

Ishshah(Letter from Rose)

Dear Yoneq,

Hello! I was so encouraged to hear your greeting from Sus last week. I was at the radio one day but you all were in an intense conversation with Nahaliel. I was just passing through. But hello anyway. Did you know that a few weeks ago George, Jim (his son) and Anthony (Brenda and Havlock's son) visited here for the weekend? It was kind of hard because I don't really think there's anything working in them. More than anything I think they just want to justify themselves. A few weeks later Victor blew up and left. He'd been struggling quite a bit for a while with his temper. Its very sad. I hate the spirit that controls the inhabitants of the Southshore of Nova Scotia I long to see it lose it's grip.

I work in the print shop now. The Grateful Dead papers are beginning to be printed. Its really exciting. Wait till you see the picture drawn for ha-emeq's article Grateful. You'll laugh, (I hope). We are still praying for our Father to show us exactly who should go.

I feel like I'm going through a bit of culture shock coming back here. I feel kind of numb inside and quiet. I'm not sure exactly how to be. Sometimes its hard for me when I see things going on that I think I know how you feel about them. I just want to be in my place. I miss you.

I wanted to tell you about what was spoken today at celebration. It was really wonderful.

Kharash began by telling this story: Here goes:

I want to introduce you to a woman who lived long ago. I don't know her name but we could call her Ishshah. She was born in a land called Sidon. Sidon was near Tyre. So if you grew up in the world and went to school you would have learned about a people called the Phoenicians. They were largely into merchandise, travel, spreading news, lots of ships, hardly anyone was concerned with growing crops. Most people lived in cities, they just made money. But a few people lived outside the cities and grew food and brought it and sold it in the city. On one of these farms a baby girl was born. Everyone took notice because they loved their children there. Often though, people would make sacrifices to Baal. The reason they had to was clear. Every year the priests told them that if they didn't worship Baal they would have no rain. If they had no rain they'd have a draught — no food. This produced fear in all the people. Usually they would sacrifice their child to Baal. During the winter rain would fall but other seasons were dry so the priests would do strange rituals and make sacrifices. Then the rain would fall. Everyone would celebrate with music, cymbals, dancing, worship.

This girl who was born began to grow. Her mother would point out to her poor people. They were dressed in rags on the streets, sitting and begging. Most people walked right by them. Through the holes in their clothes you could see sores on their skin. They were dirty and unhealthy. "Ishshah, do you want that to happen to you?" her mother would ask. Ishshah felt that she'd rather die than be like this. She never asked again why they worshipped Baal. The answer to her question was clear that this was what became of those who did not have the favor of Baal resting upon them. She did not know about all this Baal stuff but she learned to be frugal. Frugal means when someone brings you a box a produce and you look at it and say, "Oh, that's going to be too much work to go through, I'm too busy." and you push it aside and go do something else. Days later you see it again. Now it is rotten. "Oh boy, now its really going to take too much work, I'm too busy." so you throw it out. Someone else comes along and says, "Oh, some food!" They take it home and work on it and cut out the little bit of good food left in it and eat it that night. That's being frugal.

Ishshah learned to eat portions. Her family took great care to seal up what food they had and put it in a safe place. They always prayed to Baal, did their rituals, and took care and wasted nothing. Ishshah still didn't totally go along with this Baal thing but she never said anything about it. She always sacrificed to Baal in fear that her might be real and curse her.

She got married and she gave birth to a son. Then she actually sacrificed her son. The priests gave her the bones in a jar to take home to remember her sacrifice. She was in great distress. She couldn't believe she had actually done this thing. Why had she done it?! She was in pain for a long time. Then she heard of the God of Israel.

This sounded good to her. Deep inside she knew that the Creator of Heaven and earth would not require this from people.

Later on in time she heard it said from other women at the well that Baal was going to conquer Israel. The King of Sidon's daughter Jezebel was going to marry the King of Israel and bring the spirit of Baal into Israel and not by the sword. She wondered which god would be stronger. She didn't like this idea. She felt that Baal was no good, why should he conquer anyone?

