

FREE

The
TWELVE TRIBES
FREEPAPER

And a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet,
and on her head a crown of twelve stars... [Revelation 12:1]

When the Foundations

are destroyed...

What if consciences had equal rights?

The cruelest tyrants silence all who oppose them. Yet even these men can't silence their feelings of guilt. In the end, their conscience will have the last word.

His heart beat faster, his thoughts took off like a jet plane, his stomach felt funny, but he wanted to do it. Whatever it was that made him want to do it was so important to him that it drowned out the screaming voice of his conscience, warning him: don't cross that line!

He loved to live for the moment. Though he knew the consequences, he chose not to think about them – like a smoker who knows what awaits his lungs, yet will not really consider what it will be like to have emphysema or lung cancer. Or a reckless driver who cannot be stopped by a red light, refusing to consider the consequences of a car coming from the other direction. Mesmerized by the thrill of having no restraint, he closed his eyes to the future.

Soon it was over. He had done it. Overwhelmed with guilt, he swore that he would never do it again. But time went by and he changed his mind. This time it wasn't so hard, though. Somehow it didn't seem as bad as it used to. Like a dog returning to its vomit he repeated this cycle again and again until eventually he began to resent his conscience. Its familiar warnings that he once took seriously now seemed like old fashioned principles that needed to change. Change! change! change! was the war cry of his peers.

He remembered his grandparents speaking of what it was like in the olden days: you would be an outcast from society if you did such things.

But now it was easy to find friends who thought like he did. Friends who showed him how to think in new ways that gave him more freedom. The miserable, guilty feelings his conscience once gave him went away. It began to speak softer and softer, until one unexpected day, it spoke no more. Silenced by his choices, his conscience appeared to be gone, or changed, or evolved, or something. Or was it?

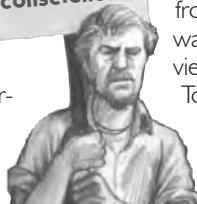
What if his conscience had the equal rights he screamed about? What if it had freedom of speech and he had to live with it? What would it be like to live with his life in front of him like a movie, or watch himself like an objective viewer? To hear his thoughts? To see his interactions with others? To see what he did when no one else was watching? But no, his conscience remained silent

and his life went on.

Then one beautiful day – the birds were singing, spring was in the air, the warm sunshine felt so good, things couldn't be better – suddenly... he found himself dead. Like most tragedies, he didn't expect it. He never thought that morning when he woke up that it would be the last day of his life.

He was alone with his conscience now. This time though, it had freedom of speech. His conscience was different than he had ever known it to be. It wouldn't be quiet when he told it to. He couldn't avoid hearing it. It was bolder now and he began to fear it. The truth he avoided in life

**FREE-
DOM
OF
SPEECH**
Dump
your
conscience



was ever before him in death. Now he wished he had listened to the warnings. The birds weren't singing, spring was not in the air, and all he lived for was gone.

Was it worth it? Why had pleasure been more important to him than doing what his conscience told him was right? He used to blame others for his wrong ways, but

now he knew that it had been his choice. When his heart beat faster, when his thoughts took off like a jet plane, when he felt funny in his stomach, he should have recognized that it was his conscience screaming at him. He should have stopped and said, I can't go past this warning or I will deeply regret it someday. He once hoped things would turn out okay. But now he knows: a man will reap what he sows. ♦



Throwing off "old-fashioned" principles might seem liberating... until we realize that they are for our good. Our Creator lovingly placed them in each one of us so we wouldn't ruin others' lives.

In Security

Who or what can we trust in today?

Ever since birth we have learned to seek security in our relationships. Our parents, our family and friends, our husbands and wives, even our children – these are the fundamental human relationships and the foundation of our lives. They hold out to us the hope that life will be pleasant and promise us a little shelter from the storms we face every day. They offer us freedom from unnecessary worries and protection from other more harmful relationships. Yet as the foundations are destroyed and these relationships fail, we are forced to put our trust in other things: education or career, house or lifestyle, financial independence or insurance policies, our philosophies or politics. Consciously or unconsciously we look to these as the source of our security and begin to lean our weight on them. It is only natural. Everybody does it. Human nature is such that men will grasp at straws to keep from drowning. When such basic, essential foundation stones as marriage, family, discipline, and respect are removed men will put their trust in the security of this world in order to survive. It comes as second nature to do this, no matter what you're like, what your background is, or what your opportunities in life might be. Yet all of us in the Community have come to see that, in reality, there is little protection or security or safety in any of these things.

Many of us spent a lot of years searching for a meaningful life and for healthy relationships in the city, the suburbs, or on twenty acres in



the country. We gathered possessions to soothe our senses and followed careers and intellectual pursuits to make life bearable. We looked for fulfillment and satisfaction only to discover that these illusions of security locked us into a life of compromise and not dealing honestly with one another. Many of us felt unfulfilled in our shallow relationships and grew sick of the stale things and flat, tasteless pursuits of this world. Having gone everywhere and tried everything (and even bought the T-shirt) to find the security our thirsting human heart longed for, many of us almost gave up trying to find it. Others still searched on and on but really didn't know where to look. Some even went looking for answers in some



form of religion or spirituality, but got burned out from their experience with Christianity or other religions. None of us really found anything profitable.

When our Master Yahshua lived on earth he understood our plight perfectly. He knew the nature of man and he understood how people seek security in their relationships and in the things of the world.

He established a new society where damaged relationships could be healed and restored among his people, and set before us a new purpose that would fulfill the deepest longing of our heart. He called this new society his kingdom. It was to be a family made up of Yahshua's followers, a new nation that would be a light to all the nations of the earth, a seed that

would grow and fill the whole earth with a marvelous new kind of life. Entering this new society was never meant to be a cop-out from the deep problems and complexities of life, but rather the solution to them. This new nation would provide his people with all the security they had ever sought for. He told his disciples not to worry or be anxious about what they were to eat or wear. He promised them if they would seek him first and desire his kingdom above all else, he would see to it that they would get what they needed.¹

What is it that keeps us from seeking our security in Him? What keeps us from living the life that Yahshua called his people to live? Yahshua knew that all of us would

experience tremendous fear and be shocked to the core of our being when we discovered that to have this new life we would have to utterly abandon and literally give up all the security that we acquired in our lifetime, leave it all behind, and begin to put all our trust in Him. We would have to begin to trust Him to meet all our needs and use whatever wealth we had to build His new nation. What an awesome cost!

