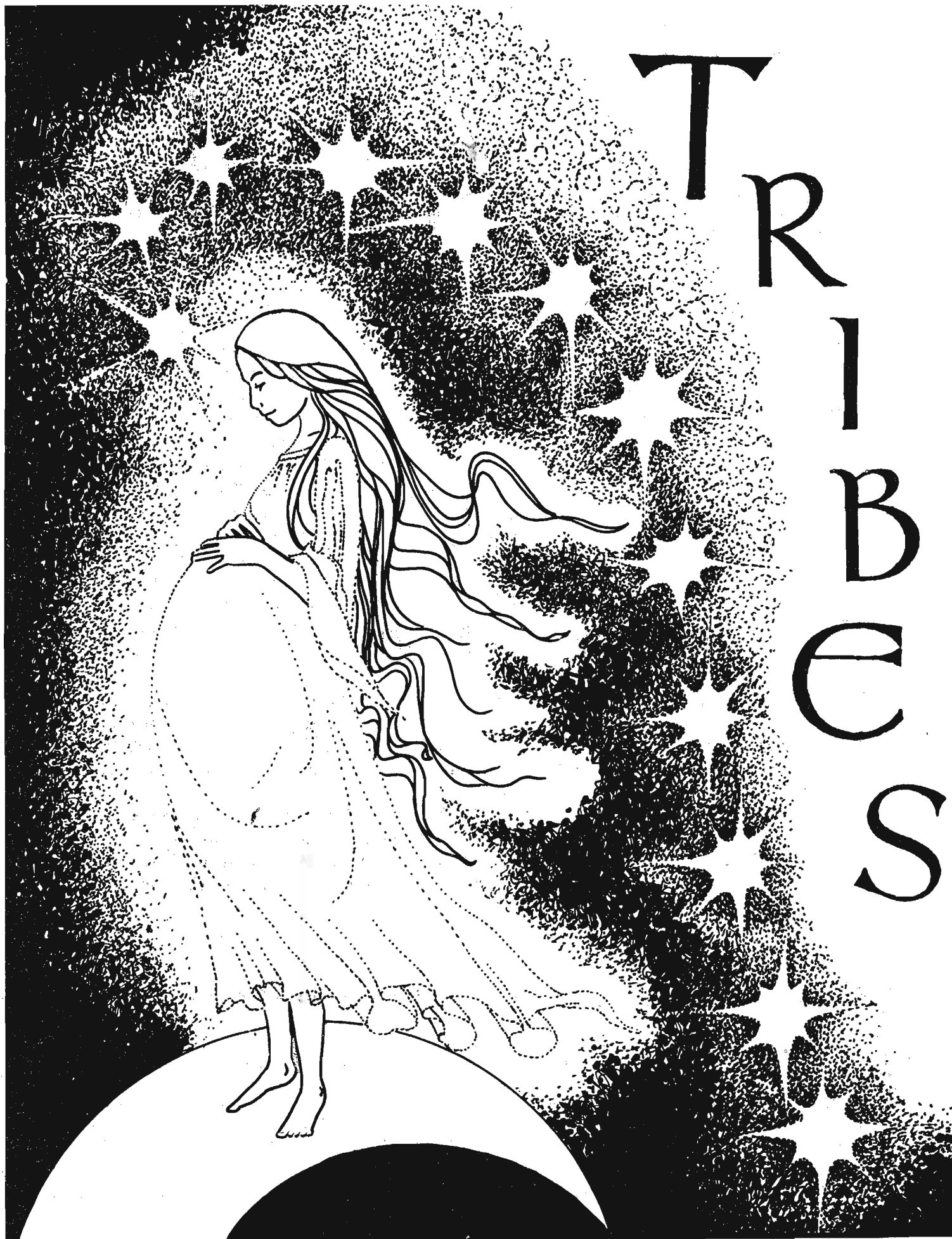
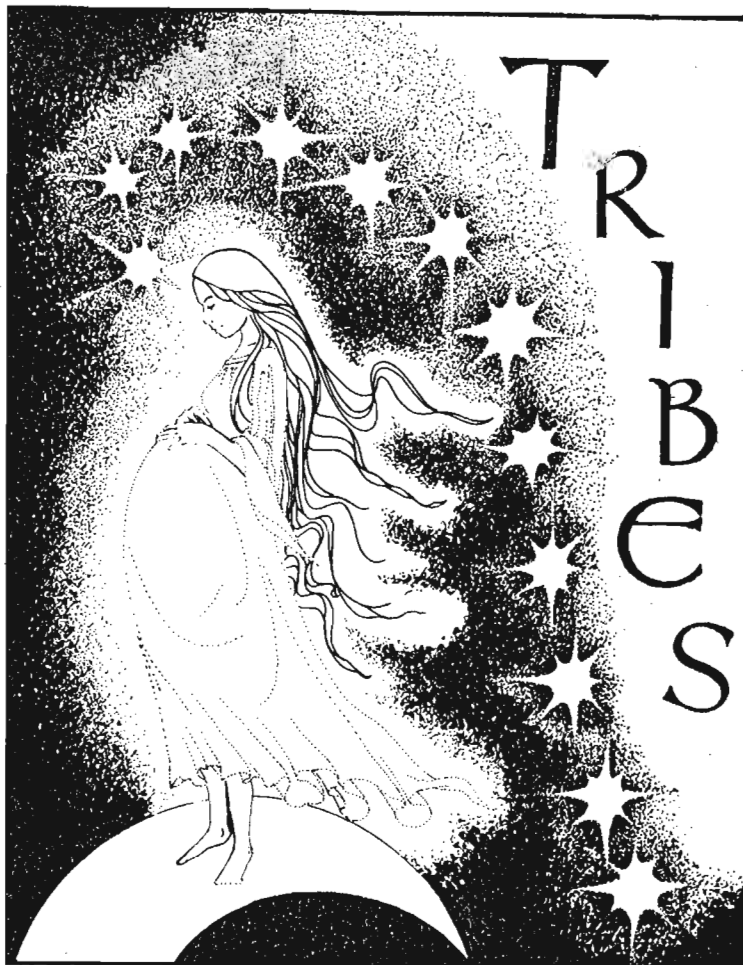


# TRIBES





**"Now a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and on her head a garland of twelve stars; and she was with child .... "**

The vision on the cover from the book of Revelation is a vision of a people. Though it is first seen in heaven, the reality of that vision will also appear on earth. The woman represents Israel, a spiritual nation made up of people from many different lands. These are the ones who are finally faithful to their God in everything. Their light and glory will shine as brightly as the sun and be evident to all. In their midst may be found a love and a unity that will teach the nations how to live.

The woman lives on earth in a soulless time when heartless compromise and corruption goes on all around. Her twelve-starred garland is made up of the various tribes that have gathered together to live the life of spiritual Israel. There will be twelve of them in twelve locations on the earth, each displaying in a distinct way the same love and devotion as the others.

The child she is about to give birth to is a generation so pure and sensitive, so free from sin and self-regard that those men and women could be honestly said to be fit to rule the whole earth. They demonstrate this by how wisely they rule themselves. They live in the last generation, a time when human history as we now know it, will come to an end and the next age will begin ■

*The people who publish this special edition of the New England Freepaper believe that this vision of a twelve-tribed Israel will one day be seen on earth. The articles printed here were written by people who at one time were earnestly seeking to participate in a tribal kind of life-style, in communes, with their friends, or in just homesteading on the land. The direction and circumstances of their lives took a radical turn and now they are part of the communities being established here in New England. In following the teachings of Messiah, they have given up all their own possessions, share all things in common, and are going the difficult route of becoming a nation. In a small way, they are starting to make it happen.*

# Earth People's Park

**"I'd run away from home if I had a home  
to run away from."**

**I was young and ready for anything.** Anything was better than what I was doing. Life was empty and getting emptier; I'd been living that way for years.

It was May and I was hanging out on the sidewalks of Marlborough, Mass. They were full of people just like me who were looking for something to happen. I saw an old Dodge full of hippies pull up to the curb and I recognized one of them as a dealer I hadn't seen for awhile.

