

After All These Years

*So nice to see you after
such a long time.*

*Where have you been, tell
me what did you find?*

*Did you ever make it to
the end of your rainbow?*

*I was watching for you at
the door, hoping you'd find
your way home.*

In 1987, a young man
named Daniel from one of
our communities began to
talk about the Grateful Dead
scene and how he felt that
there were many there who
were searching for life. At first

we didn't know what to think
about it. Most of us had come
from different walks of life,
although many of us had been
part of the 60's movement
and had at least a little
familiarity with the Grateful
Dead. But Daniel was very
persistent in his desire to
reach out to the Deadheads,
so we took on his faith.

We found a bus... well
actually two buses. We spent
many long days and nights
putting the top half of one bus
on the bottom of the other,
as well as

finishing
the inside to
be a warm
place of
hospitality.
We were so
thankful
to have a
comfortable
place for
people to
come and get

to know us. We built a
kitchen in the back to make
cookies and tea for the new
friends we would make.

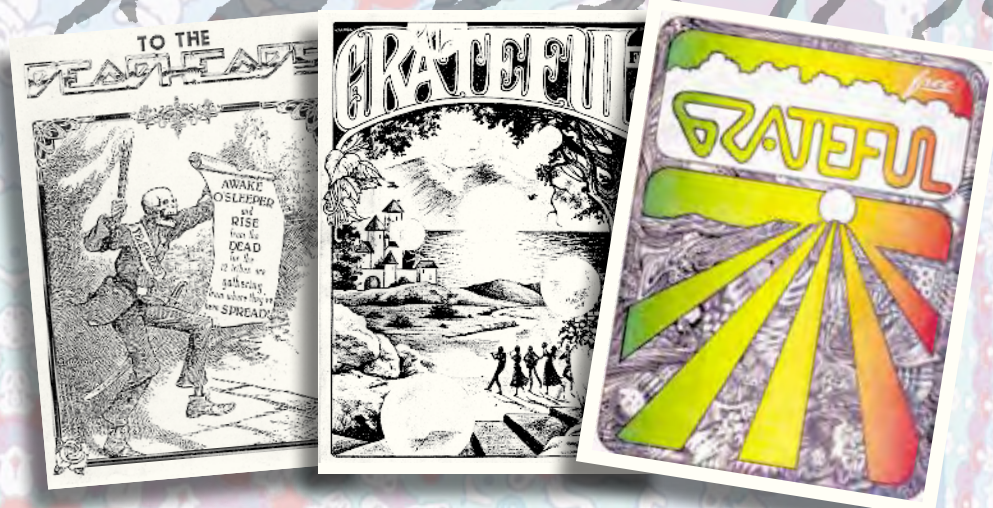
Then we wrote articles
and drew pictures for a special
freepaper, and worked many
days and nights putting the
publication together. We were
almost ready to go. But what
would we do there? What
would our Master Yahshua
do there? Well, of course, we
would go and help people. So
that's what we did.

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

For nine years we went
out on the tours, mostly on the
East Coast, with our maroon-
and-cream, double-decker
bus: the Peacemaker. Perhaps
you met us. Did you see us
dancing in a circle? We may
have taken glass out of your
foot, or cleaned up the scrape
on your knee. Perhaps you sat
and talked with us on the bus
while you came down from a
bad trip. Do you remember?
We might have helped you
find your friends. We laughed
with you and cried with you,
folk-danced with you, and sang
songs to you. Many of you
came home with us for a
visit. Some fell in love
and never left. Many
promised to return
someday. We have
prayed for you and
hoped you would
find your way
home.

We're here
because we haven't
forgotten about you

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



JAIL

One day, you wake up in jail. It's the darkest, blackest, gloomiest jail you've ever seen in your whole life. You can't imagine how they built cells where no light can creep in. It's so dark you can't even see your feet ... or your hands ... or even the tip of your nose. The pitch-black room cuts off any chance for you to see what kind of shape you're in. You might as well not even have a body, you think, 'cause you can't tell if it's even there.

