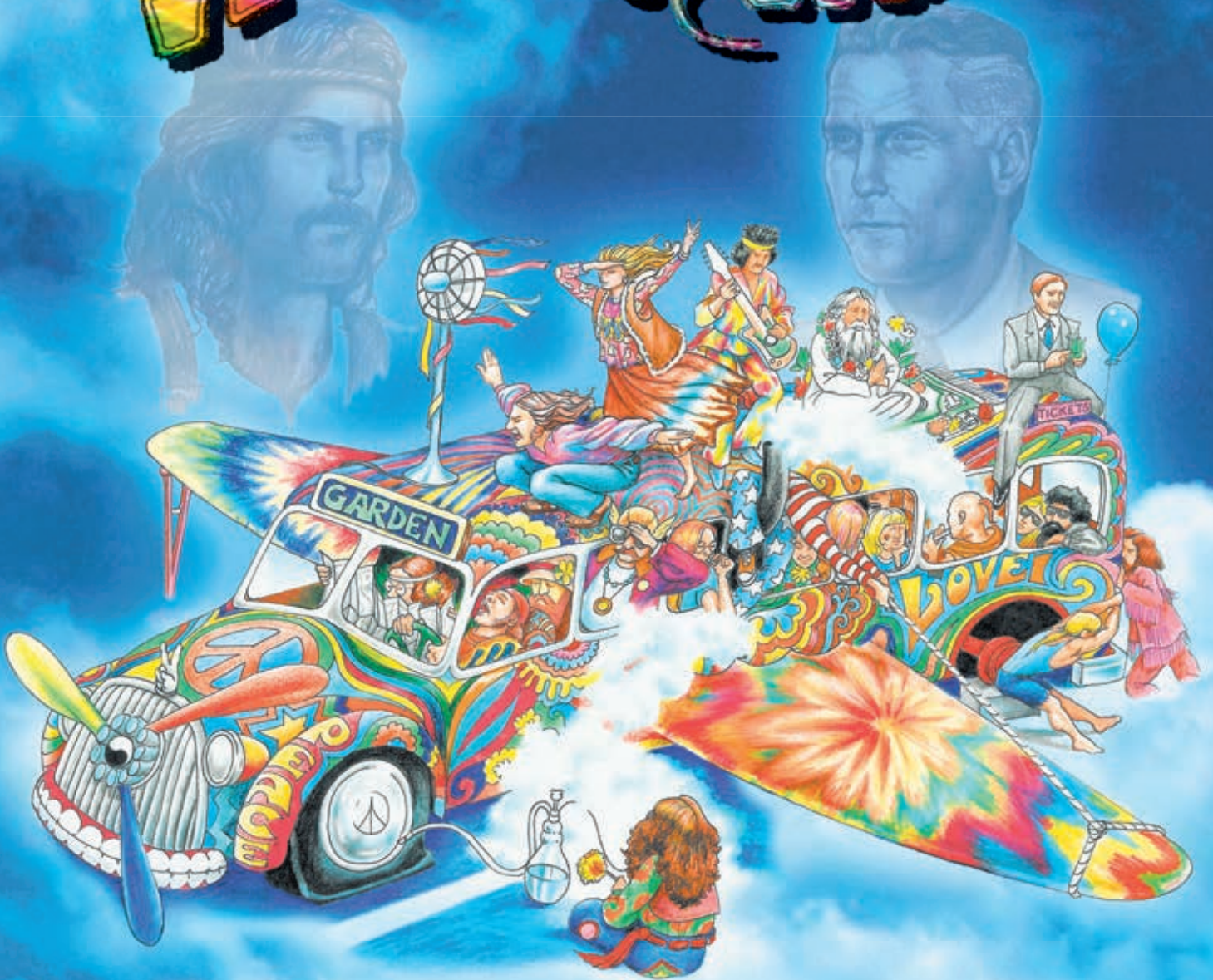


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WHY THE MOVEMENT NEVER GOT OFF THE GROUND

It was as if we were all in an airplane sitting on the runway and everyone on board was getting high waiting for the airplane to take off. We were high on the Summer of Love, the end of the war, the hope of a better world. The revolution and the birth of our consciences filled our hearts with vision. But when we looked out the window, all we could see was the smoke that billowed forth from our water pipes. We thought we were flying high, man; we thought we had taken off, but as the smoke cleared and we looked out the window, there we were, still on the ground. Then as we filed off the plane, we found ourselves right where we had started all those years ago; a little grayer, a lot sadder, and airsick on top of it all.

COME TOGETHER!" was the cry that became a Movement in the Sixties. It was in the heart of a whole generation, fueled by a desire for a love we sensed was possible and a justice we knew the world needed. Woodstock in 1969 offered the hope that people could actually come together and love one another, caring for each other, being loyal friends and lovers forever. Something basic in the human spirit was ignited to motivate a new generation to abandon the status quo and strike out to find the elusive dream of love.

The writers of this paper are children of the '60s. We want to touch something deep inside your soul... something more than a memory. If you still have a spark burning to capture the elusive dream of a life of love, our hope is to rekindle it by introducing you to the Movement we were looking for, a real place to belong, and the true hope that does not disappoint. We write with a present hope for the future, not a nostalgic memory of the past.

Back in the day, our generation believed that we could change the world by focusing our lives on love, not hate; peace, not war; sharing rather than greed. What was it that gave vision to the Woodstock Nation? Was it real? Where did it go? Is that hope still there in anyone? Is anything left in the soul of the Woodstock generation that still longs for peace on earth and justice for all mankind?

So, what gives us hope? We see the changing of our lives into the image of a dream. We actually are learning to love each other – to come together and not fall apart when the going gets tough. We invite you to get to know us, to open up your heart, and see if the same heart that compelled you all those years ago, just might find fulfillment of that desire that lay dormant beneath the clutter of middle-aged life.

We speak in love having come through the '60s and everywhere after that. We've been humbled by the realities of our desperate need for life. We want to share what we've found with you – in the hope that you are still looking for a life of love – only this time, we invite you to come move in to the reality of our life. We can give you the addresses where this true movement of love has been growing since the time when the sixties movement faded. Nothing magic or hallucinogenic, just a life where people are learning what it means to love – to love others more than self – and to reap the fruit of the spiritual seeds we are sowing. It produces life and peace, especially in our children.

We made this paper for you! We invite you to take a little time to consider what we have to say on these pages. We hope you will be pleasantly surprised with what you find here. And then, please, come and visit us. You might just find what you've been looking for. ❁



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*Sir Thomas More had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote about Utopia. He was kidding when he described his “perfect” island where everything was ideal. The very name, **utopia**, means “no place” – the nonexistent land of man’s dreams. But no one told us that utopia wasn’t real. Even if they had, we wouldn’t have believed them because deep inside, we all wanted that idealistic life to be real. Somewhere along the line we decided that utopia must be possible. So with all ardor and enthusiasm, we made our plans, dreamed our dreams, and set out to find a place for our own free society. We could not find an island like in More’s 16th century dream, but we settled for something a little bit less – Haight-Ashbury! — — — →*

What magic these two words had in our minds! A society of free young spirits founded on love, peace, and freedom, where equality and fraternity could just be! From far and near we grabbed our backpacks and left home. We dropped out of school and hit the road.

By air, foot, bikes, or hitching, our 20th century exodus had begun. Our Moses was Timothy Leary. Our Promised Land was San Francisco across the Golden Gate.

When we arrived, we were accepted. No one asked any questions. No one made any demands. No one was watching. No one had to prove anything. We were just ourselves and everyone was happy. We were really living our dreams. We could come and go as we pleased. We could wear what we pleased. There were no deadlines, no grades, no projects, no points to score.

We did not care about money, no one was trying to impress, material things didn't matter — only people mattered. Easy alliances were formed. Love was free. No demands. No commitment. Old taboos were ignored, barriers knocked down and spirits were high. No one was killing anybody, and people were beautiful.

It happened in Monterey, June 1967. The first Rock festival was born, giving birth to Woodstock, Isle of Wight, Altamont, Atlanta, and an endless procession ever since! All day and night the music rocked & rolled on and on. We listened with remarkable fortitude for days. At the festivals we could sense what seemed to be the endless love we had always hoped for. In fact, a revolution of love was beginning. We could feel it everywhere. The world would never be the same. We were determined to make this hope, this life, this togetherness last forever.

Joan Baez called it *togetherness*, and she was right. Men and women throughout all generations have been looking for that bond of love that would make them one. The desire for an end to estrangement and hostility runs deep in the human soul. The toughest nut will crack under the right pressure and the hardest heart will yield to love, understanding, and a little



The desire for an end to estrangement and hostility runs deep in the human soul.



kindness. The most estranged and antagonistic person will respond to interest and concern, once his suspicions have been allayed. This togetherness is what we wanted and what we thought we had found.

This was the life of the flower children, the beautiful people. If we needed anything, we would just ask someone. If they had it, they would share it. If they didn't, no one thought any less of them. We panhandled to meet pressing needs and sold our art to the curious. But, it was the curious from plastic mainstream America that began to undermine our utopia. Tourists arrived by the thousands. They looked at us "hippies" the way

kids look at giant pandas in the zoo.

"Look, a real live hippie."

"He's got nice eyes."

"He stinks. Let's buy some beads."

These sensation-seeking, middle-class American tourists with their pudgy stomachs swamped the serenity and devoured the distinctiveness of our youthful dream on Haight Street. As time went on, we flower children became more and more the center of attention and a phenomenon the media quickly exploited. Things started getting crazy as more and more people came to San Francisco and the good vibes produced by Orange Sunshine began to give way to paranoia and an increased fear of "The Man." The Buffalo Springfield captured this sense with these words from their famous song, *For What It's Worth*:

Paranoia strikes deep.

Into your life it will creep.

It starts when you're always afraid.

Step out of line the man comes

and takes you away.

You better stop now.

What's that sound?

Everybody look what's going down!

Old-fashioned greed began to show its ugly head among us, and we began to insist on our rights and our own individualities. It didn't take long for many of us to see what was coming. Heroin and speed dealers moved into the Haight, the riot squad invaded our district, beating anyone they could find, and the utopian state sank in a pool of blood when

the killing started. The peace we thought was ours began slipping away as an elusive dream. Like everywhere else and everyone else, we, the “love people” and “peace people,” were seeing in ourselves the same rotten seed we thought we’d left back home.

But where could we go and what could we do now? Go back home? No! We had made a few mistakes, but the dream was still attainable. It became clear that the peace we wanted couldn’t be found in the city. So we headed for the hills. Alternative people USA! We would do it! There is hope! We will make it! There is true love and true peace! A guru will show us the way! Which one should we follow? Who offers the best vibrations? Everybody seemed to have their own answer, their own separate trip.

As we went down endless roads wherever our own trips led us, there was an increasing sadness growing in our hearts, a sadness brought about because most of our dreams and visions proved to be unattainable. The highs went away and our experiments with community failed.

Then, we began to ask the question, “What is the use of anything at all?” The reality of people living in peace and unity as God intended is what we were looking for. But we needed to know how to find it. Our generation is going mad because we can’t find it after so many years of looking for it. We hated authority because the authority we observed growing up was filled with hypocrisy, prejudice, and glory seeking. We had our fill of the kind of authority that says, “Don’t do as I do, but do as I say.” What was needed was good authority to make it happen! We needed leaders who could lead us by their example and who wouldn’t compromise.

We wanted to conquer the world with love and bring the healing balm of peace to this earth, but there was no foundation, no blueprint to bring our vision into a lasting demonstration. Our love failed.

Some people turned to Jesus in search of this foundation of love. The Jesus of the Jesus People seemed



We wanted to conquer the world with love and bring peace to this earth, but there was no blueprint to bring our vision into a lasting demonstration.



hip enough, but didn’t have the power to bring about the life either. We turned on the TV and heard Christian preachers talking about how we should live – something we knew that they knew nothing about. A life of love and unity is what they promised, but we knew we were not going to get it because those making the promises weren’t doing it either. Someone said, “A student will be like his teacher when he is fully trained.” So all we could see was another form of Christianity.

So what’s the use getting our hopes up in one more empty sermon? Who wants to claim to see like the blind teachers leading us? “If the blind lead the blind, they will both end up in the ditch.” Can their Jesus save others when he can’t save them? And if they are just saved from hell but not saved from this wicked society, who wants that salvation anyway? We aren’t blind! A plastic Jesus who makes his plastic converts comfortable in a plastic society headed for destruction is what we detested and despised. The utter failure of this “salvation” was the very cause of our rebellion. Their failure to produce the “utopia” they spoke of is what drove us to Haight Ashbury in the first place!

So now where are we to look and in what place can we find a hope that does not disappoint us? Where is the real love of God that can fill our hearts? Preachers or teachers who promise us that we can know the Source of love and the Author of peace and the meaning of Truth, but are divided among themselves, cannot communicate love, peace, and unity to anyone’s conscience. Mere mental concepts are all they can offer since they have a life filled with the same old selfishness and greed that we took to Haight-Ashbury.

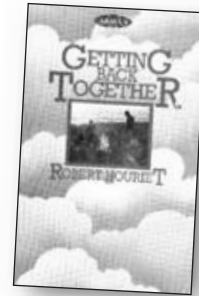
So where do we go from here? I’m so tired of chasing after rainbows only to find a false light at the end of my journey. How can I ever find my elusive dream? ❀

(This article is part one of a four-part series. See also, [A Place to Belong](#) on page 31, [Timothy Leary’s Dead](#) on page 40, and [A Hope That Does Not Disappoint](#) on page 43.)

Getting Back Together



An Interview – with – Robert Houriet



Author of *Getting Back Together*
(Abacus, 1973)

When we interviewed Robert Houriet in 1987, he was a for-real fifty-year-old hippie, living on an organic farm in Hardwick, Vermont. Like thousands in the '60s, the Movement kindled a spark of hope in Robert and he gave his whole being to make it happen. His ideals and vision led him to quit his job as an “upwardly-mobile city editor” of a newspaper in Philadelphia to go to the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. From there he traveled around the country visiting various communes which he described in his book, *Getting Back Together*. Eventually he settled in Vermont and helped establish Frog Run Farm, a commune in East Charleston. Robert hopes that one day the ideals of the Movement will come into reality.



Q: How did the Movement begin?

RH: About twenty-five years ago, the first communities started. Hippies started these open-ended communities. They were formed mostly in opposition to the local structure of Nixon, America, and the plastic nature of American culture. It wasn't very clear in the beginning that there was an underlying spiritual hunger. The sense for community was also not clear. It was evident that people knew this [community] was what they wanted, but they saw they couldn't get it in society. Community was spoken of first as tribal, extended families, and then later as *community* when the circle widened out to larger groups, and also broke down to smaller households in localities.

Q: Why do you think that the Movement, as it is called now, had such a tremendous, powerful take-off? Why was there so much energy behind it? It just seemed like it exploded into something that affected a whole generation. Why is that?

“Community was spoken of first as tribal, extended families, and then later as *community* when the circle widened out to larger groups.”

RH: I think it got its explosive nature from its anti-authoritarianism. The war brought that out. The baby boom generation seemed to coalesce and play upon this “what we're not” kind of feeling – we are not our parents; we are not university trustees; we are not American capitalists; we are not liberals – without really defining what we were. The clue is really in the name that still exists: *the counter culture*. It was not a positive culture to begin with; it was a *counter* culture. It was what we were against. When the war subsided, the dust cleared, and the anger subsided a bit, we looked around and found ourselves in places like Vermont, New Mexico, and Oregon. What was left after that anger abated? Was there anything positive to build a community on? What was the basis for a culture that holds families and communities together?

After May Day, 1973, the national leadership said, “Okay, we're finished with the demonstrations. All you people go back

home, work in your own communities, build your networks there. There's nothing more to fight against; we can no longer hold what we have nationally; we've got to do it locally." People came back and said, "Okay, what do we do in Vermont?" And they really couldn't pull it off because they didn't have their personal relationships together, didn't have their groups together, and consequently didn't have their politics together. The politics were defective because their relationships weren't good. The relationships weren't good because the basis of the culture wasn't there.

Q: Could you say that it was a counter culture in the sense of being against the culture of America, but that it really had no true basis as a nation itself, as far as having a government, a body politic?

RH: We spoke in terms of the Woodstock nation, but even though it existed in name, it wasn't a nation in the centralist sense of the word *nation*. It was a very loose-knit concept of very decentralized anarchist groups.

Q: Was the Woodstock nation more like a vision of what was in people's hearts?

RH: Well, I think it was both in their heads and their hearts, and maybe the connection was lacking. I think there was a defect in the vision from the start because it was a vision based on opposition. We were defining ourselves by what we were not. We were not a centralized government, therefore we were a de-centralized, loosely-organized government. It was a vision in the LSD sense of the word, in that you could have a vision of something and yet be unable to attain it in reality. The vision may have had, for many people, a spiritual reality, but they were unable to connect it with day-to-day life. Somehow the distance between actuality and vision became wider and wider. The contradictions were so painful that it was impossible to maintain that tension without becoming schizophrenic.

Q: Why do you think that happened, that the



“The baby boom generation seemed to coalesce and play upon this ‘what we’re not’ kind of feeling – without really defining what we were.”

vision and the actual day-to-day practice never could come together? What was the flaw? Was it because there was not true spiritual authority?

RH: People found it difficult to submit themselves to the authority of a group or the consensus of a group because they were very much American individualists. And some of us were very cantankerous personalities! So the anarchists' philosophy of “everyone do their own thing” was unworkable in terms of what will actually work in community.