"Earth People's Park is where it's happening," he said. "There's 600 acres of free land and anyone can live there. We're going up there right now. Nobody to hassle you. People are into peace and love. Come on with us." It sounded good to me. I didn't have any bags to pack, so I was on my way. It was a long, strange trip.

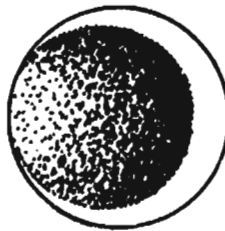
**We arrived early the next morning.** It was exciting to meet everyone. People were very friendly. I was curious about everything and wondered how the place had gotten established, where it was going, and what the vision behind it was.

Nestled in the northeast corner of Vermont near the Canadian border, Earth People's Park was paradise. There were hundreds of acres of choice land. Mullein, tiger lilies, mint, black-eyed Susans, and buttercups bordered the main entrance road. On the way in, we walked alongside a beautiful flowing river. Up the road and along a path there was a sugar maple grove. Beyond that were some deep, cool beaver ponds. Driftwood from the wild cherry trees

lined the shore surrounding them. On the other side of the land was a spacious field and nearby was another river that wove its way through a neighboring farmer's field. The Park was an enchanted forest full of surprises.

Wavy Gravy and his friends, The Hog Farm, had started the park. After a couple years on the road doing good deeds, providing medical help at rock concerts, and collecting money for some ecology groups, they travelled up to Norton, Vermont, and pitched in to get the place going.

That was 1971. Anyone looking for love, peace, and togetherness would have found it there. The woods were filled with people who wanted to explore and experiment with a new way of life. Bus loads of long-haired hippies headed up and settled in. Homemade houses started being built. Domes appeared and teepees went up. You name it, people lived in it, above ground, below ground, or in the ground.



**A rainbow flag staked to the land marked our claim.** You could see it for miles. I even remember seeing it hoisted up at bluegrass festivals and outdoor concerts. It meant: "Here's our people." Wherever that flag was, you always found a friendly welcome.

We were a people, a people who were different than your typical middle-class, self-seeking, pressurized all-American who was going nowhere. We knew no one had to live that way. People didn't need all the thousand and one American comforts and gadgets to survive. We had a new way. "All power now was up to the people. Come join us and try it. We're right here, under this bright flag. We aren't the stars and stripes anymore. Nope, no more red, white, and blue for us. Our bright flag means hope."

Some of us built the soup kitchen and over in Stump Meadows we put up a stage. A local farmer built a bridge over the river and we planted a community garden that everyone worked in. Two sweat lodges popped up, big enough for fifty people to use at the same time. Could it happen? Could people actually live together and make it work? Hope filled the air and we pressed on. Earth People's Park was ready to blossom. Working and living off the land filled some of the empty places inside of us. We were together and enjoyed being with each other. We shared our vision and it kept growing. We were The Earth People ....



**The sweet summer passed and the leaves turned brilliant colors.**

Acid only made them look brighter! But when the November cold fronts blew in and the December snowflakes fell, people started to lose heart. The work got harder and harder, and eventually people began to leave. Some went to the city and others headed back out west. Love was getting scarce. There was fire wood to cut and split, ice to chop, water to haul, and deep snow to walk through. As more people left, the ones who stayed got bitter. They felt abandoned. Deep inside of everyone's heart was the desire to see the Park grow, but as more and more people left, you could see the hope fading quickly.

But what could you do? You just had to accept it. For some it was easy, but for others that were really sincere, it was very difficult to deal with.

Bitterness grew. We began to wonder if people could really live together and never leave each other. It was scary to think about though, because you knew it meant commitment, and commitment meant a lot of suffering. Every time someone left, you could feel yourself being pulled apart.

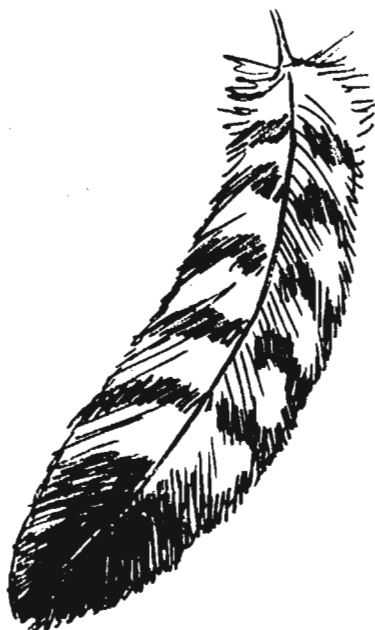
**Enduring on the land year after year** became very difficult because some people gave and pitched in and others didn't. It made us become very frustrated and all the good feelings we once had, disappeared. "What's happening?" we'd ask ourselves. "Where's everyone going? What's out there anyway? Can't we ever get it together?"

Looking around, I'd sense a separation between others and myself. Oh, we'd smile at our neighbor in hopes that something would change, but inside our hearts, our hope got weaker and weaker, fainter and fainter. The pain went in deeper and we found ourselves very let down at times. Again, where is everyone? How come people won't remain together here and work through the problems? Where's Wavy? Where's the Hog Farm? Why don't they come up and straighten this out? These thoughts only left us empty. We didn't have the missing piece that would make it all work.

Then there were days when good friends would drop by and tell me that they had gotten a job as a carpenter or as a waitress. I'd reflect back for a moment on how we had helped each

other on the land and how we had expressed to each other our desire for a new way of life.

That's when I'd find myself sinking into hopelessness. To some, it seemed like the only thing to do now was to leave also. They figured if they went and got a job, at least they'd be with people. Who wants to be in the woods all by themselves?



**Compromise and reasoning seemed like the right thing to do** even though the desire of our hearts was to live together with people who would share their love, joy, peace, and hope, and who would pull together when suffering came.

"Oh, I guess it's something you just have to go through in life," people would tell me. But thinking back on the good times we all had had when we were working the land and being together, I'd start feeling hopeless again.

Everyone was out for themselves now, even the ones who stayed on the land. They were thinking about jobs and how they could make a little more money. They were saving up for a good truck or car, and trying to make wise investments.

Slowly over the years we were all sucked right back into the system that we rebelled against fifteen years ago. We had to take loans and get credit. It was so difficult to ever go back because now we were stuck in the system until we could pay our way out of it. There

seemed to be no end to it. We weren't together with a people. We weren't living on the land. We weren't sharing with one another and we didn't have any vision of being a people. We had our own house, our own car, our own job. We had compromised and reasoned our heart away. Though it seemed right, occasionally I'd sit back and wonder, "Well ... well, maybe it could happen." But the pressure to survive would quickly erase any hope of that ever happening.

**So, is that the end of the story?** Did I ever find a place full of loving friends? Yes. What I have in my heart to share is that there **is** a people who are still together and have been so for many years. I ran into them a few years after I stopped living on the land. They were a large community of people who were living together not far from the Park in a neighboring town. When I came around them, I saw people who were being true to their hearts, who were solid, and whose spirit was kind. They were loving and really tried their best to support each other. Even when someone blew it, everyone could relate to what had happened. No one wanted to make the person feel bad, they just wanted to be real friends. Finding them was not like finding another commune for me. I really loved their heart and spirit.

We have a spirit that compels us to remain and to be committed. Our desire to love one another is only increasing. We don't leave when the circumstances get hard. We believe in being a people, not just when it is easy, but when it takes all our strength to stay together. We want to live as our Creator made us to live. He created us to live and love. His spirit causes us to do that in a way that will demonstrate how it is possible for people to live apart from the system. We desire tribes to be established all over the earth so everyone can see and have a chance to be a part of it also. We know that it can happen. We can come out of the things that we are doing and enter a new way of life, one that's building up and not tearing down, one that is for people and not against them ■

*T. Horah*



# In the High Country



It was a warm fall day in the Siskiyou Mountains. The breeze was blowing gently through the forest as I looked out at the majestic mountains preparing themselves for winter. The madrone trees were filled with their fruit of red berries and the oaks were turning color soon to be bare and dormant for winter. The huge stand of Ponderosa Pine and Douglas fir would remain green.