Today, as during His lifetime, He is not looking for individuals who are willing to forsake everything, but for those who will actually do it – give it all up for Him – just like He did for us! That is the cost – everything. There is no short cut. His encouragement to all men is, “Do not be afraid, little flock [to forsake everything, all your possessions], for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom [this new nation of those who have given all]. Sell your possessions and give to the poor. Make

purses for yourselves that do not wear out, an unfailing treasure in heaven, where no moth destroys. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.”²

Our hearts must be His. Everything else follows. Where is your treasure? Where does all your time and energy go? What fills the recesses of your soul? What do you long for?

Are you one whose heart longs to know the living and true God or who wants to know how to follow the gospel that Yahshua preaches in this day and age? Do not be afraid to obey His word. Trust Him totally with a child-like, absolute trust. The reason not to fear is because it is His good pleasure to give us His kingdom. We have come to discover the truth of God’s kind intentions towards us. He wants everything good for us, but if we continue to seek for security by what seems right according to our own judgment, instead of being obedient to Him, we will not know His

“Who are my mother and my brothers?”

At one point Yahshua was so consumed with loving his friends that he hardly took time to eat meals. When neighbors told his family about it, they became greatly concerned. Even his mother, who usually stayed so calm when she heard things about her son, got upset. She did not want him to become sick from not taking proper care of himself. She decided to go with Yahshua’s younger brothers and bring him home for a rest. After walking thirty miles to Capernaum, they found that it was worse than they expected. So many were crowded around him that they couldn’t get near him. They anxiously waited for him to respond after they sent word that they had arrived.

His response worked its way

through the large crowd. After a long time his mother heard words that pierced her heart. She heard that her son had asked, “Who are my mother and my brothers?” Then he answered his painfully pointed question by saying to the huge crowd sitting around him, “My mother and my brothers are those who hear the word of God and do it.”

That day Yahshua turned away his own mother because she wanted him to come home and live a normal life. He wanted her to come into the new society he was establishing. He called her to do the same thing everyone who followed him had done – leave everything behind that they had or hoped to be. In return, he showed them a completely new, marvelous way of life. ♦

Oh, that cost!

Yahshua told of a treasure that was worth more than all the riches and fame that the world could offer. That treasure was to know his Father and to do His will.

There was only one way to get this treasure. He was the only one who had it. The treasure was hidden right there in him. Right in his common human flesh. He said, "I am the way, I am the truth, I am the life. If you want to get to the Father, you have to come through me."

Ah, the treasure! But, oh, the cost! Many people reckoned that cost: in order to know the Father, you have to follow a man. And this man requires you to abandon everything to follow him. Any truth of life from any other source has to die. You have to totally trust him.

Not many chose to follow him. For those who were the least bit satisfied with their life, the cost was too high. But those who chose to follow found in him the power to overcome all fear, even the fear of death. ♦

security. It is impossible because our Master said, "No one can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and riches."³

We were once afraid and skeptical, too, mistrusting and deceived by our own understanding. But we have come to know the reality that He is the hope that does not disappoint. It costs everything and what you receive is not the kind of merchandise that ever goes on sale for a cheaper price. It is a precious jewel that is priceless and enduring.

Yahshua did not want any of us who have been disappointed so many times in the past to be afraid to lose everything – even those who tried to give it all in the past. He wants us not to be afraid to trust Him. His promise was to give us a new society in which all we have can be used to build with. This new society is founded in love, because Yahshua, our Master, is love perfected. This love is going to fill the entire earth in the age to come. It is the very life that will be a light to every nation in this day where men see only darkness. This light is the evidence of a life and a purpose that proves how worthy Yahshua is. It is a life worth giving up all to possess. Yahshua made this very clear

when He said, "He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me; and he who loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me, and he who does not take his cross and follow after Me is not worthy of Me."⁴

This is the challenge. Are you willing and able to trust? Is there anything left in your heart to trust? Does any vestige of hope remain in your heart, or has disappointment, skepticism, and mistrust robbed your soul of its desire to find something worthy of your trust? Yahshua proved that He alone is worthy. His promise is sure. You are worthy of this precious pearl only if your heart is willing to pay the price.

The challenge, this reality, confronted each of us at a different time and place, with circumstances unique to each of us. One at a time we surrendered. Because we did, by giving up all the things we took security in, we met the terms of peace with our Sovereign God. We took the risk and came out of the fortified bunkers of our lives in a collapsing social order. We left it all behind. Now our hope is sure. We are on the path. That light is growing brighter. ♦

¹ Matthew 6:31-33 ² Luke 12:32-34

³ Matthew 6:24-25 ⁴ Matthew 10:37-38

PEOPLE WHO MET YAHSHUA

met a man with a compassionate, life Even though he is not on earth, his and love that filled him now finds its dies in the ground in order to bear death in order to bring about a twelve-spirit he had. Anyone can be part show) that is beginning to form when crumble.

When men become lovers of money, lovers of pleasure, and lovers of self you know danger is at the door. Who will the victims be – those who stand in their way, or those who get out of the way? Or will it be the children who grow up to kill because no one takes the time to look them in the eye or listen to them or care about them enough to say, "That's not true. You're not that way?"

In the following stories our Master Yahshua rescues a young man from destroying himself, after years of not listening to the truth, and also heals a young girl who struggles to obey what is in her heart.

Legion

With half-shut eyes Legion rested against a boulder and looked at the sea sparkling in the morning sun. Everything seemed so much clearer than usual. A terrible storm had broken suddenly in the middle of the night and had left the sky cloudless and the sea perfectly calm, except for a slight breeze. A small sailboat approached the deserted shore where Legion sat, and for several minutes he watched it. Even though he had watched many, many boats before, he had never felt the way he did now. Inside a tiny voice of hope was speaking to his heart and an excitement welled up in him.