Q: Why was the baby boom generation so primed in every way to become a counter culture?

RH: Some people reduce it to child-rearing. They say permissive child-rearing promoted by Dr. Spock somehow cultivated unreal expectations of the world as if it were an unlimited breast, when in fact they found it wasn't. Then they reacted with infantile rage against it. I don't buy it. What stands out about that period of time is not so much

the child-rearing practices, but the great wealth of this country. You're talking about the height of the empire; you're talking about the most money ever available – everyone was ripping with money in the '60s. Before the oil crisis, foundations gave away money. The upper class as well as the middle had more money than they could deal with. There was a luxury for rebellion.

Q: Was the catalyst a reaction against the American Dream?

RH: Yes, it was a reaction to the wealth itself which sponsored it, a reaction against our parents' way of life. They had so much money, superfluous wealth, that they weren't utilizing for a social purpose.

Q: What do you feel was awakening that? What was causing that to happen?

RH: Well, it goes back to the Civil Rights period. It goes back to John F. Kennedy. The conscience was there. The Kennedy

assassination was very important in that such great hopes were raised and then crushed. You were left with an awakened conscience and nowhere to go with it. Kennedy raised a lot of expectations; perhaps this country could save itself. Then he was snuffed out. I don't know how much you believe in his politics, but he stood for something that aroused us. He was assassinated in 1963, Robert in 1968, along with Martin Luther King, Jr., and then right after that came the escalation of the Vietnam War. A cultural revolution in our music also awakened the conscience when the Beatles came to America in 1964.

Q: After the May Day thing in 1973, when people started going back into rural areas and starting rural communities, Robert, do you think there started to be a realization that there needed to be a spiritual foundation in what they were doing? Or do you think that came about earlier through LSD and the whole psychedelic philosophy?

RH: When people first tripped on acid in the city, during the Summer of Love, the message was, "Get back to the country." After that the trips people had in the country became more spiritual – more spiritual in the sense that having gotten back to nature they found a spiritual element in nature. You couldn't have a trip in the city without hearing the message, "Get out!" And once you got out, the message was, "Get back to something natural, something that's real – reality." "Get back to reality" was the most opposed thing in American society. America at that time was headed toward more urban forms. Once you got back to the country, the message was, "Find a spiritual base."

Q: So you think people had the concept of getting back to God, or to whatever their spiritual thing was?

RH: Once people got back to the country, they went off on different trips. Some people went into spiritual communities as a result of those drug experiences, and some people

"People found it difficult to submit themselves to the authority of a group or the consensus of a group because they were very much American individualists."

went into other things. Some people stopped doing drugs altogether, saying they couldn't take it anymore.

Q: So those spiritual communities, did they find substance enough to survive and flourish, to prosper and grow as the people went back into the country?

RH: Well, not all people who had a spiritual level in their trips went into communities. But the spiritual communities continued to exist and there's a definite spiritual sense in people that separates them distinctly from their parents. There's a definite difference.

Q: So, when did the leadership start to break down?

RH: Around 1970, the leadership of the counter culture was repudiated. It happened for two reasons: first, the men failed on their own account. I believe that more than what a lot of radicals believe, like Jerry Rubin, who says

it was the women's movement that messed up the whole counter culture. Men failed on their own account. They didn't need the women to help them.

Secondly, there were situations in which women, seeing the failure of men, took matters into their own hands. They had their own revolution and took the leadership upon themselves, or attempted to. The true spirit of that revolution opposed many things: opposed authority, opposed the capitalist system, opposed the war and after the war ended, opposed men. So then it became doubly difficult to have men become leaders because if you failed, the women wouldn't let you forget it. This really led to the breakdown of a lot of the groups. But I won't say that the counter culture broke down because of the women's movement. It wasn't a separate movement, it was related. It was all part of one thing. This issue has taken radical movements round and round for a long time. "Why did they do this to us?" It is something that is very difficult for old radical men to figure out.



Q: Did this type of thing happen in rural communities as well as on the national scale?

RH: Oh, yes. It happened in urban groups first and then it was quickly imported to the country. Some people think that it happened at the same time in both groups, or some say it happened faster in the country because the groups in the country were like pressure cookers where social change was rapidly accelerating. The women there reached that point before any groups in the city did. Things changed; relationships changed; it was very speedy. That is a big thing that we have left out – the social issue.

Q: It is really an interesting point because you said earlier how the whole thing came down to relationships – people couldn't get along – and this is really the essence of it: relationships between men and women.

RH: Men's relationship to each other, to the society; women seeing that failure, and seeing men's misuse of their power – these guys weren't any better than the fascists in some respects. (I am just quoting.)

Q: Once the men were deposed as leaders, were the women able to... I guess this is an obvious question – was there any leadership after that point? Was there a head after that point?

RH: No.

Q: Why do you think that?

RH: Well, because that was the ideology of the women's movement. We are all leaders.

Q: There are no followers. It just seems like for there ever to be any kind of restoration of the Movement that will really, truly be the Movement, that there's going to have to be a restoration of relationships between man and woman – a right relationship between men and women.

RH: That's one thing you have going for you [in your communities].

Q: That's the restoration of authority – the restoration of man, male and female?

RH: That's it.

Q: Since there has been no true authority to get the Movement off the ground, do you think that over time they have had to compromise with the system of their parents that they rejected, say twenty years ago? Has there been an element of compromise that has forced these people back in that direction, out of necessity or survival?



“It just seems like for there ever to be any kind of restoration of the Movement that will really, truly be *the* Movement, that there's going to have to be a restoration of relationships between man and woman.”



RH: Oh yes. There has been, both on an economic level and in the fact that they got older, had children, and had to compromise. When you become a parent, you tend to revert to patterns that you inherited. Then your parents die and you psychologically absorb their roles. That is part of the life process.

Q: Do you think that is why when people from the counter culture get to be about forty, they are really taking a hard look at their lives because maybe they are going through some of these things that you are talking about, and maybe they are realizing some of these compromises?

RH: Well, yes. I think that everybody, well, almost everybody I know who is forty, is going through a tremendous crisis, a personal crisis. It is amazing to me how many of my friends are in so many different ways. It's hard to get a handle on it; it's so widespread now. It isn't like people are doing something so dramatic or outlandish – barricading themselves in their farmhouses, being surrounded by SWAT teams, or freaking out that way. It is a very subdued and a very unpleasant kind of psychological/spiritual crisis that is going on in their lives. I know people go through this; you can read books about it. However, it seems to me, and I've only lived half of one life, that it seems to be harder and sharper right now than what I'd known of my parents' experience or what I've read. One doesn't have any perspective on it. But there is definitely a personal crisis going on.

A close friend of mine who has been through communes, political anarchism, organic agriculture, marriage, two kids, successful vegetable farm (semi-successful – no one is very successful in vegetables), is going through something. I don't know what it is, except that he is drinking and I can see it in his face. He is trying hard not to drink. I think people stop going on when they feel there is no basis to their lives. It's like they wake up and the bottom falls out. What are you going to do on that day? Why do it? I've always done it this way – but why do it? What for? This is how they feel inside. It is an inside feeling. They begin to feel disjointed, unhappy and depressed. They can't function. They either don't want to get up or everything they do hurts them too much and they start to drink or take drugs or cover it up or avoid it, or lash out suddenly. It is like in the deepest recess of people's conscience there is this nagging feeling of unreality. They want reality. They want a basis for their lives and

yet it's just not there. You go around and talk to people and they say, "Gee, I don't feel real anymore!" They're afraid to admit it, but when you get right down to the conversation and say, "I'm just losing it; I just can't get my grip on reality." It's a hard thing to pin down. It is hard to say what causes it. You try to describe what it really feels like to live in 1987, and you're a forty-year-old hippie and you've gone through this – what does it feel like to suddenly fall all apart?

Q: Do you think that maybe some of these feelings that people are having at forty are some of the same feelings that they had at twenty, or do you think that they are on a different plane altogether?

RH: No. They are on a different plane altogether. For one thing, drugs aren't working. You can't cover it up anymore and they also realize addiction. You know when you were twenty or thirty, you didn't think that you could become addicted, that there was no such thing as addiction; it was psychological or physical. But now you are forty, and you know that there is such a thing as addiction to marijuana. Addiction to anything. I mean, suddenly they are addicted to coffee, cigarettes, sex, or whatever. And what's more, the addiction doesn't get better, it just gets worse. It was great stuff back then: sex, drugs, and politics, but it doesn't work anymore.

Q: So what are some of the realizations? Do you think that people who are going through these things are coming to any realizations, or is it just basically a thing where there are no answers?

RH: Yes, I think that right now a lot of people are going through therapy. They are going to AA to get straightened out, to get rid of the addictions. They are going to psychological root-getting, to counseling about what you get counseled for, exercising, looking at their lives, changing jobs, trying to be more honest about their feelings, taking more vitamins – but maybe they've done that before, and maybe they've gone through therapy before, and those who have been through therapy already are realizing that this is a different kind of crisis. This is no longer a psychological coming of age, "I am a man now and a parent" kind of crisis. This is something of a different order.

Q: Is it something deeper?

RH: Yes.

Q: I want to get back a little bit now. Back

"I think that it drove some people insane, to realize their own reality.



We went through great disillusionment with ourselves; it was more than disillusionment, it was a moral shock to realize the existence of evil in ourselves."

in '73 in your book, *Getting Back Together*, you were of the opinion that communities could not survive "if they set themselves above the reality of man's nature." What did you mean by that?

RH: Well, I suppose I meant that if you look for a utopia with unattainable ideals, the result is going to be a utopia where there is a contradiction between reality and the ideals. The whole thing is going to fall apart. Everybody is good, everybody is a brother, it's lovey-dovey, but actually you have to deal with how people are: they still have egos, private property, still have to raise their children themselves, because that is the culture we're from. You can't ignore that.

Q: So you think that when they tried to live in community, they weren't able to deal with the reality of how people really are, and weren't able to overcome those obstacles in each other. Do you think they became really frustrated with that and were unable to cope with it?

RH: I think that it drove some people insane, to realize their own reality. Because the discrepancy between the vision they had of themselves and human nature in general, and the actual reality that they were confronted with was shocking to them.

Q: Once all the smoke cleared, the good vibes went away?

RH: Yes, we're talking about evil here. We're talking about a fundamental flaw, and our inability to deal with it. It's hard to recognize evil in ourselves or in nature. You think evil doesn't exist, so you go along and, boom, you are swallowed by a shark!

We went through great disillusionment with ourselves, tremendous disillusionment – it was more than disillusionment, it was a moral shock to realize the existence of evil in ourselves. Yes, it is very shocking to realize that it exists. People ran away from it, ran away from communities, away from Vermont, back to Boston. They retreated because they saw things in themselves that they couldn't accept; things they didn't want to see anymore, so there was that denial stage.

Q: Denial of what?

RH: Evil.

Q: It seems like a person who would deny evil would be really for the vision of the Movement. But to deny evil and to also deny the Movement seems like a real contradiction.

RH: Well, it's as if they were denying the whole experience, because of the evil they came to realize. It's like amnesia. They want to wipe out the whole experience. Both parts of it, as if it didn't happen to them. I've met people that when you talk to them, it's as if there is ten years of their lives that are missing. It is no longer there. It is wiped out.

Q: Do you feel that seeing the evil in themselves, but not being able to deal with it, that they tended to find it easier to accept as necessary the evils of the society that they had rejected?

RH: The first step was facing the evil, and then denying it. Then they denied the Movement, and went back into the system. Some yuppies today are old hippies who have a split conscience between the things they do in the system (which involves a certain amount of playing the game), and their own private life (which is almost separate from what they do for a living). It's as if they can juggle the two. I find people who call themselves New Age people. I think of wholesale organic companies who talk "New Age" and yet they are actually dealing with you just like a capitalist. There is a certain hypocrisy there. I don't know where their heads are at that they can do that. They can function that way on one level and talk to you another way. I don't know if they know what they are doing, or if they are fooling themselves. The conscience is there but it is denied. And that is why they have to maintain a split-level personality. If they allowed their conscience to function, then the conviction of their life would be too difficult for them to deal with. I really can't speak for yuppies. It's hard to figure them out. But there is a little bit of yuppie in everybody. In myself, I suppose I can justify certain things that I do in a yuppie way. It's hard to think of myself as a yuppie. I think yuppies today, even if they have families, two cars, and are making money, are more desperate and insecure than their parents who believed in the system. They may be using the system in the same way, but yuppies realize that it is going to fall apart. They are just taking what they can for the moment while it's going down – and making money on the downside of the system.

"I think yuppies today, even if they have families, two cars, and are making money, are more desperate and insecure than their parents who believed in the system."



They may be using the system in the same way, but yuppies realize that it is going to fall apart. They are just taking what they can for the moment while it's going down."

Q: Where are the people now, the true, genuine, counter-culture people who really are trying to maintain some sense of integrity in their conscience and in their life? What are they looking forward to? How are these people dealing with the future – their own future and the future of their generation?

RH: If anything, they're slipping back into the system. It is awfully hard to be out there in the so-called New Age believing that it's Harrowsmith magazine you're editing, or it's Organic Natural Foods of America that you're running. The longer you're out there in the system, the more you have to recognize that you're part of it. You have to give up even the hypocrisy of believing that the New Age is coming. People can be hypocrites for only so long and then they're going to say, "I'm making a buck."

Q: What is the main reason for the inability to fulfill the vision of living in community?

RH: The lack of personal relationships. There is nothing else. We couldn't deal with each other. It wasn't society; it wasn't Nixon; it wasn't Mayor Daley – we couldn't deal with each other.

Q: Isn't that the same root problem in traditional American communities – the same reason why they've fallen?

RH: You have to survive and you only have a certain number of ways to survive. If you cooperate with the things that are there, then you'll be able to keep together to some extent. That's how people have stayed in communities. Because they have had to cooperate; they've had to farm. But once you remove the necessity and get food stamps or stock dividends, or checks from Daddy, then you don't have to be there. You don't have to farm – you split!

Q: So if people need one another, if they depend on one another, is that a basis for them remaining together?

RH: The question is what to base that need on or base that bond on. The real communes, for example, base that bond on self-sufficient agriculture. Do we really need to do that? If it is not economically possible to survive agriculturally, does that nullify the need for people to be together? What is the real basis for that need?

Even in agricultural communities I find people fight over how to live and farm. They will find reasons to do it differently. Unless you put everything together in one pot and say, "This is our land," you'll find differences. You'll even have various approaches to how to hay. Do we use horses? Do we use tractors? Do we keep inexperienced women from driving tractors? There are all kinds of ways you can disagree. I wonder sometimes if agriculture itself needs to be based on something other than agriculture. Certainly an agricultural community isn't enough. Agriculture has to have its roots in something more.

Q: You are saying that people need a basis to come together. And you talked about agriculture, that agriculture was just not enough; there has to be some kind of foundation based on need that is realized in human beings, individually – the need for one another. Then you say that when people come together, they are still at each other's throats, still trying to decide how to do it?

RH: Yes, you are getting me there.

Q: All right, so doesn't that bring you to the conclusion that there has got to be authority?

RH: You're right on! Authority and leadership. There was a time in the counter culture when there were leaders. Not the best leaders, but there were leaders and they were respected and they were followed, but they abused their leadership and they were the worst kind of egotistic, arrogant, male, macho leaders that you could imagine. But they functioned as a leadership. That was demolished. The anti-authoritarianism that turned against the war, turned against the leaders when the leaders failed. They abused their leadership; they abused their power. They misused their power. I can be more specific, but I don't need to be. A lot of it was sexual abuse and power. As a result, you had leaderless groups.

But then relationships are very difficult to work out. You just go around in circles. People today have just given up. There can't be leaders. As soon as someone tries to lead, they get shot down, or you have to use such indirect means to manipulate the group or lead the group without them feeling like they're being led or swayed.

Q: You have to be self-accommodating?



“Some greater reality is what they have to believe in. You can't be a father or a leader unless you had a father, or have a father you believe in.”

RH: Or you finally say, “Okay, I'll be accommodating and diplomatic. Then in ten years we'll have planted one more acre of carrots.” So what! There is a distrust of leadership. I don't know what to do about that.

Leaders themselves must do something about it. They must be firmly rooted in reality.

Q: So, it comes down to what was missing all along – what has been missing all along is true, genuine authority. Good authority!

RH: Some greater reality is what they have to believe in. You can't be a father or a leader unless you had a father, or have a father you believe in. And we can't believe our own fathers because they are human.

Q: Is the idea or possibility of finding a true father just too impossible or too incredible to actually consider?

RH: It is a matter of faith.

Q: What if those in the counter culture saw the reality of true fathers, true leaders? What if they actually saw a demonstration of it. Do you think that once again there could be an awakening in a whole generation of people?

RH: I don't know. It's hard for me to speak about how a whole generation of people would react to that kind of demonstration. I'm afraid at this point that they may not see it if it happened, or they would dismiss it as something else because they are so suspicious and cynical, not only about groups, but about all authority. How I got to this point of opening up was through reaching the bottom, the absolute bottom. I recognize that. Unless I establish my own reality or am attached to a greater reality (or sense of reality), I would be lost. What can I tell my son to do tomorrow if I don't have my own sense of reality?

