

Spring/Summer 2008

FOREVER 27

A TWELVE TRIBES FREEPAPER

FREE

KURT COBAIN'S LAST WORDS

Kurt Cobain, 27, singer/guitarist/writer for the world's most successful "alternative" band and Seattle's current favorite non-native born Native Son, killed himself Thursday, April 7, at his home near Lake Washington.

His body was discovered by an electrician the next morning. He is survived by an angry widow, and a one-and-a-half-year-old daughter, as well as his divorced parents, bandmates, and various friends in the local and national music scenes. Immediately before his suicide, he had fled from a Southern California drug-treatment facility; his path up the coast to death remains unclear. Six weeks before his death, Cobain had been hospitalized in Rome after entering a coma brought on by a mix of alcohol and prescription drugs. Shortly after that, his wife called the police to Cobain's and her home because, she claimed, he was trying to kill himself. The police found four guns and 25 boxes of ammo on the premises.

Six days before his body was found, Cobain's mother filed a missing persons report with the Seattle police. After his death, she was quoted as saying, "I told him not to join that stupid club." She was referring of course to the drug related deaths at age 27 of Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix.

JANIS JOPLIN DEAD AT 27

October 4, 1970 – Janis Joplin is found dead in her room at the Landmark Hotel in Hollywood, California. The official cause is accidental heroin overdose. Myra Friedman, who knew her intimately for years and cared for her deeply, says her friend was afflicted by "an emotional astigmatism. Each second was clear, but there was no focus." That could stand as an epitaph for the '60s themselves. She died alone, late at night, loaded up with extremely pure heroin, plus some Ripple wine and vodka. In her fist were some dollar bills and silver. She'd gone out to the lobby to get change for a five so she could buy a pack of cigarettes. The guy at the desk was apparently the last person who ever spoke to her. She came back to her room – it was about 1 a.m. – got ready for bed, perhaps sat down on the bed, perhaps reached over to put the smokes on the bedside table, then pitched violently forward. "Like a puppet hurled down or kicked over," Friedman wrote in her book "Buried Alive." "Buried Alive in the Blues" was the tune Joplin and her new band had been working on in the studio that weekend. At 27, her life was gone.



Pigpen is Forever 27

Starting a rock band was actually Ron McKernan's idea, and he was its first front man, delivering stinging harmonica, keyboards, and beautiful blues vocals in the early years of the Warlocks/Grateful Dead. Nicknamed "Pigpen" for his funky approach to life and sanitation, he was born into a family that was generally conventional, except for the fact that his father was an R & B disc jockey. And that sound put Pig's life on the rails of the blues from the time he was 12. Liquor, Lightnin' Hopkins, the harmonica and some barbecue - it was an unusual life for a white kid from San Carlos, but it was Pig's life. And the hard-drinkin' blues life began to catch up with Pig by the very early '70s. He played his last show with the band in 1972, and on March 8, 1973 at 27 years old, he died of internal hemorrhaging caused by his drinking. His grave marker says:

**RONALD C. McKERNAN
1945-1973
PIGPEN
WAS AND IS NOW
FOREVER
ONE OF THE
GRATEFUL DEAD**

Doors Singer Dies in Paris

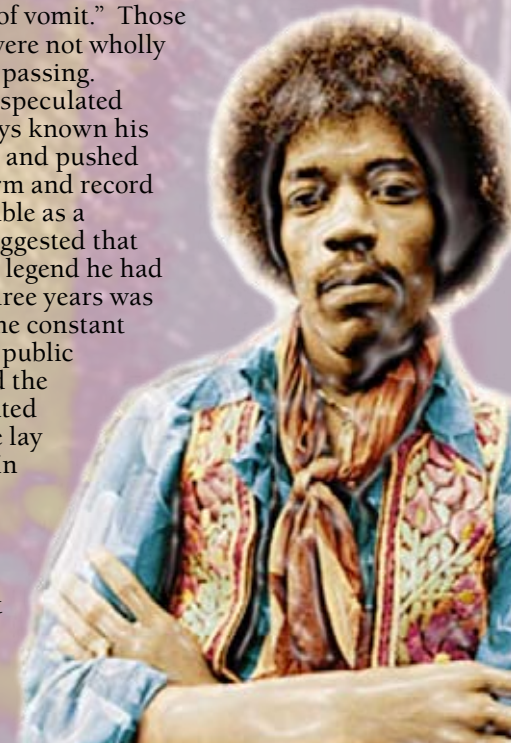
July 3, 1971 – Jim Morrison, the lead singer of American rock group, The Doors, died in Paris aged 27. He was found in a bathtub at his apartment at 17 Rue Beatraillis by his girlfriend. A doctor's report stated the cause of death was heart failure aggravated by heavy drinking, although an autopsy was never performed. He was buried at the Pere-Lachaise Cemetery in Paris. His death was kept secret until after the funeral, to eliminate the crowds of saddened fans that would likely have attended. Morrison, also known as the Lizard King, formed The Doors with Ray Manzarek in 1965 in Los Angeles. Morrison had come up with the name after reading Aldous Huxley's account of drug experiences, "The Doors Of Perception."

'SCUSE ME WHILE I KISS THE SKY

**In the
early
morning
hours**

of September 18, 1970, Jimi Hendrix was found dead in the basement flat of the Samarkand Hotel in London as a result of an apparent overdose of sleeping pills. The official cause of death was "barbiturate intoxication" and "inhalation of vomit." Those who knew him were not wholly surprised by his passing.

In fact some speculated that he had always known his time was limited and pushed himself to perform and record as much as possible as a result. Others suggested that the weight of the legend he had created in just three years was crushing him. The constant tension between public expectations and the direction he wanted his music to take lay heavily on him. In early September 1970 he told a reporter, "I've been dead for a long time; I don't think I will live to see twenty-eight." He died at 27 years old.



FOREVER 27

Some of the most famous rock musicians in history died at the age of 27. In the minds of many they are "Forever 27."

But where are they now? Some would like to think they are at a big party in the sky. Some say, "Heaven must have one hell of a band." Some may hope for an eternal life full of "sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll" in heaven. How many have bought into the rock 'n' roll fantasy presented to the young people of America? The record company executives have profited untold millions, destroying young lives.

The wild, fast-paced lifestyle of these musicians has captured the attention of millions. It seems as if they lived an exciting life, but what caused them to die so young? Why is suicide thought to have been involved in each one of their deaths? What caused all the loneliness and pain that they tried to cover up with drugs and alcohol? They started their careers broke and homeless; they ended their careers rich and famous. Why couldn't that make them happy?

Can't Buy Me Love

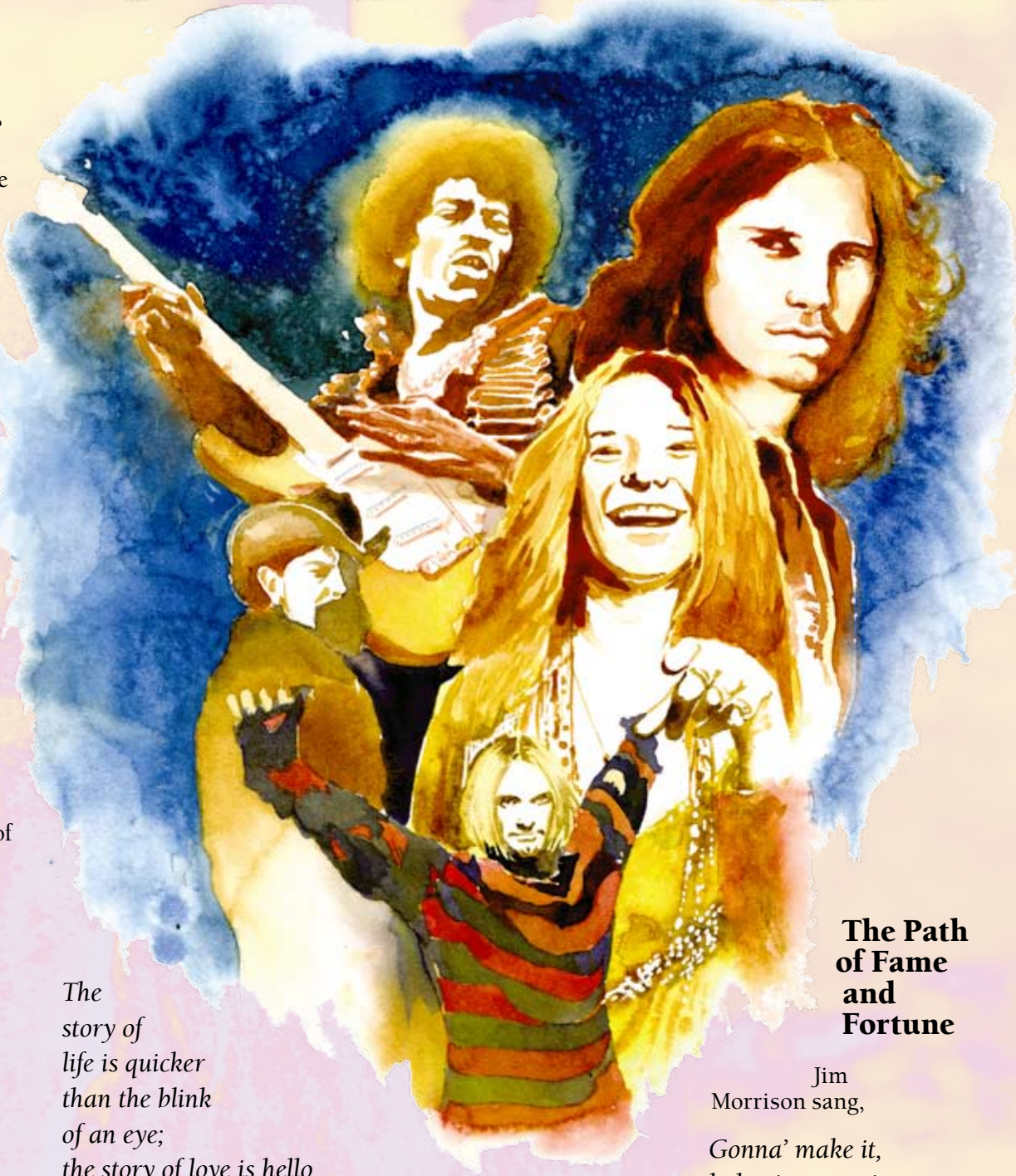
All the money they had couldn't buy love, and all the fame they had couldn't give them peace. They watched all the people draw near when they became rich and famous, acting as if they really loved them as a person. Every time these musicians tried to love someone, they would find out that people's true motives were to gain fame and fortune for themselves. Perhaps that was what Jimi Hendrix was suffering with when he wrote the note that was found next to his drug-overdosed body:

The story of life is quicker than the blink of an eye; the story of love is hello and goodbye...