As the breeze blew, their branches were like big fans cooling the earth and the pine cones were releasing their seed. I watched the seeds whirling down through the air, hitting the earth, soon to become baby trees if all went well. Not all the seeds would germinate, but certain ones were destined to be just like their forefathers. I gazed at the ground and saw how it was covered with a blanket of these seeds still in their protective shells. The trees were able to bear much fruit this year because the conditions of the past two years were just right.

As years went by, I watched those seedlings grow into a beautiful young stand, some growing close to their parents, being sheltered from the many storms of the hard winter in the high country. It amazed me how much determination those seeds had in order to grow in some of the places they landed. Some were growing in hardly any soil. But the ones that were thriving the most were the ones that were embedded in rich soil. They had all the necessary nutrients to grow and flourish like those before them.

As I walked through that young grove and looked up at the virgin timbers all around, I felt connected to the earth and to the peacefulness that the forest communicated as it bore its fruit. The different mosses were so green and lush. Some of the mosses totally surrounded the base of the trees, keeping the soil beneath at just the right temperature and moisture. The moss looked like a soft carpet, so inviting and yet I didn't want to disturb it. I so much wanted to be in tune with the environment around me. I didn't want to be an enemy of creation. I wanted to become such a part of it that I wouldn't even be noticed by the animals as a hostile intruder in their domain. It didn't seem right that I would be separated from their world.

I longed to become one with the earth. I wanted the earth and me to be like brother and sister. I didn't want to be hostile like most of mankind was towards the deer, the bear, the wolves, the birds, or even the golden mantle that scurried from place to place, busying himself with who-knows-what? All of them had a purpose and were connected to the earth. I didn't want to be a threat to creation, but connected, as it must have been in the garden of Eden. If there was such a place, that's what I wanted. Just like that virgin stand of timber towering over me, it was connected to the environment in such a way that it was able to bear the fruit of it.

Winter came, so I went lower in elevation. I couldn't wait to go back to the high country. It was a majestic place, almost undefiled by man. I say "almost" because something deep down inside me knew that even though the high country

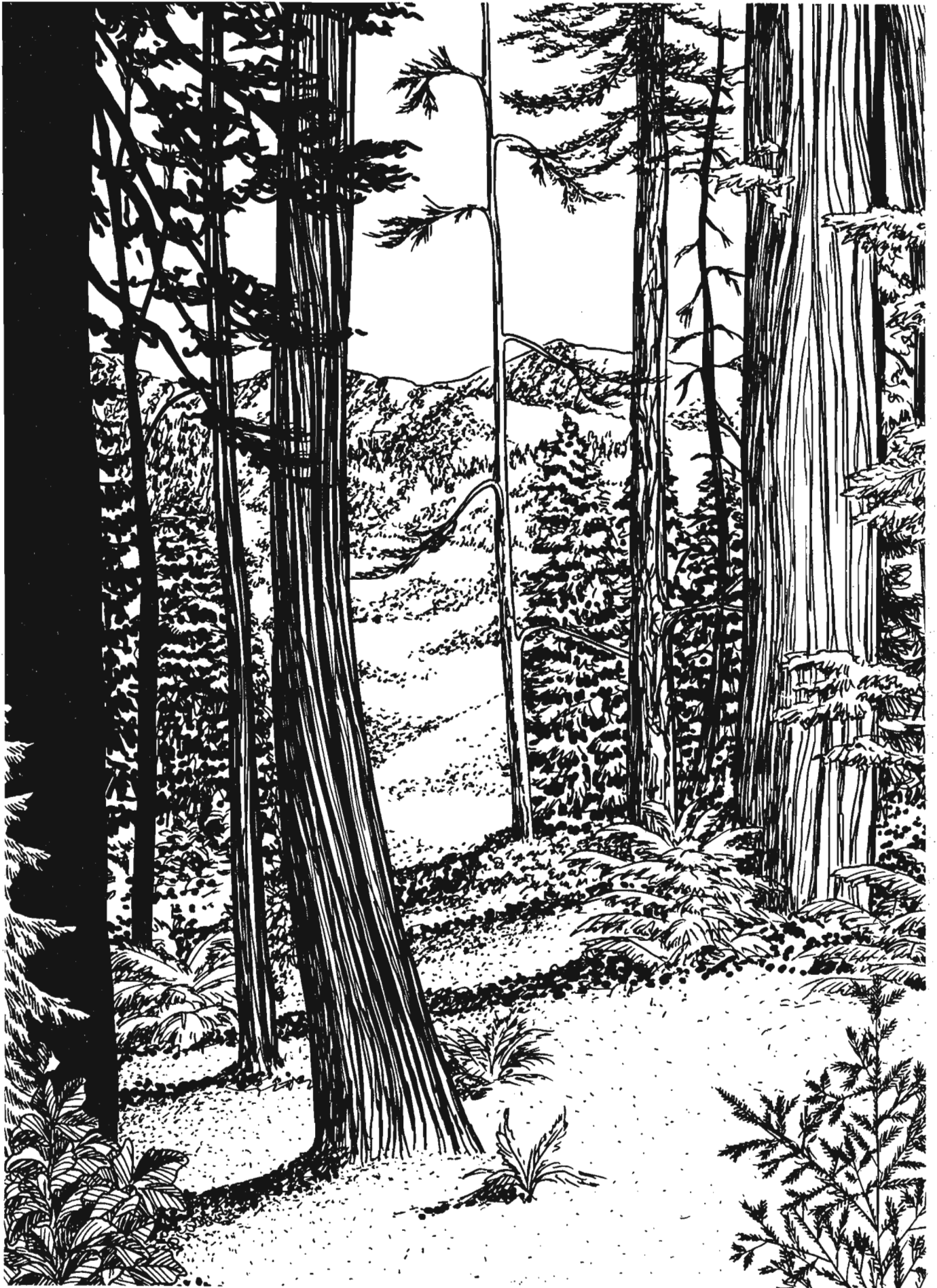
wasn't a place where most of mankind went, it was still subject to the destruction that I knew was going on in many parts of the earth, not to mention the atmosphere above.

When spring came, I went back to see how the plantation was coming along. As I got closer, I sensed somehow that something was wrong. I felt restless inside as I approached my destination. I couldn't believe what I saw. I didn't want to believe it.

Men had been there with their equipment, and had destroyed the whole mountain. They had cut down that virgin stand of timber and had skidded logs over the young grove of trees. They had ripped trees out by the roots and scraped the top soil down to bare clay. It was so ugly, the destruction that took place. The work of all those years had been devastated in hardly any time at all.

They did leave a few grandfathers, and there were some of their offspring still standing amazingly enough. The loggers called it selective cutting, all in the name of "progress." But it was hardly selective and it didn't seem like progress to me. They just weren't in tune with creation, nor did they care.

It came to me at times like that to wish that I had been born many years ago. But even though I wished for that, I knew, too, that I needed to be in reality. I wanted to help bring restoration to that mountain and healing to its land. But it seemed so hopeless, since I knew it took years for that forest to be what it was before man had come to destroy it.



The next winter was hard. The wind blew eighty miles an hour. The trees on the mountain weren't as protected as they once were, especially the young ones that needed the shelter of the older ones from the storms. Because the ground was disturbed, several large trees blew down.

As the summer came, the sun beat down on the earth and dried out the ground. The forest floor was not used to the sun because it had always been protected by the shade of the large trees. Everything was at the mercy of the weather. The mosses dried up. Some of the young trees that remained died. The creeks and springs started to dwindle. The effects of the logging was far greater than what the loggers could ever have imagined.

Yet still some of that young growth was obviously determined to live. Those seedlings took on the drive of their forefathers.

The following winter brought heavy snows. The tree branches bent under the weight of them and the winds blew harder than ever before. How could the few that remained ever make it without the protection of the generations before them? How would they ever be able to produce seeds as their forefathers? How would they bear fruit and reproduce on the earth?