Recently I saw that I am gradually coming out of that. I think it's a gradual process. I think that the masses of people aren't going to see the example and change overnight. I think they have to reach the bottom and come up. But I wouldn't be here unless there was someone else who had done it too. It's true. And knowing you people makes it easier each day to keep on growing in that way. If I were totally alone, as I said, I couldn't even talk about it. I probably wouldn't be trying to go very far. Knowing that there are other people that are headed the same direction – there's help. 🌸

Radical of Radicals

The counterculture landscape of the '60s teemed with radicals, extremists, idealists, and revolutionaries lurking around every corner. Mainstream society hated these troublemakers, these communists, but we loved their passion for peace and justice. Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin jumping up and down on the table in the Chicago courtroom in 1968 didn't rankle us; they had bucked the system and won a great victory. Hope welled up within us that maybe we could change the Establishment. We demonstrated in the streets for an end to the war in Vietnam, a nuclear freeze, the dismantling of nuclear reactors, and justice in South Africa. Inspired by the teachings of Ghandi, Martin Luther King, Jr., Scott Nearing, the Chicago Seven, and the Berrigans, we put all our heart into demonstrating for peace, organizing rallies, getting arrested, and writing letters to the editors and our Congressmen. Still, the unjust system churned on. Looking back now, it's hard to see any lasting results from all our radical hoopla.



But were we truly radicals? The word *radical*, like its etymological counterpart, *radicle*, comes from the Latin word, *radix*, which means *root*. A radicle is the first young root put forth from a seed, the first carrier of life-giving nutrients to the young plant. Without this radicle, the seed doesn't have a chance, lacking its most basic root. So, too, any so-called radical or extremist can only bring about a lasting positive change in society if he himself is rooted in a life-sustaining source.

So were we truly radicals? Did our roots go down into a life-giving source that could sustain us and bring about the goals of the Movement? No! Time and time again we went home dismayed and frustrated – our efforts to organize peace coalitions had come to nothing and the peace groups we belonged to had divided into warring factions. Eventually we left the Movement and fell back into the same

system from which we had tried to escape. Instead of changing the world, the world had changed us. At one time our hero, Jerry Rubin, had railed against the Establishment and demanded its violent overthrow. Now he is a New York socialite, hob-nobbing with politicians and Wall Street businessmen. The swords have yet to be beaten into plowshares or the bombers to turn into butterflies over our nation as Joni predicted.

The radicals of the Sixties had roots that went only as deep as the society which they attempted to change. According to David Dellinger, one of the Chicago Seven, “[The Peace Movement is] a movement whose members are still being crippled by the society from which we are trying to free ourselves and others. Contrary to some interpretations, the Movement’s erraticism and inconsistency tell us more about the sickness of the society against which we are in revolt...” He believed that it was worthwhile to continue to be involved in the Movement in spite of its weakness. At least in that way one’s suffocating human passions would be able to flower from time to time. But wouldn’t it be better if our lives could flower continually, actually bringing about justice and lasting peace?

For a radical movement to blossom and bear abundant fruit, it has to be rooted in good soil, not in the barren soil of selfishness, compromise, and division. There was once such a movement, an uncompromising people who were in total unity. They spoke to their generation with one voice, a voice so clear and exposing that the established institutions were shaken to their foundations. They came together some two thousand years ago while the iron might of Rome ruled all of the known world. Despite its brutal strength, the Roman state came to be greatly threatened by this gentle people and their stirring message.

These radicals were called together from every segment of society. One of them was a revolutionary guerrilla who advocated the violent overthrow of the hated Roman oppressors. Another was a tax collector who collaborated with the occupying army and even lined his own pockets by

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**Please see page 46 for an explanation of this name.*

overtaxing his fellow countrymen. These two, a guerrilla and a tax collector, would have hated each other unless a greater power had bound them together. Still others in the group were simple fishermen. What held them together was their devotion to one man, the Radical of all radicals. His spirit and his teaching were like nothing they had ever heard before. He so captured the imaginations of his followers that they all left everything behind to follow him.

After his death and resurrection, he gave them his Spirit to empower them to live a radical life together that would astound the whole world. Within days, over three thousand men and women had committed themselves lock, stock, and barrel to their Master and to the teachings of those who had been taught by him. Banding together out of love for one another, they threw all they had into a common pot, giving no thought to their own needs. Their passionate message to come out of the perverse society – backed up by their daily lives of loving and caring for one another – spoke louder and clearer than all the hollow rhetoric of the false prophets of their time. Heart by yielding heart, a new nation was born, as these radicals abandoned their jobs and old lives to be healed of the crippling effects of the society they left.

Sadly, this new nation did not endure long enough to bring about their Master’s return and the establishment of his good government on the earth. Like a tree that stops bearing good fruit and is cut down, the life of that nation ceased. However, the root remained, and now, at the scent of water, it is starting to sprout once again. Its radical life has returned. There is once again a people who are putting the crippling effects of society’s sickness under their feet. In our communities, men, women, and children are being given one heart and one way. At last

we are home. The Radical of all radicals, whose name is Yahshua,* the Son of God, has brought us home. We responded to his call to give up our lives and all our possessions, and having died to our old lives, we received his life. Because we no longer live for ourselves, we are able to live together in peace and justice. We invite you to come and see this radical life! 🌸

A Hippiecritical Analysis of the Sixties



AMERICA WAS BREAKING LOOSE from something then. Was it traditional morality or just the church? Or both? Was it God and country — “Hell, no, we won’t go”? Or was it the materialistic American dream? It’s not so clear to me now what it was all about. Maybe it is to you. It seemed to be “all of the above” then, and quite a bit more.

Even the Establishment played a part: outlawing prayer in school and banning the Bible from classrooms was certainly revolutionary. Golly, God was repudiated right here in the USA in AD nineteen hundred sixty-three.¹ We got the message.

Like many, it wasn’t that I *didn’t* believe in God, but that I *wouldn’t*. I would not believe in the God to whom anything I did didn’t matter, only what I believed. If church on Sunday defined my worth to Him, something was wrong with Him, not me. I would not believe in the God who threw good people into hell for the crime of never having heard of Him. I didn’t need, want, or read the Bible anymore. I had a new map of my own for my life.

The slogans of the Sixties became my signposts. They were the *words* we lived by, rather than the daily devotionals of our parents. We rejected anything old, as if age somehow

made things less true. And our slogans have yet to die:

- ☉ *You can’t legislate morality.*
- ☉ *There are no absolutes.*
- ☉ *Do your own thing.*
- ☉ *Truth is relative.*

And you couldn’t legislate morality; because it felt so good, we were going to do it. What law could stand in the way of feeling good? Didn’t they prove that one with Prohibition? And that was just over alcohol. There were no more absolutes, so we could do our own thing. Objective truth? You mean a truth outside the boundaries of our own experiences and feelings? A truth that might *limit* us? Come on, truth is *relative*. What’s true for you might not be true for me. It was our freedom that was *absolute*.

We didn’t want anyone preaching to us about sin, telling us how to run our lives. And all these things gave us good reason for even denying God’s existence. The Ten Commandments had too many *don’t*s, and we rejected those *don’t*s as soon as all the spankings stopped. (Thank you Dr. Spock!) After all, we knew more about life than our moms and pops did. They were so *uptight*, while we exulted in

our freedom. And in our newfound freedom we saw it as our prerogative and sacred duty to “Question Authority.”

Forty Years Later

So now, forty years later, what do we say about what we said then? Did our slogans have the power to change the world like we thought? Let’s look them over:

There are no absolutes. Was that not an absolute statement itself? And if there are *no rights and wrongs*, can we be sure about that?

There is no objective truth. Sounds like a judgment based on some larger view of reality, a truth independent of one’s subjective views. You know, an objective truth.

Truth is relative. Or is that only relatively true? How can we be sure?

Question authority. Why?

And one slogan died just a few years later: “Don’t trust anybody over thirty...” Or maybe it didn’t. Maybe those who came after us didn’t trust us, either. After all, what goes around comes around, or as the old saying goes, “As we sow, so we reap.”

So, does God exist only if we say so?

We have learned in the last forty years that only fools would say in their hearts, “There is no God,”² meaning we lived as if there were no God, no accountability for our actions.

We were so foolish and disobedient. We were misled by others and became slaves to many wicked desires and evil pleasures. Our lives were full of evil and envy. We hated others, and they hated us.³ Is it just religious dogma⁴ to say that there is a God who made all this? But is it merely the dogma of another religion to exclude God from the big picture?⁵

Who can prove there is a God? But who can prove there is no God? Which side would you want to err on — the one who says there is a God or the one who says there is no God? I guess if we said the latter, we would be more accountable, or would we? Will anyone be able to defend himself for his *suppression* of the knowledge of right and wrong? *Suppression* is the conscious and voluntary forgetting of your Creator, and the conscious putting away of the restraints that knowing places on you. For many, their conscious choice goes



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beyond suppression of what they know is right to repression. If we continue to suppress our conscience, we go through *regression* to a state of *repression*, which means that it becomes unconscious and involuntary (*see box below for definitions*). It overwrites what’s there, which then can never be recovered. Suppression eventually leads to repression. It is like going over the waterfall, in your heart.

But can God blame us for hating Him?

God is good, we had always heard, but when you see what those who claim to know God have done and still do, it’s hard to believe in their God. As Nietzsche said, “I’d believe in your Redeemer, if you looked more redeemed.”

We used to be atheists, and we hated a God who didn’t exist. We thought God was the God of the Crusades and the Inquisitions. We thought He was the God of Martin Luther who had 100,000 peasants slaughtered and called for violence against everyone who didn’t believe in him. We thought He was the divided God of all the denominational debates: the Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Reformed, Lutheran and Anglican denominations, *ad nauseam*. He must be some kind of denominational God with a host of denominational Christs — one for each denomination. So who was it who said, “Can Christ be divided?”

Must have been some *no account* who didn’t know how important warring groups of believers *in Christ* were.⁶ Each one of these denominations have their own particular slant on the Bible. And who in the future, as in the past, will once again kill heretics? In the past, it was always those with the “right doctrine” that killed those with the “wrong doctrine.” It’s never been the other way around. They say history repeats itself if we don’t learn anything from it.

In the first century, the Jews were killing the Christians for worshipping the heretic

DEFINITIONS

Suppression: voluntary inhibition of activities on the part of an individual (psychoanalysis) a conscious inhibition of impulses or ideas that are incompatible with the individual’s evaluation of himself according to his ego ideal.

Regression: a retreating, a moving backward; return to earlier levels of development; the manifestation in older individuals of more primitive levels of behavior

Repression: the forceful ejection from consciousness of impulses, memories, or experiences that are painful or shameful and generate a high level of anxiety. The essential mechanism of repression was held by certain psychologists to be unconscious and involuntary.

J.P. Chauplin, *Dictionary of Psychology* (Dell Publishing, 1985), pages 391, 394-395, and 456

they'd put to death and saying He was alive. They just couldn't understand it. From the fourth century on, the Christians have killed the Jews for not worshipping Him. They couldn't understand the Jews, either. Nobody seemed to learn that persecution was wrong, but just kept spitefully doing to others what had been done to them. No wonder we turned to eastern religion!

God could hardly blame us for hating Him, could He? Just as it says about people who claimed to be His holy people, His chosen ones, "Because of you, My name is blasphemed among the nations."⁷

In light of their history, would not the apostle Paul say the same thing about Christianity, were he writing today? Perhaps what was written long ago by Isaiah the prophet might also apply: "All day long I have stretched out my hand to a disobedient and contrary people."⁸

If there was a God, we would hope that He really was not the God of the bloody and horrible history of religious wars and persecutions. And that all the wealth and power gathered by those professing belief in Him did not really represent Him at all. He said, "I was found by those who did not seek Me, and I was made manifest [known] to those who did not ask for Me."⁹

There had to be a way back to the Garden. All we knew was the path it *wasn't* on.

The Question of Evil

Though we denied the existence of right and wrong, and good and evil, we wondered why we still got mad at the people who broke their promises to us. What was that burning inside of us? Somehow we instinctively knew what was good and what was bad, and *we* were the judge to decide which one we would obey. And when we were at the receiving end of someone's evil choice, it affected us. It hurt. We lost something. Actually, it was taken from us — stolen.

And we said, "If He is such a loving God, why is there so much evil in the world?"

The mother tells her son to clean up his room. He decides later not to clean it. Soon it is a disgusting mess. Was the mother wrong to tell her son to clean it? You judge whose

The mother tells her son to clean up his room. He decides later not to clean it.



Was the mother wrong to tell her son to clean it? Or was she wrong to bring him into the world, knowing that one day the room would be a mess?

fault the mess is. Or was she wrong to bring him into the world, knowing that one day the room would be a mess? Was it love or hate that caused her to conceive her children? Would it have been better that she aborted him? How about you and me, would it have been better?

Men and women have the freedom to choose what is right and what is wrong, and they do every day. Some choose good, and some evil. And many *somehow* can't see what is wrong with them, how the evil they did hurt others very badly... but *somehow* they can see very vividly what is wrong with everyone else, especially how the selfish actions others do hurts them.

Maybe we ought to acknowledge that God created us with a free will, not as robots or zombies. But why did He do such a thing? Maybe He created free will to test all men. Would it have been better that I had been created a zombie? All we have ever heard of the afterlife is heaven and hell. We couldn't really understand this. We are coming to see that man *can* pass the test. We have learned that God gave man a conscience *in order that* he would do what it says is right and avoid doing what it says is wrong, and have learned that this has great, eternal consequences. And that

true freedom can only be maintained by the free choice of the right and not the wrong. For choosing the wrong sweeps a man further down the river of no return. Choosing the right preserves that thing deep within every man and woman that is like God.

Nevertheless, all mankind must still die once. That was decided in the Garden as the way for men and women, if they could, to pay the price for the wrongs they had done others. But it is not already decided that men must die twice.

The Beginning of Things

The trouble, and the way everyone has to deal with it, began long ago. So, did you know that it is appointed for a man to suffer death once, but not twice? But there is a second death, which is eternal, and between the two deaths is a judgment.¹⁰ From it some will go on to a second, unending life, and others to a second, unending death.¹¹ It all depends on the choices each person makes. The judgment

will be entirely fair and impartial. A person would only die twice if his conscience went into repression, after suppressing the truth continually in his life.

Mankind got into this state — of having to make the right choices — by not listening. He was meant to eat of the tree of life *first*. In the Garden of Eden, a severe warning was given before the fall:

And the Sovereign God commanded the man, saying, "Of every tree of the garden you may freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall surely die." (Genesis 2:16-17)¹²

How many times did Eve go to that tree and ponder that warning? We don't know, but we know her desire grew and grew. What was this thing called death? Why shouldn't she gain that knowledge? She didn't tell her husband, not until the churning within her had given birth to *action*. For the evil one appeared to her, immediately sensing the same thing in her that was full blown in him. He knew how to fan that desire into flame. It's burning still.

That's where sin comes from — it starts with a desire. It's not sin to have a desire, and many desires are good, but once an evil desire is conceived — and the thought is welcomed, considered, and *allowed* by our choice to reach the emotions — it brings forth sin, and sin brings forth death.¹³ Death entered the world when they ate the forbidden fruit.

They had chosen disobedience. In response, God did set in effect a great plan of redemption. You've heard of the broad outlines of it most of your life, though, like Nietzsche, you haven't seen enough redemption to convince you of its existence. At the same time, God set in motion another way, for the great mass of humanity that would never hear of Messiah, to avoid the second death. If they stayed on this path, they would remain worthy of the second life.

This path is the natural law, the law of

So, is life
futile, without
point? No!
The struggle
against, or
acceptance
of, that decay
determines our
eternal destiny!



Of course, it
is not about
our rooms,
it's about our
consciences.
How hard it
is to maintain
a good
conscience
in the face
of the many
temptations
of life!

conscience by which the motivation of man's choices will be judged. For men and women were no longer innocent, but now had the full knowledge of good and evil. This natural law is tied up with the most general, fundamental law in all science, the one encompassing all of creation and all of life. It is also the law presiding over death.

The Second Law of Thermodynamics

After the fall of man in the Garden of Eden, God put into effect a law of conscience (the knowledge of good and evil) as the terms of the second covenant¹⁴ He made with man. Eve had, in a sense, attained the knowledge she desired,¹⁵ but it came at a great cost. This

law of conscience can be compared with the second law of thermodynamics, which states that whenever energy is expended, it always tends to flow from a more concentrated to a less concentrated place.

Turn the heat off the hot frying pan. Its heat flows into the cooler air around it. With the cooling of the pan, an increase in entropy is taking place, which means the amount of energy to do something

useful, like frying an egg, is decreasing.¹⁶ The reverse *never* happens — the air never surrenders what heat it does have to make the hot frying pan hotter.

Nor will the children's room ever spontaneously become clean. Johnnie will have to clean it, expending effort to do so. If he doesn't, his life in the room will soon make it a pig-pen. In fact, he will not ever be able to stop cleaning it, as long as he is using it, unless he is content to live in a mess. Shall we lock the door and let no one in? It would soon become dusty, musty, and moldy. Decay is in the air. Decay is everywhere, and must be resisted by everyone in every way. And in the end, decay wins: we die.

So, is life futile, without point? No! The struggle against (or acceptance of) that decay determines our eternal destiny! That's what

it's all about — this thing called life. Of course, it is not about our rooms, it's about our consciences. How hard it is to maintain a good conscience in the face of the many temptations of life! It's comparable to the struggle necessary to have a healthy life. It takes exercise, drinking water, and eating good food in the face of all the temptations to do the opposite. This first life will end, no matter how well we live it. The second life (or second death) will never end, according to the condition, not of our bodies at the end of our life, but of our consciences.

