

Offering Your Life

Dear Nun,

Hi! It was really good to talk to you yesterday. It was on my heart all day long, the excitement of you being there. I know that Chen and Yacath are full of joy and thanks. I was tickled to think of you and your family sleeping in beds there, recovering from the long journey and the confusion of days and nights and hours switching in moments. The excitement of Chen and Yacath walking about the house knowing you were there, trying to be quiet but yet wanting to rip the door off and be in there with you, filling themselves with you. I imagined them as bursting with joy!

I wanted to take a little time to share with you what I've been receiving here from all that our Father's been communicating to us. I pray that I can tie something together from the many veins that are occurring here at this time and in my life.

The main thrust of what Yoneq has been saying is this: While Sameach was here he was prepared to do some circumcisions. One night Yoneq gave a very short and very clear teaching from Mt 6:25-34. He spoke, in regard to these things, about offering up your life as a burnt offering, no longer looking toward these things but giving yourself to having communion with Him and seeking His Kingdom. Coming to the place where your communion means more to you than anything else and the victory is this, that you allow nothing else to take away your communion. You are no longer satisfied with just union but you must have communion. You need Him—you can't overcome without Him. It is a deeper commitment, coming to the knowledge of the truth—offering up the burnt offering, not the old life that still hangs on to the stench of its decay but the new life, the one that is circumcised, sensitive, in communion and judging oneself. Many people were touched deeply. Yisrael stood up and in boldness and tears declared that his heart had been touched. That he no longer could be satisfied with union. He spoke about Abraham—how even though it hurt, he had to take that step of faith. It was so wonderful. He got circumcised the next night. I asked him later in the week if he heard our Father speaking to him more clearly. "Yes," he said, he'd heard Him speak to him as he awoke in the night. He told him that it wasn't his circumstance that He saw but his faith. He communicated that love and acceptance very clearly and substantially to Yisrael. He has really changed, I can see it. He's become very sensitive, so suddenly. It is a true witness.

Then this last breaking of bread Ha Fmeq told this most wonderful story. I will try to relay it to you. There was a boy in a town called Gadara on the Sea of Gallilee. He was different than the other boys because he was just a little bit slower than they were. So they made fun of him and lying spirits began to come to him and tell him that he was stupid, slow, dumb, insipid, everything they could tell him, he believed. Somehow, he was powerless to stand against these lies; even though his parents tried to encourage him, he would always listen to the lies. The spirits were building a nest one twig at a time. Over the years they built a great huge nest so they now had a home. Many, many evil spirits came there to live in this boy. He grew further and further from his parents. There's a proverb that says, "As a man thinks, so he is." So he was filled with lies and spirits and great strength from them. He could no longer stay at home. He'd run away to the tombs. He liked it there because he thought he was no better than a dead person. He was so miserable. He hated himself so much he wouldn't even wear clothes. His mother would take him clothes and put them on him and he would tear them off, because he hated himself. He would even cut parts of his flesh and bleed. He'd run mad and cry out. He had a name that his parents gave him but he wouldn't even use it; he called himself Legion because there was an army (6,000) evil spirits in him. People would try to take him into town and put chains on him just so they could talk to him and help him but because of his strength he'd just break the chains loose and run back to the tombs. He was so miserable.

One day a little boat was approaching the shore at the foot of the hill that the tombs were on. Legion looked out at that boat and somehow he knew that his only hope was in that boat. He ran down the hill as fast as he could and in that boat was Our Master. He got out of the boat and began walking toward Legion, pointing His finger and saying, "Come out of him! Come out!" Legion came to Him but he was so full of those spirits that they, rather than him, spoke. They screamed out, "What do we have to do with you, Son of the Most High God?" Yahshua said, "What is your name?" "Legion, for we are many." And the spirits begged Him to not cast them

into the pit but to send them into a nearby herd of pigs. Pigs? What were pigs doing there? This was Israel: There were many Greek people in Israel who raised the pigs to eat. But also some of the Israelites were going to eat the pigs too. Yahshua didn't want that to be, so He cast the spirits into the pigs and because it was the total nature of those spirits to destroy life, the pigs just ran right off the cliff, into the water, and pigs can't swim because they are so fat. They just drowned right away. Those spirits would have destroyed Legion but there was just one tiny hope left in him that caused him to resist this. But that was their goal, to cause him to destroy himself.

So there was Legion standing before Our Master, set free—thankful. Yahshua was speaking to him, telling him the TRUTH. It was filling him; he loved it. It was washing him and making him whole.