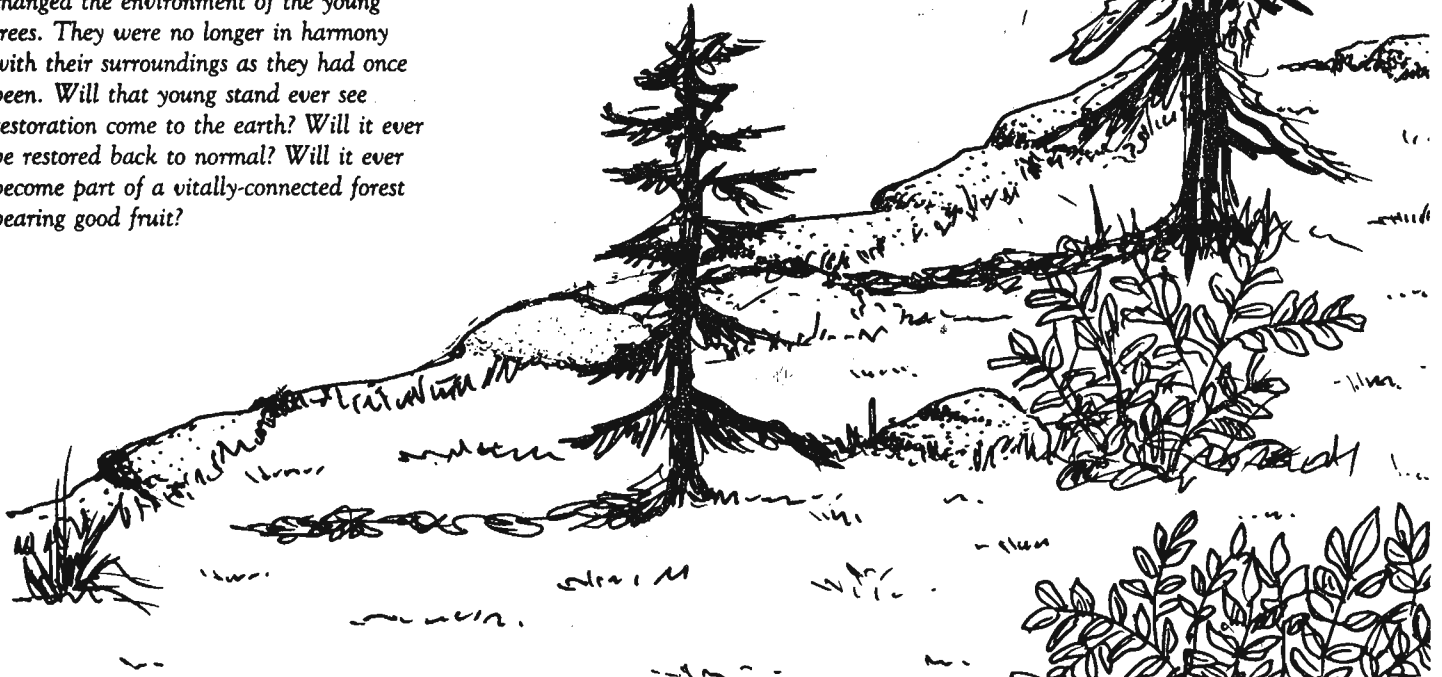
The once peaceful and fruitful forest had now become a dry and parched land. The elements and seasons had drastically changed the environment of the young trees. They were no longer in harmony with their surroundings as they had once been. Will that young stand ever see restoration come to the earth? Will it ever be restored back to normal? Will it ever become part of a vitally-connected forest bearing good fruit?

As I looked I saw that I was like one of those seedlings who desired the protection of my forefathers and brothers and sisters. I saw how I needed to live in unity with them, to grow, and learn to be connected harmoniously to them. I wanted to be part of a people who protect one another, who want to see restoration take place not only in themselves but also throughout the whole earth. Since then I found myself planted in good soil with that very vision in mind.

I am in the fertile soil of Israel, a spiritual people who are living together in communities in many places in New England and in many other parts of the earth. We are growing up like a tender shoot, like the stem of a green young plant. And like the seedlings that survived the logging in the high country, we grew up as a people who had to live without the protection and the example of our forefathers. The last communities to live like we do, died out more than 1900 years ago and what has since taken their place is a spiritless form of the life that once flourished so abundantly. We are virtually on our own, starting out from scratch. It has been hard, but we are determined to go on -- as determined as salmon going to spawn -- as determined as seeds anchored to the earth. ■



Sarah





# Heavy Traffic -- American Style

Being American disturbs me. It's like dodging heavy traffic at the intersection. Everyone's moving quickly in different directions and I'm caught in the middle, not knowing how to get to the other side. My "love-hate" affair with it grows day by day. The more I hear about the Constitution and the rights it protects, the more my respect increases for America's foundation. But the closer I look at what we're like in the 80's, the actual society that developed from that foundation, I'm appalled. I'm repelled by the success raging around me. I'm alienated from it. I see it all as heedless selfishness, reckless waste, and blind hedonism. But the most bitter pill to swallow is the numbing emptiness that fills our middle class and its life-style. That's what disturbs me the most.

It's so hard to appreciate the benefits of our civilization when I see what we've done to this planet. It's difficult to see the value of our nation's foundation (which is better than any on earth) when the economics it supports causes us to live for ourselves in total selfish independence. A lot of people recognize this, but no one knows what to do about it. What can we do? Leave America? Overthrow it? Change it? Drop out of it? Start going back to our roots? Build a new foundation?

Don't get me wrong. I'm not a revolutionary. I really respect the thinking of the Founding Fathers. They recognized the role of selfishness in human behavior. They expected that people would be selfish. They expected selfishness in all its many manifestations -- aggrandizement, strife, manipulation, moral tyranny, rebellion -- to be the controlling force in human behavior. They even expected class warfare. They expected many things and they attempted to build a government that would limit these opposing forces. However, there was one thing they couldn't have imagined. They couldn't have imagined the problem of success. What do you do when you become economically successful?

Prosperity has touched America in many different ways. Our society today is much narrower than what the Founding Fathers could possibly have imagined. Growing up in America, my contact with other adults or people who had formed characters was really limited. That is, I was given a lot of contact with unformed children. I was given limited contact with teachers and educational people. I had a little contact with ministers and people like that. And when I played sports, I had contact with coaches. But actually I was given very little contact with other adults. They were all working and out making a living. There were very few adults I really got to know outside the boundaries of my immediate social circle.

I grew up more as a consumer than as a participant. When I went to a sports event, I went to watch it. When I went to a social event, I went to watch it. I was part of a mass of people who consumed the experience together. Television was the prime example of that. I was never put in a place where I was forced to communicate, to really deal with other people with differing values and differing beliefs. The people I mostly encountered were just those within the social circle of my own family. They were all basically people of the same religious and political views and personality types. The hard go-getters were outside our circle, over there. The more laid-back, classical, cultured types were over here. I didn't really get a cross-fertilization. My human potential wasn't stimulated very much through contact with all kinds of different people. I was left isolated. I grew up untouched except in certain specific areas. I think that that left me very shallow, and quite fearful of what I didn't understand. Basically, I was lonely.

## MORE MIDDLE CLASS WOES

Think about how you felt when you went shopping. You're one of many people picking up items. Your only human contact is the few minutes you're waiting in line as you go out the door. Contrast that with say, a different sort of lifestyle where a person goes to the market place and spends several minutes exchanging conversations with different merchants and traders while haggling over prices. What a much greater social event that is! Granted we are in a hurry to make money and get on with the more serious business of living, but I think it leaves us really empty. There is a cost you pay for avoiding all those distractions that keep you from doing your own thing. You never actually meet people. You never actually talk to them. I think it leaves you shallow. It leaves you unchallenged in your own thinking, inexperienced at differing ways of coming at life, naive in the realm of beliefs, unacquainted with different possibilities of solving things.



## RELATIONSHIPS OR PRIVACY?

Most everyone I meet at the Rainbow or the Grateful Dead (who are not just there for the opportunity to partake of drugs or alcohol) are there because they want human contact without a lot of formal restrictions. They want to meet people without having to fit some form. They want to be who they are, to work together, to be together, to talk to one another and to not have any forms on them. They want to just experience one another. I think that that's an indictment to the intense structure of the human contact that takes place in most middle class living. Your contacts with people are really narrow, limited. But I think they are people who really want human contact. There are those who want to know people. And not just from the same social circle, but different people from different backgrounds.