Then her husband died. Now she had really loved him like she knew she should. Ever since the death of her son she had grown inward, but now she was pierced. "I'm going to be a widow for the rest of my life." she resolved. She sold her nice clothes and put on widow's clothes. It was obvious to her that Baal was not god. He had never done anything for her. She made a covenant that she would never worship again. Life got hard. She got cheated from people. She worked hard for her living. She was even generous and hospitable to people. Then the rains didn't come. All the prophets of Baal were giving ceremony. She feared that maybe Baal had seen her. But then she heard at the well that the reason there was no rain was that there was a prophet in Israel who said that the God of Israel said that there would be no rain till He says so. Something leaped in her heart. There might be a God who's greater than Baal. She cried out to Him, "I don't know if you recognize me but if you're real, I'm going to do what you say." I'd like to say that something happened but nothing happened. Then the well went down. The garden was gone. All she had left were clay pots of grain. There was just a little bit. She figured out just how much it would take to live for a day. She decided she would have self control and just eat her portion. She figured that she had just enough to make it for 2 or 3 months. And people would come to her door and ask her for food. A sword went through her heart. But she remembered hospitality and gave to them. More and more people came. Her supply quickly dwindled to 1 month's then a few weeks then just a few days. The rich people had all the grain. They had bought it up in the beginning of the draught. If you wanted to buy from them you had to either give them all your money or sell yourself to them as a slave. She didn't want to be a beggar. She'd rather die.

A voice came to her that wanted her to get bitter and say, "Nothing's ever worked!" But somehow she didn't listen to the voice. She listened to a little voice that told her just to go on. Maybe something would happen. The first voice would yell at her, "Cry out to Baal!", but she did not.

Finally she had none left but a little handful of wheatberries and just a little oil in the bottom of the jar. She looked at her son (she had another son now) and said, "This is it." She thought, "We're going to die. We've never been in this place before." She went out to gather wood to cook it.

She saw a stranger out there coming right towards her as if he knew her. She jumped back. He was an Israelite. It was obvious. He had a scruffy beard and a knife in his belt. His clothes were plain and worn.

"Can you get me some water?" Her heart told her she could trust him. She drew him some water. "I'm hungry, could you make me some bread?" Again a sword went through her heart. "I'll be honest with you," she said, "I have no bread. All I have is just a little wheat and oil. My son and I are going to eat it and die." He said to her, "Don't be anxious and fearful. Go make it and there will be more for you." She almost reasoned. Then she realized this may be the prophet. At least I should show respect, quit complaining and be thankful.

So she went in and reached into the jar and got the berries out. She looked in the jar again and there was more in there! She poured out the rest of the oil, set the jug down, then looked back into it and there was still some in there. It was even more than what had been in there. So she also made cakes for her son and herself. And there was more in the jar. Later in the day Elijah asked if it was time for supper. Supper? She'd been used to eating one meal a day. He began to tell her all about His God. More people came to her asking for food. He told her, "Give it to them." It took one day for her to realize the character of our God. She lived like that for 2 more years. She learned not to be anxious or live under the fear that the nations live under. She learned to be generous, to give and to share.

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Then Kharash shared this: In Chattanooga we had our central office. Our Father spoke to us as one central unit. I heard it with anxiety and faith mixed. The reason we develop industries is to have faith and give. We don't want justice to come from our checkbook or our accountant but from giving, sharing and loving. We've received that if you had more than you needed you could share it but if you didn't have extra you

didn't have to.

I've lived in poorer households and then moved to households that had more. Sometimes you can't get anything and other times you're making it like clockwork paying the bills and meeting needs. I just accepted this as normal. Sometimes you were up, sometimes you were down. But our Father is speaking something greater to us.

This widow would have never gotten to learn our Father's kind intention toward us if she hadn't given everything. Where are our hearts at about giving and sharing? There's been anxiety and self concern. If I don't have all my needs met then it puts me in the same place as one who lacks greatly. So why should I reduce my status even lower to build Him up? We can actually close our heart against each other. What spirit is being ministered to us and to our brothers and sisters who are being built upon us? Is it asking a lot to give from our poverty? 2 Cor 8 — Anxiety goes deep in us. Sometimes I've really given and sometimes I've done something else. If the willingness is there then the gift is acceptable. Something should be in our hearts to give to the ones who have not. Even if it causes us to have not. The standard has to come from God. (Equality) It can't come from the have nots knocking on our door saying, "How come I don't have what you have?" If it's at that point, we're all ready dead. Our Master impoverished himself to make many rich. This must be our standard. Heb 13:5 must go into us.

We've got to have and enjoy communion. This is our security we can trust in. If our standard is in our checkbook we'll fall.

Only with this standard can we understand what our Master is teaching us in Luke 6. Even the Mafia love those who love them. Even the Marine Corps does this. Even the most despicable in the land will lend if they know they are going to be paid back.