On the other hand, Legion had never felt so much turmoil inside. The evil spirits seemed to be going into a rage about this boat. He felt pulled in two directions at the same time. Part of him felt like running down to the beach, and part of him felt like running away to the desert. Yet the desire of his heart compelled him to go down to the shore.

He could not stop himself from screaming as he ran toward the small

boat. One man in the midst of several others stood out to him. It was as if he had known this man from somewhere before. The man seemed to be calling out to him. As he came closer, Legion heard him say with authority, "Come out of him, you unclean spirit!"

How did Legion get this way?

Painful memories of childhood flashed through Legion's mind. He remembered how that evil spirit had first come to him. He would often get very discouraged with himself whenever he did not catch on to things as quickly as the other boys. He began to think of himself as dumb and as one who would never learn. When he made mistakes in his work and got frustrated with himself, he began to think he was the stupidest, clumsiest boy that had ever been born.

Into this dissatisfied state of mind the adversary, the father of lies, finds easy access. An evil angel continually comes to young men and women, adults, and children in this state and tells them lies about themselves. This evil spirit is always on the job,

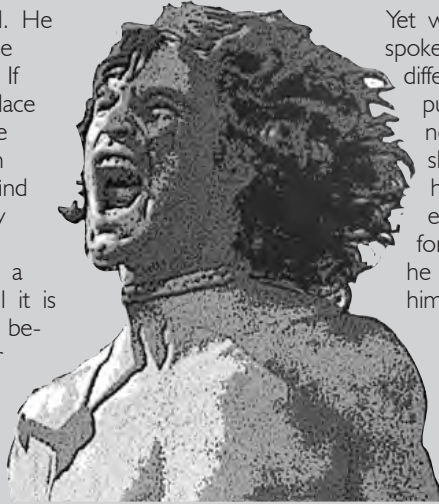
-giving spirit. Today, it is the same. people are, and the same compassion home in them. Like a single seed that more fruit, Yahshua took our place in tribed nation of people with the same of this nation (as the following stories the foundations of the other nations

thinking of any discouraging lie he can plant in their minds. He magnifies each little mistake they make and floods them with hopeless thoughts and bad feelings of failure.

This evil spirit is like a little bird that begins to build its nest in someone's mind. He first brings one little twig, one little lie. If he finds a good place to start his nest he will set the twig in place, and go to find another one. Every lie that is received will make the nest a little bit bigger until it is fully ready. It then becomes a home for a whole family of evil spirits. This was exactly what had happened to him.

Soon he began to believe all the lies about himself. No matter how much his parents tried to encourage him, he would not listen to them. In the morning, he would leave their house and not even come home at night to sleep. His parents found out that he was sleeping in a graveyard. As the days passed he became worse. He would run naked through the graveyard, screaming out in a frightening voice. His mother often tried to bring him clothes, but he would only wear

them a short time. Then he would rip them off, in total disgust with himself. Though many people tried to talk to him, he refused to believe that he had any value to man or God.



Yet when Yahshua spoke to him, it was different. Legion felt pulled as by a magnet to be at Yahshua's feet. When he looked into his eyes, he saw hope for the first time and he wanted it. Inside him, though, the battle continued to rage. Finally, as Yahshua had commanded, all the evil spirits who lived in the nest in Legion's mind left like the

rush of a flood. For the first time in many years he felt a complete rest come over his whole body. With gratitude he moved closer to the feet of the man who had rescued him from the grasp of the evil power. He listened to his Master speaking words of truth to him. Now all the lies were washed from his mind. He was cleansed and forgiven as he heard the words of truth and believed them. He loved the truth. It was life to him. ♦

Ya'el

Ya'el pulled herself to her feet as she realized that her only hope for life was passing her by. She would die if she weren't healed. Why should she let this awful fear keep her from life? She pulled open the door of her house, and the noonday sunlight flooded in, blinding her eyes for a moment.

She mustered the last bit of her strength to run toward the crowd. Just as she reached the edge of the crowd her legs gave way and she fell in the dusty road. No one seemed to notice her struggle. The noisy group continued to move slowly down the way following the Healer.

Ya'el could not move, but she made one last desperate attempt. She yelled at the top of her voice, "Yahshua, please heal me!" With that she slumped over on the ground as if she had fainted. "O Yahshua, don't leave me," she whispered into the air. "Yahshua, please don't walk away."

Though the crowd was very loud, and there were many other voices, the ears of Yahshua heard the weak cry of little Ya'el. He stopped and turned, walking back to where she lay sobbing in the road. Yahshua looked down with compassion upon the frail young girl curled up in the dust. She didn't see him standing there.

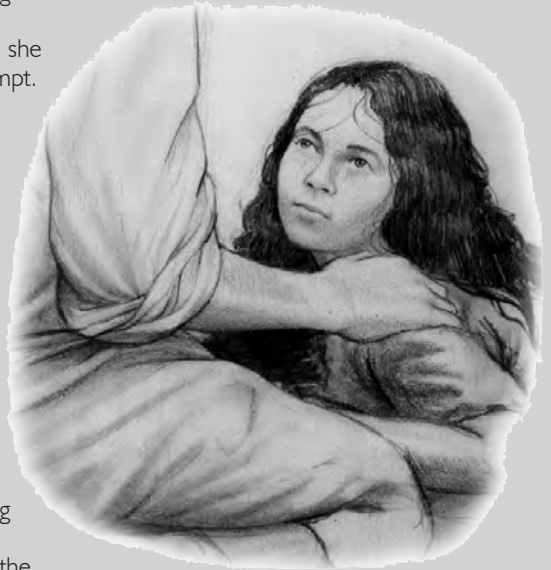
"Little girl, did you call me?" he said tenderly.

Ya'el lifted her head and looked up with surprise into his kind face. "Yes, I did. But I didn't think you could hear me," she said in a weak, trembling voice. Her fears seemed to be trying to choke her as she looked up at the many faces of the crowd peering down at her.

"What is your name? And what do you want from me?" he asked her.

