
Oak Hill, NY 12460 ☎ (518) 239-8148

Common Sense Farm 41 N. Union Street
Cambridge, NY 12816 ☎ (518) 677-5880

Community in Oneonta, 81 Chestnut Street
Oneonta, NY 13820 ☎ (607) 267-4062

The Yellow Deli 134 Main St.
Oneonta, NY 13820 ☎ (607) 431-1155

Community in Ithaca, 119 Third Street
Ithaca, NY 14850 ☎ (607) 272-6915

Maté Factor Café 143 E. State Street
Ithaca, NY 14850 ☎ (607) 256-2056

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Community in Lancaster, 12 High Street
Lancaster, NH 03584 ☎ (603) 788-4376

Simon the Tanner — Family Outfitters
55 Main St, Lancaster, NH 03584 ☎ (603) 788-4379

VERMONT

Community in Island Pond, P.O. Box 449
Island Pond, VT 05846 ☎ (802) 723-9708

Simon the Tanner Outfitters Cross & Main St.
Island Pond, VT 05846 ☎ (802) 723-4452

Basin Farm P.O. Box 108
Bellows Falls, VT 05101 ☎ (802) 463-9264

Community in Rutland 134 Church Street
Rutland, VT 05701 ☎ (802) 773-3764

The Yellow Deli & Hostel 23 Center Street
Rutland, VT 05701 ☎ (802) 775-9800

CANADA (1-888-893-5838)

Community in Winnipeg, 89 East Gate, Winnipeg,
Manitoba R3C 2C2, Canada ☎ (204) 786-8787

Common Ground Café 596 Fifth St.
Courtenay, BC V9N 1K3, Canada ☎ (250) 897-1111

New Sprout Farm PO Box 189, 7191 Howard Rd.
Merville, BC V0R 2M0, Canada ☎ (250) 337-5444

Mount Sentinel Farm, 2915 Highway 3a South Slokan,
British Columbia V1L 4E2, Canada ☎ (250) 359-6847

The Yellow Deli 202 Vernon Street
Nelson, BC V1L 4E2, Canada ☎ (250) 352-0325

Fairfield Farm (Vancouver) 11450 McSween Road
Chilliwack, BC V2P 6H5, Canada ☎ (604) 795-6199

The Yellow Deli (Vancouver area) 45859 Yale Road,
Chilliwack, BC V2P 2N6, Canada ☎ (604) 702-4442

GERMANY

Gemeinschaft in Klosterzimmern
Klosterzimmern 1, 86738 Deiningen, Germany
☎ (49) 9081-290-1062

ENGLAND (0800-0743267)

Stentwood Farm Dunkeswell, Honiton,
Devon EX14 4RW, England ☎ (44) 1823-681155

SPAIN

Comunidad de San Sebastián Paseo de Ulía 375
20013 San Sebastián, Spain ☎ (34) 943-32-79-83

Sentido Común General Echagüe 6
20003 San Sebastian, Spain ☎ (34) 943-433-103

FRANCE

Communauté de Sus 11, route du Haut Béarn
64190 Sus/Navarrenx, France ☎ (33) 559-66-1428

ARGENTINA

Comunidad de Buenos Aires
Batallón Norte y Mansilla 120, 1748 General Rodriguez
Buenos Aires, Argentina ☎ (54) 237-484-3409

BRAZIL

Comunidade de Londrina Rua Major Achilles
Ferreira Pimpão 5000, 86040-020
Londrina, Paraná, Brazil ☎ (55) 43-3326-9664

Comunidade de Campo Largo Caixa Postal 1056,
83601-980 Campo Largo Paraná, Brazil ☎ (55) 41-3555-2393

Café Chão Comum Rodovia do Café BR 376
KM 297, 86828-000 Mauá da Serra, Paraná, Brazil
☎ (55) 43-8812-2280

AUSTRALIA

The Woolshed 1510 Remembrance Drive
Picton, NSW 2571, Australia ☎ (61) 02-4677-0600

Peppercorn Creek Farm 1375 Old Hume Highway,
Picton, NSW 2571, Australia ☎ (61) 02-4677-2668

The Yellow Deli in Katoomba 214 Katoomba Street
Katoomba, NSW 2780, Australia ☎ (61) 02-4782-9744

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