If only he had known that life *can* go on forever in peace, and a love *can* be found which never departs.

The more people are overtaken by their selfish ambitions, the further they drift from the image of God, and the purpose for which they were created. Pure love cannot be found through someone's selfishness. The empty husk of love people settle for in selfishness eventually passes away.

They get connected to an evil realm, which promotes living for themselves with little or no thought for how they ruin the lives of others. They soak themselves in drugs and alcohol trying to escape the screaming voice of their conscience. They can't help but dig the same grave for anyone willing to listen. This spirit tries to capture young people who are easier to convince and not so set in their ways.



The Path of Fame and Fortune

Jim Morrison sang,

*Gonna' make it, baby, in our prime
Come together one more time¹*

What was he thinking when he said, "make it"? Did he anticipate how his life would end up? Did he follow his fans? If you follow someone you will end up where he is going. Those who follow this reckless path will end up where it leads... IN DEATH.

¹ Doors, *Five To One: Waiting For the Sun* (1968)

Death speaks through these musicians, trying to direct your way of life. It glorifies living on the edge, tempting death. It tries to make you think you're invincible.

Well, I woke up this morning, and got myself a beer. The future's uncertain, and the end is always near.²

When death's "Forever 27 CLUB" started to take shape, it quickly captured the attention of people all over the world. The media took off in full swing (to their music), promoting these young, dead musicians for every penny they were worth. They were 27, and died on drugs. Now the criteria for being a "legend" in the music scene changed. If you really wanted to be remembered, you had to be... FOREVER 27.

It's Better to Burn Out than Fade Away

Kurt Cobain was one of the most famous musicians in the 90s. His drug-laced music was a magnet to anyone who was looking for a change. He soon found himself on top of the music charts, looking down at the life he once had. He had become an idol and a perfect tool for evil spirits to speak through.

By the time he turned 27, he felt as though he had reached the peak of his career. He found himself on the same peak that his heroes had stood on years before.

Continued on page 4

² Doors, *Roadhouse Blues: Morrison Hotel* (1970)

KURT'S LAST WORDS

There are deep things in each one of us, powerful things that words can barely express. Music has been a medium that has been able to tap into the deep emotional struggle that people experience. Too often, however, the artists who write and sing these words to the masses are just as trapped as their listeners. This was obviously the case with one of the 1990s' most famous and influential musicians, Kurt Cobain.¹ This was the last thing he ever wrote:

"I haven't felt the excitement of listening to as well as creating music along with reading and writing for too many years now. I feel guilty beyond words about these things. For example when we're back stage and the lights go out and the manic roar of the crowds begins... The fact is, I can't fool you, any one of you. It simply isn't fair to you or me. The worst crime I can think of would be to rip people off by faking it and pretending as if I'm having 100% fun. Sometimes I feel as if I should have a punch-in time clock before I walk out on stage. I've tried everything

within my power to appreciate it (and I do, God, believe me I do, but it's not enough)... It must be one of those narcissists who only appreciate things when they're gone. I'm too sensitive. I need to be slightly numb in order to regain the enthusiasms I once had as a child... I have a goddess of a wife who sweats ambition and empathy and a daughter who reminds me too much of what I used to be, full of love and joy, kissing every person she meets because everyone is good and will do her no harm. And that terrifies me to the point to where I can barely function. I can't

stand the thought of Frances [his daughter] becoming the miserable, self-destructive, death rocker that I've become. Thank you all from the pit of my burning, nauseous stomach for your letters and concern during the past years. I'm too much of an erratic, moody baby! I don't have the passion anymore, and so remember, it's better to burn out than to fade away."²

Though looked to as a modern-day prophet by many, able to express the deep emotional frustration that "Generation X" felt inside, he himself was caught in a machine that

used the individual for everything he was worth, then spat him out. Sadly, he saw no way out except to end his own life, leaving thousands of fans with no answers, and a young daughter to try and figure out life's questions on her own. But is life just one big trip? If so, then why couldn't Kurt or so many countless others not finish the ride? The torment of their own consciences drove them to the breaking point. They wanted out, but felt that they had no way of escape.

The truth is that there are eternal consequences of our actions here on earth. We don't burn out or fade away, but our soul lives on for eternity. The agony that many feel while on earth doesn't stop in death, but continues on until each person has paid the full wages of their sin in death — if they can. If they do not have the heart to feel

sincerely, even profoundly sorry over the sins and wrongs they have done in this life this means they have lost all human worth. And it means their suffering will never end."

Though some willfully end their life in hopes of finding relief, the opposite is true. In the place called *death* there are no distractions, no music, no drugs to ease the pain. Only the mind-bending torment of your conscience as it is unleashed by your self-inquisition in the blackest darkness. It is there that you must face the truth about yourself: how you hurt others and suppressed your conscience. Some will weep in remorse while others will gnash their teeth and resist the truth about themselves. Either way, death is not the end — it is the gateway to eternity. ✱



¹ Kurt Cobain was the lead singer for Seattle "Grunge" band Nirvana.

² Suicide letter found on April 8, 1994

“Forever 27”

continued from page 2

Now it was time – time to make a choice. He could coast down the other side of the peak and lose his fame, or he could die and be “Forever 27.” Only Kurt Cobain knows what finally motivated him to choose death. He shot himself while on heroin. He left a suicide note that gave us a window into what he was thinking in the final moments of his life:

“It is better to burn out than fade away.”³

Once again, “Forever 27” was reignited in another generation of youth. The entrepreneurs fueled the fire, sending posters and T-shirts all over the world. That fire is still burning today, urging people to live life with reckless abandon with no thought of the consequences.

represent the image of God that will endure through eternity? Did these people fulfill the purpose for which they were created?

It might just seem like thoughts you’ve had yourself, justifications you’ve come up with for things you’d really like to do. But it’s more than that. There are spirits at work that want you to think that even if you live a life of “Sex, Drugs, and Rock ‘n’ Roll” that God is not going to condemn you for “having a little fun.” But regardless of what anyone tries to tell you, there are significant consequences for going against the truth you know in your heart.

One of my best friends thought he could just “go to heaven” when life got difficult. He thought it

was better to “burn out than fade away,” as Cobain wrote.

game of Russian Roulette. The music I listened to engulfed my entire thought process. I was living my life according to the words that touched me through these musicians. I wanted to live like them.

I wanted to have a life that was radically different than the people around me. I saw the way people went to school, got a job,

cars and broken relationships behind me. I decided to move to Florida, thinking that getting away from my old friends would get me away from my old habits. I soon found

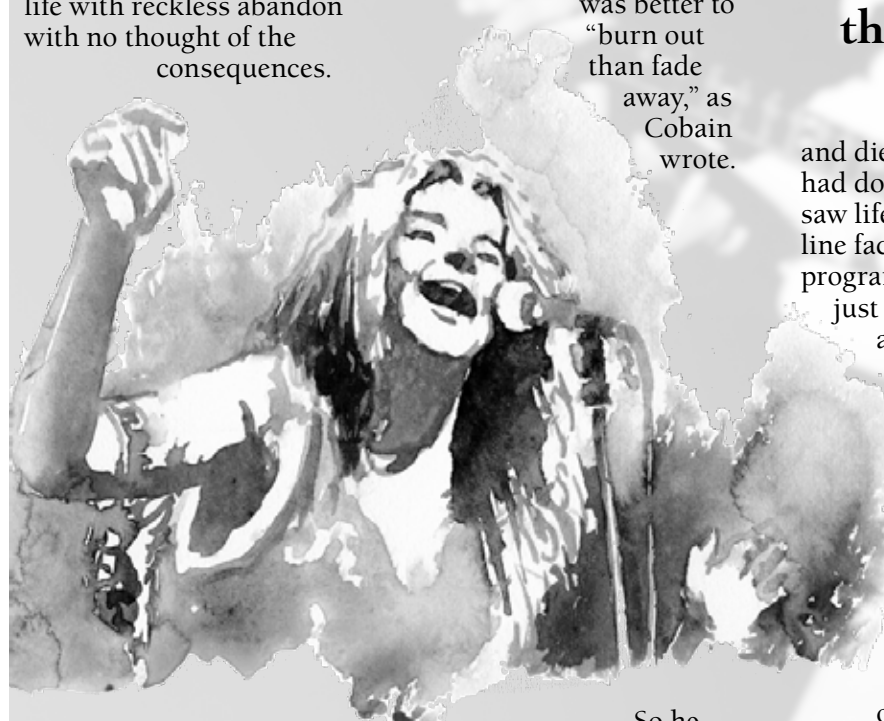
What makes people think that these musicians are all in heaven still jamming, but somehow happier than they were in their time on earth?

and died, just as billions had done before them. I saw life like an assembly line factory that produced programmed robots, just to be put in a box and buried when they stopped working. I wanted to do something different, and these musicians were the first clues I could find to lead me out. I wanted to be far away from being just another programmed robot in society.

As years went by, I got into more drugs, and more trouble. I found myself in and out of jail, with a trail of wrecked

new friends, and along with them came new drug dealers. The new life I was seeking to find turned out to be the same scene with a different mask, with the same music pulling me down into that plastic society I wanted nothing to do with. Again, I decided to move – this time to California.