You try to feel around, but your hands are chained. When you try to move your toes, they're chained, too; so tightly, they can't even wiggle when your brain commands them to. It's the same way with your head and neck. They've got it pinioned in some sort of deadlock. Maybe you're strait-jacketed. Or maybe they've drugged you up with a sedative that makes you feel limp like a bowl of mush or a wet rag. They might have given you an injection in the base of your spine, a powerful nerve block, and you're as good as paralyzed until it wears off.

There's really nothing to do except to wait for the effects of that stupid stuff to go away. You fight back an overwhelming surge of panic and settle down to think. You figure the best

thing to do is to try and cry out for help. "Help! Let me out of here!" you scream. Your voice travels about as far as your lips and gets drowned in a silence so thick you can hear a pin drop. Must be soundproof cells. You know it's your voice, though. You've known the sound of it ever since you were a little kid. Even if no one else can hear it, you do.

Solitary confinement is pretty solitary, you note. You wonder what you can do to get yourself out of your predicament. You don't like the lonely feeling that's settled down on your guts like a bunch of crows on a newly-seeded field. You want someone to talk to in the worst way, but there is only yourself, and you'd give your eye teeth for a way to shake off that nagging voice that says you're never going to get out of there.

You start to think about your recent past and in a split

second a couple of numbing incidents pop up. The memory of them is as perfectly clear to you as the very day they happened. You're walking up Church Street, on your way to the music school, and Fred the Panhandler hits you up for a quarter. He hits you up whenever he sees you. Never mind other people, he always seems to find you. Maybe that's why your heart burns against him so, 'cause he always puts you on the spot. Or maybe it's 'cause his skin is black and he's on welfare, and the state is giving him more money for doing nothing than you get for working. Whatever reason, you tell him no, and an angry train of curses follows. You just let them fly and all your pent-up rage gets released on Fred. He's hurt, you can tell. You know he's taken it before, but you've stripped his dignity away and humiliated him in a way no human should. Your pangs of conscience at the time

are washed away by a flood of reasons, and the whole scene gets filed away until this day, this moment, when you're alone with your thoughts. The pain feels so fresh and keen, you wish you could say

You want someone to talk to in the worst way, but there is only yourself, and you'd give your eye teeth for a way to shake off that nagging voice that says you're never going to get out of there.

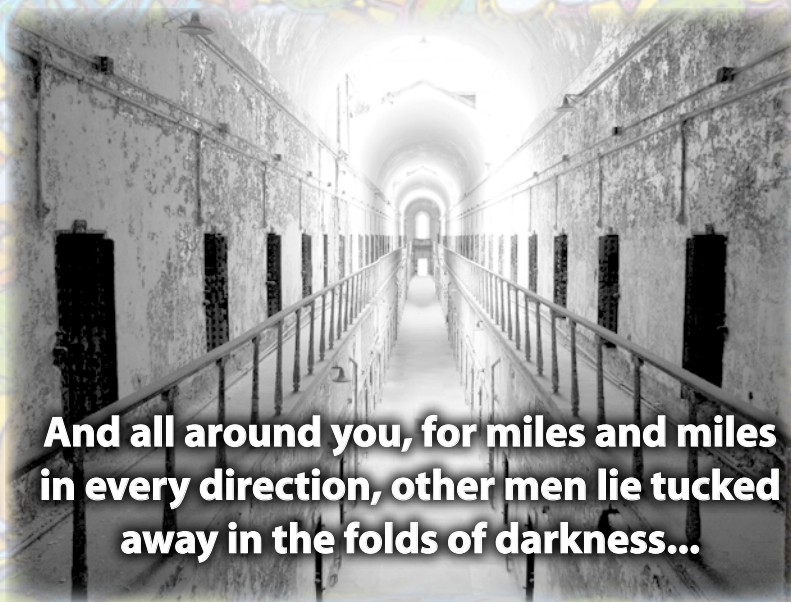
something to make it right. But you can't. And it simmers in your memory like a little sterno flame.

Then there's the time you ripped off those guys in the car. This incident follows hard on the heels of what happened with Fred. You're hitching to Hammonasset on a beautiful fall day to hike on the beach and wander around the saltwater marshes, the dunes, the old houses, and the scraggly trees. Four guys from the sub base in New London pull over and crowd in to make room for you. They're all stoned and they're getting even more wasted on the biggest hunk of hash you've ever seen in your whole life. It's as least as big as your thumbnail and twice

as thick as the end of one of your fingers. You join in, everything's great ... then someone fumbles the piece as he shaves off some for another round. You join them in searching and you're the first to find it on one of the mats. Almost unconsciously it slips from your fingers into the top of one of your boots.

