

Yedidah's Accident (*Letter from Yedidah*)

Dear Yoneq and Hâ-Êmeq,

Ever since the accident it has been on my heart to write to you and let you know what our Father has shown us and especially me about it. I do want to start this letter by saying that I am writing this in the name of our Master Yahshua — with Him I want to walk and under His headship I want to abide. This is important to me because I have not walked with Him or submitted myself to Him in a long time.

For a long time I have felt a lack of peace in my life. I tried to convince myself that it was just accusations. I doubted at times my salvation or just pushed it away. But this 1st day morning when I was trapped in the cabin of our Ford van I knew without any doubt that I was not ready to meet our Father. I felt so dirty. There was a lot that went through my mind in the time I had to wait until the rescue squad came to get me out and I knew that my life was entirely in our Father's hands. I was scared and cried out for His mercy.

During my time in the hospital our Father clearly showed me the depth of my sin and shameful condition. Even though I was in the Body, I still was abiding in death — walking independent from my head. I was cut off from the source of life, the author, because I was in rebellion against His order. My sin placed me outside of His covering and there was no way He could have righteously protected me. I was walking independently from Him under my own sovereignty, not guarding my heart, but I was *full of reasoning*.

In His mercy He allowed my bones to be broken in order that I would learn to walk with Him, like the little sheep that goes astray ignoring the shepherd's voice and finally the shepherd has to break its legs in order to save it from destruction.

My sin was heavy upon my shoulders and I felt like it says in Psalm 32 because I wasn't open. I was not part of the restoration our Father is bringing here on earth through male and female as *one*, but I was in rebellion against His authority and His order. I was wearing my headcovering in hypocrisy, not receiving the headship of my husband. Yachath's and my relationship suffered much because of my independence and reasoning. Especially in Australia it became clear that I was not receiving the authority our Father had given Him, but reasoned it away.

Sometimes Nûn would tell me about different needs Yachath had and how I could help and support him, but instead of receiving it in the right spirit, I got resentful against my husband and had a hard time that he wasn't "perfect." Instead of being a help-mate to him and helping and encouraging him, I was judging him, nagging him and at times even despising him. At the end it was so bad that I only could see his shortcomings, but was totally blind to my own rotten condition. My reasoning was so complex, it seemed so "right", just like it says in the Proverbs: *A man's way seems right in his own eyes, but at the end it leads him to death*. I went against our Father's command (Eph 5:22-24).

In my conscience I knew I wasn't a true wife to Yachath, but as so many times before, instead of facing my sin, giving up my own opinion and reasoning, I looked at others to fault them for my sin. I exalted my own opinion above Yachath's and instead of seeing him as my lord, I looked at him as a mere man. I did not recognize our Father's authority in him but reasoned it away. I was obstinate and rebellious, not wanting to face my sin, but being concerned about my performance, what other people would think about me. Even back in my time in Sus I had this attitude. I had more concern about looking good in the eyes of others than about a pure and honest heart towards our Father. My pride held me back from confessing my sin and exposing my withered hand. I didn't want to appear weak and despised it to be needy.

Nûn talked to me about Yachath and my relationship, but I didn't allow his words to penetrate my heart. I remember fear coming to me and for the first time I realized the condition of our relationship and that our Father was concerned about it, but I didn't heed, I still reasoned and didn't truly repent. My heart had grown cold. I even had a dream a couple days before the accident that indicated that death was at my door, but I was too dull to even realize the significance.

I believe that this reasoning and independence is the root of my sin. I didn't receive our Father's delegated authority but trusted myself more than others. I brought much shame to Yachath and I was a *foolish* woman because the fear of our Father wasn't in me. My sin was piling up and I felt so dead inside,

functioning in the flesh with must a remembrance of the light.

A couple days after the accident Yachath showed me Psalm 91. As I read it I started weeping. I realized how my sin had trapped me just like I had been trapped in the van. I was full of fear of all kind of things; I was in terror because I had a bad conscience and was without peace.

I know that I *fully* deserved to die and I am very grieved about my sin and the hurt I have brought to the Body and my husband. I have repented before our Father and the Body here from my rebellion, independence, my reasoning and my pride. I never want to be like that again — never again do I want to give myself to be an instrument of the enemy to tear down our Father's order and hinder restoration to come to earth.

I want this discipline to go deep and I want to receive it wholeheartedly and allow the pain to change my heart. I'm so thankful that our Father loves me so much that He faithfully disciplines me so that I don't have to go to death.

