

FREE

CHARGE



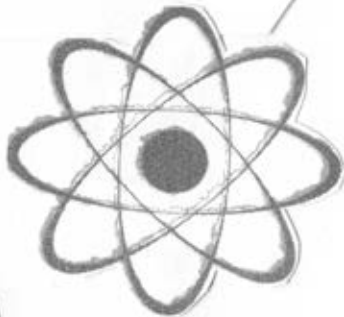
TO THE YOUTH

a twelve tribes
freepaper

A CHARGE TO THE YOUTH!



THE YEARS OF YOUTH – THIS IS THE TIME WHEN OUR ENERGIES ARE CHARGED, OUR HOPES ARE HIGH, AND EVERYTHING IN US IS BEING STIRRED WITH PASSION FOR LIFE AHEAD. AS WE ARE SURROUNDED BY A WORLD OF INSANITY, THE FUTURE CAN BE TERRIFYING. BUT, READY OR NOT, HERE WE GO! IT'S UP TO US TO TAKE OUR STAND, MAKE OUR MARK, AND FIND OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE FIRE THAT BURNS INSIDE.



FRUSTRATION, ANGER, AND ANGST... these are cries of youth! And rightfully so! How can we not be disturbed

in this world? Did you ever feel as if you were going to explode? What are we to do with all these inner explosions? If they

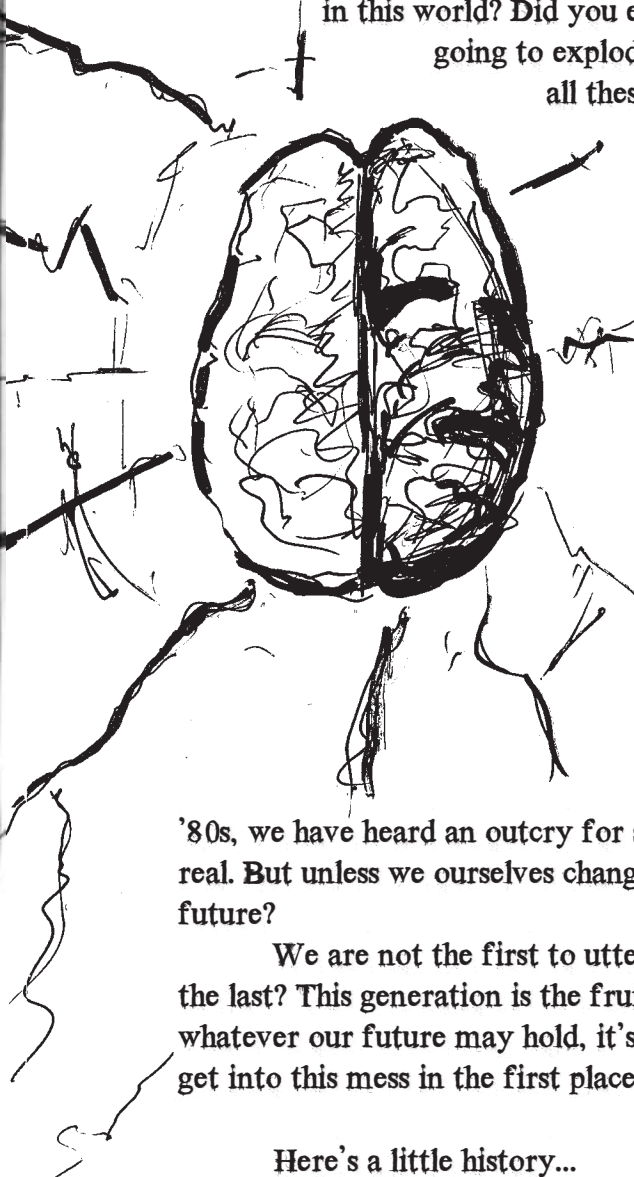
are not expressed, then we become depressed, quenched, and reduced to becoming passionless people. We become nothing more than faceless numbers among the masses. May it never be! We must find out who we are and how to be. Yet, with so much chaos all around us, and so much turmoil inside, where is the outlet for our energy?

Looking back on generations past, we see the same desperate cries for change. From the activists of the '60s, to the punks of the

'80s, we have heard an outcry for something new, something real. But unless we ourselves change... will we ever have a future?