I think that if you grow up in a society that values material success, you don't get your wealth and your nice house to share it with others, you get it to hide yourself. Increasing social status is always marked by increased privacy. The pinnacle of it is: who knows who the really rich are? Who can see them, who can talk to them on a first name basis? We all have really limited contact with those kind of people. And yet, of all people, they have the most to give, the most to share, the most to contribute. It's a paradox -- they're the most isolated of all.

I think that people who come to the Rainbow gathering are looking for something else. They're after the exact opposite. They want to share, they want to contribute, they want to give. They don't want a bunch of dogma or doctrine. They don't want to be regimented and told how to give and who to give to and why they are giving. They just want to be themselves, and somehow in the process, find themselves.

## AMERICAN EDUCATION

Even with education, we are constantly forced to cope with that American pressure to be an economic success. It's as if food, shelter, and clothing are not enough. We have to advance. We've got to increase our economic security. And that process starts when we are very young.

The idea is presented in two ways. One -- you can make a lot of money. Or two -- you can make **enough** money to afford to do what you want to do. Whichever path you chose, education is the way to get there. It has been told to you over and over. It's an American belief. It's the road to that. It's come to be that education-for-it's-own-sake is economically beneficial.

Whenever they started to stipulate that a high school diploma or college degree was necessary for getting a job, they made it even more essential to stay in school. Unfortunately, that's really an arbitrary standard. There is nothing in particular that a college or high school degree prepares you to do. It doesn't really mark somebody's ability to do a particular job. But it does mark a societal value. And a person's loyalty to that society's values. What it does, it trains you to think that education is able to outfit a person with a good enough job to support himself. Forget about finding out about the truth. Just get a job. Most children get that message. They learn enough to get by, so that one day they won't have to be digging ditches.

So basically we bribe them to be stimulated and to think a little bit. But that kind of education, even though it has the possibility of really opening them up, leaves most children set on only one main course, the pursuit of the "good life."

There's a lot you are offered. Teachers go out of their way to try and give you alternatives, to make you think in different ways, to really challenge you, to stimulate you to really develop your character and your ability to think about life. Yet the overall direction of education in America is not towards opening you up to the whole potential of what it means to be a human being, it's to direct you into the mainstream economy. And into mainstream American life. These keep you headed on the way to get that individual home, have your own individual family, and be part of all the selfishness and loneliness that's there.

The selfishness is there. I'm not just imagining it. You can see it in the enormous economic waste it generates. The kind of system we live in is really a pyramid that sucks in vast amounts of resources from all over the earth in order to maintain these individual little palaces that exist in America. The higher you go toward the top of the pyramid, the more you need from others to support yourself. You see this life-style begin in the middle class. And education perpetuates it. It doesn't open you up to the possibility that there might be another way for people to live. It just perpetuates the system that exists in America today. (Oh, it might manage to make you feel a little guilty about it, but it doesn't provide a way out.)

## CHAINED TO THE TV

Here you are. You live in a free society that has proclaimed that you have a right to pursue happiness. But the way you were raised in the home causes you never to stop and think of all the possibilities that **could** mean. Really when we talk about that, we have to start with television.

The kind of life that television presents as normal is just as narrow and as limited as our social contacts are. (Remember, you don't really meet that many different kinds of people.)

And even if you did, and they made it into your home, you wouldn't get past their name because of television. The constant distraction of having the television on prevents us from really listening to other people.

I think that what I am trying to say about television is what John Jacques Rousseau said, "Man is born free, and is everywhere in chains." Even though I personally don't feel that man is born free, I do agree that he is given chains by society. You will never find freedom apart from dealing with the society you've been raised in.

One of the chains that binds the soul of any American is the television he watches. Year after year, it teaches us over and over again. It shapes us in so many ways. It constantly reminds us of the "real" values of life. (Well, we come to think of them that way after we've seen them enough.) We're taught the role of violence, the role of sexuality, how to be beautiful and how to relate to people. We learn what it means to be a human being through what we see. The writers and producers of television put into us a view of what life is all about. And I think that's a dangerous thing. I don't think that **they** know any better than you or I what life is or should be. The worst thing about television and the programs that are on, is that the people who are writing them have grown up under television themselves. They are as affected by what they saw as we are. So it's self-perpetuating. Somehow specific examples escape me, but the mind-numbing nature of it does not. These are some of the chains that tie you to a society whose values are anti-human in the long run.

There is a violation of human nature when you separate people and divide them up in little bitty houses and just let the young people talk to the young people and the old people talk to the old people and the middle-aged working people talk to the working people. When you keep the adults away from the children, you begin to destroy a pattern that most cultures have had for thousands of years. The tribal structure -- having elders, families, and children all living together, passing on a way of life from one generation to the next -- is what's most normal. I think that American life with all of its material success takes us further away from that. And I think that's why people don't know what to do with themselves. That's part of what it means to be American. To be stressed. To live with tremendous competition.

The life we live in the Community here is a vehicle that will carry us into freedom. We see ourselves as being profoundly damaged by these things. But we are heading away from them. We are using the political and economic freedoms that our country offers as a way to get out of the decay that we see going on all around us.

#### PULLED FROM EITHER SIDE

During your education, at a certain point, you turn 15 or 16 and you start to be taught (television has already taught you this) that an extremely important aspect of your fulfillment will be a member of the opposite sex. A lot of people spend enormous amounts of their life trying to find that fulfillment. And they do it in an atmosphere of immense confusion. Because it is a peculiarly American trait to give you equal access to everybody's view of the subject. And so here you are. You're a young person growing up. You're presented with traditional morality on one hand as the standard, and anything goes on the other. It is essential that you would be sexually attractive and sexually active, but also that you listen to the voices of restraint coming from the other direction. One says, "You should be married and be responsible." (I guess AIDS has taught us to be a little more cautious.) The other challenges, "You need to be beautiful, attractive, and stimulating to members of the opposite sex."

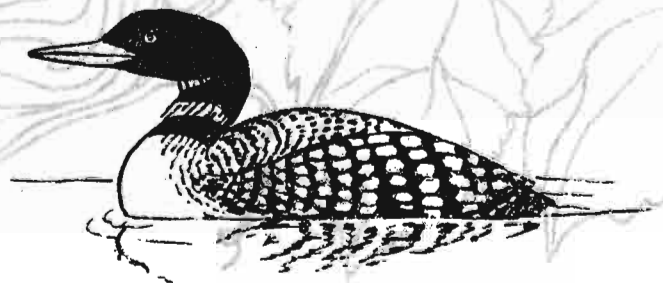


This has gone deeply into us. We are all really concerned about whether or not we fit that description and what people will think about us. "Am I a man?" "Am I desirable, and handsome enough?" "Am I beautiful?" Everyone feels the same way. We grow up aiming our whole life at being acceptable.

Then you have the homosexuals who stand outside the conventional roles. They not only have to deal with wanting to be acceptable to members of their own sex, but also with feeling the need to get an equal share of society's approval for themselves.

And so you are bombarded, literally, with all these messages all at once. You don't really know where to turn. If you go to the modernists and prophets and best selling authors for help, they say that being normal is where we are going. What definitions are they using? Can sexuality be separated from having a family and children? Love and intimacy are not candied treats to be eaten for pleasure. They are gifts given to make two persons into one. Marriage should produce happy, secure children who are glad to be alive and find their purpose by being connected to their parents' lives. The only way back from where we've been (or still are) is to be willing to face the truth. We are going to have to come to hear our hearts and follow that voice of our conscience no matter what the cost.

And when you finally grow up, you have to deal with the fact that you're going to be on your own soon and you're going to have to make your living. That's when push finally comes to shove. You enter full-fledged into job and career. Life is essentially a series of jobs until you hit upon a career that carries you along. You spend a lot of time and pay a lot of money to get to that place, but then you find out that the security of the whole system that supports you depends on you doing your part. You are locked in. This security is the very life of America, and yet it's so empty for so many millions of people.





