

December 10, 1994

Responding to Love

*Letter to Lo Nekar for his son Shimon*

Dear Lo Nekar and Glory,

I was very very sad to hear the news that your son Shimon left the church. I don't know if by the time this letter arrives he will return or perhaps he has already. But if he has or not I hope you will get this letter to him. I love Shimon very much. And I believe he is very special to our God's purpose and that is why the enemy has opposed him so greatly. He is a vital part to the salvation of Cham. Our God has greatly gifted Shimon with a warm, friendly personality and he has always made me feel loved. It is such a wicked thing that the enemy, who's goal is only to kill, steal and destroy convinced your precious son to go out to that wicked world that is bent on destroying such a precious vessel that our God created to be a leader in Israel. I was especially sad to hear that he went to Atlanta where the spirit of racism is so strong and full on venomous rebellion and bitterness. Atlanta is an incredibly wicked city where Cham is coming more into control and most of them insubordinate to Shem. And it is causing much bitterness.

Your son was given the most glorious, honorable name, Shimon the black after one of the most beautiful people that ever lived on this earth. Even before moving to the body, as a little girl I remember the story of the Chamite man full of compassion and boldly and humbly stepping out to carry Yahshua's cross. Imagine how Yahshua looked to this man, when Yahshua could barely move another step Shimon carried his burden. Don't you know our father in Heaven wept when he looked upon this man so full of compassion for His son. And again, I know our father is weeping now because the very one of today that He named Shimon after Shimon of old left His son Yahshua instead of staying with Him and helping Him carry His burden, especially for Cham.

Anyway, Lo Nekar, I have a very sad story that happened right in the city of Atlanta. This is why I want Shimon to read this letter.

My niece Wendy, my sister's daughter, lived in Atlanta. Shimon may remember her. I know Sameach's son, Kephaz, remembers her. She was 22 years old. A very pretty girl and was 8 months pregnant. She came to Island Pond at 14 years old to visit and again she came to Burlington to visit at 18. And during this time she heard the gospel and I know she experienced our Love. At 14 she even helped me many times work in the Deli, waiting tables, doing dishes, etc...

The last time I saw Wendy was in Atlanta last Spring on the Dead Tour. N'su, Abyown and myself talked to her much about Yahshua's Love, why she was created, her purpose in life, her selfishness and pride, etc... She was silently listening and full of constant tears. We could not get a word out of her. Over the years Wendy's little tender heart grew harder and I could see her

harden each time I saw her. And this time after the three of us talked to her, I asked, "Why Wendy are you crying?" She looked at me, as though she were mad and said, "I'll tell you when I'm ready." And then said, "I gotta go." The Love of Yahshua was trying to penetrate that hard city heart, but each time He was beginning to touch her a little she slammed the door.

Even in Burlington we (Anak and I) talked to her about her old Motherhood and how she needed to be delivered, from the spirits of my grandmother, my mother, her mother, etc... As you know the spirits I too have so deeply suffered with, pride, disrespect, bitterness, etc... She said she didn't want to be like any of them. We said, "Your only escape is Yahshua."

So anyway, without choosing Yahshua, but choosing the way of the world, the one who is the wicked minister of the world also chose her. She was working in a dry cleaner's in the city of Atlanta. She was about to close shop when two Chamite boys came to the door. Wendy, aware that one of them was a grandson of one of her customers, let them in. He was claiming to get his grandpa's pants. Wendy turned around and was shot in the head by a 14-year-old Chamite boy. Very fortunately the bloodhounds tracked the boy down and he was put in custody. When the police began to question him it came out that he was commissioned by the FOLKS gang to kill a pregnant woman. In order to be initiated into this gang one had to get lifeblood. The FOLKS gang stands for "Followers of Our Lord and King Satan." These boys were hard-core murderers, part of a satanic cult in Atlanta, Georgia. Wendy and the baby were buried two days ago. Wendy wanted to be like her auntie Kat (me) but did not want to follow my God. She hardened her heart and Yahshua could not help her any longer. My husband said if she were destined for salvation Yahshua would or could have protected her. But she would not respond to Love. The devil got his way. His goal is to kill, steal, and destroy and even sent someone who consciously chose to follow him to kill someone who did not know she was following him, but was.

It is such a scary thing that Wendy, who only heard the gospel five or six times, hardened her heart and there was no protection. And then you have those who grew up in His Love, hearing words of life everyday and leave the protection of peace. If only the youth who have left or flirted with leaving could see that leaving Yahshua is running right into the hands of the evil one who's only goal is to kill, steal, and destroy! That wicked thought of leaving has also tempted me, during my testing of fire. But, in my heart I am positive no one can deliver me from evil, but Yahshua. He is the mighty Warrior who has all power and authority to save and protect us if only we stay in the boundaries of His Love.

I am so grateful for His great mercy upon me. He is daily delivering me from my strong enemies. I suffer with the same Motherhood as Wendy did, but my husband said, "Miriam, you responded to love and Wendy did not." If we harden our hearts against His Love His hands are tied. But if we let His Love touch our heart we will become all we were created to be. And I know Shimon is greatly loved and created for a wonderful purpose. May he return with all his

heart and respond to love, the love of Shimon the Black who loved Yahshua with a deep compassionate Love.

I Love You,

Miriam M'susah