We are not the first to utter these cries, but will we be the last? This generation is the fruit of this modern world, and whatever our future may hold, it's coming fast! How did we get into this mess in the first place?

Here's a little history...



LET'S START WITH THE A-BOMB! CIRCA:1945

WE BUILT
THE BOMB,
WE PUSHED



WE CHANGED

THE BUTTON,

THE WORLD!

*An expression of our great
potential!*



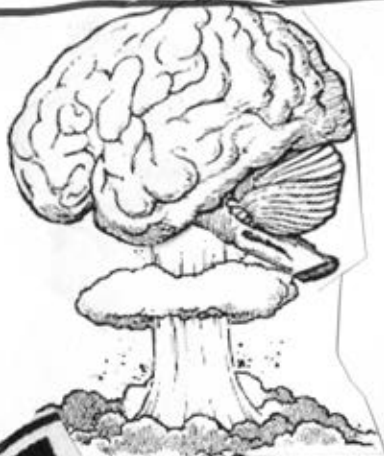
**OUR CREATIVE POWERS WERE
USED TO DESTROY!**

Atom bomb, TNT
New disease, poor city
Flying over Hiroshima, 1945
The city looks small from way up here
I wonder who'll survive
Atom bomb, TNT

New disease, poor city
A blinding flash hotter than the sun
Dead bodies lie across the path
The radiation colors the air

Finishing one by one
-Social Distortion





HEY KIDS



Our self-destructive nature, combined with our "great" intelligence and new-found technology were united together to produce Mankind's first Weapon of Mass Destruction-



and the means to completely annihilate ourselves!

THIS REALITY SENT SHOCK WAVES THROUGHOUT ALL THE FOLLOWING GENERATIONS, BRINGING ABOUT A NEW AGE FOR HUMANITY- AND THE COUNTDOWN TO DOOM!



OH NO!

5, 4, 3, 2, 1

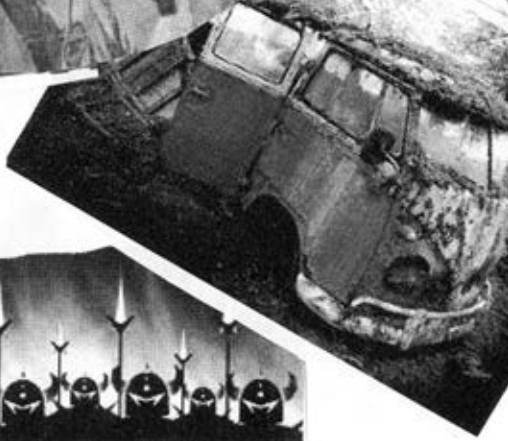
HEY KIDS, THIS MEANS WAR!

DOWN WITH THE SORT OF THING

**1969-VIETNAM IS HERE
AND UNCLE SAM SAYS;
YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU!**



THIS IS A FIGHT FOR



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
WHAT CAN WE DO, BUT...

protest!! resist!! and exist!!!

FOR OUR LIVES!



THE KIDS ARE
REVOLTING

Kids protest with passion until hippies are no longer a threat or force for change! Too high to care! Passions quickly redirected! All their potential energy was systematically channeled back into the system they opposed. All that was left were burnt-out bodies, minds, and no movement to speak of!



1977- COME ON BOYS THOSE HIPPIES FADED OUT WITH FLOWERS IN THEIR HAIR LET S SHOW EM HOW ITS DONE THROUGH ANGER AND AGGRESSION!!

LIKE A NUCLEAR REACTION,

the youth were



now ignited with explosive rage. At the top of their lungs, with fists high in the air, thousands of youth everywhere were frantic to proclaim

DEATH TO A DYING WORLD!

This was their last resort, the death knell, the final alarm announcing the end.