You continue to help them look, you poke around the floor mats, you reach under the front seat, you even check the crack between the cushions. It's not there. And when your exit comes up, you leave them at the ramp, still searching high and low for the missing hash that you know you'll get a beating for if they ever catch on. Why you remember it today and not back then seems a little strange to you. But, you figure, it's just another case when doper's greed got the better of you.

It struck every time the bowl was empty or the last bit of the roach had gone out. You know the typical scene: a circle of friends, the camaraderie around the pipe, the other guys settling down in comfortable listening positions. Europe '72 comes on, and there you are, sitting beside them with a stupid grin on your face. You want more. Of course, you want more. You're never satisfied until you're zonked out of your mind.



And all around you, for miles and miles in every direction, other men lie tucked away in the folds of darkness...

The Dead Will Rise Again

The knot tightens in your stomach. "Is that all?" you ask yourself. "Aren't we going to do another?" You sit there for ages, trying to think up a way to hint at doing more without getting totally rejected. Finally you think of it, the perfect way to plant the suggestion. And you're as happy inside as a little child opening Christmas presents under the tree. And yet you know you're always stingier when it comes to doing your own stash; it's always easier when it is someone else's. It makes you a little hot under the collar to think about the way you were, way back then. Yet there's nothing you can do to get rid of that memory.

What you'd do to get high! What you'd do to find dope! It was like a fever that made your eye glisten with a false lustre, your cheeks flush with deceitful color, your muscles twitch with unnatural activity, and your nerves throb with restless desire. That fever had such a grip on you, it couldn't be quenched. You felt such a slave to it. Time and time again you tried to shake it off. But somehow you couldn't. You always felt so empty inside and there was never anything to fill that emptiness gnawing away at your guts. Today when you think about it, it nibbles a little bit and worms away. You feel about as vital as a man who can't shake the cold chills and the fever heat of his malaria.

There are other things popping up, in quick

succession, dogging your steps like a bloodhound after an escaped criminal. Things besides dope that your heart panted after and coveted. There were your best friend's

In the end, your innocence was sacrificed for other goals, other pleasures, and other pursuits. All that remained was the melancholy longing for a paradise lost.

girlfriend, another man's wife, your buddy's best clothes, or someone else's car. There were jealousies and envyings and rivalries. There were rip-offs and shop-liftings and cheatings. You could stay in any one category for hours and never exhaust it. And after that, your mind flips back once again to the old thing about Fred the Panhandler and the guys with the hash. Another endless cycle begins and you play it through again like you would a Bach fugue, with a hundred or a thousand new twists to the old theme.

It's hard to face up to some of the things you did, hard to look into the darkness all around and know that it's penetrating into your innermost parts bit by bit. Or that it had been doing that all along for years.

And yet, you search for times when you still had some

innocence left, before it slipped out of your grasp like a handful of sand through your fingers. Your eyes turn back to a time long ago, before you became cynical and unconcerned and indifferent; back before the public school system got a hold of you and regimented you into its citizenry. Lust and covetousness for the best of everything and whatever money can buy were bred into your little heart, year by year. They told you the sky was the limit to all your greedy desires. But once you started to acquire the possessions you longed for, it only bred new desires within you for more. The worm of discontent gnawed at your peace, and all your unsatisfied desires tossed you to and fro like the waves of the restless sea. Your conscience continually cried out for some authority, any authority in your barren life, and inside lodged a pain of a hunger that could not find any satisfaction.

Under the pressure of work and social life and the lure of cheap pleasures, you lost the wonder of your earlier years. You could no longer appreciate a walk in a field or in the woods or by the ocean unless you had someone with you. Your intense joy at the freshness of the dawning day or the glory of the many-colored sunset wasn't savored unless you were high. You lost your sense of wonder for the majesty of mountains

and clouds, the infinity of sky and sea, the perfection of flowers, or the sight of a young animal in its earliest moments. Instead, a restless desire for excitement took its place and all your purity was robbed, channeled into a lust for sports, recreation, drugs, and other pleasures. Now you can't produce those feelings again. You are empty.