Just do nothing to maintain your car, home, or room, and everything deteriorates, collapses, breaks down, and wears out. And that is how the second law of thermodynamics applies to every realm of life — physical, social, emotional, mental, and spiritual. We have to maintain what is good in the face of temptation, suffering, decay, even the death of our loved ones. We have to never let go of the truth we instinctively know, even when everyone else around us does.

This struggle was given mankind by God *in hope* that through it men and women would retain the worth they were made with. Apart from the effort that struggle requires, the moral nature of men and women decays. It is as inevitable as the decay of their bodies. Human beings can't keep suppressing their conscience — if they do, the energy of their life dissipates, and so does their worth. As the entropy of their life increases, the amount of energy to do what is right and turn away from wrong decreases. Eventually, nothing of value is left. Repression has taken place. And the lake of fire is where all that is the worthless will be burned, those of no account to their Creator.¹⁷ The reason for this judgment was that they made themselves of "no account." They were not born that way.

Instead, when you do wrong, you have to admit it, "I was wrong, I don't want to do it again." This admission does not release you for paying for your sin in the first death, but it is the only way to maintain the integrity of

This struggle was given mankind by God *in hope* that through it men and women would retain the worth they were made with.



Apart from the effort that struggle requires, the moral nature of men and women decays.

your conscience after you have not listened to it. Otherwise decay rules your soul and not just your body. It is the undisputed master of your body. In the Fall, the second law of thermodynamics rules all. But it is our choices that determine whether it takes our souls along with it. The wages of sin is still death. The first death awaits even those who struggle to maintain their conscience. There is no way else for them to deal with their sins other than to pay for them in death. Those who have made themselves worthless will not be able to pay.

Men must live by this second law to maintain their conscience. No one can lead a perfect life, but still they can maintain their conscience and do good. Not all men are as evil as they can be, but some are. They are evil as they can be. For example, Alexander

the Great was probably as evil as he could be, controlled by his desires. Other people in history and on earth today have almost reached their full potential of evil, but no one has reached their full potential of doing good in the world. No natural man ever has. No one is as good as they could be. They have fallen short.

Every man has fallen short of the glory of God. So, not all men are as evil as they could be, and no one is as good as he could be. But all have sinned to one degree or another. We see that all men have sinned and the wages of sin is death.¹⁸ All men have sinned and have fallen short — but some have fallen shorter than others. It is just according to how God judges what *short* means, and long, in the judgment of man.

It all gets down to the motive, either good or bad, which is eventually revealed in our deeds:

God "will render to each one according to his deeds: eternal life to those who by patient continuance in doing good seek for glory, honor, and immortality; but to those who are self-seeking and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness — indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, on every soul of man who does evil, of the Jew first and also of the Greek; but glory, honor, and

*peace to everyone who works what is good,
to the Jew first and also to the Greek.”¹⁹*

Back to the Garden

So, where is the road home, back to the garden? How do we get there from here? There is a way back to Eden. God has made it, but it is not through the Christian crusades and their inquisitions, not through the lifeless churches with their dead doctrines and decrees. The Holy Spirit was certainly not passed on through Martin Luther in Germany, the great slaughterer of the peasants. The way back is through the restoration of His true Body — the Community as it was in the beginning. That is happening right now. Once again, all those who believe *are* together and *share* all things in common.²⁰ The first ones, the early church, maintained this life for a while. The purity of the Body that was on the earth 2,000 years ago was so great that it was said, “it turned the world upside down.”²¹

Then decay overtook them, too, and the proof of it is Christian history. They did not maintain the *practice* of the truth.²² They stopped expending the effort to live their holy, set-apart life by His grace.²³ Their relationship with God ended, and soon after, their life of love and care ended also.²⁴ The aftermath was what we know of Christian history — the horrible fruit of rebellious children *never* cleaning their room again.²⁵ It was not God’s fault.

Now, all who *can* hear His voice can return to the Garden. If you have never encountered anyone from one of the communities of those who are being restored, then only the witness of creation can tell you of the Creator. But what are you reading now, at this moment? You no longer have to believe in God only through creation, but now you can believe through the voice of the Creator — through the Word of our Master Yahshua who speaks into your heart through His people. That is, you can

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hear if you are of the truth and are willing to do His will. These are two things you must judge about yourself.²⁶

Pilate therefore said to Him, “Are You a king then?” Yahshua answered, “You say rightly that I am a king. For this cause I was born, and for this cause I have come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth. Everyone who is of the truth hears My voice.” (John 18:37)

Thermodynamics

Thermo means heat. *Dynamics* means energy and motion. Thermodynamics means the study of energy in motion. The first law of thermodynamics deals with the conservation of energy, as it changes from one form of energy into another. Before the Fall, energy maintained itself — it didn’t continually dissipate. Can we even imagine such a world; one without decay or death?

When man is cold because of the Fall, the second law of thermodynamics says what he must do to be warm: Get in motion. Gather some fuel. Light a fire. Likewise, the second covenant, the law of conscience, says what man must do to counteract the dissipation of

human warmth and love. That is, he must stir himself up to do the good that he knows to do and not do the evil that he knows not to do.²⁷ The second covenant deals with the motion, the action — the expenditure of energy necessary to preserve man from the second death — as he obeys his conscience now. For men and women who have never heard the good news, such action is truly *now or never!*

But the good news is something you have never heard from the kind of true sent ones Messiah spoke of — men and women not seeking their own recognition or reward, but only His. You’re in the same place we were before we met people living the *life* — you’ve only met the compromised gospel, which is the great effort to

rack up one more convert to the list and one more attendee to the service.

The good news is for all who will face the reality of their wrong choices and desire to find forgiveness for their guilt. This has the same cost it did when the Messiah walked the earth and called those who followed Him to forsake all, including all of their possessions, in order to be His disciples.²⁸ We are those whose “rooms” were cleaned up by Messiah. Now, we want to keep them clean!²⁹

This can only be done by those *persuaded* by the good news they hear, and who are willing to obey the Savior, not merely believe in Him and recite a prayer.³⁰ Such “belief” has never produced the vibrant life of togetherness and sharing all that the first true believers enjoyed in the Community in Jerusalem two thousand years ago.³¹

That life is on the earth again! In our communities, life is about more than the struggle to survive. It is about loving with the same love that caused Messiah to forsake all for us, even dying for our sakes, so that now, in this life, we could have *new life*! Come and see. ❀

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Endnotes

¹ In *School District of Abington Township, Pennsylvania v. Schempp*, 374 U.S. 203 (1963), the US Supreme Court forbid the public reading of the Bible in public schools or the recital of any public prayers.

² Psalm 14:1-3 – Only fools can look at the universe and say that the heavens don't declare the glory of God (Psalm 19:1).

³ Titus 3:3 in the Living Bible.

⁴ **Dogma** – *established religious opinions without revelation*. To the outside observer, dogma is a joke, having no bearing on a person's life. So one says, “My karma ran over your dogma,” meaning no offense – for nothing substantial or essential to the person's life is being made light of. Thomas Jefferson put it nicer when asked what his faith was, “You will know my faith by my deeds, which is the only way anyone's faith is known.”

⁵ Psalm 8:3-5

⁶ I Corinthians 1:10,13

⁷ I John 1:7

⁸ Romans 10:21

⁹ Romans 10:20

¹⁰ Hebrews 9:27

¹¹ John 5:28-29, Romans 2:6-16, Rev 20:12-15

¹² And Hebrews 9:27

¹³ James 1:14-15

¹⁴ The first covenant was before the Fall, in Genesis 1:26-28

¹⁵ But, lest they eat and live forever in their fallen state [as genetic engineers are now striving for], God said: “Behold, the man has become like one of Us, to know good and evil. And now, lest he put out his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever.” (Genesis 3:22)

¹⁶ The dictionary defines *entropy* as: (thermodynamics) *a measure of the amount of energy in a system that is no longer available for doing work; entropy increases as matter and energy in the universe degrade to an ultimate state of inert uniformity.*

¹⁷ Revelation 21:8

¹⁸ Romans 3:23 and 6:23

¹⁹ Romans 2:6-10, 2:12-16, and Rev 20:12-15

²⁰ Acts 2:44 and 4:32

²¹ Acts 17:6 in the King James Version

²² I John 1:6

²³ I John 1:7

²⁴ Revelation 2:5

²⁵ I Corinthians 16:22 came upon them all.

²⁶ John 7:17-18

²⁷ Genesis 3:16-19,22

²⁸ Luke 14:26-33

²⁹ John 8:51

³⁰ Acts 5:32

³¹ Acts 2:37-47 and 4:32-37



Most of us “Children of the ‘60s” came from middle-class American families with middle-class American roots and middle-class American values ingrained in us since childhood. When the time was ripe, we threw off our parents’ values and society’s norms in an attempt to be free from all the chains of hypocrisy and greed that were consuming America. But there was one thing that kept all the LSD trips, all the intellectual enlightenment, all the swelling emotions charged by the meaningful songs of our prophets from breaking those chains. The one thing we lacked was the power to break free from the rotten, selfish seed that was passed on to us from our middle-class fathers. Though we could not see this at the time (we were too caught up in the excitement of the moment), we would soon enough.

As we young hippies got older, our desire for middle-class comforts began to outweigh all the “enlightenment” we had received. “Don’t trust anyone over 30” was a forewarning of what we’d be like by forty. It proved to be true. By the time middle age arrived, we were no longer out to change the world. Our voice had been silenced. What our parents had wanted for us all along - security, success, becoming a valuable asset to the prized heritage of middle-class America — was now ours. We’d become a part of the American Dream we had protested against in our youth. Our greatest challenges now came from trying to justify our “yuppie” success or explaining away the compromise of getting our own thirty-acre kingdoms.



Hippie

Yes, the hippie exterior eventually wore off, exposing the roots that were still there. Like it or not, we’ve become a generation of “hippie-crits.” Being a hippie-crit is like wearing a mask that you think is really you, but when you pull it off, you see that underneath the mask, you’re really no different than your daddy. You act like someone who detests the establishment, pretending you want nothing to do with it, while all along living in what you condemn.

A hippie-crit is a person who presents himself as someone from the ‘60s Movement, who prides himself in nostalgic memories and cynical comments about the future, but all the while compromising his integrity for the comfort of the middle class. A hippie-crit is worse than a hypocrite in many ways, because as a ‘60s hippie he proclaimed the ideal of a better way, an alternative to the 9 to 5 job, and as a 21st century hippie-crit he is firmly entrenched in what he once scorned. Despite the words he speaks, he has compromised the goals he once sought.

Our parents’ view of life was one of hard work, faithfulness to wife and family, and living by the golden rule. They were actually a lot closer to the Garden than us because they lived more closely to the covenant of conscience that all mankind has within to lead them back to their Creator. At least they made no bones about working hard to

support their families (that's us!) ...and for the most part, they gave us a standard of loyalty and faithfulness that we could at least remember in the height of all our rebellion.

After all is said and done, the love of self-life has proven to be the failure of the Movement. No student is greater than his teacher, but when he is fully trained, he will be just like his teacher. You are what you are. You can't escape the seed in you that's been passed on to you from your father. That nature is passed on from one generation to the next. It's inherent. The birth of the Movement came from a stirring of the heart, but nothing in the '60s had the power to deliver us from the death grip human nature had on us.

Remember walking down the street stoned out of our minds, thinking we're different from the Establishment around us? Remember the pride we had when we ridiculed the guy in the three-piece suit and laughed to ourselves, thinking we were free? In the midst of a scene like this, did it ever dawn on us that we were just like him or realize that what was in us was no different from what was in our parents? To see this is to take the first step toward the open door of freedom.

There can be no true Movement unless we find a way to escape from those corrupt, selfish spiritual roots. As mature, middle-aged ex-hippies, we ought to be able to know this by now. But what can we do about it? Our only escape from these roots is to experience a true renaissance, a rebirth, a regeneration of our human spirit. Where can we find someone with the authority to bring about this renaissance? Where is the man who is free from the curse of self-life? By definition, love is giving yourself up or laying down your life for someone else. So, someone with the authority to lead such a Movement would also have to be someone who loved. The life he lived would be full of love, not merely in words, but in actions, right?

When this profound truth is understood, then the fascination of the ages can begin. What fascination? Our fascination with the life of a man not born under the curse of self-life, the One whose spirit was free to love like no one else had ever loved. He willingly became a sacrifice, like a lamb, or like a seed that fell into the ground. That seed died so a whole new creation could spring forth on the earth. This new seed has roots that

go down deep into the soil of love and shoots that spring up with a life that never ends, one that is starting to fill the earth and ultimately the universe, forever and ever. This seed was the man **Yahshua.*** He is gathering his people from every nation, every tongue, every race, every background, every orientation under the sun to become seeds also, just like him.

This gathering is the beginning of a Movement that will one day produce the Twelve Tribes, a nation of communities whose Sovereign king and ruler is the Messiah Yahshua. He is the object of our fascination; it is he who gave us the glory to live as one. In the same way as he is one with his Father in heaven, He gave his disciples that same glory to make them one. This twelve tribe nation exists as a new social order that once had its beginning in Jerusalem in 34 AD.

It was the true Renaissance, becoming a new creation, that Yahshua's followers experienced. This Renaissance was into a life together where people shared all things in common. This life of sharing is the perfect environment to show the world a demonstration of love being perfected in unity, the convincing proof that all barriers between people have been torn down, including that between parents and children.

This life is the life we longed for in our hearts when we tried to abandon the path of a society sick with disease in the '60s! The worst disease was in a religion called Christianity, which tainted and defiled the real life of Yahshua and robbed us of our rightful fascination of Him.

But now this Movement has begun by the actual Spirit of Yahshua in a people, completely outside the ranks of Christianity or any other religion on earth. This shared life, this witness, is the only proof that will convince the world that Yahshua's blood actually has the power to forgive and to cleanse a person from his sins, to tear down all the barriers that divide.

Seeing this demonstration is what will convince all the people in the world that God did truly send His Son and that He really does love all of mankind. It will, at last, vindicate the true God, the Creator of all! The completion of the life that was begun in Jerusalem is what will bring about the end of this age. We are living in and experiencing the time when the Renaissance of the ages is beginning. Come join us and let Yahshua set your soul free! ❀

**Please see page 46 for an explanation of this name.*

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Crit



COLORS



Colors that were not real
Highs that did not last

Walking

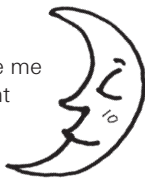
Realizing the horror of needing to change
Unable to connect with reality

My heart would not let me touch anyone
in a clean way
Living, struggling with maladies
Change seemed impossible

How can you have a proper fear of death
When
You know so little about life

Lonely, forcing others to notice me
Being different was no different
Because
I was neither

Doing nothing
Except aching in separation of life
Always despairing for friends



Walk
Thumb
Drive
Fly
Greyhound
Getting there was
not the issue

Arriving and leaving the same
Never finding soil to die in, never coming
to life

Living only for pleasure is being dead

*Love
Stacy Mark*

I am 54 and born the same
Year as some of you.
Two days ago bugs hit my
windshield
Spreading out their life in front
of me
Their death stuck to my
window

Being so miserable
The only thing
that made me
happy was to make others
miserable

It takes a community
For GOD to rescue someone
like me

He provides a home for the
lonely, not a place to be
But
A place to belong

If you have something better
than what I have found and
given my life to
PLEASE

Come get me and I will be
there with all my heart for
the rest of my life



- 0- SPACEY BLURPLE
- 1- GROOVY GRELLO
- 2- FLUORESCENT FLINK
- 3- DAY-GLO SCRANGE
- 4- PSYCHEDELIC SMEIGE
- 5- UNREAL SPLURK
- 6- PHOSPHORESCENT CHRELLO
- 7- TRIPPY BROW



WEREN'T



Curse you for going to
McDonald's
For taking your children there
Curse as I would nod on smack
(heroin)

You scum, not even I would go
to Mc Donald's

Been down Hwy 41
Doobied with the brothers
Johnny Winters white as snow
Space Cowboy orbiting at his
ranch in California
Humble Pie, Quick Silver
It's a Beautiful Day
How many of you now sell real
estate, cars, or insurance

Someone played Moody Blues
through the night
His fingers bled the next
morning
Was there really a bearded
lady standing on the corner
throwing up the color of
money
To a fatherless child I could
sing a sad song

Oh God, I am so afraid of you
 And
 My evil heart

Duluth, Minnesota
 Chilling shores of Lake Superior
 The blackness of your water
 Causes me to fear

Smoking pot
 Inhaling

Loving what I hated



You never cut me with a knife
 But
 Your words made me leave

On a plane sitting next to a
 priest dressed like a crow
 Do you think I could stop the

LSD

And listen to your words
 Words that were not even
 saving you

- 8- IDEAL AKWA NILSCH
- 9- PHANTASMIC BLOOG
- 10- DAY-GLO SHARMOUSSE
- 11- FABULOUS PFIZOMIUM

- 12- IMAGINARY BLITE
- 13- UNREAL CHROMELLETTE
- 14- FANTASTICAL RUCE
- 15- SUPER SNED



The grass is green, yet no one
 could see it grow
 How nice her street was, and
 the bright white trim on her
 house
 It was so beautiful knowing
 she could only see me in her
 heart
 Walking away looking back as
 she sat in the summer sun
 I thought
 We should all be this way

Mom was so young with 4
 children
 It's like we all had to grow up
 together
 Just today she told me
 She was sorry for leaving me
 at home and going out to
 have fun
 Just today
 I said, I forgive you for that
 Knowing no one will prosper
 unless we forget our injuries

THAT



Boulder, Colorado
 Sitting with a blind woman
 Telling her about how beautiful the day was
 About the parade of clouds over us
 Trees dancing in the wind
 How one curtised when she passed



Jumping Jack Flash was stenciled on my
 Volkswagen
 Even though I hated the words and lips of Mick
 Jagger
 He was like me, he was not real
 So was my dog and I gave it away to become like
 someone else



Insecurity
 I preyed upon others for friendship
 Knowing I had nothing to offer

With my loneliness and



Stoned
 Loved it
 Then realized, been that way every day for 4 years
 and could not stop
 But
 Could help you start

Woodstock was a long way from Chattanooga,
 Tennessee
 I was cool enough to see the movie barefoot

We crawled under houses
 Crossed borders
 Crosby Stills Nash and Young
 How your words fed us and left us to hunger



Shakti

Dick Nixon has to go
 Then all will be well
 Believing this soon released greater
 disappointment



REAL



We've Got to Get Ourselves Back to the Garden

I WATCH CONTENTEDLY FROM MY BAY WINDOW as the brown-eyed Jersey cow munches lazily on red-top clover planted last year. Her form is framed by green, rolling hills as clouds move swiftly across the blue skies, casting dark shadows against the hillside. The contrast of the light and darker greens in this beautiful setting holds my eye, as I reflect on the many blessings and promises of this good life.