## DO WE REALLY NEED FREEDOM?

They put up with it anyway because they expect no better. But I think that it's really a denial of the possibility that life can be different and better. Many have come to realize that we don't have to just work every month year after year for ourselves, and for no higher purpose than to just make sure that the bills are paid. If that were true, they ought to stamp on the headstones of all the economically-solvent people "He paid his bills." So there would be at least something to show for all the anguish people went through just to keep their heads above water. But there is no recognition to it because all it is, is selfish survival. Deep down people know it. They can't openly be proud of it.

We can't be satisfied with bread alone. If economic security is what freedom means, then you don't really need freedom. You can come up with a system that will give you the choices of work and pleasure without all the legal safeguards we have here in America. Communism, socialism, different forms like that would be more than adequate. We could get "beyond freedom and dignity" to what really counts -- food, shelter, clothing, and our personal version of "MTV."

## WHAT I WANT TO DO

I think that human freedom is something that we were given to use. We need something in our hearts strong enough to face our fears and anxieties (even the anxieties of making a living) so we can create something different. I cannot stand the thought of day after day, year after year, checking into a job I don't believe in just to make a living. I can't live that way. Something inside of me dies when I think of that. I've got to find another way. I don't care if I don't have everything that everybody else has -- those things are not where it's at. There is something deeper in me. I have to know that I am living the life I was created to live. I have to know that I am actually affecting people, that I am a benefit to people and not just living for myself. The spirit within me is no longer satisfied with selfish survival. I want to be washed of that whole way of living. I don't want to live half-heartedly, in form, for no purpose. I don't want to be forced to be compassionless, because I have to get my job done. I don't want to ever say, "Everyone is just doing their job. There's nobody worthy of compassion anyway."

I want to live in a place where I can live from my heart, where I don't have to be ashamed. My father did stuff in his job that he was ashamed of, and that's why he quit it. And he was not released. He was not free to do everything that was in his heart to do. He wasn't free to pour himself out.

So what is the solution? There is another way besides the American way. Human beings can live tribally. They can live and work together out of genuine concern for each other's welfare. Under good authority, the tribe is protected and receives direction from those who have


wisdom. True authority comes from a life. No appointment from "higher up" or political maneuvering can attain it, nor can intelligence or ambition. The leadership that will have the authority to gather and help coordinate the tribe will have a life and a heart worthy of trust. That authority is essential in dealing with the problem of selfishness.

The reason that the gathering of the tribes isn't taking place on a large scale is selfishness. Who is willing to abandon all personal pursuits and be solely devoted to building a new society -- not just promoting your own pet ideas, but getting down in the dirt and digging out a foundation and building according to the plan of an architect that is greater than yourself? Selfishness even tarnishes our brightest dreams of an alternative life. There is no problem as long as each individual can pursue his own private version of paradise and promote his own ideas. But nothing new will ever be established that way. You can be a fringe member of a tolerant society and promote different ideas. This does not cost very much. People have been doing it for ages. But to lay down your own notion of how things should be and move with others as a unit, as a people, and really make a difference -- that costs everything. And who will give up his own ideas, his own will, to bring about the will and plan of another? That's where the deepest roots of self-concern get touched. Nobody wants to waste his life following somebody else that is probably just as selfish as he is.

Maybe if we wait around long enough, we will all sort of flow together painlessly into one direction and pick up enough speed to get from where we are now to where we would all like to be. But it has never happened in human history. And all those who have ever actually brought anything about (even a loosely organized gathering in the woods) know the answer to this question: "Can we plead for painless progress with plastic smiles on our faces?"

So the issue is, how can human beings be freed from this highly-cultivated self-regard that we find so deeply in us? Who will lead the way? And who will follow? Our help can't come from other mere human beings who are just interested in promoting their own ideas. The only kind of person worth following would be someone who totally gave up his own life and goals. Someone whose focus was not inward but outward, directed toward others. And the only ones who would follow would be those willing to lose their own lives and goals and become totally consumed with this same care and concern for others. This is the essence of love, and love is the essence of the new life that everyone is waiting to see come about ■

**Kharash**



# DELIVER

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

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

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

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

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

The good news He proclaimed was this:

*"Deny yourself. Turn away from your self-centered life. Let your old impulses and desires die inside of you. Follow Me in the way I am going and you will find yourself caring for others and having all your needs met. You don't have to live this way any longer. I have come to rule the earth in righteousness and true justice. I am here to establish a new order, a new life that will fill the whole earth. This present world system is headed for certain destruction but you don't have to be destroyed. I am going to shed My innocent blood for you so that you can be free from the bondage of sin and rule with Me forever."*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





# Families and Tribes and Nations

There are seven of us in my family - five children, my wife, and myself. I don't include my parents or grandparents in that number, nor my wife's for that matter, because we left their world behind many years ago. We cut off their influence upon our lives, so to speak, in hopes of beginning something new, something different, something pure. I'm no longer attached to them in a way that hinders me from following my heart. I guess if someday they joined us in what we were doing, then my family would number eight or nine. I'm a bit sad that there aren't more elders in my family, it would be wonderful to have their wisdom when we needed it. Stock from a generation or two back would be such a blessing to have at hand, but I understand also how hard it is for them to grasp what I am doing. They don't see much reason for living together with others in community.

There are about four or five hundred of us in my tribe. We are a small tribe concentrated in a few centers around New England. All of the members of the tribe live together in the different communities. I could probably tell you the names of everyone and their children with a few possible exceptions. Our living together has made us pretty intimate. Instead of each family owning their own home, and living in it by themselves, we live in larger homes, four or five or more families together, with our children and with lots of single men and single women besides. Occasionally we get too big for one house, so we spill over and fill up another. Or sometimes we're needed in another part of New England, in another community. That's when we move. Going where we're most needed is part of living in a tribe.

In the nation, there are about seven or eight hundred of us. It is a small nation with three or four tribes now. Others may begin soon. We are united under a constitution; we have a law and a government. Though we sojourn in lands which are under different governments, laws, and constitutions (which we respect and uphold), we are a separate people with a different lifestyle, goal, and purpose than that of the nations around us. Of course we drive the same kind of cars as they do, use the same utility companies as they use, and work in

a similar fashion, manufacturing products in our cottage industries for sale in the world's markets. Our dress and diet tend to be different than that of those around us, as well as some of our celebrations and social events. But more than anything else, our nation is united by reason of a common purpose we hope to accomplish.

Because we are committed to building up our nation, we no longer live for ourselves and our own happiness. Instead we share and help one another out as much as we can. That's where our tribe comes in, (in helping the other ones out) since we live in a country that allows us the freedom to work to our heart's content. Not everyone has that freedom, so we use it to give away what we are able to make to establish the rest of our nation. We're a little like an older brother who helps his younger brothers along.

The birth of any nation is spiritual and the gathering together of a people to form a nation is a spiritual event. That is to say, there is more involved than just politics and economics, ideologies and philosophies. Something has to take place in the heart of a man, something of a spiritual nature in order that he would be drawn into any such gathering of people. Something also, as well, has to be going on in the spiritual realm to stir up men's hearts and minds and direct them to such a goal. The unseen spiritual work that takes place, goes unfelt by many, but is apprehended by some. Those that sense somehow that their life's goals and dreams are amiss, overturn everything that they hold sacred at a moment's notice. They sacrifice everything in order to attain one single thing. That one single thing is for them, far greater than anything else they have ever hoped and dreamed of before. The spiritual call they hear in their hearts is the promise of living united with others as a new family, a new tribe, and a new nation.

Is the Rainbow family headed in that direction? Is it on its way to becoming a new tribe and a new nation? There are many who are profoundly dissatisfied with the quality of American life, especially middle class living, who are looking for a way out. If something is going to happen, it will probably begin with these. One man from the gathering whom I talked to, expressed a similar

view. I asked him where he thought the Rainbow was headed. He said that he saw it as a way to help one another out. The Rainbow was creating a network of people who knew one another and who would hire one another. "I'd rather get you to do some carpenter work for me than someone I didn't know. And I'd like it that you'd get me to do your mechanic work." He hoped that the friendships created at the gatherings would result in cooperation like that. Whether or not these friendships will deepen and give the Rainbow the spiritual "umph" to become a nation is another question.