When the pig herders came upon them, great fear filled them, as they recognized Legion. The disciples had put one of their coats on him, washed him up, smoothed his hair back and tied it. He was sane, normal. They ran back to the village to tell the people to come. This man had reached Legion and cured him, and at the same time all their pigs ran off the cliff. All the money they had made on the pigs was gone: The people came. They begged Him to leave there to get back in His boat and go away. And the sad thing was that He did it. He got back in the boat and He left them. He didn't stay and preach the good news to them. He just went away. Sad. Legion had begged Him to take him with Him. But Yahshua told him to stay there and spread all over the countryside what God had done for him. So he did it. And later on when the Edah was in Jerusalem, Legion went there and moved in. He was probably one of the 7 who were the trusted men.

And we know he was totally healed and filled with the truth because when Yahshua told him to not come with Him but stay, the lies could have told him he was not good enough and stupid and not really loved, but he didn't let them. He believed the truth!

Later on Ha Emeq was talking about Ekhard, when he first met us and we loved him. He was so surprised because we loved him like a friend, as a person, for who he was, a friendly love. Not a religious love as to one who "needs to be saved." He couldn't take it in at first, it was so different from any other he'd experienced (he liked it). Then Yoneq began to talk about how if we think we are worthless and not good enough to talk to God, why would He listen to me anyway? Thinking we have nothing to say to Him, hating ourselves and believing lies about ourselves. Our Father is not that way. This is how He is—He loves us. We are His precious creation. His children. He loves to listen to us. His ear is inclined to us to hear the faintest cry. All day long He listens for us to just say one little thing. One little thanksgiving. One little appreciation. We think we have to take a million steps toward Him, then He'll take one step toward us but really He takes a million steps toward us and we take one to Him.

I was seeing the whole network of lies wrapped around me like a web, like chains of the evil one ripping me away from my Savior. I was almost as one who didn't believe. Elesheva (Gabar) shared how she'd read in the movement paper, "To the complex reasoning of the resisting heart, He is a tyrant, demanding total obedience. But to the yielding heart, He is a King who offers total care." (In the article "Yahshua"). I knew that I had a resisting heart and that I saw Him as a tyrant demanding total obedience that my complex reasoning was striving so hard to keep me from being able to give. I would feel something in my conscience and it would seem too hard to do, so I would search out, by talking to many people, a way out, a way to still hang onto whatever it was that I felt like He was demanding, that was just too much to give. People would even give me a way to see His good character, that He does not demand these things of me and that I can have communion with Him, without making these heavy sacrifices (like my favorite clothes). So I had a fraction of peace for a time but there was always something gnawing at my conscience. I felt I was withholding my best from Him and I could not get beyond that to have communion, and which did I want more? I knew anything I wanted more than communion was an idol. I would try to give these things up in my heart but not in reality. I longed to be free from them but my flesh was so strong, wanting me to continue to love my own life. Not only was I anxious about the things Matt 6 spoke of—I loved them! But to give out of compulsion was not to truly give and it would be better not to do it. It would only lead to regret, bitterness and the striving after something to take its place (the thing given). So I had gone on this way for some time, being tormented by these earthly stumbling stones. Yoneq told me that the spirits over clothing and food were really strong ones; that was why Our Master spoke in

this way about them.

So as I was hearing all these things in the breaking of bread, I began to see His good character; my eyes began to open. I wanted to know Him as the Good King and not the tyrant. I wanted to trust myself to His love and yield and give all that I am and have to Him and to have that communion every day that nothing would be strong enough to stand between. I wanted to receive His love so I could cease to be a tyrant myself to others and my children, reflecting the tyrant I had been deceived to believe that He was.

I received grace to even give up those things that I thought I loved so much. I knew as Yisrael had shared with me, what His Father communicated so deeply to his heart, that Yahweh was not a “tyrant” looking at my circumstances, wanting to extract this obedience from me to give up these “precious” things, but rather He was looking at my faith, wanting me to obey my conscience because my conscience is His vice president, the part of me that knows me and what I need to be free and to give myself to Him and be unhindered in my communion. It is the love of this Good King to win my heart that I should yield to and fall in love with the truth that He is and never depart from it. And to see His goodness and mercy even in the seemingly hard things He says like Luke 12

I always had a hard time reading Luke 12 because there was something in me hanging onto my life and this was a direct threat to it. But I want to have the heart of Abraham who did not even hold back his only son even in the face of all complex and even logical reasoning. He took that step of faith because he was a man of faith and faith is substance to one who’s truly given up everything else!