I drove my van across the country, taking in all the beautiful landscapes. I went on in hope that a purpose for my life was waiting for me on the other side of the mountains. I traveled up and down the coast for months, looking for the perfect

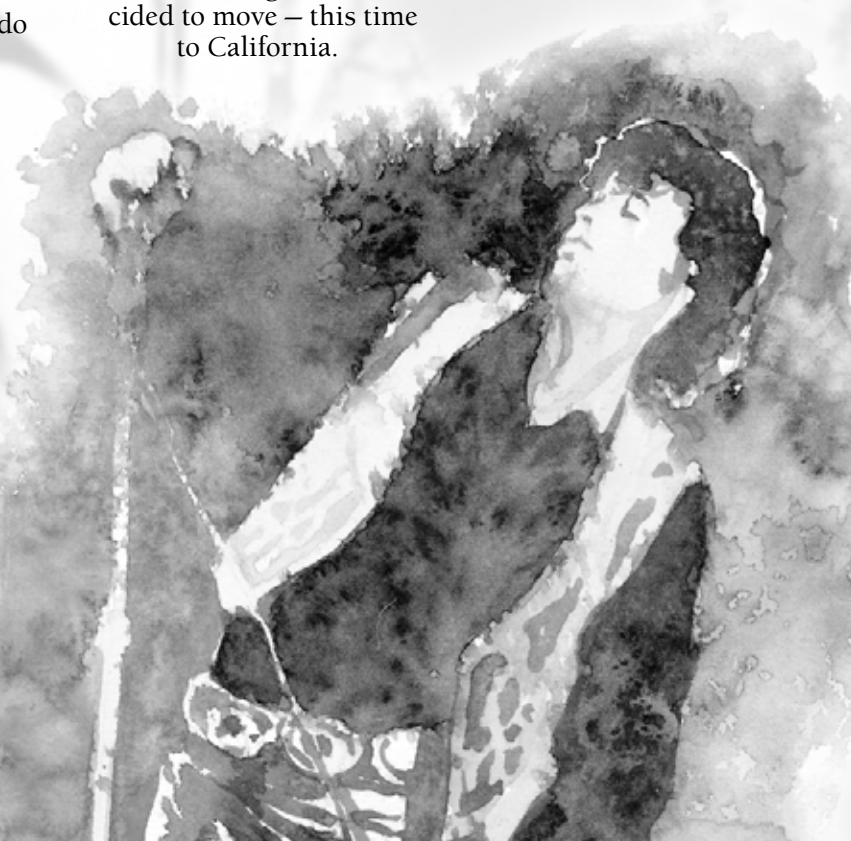


The Cold Reality of Death

Is heaven a place where you can just go to when the time is convenient, or when life becomes too difficult? What makes people think that these musicians are all in heaven still jamming, but somehow happier than they were in their time on earth? Does the lifestyle of these people

So he shot himself. My friend thought he was going to see him. He thought he was going to heaven to meet all of the musicians whose words touched him, so long ago. But instead, he has to face regret, agony, and torment in death.

When my friend died, it woke me up to the reality of death. It could have easily been me who fell into the same trap. Drugs had become part of my lifestyle also. Each day was another



³ Kurt Cobain's last words, *Suicide Note* (1994), See page 3

place to start my new life. I wanted to find people who were “outsiders” like me. I wanted to find people who weren’t programmed robots in society. But I couldn’t find anyone who thought the way I did. Everyone I met seemed satisfied. I couldn’t find anything that had meaning. I decided to start living in Mexico, because the rent was cheaper there, and so were the drugs. I had to numb the growing pain of my purposeless life.

Life in Mexico was just that. I got to know some people and we began to push the limits of nightlife. One night, I woke up to a Mexican doctor who was leaning over me and asking me questions. I had overdosed, and someone had brought me to the hospital. I quickly slipped out and staggered down some random road. I was lost, in Mexico. I had never felt so drained in my whole life. I had climbed out of wrecked cars many times, and even had guns pointed in my face, but never had I been so close to death.

I was covered in a cold sweat as I walked along the dirt road, and thought I would collapse, at any moment. It felt as if every ounce of life had been sucked out of my soul. Following the lyrics of my “heroes” had brought me to the edge of the same pit of death they were drawn into. I felt as if I was teetering on the cliff of death and could hear my heroes singing from far below. Their music was the middleman, inviting me to “join the party.”

With no money in my pockets, I began waving down taxis, one after the other, until finally one driver gave me a ride to the U. S. border. He was already

taking another woman there. I got out of the taxi and dragged my worn out, exhausted body to the inspection line. An officer caught sight of my condition right away, and ran my ID. He found out that I had a warrant in another state, and put me in handcuffs. I was thrown into a cold cell with nothing to think about except the death that I had just barely escaped. I knew that God had given me another chance to live.

Five days later, I was released from jail because the warrant wasn’t serious enough for them to extradite me to another state. I began spending a lot of time on the California beaches, staring out into the horizon for hours. I was praying that God would show me the purpose for my life. I would watch the sun melt into the distant ocean as another day blew by like a wave in the sea.

“Sometimes I feel as if I should have a punch-in time clock before I walk out on stage.”

I labored with God, day after day, to show me the reason for which I was born. I needed to find a real life that was worth living. I needed to live for something more than just getting rich, or die trying. I needed to find God.

One day, as I was walking along the beach, a bus caught my attention. It was painted like a “Hippie” bus of the ‘60s, and people were selling fruits and vegetables in front of it. It reminded me of the ‘60s Movement that once captured the USA by storm. It made me sad to think about all the people who were in the Movement and then traded “peace and love” for a suit and tie. I walked up to the bus and

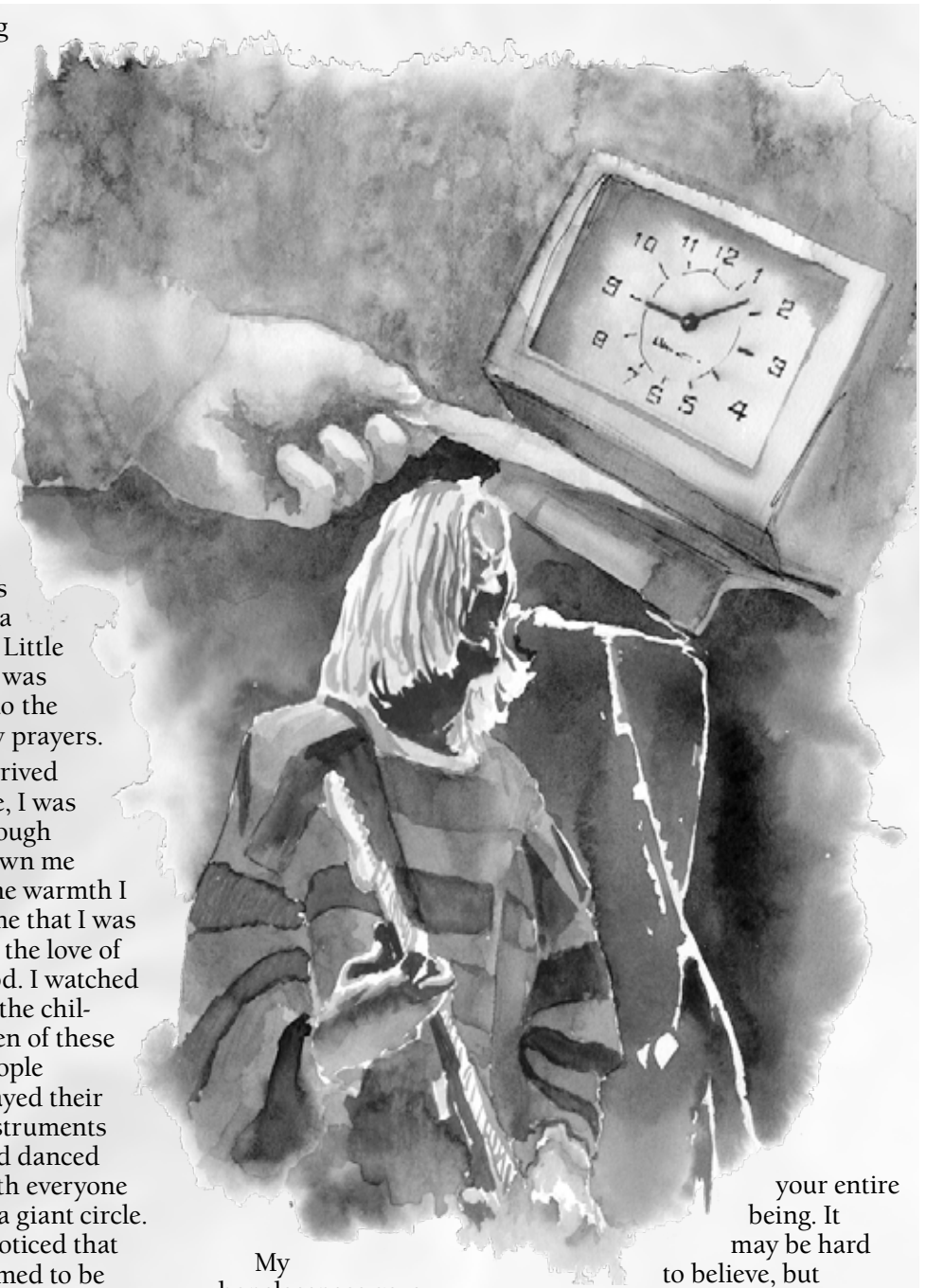
began talking to these people. They were very kind and hospitable, offering me some iced tea and cookies they had made. After a short talk with them, they invited me to their house for a celebration. I thought I was just going to a hippie party. Little did I know, I was really going to the answer to my prayers.

When I arrived at their house, I was greeted as though they had known me all my life. The warmth I felt assured me that I was experiencing the love of

God. I watched as the children of these people played their instruments and danced with everyone in a giant circle. I noticed that

everyone seemed to be happy. I had never seen anything like this before. I started to ask the people around me questions, and they responded with words of truth that opened my eyes. They told me that they followed the Son of God, and that Yahshua was His actual Hebrew name.