The greatest single force opposing the Rainbow family from becoming a nation is a lack of leadership or government. At this point, I'm sure, this is the farthest thing from anyone's mind. It's exactly the **lack** of authority and strong leadership that characterizes the Rainbow. Everyone has been burned by bad authority and strong, pushy people on ego-trips. No one wants the Rainbow to become like that.

The night I first arrived at the New England gathering, I asked our shuttle driver, "What is a Rainbow gathering all about?" Lightning was crackling across the sky followed by thunder rolling across the mountains from valley to valley. As we headed down from the main parking lot to Bus Village the man in the pick-up said, "You know, at my first gathering I asked myself the same question. I wanted to know what made it work and where the energy came from."

"And...?"

"I was naturally suspicious. I figured someone had to be behind it. I asked around, but nobody seemed to know. At the circles, I'd watch to see if anyone came across as on some sort of authority trip. But no one ever did. It was pretty incredible. No one telling anyone else what to do, yet everything happened and things got done. That's why I'm doing the shuttle. I figure I can do a little something to make it all happen again for others."

As the rain started to pour, we talked on and on. We shared some fruit and stayed dry in the cab. That night I slept stretched out across the front seat of his truck while he and his wife crawled in the back under their camper shell and slept on a mattress with a friend of mine next to the two of them. He didn't have the heart to turn us out into the rain.

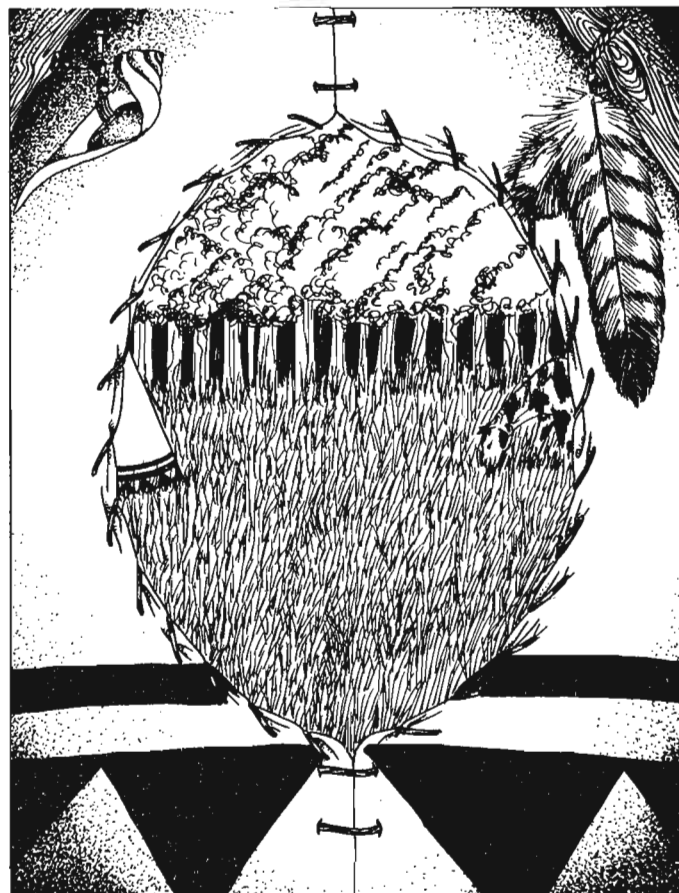
Perhaps the main thing that makes the Rainbow gatherings happen now is that everyone is doing what's in his heart. Just like the kindness of our shuttle driver, what people have to give doesn't come because someone told them to do it, but because it is in their hearts. When authority comes in, unless it is good authority, that quality gets easily destroyed. Yet unless there is authority, no gathering of people will grow and become a nation.

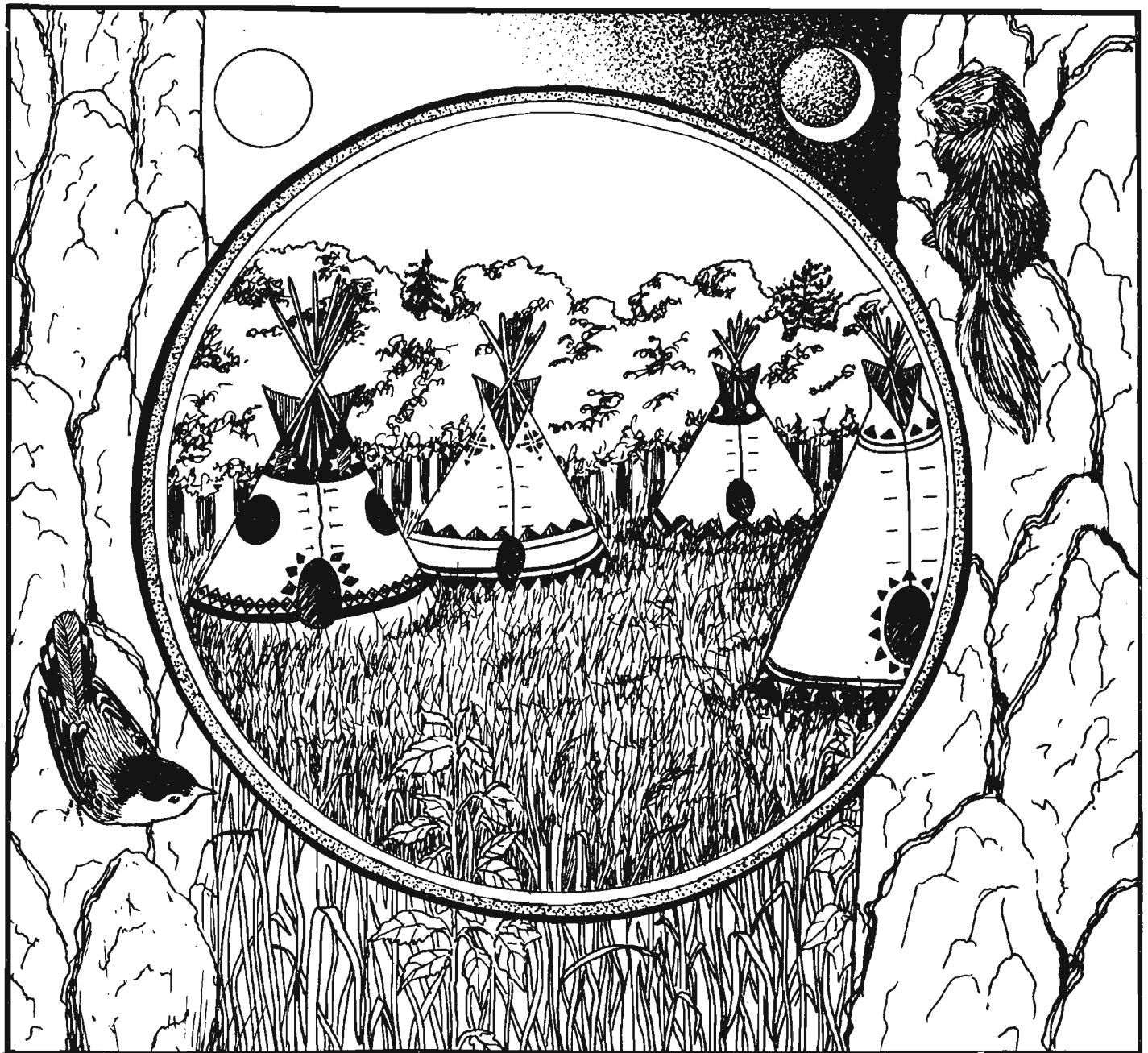
Living together for more than a week (or becoming a nation) demands some kind of authority. But where can it be found? Where can that good kind of authority be found, the kind you can put all your trust in? And who is willing to pay the price to follow it if he did find it?

Growing and becoming a nation is a hard thing. I've seen my own community's struggles over the past fifteen years, and it has been hard. It's meant a lot of suffering, a lot of sacrifice, a lot of tearing down and rebuilding, a lot of sleepless nights and a lot of agonizing over where to go and how to get there. And that's all been with authority, with government, with the leadership of an apostle, and the help of the scriptures. I can't imagine anyone else going the same route with less guidance and authority.