It was overwhelming for me to see that after I had fallen so deep and had been so hardened that our Father was still willing to forgive me and grant me repentance. Not only did He spare my life, but He also drew me back close to Him — He had a sacrifice prepared. This made me really thankful for Yahshua and brought His sacrifice really close to me. Now I understand what it means that He is faithful even when we are unfaithful.

When I look at my legs I can see His faithfulness — I should have lost them, but He preserved them and is healing my bones. As I learn to walk physically I desire to learn to walk with Him. I want the pains of my steps to go deep and remind me that it is not without suffering that we walk with Him. Every step I take takes all my will, my determination and concentration, and as soon as I look down at myself, I lose my balance — I have to focus ahead in order to walk straight. I see that is the same way in our walk with Him. We can't allow ourselves to be distracted and look at ourselves — I want to use my feet now to follow Him and not my own *vain* reasoning. I hate my own reasoning; it deceives and brings nothing but death.

In the hospital I was reading a proverb that talked about how Yahweh sows light in the hearts of the righteous like seeds. I thought how seeds grow and multiply and how the light in the heart of a righteous man would become very bright. I really desire that there would be light in my heart. Light drives away all darkness and I'm so thankful that our Father was faithful to expose my sin and bring it to the light.

My sin is so serious because I went directly against our Father's command and order. I want it all to be cut off. One day Yachath was talking to me about Yahshua, how His bones were spared because He gave up His life *freely* — He wasn't holding on to it. This really spoke to me and gave me a desire to have a heart like Him. I don't want to be proud and strong in the flesh. My physical condition after the accident really reflected the way our Father wanted me to be "needy." Not able to walk without Him. It makes me so thankful that our Father still has hope for me — hope that I would change.

About one and a half weeks ago I was discharged from the hospital where I have been for the last six weeks. The time there was discipline to me, but I could see in many ways how our Father was keeping watch over me and cooperating with our prayers. My hip, my legs and my heart are healing well and I am walking on crutches now. It is truly a miracle that I did not lose my heel — our Father had so much mercy on me.

Everyone desires for me to walk normally again by the time of Judith's birth (which will be in about 22 weeks from now). I receive a lot of help to exercise, especially from Campbell (he studied physiotherapy at school before he came to us). There is so much love in the Body. Nûn especially has been a wonderful shepherd, rightly representing our Father's character — he is helping Yachath and me a lot. Everything that has happened has caused me to love our Father and really appreciate the sacrifice. I believe it has turned my heart towards Him. Nûn said our Father has granted me a new beginning. Because of my hard heart, my discipline had to be extreme, but he said He will also bring extreme restoration to me. This gave me much hope and made me very thankful.

Yoneq and Hâ-Emeq, I'm sorry this letter has taken me so long, but I'm thankful I could express my heart to you. I know that in the time I lived with you I have grown to love you very much and you, Hâ-Emeq, were always a true friend. I am grieved that I never really came as close to you and other people in authority as our Father desired because I feared to be exposed. I want to repent for that and not be like that anymore, but be

transparent. I want to be where the light is and not hide.

I'm thankful for our Creator and the good authority He has established, and I am grateful that we can trust in His faithfulness. I'm thankful that He is determined to keep His part of the covenant. Salvation is an ongoing process in our lives and I'm thankful that the "man" salvation has found entrance in our hearts. I want to come to know Him more ... really close. You are always in our hearts and prayers.

In our Master's name, I write this with a thankful heart,

Yedidah

P.S.: Yoneq and Hâ-Emeq, I thought it might be good to describe the dream I had before my accident. When I woke up the next morning, I didn't remember all the details, but this is what I did remember: I was laying in a room on a bed in a white gown. In the back corner of the room was a skeleton hand that was waving me to come. There were three brothers in the room with me, also in white gowns, and one of them was Nûn. They talked to me and I said something about Yahshua and I had peace and was encouraged after that. When I came out of the emergency care X-ray unit on the day of the accident and I was waiting to go into the operating room, Nûn and Yachath came in to be with me. They spoke to me about my conscience and unconfessed sin. The dream was one thing that came to me immediately as I laid there on the stretcher. I lifted my hand and waved and said: "This is just like the dream." Nûn said, "What dream?" After I explained it to him he seemed thoughtful. It was a day or two after I had the dream that the accident happened. I was wondering about the dream, but obviously was too dull to understand and take heed to its meaning.

Nûn said it was like my conscience was trying to warn me that I was walking in the way of death — how close I was coming to its grasp. Fortunately my brothers were there to help revive me from this state and bring me again under the care of the Good Shepherd. Now I have peace. Never again do I want to stray from His side.