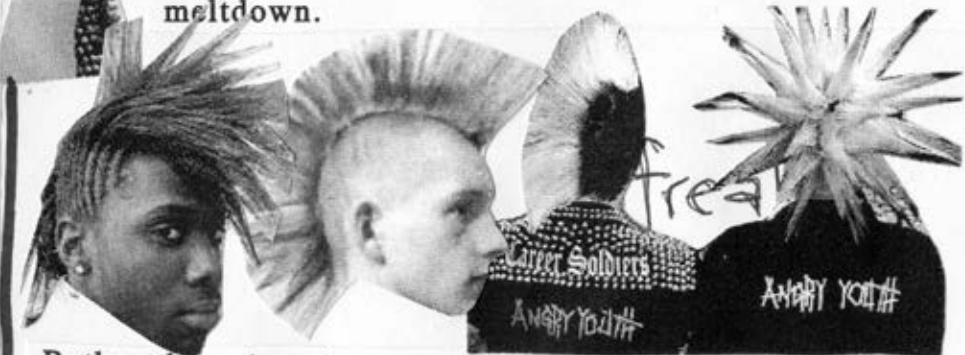


The energy expelled at this point was enough to fully level-out society. Mohawks, spikes, and anything else that they could think of were used to push the limits of the extreme.



The message was "you think I look like a freak, well I do this as a reflection of all that I see and hate in you society!!"

The message was clear but it backfired like a nuclear meltdown.



Rather than changing anything, society just gobbled it up as the latest fashion. From that point on, no longer was anything



SHOCKING!!!

AROUND ON US

NO MATTER WHAT WE TRIED IT SEEMED TO JUST GET TURNED

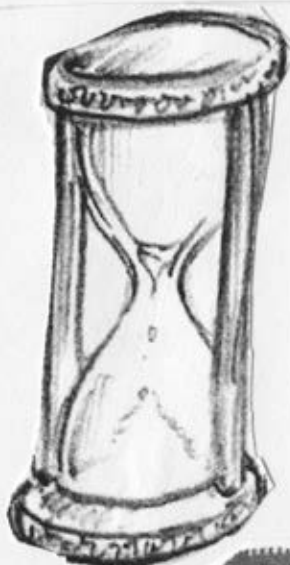
WE BECAME WHAT WE DESPISED

"The world is not dangerous because of those who do harm but because of those who look at it without doing anything."
- Albert Einstein



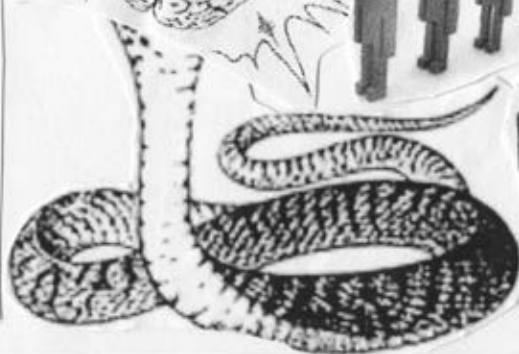
LITTLE DID WE KNOW, THE SYSTEM ACTUALLY THRIVED ON OUR FIGHT. THIS IS IT'S TRUE NATURE,

TO CONVERT ALL OUR ANGER, ANGST, AND POTENTIAL ENERGY FOR IT'S OWN. ALL OUR HEARTFELT PROTEST ONLY BECAME FUEL FOR THEIR FIRE!



OUR URGE TO DESTROY THE SYSTEM WAS USED TO CREATE IT

to submit



OUR PASSION FOR CHANGE WENT NOWHERE BECAUSE WE DIDN T

CAN YOU SPARE TO CHANGE? SPARE CHANGE



THIS IS A CHARGE!!

Do you have still have some charge, some energy, Do you have still have some charge, some energy, passion, vision, or guts? Or did you burn out like the hippie movement?

*Or did you become a **DRUNK**? Or all of the above? Or did you just lose heart, and just don't even care about anything anymore? Did you ever? Did you ever have conviction? Or are you just a weekend warrior?*

Maybe you are new on the scene and you hardly understand what this all means.

WELL, WHOEVER YOU ARE, IF YOU FEEL HOPELESS, THATS BECAUSE YOU ACTUALLY ARE. REALISTICALLY, YOU HAVE NO HOPE OF CHANGING EITHER THIS WORLD OR YOURSELF. THIS WORLD IS ON AN IRREVERSIBLE COURSE TO DESTRUCTION AND WANTS TO TAKE YOU DOWN WITH IT. THE ONLY HOPE OF HAVING YOUR LIFES ENERGY USED TO TRULY BRING AN END TO THIS WORLD SYSTEM IS BY BEING PART OF THE STONE KINGDOM.