I can almost imagine the sound of the fire crackling and glowing behind me in the fireplace that will be done by the cool fall weather. We had worked many hours to acquire the dry, seasoned wood from our thirty-five acre wood-lot. It will burn brightly in the fieldstone fireplace our friends are helping us build – stones hand-picked from one of our lower fields we had labored to prepare for seed.



OUR HOME IS
MADE OF LOGS

my husband cut and hauled from the woods with two of our fine draft horses. The house is large and airy, with much light from windows receiving the southern exposure. Though unfinished, it is truly the dream house we had always hoped for. We borrowed only a small amount of money to build our home and spent countless hours working on it, laboring



long days to make it strong and lasting, a testimony to our determination, the fruit of a dream realized. We have peace and security and are growing each day to be more self-sufficient from a world we don't care to identify with.

It came slowly at first, this feeling of everything not being totally *right*. True, we seemed to be on our way *back to the garden*, didn't we? A fine home, good marriage, beautiful land and healthy children. We had escaped the establishment, we thought, yet we knew deep down inside we did not have real peace in our hearts. Our tranquillity was only external and it was becoming clear to us, ever so gradually, that we had no lasting serenity in our souls. The fulfillment of our dream hadn't brought us to a place of contentment. Our happiness was only superficial; it had no depth. There was still an empty place deep in our beings that longed for something we weren't sure we could find. We knew there were questions we had since our youth that remained unanswered. Escaping into the hills of Maine to become as self-sufficient as possible hadn't brought relief to the problems we saw in ourselves or in the world. Even though beautiful and serene, the forests and fields could give no answers. We had tried so hard to not be like our parents and the establishment, but we were beginning to realize we had the same foundational problems, only disguised or *altered* by an alternative lifestyle.

Ever since I could remember I had always sought to know what my purpose in life was. As a young child I would sit by the ocean and wonder about God and his creation. As a youth growing up in the '60s, in frustration I had

We had tried so hard to not be like our parents and the establishment, but we were beginning to realize we had the same foundational problems, only disguised or *altered* by an alternative lifestyle.

demanded to know, "What is reality?" I questioned why we were on the earth. Was it to help usher in an age of peace? How? Where was God and why was He so distant? My friends and I were rude in our quest for an answer, and rebelled against anything that merely wafted of authority.

Never having taken Christianity seriously, I searched for answers in every avenue of Eastern

philosophies. But no matter how long I sat in my dark, incense-filled room and meditated, the feeling of peace quickly wore off and I emerged the same disgruntled teenager. I wanted to be a kind person. My selfishness and quick temper bothered my conscience and I hated the way I treated my parents and friends. I hated the way they treated me. Worthlessness hung over me like a dark cloud. How could anything be different?

I threw myself into the peace movement and labored selflessly day and night. Is this what I was created to do with my life? Could we bring about a new society? Maybe everyone would just wake up one morning with the same song in their heart and say, "Hey, this is *crazy!* Let's stop making war and start loving each other!" I thought maybe *this* was reality. We just needed enough positive vibes to get it rolling.

Years passed. Though disillusioned, I never stopped looking for the answer and my spiritual roots. I tried higher education. Maybe there my mind and soul could be enlightened and I could discover who I was and what it was we were all supposed to be doing here. I was enlightened all right. My rebellion reached new heights and college succeeded in almost smothering my already-stifled conscience. I had a few morals, a few absolutes in my life that I had tenaciously hung on to, but my liberal education finished them off. The few basic truths my parents had taught me were cast to the wind. Higher education gave me no answers, but only more questions. It taught me to question everything, even long-established *good* things, and to reason away my screaming conscience. Taking on my professors' philosophies and those of

the authors I read, I felt like a small boat tossed about a very confused sea. I was told *everything* could be reality, things I thought were bad were really good and anything I *believed* was real. Somehow the little common sense I possessed told me that was ridiculous, and the meaning of life eluded me more than ever.

I tried working within the system as a teacher, but eventually dropped out. I saw so many needs in the children, but was powerless to really help them. I could try to love them, but between the parents undoing what confidence I tried to instill, the bureaucracy working against meeting their real needs, and my own insecurities and uncertainties, I didn't have much hope of having an impact on their little lives. What answers could I give them?

Alternating between searching for reality and trying to avoid it through drugs and alcohol, my husband and I decided to begin a new life homesteading. For eight or nine years we gave all our energy to our farm, lumbering business, animals and children. We tried to forget the problems in society and the problems we knew were still in us. But having children really gave us a different perspective on life and further exposed ways in us we knew had to change. What answers about life would we give them?

We worked harder, trying to disguise the frustration of knowing there was nothing we could do about anything. A nagging conscience was causing our dream to lose its zeal. I fought the thought that the purpose of life was only to work the land, grow old and some day be buried under the old apple tree... compost to the earth. There had to be more to life than this meaningless death! Many times late at night, when the children were all sleeping, I would stand at the edge of the hill gazing at the dark night and cry. Sometimes I would lie in the grass and sob. All the frustration of my

Somehow the reality of God's love and forgiveness escaped me.



I tried to muster up good feelings and repeat Bible verses over and over, but I was still left at my kitchen sink, overlooking my lovely woods, with tears streaming down my face.

youth would surface as I cried out, "What was I created for? Why can't I be happy?" I raised my hands toward the star-filled heavens and screamed, "God, if you're there, speak to me."

God, in His mercy, did hear me. Over the next few months my husband and I both came to believe there was a God and that He sent His son to the earth to forgive us and give us a good conscience. Was this my answer, the truth I sought? Unfortunately, our excitement soon turned to disappointment as we couldn't find the church that matched the description of believers we read about in the New Testament. Christianity seemed as plagued with division, strife, and greed as the non-believers or the establishment. We wanted so much to fit in and be happy like all the smiling Christians we saw in church on Sunday. Little did we know that many of them were as miserable as we were, but had concluded that this was the best life had to

offer, and after all, they were heaven-bound. It seemed to us that the goal of Christianity was to get people saved so they could go to heaven. (Was everybody else going to hell?) But what about in the meantime? Weren't his people supposed to be his disciples, doing his will here on earth as in heaven, being a demonstration of God's love?

Somehow the reality of God's love and forgiveness escaped me. I tried to muster up good feelings and repeat Bible verses over and over, but I was still left at my kitchen sink, overlooking my lovely woods, with tears streaming down my face. What was wrong with me? Why didn't I feel God's love? I thought I had reached the end of the line. If this wasn't what life was all about, there was no hope. So many people of my generation had gone back to church looking for their spiritual roots. Were the others like us, looking to fulfill a deep desire to be right with God? But why did so many tolerate the disunity and compromise we saw?

We've Got to Get Ourselves Back to the Garden

How could they close their eyes to the closets full of shoes some had while others had none? There *had* to be a way to be obedient to what we read in the Bible. We believed God had something greater in mind than for His people to be saved for heaven but left to live their own independent, purposeless lives here on earth. Even though we met many sincere believers, the face of Christian brotherhood was as unreal as some of the New Age philosophies.

In 1979, we met a group of people who had the quality of life we were seeking. They had peace — the peace we had always desired and sought but never obtained. They were a community of people who had a good conscience, loving and being obedient to the One who created them. They had the answer and had found the reason for their existence.

We were skeptical at first. We were of the generation who had experienced free-love communes and the Jesus movement, but we kept coming back to visit. With all of their human failings we saw that they were a people who were actually living the life of what we had read in the Scriptures. Their life together was a living proof that there is a God who desires a people to represent his loving character on the face of the earth. Their unity was living proof that God did send his son, whom we know as Yahshua,* to save us from our selfish motives and desires. Finally we could believe it because we saw a demonstration — proof of the life we had longed for. Yahshua is the one who can change man's heart! He is the one we must receive to have this new life!

After much thoughtful consideration and many conversations, my husband and I decided to leave our dream in order to join our lives with these people. We decided our hope needed to be in the Messiah and in being a people who were demonstrating his life on the earth.

We understand that the God of heaven is re-gathering His people, the twelve tribes of Israel which have been scattered throughout the world for a long, long time. It is clear to us that God's people were intended to be a social people. We were never intended to live independently and separate from one another. He has had one intention since He first created us, and he is lovingly and earnestly trying to win our hearts. He is the God of love, peace, and justice. It was never



Whoever truly desires to see justice established, whoever desires to live for his created purpose, whoever desires a new heart will be a part of this new earth. There is no other way back to the garden.



His intention that the earth would become so corrupt or that our hearts would be so distant from His. He is determined that the earth will be restored to the garden-like state it knew when man first was created. He desires a people who will love Him more than their own lives. It is life for a life — we give up ours and He will give us his. This is the only way back to the garden. He can't bring restoration to the earth apart from a people who care, a people willing to have their hearts changed, a people willing to admit their need for forgiveness.

Leaving our farm and home was one of the most difficult things we had ever done. But finding our Creator, our Father, and in Him love, purpose, peace, forgiveness, and a good conscience made it all worthwhile. We found the answer. We now know why and for whom we were created. My husband, children, friends, and I are now a part of the most active, passionate, and radical demonstration for justice and peace on the face of the earth. Our Creator's desire is to raise up communities of people all over the world, living together in unity, dwelling in peace, and loving their God with all their heart, soul, mind, and strength and their neighbor as themselves.

There is something in all of us to grope for God. We were created in His image, so instinctively we sense our need for Him. Living together as we do is hard sometimes because we are selfish and have been trained to be independent, but the hope of there being a new earth — with no more pain, sorrow, war, or hunger — gives us vision to press on. We are being set free to love. Whoever truly desires to see justice established, whoever desires to live for His created purpose, whoever desires a new heart will be a part of this new earth. There is no other way back to the garden.

Our hope is to find others who are seeking a spiritual foundation. If you are one who is searching (whether you are an established middle-class baby-boomer, a New Age devotee living off the land, a dissatisfied Christian, or a teenager unsure of what to do with your life), and you can't bear to compromise what you truly desire in your heart, please come and see us! Our God is so good and He rewards those who seek Him! 🌸

Elizabeth

A Place to Belong

Communes sprang up where everyone shared everything, and returned to the simple life. We tilled the soil and planted crops, scraping at the dirt and scratching out a living. We built simple houses and started families with varying degrees of propriety. The quiet life, the simple life, the life of love and peace was our goal.



Is there such a place where we can find all that our hearts long for – to live together in peace? If this place has been lost, can it ever be found again? If the true Holy Spirit of the One who created us could be communicated to us today, we could experience true life, true community. Yet since no one has “found it” in Christianity, where should we turn? Many have boasted for a while that they “found it” in their little utopias – love and acceptance. They say, “We share everything. I matter to people, not for what I’ve got, but for who I am. I’m wanted, needed, appreciated and never have been so happy.” Then a few days later they die of an overdose or get burned out trying to live together and instead become cynical, bitter, and hopelessly divided.

We fried our brains, wrecked our emotions, and did irreparable damage to our consciences trying to come together because the Christian Church did not provide the life of love and unity we needed. Since Christianity failed, drugs, sex, and rock & roll were the only hope we had.

“If by being Christians, we must live as Christians live, then we will not be Christians at all,” we said. But if we could have had the Spirit of their Christ with his promises and the life of his first followers that was recorded to have been in the beginning, then we would have accepted him.

We fried our brains, wrecked our emotions, and did irreparable damage to our consciences trying to come together because the Christian Church did not provide the life of love and unity we needed.

All of those first disciples who believed were of one heart and soul; and not one of them claimed that any of his belongings were his own, but all things were common property to them. There was not a needy person among them because all who were owners of land or houses would sell them (unless they were needed by the community for living space or farming) and bring the proceeds from the sales, and give it to the apostles so that they could distribute it to each individual or household, as anyone had need. They were continually devoting themselves to the teaching of the apostles, to fellowship with each other, and daily they ate their meals together always full of joy and celebration. The result was that the disciples’ lives affected all those around them to the point that every day new people were believing, giving up their lives to Yahshua, and being rescued from the abnormal society of their day.¹*

But since Christianity, which boasts of being the church of the living God, has proven that they have not obtained this life, we cannot accept their Jesus with his empty promises. Neither can we be sure he came in the flesh without seeing unity in his followers. How can we even know Acts 2 and 4 is not a myth? We read somewhere one time in the New Testament that Christ’s followers *would*

*Please see page 46 for an explanation of this name.

A Place to Belong

be one, and that the world *would believe* that the Son did actually come, if this unity really happened.²

But since it hasn't, that is the reason we chose Haight-Ashbury over our parents' miserable Christian lives, full of selfishness and greed. They could not get along with anyone, except a few in their own denomination, much less those who were of another brand. And many of our own parents were deacons, Sunday school teachers, and on the board of directors!

So what about the Christ of Christianity? Should we scoff in his face since he couldn't save us like the preacher said? If we had walked down the aisle at a Billy Graham Crusade, would we have ended up like all the rest, without a hint of the oneness with others that was promised to all who would follow him?³ If we did give our lives to him, a myth, what then?

So now, all these years later, we're looking for another Movement to come along. We've tried everything and we've gone everywhere. We're still looking for that precious so-called elusive dream called "Brotherhood" – that strange, indefinable something that makes men of all conceivable differences become *one* in love. What a noble search! What a thrilling objective and a wholesale condemnation of a materialistic, selfish Jesus! And what a slap in the face for *all* of Christianity today – every pastor, every elder, evangelist and healer, deacon and Sunday school teacher, and whoever else talks about love and doesn't deliver the goods! So don't tell us of your Jesus who died on a cross to save sinners unless you can show us who he has saved lately that actually lives by his teachings! Don't talk of a true brotherhood found in Christ unless you can show us where we can find it. Otherwise it's just a fantastic, unreal myth. So since the life Christianity promises is just a myth, we must go on until we find our dream come true.

Or maybe there is a way we can go back in time to a place that we once read about in an ancient manuscript, the place where the amazing community life of Acts 2 and 4 were being practiced. But since that is impossible, what can we do? What if we never find that life we read about? Who will judge us guilty enough for the sea of fire if we don't accept the Christ of Christianity? Will not the whole of Christianity go there before us? Will we not get to heaven before them?



He can't bring restoration to the earth apart from a people who care, a people willing to have their hearts changed, a people willing to admit their need for forgiveness.

Yes, *utopia* means *no place*, but so does a Jesus and a church today called *Christianity*. It is *no place*, but preached as a utopia of sweet fellowship and joy, one with another. It promises much, but delivers nothing. Sir Thomas More's island is much more promising than Christianity's many independent islands.

That's why Haight-Ashbury was a valid alternative to Christianity thirty-five years ago. But both have been destroyed by greed and selfishness, and divided beyond redemption. Where have all the flowers gone? Have they not gone to the funeral of Christianity today? Are they not right up there on the altar under the podium where the biggest propaganda of false promises ever heard is being proclaimed today? They gave us more talk and more lies than communism or any politician we've ever



heard. They lied to us all our lives. They left us without hope. It was a *different gospel*, another Jesus, a different spirit.⁴

That's why we left and headed for San Francisco, or to the hills, or to Woodstock. That's why we went wherever someone would offer us a little hope, a little kindness, a little love, where we could find clothing and shelter and daily food; where we would not be

told, "go your way and be warm and well fed;" where we could find people who could give us what we needed.⁵ We were really looking for hope, not dope, or myths, or fantasies. That's why we headed East into mysticism, I Ching, and Zen. That's why we turned to Tarot cards, and to following the Beatles, especially when they took off to India. There they sat at the feet of their favorite guru, clad in full-length white robes, long-haired and garlanded, as far from Christianity today as possible. Jane Fonda, the darling of the activists, even made her pilgrimage. Mia Farrow, after her divorce from Franky, headed East too. It was the *in* thing.