Ya'el struggled to overcome her fear enough to answer him, and with just the tiniest grain of faith she blurted out, "My name is Ya'el. Master, I need you to heal my sickness or I will die. My heart is sick. Please help me."

Yahshua stooped down and gently laid his hand on her shoulder. "Ya'el, you are named after a very courageous woman, but your heart is sick because you have no courage. An evil fear controls your heart and makes it sick." Yahshua commanded the fear to leave her and said to her,



"Now, Ya'el, be courageous and live – for your faith has saved you."

Ya'el's heart began to pound, strong and fast, like it never had before. The many people watching her no longer bothered her. She could only think of this great man who heard her cry. She jumped to her feet. Her legs felt a rush of strength. "Thank you, thank you! Yahshua, you have truly saved me!" She hugged him, crying tears of joy. ♦

About fifty years ago normal life in Europe collapsed under the weight of Hitler's armies. In one Nazi-occupied country after another the value of human life cheapened and disappeared. Society operated on the basest, most selfish level: the ruthless, the perverted, and the conscience-less thrived in positions of power; the weak tried anything to survive – prostitution, collaborating, stealing, buying and selling on the black market.

Life in Israel 2000 years ago also took place against such a background. The occupying army was Rome's. The following accounts are stories of people caught in the breakdown of the foundations who responded to our Master Yahshua's understanding and kindness.



Zakkai

Life was hard under the Roman's rule and Zakkai did not like it. Roman soldiers were big, and Zakkai was a small man, so he tried to act like a tough guy to make people leave him alone. Of course, this attitude only caused the soldiers to pick on him all the more. Zakkai was very miserable. . . and envious. When he looked at the Romans all he saw was wealth and power. When he looked at his poor family and his neighbors' families who could barely make enough money to feed their children, he became very disgusted. "Why does it have to be this way? Why can't we be rich like they are?" Zakkai was willing to do anything to get out of his lowly position, and he knew that the only job in Israel that could give him power and money was that of a tax collector.

Zakkai eventually became a powerful and wealthy man. He bought a big house in Jericho and had whatever he wanted.

But he could not buy the love of his family. They had totally rejected him: tax collectors in Israel were usually the lowest, the most

unscrupulous men, the kind no one could trust. They were hated by all since they sacrificed their friends, family, and even their loyalty to their people and their God for money. His parents were treated as outcasts because of what he had done. Whenever they passed him on the street, they would look the other way. They never even slightly acknowledged that he was their son.

People whispered behind his back as he walked through the streets. He knew everyone hated him. Yet no one pushed Zakkai around anymore. On the contrary, he was the one who could push others around. He was the one with the power and the money. Zakkai had gotten what he had always wanted. But he was not happy like he thought he would be. In fact, Zakkai was very, very lonely.

One day as Zakkai gathered taxes he overheard people talking about a rumored Messiah being in the area. Zakkai tried not to listen. Such talk had nothing to do with him. But as the men around him talked together, one sentence stood

out as if it were meant especially for him. It pierced the hard, callused layers of his well-guarded heart and brought something there that he had not felt for a long time. Hope welled up in his heart – and it was painful. The sentence he heard was, “The religious leaders do not like him at all; they say he is a friend to tax collectors and sinners.”

“A friend to tax collectors?” Can that be? How could Messiah be a friend to tax collectors?

Zakkai was touched. He had never had a friend, and he had given up the idea of ever having one. “Could it be that the God of Israel would care about me, the lowest, the most wicked of all men? Would his Messiah want to be my friend?” Zakkai’s heart began to pound. He had to see this man.

Soon there was a noise at the edge of town. As it grew louder Zakkai realized that the Messiah must be coming up the street. “How will I ever be able to see him? I’m so short I will never be able to see over that giant mass of people.” Looking down the street, Zakkai noticed a certain kind of fig tree with giant limbs starting near the ground that stretch out long and strong. It was an easy tree to climb. Though it had been years since Zakkai had climbed a tree (and certainly someone in a position like his would never be caught doing such an undignified thing), he wasted no time. He knew it would be his only chance to view the one who was a friend to tax collectors. Zakkai scrambled up the big tree trunk and onto one of the lower limbs that stuck out over the street. He pushed back the leaves as he scooted along and found a perfect place to sit.

The crowd was just below him. They were very loud. Zakkai strained to see which of them was the one he was looking for. In the center of the group was a man they all stuck

close to. “Oh, oh, that must be him,” said Zakkai out loud to himself. “He does not look different than any other man . . . but he looks kind” Zakkai admired him as he passed underneath the tree. He looked down upon him with longing, like a person who looks at something from a distance, knowing he can never have it.

Just then Yahshua slowed and stopped walking. Zakkai was so happy that he had stopped right there. Then to Zakkai’s great surprise, Yahshua looked up into the tree. Their eyes met and he called his name, “Zakkai!”

Zakkai’s heart stopped. “He called my name. How did he know me?” Zakkai was dumbfounded. No one ever looked him in the eyes. Yahshua continued, “Zakkai, come. Hurry and get down from that tree, for I am coming to your house today. I will spend the night there.”

Zakkai almost choked with excitement as heard the words. He had never moved so fast before as he scurried through the leaves and down the tree muttering joyfully to himself, “Yahshua, a friend to tax collectors and sinners . . . a friend . . . my friend . . . my friend . . .” ♦

Mary

Caught in the very act of adultery, she had been dragged through the streets of Jerusalem to the temple and thrown down in the midst of the crowd there. Weeping with fear and humiliation, her hair matted across her face with dirt and tears, she could barely discern what was happening as she heard the sharp tones of the men who had brought her, and then a long silence. She waited for the first blow; others had been stoned to death for her offense. There was no possible escape. She saw with piercing clarity that her guilt warranted more than a death sentence – she was under a curse. Could these people have mercy? Could God even have mercy? There was no sacrifice or offering she knew

of that could cover how she had deliberately violated her conscience. She was terrified. It wasn't just the pain of death that was frightening, but what would await her after death. There was no way to ever make things right, no forgiveness possible.

