

## **Hand of Discipline***(Letter from Judith)*

Dear Yoneq and Hâ-Êmeq,

I'm truly sorry for not writing in such a long time. In the last two months since we've been back from Australia, so many things have happened I think I could write a small book, but I won't. Our Father's hand has been upon us — severely at times, but He is a Father who disciplines those whom He loves. Even though it hurts a lot, our hearts are being turned by it. It's in our Master's name, Yahshua, that I write to you.

I think Nûn already expressed to you how we felt about Australia. We are very encouraged about the people there because they seem more warm and receptive. It is also more international, which is good because the English intellectualism doesn't seem to permeate so strongly and there is more of an American influence there (more freedom in expression). It was really good and refreshing to be there. We were consumed with meeting people — concerts, Christian gatherings, peace rallies, etc. Before I got there, Nûn and Yachath had put up posters all over Sydney and Melbourne, especially in health food shops, alternative-type cafes, on beach fronts, etc. Those posters created more response than anything. People called a lot wanting to know more and some even called the community here or wrote letters to find out more about us. After such a lull here in New Zealand of no interest or response, we felt alive again.

In the midst of all that, though, Yedidah and Yachath were having marital problems. It hadn't been so obvious before going to Australia, but it was necessary to speak to them more than once about their problems. Yedidah didn't respond too well to Yachath, and Yachath allowed her to get away with sulky attitudes and irritable responses toward him. There was chronic friction between them. We talked to them, and there seemed to be some change. I talked to Yachath about ruling over his wife one time; Nûn was talking to Yedidah for a long time in a park about being submissive and her tendencies, and receiving her husband's authority. They both heard, but inwardly remained unchanged.

So, when we got back to New Zealand, there were already problems to deal with. A couple with two children had been staying here for about two weeks before we came. It became obvious quite soon after we were here that they were living their own lives but staying with us. The body here, influenced by Chên, was being kind and merciful to them because they had been in and out of denominations, trying to find the right way. They were trying to woo them into the kingdom without exposing them to the hard words of the gospel. The man, Dave, was especially independent. So, soon after we got back, Nûn and Chên spoke to them, and it was clear where they stood. They left the next day. We had a meeting before the Breaking of Bread to clear the air and be cleansed from compromise and lack of salt.

The next day was the flea market. The night before, Yedidah had suggested that she and Yachath could eat with Scott, a young man who felt compelled to come back with us from Australia, but the motive wasn't pure. She had a bad conscience and didn't want to be at the table. So the next day, Yedidah, Andrew MacLeod, and Scott went to the flea market. They were on their way home (about 10 minutes away) when Andrew looked away from the road, and in those few seconds of not paying attention, they came quickly upon two slow-moving cars (travelling together) and could not stop in time. Andrew swerved, but the van hit the back corner of the car ahead. Yedidah's side was hit full force. She was pinned there for about half an hour in excruciating pain before the rescue force could get her out. The upper half of her body was fine, but her legs were hit pretty hard. She had a dislocated hip, a slight crack in her femur, two broken ankles, three breaks in her right tibia, and her left heel came away from the rest of her foot. Andrew and Scott were both unharmed.

We were all stunned (to say the least) when we heard what had happened. Nûn and Yachath went right away to meet her at the hospital. For some reason, angels didn't protect her. We started seeking our Father to show us why and searching our hearts. It was so hard to bear, so hard to understand. Then our Father started speaking. Andrew's condition was the condition of the body — we weren't paying attention — drifting. Yedidah's condition too reflected something in all of us as well. Although she was a good performer, underneath it all she reasoned and resisted authority. There was a leaven of reasoning in the body. It affected, or should I say, infected us all to some degree. There was a lot exposed in Chên through everything that happened. He knew Andrew was not really a safe driver and had lightly mentioned it to him, but he had never spoken to Andrew

firmly about it so that Andrew would really take it to heart. Campbell had also mentioned it to him. Andrew had a tendency to be easily distracted when driving. Those few seconds of not being on the alert caused irrevocable consequences.