But it ended like everything else – in disappointment; and worst of all, *compromise*. We just weren't stoned enough. Even Stephen couldn't get us stoned enough to stick together down on The Farm in Tennessee. Some say it was not important that the dream of the Movement didn't come true. They say that the experience of trying was all that mattered because it taught us what we never knew before. But we all know that's a cop out. If *that* hope and *that* dream of human beings from every race, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the educated and the illiterate, living together in true unity, loving one another and constantly striving for justice in their midst is not possible, then everything we say and everything we do is meaningless. In reality, we haven't learned anything of value. All of our tripping, protesting, meditating, and getting back to the land led us nowhere. 🌸



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Endnotes

¹ Acts 2:42-47; 4:32-34

² John 17:21

³ John 17:21

⁴ 2 Corinthians 11:4

⁵ James 2:14-17

Bringing Forth Wind

Have you ever stopped to consider your life — where you've been and where you're going, and what you have really accomplished in your days on the earth? It seems as if so many live and die without considering the consequential effects of their life.

Some have reached the conclusion that it doesn't really matter...

We have been with child, we have been in pain; we have, as it were, brought forth wind; we have not accomplished any deliverance in the earth, nor have the inhabitants of the world fallen. (Isaiah 26:18)

Can you imagine that: *laboring to give birth, only to bring forth wind?* The prophet Isaiah was speaking to a people who had abandoned their very purpose and reason for living. They went on living, but fell far short of the great light of love and justice that was supposed to shine forth from them — to illuminate and enlighten the other nations around them.

They continued to bring forth children who, like their own parents, fell far short of fulfilling the great purpose for which they were created. Isaiah described these offspring as “wind” — a metaphor comparing them with a momentary breath of air that comes and goes with no effect. They accomplished no deliverance on the earth.

Did the Sixties Movement Only Bring Forth Wind?

Have you ever wondered if the movement of the Sixties just brought forth wind? What did the Movement accomplish for the good of man? I suppose it would depend on how one defines “good.” Sometimes the lines seem a little blurred. In the Sixties, we cast off all restraint in the name of “freedom.” But did we create a better world for our children to grow up in than the one we inherited? Can we look back with satisfaction, knowing that it was worth it all?

A woman can endure labor pains for the joy of what follows — having a child who grows up and accomplishes his purpose in life. She has hope that something great is ahead, and that gives her courage to go through tremendous suffering. But what if she only brought forth wind?

During Isaiah's time, Israel endured much suffering, but it just brought forth wind. They didn't establish the kingdom of love and justice they were supposed

A woman can endure labor pains for the joy of what follows — having a child who grows up and accomplishes his purpose in life. She has hope that something great is ahead, and that gives her courage to go through tremendous suffering. But what if she only brought forth wind?

to. It seems that “bringing forth wind” is a metaphor for a meaningless labor — expressing regret over the failure to be a vessel for the good.

Some ask, “Did the Movement accomplish its purpose?” Or did we just bring forth a “child” that brought ridicule and insult to our high ideals? Is the endless nostalgia just a mockery of the real passion that burned in our hearts? Do all our stories from those days just express futility because of our failure to establish the Woodstock Nation? We can tell ourselves that we made some progress for humanity,

brought in a “higher consciousness,” but wouldn't a higher consciousness bring about a higher reality?

The old proverb says, “He who troubles his own house will inherit wind.” So was the Movement undermined from within or without? Perhaps we shot ourselves in the foot when we decided to “question authority,” or dismiss what anyone else had to say as “relative truth.” Who then could lead us? Can a movement succeed that is founded on rebellion?

It was all too clear to us in our idealistic youth how messed up this crazy world was, and that the root of the problem was the corruption of man. So we sought to separate ourselves from all the hypocrisy, greed, and selfishness we saw all around us. We had vision to come together and really love one another. But when it all played out we came to see that we are all made of the same stuff, and that it is too much to expect man to live according to all those high ideals. But why were those desires so deep in our hearts if it was impossible to realize?

Man's Redemption

We have come to see that it's not impossible. That deep longing for love and justice was put in our hearts for a reason — it's what we were created for. But man, in his independence and rebellion, has lost that vital connection to our Creator, which would enable us to get beyond our own selfishness and pride and really love one another.

Once again, in these last days, God

is raising up a witness on the earth of His great love for mankind and His power to redeem man and bring him into what He created him for in the first place. We're not talking about another charismatic TV preacher with a new angle on the truth, or a great campaign to print and distribute Bibles in every language, but a *people* who love one another and their Creator with all of their hearts.

That is what men and women who are being *redeemed* are like. Their daily life together bears witness of the kindness and mercy of God. This is the new social order that we longed for in the counter-culture of the '60s, but could never attain. This is the witness of love and justice — not a perfect people or a Utopian life, but real, down-to-earth people who are experiencing deep salvation and tremendous healing in their souls. What we couldn't do with our best intentions and high ideals, God is doing through His Son, Yahshua.* So, who do you suppose put that desire for love and justice in our heart in the first place? Surely He wouldn't call us to something that couldn't be done!

So, are you following what we're saying here? There is an actual people, a new social order, a brand new culture on the earth today where redemption is taking place. We came forth out of the dust and ashes of the '60s Movement and the Jesus Movement of the early '70s. Many of us went through those turbulent years, and we understand what that was all about. But we see that somehow we're actually coming into what was in our hearts all those years ago. How are we doing it? Well, how does a tree grow? God makes it grow. Wherever God is there is love and new life and the power to go beyond what we can do in our own strength.

So we're restoring a concept that is not the same as what you heard growing up in church. For we see that there are *three eternal destinies of man*, not just two (*heaven* or *hell*). We understand that God does not despise

the good man. Even though man could never reach his fullest potential on his own, it is still possible for a man to do good to his neighbor. You can probably think of many examples of great men and women who never claimed to have a special connection to God. But it seems that great men are disappearing from the earth...

Restored Man

God gave man a conscience to help guide him in the good way and protect him from the way of evil. We are all accountable for how we listen to that knowledge of good and evil that is

So, are you following what we're saying here? There is an actual people, a new social order, a brand new culture on the earth today where redemption is taking place. We came forth out of the dust and ashes of the '60s Movement and the Jesus Movement of the early '70s.

instinctive in each one of us. Since the fall of man in the Garden, it is appointed to all men to die once and then face a judgment for how we lived our life.² We are not automatically damned to hell as some say, but neither will we live forever just because we think we're basically good people. As someone once said, "You can't shine God on."

Justice demands that each man would be judged according to his deeds. *How far* did we fall from the image of God, who is *love*? Our conscience, which keeps a clear record of all that we have ever said or done, as well as what motivated us, will bear witness either for us or against us in that judgment to determine our eternal destiny.³

The days are becoming increasingly evil on the earth. Anyone who tries to live his life being good and honest and treating others the way they would want to be treated will face tremendous opposition and pressure to compromise. It takes the determination of a salmon swimming upstream just to maintain some kind of relative peace within your conscience. Relax for a moment and the swift current will take you quickly downstream with the rest of those who are rushing headlong towards the waterfall — from which there is no return. And in the end, there is that appointment that we will inevitably have to keep with death.

But contrary to the popular doctrine of the Christian church, there will be some who will actually be able to pay for their sins during their time in death, and be raised again to a second life. They will be the *restored man* — restored to what Adam was like in the beginning, before the fall. The Restored man will not have the stature of the redeemed man, who actually made himself a dwelling place and servant of God. The Redeemed man will rule over the Restored man, in the kindness of God — for eternity.⁴

What we're talking about here is the compassion and mercy of God towards His highest creation. His Son Yahshua understood this,⁵ but many of those who claim to follow Him think differently. They see God as a heartless and unjust, two-dimensional God who would throw you into the eternal Sea of Fire for the crime of never having the opportunity to give your life to Him. But don't make the mistake of banking your eternal destiny on trying to be a good person. That's not what we're saying here. It's really beyond our understanding in this day where evil is called good, and good is called evil, just what kind of justice will come in death for the sins we have committed in our lives.

God longs for the works of His hands to return to Him.⁶ He didn't create one single person for

*Please see page 46 for an explanation of this name.

destruction. God devised a way for the records of wrongs we have done to be wiped clean — through the death and resurrection of His Son Yahshua, who willingly took upon Himself what we were to suffer *in death*, in order to *redeem* us from death. Through Him we are reconciled to God and equipped to fulfill the purpose He created us for: to bring much needed deliverance to the earth.

What Is Man?

Okay, there you have it, two categories of man who will live forever — The Redeemed Man (God's dwelling place) and The Restored Man (restored to the original righteousness that Adam had in the garden). So why is God so interested in man? We have drifted very far from understanding just how valuable we are to the One who put us together.

When I consider Your heavens, the work of Your fingers, the moon and the stars, which You have ordained; What is man that You take thought of him, and the son of man that You care for him? Yet You have made him a little lower than God, and You crown him with glory and majesty! You make him to rule over the works of Your hands; You have put all things under his feet... (Psalm 8:3-6)

"What is man that you think so highly of Him? What is man, that You are so mindful of him? That Your thoughts are continually on him without stopping?"

Would it surprise you to hear that God doesn't think about anything else except man? He can't rest until man is restored and redeemed — delivered from the destruction that is overtaking him. He rested once, and then man fell, and He hasn't rested since — in fact, He is listening to every word that man speaks.

When we say "all things," that means the universe — all that His hands have made. "You look upon man with awe," it says. Man was created to rule over all that God has made. That is what man is — all He ever desired,

and all that He has ever needed. That is why the redeemed man will be "Derushah,"⁷ which is a Hebrew word that means "sought out, needed, and necessary."

We were not just wanted, but *needed*. When we have children, our children should be needed children, and not just wanted. To treat them as worthless would be to misrepresent God's heart towards them. What makes for appalling behavior is the feeling that no one cares about you, not even God.

But in every second that goes by, God is always thinking about man and

Would it surprise you to hear that God doesn't think about anything else except man? He can't rest until man is restored and redeemed — delivered from the destruction that is overtaking him. He rested once, and then man fell, and He hasn't rested since — in fact He is listening to every word that man speaks.

about redeeming man, in order to have a *people* on the earth who will bring deliverance and redemption to as many people as possible in the world. That is why Yahshua came to seek and save the lost.⁸ And that's why those who follow Him will do the same thing.

There is never a moment that He is not thinking about us. He has no rest until He has the ones who are "of the truth," who are willing to do His will,⁹ who will hear His voice.¹⁰ in order that He can get on with His ultimate intentions for the universe. He can't go on. He is stopped. He can't continue on with creation, with His ultimate intentions for the universe, until He

has the Redeemed Man and also the Restored Man.

It says in the ancient manuscript, "Let Us make man as Our image." So what is the image of God in man? God placed mankind as living representations, or living symbols, who express His nature. They are representatives expressing His character, goodness, and likeness, so that God, who can't be seen, can be seen in man's likeness. They are living symbols of Himself on earth to represent Him and His reign — to be rulers for Him.¹¹ They have been redeemed to be just like Yahshua.¹²

That is His end purpose, which will continue on into the universe forever once the earth is restored and filled up. God didn't make the universe without purpose. He didn't make all the planets, stars, and galaxies — trillions of them — for nothing. Like the earth, they were created to be inhabited.¹³

God will not be anyplace else, ever, except in the Redeemed Man. He will not be separate from the Redeemed Man, because the Redeemed Man will be everywhere. God doesn't need to be anywhere He can't be seen. So, He wants to be seen now (in His people who love one another) and in the eternal age, through the Redeemed Man ruling over the Restored Man. The Restored Man will continue to populate the universe, which is never ending. The Redeemed Man will be the hands of God to wipe away the tears of the Restored Man, bringing comfort, compassion and healing for all they suffered during their time on the earth and in death. In that day He will be their God and they will be His people. There will no longer be any suffering or death or tears, for the first things will have passed away...¹⁴

Better to Have Never Been Born

I don't know what your take is on abortion, but consider this: Yahshua said of Judas, His betrayer, that "it would have been good if he had never

been born.”¹⁵ It’s interesting that He didn’t say, “never existed,” or “never been conceived.” Surely the aborted baby would fare far better in the judgment than someone who lived his life doing evil, or even the one who never fulfilled the purpose he was created for. There would surely have been a worse judgment for Judas’ mother had she chosen to abort him. But one could only imagine how eternally grateful Judas would have been if his mother had made that choice.

So what is a person to do in this day when good is called evil and evil is called good? You love your child and want the very best for him. But there are forces at work on this earth to devour your child. “Hey kid, you want

to make a little money...?” “C’mon girl, everyone’s doing it these days...” Sex, drugs, and rock & roll were great when we were only hurting ourselves. But somehow it’s different when someone wants to get our children involved in these things, and worse... All this took over in a big way when the spanking stopped.

So people don’t know what to do, whether to abort their babies or raise them to “go to hell.” Is this part of the legacy of our generation?

What are the odds of someone being born today and living a righteous life worthy of a second eternal life? Although we do not advocate abortion, one would suspect that it might have been better if many people

alive today had never been *born*. What a tragic waste it would be to labor and suffer your whole life only to bring forth wind. For in God’s eyes, it is a worthless and useless human being who does not obey the natural law to do the good he knows to do.¹⁶ These are the unjust and filthy who will make themselves worthy of the third eternal destiny,¹⁷ which is the second death in the eternal Lake of Fire.¹⁸

We have a hope of something greater than this world has to offer. Our hope is based on something real that is going on in our lives — *redemption*. We want to share that hope with those who still haven’t found what they’re looking for... ❀

Endnotes

¹ *Redeem* – To recover ownership of by paying a specified sum, to pay off, to fulfill, to set free; to rescue or ransom, to save from a state of sinfulness and its consequences, to restore the honor, worth, or reputation.

² “And as it is appointed for men to die *once*, but after this the judgment.” (Hebrews 9:27) The Lake of Fire in Revelation 20:15 and 21:8 is referred to as “the second death.” This has not been appointed to *all* men.

³ “Then I saw a great white throne and Him who sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away. And there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, standing before God, and books were opened. And another book was opened, which is the Book of Life. And the dead were judged according to their works, by the things which were written in the books (their conscience). The sea gave up the dead who were in it, and Death and Hades delivered up the dead who were in them. And they were judged, each one according to his works. Then Death and Hades were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And anyone not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire.” (Revelation 20:11-15)

⁴ “There shall be no night there: They need no lamp nor light of the sun, for the Lord God gives them light. And they shall reign forever and ever.” (Revelation 22:5; *They* = the redeemed man, and they reign over the restored man.)

⁵ See the parable of the Sheep, the Goats, and these Brothers of Mine in Matthew 25.

⁶ “You shall call, and I will answer You; You shall desire the work of Your hands.” (Job 14:15)

⁷ “And they shall call them the Holy People, the *Redeemed* of the Lord; and you shall be called Sought Out [Derushah], A City Not Forsaken.” (Isaiah 62:12)

⁸ “For the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost.” (Luke 19:10)

⁹ “If anyone is willing to do His will, he will know of the teaching, whether it is of God or whether I speak from Myself.” (John 7:17)

¹⁰ “Pilate therefore said to Him, ‘Are You a king then?’ Jesus answered, ‘You say rightly that I am a king. For this cause I was born, and for this cause I have come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth. Everyone who is of the truth hears My voice.’” (John 18:37)

¹¹ “And the kingdom and the dominion and the greatness of the kingdoms under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High; their kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey them.” (Daniel 7:27, RSV)

“There shall be no night there: They need no lamp nor light of the sun, for the Lord God gives them light. And they shall reign forever and ever.” (Revelation 22:5)

“To him who overcomes I will grant to sit with Me on My throne, as I also overcame and sat down with My Father on His throne.” (Revelation 3:21)

¹² “ ‘If you had known Me, you would have known My Father also; and from now on you know Him and have seen Him.’ Yahshua said to him, ‘Have I been with you so long, and yet you have not known Me, Philip? He who has seen Me has seen the Father; so how can you say, ‘Show us the Father?’” (John 14:7,9)

¹³ “For thus says the Lord, who created the heavens, who is God, who formed the earth and made it, who has established it, *who did not create it in vain, who formed it to be inhabited*: ‘I am the Lord, and there is no other.’” (Isaiah 45:18)

¹⁴ “And I heard a loud voice from heaven saying, ‘Behold, the tabernacle [dwelling place] of God is with men, and He [in redeemed man] will dwell with them [restored man], and they shall be His people. God Himself will be with them and be their God. And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away.’” (Revelation 21:3-4) Learn more about the **Three Eternal Destinies of Man** at: www.twelvetribe.org

¹⁵ “The Son of Man indeed goes just as it is written of Him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! *It would have been good for that man if he had never been born.*” (Mark 14:21)

¹⁶ “Then the Lord God said, ‘Behold, the man has become like one of Us, to know good and evil. And now, lest he put out his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever.’” (Genesis 3:22)

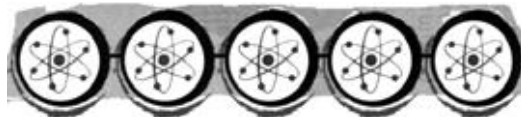
“For when Gentiles, who do not have the law, by nature do the things in the law, these, although not having the law, are a law to themselves, who show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and between themselves their thoughts accusing or else excusing them.” (Romans 2:14-15)

¹⁷ “He who is unjust, let him be unjust still [forever and ever]; he who is filthy, let him be filthy still; he who is righteous, let him be righteous still; he who is holy, let him be holy still.” (Revelation 22:11)

¹⁸ “But for the cowardly and unbelieving and abominable and murderers and immoral persons and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars, their part will be in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.” (Revelation 21:8)

THE UNIVERSAL RIGHTEOUSNESS MACHINE

Professor Zygote had finally cracked the automation equation, paving the way for the creation of the ultimate machine, a machine capable of wiping out all forms of crime overnight without the help of guards, policemen, detectives, lawyers, judges, juries, jailers, executioners, parole officers, alarm systems, prisons, or even locks and keys. The very thought was staggering. It would truly be the ultimate machine, the law enforcement machine.