THE SYNERGY OF THE STONE KINGDOM

The Stone Kingdom is a radical new society that will break free from this current world order.


The time is now ripe for there to be a radical change. We are living in the last days of human history. A new society will emerge as the systems of this world crumble. These events were long ago foretold by the prophets of ancient Israel.

The prophet Daniel proclaimed the emergence of the Stone Kingdom as the final movement in history, bringing an end to the kingdoms of this world. He interpreted a prophetic dream given to the king of Babylon. In the dream a huge statue was depicted, representing the empires of mankind. This statue was crushed to powder by an enormous stone, representing a people in the last days united in love and separated from this world.

And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to another people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever.


(Daniel 2:44)



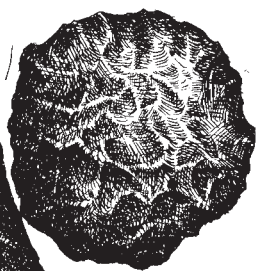


This new society will include people from all backgrounds, races, and cultures. Together they will stand in contrast to the surrounding world of division and confusion. This gathered people will be a light, burning intensely, deep into the heart and soul of every person who lives. The demonstration of love and unity that will shine forth from this Stone Kingdom will expose the wickedness and perversity of the last generation of human history. Those who are gathered to the Stone will be set free, not by the effort and ingenuity of man, but by the Almighty.

This separation will come about by divine love being poured out within the human heart — the hearts of those who deny themselves to stand as one. Only those who truly hate their lives in this fallen world will be worthy to be made part of the Stone. Together, their disdain toward the world system, combined with their love for one another and the people trapped in it, will shine as a light amidst the darkness — a contrasting light that exposes the world for what it truly is, and gives hope to those who sit in its shadow of death.




The walls that separate us will be broken down. Our differences will be resolved. Unity will prevail. This unity will enable all of our giftings, qualities, and strengths to be used together, while providing a place for the weak and afflicted to be fully accepted and embraced as the essential members that they are. We can do nothing as lone individuals, and nothing without unity. We cannot have this unity without love, and we cannot have love without forgiveness. This forgiveness is a power that can only be released by those who are part of the Stone. Motivated by deep gratitude for this forgiveness, these radicals of the Stone Kingdom are together in all that they do. They live and work together to bring about a consequential effect upon the world, not by strengthening it, but by detaching the its corruption. As the world is driven by selfishness, this new society will be devoted to self-sacrificing love. This love produces a unity that is concentrated and dense, a power that will withstand the great trials that are coming upon the earth.



This society will startle all nations — a true shock to the System. Their life of uncompromising loyalty, friendship, and devotion will stand out, and their passionate zeal for truth and justice will wake up the slumbering masses.

The love of this people will be the most powerful force in the universe, greater than all the world's negativity combined. Only by this love filling our hearts can our energies be transformed and channeled together. All of our deep frustrations, struggles, and emotions can be redirected and made into a force that has the ability to crush the kingdoms of this world.





Sound impossible? It surely would be apart from the One whose life was unquenchable. His name is Yahshua, and you have never heard the truth about Him before. Like everyone else, you've only been told of Jesus, the one who represents Christianity, with all of its institutions, wars, and confusion. But the One we speak of, the true Yahshua, is the only source of inexhaustible, eternal life.

He walked the earth 2,000 years ago, and in His short life of thirty-something years He demonstrated an energy and a life that was filled with more passion and guts than we can imagine. The message proclaimed by those of the Stone is that we can be like Him in every way, demonstrating to the world a love only possible by the energizing of His set-apart Spirit. Those who are part of the Stone Kingdom — His kingdom — will together be made fully compatible with Him, exerting an even greater effect upon the world than He was able to alone. For together they will form the very dwelling place of the true Spirit of our Creator — a radical new society made up of many living stones, built up together as an unstoppable force.

The kingdoms of this fallen world are coming to an end. All the corruption, hypocrisy, and war, all the money, power, and greed — these things will come to nothing as the power of the Stone Kingdom grows to take rightful dominion of the earth, bringing about true restoration and everlasting peace, and a place for us to fulfill our true potential energy.