Their “Yahshua” sounded so alive compared to the stale “Jesus” that the world had preached to me for many years. They explained to me how they all lived together and shared everything in common, causing there to be no needy among them. Every question I had about life was answered and I could see my purpose being revealed before my very eyes.



your entire being. It may be hard to believe, but there are answers to your deepest questions. Please come and see for yourself. *

My hopelessness gave way to hope as I heard that I could have a new life and be cleansed from my guilty conscience. I willingly gave my life to follow Yahshua and be a part of what He was doing on the earth. Now I am no longer alone, but belong to a people. I am following the One who is worthy of my life.

We are longing for you to come and be with us, to be enabled to love, and fulfill your purpose. You will meet people who will do what it takes to love you, to bring healing and restoration to

Derek



By 1966 Pink Floyd had become more or less the official band of the London Underground. Their unique sound, accompanied with moving liquid slides projected over themselves and the audience, had propelled them to be the leading wave of a growing underground movement in England.

Syd Barrett had become the leader of the group with his distinctive guitar sound and lead vocals. He wrote almost all their material, influenced by American and British psychedelic rock with his own brand of spontaneous humor.

Syd Barrett had a significant influence on a whole movement of people. What happened that caused him to lose control of his life and even his own soul? Was it just mental illness that caused him to go over this edge? Or did the drugs open him up to

but in the end it brings death. Like the example of Syd Barrett. How do we know if we are doing our created purpose or if we are being controlled by a deadly spirit?

There is some real insight into

realistic, here and now? A place where we can really be healed of all the damage inside of ourselves? God did not create us to heal ourselves. He created us to live together and help each other heal, through his Holy Spirit.

There is a historical account of a sanctuary like this that was written down in the Bible.

“All the believers were together and had everything in common. Selling their possessions and goods, they gave to anyone as he had need.”

Acts 2:44-45

It's was a huge movement at one time and was like no other.

We are excited to tell you that once again this same movement happening. It's been going on for over 30 years and gaining momentum. People are gathering from all over, being drawn by this wonderful, Holy Spirit and forming communities that are this sanctuary we spoke about. Now there is a place where we can be transformed and reach our full potential as a human being.

There is a spiritual realm, in which our own spirit has contact with other spirits, both good and evil.

The only cost is to leave our old life in this world behind and begin a new life in which we constantly seek to be in harmony with God and with one another. This new life is together, not alone, just like the account we just quoted above. Our Creator has a wonderful reward for those that are willing to give up everything for Him, for those who do so will actually be

instrumental in bringing an end to this evil darkness that rules the world and bring in a whole new age of peace.

“When will this happen, and what will be the sign of your coming and of the end of the age?...So you also must be ready, because the Son of Man will come at an hour when you do not expect Him.”

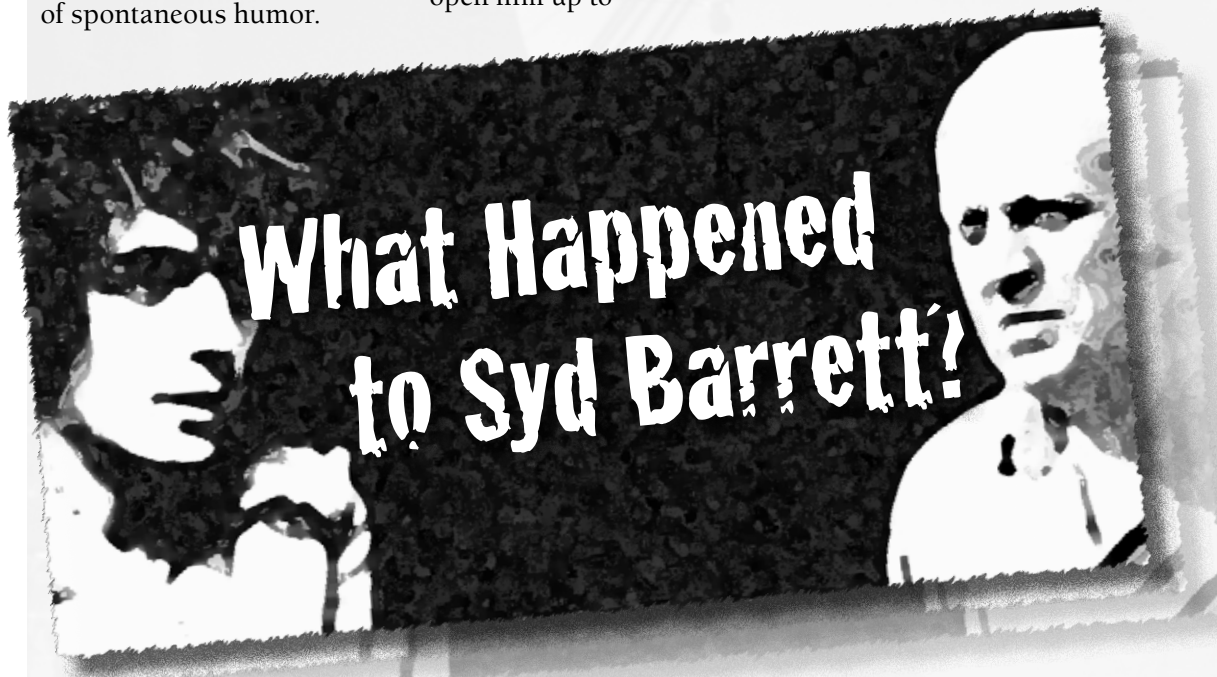
Matthew 24:3, 44

We are a people who are making ourselves ready by learning how to love one another at all costs. We are being healed from all our selfish ways that hinder us from loving one another. We have found a purpose and have come out of the world to be a part of God's people - His Holy Nation that was prophesied about long ago:

“But you are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, His own special people, that you may proclaim the praises of Him who called you out of darkness into His marvelous light.”

1 Peter 2:9

Have you been “kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town, waiting for someone or something to show you the way”? Wait no longer. We have found the way of eternal life. It's not just some empty philosophy or religion, but a very real and amazing new culture that is forming that is lead by a different Spirit. We invite you to come be a part of this brand new culture. Come out of the darkness and confusion of this world and experience this wonderful light. ✨



What Happened to Syd Barrett?

As the band became more popular, the stresses of life on the road and a significant intake of psychedelic drugs took their toll on Barrett. While the rest of the band had always been more into alcohol than drugs, Barrett was deeply involved in the psychedelic side of the underground, taking large amounts of LSD and drawing the inspiration for much of his playing and writing from it. He became more unpredictable, and on some gigs would only stand and stare at the audience while strumming the same chord all evening.

Things were getting totally out of hand with Barrett and in February of 1968 it was decided to replace him with an old school friend named David Gilmour. Barrett went into seclusion. He lived alone in his house with almost no human contact until his death in July of 2006.

a spirit that grew and grew in power until it eventually took him over? David Gilmour said, “He's got uncontrollable things in him that he can't deal with and people think it's a marvelous, wonderful, romantic thing. It's just a sad, sad thing, a very nice and talented person who's just disintegrated.”¹

What were these uncontrollable things in him that he couldn't deal with? Do we have uncontrollable things in us? Some people consider themselves spiritual, while others do not. But really all human beings are spiritual. There is a spiritual realm, in which our own spirit has contact with other spirits, both good and evil. An evil spirit is one that has lost it's light and is no longer in tune with it's created purpose. It can be very deceptive, and even seem like it offers you great light,

this written in the Bible. In one place it says:

“We know that we are children of God and that the whole world is under the control of the evil one.”

1 John 5:19

The whole world is under the control of the evil one. This doesn't mean that everything everyone does is bad of course, but there is an evil, spiritual force that drives all the cultures of the world, resulting in all the evil that is going on under the sun. Therefore, we must come “out of the world” to become the children of God. We can't deal with all the things inside of us by ourselves. We must come into a new environment where we can be healed from the damage that was done inside of us. But how and where on earth can you do that. Is there really a sanctuary where God is doing something

¹ *Musician Magazine, Dec. 1982*

THE PUPPET

*"Woe to you who are rich, for you are receiving your comfort in full."
(Luke 6:24)*

If you could see the never-ending picture of eternity, you would never trade it for momentary comfort in this microscopic span of time on earth.

This short time on earth is for you to decide your eternal destiny. There is a place of torment for those who have already received their comfort in full, and there is a place of comfort for those who have suffered to do what is right.

"And he cried out and said, 'Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus so that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool off my

tongue, for I am in agony in this flame.' But Abraham said, 'Child, remember that during your life you received your good things, and likewise Lazarus bad things; but now he is being comforted here, and you are in agony.'" (Luke 16:24-25)

Does it matter whether you are "Forever 27" if you are forever in torment? Is all the fame and money going to put out the fire that keeps you in agony? Are these puppets pulling you over the edge? Are torment and agony the ones that wait for you to take your last breath?

God desires all men to be saved. He has given every man the guiding light of his conscience to do what is right. He did not create people to live their individual lives for individual, selfish purposes. He wants to gather a people together, who will share everything they have in common. He desires one body of people who are one in heart and mind.

And the congregation of those who believed were of one heart and soul, and not one of them claimed that anything belonging to him was his own, but all things were common property to them. (Acts 4:32)

To enter into a new life, you have to leave your old life behind. The Kingdom of God is worth everything.

"So then, none of you can be My disciple who does not give up all his own possessions." (Luke 14:33)

Yahshua gave up His life for you so you could give up your life for Him and His people. This is the love that God has poured out in our hearts. This is the love that will last forever. Come and experience this new life that God has prepared for you. ✨

Death is holding the puppet as bait, trying to sugar-coat the eternal torment that waits for those who will latch on and swallow it. How many people latch onto this puppet and let the hook sink in through their cheek? How many people are anxiously striving to be one of these rich and famous puppets? So many people think that a thick blanket of money will keep them warm and comfortable forever.