If accepted by the people, the machine would be installed in the nation's capital. Powered by gigantic thermonuclear dynamos, it would direct an immense laser beam toward a stationary space satellite in the sky over North America. Relay stations evenly spaced over the land would pick up the signals as they bounced off and radiate them out in all directions to be picked up by tiny transistor devices.

These devices were so small that by a simple surgical operation one could be planted under the scalp where it would pick up the signals and send them on into the brain, producing a predetermined response.

"But the rumor is not true," Dr. Zygote tirelessly pointed out on his exhaustive speaking tours around the land, "that the machine does a person's thinking for him. Indeed not." The computer itself was programmed with none other than the laws of the land, and it simply beamed a negative impulse into a person's brain if he tried to break the law.

The President himself and most of Congress had personally tested a model of the machine, had been delighted, and had recommended to the nation that the Constitution be amended to require every citizen to wear one of the transistor devices.

One senator, while testing the device, had tried to plunge a knife into one of his colleagues and had found himself “pleased as a child with a new toy” that he had been unable to do so. Professor Zygote’s machine was indeed a miracle.

To be sure, there were questions and objections raised about the law enforcement machine, but the overriding fact was that crime was engulfing the nation, and Professor Zygote’s invention seemed to be the only remedy left.

When the system was completed, it was set in operation by the President himself in a special ceremony. The effect was as startling as it was immediate. Prisons, jails, correctional institutions of all descriptions opened their doors; and the most hardened criminals – each wearing his own transistor device – went out, never to commit another crime. All forms of crime, from corruption of judges and high government officials to muggings on the street, were wiped out overnight. Policemen obtained other jobs. Social workers took vacations. Lock makers went out of business.

Professor Zygote, now a very old man, was honored beyond any other man in history. So complicated were his formulas that nobody else had been able to understand them or knew how his machine worked. He died seeing his “dream come true” — a moral utopia.

A few dissenters were saying that the machine changed only the exterior behavior of a person, but did nothing to change his motives, desires, and impulses. However, no one paid much attention. “After all, crime has been wiped out, hasn’t it?” syndicated a national columnist. “If it works, it’s right!” The statement became a national slogan.

Women walked the streets at night unmolested. Credit was extended to everyone. Because the demand for their products had dropped off so sharply, weapons manufacturers diversified into other lines of business.

But all was not unity and peace in paradise. Despite all disclaimers, many people were extremely unhappy with the law enforcement machine. Addicts, whose only ways to support



A few dissenters were saying that the machine changed only the exterior behavior of a person, but did nothing to change his motives, desires, and impulses.

their habits were criminal, found themselves without funds. Mobsters were reduced to rags.

Wealthy ladies would wear their jewels into the most depraved slum areas at night, scoffing at the misery and at the men who leaned out of windows yelling, “Woman, if that machine would let me, I’d kill you!”

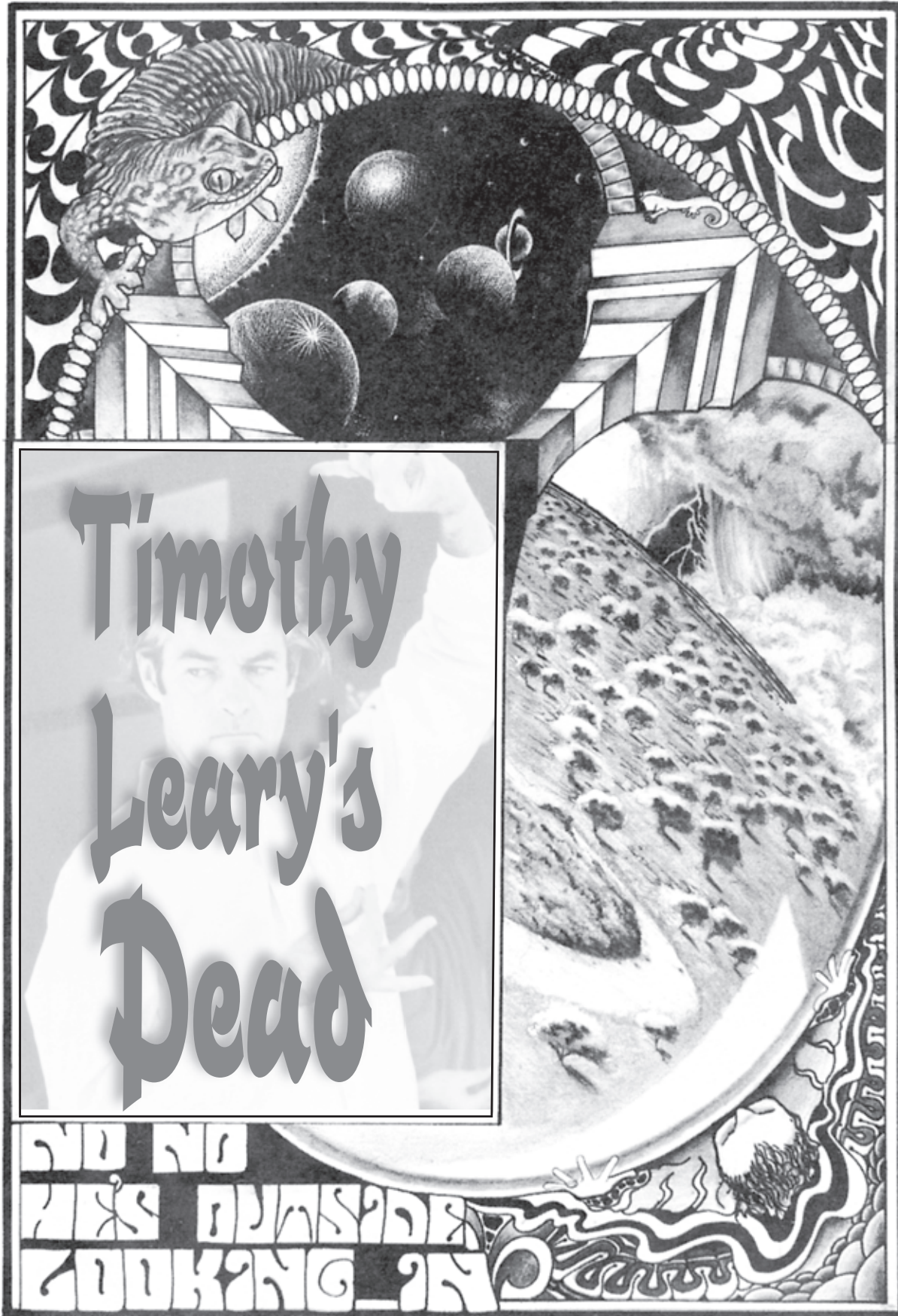
Psychiatric offices had lines blocks long. Leading psychiatrists were saying more and more that murder and other forms of anti-social behavior, such as child beating, assault and battery, rape, and so forth, had been ways of releasing pent-up hostility. Now, since the machine had closed off these escape hatches, people were going insane.

Mental hospitals were overflowing. All the structures that had formerly been prisons, jails, reformatories, and the like were now converted into mental institutions. And former policemen and detectives, put out of work by the law enforcement machine, were reemployed to care for the insane.

But those who had money, position, and influence were well off. Nobody could touch them. They used legal methods to get their revenge. The most complicated and subtle legalistic system ever devised was worked out to circumvent the law and make one’s way without it.

Yet no crimes were committed, not because people didn’t want to, but because they couldn’t. Every newborn child was fitted. Every alien entering the country was fitted. Fugitives were quickly tracked down and fitted. Nor could the device, once fitted, be taken out, for the newly enacted national law would not permit it.

Then one day the machine began to shake, emitting a loud buzzing sound. It grew louder and louder and the shaking more intense until the whole capital city was shaking and the noise had drowned out even the cacophony of the traffic. Frantic technicians slaved in droves around the machine, all to no avail. Terrified scientists searched the late Dr. Zygote’s papers in vain for a clue. Nothing worked. The machine – steel, crystals, wires, transistors – was simply *giving out*. ❁



Doctor Timothy Leary began to preach the gospel of LSD and left Harvard in search of disciples. As high priest of the drug scene, he taught us that the risk of rational disorder is worth taking in view of the possibility of rational expansion. In other words, the risk of a horrifying head trip was worth taking in view of the possibility of a euphoric experience.

We were taught that LSD offered new perspectives, new horizons never before dreamed of. We learned that we could expand our minds, deepen our consciousness and thus lift ourselves out of the mundane existence we saw in society. We began to dream of a state of anarchy in which glorious liberty dwelt, where we could be transported into fabulous, mind-bending realms. We thought drugs could make a note of music take on an infinite variation of tone and make flowers more glorious in a thousand ways. Colors took on new meaning and the total man was deepened and enriched and made transcendent.

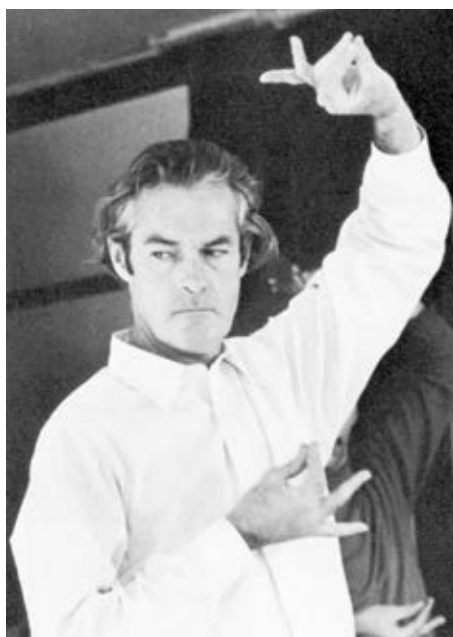
It was preached as a means of religious experience and we swallowed it, hook, line, and sinker. After all, what credibility did Christianity have as a valid religious experience? So drugs were the answer to a false hope called Christianity. We wanted to be set free to act in a way that would benefit all mankind.

We were prepared, at least some of us, to take the calculated risk. Taking LSD was no longer viewed as an irresponsible action, but rather as a way to find oneself, one's purpose on this earth. It was worth the gamble simply because we saw the possibilities of enlargement and discovery. When Timothy Leary began to preach the drug gospel, we were ready to listen and believe in his hope and his future. He was our high priest and prophet, leading us into realms undreamed of. We were fed up to the gullet with a false hope, with broken promises of a religion that didn't work. So we dropped out of church (which was absolutely no different than the rest of the insane world), dropped out of school, and dropped out of mainstream society. After all, most of us who were a part of the drug scene shared a common experience of Sunday school (as if we needed another day of school), and one hour of boredom once a week in our upbringing.

By smoking pot and taking LSD, we were searching for something that the Christ of Christianity could not give to anyone. We were searching for adequacy, meaning, and fulfillment, and we were shouting it



We were searching for adequacy, meaning, and fulfillment, and we were shouting it out loud and clear with all our heart.



out loud and clear with all our heart. Since no one told us the truth, we had to be set free by our own gospel, a gospel we were more inclined to accept. All our life growing up we heard the words, "You will know the truth and the truth will set you free," but no one told us the truth. "If the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed," was the message we heard over and over again. But the freedom we experienced on LSD seemed far greater than anything the bamboozlers on TV or in church pulpits were offering. None of them showed us the life of being a disciple, of obeying the wonderful commands that would truly set us free.²

So when Timothy Leary came along, we were ready to leave everything to follow him, since he was going somewhere we wanted to go. He offered a measure of hope and we were enthusiastic about his gospel. We were *ready* for it. The time had come. Christianity had run its deadly course and we were ready for life!

Christianity never told us the most vital things that the Son of God had to say – to leave everything and follow him; to leave our possessions behind, our family and friends; that no one could be his disciple unless he gave up all of his own possessions.³ He also said, "Do not think I came to bring peace on earth; I did not come to bring peace, but a sword... He who does not take up his cross and follow me is not worthy of me."⁴

To a materialistic Christianity, this was absurd and blasphemous. We were looking for a real family and love, the love described in the Bible, but we had never seen it lived out or practiced.⁵ If someone had told us, for example, about a real family of love, and said that if we obeyed his commands, we would not be destroyed like the communes we were once members of, we would have done it. If there had been such an example thirty-five years ago, we would have realized that those who suffer hardship to endure in his word are really his disciples. They are the ones who really know the truth and are set free indeed. It would have saved us a lot of heartache and disillusionment.

We wanted a new life; we wanted to give up our old, boring life. We were looking for the life Messiah offered us, but no one could show us where to find it! Christianity was a circus of confusion, with its many rings of shows going on all at once, where everyone was doing their own thing – whatever was right in his own eyes. Not only did it draw attention to itself, but each preacher, who, like a performer in a circus, drew attention to himself.

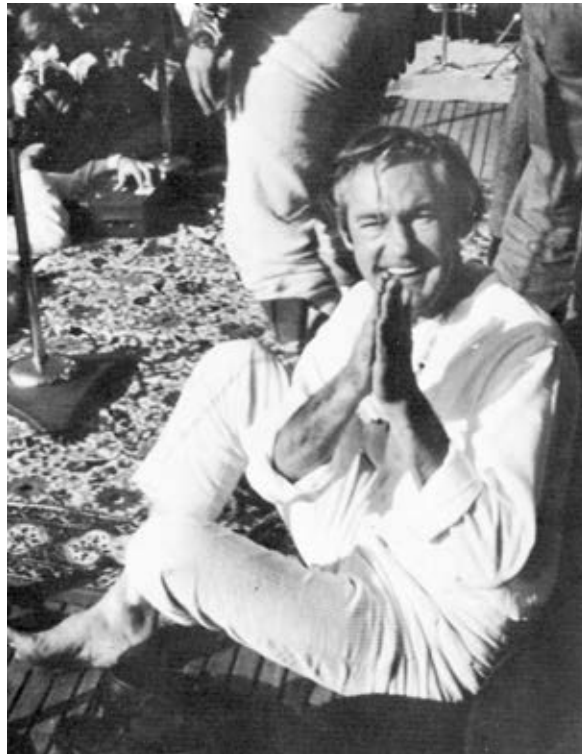
That is why we Christian kids rebelled (It wasn't really a rebellion, though, for we had nothing substantial to rebel against). The risk of a bad experience on drugs was worth taking in view of possibly finding what we longed for. But, really, a drug experience wasn't what we wanted! We longed for something deeper, and hoped that by taking drugs we would find it. In other words, our experience in Christianity was so empty that it was unable to satisfy the gnawing void inside.

We went into the drug scene with open eyes, longing and hoping and yearning for something to fill us up. We were willing to take that calculated gamble with drugs since the glorified truth spoken by the clergy was not in the least being lived out by them, much less by the church who were their students. *"And many false prophets will arise and mislead many."* We were some of the many, for you can know a tree by its fruit.⁶

We had a case against our parents who got high on caffeine and uppers and downers prescribed very righteously by their quack physicians. Pot was not proven addictive and they called us addicts while they were addicts on every conceivable legalized drug, including alcohol and tobacco. We gloated in our righteousness as they did in theirs. We were disgusted with the whole hypocritical scene of the establishment, with Christianity being the most disgusting!

We shouted, "Unfair!" when they refused to give up what they demanded us to give up. Instead, they condemned the innocent and made us lawbreakers because they would not legalize pot. All the while, they were dying

We were looking for the life Messiah offered us, but no one could show us where to find it!



We were looking for the unity promised by Messiah in John 17:21-23. Then we would have believed.

with emphysema, cancer, and liver problems (all quite legally).

The adult society of cigarettes and alcohol and prescription drugstore drugs became the champions of honesty and integrity, while we were demoralized and exasperated until there was no more hope of recovering and fitting into their way of life. They engaged in a perverted rationalization to arrive at the conclusion that we were the rebels and they were the standard by which rebellion was measured.

They told us that we could only be saved if we became like them, finding adequacy and meaning for our lives and fulfillment when we abandoned our lives to an all-sufficient Christ. But in one voice, we all scoffed at them and asked, "Where is this all-sufficient Christ of yours who makes a difference and makes those who believe in him all one?" We were searching for the Christ the church was supposed to represent. We were looking for the unity promised by Messiah in John 17:21-23. Then we would have believed.

So where are we today after all this injustice we endured? Are we bitter and hopeless about the past? No. Are we still taking drugs and searching for fulfillment? No, we have found something better. We have put our mishandled past behind us and have begun something new. What we have found has filled the void inside us. No, it's not LSD or even legalized pot. It's the Master — Yahshua* the Messiah. His life is filling us. It's worth a chance, even a gamble, to risk all and come and see. We will personally talk with you and you can meet our friends, our brothers and sisters. For we have met the One who does make a difference.🌸

*Please see page 46 for an explanation of this name.

Endnotes

¹ Revelation 18:24; 17:6

² John 8:31-32

³ Luke 14:33

⁴ Matthew 10:34,38

⁵ Mark 3:31-35

⁶ Matthew 23:3; 7:15-20

Hope that *does not* Disappoint



Is the Movement just a dim memory? Has the passing of time and the pressure to decide what you're going to do with yourself for the rest of your life dulled you little by little? Have you been forced into compromising until, at last, you're just like all the rest? Or are you someone who can't stand to think about what you lost when the Movement failed, because at one time the dream seemed so close at hand?

So, now it's too painful to remember and there is no opiate strong enough to drive away the pain. Many others are burned out, tired of trying, suspicious, cynical, hopeless. Where did the Movement go? Why did we let it slip away? Is there a true hope that will be realized in a life that will never disappoint and never end?