THE SPIT-COVERED DIRT



I TURNED THE CORNER, AND THERE THEY WERE. HALF A DOZEN FAMILIAR FACES. SOME LEANING AGAINST THE GRAFFITI COVERED BRICK WALL, SOME SQUATTING ON THE DIRTY GROUND LITTERED WITH CIGARETTE BUTTS. UNIFORM JACKETS UNBUTTONED, SCHOOL TIES HIDDEN IN POCKETS, PANTS FASHIONABLY NARROWED, FRINGES DIED WITH PEROXIDE. NARROWED EYES, CROOKED GRINS, STIFF POSES - ANYTHING TO LOOK AS ALOOF AND INDIFFERENT AS POSSIBLE.

MY FRIENDS...

SOME WERE PASSING A SMOKE AROUND (JUST TOBACCO IN THOSE DAYS...) GREETED BY ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE NODS, I TAKE MY PLACE IN THE SMALL CIRCLE AND ACCEPT AN ALMOST BURNT-OUT CIGARETTE. CHOKING, BUT MANAGING TO MAINTAIN MY COOL, I TAKE A QUICK DRAG AND PASS IT ON.

THE SCHOOL BELL RINGS SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE BRICK WALL, BUT NO ONE MOVES. HARDLY LIFTING OUR EYES OFF THE DIRT, WE ARE DRAGGING OUT A WELL-WORN CONVERSATION - GIRLS, MOVIES, LAST WEEKEND. BRAGGING ON ABOUT OUR CRIMES AND VICES - REAL AND IMAGINED. A LONE FIGURE TRUDGES PAST.

"HEY, NICK!"

CONVERSATION ABRUPTLY HALTED, EVERYONE TURNS THEIR HEADS AS IF ON COMMAND AND STARED. NICK LOOKS OVER BRIEFLY, WITHOUT A WORD, SHAKES HIS HEAD AND HURRIES PAST. HE DISAPPEARS IN THE SCHOOL GATES.

"HE WON'T COME. SOMEONE TOLD HIS DAD THEY SAW HIM SMOKING. PROBABLY GOT A WALLOPING LAST NIGHT..."

"YEAH, HE TOLD ME HIS OLD MAN IS ONTO HIM. YOU WON'T SEE NICK FOR A WHILE NOW."

"...OR HE'LL GET HIS BACKSIDE BELTED. I DON'T ENVY THE POOR BASTARD..."

"YOU BET..."

THERE'S A LONG PAUSE. SOME STARE INTO SPACE, SOME INTO THE SPIT-COVERED DIRT.

WE LIE. WE ENVY HIM. OH, HOW WE ENVY HIM!

SOMEONE CARES ABOUT HIM. SOMEONE CARES ENOUGH TO PULL HIM UP. SOMEONE GIVES A DAMN. BUT NOT ABOUT US. NO ONE CARES. WE MIGHT AS WELL NOT EVEN EXIST. MIGHT AS WELL JUST TRASH YOUR LIFE, YOUR BODY, YOUR SOUL. SOME OF US WILL - DRUGS, PRISONS, SUICIDE. LIVES MASHED INTO THE FILTH LIKE THIS BURNT OUT

CIGARETTE...

THE BELL RINGS AGAIN. WE SLOWLY PICK UP OUR BAGS AND PULL THE SCRUNCHED UP SCHOOL TIES OUT OF OUR POCKETS.

"C'MON, BOYS. SEE YOU BACK AT LUNCH BREAK..."

YOUNG X-BOXED OUT!

YOU VOICE YOUR DISSATISFACTION. YOU DESIRE A REAL PURPOSE FOR YOUR LIFE BUT "SOCIETY" SEEMS TO REQUIRE THAT YOU CONFORM TO A LIFESTYLE THAT COMPROMISES AWAY WHAT YOU KNOW TO BE TRUE. YOU SENSE THAT YOU ARE MAKING CHOICES THAT ARE AT ODDS WITH YOUR INNER BEING. YOU HATE THE INJUSTICE YOU SEE ALL AROUND YOU, BUT IT NEVER GETS BETTER. YOU WANT A SOCIETY THAT SOMEHOW LIVES UP TO ITS IDEALS.