People don't think about who is pulling the leash that is collared around their soul. They don't think about it until this short life comes to an end and they are pulled over the edge.

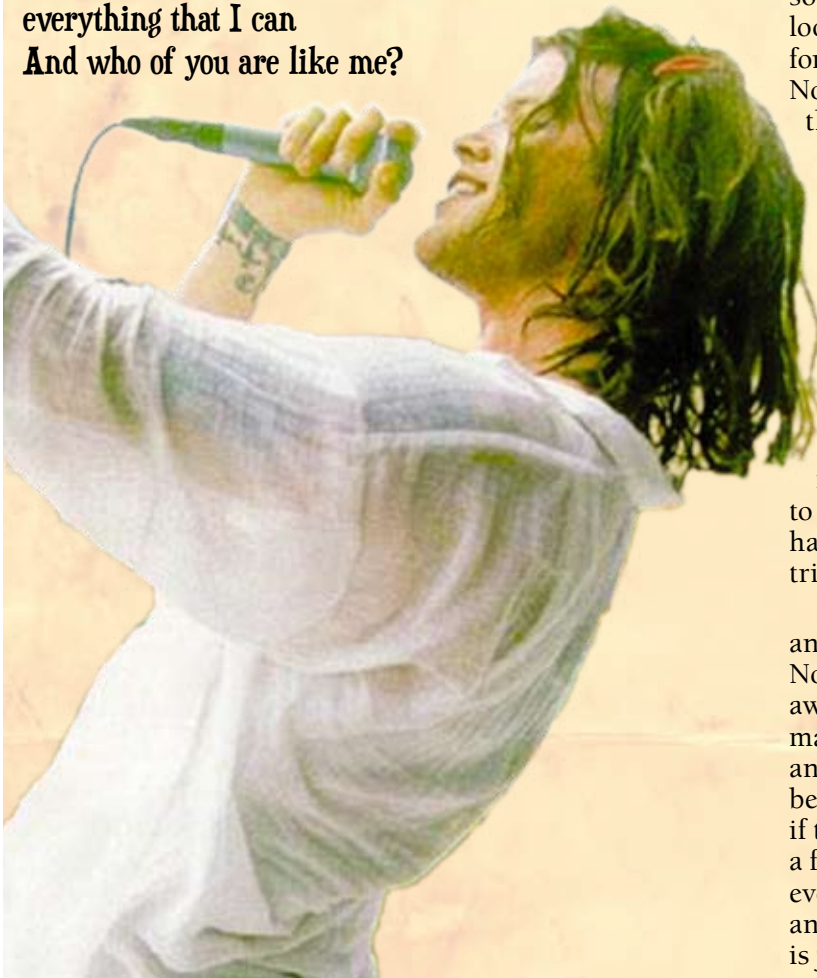


SHUTTLED

ALL THAT I NEED - Blind Melon

All that I need is the air that I breathe
 And all that I need are things I don't need
 And all that really matters is what matters to me
 And who of you are like me?

If I was to smile and I held out my hand
 If I opened it now would you not understand
 Because you know if I'm to benefit, I'll do
 everything that I can
 And who of you are like me?



Hheavy Metal and “Grunge” was the main music I listened to. My friends and I were in it together; we dressed like them, and acted like them, living reckless and on the edge. We acted the way we acted just to wake people up to the sickness of society and the sickness in us. How we looked was merely a screaming appeal for true healing, not fake prescriptions. Nobody cared what happened to us on the streets anyway. Or so we thought.

Reality is, I had a lot of real questions, and so did a lot of my friends. We had real, deep questions going on underneath the surface of our appearance. “Who are we? Why are we alive?” But nobody had any answers.

Going to church with Mom and Dad didn't give us answers. My parents loved me the best they knew how, but they didn't have any answers. In fact, my father's solution was to turn to alcohol. My teachers at school didn't have any answers either. Everybody just tries to, but they just don't have them.

Sometimes I wondered if anyone had anything to say that was worth saying. Nothing was making my emptiness go away. I didn't know who I was, and it was making me mad. I would write these real angry poems in English class, but no alarm bells were going off in anyone. Or at least if there were, no one said anything. There's a feeling of emptiness and isolation that every teenager faces: you're searching for answers, and nobody has any for you. There is just a big void inside, a deep emptiness.

Then along came the bands: Black Sabbath, Metallica, MegaDeth, Nirvana, and others. Their music was something my friends and I could relate to. They expressed the things deep within our souls – things we didn't seem to have the words for. When I listened to the music it felt as if it was doing something inside of me, and I was getting somewhere. And there was intensity to their music: the drums, the chord progressions. We felt empowered by it. We were still empty, but it covered over things. It masked our bad feelings, making us feel important for awhile.

Their music almost articulates the frustration in you. You feel that nobody understands what you are going through – except the man playing the music. It seemed as if he was the only one who knew... he knew exactly what we were going through. I found no sanity in society, or in myself, but the music seemed to say it all.

I remember back when my best friend Shawn and I were in grade school. We would talk about how we would never listen to Heavy Metal music because *druggies* listen to that and we didn't want to be *druggies*. What child wants to say, “Oh yeah, I'm going to grow up and do all kinds of drugs; we're going to grow up and be miserable and watch all our friends kill them selves?” What child would want that? What child says, “We're going to drive around late at night when we grow up and push the boundaries of life and death?”

Shawn was the best friend I had for many years, from first grade all the way

through school. We could see what was really there, at the end of it, and said we would never do it; and yet, not too much later, we became the very thing we vowed never to be. We just walked right into it.

And it wasn't like we tried to help each other stop either. We had both made our own choices; he was always the kind of youth who led his own life. Actually at one point he had tried to commit suicide. He had left a suicide note for his parents to find. It was very outrageous; "I'm going to take my life, and become one of the followers of Satan in his legion of demons." He wanted to enlist himself in "Satan's army." He wrote the note,

We acted the way we acted just to wake people up to the sickness of society and the sickness in us. How we looked was merely a screaming appeal for true healing, not fake prescriptions.

downed a bottle of vodka, cut his wrists. He fell down the stairs, and that is where his little sister found him. His parents brought him to the Hospital. He didn't die.

Everyone read about it in the newspaper. It didn't say any names, but everyone knew who it was... Shawn wasn't in school. When he came back in, he never wore short sleeves again. He denied it, but it was pretty clear.

There was one girl in our school who was into the Heavy Metal scene. She was really popular, real social, and everybody liked her. She was going through sufferings, as we all were. Of course, we never knew anything about her, or her family. In fact, we didn't know much about anyone. Nobody talked about deep things; we just filled our gaps with music.

One night she was over at her boyfriend's house. She took his mother's shotgun, put two shells in it, and pulled the trigger. Her mother was in the apartment, and she heard the bang. She rushed into the room, and saw her there, on the floor.

There was really no warning at all. With some people you could see it coming for months. But she was smiling, cracking jokes, and seemed as if nothing was wrong inside. A lot of people were pretty shocked that this happened, but it didn't really bother me. And that's what BOTHERED ME. I was so dull. So many of us had become dull. It was as if it was a normal part of

I punched the mirror, right between my own eyes. I was so filled with rage, I just punched my reflection. The glass broke and shattered around my hand, and cut my knuckles up. It was like I was wearing my injuries like a badge, like I could show off to my friends.... how angry I was... if anybody noticed? That was exactly what I wanted; someone, anyone, to notice me.

I remember sometimes sitting on the school bus, listening to the music in my headphones, just watching kids get on the bus, take their seat, and the bus would roll down the road on the same route it always did. Meanwhile, in my ears and in my mind, another world raged. The music was full of energy and passion. In reality, I was just sitting on a school bus, going down the same path as everyone else.

One of my favorite bands was Nirvana. They seemed to articulate the fact that no one understood anything. I wondered whether that was the whole point Kurt Cobain was trying to make. Sometimes it seemed like he was saying, "The things I'm singing about don't make any sense, and don't mean a thing.... And you know it, and you're listening to it... do you think you know what I mean?" It was almost like saying, "Are you hearing something from what I am saying, because I'm not saying anything at all?" And Kurt was being really out there about it. In spite of this, you could hear something in what he was saying, because you kind of felt the same thing – if that makes any sense at all.

By the end of Kurt Cobain's life you could see that he had totally gone off the deep end. On stage, at his concerts, it seemed as if he had gone out of his mind and was almost trying to

show people how far off he had gone. He was trying to warn people, in a way...

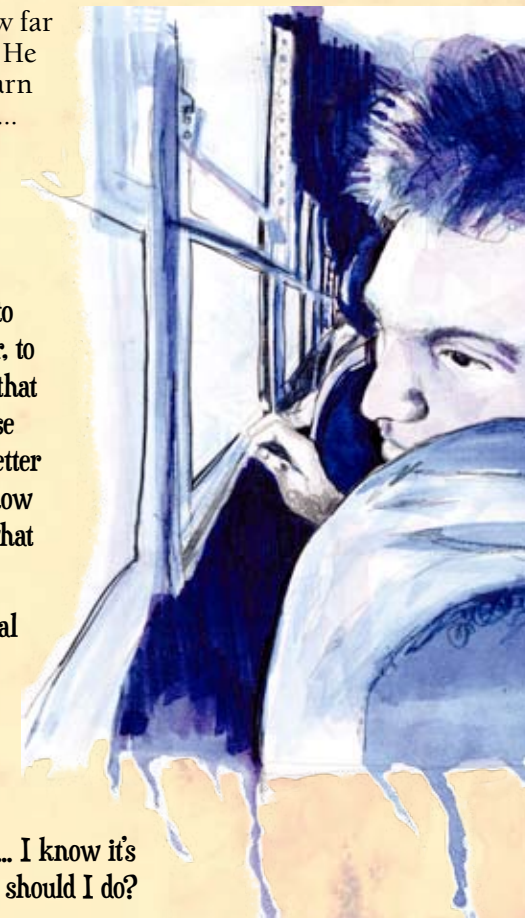
"ON A PLAIN" (song by Nirvana)

It is now time to make it unclear, to write off lines that don't make sense I love myself better than you... I know it's wrong, so what should I do?