Then in the turmoil of her thoughts she heard the measured, calm response of another voice, "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." There was another long silence, and then only the whispers of the crowd and the scrape of sandaled feet as one by one her accusers went away.

"Did no one condemn you?" asked the kind voice.

"No one, Master," she replied, unable to even meet his eyes.

"Neither do I condemn you," said Yahshua. "Go your way and sin no more."

She was pierced to the heart. He had not excused her – her deeds were worthy of death – but he had forgiven her. Somehow she knew he had this authority.

Weeks later the same woman entered a religious leader's house and began looking around the room for a guest named Yahshua. Where was he among the many gathered for the meal? Heedless of the cold, disapproving stares from the onlookers, she made her way to him and fell at his feet as he was reclining at the table. He was not displeased. In his spirit, he had already sensed what was in this woman's heart, and his own heart turned to receive what she was beginning to express.

Breaking the seal of the flask, she began to pour the expensive ointment over his feet in what seemed an extravagant and lavish expression of gratitude. She wept freely with tears of both sorrow for her life and a deep thanksgiving for Yahshua, wiping his feet with her hair and kissing them repeatedly in absolute, shameless adoration.

She poured out everything she

had, not as "the right thing to do" but as a spontaneous, heart-felt recognition of the great mercy and love she'd been shown. It was typical of what the rest of her life would be. From then on she would expend all of her affections, energy, and resources on him and his people. She had no better thing to do, no job to return to, no other family. Neither leisure pursuits, nor money, nor religion held any attraction. Yahshua was her life. ♦

Ebyown

Ebyown [one of the two thieves] looked up and saw another man carrying a cross. Ebyown averted his gaze. The man stumbling under the weight of the great wooden beam had been beaten beyond recognition. Blood coursed freely down his bruised, swollen face from a wreath of long thorns that had been mockingly placed with cruel force. Clots of hair had been ripped from his beard, exposing patches of oozing red blood. The man's back was a crisscrossed mesh of long, vicious cuts and large raised welts. This man, too, had been scourged.

Ebyown could see that the man had been spat upon and anger flared



within him to think of the abuse and insult this poor Jew must have suffered at the hands of the Roman garrison. Just as quickly his anger turned to shame. He stared at the man's face and saw again the image of that Jew on the road to Jericho whom they had robbed and left for dead. His conscience recoiled at the realization that he himself had been party to such beatings. The sting of the lash brought him back to the present. He had slowed, and the soldiers had no desire to slow down the procession.

The grueling procession moved down the streets of Jerusalem. Ebyown was aware that the crowd accompanying them was increasing in size, slowing their torture. His breath hissed through his clenched teeth every time the wooden beam shifted on his raw flesh. He saw the grim set of Tobiah's [the other thief] jaw and it strengthened his own determination to refuse the Romans the satisfaction of seeing him collapse under his burden. Ebyown could hear the labored breathing of the stranger in front of them. The man's heavy, trudging steps faltered.

Suddenly the man in front of him fell and his wooden beam fell on top of him. Down came the lash. Again. And again. The man uttered no sound, but with each stroke his body trembled in pain. "Halt the last," commanded the centurion. Realizing the man was physically incapable of carrying his wooden cross, the centurion motioned to a bystander. The bystander dutifully obeyed. Two soldiers lifted the fallen man. He managed to stand, and after a moment the procession continued.

Many women cried and wept loudly as they passed. Ebyown knew they shed no tears for him or Tobiah. Evidently this stranger was loved and respected.

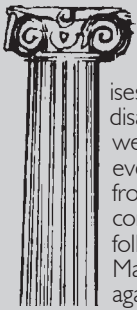
The stranger slowed and looked up sadly and spoke to the women, "Do not weep for me, daughters of

Jerusalem, but weep for yourselves. For if they do this in the green tree, what will they do in the dry?" Ebyown didn't understand this, but even in his pain-clouded mind he wondered at this man's quiet dignity. He seemed aware of a sense of purpose in his suffering, something Ebyown could not fathom.

They passed through the gate. After going a short distance they climbed a small hill. At the top they stopped. The painful walk had wearied Ebyown and he felt weak from the loss of blood. The soldiers removed the beams from the backs of the men and laid them flat on the ground. As they secured the cross-member, Ebyown and Tobiah struggled vainly with their guards. Screaming, kicking, and cursing, they were forced to the ground. The soldiers quickly lashed their hands and feet to the wooden beams. Both men writhed violently. Large iron spikes were held on their hands and feet. A large upraised mallet slammed down. The spikes pierced their flesh even as their cries pierced the air. Tobiah cursed the Romans bitterly. Ebyown could only groan in pain.

They and the wooden crosses were hoisted up and dropped heavily into the prepared holes. This jolt was almost more than Ebyown could endure. When Ebyown opened his eyes he saw that the soldiers were just now putting the stranger on his cross. Ebyown was both confused and fascinated by the man's submissive behavior. The man did not resist the soldiers as they lashed his hands. Ebyown felt indignation at the man's quiet suffering. Why didn't he fight the Romans? Why didn't he curse them?

As the spikes entered the man's flesh Ebyown was amazed. He could not believe his ears. It was barely audible to him, but he heard the man praying, saying, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." ♦



A story as old as the hills: religion's failure to deliver what it promises is mankind's greatest disappointment. What can we do about it? Pretend everything's OK, change it from within, or drop out completely? The following story shows our Master's passionate cry against hypocrisy.

In the temple

They watched him in cautious fascination as he wandered among the moneychangers and animal vendors. Every so often he would stop and watch a transaction taking place. He lingered for a while at the booth of old Ariel, the lamb seller, as he tied several knotted cords together into a whip. It was obvious that Ariel was asking a good amount for his "spotless" sacrificial lambs and it was just as obvious that the Babylonian Jew who was haggling with him did not think the price was justified. A sly look came over the old man's face and he made a proposal to the foreigner in his richly-colored robes.

The man thought for a moment and then indicated that he would accept this deal. The old man went into his little pen of "spotless" lambs and, after a short search, brought forth an "unblemished" animal. Money changed hands and the new owner led his lamb away. After a few steps the blind lamb bumped into a wall, and the foreigner picked him up and went quickly into the temple. As the Nazarene watched, he appeared to become deeply distressed.