YOU HATE THE WAY PEOPLE ARE ISOLATED FROM EACH OTHER, BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT IT. THEN WHEN THE FEELING THAT YOU ARE ALWAYS ALONE OVERWHELMS YOU, EVEN WHEN YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE... YOU GO ALONG WITH THE CROWD THOUGH YOU HATE WHAT EVERYONE GIVES IN TO (DRINKING, DRUGS, AND A MYRIAD OF MINDLESS PURSUITS). AND YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH SHALLOW RELATIONSHIPS.

IT IS AS

IF YOU HAVE BEEN THROWN INTO A BOTTOMLESS WELL AND YOUR LIFE ISN'T EVEN GOING TO MAKE A SPLASH.

MANY OF US FELT THAT WAY IN THE SIXTIES, SO WE REBELLED AGAINST THE SYSTEM AND BEGAN TO QUESTION WHY THINGS WERE THE WAY THEY WERE. WE SAW THAT CHANGING IT MEANT STARTING OVER, SO WE STARTED ALTERNATIVE COMMUNITIES. WE CHANGED THE WAY WE LOOKED AT THINGS BUT WE COULDN'T CHANGE WHAT WAS IN OUR HEARTS. WE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO LOVE EACH OTHER IN THE WAYS THAT

WOULD REALLY BRING ABOUT A TRULY RADICAL CHANGE. WE TRADED IN OUR BEER AND TVS FOR DRUGS AND "FREE LOVE." WE GREW OUR HAIR LONG AND DRESSED DIFFERENTLY, BUT THE WAYS WE TREATED EACH OTHER DIDN'T CHANGE. WE WERE ALL STILL LIVING FOR OURSELVES, BUT WE THOUGHT WE WERE "HIP."

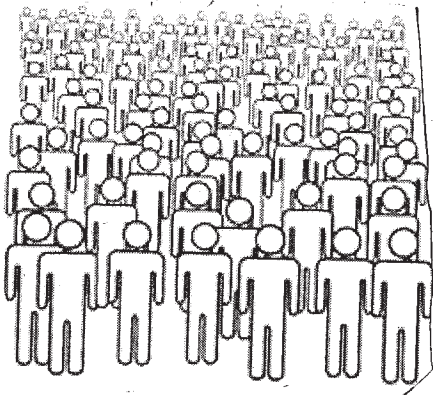
WE HAD IT ALL WORKED OUT IN OUR HEADS BUT THE REALITY WAS WE WERE STILL COMPROMISING, TRADING AWAY OUR INTEGRITY FOR WHAT SEEMED "COOL" AND "RIGHT ON." WE ENDED UP GOING BACK TO OUR NINE TO FIVE JOBS AND GIVING UP ON "THE REVOLUTION."

MANY

BELIEVED THAT SELF-FULFILLMENT WAS ALL THERE WAS, AND MANY PLUNGED HEADLONG INTO MAKING MONEY, HAVING NICE CARS, LIVING IN EXPENSIVE HOMES.

SOCIETY SEEMED SPURRED ON BY EVEN GREEDIER MOTIVES THAN EVER BEFORE. BUT SOME OF US STILL HATED THE WAY IT WAS, HATED OUR OWN SELFISHNESS. WE WERE MISERABLE BEING SUCCESSFUL, AND STILL FELT THERE WAS NO PURPOSE TO LIVING SUCH A LIFE OF SELF-INDULGENCE.

SO WHEN WE CAME UPON A COMMUNITY OF BELIEVERS WHO WERE WILLING TO GIVE UP THEIR SELFISHNESS FOR EACH OTHER, IT WAS BOTH EXCITING AND CHALLENGING. COULD THIS BE THE ANSWER TO SOLVING ALL THE SOCIAL ILLS AND AT THE SAME TIME SATISFY ALL OUR PERSONAL DESIRES TO LIVE A LIFE OF PURPOSE? COME AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF... VISIT ONE OF OUR COMMUNITIES. WE LIVE A SPIRITUAL LIFE OF SHARING AND CARING FOR ONE ANOTHER AND INVITE YOU TO SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THIS CAN BE A REALITY AND NOT JUST A HOPE.



LIFTING THE CURSE

THE CURSE CAME.

It broke over their heads like a storm, like a thunderhead gathering at sundown. In the night, when the air is still and heavy, the hushed sky rips apart with a crash.

It came like a vulture, like a big brown shadow sweeping across the grass and landing near a carcass.

It came silently. No oath or damning word was pronounced, but the whole land passed into the unseen hands of a brutal and pitiless spiritdom.