Yedidah was in the hospital for about six weeks following the accident, having operation after operation to set all her bones straight. They had to insert a steel pin in her right ankle and a steel rod in her right lower leg so that she could put weight on that leg as soon as possible. Her left heel was the worst. It has been the slowest to heal and is just now able to bear weight upon it. She is able to walk with crutches, but she must go three times a week to physiotherapy to regain her ability to move freely. She is learning to walk again physically and spiritually. It really spoke to me what she said about walking. She has to concentrate her whole attention on walking. She can't be distracted at all, and her walking is certainly no painless progress. She has written a letter concerning the accident, but Nûn wanted her to try to condense it before sending it. She has received it all from fear (a good fear) in her not to ever be that way again.

She came home from the hospital about four weeks ago and the first sabbath celebration she was compelled to speak before she could enter in. The tears were flowing freely as she confessed her sins and made public why our Father had to be so severe with her. He broke her legs because He loved her and had to get her attention. She was truly broken and contrite in her heart. She could have been killed, but she was spared. We were all crying with her. She has such a tender and sensitive heart now; she is truly a humble woman.

We had several meetings during the time Yedidah was in the hospital. Andrew MacLeod felt like he'd never totally reached the blood of the sacrifice. He'd always had a nagging doubt about his baptism and the absolute reception of Nûn's authority (which he had spoken to Nûn about several times before). So he was cut off from the table for a couple of weeks. Nûn was giving a teaching on reasoning on a First Day, and put the teaching down and *firmly* started speaking to us all about reasoning, and directly to Andrew. I don't know if I can express the passion with which he then spoke. It was awesome. Andrew cried out to be saved, and all of us desired with all our hearts to be cleansed from reasoning. Andrew wanted to be baptized, and all of us felt the need to be washed. Nûn repented for not ruling diligently, allowing that leaven to come in, and all of us repented to Yahshua for not taking heed to His voice, reasoning with His commands, not regarding authority. There was a lot said. It was raining that day, and we were glad. We needed to be thoroughly washed.

Nûn taught a lot during this time on reasoning, and resumed the Authority teachings. He had gotten half way through them before going to Australia, and now he wanted to finish them. It was perfect timing for us. Our hearts were very ripe to hear, and the words went deep.

Our Father wasn't finished with us, though. There was only a short time lapse, and there was another incident of severe consequences. Chên and four of the guys went about an hour away south of here to finish painting a house for a man who wanted to pay us with a diesel truck instead of money. About the second day they were there, Andrew Hundleby came up with the idea to get one of the turkeys that were running wild on the property and bring it home. It was an impulsive idea fueled excitedly by the other Kiwis. Chên said okay and checked with the guy to make sure it was all right. There was no plan in it all. It was just a haphazard, uncoordinated, foolhardy adventure.

The climax of the whole thing centered around a farm water tank. Campbell and Andrew Hundleby were on one side, and Andrew MacLeod on the other side, and at the same impulse, both Andrews were rushing after the same turkey. Along the way, Andrew MacLeod had picked up a pitchfork, and in the excitement of the moment, thought it would be good to throw at the turkey. The other Andrew came running around the water tank, swinging his arm at the same moment the pitchfork was flying through the air. The pitchfork prongs (two of them) went through Andrew's forearm, in one side and out the other. It fell out immediately and fortunately no bones or major veins were severed. The gruesome reality of their foolishness started to dawn on them. They called, and Nûn went to get Andrew and bring him home.

The brothers had taken Andrew to a doctor in the little town where they were working, but all he did was superficially treat it, and then he sent him on his way. He didn't even irrigate it. So, when Andrew got back home, Nûn was concerned and thought it would be good to go to the hospital and have someone else look at it.