"This is not right!" The Nazarene's passionate cry reverberated through the air. Like a man beside himself, Yahshua turned over the vendors' tables, sending coins tinkling across the colored stones. He pushed over a dovecote, releasing the birds to fly above the temple crowds. He pulled down the pen and with a swing of the whip sent Ariel's lambs bleating among the fleeing merchants, adding to the melee as moneychangers scrambled about on their hands and knees trying to recover their coins.

"My house will be called a house of prayer," he shouted. "You have made it a den of thieves." ♦

When the foundations are destroyed

*Every day the struggle to be a good person gets harder.
In a wealthy country like ours it isn't easy to do good and not hurt others.
Who can stand when it's so tempting to be like everyone else?*

Society breaks down as individuals ignore their conscience, like the man in the story on page 2. Today, many basic foundations of a healthy society have already been destroyed.

You can't even take your children to the grocery store anymore without exposing them to indecent magazines lining the checkout counter. Just trying to buy your food there with your children becomes a moral dilemma for the conscientious. Few nowadays will speak up to the store manager if they disapprove. Some passively keep their troubled thoughts inside, or perhaps make a muffled comment about it, while others give hearty approval to this "advancement of society."

Not long ago it would not have been allowed to show a woman with nothing on but her underwear. The town would have boycotted such a store or perhaps the police would have even put a stop to it. Where, how, or when did the change come in? Certainly it did not happen overnight. Little by little the limits were pushed. If it happened too quickly the conscientious would have stopped it. But one step at a time, many were able to be dulled to a point of silent toleration, leading to eventual acceptance, and culminating in approval. First a low-cut dress. Then a shorter skirt. Then a mini-skirt. After the mini skirt controversy became old, the clothing on the models started becoming a little more see-through, until eventually there it was – a woman with nothing on but her underwear right there in front of everyone.

So following the heels of this breakdown, can you call the increase in teenage pregnancy, broken marriages, abortion, AIDS, and single

parents just a coincidence? Does not the unrestrained nudity and sexual enticement that children grow up with lead to adultery and fornication? While many organizations, government agencies and individuals are searching for explanations for the problems of social disease and pregnancy among the youth, the roots of these disasters are in plain view.

Sexual immorality, among other things, degrades the marriage covenant that God established in the very beginning as one of the pillars of the human race. A man and a woman are to remain virgins until they are married to the one they saved themselves for. These two then would vow their love and loyalty to each other for life, regardless of the hardships that would come. Being totally faithful to each other, they are able to have a deep bond of love and trust. In this environment, healthy, secure children are able to be raised into good members of society. When this environment is broken down, what is the effect on society?

Divorce, for one thing. I can only say that something deep in my heart felt like it turned to stone when, at age twelve, my sister's boyfriend came into the TV room and said, "You know, your daddy's packing his bags and leaving." I can't explain what happened that caused me to turn from little league sports and mowing lawns to being arrested for grand auto theft within a month. I surely was not cognitive of what was happening to my soul. Of course my story is mild compared to many.

Obviously, when the foundations of marriage and the family break down, then children grow up



frustrated and rebel against their parents. Once children do this, then the very foundations of society are broken down completely.

Many children grow up with only one parent or perhaps only know one of their parents. Though the parents may go on with their lives, children are deeply effected, having to feel what it's like to have parents who don't love each other enough to stay married. This foundational breakdown makes it hard for children to believe that they will grow up and marry someone who won't leave them.

Sexual immorality, however, is not the only element destroying the family in society today. Children also

suffer from not having their mother at home nurturing them and creating a secure home for them. So many mothers are out working now and the children are left under the care of others. On the outside things might seem okay. But what is happening to the unseen parts of the children, like the development of their character? It used to be that the value of the homemaker was deeply respected and understood in society, but now fewer and fewer women want to do it.

My friend grew up in a small town in Maine and her grandmother had a big wood-fired oven in the middle of her kitchen. Every day she would wake up, put on her apron,

YAHSHUA

Tired of compromise, tired of living as slaves – they waited for a deliverer. Knowing that there had to be something more to life than growing old and dying, more than storing up wealth or losing it – they spoke his name. Longing to see something pure, beautiful, fresh, and holy on the earth – they whispered this word in hope. They recorded it in their sacred writings and read it over with quiet awe.

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

Then, at the right time, he was born. ♦

and start her work. She was so faithful for so many years that her kitchen became the center of town. Many would gather there throughout the day, knowing that this place of hospitality and friends would always be there. When she finally died, people all over town felt disoriented, and years later they were still feeling the loss in their everyday lives.

This is simply an illustration of how much security the homemaker brings to 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 to seek after other things.

God told the woman in the Garden after she fell that she was to bear increased pain in childbirth and let her husband rule over her. What did God desire to happen through this? He desired that the family would be protected and that our hearts would stay tender, sensing our need for Him. So in spite of all the good reasons one may think of not to stay within the boundaries of this basic foundation, the fruit is reaped in the children. Yes, some women may feel liberated, but it comes at the expense of their children who must bear the loss in their soul.

Have you ever considered the pain a woman bears in childbirth to be one of the foundations of society?

The loss of the brooding instinct has much to do with the increased pressure on women to take pain-killers during childbirth. It has been known for a long time that if a woman accepts this pain that it deeply bonds her to her child. The husband likewise is deeply bonded to his wife after seeing what she suffered to give birth to his child. This naturally helps the man to defend the respect the children are to have for their mother. Surely it also causes something to happen between woman and God when she receives this pain willingly.

Yes, these simple foundations are not often looked to for the answers by the so called "great minds." They look for answers that won't require a change of lifestyle or comfort. So the solutions to these sociological dilemmas appear great mysteries. At this point complicated reasoning replaces wisdom, and selfishness grows like a weed.