The summer sun dried up every pool and stream, driving the desperate frogs deep into the mud cracks. It killed the food plants and wilted the fig trees over the heads of the panting herds. A choking dust fell like rain, seared in the whirlwinds of a hopeless drought. Overhead a sky of bronze gleamed as if heated by a torch and underneath the scorched earth lay parched like an iron pan on an open flame.

In the cities children roamed the streets looking for pleasure, acting as though they had no parents. Sons treated their fathers with contempt and daughters scorned their mothers. Thieves robbed their own; prostitutes plied their trade openly without shame. Anger and murder filled their homes and streets like a plague until no one trusted anyone.

All around were the diseased, the deformed, the blind, the deaf, the lame, the crippled, the paralyzed, and the demon-possessed. The stench of the land was a rotting sore; there was no wholeness, no soundness, no justice. The curse had changed what was once a fruitful land into a parched wasteland, a mere husk, a stale hunk of rock-hard bread. The thirsty and starving wandered through it, looking for help, but there was none. Society was like a marketplace, a vanity fair where men hawked their conscience and dignity for a night of cheap thrills. Their daughters were like whores, their sons like drunkards. It had permeated every area of society, like oil soaking into a rag.

THEN HE CAME.

He grew up in their midst like a tender shoot, like the root of a plant that had survived in the desert. His life was like a young sprig growing out of an ancient stump.

He was a simple, childlike man who listened when people spoke to him. His ears were attuned to the afflictions of their hearts, and he responded with the truth he knew in his own. It was painful for him to look upon the

plight of his people. Never had he seen so much sickness or corruption in all levels of society, or so many religious hypocrites or pretenders, or lawless men. Though many had grown dull to the effects of the curse and had conformed to the abnormal society around them, he felt keenly every intrusion of the curse into even the smallest areas of their lives. It made him sad to see how calloused people's hearts were, how little they cared for one another, and how they despised the needy and poor among them.

He lived innocently and spoke simply with straightforwardness. His greatest concern wasn't what was fashionable or what was popular, but that the deeds his God had given him to do were carried out.

One thing for sure, he wasn't complicated. It wasn't hard to follow what he said. Those who were child-like listened to him.

Every way he turned, the cries of his people reached his ears. They were always around him, always in need. When the enemy's lies bent people's backs to the ground so they couldn't even straighten up, he felt sorry for them and reached out to heal them. They had been walked over so many times before, they'd follow just about anyone, not just him, but anyone who'd give them a free piece of bread. It got so bad, he couldn't even be with them. When everyone clamored to make him king, as much as he loved them, he moved away from them. He didn't withdraw into mysticism or retreat to the desert. But he knew that it wasn't yet time for him to establish his Kingdom on the earth.

THEN HE DIED.

To break the curse, he died. To break its sway, he suffered death as one under its power. He faced it unfearingly, knowing that his God would rescue him. And very shortly after that, he was alive again, resurgent, brimming over with victory. He filled all those who had sought after him and those who had remained at his side with the very same spirit that he had that overcame death. The very same life that had been in him was now in them. And though their demonstration passed away long ago, it is once again here on earth.

His life was a social life, an overflowing river that flowed out of his heart toward others. His words and actions teemed with life and he poured it out generously like living water. In him was a rich, lavish, endless, and inexhaustible supply of life. It brimmed over in every direction, in every situation to every kind of person, stimulating and quickening them with kindness and hospitality. He had enough life in himself to be able to go on and on and on. Every bit of it that he had, he freely gave away to others. What he didn't need to sustain himself, he extravagantly wasted on those around him. He cheered them up when they were discouraged, he consoled them when they were depressed, he wastefully squandered all that he had upon them in order to keep them till the day when they, too, would have living water flowing from their innermost being.

**HE IS YAHSHUA,
OUR HERO.**

WE WERE THOSE who had a deep yearning in our hearts to find somewhere we could call "home." Many of us came from good families. Some of us had a miserable home life. No matter where we came from, we couldn't silence the longing we felt in our hearts for something more to life. We wanted to escape from the self-seeking pursuits that we knew couldn't fulfill us. Even more than that — we wanted a way out of all the guilt and misery we felt within ourselves. We needed a place to belong.

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