So where are you today and what are you going to do with yourself for the rest of your life? Where is the same basic unfulfilled desire in you, suppressed behind the pile of bureaucracy on your desk while you now try to make it in the system you detested a few short years before? "Idealistic," you say. But you say that only because you did not find what was basic in you, what was real and genuine, what life was really supposed to be. No, you didn't find it then, but there is still hope!

If the good news spoken about in the New Testament of the Bible was true, if we human beings really could be washed and cleansed of all the guilty stains buried deep in the recesses of our souls, *then we could be one!* This hope is the only genuine and living hope we have. All other hope has proven to be false. Paul the Apostle said that if we truly came into the real Messiah, we would find that hope.¹ He sums up the life you always wanted but never found in Ephesians 2:12. He speaks of a tribal people with a hope that does not disappoint.

What if it was possible to become an entirely *new man*, a new personality, a new you?² At some point, your utopia busted up because through the superficial ground of good vibes and acid highs the old man in you and his ways surfaced, and the real *you* came out.

In order to make any commune function the way the original did, first there has to be a way to get rid of that old man in you and

The new man
is the life or
character
of Yahshua
himself, created
in justice and
peace.
This life of
the spirit is
what makes
us one with
our Creator
and with one
another.

put on the new man.³ You know what the old man is. It's your corrupted human nature which is overwhelmingly bent on satisfying itself, satisfying your old sensual desires, and fulfilling your own pleasure. Human nature is filled with lusts which are fantasies that you constantly try to fulfill. Lust is the sway toward the falseness in you. You will even deceive others in order to fulfill those fantasies. From this corruption in each of us come the things that divide us and destroy our lives – greed, envy, jealousy, hatred, strife, ill will toward others and ourselves, treachery, slander, arrogance, and unbridled sensuality. This corrupted old man represents all of mankind, the entire human race, including the whole of Christianity today.

The new man, on the other hand, is the life or character of *Yahshua** himself, created in justice and peace. This life of the spirit is what makes us one with our Creator and with one another. It is what enables us to regard others more highly than ourselves and to lay down our life daily for others, being gentle and patient and kind and forbearing with one another.

The spirit of Yahshua is the source of our passion. Through him, we guard and keep our harmony and oneness in the binding power of peace. The life of this new man is a communal or common life which includes all who have totally died by giving up their old life and coming into Messiah. Together we are becoming a commonwealth, a holy nation.⁴

Just think! Here is the secret of living in a commune with success, without ever busting up! It gives us the power to lay aside falsehood and speak the truth to one another, knowing that we truly belong to one another. In order for you to be a part of this, you have to experience a new beginning. It starts when you listen to a true, real preacher like the one

*Please see page 46 for an explanation of this name.

in Ephesians 1:13 (not like those on TV or in church, but one sent to you from a community of people bonded together forever in love and unity). Such a preacher could bring you to the point where you could be sealed in your spirit with the very spirit of God who bonds you together in unity and peace with all those in every Community of Messiah. This spirit gives you the power to overcome the forces of deceit and falsehood that once ruled your life.⁵

Messiah himself said that whoever believes and is immersed into his life⁶ will be saved. This is the meaning of *baptism*, through which you die and are raised again into Messiah's life. It does not mean to merely listen to the truth spoken by one who is sent to you. It means combining what you hear with obedience. Not only must you receive the message of the one sent to you, but you must also share a death like Messiah's. Through baptism you must give up your old life *completely* with all its desires and ambitions. You must put an end to your old life.⁷ Then, if you do this, you can be rescued from this wicked self you detest that made this world so wicked in the first place. The wages of your old life in this corrupt world is *death*.

This is the only way it can happen. It must be *life for life*. The life you've always hoped for, the one that will not disappoint you, cannot be found any other way. It's as simple as this: Messiah died for all of us so that all of us who are alive will have the opportunity to live no longer for ourselves, but to fulfill the purpose of him who died for our sake and rose again from the dead. Therefore, if anyone is immersed into the life of Messiah, he is a new creation; he has become a brand new person inside. He is not the same anymore. The old ways have passed away. The fresh, new life has begun.⁸

After all your travels and all your trips and all your illusions and disappointments, you must now see the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world. His blood covers our sin and causes us to know that we are forgiven. We must all come to *know* we are forgiven, so that we can forgive others, so that we can come together. But you can't get forgiven by trying to forgive yourself through some therapy or psychology. You can never analyze yourself into forgiveness. Forgiveness is a gift that is based on a great price that was paid for you. It's not cheap. That's why it's eternal. True forgiveness lasts forever.

After all your travels and all your trips and all your illusions and disappointments, you must now see the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world.

It's not justice that one would do wrong to his neighbor. But this injustice fills the earth; it fills every neighborhood; it touches every life. There is a penalty for this injustice and that penalty is death. Everyone who ever did harm to his neighbor is guilty enough to die and must taste the horrible separation and confinement of death to pay for his sins.

In old Israel, God provided a way for his people to be forgiven. Whenever a man sinned, he could sacrifice a lamb, a choice lamb, the best lamb from his flock, to atone for his sin. When the man laid his hands on the lamb as it was being slain, his guilt was transferred to the lamb, and the lamb's blood was then poured out as an offering – a life for a life. The lamb died so the man could be forgiven and go free.

This always pierced the heart of the sincere, because they tenderly loved their flocks, especially their choicest lambs. So, to kill the best lamb was a most painful experience. Even though this sacrifice could never fully cleanse their conscience, the God of Israel wanted his people to know the terrible cost to undo the effect of sin on the earth. It would take something more to finally set creation free from its curse.

At just the right time in history, there was born an even more costly and perfect Lamb than the very best of their flocks. It was the human Lamb of God, our Creator's own Son. He was the very best of the flock of humanity. In fact, he was the firstborn of a whole new race of unstained, guilt-free human beings who could love one another from a pure heart. He never did harm to his neighbor, but instead was the ultimate example of how we should live. So this Lamb, this perfect Lamb, was slain for all of us, for all of our guilt. The faith that causes us to believe in him also causes us to give up all we have, even our own sovereignty, in baptism, and receive his life. This is what transfers forgiveness to us. It is life for life – his life for our life. We can be forgiven! This is how you can be free. This is the good news and it's meant for you. 🌸

Endnotes

¹ Romans 5:5

² Ephesians 4:22-25

³ Colossians 3:10

⁴ 1 Peter 2:9; 1 Cor 10:16; Eph 2:12; 4:2,25

⁵ Romans 3:23; 6:23; James 4:17

⁶ Galatians 3:27; Mark 16:16

⁷ Matt 16:24-26; John 12:25; Romans 6:2-5

⁸ 2 Corinthians 5:15-17

They had lots of problems. The homeless poor were everywhere. Diseases that they had never known before ravaged the nation. The stench of all the sick beggars in the city streets was enough to knock a person over. It seemed like they were cursed, forgotten by God. A few affluent religious leaders were

saying that it was all because of sin, but nobody seemed to have any real solutions.

So what did they need with an idealist? What good did it do for some uneducated visionary to come along saying, "Blessed are you who hunger now, for you shall be satisfied. Blessed are you who weep now, for you shall laugh." Why hold out to people the promise of heaven on earth when it seemed the government was trying to make life hell with all its oppressive regulations? Surely no one would listen to this man.

But strangely enough, people did listen. They traveled for miles just to see him. Maybe they just needed a little hope. Maybe it didn't matter that he didn't have any money to hand out or any social reform programs to propose to the government. Maybe there weren't any solutions, and all that they could expect was a fantasy of love and peace that would get their minds off of their problems for a little while.

The more popular he got, the more rumors circulated about him. They said that he was a healer, a miracle worker. They said that he was a zealot, advocating a new former of government. They said that he was a liar, calling people to abandon their religion and follow him.

Eventually, he caused such a stir that some of the leaders began to be concerned. There might be riots. There might be government reprisals. A lot of decent law-abiding citizens might get hurt. All his talk about a government based on love might just be a front for an attempted political takeover, one that would surely end in disaster. Something needed to be done, so they did it.

They found someone to betray him,



seized him in the middle of the night, and brought him to trial. Evidence was scanty and conflicting. His own testimony seemed to be that of a mere dreamer. "My kingdom is not of this world," he said. "If it were, my followers would be fighting to deliver me."

The judge handed down a bizarre verdict, simultaneously declaring the prisoner innocent and condemning him to death. After a torturous six-hour-long execution, his brutally disfigured body was laid in the grave. To the thinking of most, both the dreamer and the dream were gone forever.

Seven weeks slipped past, just as inconspicuously as his followers who had deserted him on the night of his arrest. Nothing was seen or heard of his cause.

Then suddenly, vividly they reappeared. Clear-eyed and articulate, full of peace as well as passion, these disciples testified to the goodness and innocence of their Master, as well as the guilt of the nation and its leaders for putting him to death. But they weren't calling for blood. They were calling for repentance and forgiveness. They were saying that their Master's death was enough blood to be shed – enough to pay for the guilt of the whole world.

They were also saying that he wasn't dead anymore. They had seen him alive. He had gone up into the heavens to sit on the throne of the universe. He had given them his very own spirit to live in them and cause them to be just like him.

The result of their sincere, impassioned testimony was electrifying. Thousands cried out in desperation to be released from their guilt. They were each plunged into water as a sign of their cleansing and proclaimed to be new creatures with a

new life, the life of a disciple of Yahshua, their slain and resurrected king.

The form that this new life took was even more electrifying. Every disciple was so concerned for the welfare of his brothers that he sacrificed his own time, his own goals, even his own possessions to

meet their needs. The result was that in a nation where homelessness and poverty abounded, there were no rich or poor among these disciples, and each one had a home where he was loved and cared for. The words of the "dreamer" had come true: the poor and hungry were blessed. A new social order had begun on the earth.

History records this enthusiastic communal life of 2,000 years ago as a short-lived phenomenon. Before the end of the first century AD it had given way to factions and compromises. Roughly two centuries later it had been transformed into the state religion of the Emperor Constantine, bearing little resemblance to the vibrant community that had obeyed the commands of the Master. Nothing, it seemed, was left of the dream but a written account, carefully preserved by a religion that makes much of this man's death and resurrection but attaches little importance to his vision and teachings.

But the validity of the dream never passed away. A new social order where there are no rich or poor, where such divisions are abolished by love, is still the goal of this resurrected king who sits on the throne of the universe. His words of 2000 years ago still stir us today: "Do not be afraid, little flock, for your Father has chosen gladly to give you the kingdom."

These words are true. God has gladly chosen today to give us this new social order, a kingdom which is not of this world, but which is beginning once again to be expressed in the midst of this world. It is a kingdom based on love, on the sacrifice of our Master Yahshua's life to pay for our guilt, on the outpouring of his spirit in our hearts so that we can love as he loved us. ❀

WHAT'S IN A NAME



Some time ago when I was in college, I was searching for something meaningful in life. I wasn't finding it in school. I had been primed all my life to go to college and then on to "life", whatever that meant. Somehow, being one more cog in the machine didn't appeal to me. I wanted true friends and I wanted to do something with my life that really made a difference. I was experiencing neither.

A few years earlier in high school, I was at a Grateful Dead concert in much of the same state of mind as I would be several years later — lonely and searching for something.

When I left the concert someone must have handed me a little paper. It was from some people who lived in a community. This was very interesting to me since I was looking for something like this. However, in the busyness of my life, I put it into my closet and forgot about it.

As the years went by, I would see them at many of the events that I went to. They were beginning to capture my interest. One day a friend and I happened to park right behind their big maroon-and-cream-colored bus. On the back it read, "We Know the Way, We'll Bring You Home." I thought to myself, "That's what I want, a real home." As we were sitting there, I asked my friend if he knew anything about them.

He answered, "Yeah, they are some community that follows God."

When he said this, my heart leapt inside. That was what I was looking for — a community where people loved the God of the Bible. So I asked him, "Do they believe in Jesus?"

"No way," was his reply, "they follow some guru called 'Yahshua.'"

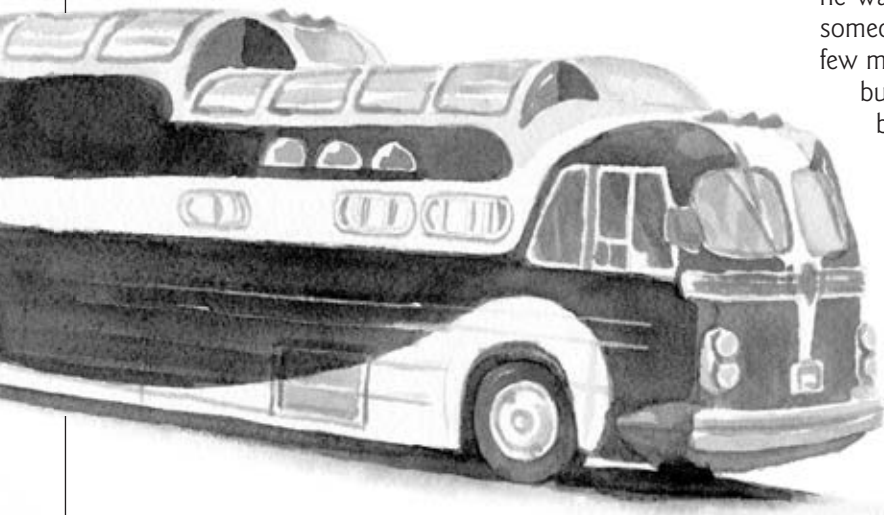
"Yahshua," I thought to myself, "who is that?" I was disappointed, to say the least. These people seemed so nice, but if they didn't follow the Son of God then I didn't want to have anything to do with them. If there was one thing I didn't need to get involved with, it was some strange religion. So I decided to steer clear of them.

Eventually, there I was in college, still very lonely and still searching. Some friends, Deadheads like myself, had invited me to several Dead shows that would be happening that summer. I decided to go with them. At one of the first shows, I saw that same bus and I was instantly intrigued again. Something about these people seemed so special, but, I had to remind myself, they didn't follow the Son of God. It had been a couple of years since I had first come in contact with them. I had gone my way, searching for something real, but had found nothing.

At one of those shows, I was walking through the parking lot and saw a good friend of mine. Oddly enough, he was sitting very near that bus. He was talking with someone and I sat down to join the conversation. After a few minutes, I asked him if he knew anything about that bus. He told me that I should talk to the other man, because he was part of the community that was traveling on the bus.

I was excited, since I had never actually talked to anyone from the bus; I had just heard things about them. The things I had heard about them following "Yahshua" had kept me away for almost two years. But I was full of questions about the community and what they believed. My first question was, of course, "Do you believe in the Son of God?"

To my surprise, the man said, "Of course we do. Our entire life revolves around Him and His teachings!"



He went on to explain to me that while most people call the Son of God Jesus, they preferred His original Hebrew name, *Yahshua*. He told me that it actually meant “God’s Salvation.”

The more he talked the more everything began to make sense to me. I had grown up in a society that had caused me to question everything, but somehow I never questioned what had been handed down to me at church. I thought that because these people didn’t say *Jesus*, although they were full of love and kindness, they must be bad. But what I found out was that *Jesus* wasn’t even the Savior’s name!

So now, as you have guessed, I am a part of this people who follow the Son of God, and I would like to share with you the amazing things I have learned about His name.

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 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.”

If you look in an old King James Bible, you will find the name *Jesus* in these two passages:

*Which also our fathers that came after brought in with **Jesus** into the possession of the Gentiles, whom God drave out before the face of our fathers, unto the days of David... (Acts 7:45, KJV)*

*For if **Jesus** had given them rest, then would he not afterward have spoken of another day. (Hebrews 4:8, KJV)*

However, if you look in any modern Bible, including some more recently printed King James Bibles, you will find that in place of the name *Jesus* they use the name *Joshua*, for in the context it is clear that it is speaking there of Moses’ successor and not the Son of God. But in the Greek manuscript the name in both of these verses is *Iesous*.

You see, *Joshua* is the popular English transliteration² of the Hebrew name *Yahshua*. Joshua of the Old Testament had the same name as the One called *Jesus* in the New Testament, for Joshua was the prophetic forerunner of the Son of God, bringing Israel into the Promised Land and leading them to victory over their enemies. But since the translators obviously know this fact, why do they only

translate *Iesous* as *Joshua* in these two verses, and as *Jesus* everywhere else?

The NIV New Testament even has a footnote supporting this fact under Matthew 1:21: “*Jesus is the Greek form of Joshua.*”

The fact is, the name of God’s Son was not even pronounced as “Jesus” in English until the 16th century, simply because there was no “j” sound or letter in English until then.³ 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 capitalized word. So in old English, the name now written as *Jesus* was actually written and pronounced much like the original Greek *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 all names, *Yahshua*.⁴

Wouldn’t it be better to call the Son of God, my Savior, by His true name — the name His own mother, Miriam, and foster father, Yoceph, and all of His Jewish friends called Him? Not only have I found out what His true name is, but His true Body on earth as well. I am so thankful to have finally found true rest with the true Savior. Please take the time to read the other articles in this paper. You are always welcome to come visit us in any of our communities. Our addresses are on the back of this paper. ❀

Michael



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 3:14, as in Psalm 68:4, KJV (“...by His name *Jah*”), and as most familiar in the word *Hallelujah* (“Praise *Yah*”). 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*.

² *transliterate* — to express in the characters of another alphabet

³ *Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary* (Oxford University Press, 1971), pp. 1496, 1507. ⁴ Philippians 2:9; Acts 4:12

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