One more special message to go, and then I'm done then I can go home I love myself better than you... I know it's wrong, so what should I do?

But he was so deranged by this point that he couldn't just say it anymore. He could only show it. The more he did, the more his fans would hoot and holler, and clap violently. They thought he was putting up a show, but he was for real, and putting out his aching soul, begging for someone to take notice. He was trying to say, "You're all a bunch of fools... what are you following me, for? Why have you put me up on this stage, and made me your hero? Don't you see where it's taken me?"

It wasn't a surprise for me when I read that he shot himself. You could see him going there. I saw the same thing in Shannon Hoon, of the band, Blind Melon. I went to one of the last concerts. They were playing the songs everybody knew, that were on the albums, and everybody was cheering. All of a sudden, in the middle of one of the songs, he went off on this tangent, and the band was still playing the song.



"HELLO, GOODBYE"

I'm entering a frame bombarded by indecision... I'm pushed hard upon the border But if I can leave with a little bit of explanation... I'll have it made.

"DESERTED"

I'm tired of me this way... I don't know what I've gotten into It's not as gentle as it sounds... when I heard a leaf of my life hit the ground.

"SWALLOWED"

Seems like nobody really cares... They're just killing my time...

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The Remedy

When people are sick, they go to the hospital. But where can we go to find the remedy for the deep-seated maladies that afflict our souls? If you knew there was such a place, would you go there?

Death and the fear of death are enemies to mankind. No one escapes. All the money in the world can't buy anyone out of it. Rich, poor, black, white, male, or female – all are participants. Life is but a vapor, fragile and temporary. All through recorded human history, tribes and nations of men deal with the understanding of their imminent death, and the fear of it in very similar ways. In many ancient cultures, animal sacrifices and sometimes even human sacrifices were made to please or appease their gods. This was done because of the fear of mishap or tragedy coming upon themselves. These people sensed a need in themselves to make sacrifices to appease any judgment that might be ready to fall upon them because of their misdeeds. Fear of tragedy coming upon them or their loved ones, as judgment for the guilt for their sins, made them want to make

amends to whatever god they worshipped.

Man knows his need to reach the divine being who created him because he senses that his actions have separated him from his Creator. Man also knows that he deserves to die for the things he has done to hurt himself and others. But in his heart he has the hope that the death of a sacrifice could be a substitute for him. That sacrifice would be receiving what he really deserves himself. Countless animals have been sacrificed in this way in man's attempt to bridge the gap between God and himself.

The Sacrificial Lamb

The reality of the impending death that faces each man should cause him to grieve and yearn for deliverance from it. That is why the God of Israel commanded the people to sacrifice animals. Each time a man sacrificed an innocent animal, he was reminded of the consequences of being cut off from his Creator and the cost of forgiveness. The result of sin was death. Israel was to be a people who were keenly aware that they deserved to die instead of that lamb. Through the example of that one nation the whole world would come to know the way out of death.

Once a year each person would sacrifice a young lamb. The requirement was that the lamb must be your very best one, the one without spot or blemish, the one that was worth the most money, the one you would feel the loss of the most. An Israelite who was devoted to his God would bring his best lamb, or purchase the best one he could find if

he didn't own a herd, and bring the little creature to Jerusalem for the Passover. He took the little lamb into his home to pity it and pet it for several days. He needed to be affectionately attached to the lamb before he made the sacrifice so he could share the pain.

When he brought the lamb to the priests in Jerusalem, he would put his hand on the head of the little lamb and confess every sin he was aware of in his conscience. The priest would look him right in the eyes and tell him that he deserved to die instead of the little lamb. The priest would then cut the animal's throat and the creature's blood would pump out from the rapid beating of its heart. If the man was true to his heart and conscience within him, he returned home a forgiven man. A life was given for a life to live – the lamb's life for the man's life. The lamb's blood was given as a substitute for the man's blood.

Israel had laws and statutes that governed every conceivable situation in a human being's life, every possible circumstance that could happen. But even with such a strict, clear standard of conduct, the most devout could not fully keep this law, because sin came forth from the inner man in unguarded moments. Every man who

is truly honest knows that he falls short of this standard. This is why the God of Israel provided the sacrificial lamb as a kind provision of His law. This sacrificial lamb was God's provision for the sins of His people until their hearts could be prepared to receive the ultimate sacrifice of the Lamb of God.

The Lamb of God

In the beginning there had been the promise that later on in history, after men completely understood it, God Himself would pay the price for their sin. This promise was the good news that could set all mankind free. The prophets of Israel told of One to come who would totally deliver them – a Deliverer who would rescue them from death. Somehow, to the discerning, they knew that more was needed than just the shedding of a lamb's blood – a greater sacrifice was needed to really get to the root of man's failure and his sin. Year after year of sacrificing lambs still did not heal the root problem in man.

There are many people who really don't think they need their sins forgiven, or even acknowledge that the bad things they do are "sin" at all. They think they can pacify the guilt they feel in their conscience by trying to make themselves better and trying to make the world a better place to live. This is also a vain attempt to cultivate the already-cursed ground of fallen humanity. It just wasn't enough that the blood of an animal could be the true substitute for the sins of a man. It has to be a man's life for another man to truly be a fair and just substitute. But the blood of a man whose conscience is stained with guilt can't be substituted for the sins of another man whose conscience is also stained with guilt, for everyone ever born has sinned.

What was needed was the incarnation. That is the union of divinity with humanity. The eternal Word of God took on human flesh and blood in the man Yahshua, the Anointed One. The blood of a child is inherited from the seed of his father. That's why the stain of guilt passes from one generation to the next. But our Master Yahshua was not born from the fallen seed of man. The Holy Spirit came upon a young Hebrew virgin named Miriam, placing a human seed, preserved from before the fall, into her womb, and that is how Yahshua was conceived. Therefore, He did not have corrupt man's blood. He was pure.

Divinity put on humanity in the greatest love story in human history. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. Our heavenly Father offered His only Son as a sacrifice for us.

The Man Yahshua

Yahshua could have failed. He could have disobeyed as the first man, Adam, did when he fell. But He suffered and overcame for you and me. He did it as a human being like us. He did not overcome sin and temptation through mystical, superhuman power. He did not walk around with a halo on His head and a cosmic, supernatural look in his countenance as He is often portrayed. He is not an unattainable, mystical being whom you cannot relate to.

He was a warm human being who loved children, and children loved Him. He was tempted with and overcame every sin the human race is beset with. He has taken total identity with you as a person.

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Alone with my Thoughts

I woke up to the still and quiet, just before the first light of dawn. After such a deep sleep, my body was completely relaxed, so relaxed that I didn't want such sublime rest to end. My mind was alert and my thoughts were crystal clear. It was the kind of clarity that can only come when there is nothing to distract, nothing to interfere with hearing the very deep things in your heart.

It was amazing to see how easily I could focus on every detail of the events of the day before. The motivation of every act and every encounter, how I treated people,

What if I were left alone with no one to talk to or nothing to do but listen to my thoughts as they constantly analyzed every aspect and every detail of everything I had done since the day I was born?

what I did and why, was vividly clear to me as I watched the instant replay of these things in my mind over and over.

It was impossible to escape the judgment of my thoughts as I considered how my behavior had been. In some instances, my mind defended me, but in others it accused me. I could not deny the accuracy of these inward judgments and it made me want to quickly make right all the wrongs I had done.

How different it was to see and perceive things about my life so clearly! I rarely take the time to really consider the outcome of my thoughts and actions. My life is filled with so many interesting things to do that I hardly ever

consider the consequences. My mind is bombarded with so much information every day that it is never clear enough to speak to me about the things in my life that bother me inside.

Then, as I lay there, continuing to ponder these things, the most startling and shocking thought entered my mind. What if I were confined to this darkness and silence with no way to get out? What if I were in a place where the light of day never came? What if I were left alone with no one to talk to or nothing to do but listen to my thoughts as they

constantly analyzed every aspect and every detail of everything I had done since the day I was born?

Could this be what death will be like, having to deal with the fact that you really did have a conscience which was the voice of the instinctive knowledge of good and evil within you? In the absolute darkness, confinement and silence of death, will every person wish that he had listened when he had the opportunity? How will you reason your way out of the crystal-clear judgment within you? At this point you will realize that your conscience really was your friend, trying to warn you many times of the things that were leading you to this place of death.

Perhaps the greatest agony will be the realization that you had a chance and you ignored it. You will know that you are guilty, and in the silent agony and lonely isolation of death, you will learn to admit the

Can you imagine remembering every selfish act, every wrong motive, every hurtful thing you ever did? Can you imagine the torture of not having any way to undo the things that you finally admit are wrong? This penalty

their hearts beyond remedy. They will never find mercy, for they were given over to evil in their lifetime to such an extent that they no longer had any human worth. Their penalty for their guilt is far beyond what they could ever pay. Therefore, at the great Day of Judgment they will go to a second death, the Sea of Fire. From this place there is no release, not ever, for all eternity.

As I consider these things, it thrills me to know that there was a man who once lived on this earth who had compassion for all mankind. He realized more deeply than I ever could the sentence of death that we are all facing for our guilt. He gladly took it upon Himself and willingly died for us. He experienced the loneliness, the darkness, the agony of separation from life and He was completely innocent. He made it possible that through His blood we could be forgiven in this life right now. We can be set free from the sentence of death and live a life of love for Him and for His people.