Also your friendships became more demanding and painful. To know others in a deeper way claimed your wholehearted loyalty and commitment, your watchfulness and care. Much time and effort was required to increase in them. In the end, it cut deeply at the root of



your self-centered life. A lot of relationships died from neglect. The tragedy of these embittered you, and when you tried again, you tried more cautiously. Next time your defenses were up and your heart stayed guarded.

In the end, your innocence was sacrificed for other goals, other pleasures, and other pursuits. All that remained was the melancholy longing for a paradise lost. A sorrow

A Twelve Tribes Freepaper

filled you and you looked at all your wasted opportunities and wondered why you lived the way you lived.

Little do you know that in the next cell over is a vet who's playing back his whole scenario, watching it run in reverse before his eyes. He's seeing the little zinging pieces of metal fly out of a guy's chest and wing their way back to his rifle. The man he just shot stands up again and he and his buddies take their rifles back to camp, hand them in, and others pack them away, crate by crate. They're all shipped back overseas by boats and planes and taken to big factories where women disassemble them.

Funny, he thinks, it's women who are chosen to do this special, careful work. The pieces are all sent off to huge, roaring furnaces and all the little parts get melted down

into one great molten mass. As it cools, railroad trains line up nearby and take the crushed ore off to the most distant parts of the country. Far away from man or beast, in lonely, remote places, men bury the trainloads far beneath the ground where no one will ever find them or use them ever again.

And all around you, for miles and miles in every direction, other men lie tucked

away in the folds of darkness. Like you, their thoughts busily race over the nagging past, and their mind’s eye examines every detail of the misdeeds that brought their innocence to an end. Each knows his own agony of mind, and each hears his own excuses over and over again. Each goes back through his own experience, trying to erase the effects his greed had on others. Go back through yours.

Go back to a time when the North Woods were pristine and alive, before the greed of men chopped them down and destroyed the giant trees year after year. Go back to the mountains before the miners appeared, back to a time when streams were unsluiced and valleys were lush and green. Go even further back before the plains belonged to the government. There you’ll see herds of buffalo, cropping slowly windward, great shaggy beasts darkening the plains.

Ride through just one herd. It’ll take you all day to do it.

Watch oak trees shrink into acorns and wildflower seeds return on the wind to their source. Gold-seekers return East and railroads uproot track mile by mile. Ten thousand settlers all leave the newly-opened Oklahoma territory in one day. Greed runs backward and the ravaged New World springs back to newness. Millions of acres of hardwood and white pine take root again. Chestnuts and walnuts burnt for charcoal, chopped up for firewood, and laid in the mud for road beds, again sway in the wind. Golden plovers again fill the skies and passenger pigeons roost in the woods.

Go back to a land of canebrakes, bluegrass, wild grains, and salt licks. West of the Cumberlands, a thousand animals might be glimpsed

there in one lucky moment. Push your way back through the mountains, back to the fertile valleys of the Mohican, Western Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Go back to a time when deer browsed on lush meadowlands in unconcerned droves, when the land was a riot of color and sound... when turkeys gobbled and squirrels barked and waterfowl took

His Spirit would never leave you alone. Or in jail. Or dead. He would bring you home and give you life.

flight with thunderous wings at the approach of men ... when the skies were darkened for hours with birds, and when grapes hung over the banks of rivers.

When men returned home at nightfall, their pant legs and the bellies of their horses were stained red from the

scarlet beds of strawberries and ground fruits they had trampled through.

Go all the way back to when Henry Hudson’s crew on the Half Moon were disarmed by the fragrance of the New Jersey shore; when others sailing further up the coast occasionally sailed through beds of floating flowers. Verrazano smelled the cedars of the East Coast a hundred leagues out, and Raleigh’s colonists scented what they thought was a garden. The heavy odor of forests and fields greeted all who first came to the New World.