So I feel like I’m being set free. There’s nothing my conscience can accuse me about right now. I’m not hanging on to anything, and I’m confessing my sins. I’m seeking Him. I have a very intense conscience, it has a lot to say. I always thought that maybe it was warped and too hard, but I think it is just because of my resisting heart and wanting my life still. I’ve always seen traces of disloyalty in myself. But I’m praying for these to be driven out. Yoneq said, right now we all still look back sometimes but when the race begins if we look back we will be disqualified. I want to come to the point where I never look back again, but am so in love with my Master that I would never even think of it. (In Luke 12, He is speaking purely out of love and compassion).

So now I have to come to believe who I am, as Legion did. To disbelieve the spirits of worthlessness that keeps me from even being able to communicate with my Father.

I am so thankful for this opportunity to be here with Yoneq and Ha Emeq right now. To be set free from the things that have always kept me in bondage. I love them because they love Our Father and they have the way to get to Him and be set free and they are diligent night and day to hold out this way to all those needy ones. His needy sheep, like me.

Ha Emeq has changed 180 degrees. She’s become a most tender and loving and merciful person. She is truly being who she was created to be; she is a radiant expression of Our God as the Holy Spirit makes known His Character. And Yoneq is the same as an expression of Our Father in His great love and concern for all people. And His creative genius as expressed (in the Schoolhouse), through many sons, especially Gideon and Michael Sage. The most wonderful part about it is their attainability as to be a friend. The way they are a friend to many, a true friend is how attainable Our God is as a friend. He wants to be a friend to us.

I was going to write more about something Ha Emeq’s been saying about our relationships with our children, but I don’t know if I can now. My hour was up 50 minutes ago, and I’m spent. You really want to hear it? Okay, I’ll try:

She said when our children are very small babies, infant on up, that we should have a distance between us and them. This is the time they seem most loveable and kissable. When you want to goo goo and make a big deal about every cute thing they do, overstimulate them, then they start thinking they are really something special. They are used to having a big deal made about them and everything that they do. Then, when they get to be a little older when they are not so cute and kissable and goo gooable, you do not treat them that way any more, but more evenly, they wonder what happened—why aren’t they getting so much attention? They get worthless. If we can spare them the praise (Proverbs: a little honey is good, but too much makes you sick). Encourage them on a more normal level, “that’s good, you are helping, now you can help,” or “your being faithful,” or “diligent, not distracted,” etc. Not, “Yeah! You stopped crying! Yeah, you were obedient! Yeah, you stopped kicking the table! Yeah!” Instead of them being puffed up, overstimulated, they have a more humble and lowly and normal

view of themselves (Luke 17: "Say, we are unworthy slaves only doing our duty"). Then, when they get older when we can start communicating with them, we can start being their friend, (6 or so). That is when they need your friendship, your communication. Drawing them out and touching their heart.

Since I've been practicing this with Shimini Yom, she looks at me wanting more than I'm giving her, as I gave her before. She looks like she doesn't understand. It is hard for me but I have vision. She is already easier to control as I have made up my mind to do this. I want to see the fruit I believe there will be because I believe we need a different direction with our children.

We've also been being reminded to be faithful in small things. (How can we say we have passed out of death into life if we don't even clean out the tub after ourselves for our brothers). So Our Father can give to us greater things.

Also to pray, for new people to come in. Our Father will not give us anything unless we ask Him. I know you guys there live in prayer. It is our spiritual labor, harder, still than our long physical labors.

The schoolhouse is a masterpiece. Someday you will see it. Perhaps one there of even greater glory. We are definitely going from glory to glory.

I love you, your wife, Chen, Yacath, Zachar, Sekel. I know our Father is opening a door there. Everyone was really encouraged by the things you communicated on the phone yesterday. We all love you very much.

Please write and let us know everything happening there. Let us know if you need anything.

Rose

P. S. I forgot to mention something that Yoneq and Ha Emeq found to be true. There are four types of parents: the cold permissive and the warm permissive, the cold restrictive and the warm restrictive. All of them are bad except the warm restrictive. An example of what I am talking about would be, take an 18-month baby. His older brother can't walk by without kissing him; he is the king. The baby thinks he is REALLY something special. Everything he does is a marvelous feat acquiring much exclaim and praise. Now the same baby has turned a child of four and he is no longer such a cute, little kissable star, but he is more of a pest now. He has an overbearing personality groping for the recognition that was once so freely his. Now he is the most worthless of all and his baby brother has taken his place to follow in his footsteps.

A few of us extremists have been alarmed to wonder: does this mean we should never set lips on them again? Of course not! But we don't want them to be the kissing pole of every adult and child in the Edah. I think the spirit of this is very clear.