This is the greatest news, the most profound headline that could ever be seen or heard. He dealt with the source of loneliness for all of us, when his blood covered our guilt and removed every barrier that separated us from our Creator. Whoever keeps His word will never see death. ✻



guilt of every infraction of conscience until you have admitted everything, until you have paid every last cent you owe. The power and clarity of the voice of your conscience will outlast every cry of your most complex reasoning to justify your guilt.

will make everyone who experiences it weep with loud groanings. Some will still have enough human worth to pay the full the penalty for their guilt. At the great Day of Judgment for all mankind, they will find mercy and forgiveness. Others will only harden

“SHATTERED”

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But Shannon was trying to address the crowd, and he was trying to say something. You could tell he was trying to say something really deep to the crowd, and he was trying to make us all listen. But he was so strung out on heroin that he couldn't put one coherent string of thoughts together. I could almost see the rest of the band getting irritated with him. They were just trying to play a song, and he was going out of his mind. It was the same thing with Kurt Cobain.

So we were there, listening to them, thinking that they were the only ones who understood us. The words in the songs kind of fit into what I was feeling. They were our heroes. And now we were watching our heroes kill themselves. I had to ask myself whether that was how I wanted to end up? If something didn't change, it would be.

After high school, all my friends moved out of town. We didn't stick together anymore. We all had different plans or other things to do. At that point I realized that I never really had any true friends. I began painting. I was going to impress my statement on the world with dark, bold images. What was I doing? Where was I going? I felt completely voiceless. I had lots to say, but nothing would come out. I would just stare at people, riding the city bus, hoping they would get the point.

I didn't feel as if I could go along with the way things were, the way the world was. You finish school, you go get a job, then work 9-5, and you get yourself a nice little house, a nice family, a little raise,

go on vacation, work to get retirement, and then you die. And for what? The whole thing just seemed so empty. No purpose to it. Why are things the way they are? I realized I didn't have any power to make a difference. I didn't like the way things were, but I had no choice. It seemed as if I just had to go along with it. But I wanted a way out.

“NEW LIFE”

**Deep inside must defy arrangement
I've been a stumblin' from the startin' blocks 'til now
And I'll always try to justify the way I've been behaving
Should I teach one not to know how?
How to live in a world we live in now**

**'Cause there's a beautiful life to behold
And its the biggest part of my life to unfold**

Then it happened: my daughter was born. That really caused me to seriously search to know the One who created me. I knew in my heart that this child was going to have the same questions I did, and I still hadn't found any answers. And to me the biggest injustice would have been raising up this child with the same lack of understanding of life. So, I thought to myself, “Boy, I better find answers... because I don't want her

to feel the same emptiness I felt by not knowing.

I began to cry out from deep in my heart, “God if you can really hear me then show me who I am! Show me what your will for my life is!!”

With an intense thirst in my soul I began to search for truth in many different religions and philosophies. As many churches as I visited and as many books as I read, I still felt empty.

Along the way on my search I met these people who were from a community in Boston. They invited me home to share dinner with them. What I saw among these people I had never seen before, but it stirred my heart. I saw a people who were true friends; brothers and sisters. I saw the thankfulness they had for being alive, and I saw the kindness with which they treated each other. For the first time in my life I saw the very thing that I had been missing all along. True friends who I could be totally real with and not be afraid of rejection. Like a man who finds a priceless treasure, I wanted to do what ever I had to do to obtain that treasure. Not hopeless anymore, I have a new life now. It is a life of love and meeting the needs of others. Finally, the deep wounds in my soul are being healed. Finally I'm thankful to be alive. Finally, I'm home! *



Wish you

It is so beautiful to see children discovering what life is all about. They take so much interest in such little things, wanting to know why something does what it does. In your younger years, your view is still so fresh and untainted; you learn that rain falls out of the sky upon the ground; you learn that if you fall down, it hurts. And then when you are around six years old, you start to absorb the “facts of life” in a deeper way.

So, when I was five years old my parents divorced and moved into separate homes, and within a year both remarried – to someone else. Now, all of a sudden, I had four parents: two mothers and two fathers. I spent time with my real mother, then with my real father – back and forth, back and forth, rocking like a clock pendulum. Something deep inside me knew this was not normal.

Right before I turned seven, after spending the weekend with my mother, she drove me back to my father's place. As we were nearing my “home” the eerie cry of sirens passed us by. Immediately I was pushing the thought out of my young mind, “ They are going to get my dad.” No! It couldn't be this ambulance was going to my house. Still, as we drove closer to the house I continued to reason with this taunting voice...”No, they must be heading to the older man's house who lives next door.” The flurry of sirens, the ambulances, and flashing lights of the police cars and fire department soon swallowed up our VW van. A police officer quickly approached us questioning my mother, “What are you doing here?” When she explained to him she was dropping us off to be with our dad the officer called her out of the vehicle. I watched as tears rolled down her cheeks and then he walked over toward us. Within

moments I heard those deafening words, “I'm very sorry, your dad passed away two hours ago.” I cried out in disbelief, “No! You are lying!” I didn't believe he was dead. I didn't want to. Not only was he dead, but later I found out he committed suicide.

Just a few months after the death of my father, my mother was in a severe car accident that put her in the hospitable for two years. I became pretty well numb at this point. I couldn't understand what was going on. I don't recall much else that happened. My memory, my feelings, and everything in me were just numbed.

My sister started introducing me to drugs. Here I was at eleven years old, doing LSD. I was in a state of apathy and confusion. Being alive didn't make sense to me. Having a father no longer alive made even less sense. I needed him, and he just wasn't there anymore. I found myself wishing my dad was beside me, giving me an answer, but my wish never came true. I felt so helpless, and hopeless, and alone. Was that all there was to life? Was that how my dad felt, just before he committed suicide?

As life began to unfold for me I knew I was running over the same old ground my Father once walked. Yes, I knew I was being taken down the same road he had traveled on. I found myself wishing that he was here to confide in. He would know what made me tick more than anyone. Wish you were here.

My empty soul needed to be fed. Music and drugs were the only things that quenched the thirsty soul I had. The musicians seemed to understand where I was at and what I faced day to day. I didn't realize how hard it would be to turn back, once I tasted what they tasted, Still somehow I found myself satisfied by their words, yet still alone with no answers.

Were Here

In fact, drugs are all about being alone. You're just always by yourself in your mind. No one is really with you in the experience. You take the drug, and the high kicks in, and you're by yourself. Then the drug runs out, and the ride is over, you're still by yourself.

You're just all by yourself. The music is just another narcotic, touching that place in your soul that is empty. When the song's over, you still find yourself all alone.

I'd always listen to this one Pink Floyd song, over and over again – "Wish You Were Here."

"I Wish You Were Here, Dad."

Most of my days, I woke up with that song in the forefront of my mind. I started thinking I should go be with him, since he couldn't be with me. I didn't so much care about how others would feel if I did it, just how I felt at that moment. I pictured it like a movie, watching my family all sad, crying. I would just

be in a framed picture on their mantle, and two years later, everything is the same. I wished you were here, or I was there. All I wanted was the father I didn't have. Should I go be with him?

*So you think you can tell,
Heaven From Hell?
Blue Skies from Pain?
Can you tell a green field
from a cold steel rail?
A smile from a veil?
Do you think you can tell?
And did they get you
to trade
your heroes for ghosts?
Hot ashes for trees?
Hot air for a cool breeze?
Cold comfort for change?*

I couldn't do it though. I thought about it but there seemed to be something more than the deep sufferings that I was going through. There is something in every human being that says "LIVE!" Life is valuable. The truth inside a person tells him he wants to live as long as he can. It drives him to seek to enjoy life, and not miss out.

You don't really want to die – ever. This gnawing thought kept trying to convince me. The musicians I listened to were saying death is a nice place to be. But I knew inside that this wasn't true, somehow. I couldn't do it.

I kept on wondering whether there was a God or not. How could He allow this kind of things to happen? I didn't believe He was real but I didn't believe I was right. I was frustrated because no one could show me there was a God, either. I would often say, "Well, is there a

God?" And nobody could answer my question. But yet, there were all those supposed "religious" people that said they followed God.

"How can you prove to me God is real?" They just looked at me, as if I was a Satan worshipper, and said, "Here, just read this pamphlet, and we'll come to

*And did you exchange a walk
on part in the war for a lead
role in a cage?
How I wish
How I wish you were here.
We're just two lost souls
swimming in a fish bowl,
year after year,
Running over
the same old ground.
What have we found?
The same old fears.
Wish you were here.*

see you next week." I sat alone, reading it; they never came back to see me. There I was, alone again... "Wish you were here... Hello, hello... is there anybody out there?"

By the time I was fifteen, I got tired of hearing nothing. I didn't even want to ask anymore. Nobody knew God in a real way. Nobody knew what they were talking about.

Right then, before I totally shut down, I met some people who belonged to a community. They were really kind, and seemed peaceful, and weren't out to impress anyone. There was integrity in these people that I hadn't found in anyone or in any other place. The way they talked with me made me want to ask them what they thought. "How do you know there's a God? How can you prove He is real?" They just gladly answered my question as if they had already asked the same questions themselves.

"I can tell you how you can believe there is a God. It is very simple," said one of the young men my age. He sat me down underneath a tree, on their property. "Here, look.... See this blade of grass, here? And look at this tree! Both the grass and the tree came from a seed, originally. They eat the same soil, sat under the same sun, and drank the same rainwater.

They both grew, and one grew really tall, while the other didn't. Explain that." "I can't explain that!" I exclaimed. "That's how you know there is a God."

Sure, there are plenty of answers people give, and they may have never asked

the question. But the matter-of-fact way they answered caused me to just say, "Oh, yeah... I have noticed that. Of course, that's simple."

There was an immediate friendship that happened. For the first time, I had some people who understood me, and who were there for me. I didn't feel alone inside around them. The type of friendship they gave me was deeper than just sharing music and stories... they were giving their whole life to me. When you have friends like that, there's no "wishing they were there," because they're just there, with you. You know they'll always be there for you.

The desire to be part of this new life and get what they had happened pretty quickly. I saw right away that what they had was real. But I shielded myself from showing these people that I saw that, because I wanted to "test the waters" and see how they thought.