Sail back to Europe, bloodied by its wars and religions. Go back through the years to when Christianity was young. There, most of the early followers were led astray by a spiritless form of the life Yahshua led. Go back to Him, the seed, the beginning

of it all, the most tender, compassionate, and caring friend you could ever find. Had you been there, you would have loved Him. Had you heard Him, you would have listened. Had you been in jail, He would have gotten you out.

But men quickly forgot how He was and what He taught. It was too hard, and they wanted something easier. So that was what they got: a religion called Jesus and no way to touch His heart. That’s what came over to the New World. It wasn’t His Spirit that came. His Spirit didn’t hate the Indians, or the wilderness, or the laws of His Father. His Spirit didn’t lead men to be greedy or selfish. And His Spirit didn’t make the New World waste and void.

His Spirit would never leave you alone. Or in jail. Or dead. He would bring you home and give you life. His people have gone before you and made ready those homes. They are in communities. They are near. 🌸

YAHSHUA

Calling our Savior by the name of **Yahshua** is not an attempt to change, distort, or create a new name. It is only a return to the name rightfully due to Him and originally given to Him, which truly proclaims who He really is. He is the One who saves His people from their sins, and the Son of the Most High God, the King of Israel, who will sit on the throne of his father David

and rule over Israel and the whole earth in the coming age.

One day a messenger was sent from the true and living God. He traveled through distant galaxies bearing a name that would be revealed in a far away land. The angel Gabriel was sent to a city of Israel called Nazareth, in the province of Galilee. There he spoke to a Hebrew man named Yoceph (Joseph) and to a Hebrew virgin Miriam (Mary) announcing to them the birth of a son and His very

meaningful name. (Matthew 1:20,21; Luke 1:26,27)

The angel spoke to them in their native tongue, for any other language would have been incomprehensible to them. It is significant that he spoke the name of their child to them in the Hebrew dialect. The importance of His name and the consequential effect of it on all of mankind could only be transmitted with its clear meaning in the Hebrew name, YAHSHUA.

In obedience they named the child as His heavenly Father had commanded, and He lived His whole life bearing the name He had been given from heaven. His name fully represented who He was, His calling, and His message. (Luke 1:31) In the Hebrew culture a person’s name was very important. It revealed the essence of who that person was. So in God’s eyes and the eyes of the people to whom He was sent, His name was very important.

He entrusted the message that His Father had given to Him to men that He Himself chose. These men were not confused as to His name when they went forth in the power of the Holy Spirit, because they knew that He was **YAHSHUA**, meaning **mighty and powerful to save**. They proclaimed this name, saying, “There is salvation in no one else; for there is no other name under heaven that has been given among men, by which we must be saved.” (Acts 4: 12) 🌸

THE DEAD WILL RISE AGAIN

Job's Struggle

The old man sat in dust and ashes, scraping the festering sores that covered his body from head to toe. He had never known such pain. He had lost almost everything — all his wealth, his livestock and, most painfully, all of his children died together in a catastrophic windstorm that destroyed the house they were gathered in. His wife spoke in her grief, “Do you still hold fast your integrity? Curse God and die!” He scolded her, “You speak as one of the foolish women speaks. Shall we indeed accept good from God and not accept adversity?”

Surely he would have imagined death to be preferable to his tragic circumstances. Yet, he was a man who had always trusted in the righteousness and justice of his creator. He learned in his life to acknowledge God in everything that happened. But he struggled within himself to reconcile the recent turn of events in his life with what he thought he knew and understood about the heart of God.



A Little Further Down the Road

It is pretty universal that when a man faces a great crisis, or even the threat of his demise, he begins to consider the course of his life and his own mortality and what lies beyond...

Job wondered, “When a man dies will he live again?” He determined, “All the days of my struggle I will wait, until my change comes.” He knew instinctively that death itself was not final, but there would be a transition, a change, but that he would

continue to exist. He considered the tree, though it is cut down and its roots grow old in the ground, and its stump dies in the dry soil, yet at the scent of water it will flourish and put forth sprigs like a plant.

He understood in his heart that his Creator would raise man from the dead at the end of time to stand before Him, that there



was hope for a second life. Job said, “You will call, and I will answer You; You will long for the work of Your hands.”

The Instinctive Knowledge of God

Job lived thousands of years ago when men were much more in tune to the instinctive knowledge of God within them. This knowledge of good and evil and the

consequences that each carry is also called the “conscience.”