If the Rainbow is headed in the same direction, it will have to experience those very things. If it isn't, it will probably continue as a simple gathering in the woods, a week of learning how to survive in the wilderness, a celebration of nature, and a time to renew old friendships. After all, not every family becomes a tribe or a nation ■

*ayil*





Lift up your eyes  
and look around you --  
All of them gather together  
they've come to see  
Journeying to find  
their way home  
to be set free  
to love the Creator  
to experience his peace.

Do you have hope  
in a time to come?  
When mankind  
will live as one  
together, as brothers,  
no distance between us  
joined to the Maker  
of creation.



Life was meant to be  
an expression of unity  
living together,  
caring for each other  
a commitment of love  
for eternity.

Hear the call,  
Rise up and come!  
There is a people,  
being gathered as one  
A tribe, a nation,  
filling the earth  
To bring about  
restoration.

Come back, come back,  
to your land  
Where a people  
live as one.  
The tribes are forming  
a nation.  
Come back, come back,  
we've just begun.

There are still many who are  
scattered near and far.  
But they are waiting  
to hear the call,  
to know who they are



A hope is rising  
in our hearts,  
a stirring from within.  
To see the earth return to be,  
the place it once had been.

Come back, come back,  
to your land  
Where a people  
live as one  
The tribes are forming  
a nation  
Come back, come back,  
we've just begun.  
Come back, come back,  
we long to be one.  
Come back, come back,  
a holy nation.



# Tribes

*What is a tribe? What is it like to be part of a tribe? What is the purpose of a tribe? The first inkling, the first glimmer of understanding a "tribe", came at a Rainbow gathering.*

*At this particular gathering there were several small glens tucked into the thick woods off to the side of the central clearing. As I walked through the woods, I came upon a glen of teepee dwellers. Two belonged to some alternative families, and the others were native Americans'. The latter had journeyed there on horseback, bringing their belongings and traveling as their forefathers had. They obviously were devoted to preserving the wisdom and understanding of their people. This was no vacation into their past or a nostalgic trip. This was their life.*

*Just as I came to the edge of the glen, I noticed another native American entering it for what must have been the first time. He swung down from his horse to lead it and another lightly-laden pack horse into the glen. At the very same instant, he and one of the glen dwellers caught one another's gaze across the meadow. They greeted one another with great feeling, deeper than words could express. It wasn't with wild shouting, but with a joyous heart-felt exclamation. The two crossed the meadow and embraced. They were so grateful for one another. "You made it!" I heard them exclaim.*

*Both looked intently at one another, sensing perhaps in the other's eyes the adventures he had gone through to get there. It seemed like they knew each other deeply. Their excitement was more than that they had both made it to the gathering. It was deeper, much deeper than that. They had endured in their purpose. They were of one heart and spirit. They were going the same direction. They were connected inextricably to one another. They were of the same tribe. It was more than a nationality, more than a race or class, more than a philosophy or a belief that connected them. A tribe is like seeds from the same plant. And yet more.*

*I sat down, hidden in the tall, dry grass at the edge of the clearing. They helped the newest arrival, greeting him warmly. It didn't seem as if anything belonged to anyone. As I watched, suddenly the sky opened and torrents of rain fell. Many scurried to their tents and teepees. I was about to dash for my camp (which was quite a good ways off) when I noticed a hand from the entrance of one of the teepees motioning to me to come in.*

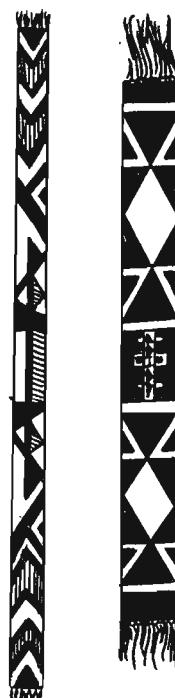
*I ran over, hesitating a moment to slip off my sandals, and entered through the flap. Looking around, I realized I had entered a place with customs and ways different than what I was used to. They seemed to understand and tried to make me comfortable. They offered me a warm drink and were very hospitable. I must have looked like a wet puppy dripping on their sheepskin. I felt a little like a tourist, but they didn't seem to notice. The fire was warm and comforting.*

*Gauging from the sound of the rain whispering on the sides of the teepee, I knew the torrent was letting up. Soon I would have to leave them. Would I ever find people like this again? Would I ever find a people who were so grateful for one another? I searched frantically to find something to give them, to repay them for their kindness, but I didn't have anything. It hurt so much to have to part from them without repaying their kindness. They didn't seem to understand why I was leaving, but I didn't want to intrude. They smiled warmly as I pulled on my sandals and stepped outside into the wet grass.*

*Later I was able to find some fresh spring water and bring them a bucketful. I left it without their knowledge as a small token for their hospitality. But nothing I had or could do would ever repay them for that spark of understanding and the stirring that began in my heart about "tribes." ■*

*Yadel*

**A tribe is like seeds  
from the same plant.  
It's more than a  
nationality, more  
than a race or a  
class, more than a  
philosophy or belief.**





# Abraham

*The dry mideastern breeze rustled the leaves of the ancient allon trees, barely relieving the intense mid-day heat. In the door of his tent sat a man, his face lined with age, deep in thought. He was a wanderer, a man not content with cities and civilizations, with the easy, shallow religions he had seen. He was searching for something real and lasting -- a truly spiritual life. He had been searching earnestly for a long time.*

*In his journeys, a tribe had grown up around him. Surrounding the huge, gnarled trees were tents, goats, sheep, men, women, children, cattle -- a bustling social life full of human contact and human responsibilities. Of course, it didn't bustle much in the heat of the day, but at all other times there was much coming and going, talking, singing, telling stories, and listening, as well as the daily tasks of caring for people and animals.*

*They had a vision and a direction. Something in the character of this man compelled others to join him, follow him, suffer with him, trust him, and touch the spiritual reality that he touched.*

*What it was that inspired such loyalty among so many was clear to see that hot afternoon. Three travelers came into view near the camp, and with great urgency the old man leapt to his feet and ran from the tent to meet them. With the simplicity of a man used to doing what was deeply in him, he bowed before the visitors and pleaded with them to do him the favor of entering his camp and accepting a little hospitality. And when they consented he ran with excitement and mobilized the whole tribe into preparing a feast for these guests. Then he served it to them himself and stood eagerly by while they enjoyed it.*

*The unique thing about his lavish hospitality wasn't that it was done in the sweltering heat, but that it was done without any pretense. The tribal life he lived was a spontaneous life. He really **wanted** to feed those people. It wasn't just a good deed or an obligation. It was a delight. He lived to be able to express such hospitality. It was the essence of the spiritual life that he lived.*

*At one time, most of humanity lived tribally. Not just native Americans, but all races experienced the intimate contact and dependency on one another that tribes express. At one time hospitality was normal, and coldness to a stranger was such a horror that people dared not shun a passerby. At one time what was normal was normality.*

*Nowadays, however, "hospitality" is what you pay for at a fancy inn. Care for the stranger is the business of the soup line and the "shelter." Loyalty is a quaint word from the past. **Following a man**, like that little tribe under the allon trees did, is a frightening thought. And so the simple, spontaneous tribal life, with all its social benefits and all its practical responsibilities, can hardly be found.*

*And yet, in spite of it all, the same spirit which inspired that wanderer of long ago continues to call people out of the cities, out of the cold and shallow experience of today's society and into a life of loyalty, care, hospitality, simple trust, and childlike following.*

*Please, do us the favor of visiting us. We would be delighted to share what we have with you •*

# WHO WE ARE

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

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

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

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

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

## HOW TO REACH US

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

The Common Sense Store  
P. O. Box 443 - Cross Street  
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(802) 723-9708

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Burlington, Vermont 05401  
(802) 862-6523

Willow Acres  
P. O. Box 30 - on Route 5  
Westminster Station, Vermont 05159  
(802) 722-3169

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

The Old School House  
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