He ended up being admitted to the hospital, and things were looking more serious. His arm was swelling more and more, so they had to cut his arm on the underside and down the forearm to release the swelling and also to cleanse the wound sufficiently. At first, the doctors thought it could be gas gangrene (not the deadly gangrene) which invades the system so fast it is very difficult to control and abate, but it turned out to be a bacterial gas much weaker than that and much easier to localize and control. The first day in the hospital, as a precautionary measure, Andrew had to be put into an oxygen chamber so that the bacteria couldn't spread so easily and so that it could be contained. Andrew is doing much better now. His arm required a couple of skin grafts and some sutures to close it all up, but through all the pain, he too has received it from our Father to reach his heart. He's seen a lot in himself that our Father wanted to uproot. There is definitely a foolish streak in him, and a foolhardiness in all the Kiwis. It's a careless, reckless attitude about human life (even their own) which comes from worthlessness. They feel a need to "prove" themselves. Anyway, through this incident, our Father has dealt a death blow to it.

Yonathan read something in Ecclesiastes 10 that was very apt for us all to hear concerning Andrew: Dead flies make a perfumer's oil stink, so a *little* foolishness is weightier than wisdom and honor. A wise man's heart directs him toward the right, but the foolish man's heart directs him toward the left. Even when the fool walks along the road, his sense is lacking, and he demonstrates to everyone that he is a fool. (Ecclesiastes 10:1-3).

Although Andrew was disciplined severely, he also has a very tender heart. He cries easily and wants very much to please our Father. He won't ever be the same again.

Through the many circumstances we've been in since we've returned from Australia, our Father's heavy hand of discipline has been upon us, especially upon the responsible brothers. He is exposing many things in us through what has happened. Chên and Yachath have dodged discipline through worthlessness and self-pity, but lately they've been receiving it, and it is bearing good fruit. Nûn is concerned especially about the foundations of these two men. He wants them to be rock-like, solid men under authority so they can have authority to disciple and train others properly.

I'm sure our Father wants us to be ready spiritually for Australia. We want to be fit vessels, so salvation can reach the ends of the earth. If there is truly a harvest in Australia, we have to be reliable, dependable, and trustworthy and able to be built upon. We earnestly want our Father to deal righteously with us and purify our hearts. Nûn has truly been his name, perpetually pouring himself out to set things right in the body, speaking and laboring with us. It has been hard here (I think I've said that before), but we want to press on for our Father's sake. Weeping may endure for the night, but joy comes in the morning.

We are looking into getting to Australia by December. It doesn't really seem to be a problem for any of us except for Nûn and me, Yonathan and Yedidah, but the man who owns the house we live in is an immigrations specialist in Sydney, so we have contacted him. He is open to helping us. We made an offer to paint the house for him in exchange for rent and a bit of advice on getting us into the country. He wants us to send him a quote for the job, and then he will make a reply.

Also, we all have felt for a long time that although the painting industry is financially supportive, in many ways it has limited our interaction with one another. We are praying that in due time we can scale down the painting crew and operate instead a bakery or a small restaurant in Sydney so we can be practically together and our lives more intimately interwoven with one another. It seems especially necessary in the beginning that we would have an industry of such nature to bond us closer together.

You may know already, but in the midst of all that's happening here, I am pregnant with our fourth child. I'm due the first week of November, so it seems like we will have the baby here as it will take some time to get papers together for Australia. Hopefully Yedidah will be walking normally by then. It seems like she will because already her recovery has been miraculous.

We will be *SO HAPPY* to see you in Australia. We love you with all our hearts, and we want to be faithful and pleasing to our Master. We were encouraged greatly with what you said about the butterfly. The struggle is necessary. We pray that our Father's wisdom and insight will be mightily upon you for the sake of the nation He is building. I am thankful for your love for me. The Authority

teachings have helped us all a lot. I'm so damaged, but I'm thankful our Father is teaching us how to walk, how to be.

I love you,  
Judith