We all have this intrinsic knowledge of righteousness and justice, yet we are bombarded from an early age with conflicting messages about what is good and what is evil. Some even say there is no evil, only good, and that God is in everything and will not hold us accountable for our

actions, because “His love is unconditional.” Others will say that there is no creator, no spiritual realm, and that man is a highly evolved animal who simply ceases to exist when he dies.

All man-made religions

and philosophies have one thing in common — their ultimate aim is to convince man that he is just fine living a self-centered life.

A Radically Different Paradigm

But there was one special man who had a different spirit and a different message. He not only called people to a radical new way of life, but He lived as example of true justice and a transcendent righteousness. For He loved like no one else before Him. He lived His whole life for the well-being of others.

His radical message, “*Deny yourself, take up your cross and follow Me.*” This was the way to life and peace, the way of



healing and restoration, the hope of the world. For only in living for others, as He did, could we truly come together in a sustainable way.

It is selfishness that is destroying mankind, leaving us isolated and alienated, while



lost in the crush of humanity all around us. In the society in which we live, we are forced to look out for ourselves and our own needs. It has become “the way of life” in this culture to live

and think independently from others. That is why the Beatles sang, “All the lonely people, where do they all belong?”

But Yahshua understood that living for yourself is actually the way of death. He said, “*If anyone wishes to save his life, he will lose it. But whoever loses His life for My sake and the sake of the good news, will find it. For what does it profit a man to gain the whole world, yet lose his own soul?*”



The Dead Will Rise

So death comes, as He said in the story of the rich man and Lazurus, the poor beggar. For the rich man, death was a place of torment. For the

good-hearted beggar there was comfort. Like Job, they would be raised from the dead and give an account for the life they had been given, the choices they made along the way, the



consequences of those choices, and even the motives of their hearts.

Yahshua said, "Do not marvel at this; for an hour is coming, in which all who are in the tombs shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; those who did the good deeds to a resurrection of life, those who committed the evil deeds to a resurrection of judgment." Yes, *the dead will rise again* and be judged according to *their deeds*, not their religion or their vain notions of their own goodness. The truth about a man's human worth is evident in his deeds, whether good or evil, whether selfless or selfish.

But in the confusion of these days, where good is called evil and evil is called good, and

man has strayed so far from the foundations that once provided solid footing for a righteous life, there is hardly any support or motivation to live according to the instinctive knowledge of

God man was born with. Mankind is not only living recklessly in this age, but as they abandon all human worth, they are setting themselves on a course for eternal destruction.

Rising From the Dead Begins Now

Yahshua came to understand that His whole purpose in life, and ultimately His suffering in death, would be to provide a way of escape from death. For His Father, our Creator, desired to show mercy to those who had a heart to turn from their deep

hurtful ways. As the only sinless man who ever lived, Yahshua took the righteous wrath of God against our sin, then rose from the dead in victory. Now

in following Him, we can also overcome our sin and have our human worth restored to us. In Yahshua, we can overcome the deep selfishness that works in all of us. He can deliver us

from the temptations of the evil one, which delivers us ultimately from death.

This is what Yahshua was referring to when He said, "Truly, truly, I say to you, he who hears My word, and believes Him who sent Me, has eternal life, and does not come into judgment, but has passed out of death into life. Truly, truly, I say to you, an hour is coming and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and those who hear shall live." This was a call to rise from your dead "life" in this world of living for yourself, and to follow Him in living the rest of your life for the will of God, which is to live completely for others.

The Land of the Grateful Living

Yahshua's message has been reduced by the churches of Christianity to be a call to say a little prayer asking Him into your heart so you can go to Heaven when you die. But this is a perversion of the Man and His message. The True One can't be found in Christianity, which is a dead, self-centered religion, bearing no resemblance to the over-flowing, self-sacrificing love that was in Yahshua.

Yahshua can be found in a people who are no longer living for themselves, where all who believe live together and share all things in common,

A Little Furthur Down the Road



If you don't know where you're going, any road will get you there...

just as His early followers lived in Jerusalem. Once again there is true salvation on the earth, but it costs everything to obtain. For to belong to Yahshua is to make Him your only possession, which means forsaking everything else that would possess you.