I had never wanted to have children before now, and never had hope to. Actually, I thought it was evil to have children. Why should I put them through what I went through? But then seeing the youth in the Community who were around my age gave me hope. I knew that if I ever had children, that was what I wanted to give them. But these youth were pure, and I was far from it. No one in this Community put me at a distance because of that, but the distance was there – in me.

I knew the things I had done and experienced had damaged my soul, and that I had damaged other people's soul, and I couldn't pay for it. Then they told me that Yahshua could pay for it. He had already paid the penalty. He had taken my place in death. They told me that if I stopped living for myself, and gave up the things that possessed my life, I could gain the pure life that I saw – that the real Savior, Yahshua, had given up His life to make a way for me to become pure again. He had already paid the price to get back what was taken from me, and what I had chosen to give away.

After hearing this I gladly obeyed the message I heard. That was 17 years ago. Now I am married and have a wonderful family of my own – the family I never had growing up. Not only that, I belong to a larger family of believers that love each other the way Yahshua loved us. This isn't a fantasy – this is reality. Now you can find the same hope I found, and find the purpose for which you are alive. ✨



“THE REMEDY”

Continued from page 10

Yahshua died for every sin in you, no matter how terrible or how trivial it may seem to you. His blood can cleanse you of your sins, if you believe upon His name. If I were to die for you and give my blood as a sacrifice for your sins, it wouldn't work. But His blood works. He is your only hope. No other name can save you. He is the only one. He is salvation. His name means salvation. This Salvation is God's free gift to you to save you from your sins.

A Blood Covenant

He told His disciples one time that to be His disciple you had to eat His body and drink His blood. (A large number of people went back to their homes and quit following Him after that statement. They had better things to do.) Though it sounds strange, the Son of God was trying to make a point! In the same way, many ancient tribes understood that the life of something or someone was in their blood. Thus, they made

blood covenants with one another, binding agreements. It is a promise of “life for life.” His life for you is in His blood. When Yahshua shed his blood for us in death, the Father forever bound Himself to honor the death of that Lamb that would pay the price for man's sins once and for all time.

If you don't lay your hand upon the head of that Lamb as your substitute in death, identifying your total being with Him, as the slain lamb sacrificed for you, it does not count on your behalf. You must actually lean your entire personality on Him in faith and confidence before you can reach His blood. This blood is the only thing that has the power to cleanse your dirty conscience and forgive you forever and ever. You will not be able to come into this new blood covenant any other way.

This covenant is not a mystical experience that is way beyond your reach. In giving up your old life among his people who are gathered here on this earth in tribes of caring,

forgiven people you will find the reality of “life for life.” You will come to understand all about his death on the cross, where He shed His blood, and how that can become a reality in your daily life of covenant love, lived for Him alone. It is there where you can learn what it

After hearing such good news of love and forgiveness, what other response could a man have but to devote the rest of his life in giving thankful appreciation for this sacrifice?

means to “repent” (change your whole way of life). You can't do it merely by reading a Bible or believing something in your mind, or by listening to a preacher on TV. You must count the cost. It's life for life.

You must give up everything that makes up “your life.” You must give up all your possessions, as well as all your personal ambitions, just a surely as a man who enters his

grave in death cannot take anything with him. Any earthly tie with relatives or former friends who would hinder you from following Him must be left behind. Hanging on to anything betrays the fact that you are not truly giving up “your life” – thus His life will not be given for you... “Life for Life.”

This is the absolute call of a Good God who knows how to save us. The Son of God made it supremely clear in His own words when He said: *“Assuredly, I say to you, there is no one who has left house or brothers or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands, for My sake and the gospel's, who shall not receive a hundredfold now in this time – houses and brothers and sisters and mothers and children and lands, with persecutions – and in the age to come, eternal life”* (Mark 10:29-30).

If you give up your life, you will find life, true life, eternal life. You will reach the blood that can wash you clean and make you new inside. His life will live in your life.

After hearing such good news of love and forgiveness, what other response could a man have but to devote the rest of his life in giving thankful appreciation for this sacrifice?

If you love your life, you will lose it. If you want to hang on to your life, you can – at least until you die. After you die, you will face judgment along with everyone else who has ever lived. That is when we will all have to answer for the way we lived these few years on this planet. Then it will become all too clear what our deep inner motives were. It will either be a day of shame or a day of rejoicing.

So, if you love your fallen, rotten, stinking, lonely life, you can keep it. But without the benefit of the sacrifice there will be no remedy for all your maladies. But if you are one of His sheep who desires a new life, you can give up your life and receive the remedy. If you do, you will find true life – eternal life. You will be joined together with His people in a life together. It is just what you've always wanted.*

Yahshua The Name Above All Names

In the days of John the Baptist and the Son of God, the preserved language of the devout Jews was Hebrew. So, when the angel Gabriel brought the good news to the Hebrew virgin, Miriam (or *Mary* in English), that she would give birth to the Savior of the world, and told her what His name would be, what language do you suppose he spoke? Hebrew, of course! And certainly Miriam and Yoceph (or *Joseph* in English) named the child just as the angel had commanded them – *Yahshua*.

In Matthew 1:21, your Bible probably reads, “... and you shall call His name *Jesus*, for He will save His people from their sins.” But the name *Jesus* is a modern English adaptation of the Greek name, *Iesous*, which is itself a corruption of the original Hebrew name *Yahshua*. The name *Jesus* or *Iesous* has no meaning of its own, but the Hebrew name *Yahshua* literally means *Yahweh's Salvation*,¹

¹ *Yah* is the personal name of God, and *shua* is from a Hebrew root word that means “to save.” God identified Himself to Moses as *YAH* (meaning “*I AM*”) in Exodus

which makes sense out of what the angel said in Matthew 1:21, “...you shall call His name *Yahshua* [Yahweh's Salvation], for He shall save His people from their sins.”

The fact is, the name of God's Son was not even

3:14, as in Psalm 68:4, KJV (“whose name is *Jah*”), and as most familiar in the word *Hallelujah* (“Praise *Jah*”). And in John 5:43 and 17:11, *Yahshua* says that He came in His Father's name, “the name which You have given Me” (NASB), so it is not surprising that the Father's name would be incorporated into the Son's name, *Yahshua*.

pronounced as “*Jesus*” in English until the 16th century, simply because there was no “*J*” sound or letter in English until then.² The modern letter “*J*” developed from the letter “*I*” which began to be written with a “tail” when it appeared as the first letter in a word. So in old English the name now written as *Jesus* was actually written and pronounced much like the original Greek

² *Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary* (Oxford University Press, 1971), pp. 1496,1507.

Iesous. Eventually the hard “*J*” sound crept into the English language to accompany the different way of writing the initial “*I*” in the name.

You may also find it interesting that in Acts 26:14-15, it says that the apostle Paul heard the name of the Son of God pronounced “in the Hebrew tongue” by the Son of God Himself, so he certainly didn't hear the Greek name *Iesous* or the English name *Jesus*, but rather the Hebrew name, the name above names, *Yahshua*.³ *

³ *Philippians 2:9; Acts 4:12*

Why Can't Mankind Come To Their Senses?

Everyone knows their days are numbered – that they are going to die. But they do not know that they are going to that place called “Death” or “Hades.” The Son of God described that

before it's too late! This life now, may be the only death you can rise up from. So wake up! Don't be stupid. Don't you know that you are in a stupor¹ – a stuporous state?

Yes, mankind is in a stuporous state today. Can they wake up to this reality? They are going to end up in that same place of torment. For the

difference between good and evil, right and wrong?

Do you think that when you die you will no longer exist outside your body? Do you have an eternal soul? Or do you even think about it anymore? Doesn't that mean that you are in a stuporous state of mind – that you are very stupid about the most essential and important



The Story of the Rich Man and Lazarus

So it was that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died and was buried. **And being in torments in Hades,** he lifted up his eyes and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. Then he cried and said, 'Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for **I am tormented** in this flame.' But Abraham said, 'Son, remember that in your lifetime you received your good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and **you are tormented.** And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that those who want to pass from here to you cannot, nor can those from there pass to us.' Then he said, 'I beg you therefore, father, that you would send him to my father's house, for I have five brothers, that he may testify to them, lest they also come to this **place of torment.**' (Luke 16:22-28)

place as “a place of torment.” Do you think He was just making up a story that had no reality?

So when will you wake up... or where? Wake up O sleeper and rise from the dead...

when it's too late to change their destiny. The choices you make in this life will determine your eternal destiny.

We write this paper as an appeal to you to wake up to the grand scheme that is at work to destroy you and all of mankind. We take full identity with you in your struggle, and we have found a true hope and a cause worthy of our lives. Please consider what we have to say, then come and see the brand new culture that is being established in the midst of this society gone haywire. ✨



wages of sin is *that* death. If they don't have enough character left in them to pay for their own sins in the First Death, they will spend eternity in the Sea of Fire, which is the Second Death.

So what kinds of sins have you committed? How selfish are you now? What does your conscience say? Does it still speak? Does it have any say? Do you still feel guilty for your actions? Do you still know the

¹ Stupor – A state of near unconsciousness or insensibility, numbness, suppression of senses, inability to hear something, indifferent.

thing – where you will spend eternity?

The rich man died and was buried [see box]. His soul went into a place called *death* – a place of torment. He was awakened too late to the facts of his life and ended up down in torment. The Son of God was telling this story to save mankind from facing their true condition





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 overpowered by this voice of hope. It came from a people who had their dirty conscience 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 first the needs of our brothers and sisters. In so doing, we find our own needs are met. This new life has given us the power to care.

We hate the death, 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. We want many, many more people to hear the voice of hope we have heard, to come and see the life. We are thrilled to be able to invite you to come and see that it is a reality.

We are a messianic community, and by *community* we do not mean a town or locality. Nor do we mean a loose association of individuals living near one another. And we surely do not mean a religious organization centered around meeting in a building, otherwise called a church. *Community*, as we use the term, means those who love one another so greatly that they are of one heart and mind, holding all things as common property, living together, taking their meals together, devoted to one another because they're devoted to the One who saved them from death and misery. ♦

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