We see how easy it is to turn from social responsibility and begin focussing on pleasure when we consider what values schools focus on. This is where most children learn their role in society. How many children are required to pass a course in caring for their neighbor as they would themselves or taught to work hard for a living when choosing a career? Survival on this planet requires working by the sweat of

your brow. To the degree someone avoids living by his own sweat, someone else must sweat for him. Even if you have enough money to live in careless ease, there is a poor worker somewhere on this planet who provided for you by his sweat. Is his work really worth so much less than yours? The deep responsibilities of justice aren't being formed in our school, so children are praised and rewarded for attaining to a job where they don't have to sweat for a living.



Nor do the great universities that groom the future leaders of our civilization promote the foundation of social responsibility being greater than personal achievement. Most people who go there are looking for ways to earn a better living without having to suffer so much, leaving the suffering for the poor of the society.

God established after the fall that man should work by the sweat of his brow to support himself and his family. This foundation helps the man stay conscientious. It helps him remember his need for his Creator and his responsibility to judge the evil tendencies that work in him. When

this foundation breaks down, a man's priorities shift from his responsibilities as a man to selfishness.

In this state of being, the polluted consciences of such men promote polluting the environment. Who is responsible for all the pollution and endangered species? Who is responsible for the hole in the ozone layer? We must live with the understanding that we will be called to account someday by our Creator who gave us this earth to care for.

If each man were simply working hard by the sweat of his brow to provide for the needs of his family, while being mindful of his neighbors, then we wouldn't need expensive government programs to help people through difficult times. Neighbors would take care of each other and, of course, we would be more conscientious, sensing our purpose in society. If this good social pressure were still here, the rise in violence among our youth wouldn't be. This is simply the culmination of forsaking these basic foundations established by our Creator.

Who isn't asking themselves deep

questions about the senseless killings going on in the schools now? But when there is a rise in evil behavior, shouldn't we question what has changed to allow this behavior to exist? Certainly the foundational breakdowns we mentioned earlier, together with the violence on television, set the stage for this evil behavior. What happens to the murderers these days? As of 1987, 12 states plus the district of Columbia do not have the death penalty anymore. Though this is a controversial subject today, with many offering compelling reasons to abolish the death penalty, we must carefully consider that this too is a foundation established by our Creator during a time in human history when violence had almost destroyed mankind.

This is when God said to Noah after the flood that he will require an account for human life. Whoever sheds the blood of another man, by man shall his blood be shed. So what are the consequences for going against this basic foundation of human society?

Innocent blood pollutes the earth. The most horrible pollution it is to murder another man who is created in the image of God. This is the ultimate rebellion against our Creator. The Almighty God who governs the universe commanded that such a one be put to death by the human government ruling the land, so that society would be cleansed from the

innocent blood and the proper fear would go into anyone who might consider such an act. So what kind of person would take lightly the violence shown on television and movies, and cartoons that the little children are set in front of?

When basic foundations in the individual break down, then comes the snowball effect of these foundations breaking down within the fabric of the society. Individuals turn from what they know is right, silence their conscience, and eventually exchange the truth of God for a lie. They become darkened in their minds to these basic truths that man has known about for millennia, resulting in foolish speculations and philosophies about what the truth is. Such people are inventors of evil and in their own hearts elevate themselves against the truth of God's commands. They also give hearty approval to the breakdown of God's foundations for human society.

Yet in the same society are those who don't feel so good about the wrong they are doing and there are those who are doing what is right. So if the foundations are destroyed, what can the righteous do?

Everyone in the world, whether good or bad, are still part of the same society. Therefore if the foundations crumble, everyone is destroyed together. In other words, everyone is on the same boat and that boat is sinking. But there is another boat. ♦

REAL

Real. That's the word you would use to describe him. He wasn't playing a game. He wasn't projecting some image, trying to get people to look up to him. There wasn't a speck of deceit in him. He didn't have anything up his sleeve. He was exactly what he appeared to be. He said exactly what he meant. He talked about real things. Like greed. And fear. And selfishness. Things that are inside everybody.

But he wasn't gloomy and depressing. He was full of joy and full of hope. He knew a way out. That's why he talked about those real problems: because he knew that those things were taking people to death, and he didn't want them to go to death. He wanted them to be full of life – life that would never end. ♦

A new society — A new foundation

We are members of a new society, the Kingdom of Yahshua the Messiah. It is a different kind of society — one in which no one is despised or unimportant, no one lonely or unwanted. The strong are not exalted and the weak are not exploited. There are no rich or poor.

In this new society, mistreating and being cold to one another are foreign. We don't strive to get ahead of, nor take advantage of one another. Neither do we turn our backs on each other when times get hard.

We are learning a new way of relating to each other — without fear, without hostility, without suspicion. We live in an atmosphere of trust. It is healing not to wear a plastic smile or any kind of mask to hide what you're really like inside. To have friends who can be influenced by the Holy Spirit who is totally for us and able to heal us.

In the present world order, each person must take care of his own needs. But in Yahshua's new social order, we look after each other's needs and let others take care of our needs. We can do this because we are all together, living for our King Yahshua. He is in control so we don't have to worry.

It is so wonderful to live for him and not ourselves. We are compelled to do this because we are so thankful to be forgiven and cleansed of our sins. We are so indebted to Yahshua for paying the penalty for our sins.

Not weighed down with guilt anymore, we are free to love and forgive each other. Forgiveness creates such a wonderful bond of friendship. It communicates love.

Yahshua denied his own well-being in order to meet the demands of loving each and every person. He did this even when he knew he would have to be tortured and killed for his stand.

He knew what it meant to become the sacrifice for our sins. He would have to be punished in death for everyone's guilt, even his enemies who hurt him in life. Yet he still wanted to do it. He had hope even for his enemies.

He didn't love like this to bring attention to himself, though. He was motivated by compassion for the needy and wanting to be an example for others so the new social order could be born. He is the king of this new society of love. Yahshua is the King of Kings, the ruler of the kingdom of God.

To truly be a part of this kingdom means to follow Yahshua with total abandonment of our own self-interest. This is how he loved us. This is how we must love him. This is how his true followers love one another.

To gain Yahshua costs you everything, but as he said, "Those who want to save their life will lose it, and those who lose their life for my sake will save it."

