

Beautiful Words(*Letters from Naphtali*)

To my Brothers in Judah,

Hello! My name is Yadutun of the single brothers in Naphtali. Maybe you have heard about me before because my name before was Paulo. It has already been a year and 10 months that I have been saved. During this time there has been various opportunities for me to communicate with you all there, but every time I have let the opportunity pass. But this time I cannot let it pass. My heart is full of things I am wanting to share with you, and our Father is giving me an opportunity which I cannot let pass.

Well, I want to tell you a little bit about myself and maybe this will help you to know me:

I was born in what you might call a normal family: my father and mother and two younger sisters. I learned to be independent, selfish, and worst of all PROUD. I always strove to have what "I" wanted and then I became more proud when I *got* what I wanted. Well, finally I passed through being a "communist" with a bunch of friends who tried to live what they called an alternative life, free from the rules of this present society... "Lies and lies"... I became a liar, even lying to myself. The people around me they lied and lying is so horrible. I could not trust truly in anyone and I could not be truly who I was. It was like a game of masks but somehow I knew that was all wrong. Something had to happen. Sometimes I would awake in the middle of the night and just begin walking, not knowing why. I would pray, trying to find a way out. Sometimes I would fill my backpack and walk for long distances in hope of something changing, something happening. But I always just ended up returning home and my life continued the same way.

I started to fit myself into the society. I worked with computers and I was on my way to soon be married. But after three years in this life I gave up. My conscience was being strangled. I started to look for a way to have peace. At this time, although I did not realize it I was looking for a good conscience. I could not tolerate the world or my own life.

So, I started to be a "Christian", trying to reform my life. But soon I fell again. I could not endure in this for very long. And it's during this space of time in my life that our Father began to draw me. He confronted me with a true life, people living a life of love, caring for one another. It was not a philosophy. It was not mystical. It was not a dream. Even though I resisted it in the beginning, trying to hang on to my own life, I had to finally throw away all that I had learned in Christianity as garbage. The words of Yahshua were truly sweet. Within me I could now only agree with what I was hearing.

It was as if within me I already knew all of this — I knew, He spoke very clearly to me. There was only one way out for me, one hope. That was to die and follow Him. At this time I did not understand anything about the first and second death, or anything like this. I only knew that this was the answer to all that my heart desired, to follow Him.

Yahshua is truly wonderful. And through all my rebellion, and all my perversity, He spoke with me through His body. I received faith because He was merciful to me. He broke my hard mask that I had hidden behind... and I cried out for salvation.

Three days after, the son of Nahaliel was born. His name is Naphtali.

I am really thankful to our Master Yahshua for His saving all of you, grateful how you pour out your lives, for how you endure. And I thought I could say that I am your fruit because of you laying down your lives each day and because of the love you have for our Master it was possible that this tribe could start here. And up until now you all continue to come to our support, always giving and giving...

I have learned about the heart of our Father through your lives. You are really good examples for us here. Many thanks Judah for having sent these wonderful shepherds here, also thank you for sending Yoneq and ha-emeq, Sameach and Derush. They are unbelievable. It is so easy to love you all, because your spirit is visible in each one of them — zeal and dedication for our Master Yahshua. Thank you for the clothes, medicines, tents, tools, thank you for all you sent. We pray that we can use all that you sent in a worthy way, that our Father could bless you with many times more that you sent. We know that many times you gave when you really were not able to give, and this was beyond yourselves. And I want that you all would know and recognized how much we admire you. And we wait for the day when our Father could bless us so that we would be able to do the same

things as all of you.

The laying down of your lives has given much fruit. We here in Naphtali are now 54 and we have 3 new disciples just since we have been here in Londrina, and we always receive many visitors. Our Master Yahshua is more happy all the time because He sees that He has a people gathering and soon they will become a nation! I hope that our Master would always give me grace to always be able to communicate with you and be able to share the teachings and be able to hear from some of you there what you have received.

Yadutun!

November 4, 1992 Brazil

Derush,

Your visit was so short. I didn't get to spend much time with you, but I'm so thankful that you came. You brought much growth and cleansing to our lives. I've always heard about how wonderful you are, but now I know first hand.

I hope you can communicate to Judah the gratefulness that Naphtali has for all that they have done for us. It's impossible to ever pay back, but let it be that one day Naphtali would be able to help raise up one of the 12 tribes in the same manner, just as one of the disciples here expressed. All that we are doing, all that we are building, is for those who come after us. I know that for Judah to see Naphtali building up one of the tribes to come, will be more than enough reward for all they have given up. We have the same heart and purpose. I hope I never get over this feeling of what a miracle it is to be part of Yahshua's new social order that will bring an end to this wicked age.

Please communicate our love and appreciation to Salome. I was so glad to speak to her on the phone the other day. You both watch over Naphtali — brooding over this new life that is coming forth, as if your own.

We are so thankful for you poured out lives and your care for us.

We love you!

Ruth

P.S. I promise to write more letters and articles

P.P.S. I am personally grateful for how you've brought us help, and changed our lives. It was so encouraging to hear of how you put your enemy under Yahshua's feet at the sacrifice!

Dear Racham,

I am Ish Chadhash. I am 26 years old. I am just starting the arduous work of being a teacher of children. I am grateful that my gifts are being revealed. I like this.

I am writing especially to you because you understand this very well. Before I entered the community I had much experience being a teacher. But I had a fine judgement that I did not like to work with children.