We don't help others because we say, "They're not motivated..." Don't judge, communicate. You, your wife, your children can defile a whole household. If we get some money and hand it to our household head and say, "Well I know the electricity is about to be shut off and some people don't have shoes but my family needs this and I need that but whatever you want to do with it is fine. Of course he's going to give it to you. If this doesn't go into our hearts: We'll have many needs in the community, houses needing to be fixed up, dental bills, car payments, phone bills, food, clothing and we'll hear that our brothers and sisters in Brazil are in need and we'll say, "Gee, it's hard all over." not imagining the greatness of their need in that place down there, where they might only have one change of clothes. 1 Jn 3:16 — We can only apply this to our households. We're only accountable for what we have. We can't set up an office of accountability. It either goes into our heart or it doesn't — we're deaf. We've heard this, "What's wrong with Island Pond?." This is part of it. This standard is not fixed in us. We need to love in deed and truth not just tongue and word. We need to live a life free from anxiety.

Naamon: There's talk of our economy being centralized, a common purse. This is nothing new. But it can't be legislated. If we do it just because it's what the elders decided then we'll be just another community. We all have to have vision about it.

We've got it in us to want to increase our standard. We have incentive. But is that merely what we're here to do? Our purpose is that we've been sent to accomplish His purpose. He wants a kingdom on earth He can return to. We don't have it within ourselves to bring about the 12 tribes. Our Father must cooperate with us. Jn 5 — Our Master claimed to have the truth. Yahshua acknowledges that He was sent for a mission. Jn 5:19,30-31,36 — All of His works were done out of the compassion in His heart. They were not some mysticism we can't relate to (verse 37-38). Messiah came to save sinners. "The works I do bear witness of me and the Father who sent me." Yahweh witnessed to Cephas' heart. Jn 11:27 — Our Father was able to convict people in their hearts that Yahshua was the truth. Jn 13:34-35 — We claim to be His disciples. How did He love? When He had five loaves He didn't say, "I can't do it." He offered it up in faith. He said, "With the same love and compassion I gave you, you should love others. By this love all men will know you are my disciples."

Acts 2:38-42; 4:32 — This was the first foundation. After they sold all their property and land and then had industries did they change? Acts 4:32 — They were ~~together~~, one man, 3000 of them — more than us but they had one soul. There was a real sense of anybody hurting in the body, they would do something

about it. Whenever they had resources they'd think, "How's my brothers across the street?" This was their first consideration not their second. They took identity with each other, not had their own identity (in each household...) *There was not a needy person among them.* Because their heart was overflowing not because the household head said...

It was a great witness. People were in awe. Verse 47 — The unbelievers knew there was something about them (1 Jn 1:6; 2:6).

Our Master didn't take any thought for Himself. If my household has a steady income and our brothers across town have very little and we're not helping them we're living in darkness because we're *not seeing their need.*

Qatan: Is there anything in the Scripture that says we have to maintain a standard of living? Phil 2:3 — We can't judge each other. Verse 4 — Forget the word MERELY, the translators slipped that in. Our Master didn't maintain His own and help us out. He didn't keep His own standard and encourage us to come up to it (Phil 3:15 21). Maintain the standard our Master gave.

Naamon: My first thought in hearing this was: "There goes all incentive. Even if we work extra hard one week we won't get anything for it." But this will actually bring greater incentive. What's going to establish the twelve tribes is not our incentive to make a living, but LOVE. We're going to go out and work hard, bring it home and give it all away. We need to outdo each other in love.

Haggai say's He'll go out and shake the wealth of the nations. We need to see this as an opportunity for our Father's purpose to be advanced on the earth. We can't let it be legislated. Down to the smallest level we need to always be thinking of our brother.

2 Cor 3 — Paul was sent out from the Body. Do we need a diploma form a school of divinity? Their confidence was that they had a people who testified of the life they brought. If we're short sighted, and we get separated from each other, not aware of each other's needs, it is because we're not looking, we're knowing but not looking. This weakens our angel's ability to cooperate with us.

If we want to be ministers of the New Covenant let's obey the New Commandment to love as He loved us. If it's in us to be concerned with others first, we're Judah. Well be able to give and bless others.

Aharon: This is what deadheads want to see. ha-emeq's article says avoid ungrateful people at all costs. Our Father's working in us to make us grateful.

Last night at the Breaking of Bread Isaac shared that when our Master taught us to pray He said to pray first that His name would be glorified. He talked about how when Elohim wanted to destroy Israel in the wilderness Moses talked Him out of it in order to preserve the dignity of His name. He said if we pray first that all our requests would be for His names sake He would certainly hear and answer our prayers. I saw today that my heart has always wanted to be this way but it is always selfish first. It's impossible to not think of me first. But I saw that if I pray earnestly with all my guts for His names sake that I could change, He'll change me. I've been trying to change myself for years and years it just doesn't work!