We are so thrilled to announce this tremendous news to you about the kingdom of God. Words fail to describe the complete healing of our whole being that we are experiencing. We are looking everywhere for our lost brothers and sisters in the world. We hope you are one of them.

Whoever desires life, come to Yahshua. You are invited to be a part of this new society.

Love,

Yahshua's people in the Twelve Tribes Communities. ♦



Tribes

The appointed time has come. No longer strangers, no longer rootless — a nation is gathering. No longer separated, no longer alienated — a commonwealth is forming.

In a modern world where the age-old foundations of family life are all but gone, there is a place where they are being restored.

Here the ancient tribal life of Abraham, a life of hospitality and peace, is being re-established. It's

hard to imagine, two thousand years after this tribal life vanished from the earth, what it should look like. "But there is nothing covered up that will not be revealed, and hidden that will not be made known" (Luke 12:2).

All nationalities can trace their ancestry back to tribal living, but for most, this tribal life no longer exists. Cultures that ignored their conscience fell apart. Selfishness pulled men away from one another. Wars broke out.

But there is no war in our Tribes. Just as we have been forgiven, we forgive others. We are part of this people who are returning to the way our Creator intended us to live. Because our sins have been forgiven, we have a new life. "A new life" does not just mean that we have stopped doing bad things — it means that God's love has been poured into our hearts. We are learning to love as He

loves. And just like it always has in the past, this love is producing a life of unity and care in which there are no rich or poor. It is the same tribal life that was lived by the early disciples of our Master Yahshua,* the Son of God. We have returned to the same root of faith as His first followers, and hope to bear the same fruit.

We live a simple life in community — working together, eating together, sharing all we have. We are not governed by endless lists of outward rules and

regulations. The rules that govern us are being written on our hearts. Our aim is to love each other as our Master loved us, to love our Creator with all our heart, soul, and strength, and to love our neighbors who live around us as we love ourselves. Daily we gather in our households with singing and dancing to give thanks to the One who has saved us from an empty and hopeless existence.

Many households make up a clan. Many clans make up a tribe. The tribes are united across national boundaries by their love for one another. This love is not just a feeling. It is a lifelong commitment, knitting us together like a child is knit together in the mother's womb. The tribes are being formed. And then, a nation will be born in a day — Israel. It's forming; it's coming! The day is about to dawn! You can be part of what God is doing on the earth. 🕊



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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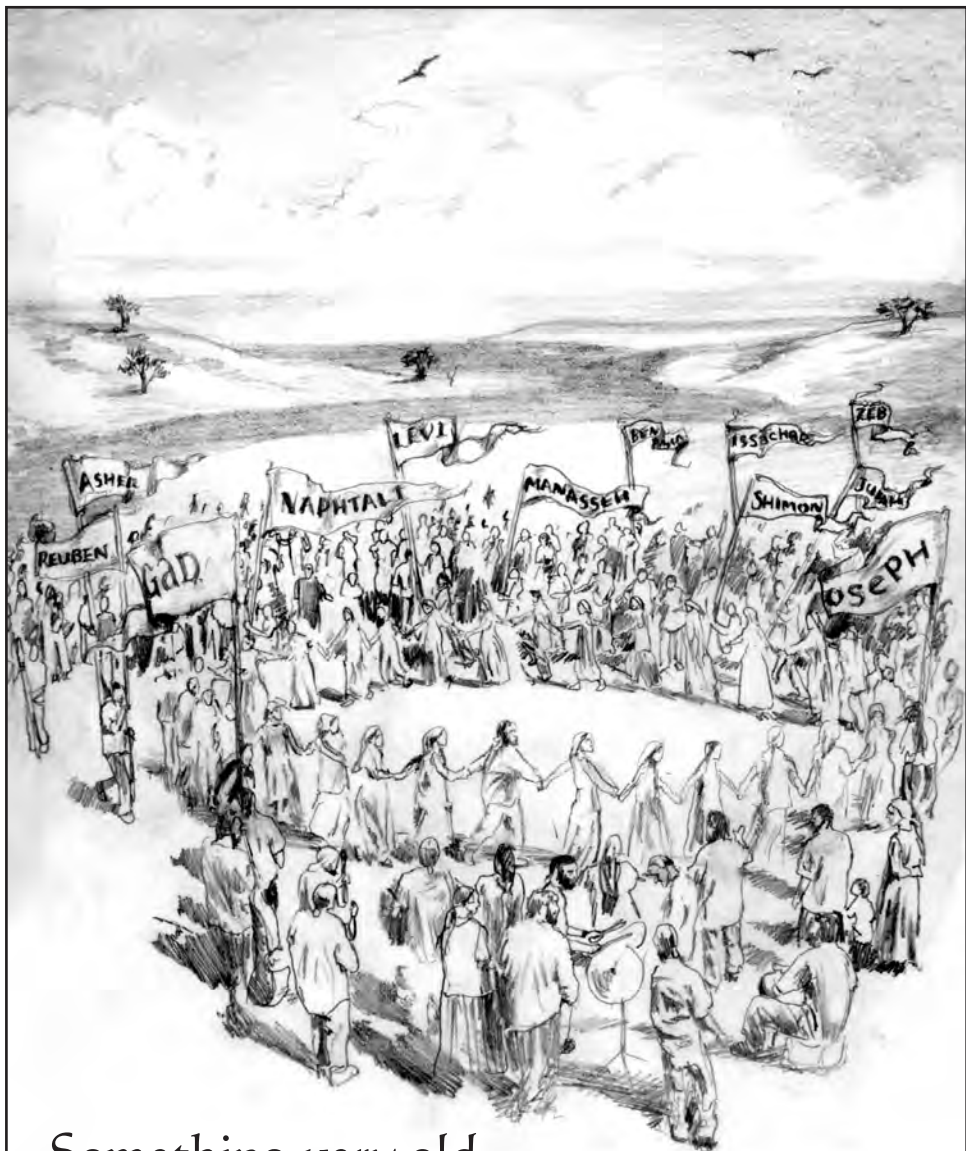
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