Come and see the life we

have in Yahshua, that we are so grateful to be able to share with you. It may be what you have been longing for, as it was for us... 🌸



Yahshua can be found in a people who are no longer living for themselves, where all who believe live together and share all things in common



If God lived on my street, I'm sure the house would be big. It would have lots of rooms for all the widows and orphans who live there. It would be their home, not some institutional orphanage with bars on the windows. I'm sure the rooms would have windows to let lots of light in. The house would probably be old and fixed-up, not new and plastic.

There would be a nice white fence around the house, so that the children are safe inside. It would have a gate that is easy to open, so that guests could come in. No mean dog would bark and scare people.

Lots of people would live in God's house, I'm sure, because God doesn't want to be alone. He's not a lonely God. Nobody would cry alone in their rooms at night, or at the dinner table over a bowl of reheated canned soup. No, all the people would eat together, and some would cook, and some would clean up, but they would all be together.

They would invite everyone on my street to a special dinner. They would invite the poor couple in the small apartment, and the crippled woman, and the lame boy with the funny legs that curved inwards. And the blind man, yes, everybody knew his name, and he came all the time. There was a place for everyone at the table, but not everyone came. The important people never came, because they were too busy doing important things. They could have come, but they didn't.

God's house would be clean. God's yard would be clean. In fact, all the trash on the street would get picked up. You could tell someone cared.

God is love, and love is God. I think – if I lived where Love lived, that I could change my bad habits. I could even be honest about the bad things I had done, and then I could change. I bet everybody who lived at God's house says "I'm sorry" a lot and "I forgive you" even more.

If you wanted to come over, you'd be welcome. All the people inside would stop and talk to you. If it was getting late, God would invite you to spend the night and give you His room. He'd even let you move in to His house. And you could bring home another person, too.

It would be a place to belong, a place to be for a long time, a place where the people belong to God, and He belongs to them.

I would move in and live with Love, if God lived on my street. ♦



CALIFORNIA

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

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

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, 583 Aztec Drive
Boulder, CO 80303 ☎ (303) 974-5097

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

MISSOURI

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

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

Common Sense Bakery & Market
234 W. Main Street, Warsaw, MO 65355
☎ (660) 438-2787

Stepping Stone Farm, Rt. 2, Box 55
Weaubleau, MO 65774 ☎ (417) 428-3251

TENNESSEE

Community in Chattanooga, 900 Oak Street
Chattanooga, TN 37403 ☎ (423) 752-3071

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

Community in Pulaski, 219 S. Third Street
Pulaski, TN 38478 ☎ (931) 424-7067

Heritage House Café & Bakery 219 S. 3rd St,
Pulaski, TN 38478 ☎ (931) 363-8586

VIRGINIA

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

NORTH CAROLINA

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

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

GEORGIA

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

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 St.
Hyannis, MA 02601 ☎ (508) 778-8390

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

Common Sense Wholesome Food Market

53 Main St, Plymouth, MA 02360 ☎ (508) 732-0427

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

NEW YORK

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

Yellow Deli 7771 SR 81, Oak Hill, NY 12460
☎ (518) 239-4240

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

Common Ground Café & Bakery 10 E. Main St.
Cambridge, NY 12816 ☎ (518) 677-2360

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 St.
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 — Family Outfitters
Cross & Main Streets, Island Pond, VT 05846
☎ (802) 723-4452

Yellow Deli/Common Sense, 28 Cross 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

Yellow Deli & Hostel, 23 Center St.
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 Slocan, (Nelson), British Columbia V1L 4E2,
Canada ☎ (250) 359-6847

Preserved Seed Café, 202 Vernon St.
Nelson, BC V1L 4E2, Canada ☎ (250) 352-0325

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

Preserved Seed Café, (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

Prinz & Bettler Café Reimlinger Straße
9 Nördlingen, Germany ☎ (49) 9081-275-0440

ENGLAND (0800-0743267)

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

SPAIN

Comunidad de San Sebastián, Paseo de Ulia 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

Common Ground Café in Katoomba 214 Katoomba St.
Katoomba, NSW 2780, Australia ☎ (61) 02-4782-9744

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