When I was in the world what I really wanted was to be a musician. But the truth is that I never learned even the most basic aspects of music! Then I really, really wanted to be a philosopher. It was then that my life started really falling to pieces.

My will to be something was substituted by the deception of wanting to be something because society said I had to be something. My parents wanted me to be something. And I stopped wanting to be a person. Simple... And I started filling my head with theories which actually I didn't want.

I have only been saved now for six months, though I have known the community for 4 years. During the time that I was not yet a disciple, but was just coming and going, I spent six months trying to prove to Nahaliel that Yahshua was a lie and the community was just an utopian idea. Six months were spent testing myself. Seeing that I didn't believe what I was living. At this time I had another dream. (I wanted to go to university and be a lawyer) Don't you find this all dismal?!

I was very much in favor of the law. And I thought that I could be *law*. (As well as a dreamer I was a cynic.)

In this time that I knew the community many things changed in my life. I truly became scared to walk in the streets. I don't know why but I think that the idea of the inferno was becoming very clear. Principally for me. I

was hearing day after day those gentle words which were coming out of Nahaliel's mouth. And with the passing of time things started getting very clear. Principally about where I was going because of my lack of respect for God.

I fought quite a bit to *not* be here in the Edah. But everything became very small. I remember that at times, when I went to bed I used to open the windows. I was scared of the dark. Not physically, my pride wouldn't let that happen. I'm referring to a spiritual fear, finding everything ugly, lifeless and insipid.

I had enough on which to live. I didn't need much. But I was lacking the basic essential — life.

One day when I went to work (I remember that day very well, very clearly) I took a bus which was very full. The buses here are always like that. Full of faces of people, without dignity, without individuality, without life. And I was in the middle of that human throng. But I didn't want to be that. I wanted to be different. I wanted to be a person. I wanted to have dignity. I didn't want to be like a sardine in that closed and narrow box. I always had compassion for sardines so I resolved my life in that moment.

I didn't believe but I made my resolve. My mind was saying what my friends were saying, what my mother had said. That I was going crazy. That I was a weak coward and I was hiding myself. And that I was frightened to face life.

When I got to work I had only one thing in mind. To see myself free of that accursed air conditioner. I detested it

It made a lot of noise. And of that stupid typewriter on which for nearly 3 years I had written almost the same thing. It was a huge explosion. Much pressure. And fear — to face God. To submit myself to His will. And to let others say what may be right or wrong in my life.

I had a tiny hope that I would manage it but my mind was reasoning about whether I could handle it or not. And so on that very day (more or less 2 p.m.) one year after having met the community there I was saying to Nahaliel that I wanted to be a disciple.

And so I have been in and out for 3 years now — six months fighting with Nahaliel to understand, 4 months wanting not to accept, and 2 months cut off for rebellion.

The time outside the Body made me see something very precious. I truly had no more force to fight. Repentance came to me by grace.

And today I feel I am a transformed person. And that is why Yoneq gave me the name of New Man. And I truly feel like that.

Whew! Finally made it!

And today I feel a new stage in my life. I discovered a marvelous thing. I love Yahshua and the sacrifice He made for me on the cross. I love my brothers and how they care for me, how they correct me. And I love children! I love how much I can learn with them, teaching them.

I am still far away. Far, far away from the gentleness that our Master wants but I feel dignity because I have hope for myself. Not selfish hope that I'm good, perfect. But hope that now I can start everything again. Doing not my will but the will of God. Not looking at myself through my own eyes but by the eyes of my brothers.

I want you to know this my friend.

Give an affectionate hug to everyone there. Thank you for everything you guys do for us. We want to be the exact representation of what you are there.

May our Father give you double for everything you've given us. Don't forget to write to me. I am going to stop here because David Derush is getting tired. It is 9:30 in the morning and we have to work. I am under a little pressure. If not I'd write 15 pages more!

I love you very much.

Ish Chadhash

It is always difficult to express my heart to someone. I always sense a lack in something. What I want to say never seems complete. I lack words to go with my feelings. But recently I heard that there is something that all human beings know how to do — to love. This encouraged me because if I cannot manage to express myself, I know I can manage to LOVE. This is always the most important thing. For me this was good news. I do not

know how to express in words many things, but I know how to LOVE. Sameach said, "If I am not good at cooking, I can LOVE." And love is very simple, I just need to love, love from the heart. I know that to love is what the people of Yahshua know how to do the best.

Many thanks for all the things you all have done for us here. You all have poured out your lives, truly, day and night, that we would lack nothing in our lives. All that comes to us, all that is on our tables, all that we are wearing, are the fruits of your work. For this reason, we take special care of our clothes, our shoes, and are trying to use our money in the best way possible, to have the most healthy food, and the list continues..... because we know that much love has been poured out in all that you have done — much dedication and the desire to give the best for us. Thank you for meeting our every need. For you only heard about a need we have here and right away send someone or something to meet this need, depending on what it is.

You are very important to us and to all of Israel — "our older brother", the one who helps the younger ones to grow up. Praise to Yahshua for the wonderful brother who is Judah. Before all of Judah we bow to give thanks. Our needs have been so great, but all have been supplied by you.

One day there will be a great procession in which we will see the princes of Judah with their masses — it will be beautiful on that day. We will be so proud to see our brothers as princes marching by in this procession being honored by all the others.

This is all for now. I was only wanting to know how to use words to express my heart. To all of you I have only just my many thanks and my LOVE.

Lev Amatz