

January 3, 1992

Shua

(Letters from ha-Emeq and Shua)

It was Preparation Day at 12 noon. The whole tribe of Asher was in the center of Aukland to dance in the center square. Some were passing out papers and meeting people while others danced. Yotham had hurt his knee, so even though he likes to dance very much, he was resting and speaking to those who watched us dance. A young woman and her daughter approached. She was German and could barely speak English. Yotham told her that we had someone German in our community who she could speak with, and she immediately went seeking Yedidah.

The woman's name was Sylke. She was a dental assistant in Germany who was separated from her husband, had a rebellious 4-year-old daughter, was totally confused about life in general, and had left Germany to travel the world to find a "new life." She came to visit that night in our home with two other German women she had met in the hostel she was staying in. She was scheduled to go to a nearby village to work in some kind of agriculture for a while. But after talking to us Friday night, she decided to stay on with us and hear more.

What Sylke heard the next few days put her mind into even greater depths of confusion and turmoil. She was very intelligent and independent, full of her "own ideas" like the average German woman. But the words of the gospel pierced her hard exterior and after a few days all her defenses had been knocked away. Yedidah spoke to her faithfully hour after hour, translating everything the brothers and sisters had to say to Sylke.

Somehow the Body was able to win her heart, her trust. She listened, questioned, questioned, and questioned, but in the end she would always say, "I trust you." Sylke's four-year-old was a mess — disobedient and out of control. She saw the bad fruit of her life as compared to the sweet fruit of the children in the community. She saw the "rod" being used, and she understood. Two weeks passed and Sylke's condition became critical. She would have to come to peace, something had to be resolved. The words she was hearing became too much.

It was time for our Sunday Evening gathering, but Sylke was not there. She was in bed. I had an encounter with her unrestrained daughter in the next room, and when I told her, "No," and corrected her, the girl's blood-curdling scream could be heard throughout the house. Surely, Sylke must think I spanked her. The girl ran to her mother, pulling frantically on her under the covers — but Sylke would not respond. She only cried and stayed under the covers. Here this highly educated, self-sufficient woman could find no more ground on which to stand. Yedidah went to talk to her. We all gathered downstairs to pray for Sylke.

The sounds of the voices upstairs grew louder and louder as Yedidah, in her firm German way, commanded Sylke to activate her will. Sylke said she wanted to believe YAHSHUA, but she was so confused. Finally, the loud voices came down the stairs and the door of the living

room burst open. There was Sylke, an emotional wreck, with her screaming child at her side, and Yedidah, full of peace, behind her. Sylke walked two or three steps through the door and then hit the floor, falling on her knees, then all the way down with her head on my knees. I was sitting by the fireplace near the door. The fire was warm. Sylke was crying. She wanted help. The brothers began to ask her what she felt. She said she trusted us — and whatever we told her to do she would do it. We said, "Do you believe that YAHSHUA is the Son of Elohim and He can save you?" "I believe you, whatever you say, I believe you!" "But, Sylke, you must believe YAHSHUA. Call on Him! We can't save you!" "I only know YAHSHUA in you all."

On and on this went. Yoneq told her about the power in the name of YAHSHUA, that she must call on Him. She struggled, cried, and was filled with tension. All this time she lay with her head on my knees. Judith had taken her screaming daughter into the next room so we could hear Sylke. After a long time the screaming had gotten quiet. But in the living room the battle continued. Sylke's reasoning German mind needed the gift of faith. The fire just behind me had increased in temperature and my back was so hot. My knees were aching from having this heavy weight upon them for so long, and I could not move. I did not want to move the suffering woman for my heart went out to her so much. Everyone in the room desired her to have life...

Finally, Yoneq said, "Just say His name like a child. He can help you." A great shiver went through her whole body — from head to foot — as she pushed the name "YAHSHUA" from her lips, again, "YAHSHUA" ... "It is so simple," she whispered weakly as her tensed body immediately became totally limp. Now the weight on my knees and the fire on my back was almost unbearable. someone said, "Call on Him to save you, we are going to the water!" "Yes," she said, "Yes, I want YAHSHUA to save me!" "Stand up, Sylke, come, let's go!"

I tried to help her up. Her body was so limp and heavy, and my legs were so weak from being crushed for so long, that when we stood up together I did not have the strength to keep her up. I cried out for help, but it was too late. Everyone was standing around us rejoicing, and Sylke fell like a ton of bricks back down on the floor in the middle of everyone. A few of us picked her back up and we walked toward the door. She was crying for joy, but she was so weak from her battle. When we let go of her for a minute, she slid down the wall where she was leaning into a pile of tears on the floor. Her little girl came in, so worried about her Emma. But the girl could see that her Emma's tears were no longer from sadness and confusion. Two brothers helped her up and all together we walked the short distance to the now very dark ocean at the foot of the hill.

The tide was way out, so Nun and Yacath had to walk way out with her. It was so dark we could barely see their figures above the small waves. Someone had a flashlight to shine on them. Nun told her to cry out loudly for salvation so we could all hear — to call on the only NAME which could save. Then the most amazing cry was heard from this formerly subdued

German woman. She spoke in German. I do not know if anyone could really understand exactly what she said, but it was so loud — sometimes screaming, and twisting with passion, crying long and clear to Y A H S H U A to save her. Our Father heard her (and so did half of Auckland, too, I think). She was called Shua that night in the black darkness of the beach — a cry for freedom, salvation. ...and Shua became the best disciple — loving, receiving, submissive, serving, and GIVING...

The next day she had Nun in the dining room with her purse, full of money, open and spread out all over the floor: German money, American money, New Zealand money. She is one for whom Labeshu in Sus so diligently prays for, the silver and gold she had in abundance. She is now selling her much property in Germany to help meet the pressing needs in all the tribes of Israel. She was a wealthy young woman who found a Pearl of Great Price, and gave up all she had and bought that Pearl. All the tribes of Israel are thankful that our Father gave us Shua!

Dear Ha-Emeq,

For many weeks now it has been on my heart to write to you. A day doesn't go by that I don't think about you. Ha Qinai encouraged me to write this letter. Often there is so much on my heart but I am too shy to say or do these things, but then I am thankful when the brothers and sisters encourage me. They are altogether so wonderful and each one individually, too. It is so lovely when Yonathan wakes us up with his singing and then I look in Bakhirah's face and I always get a smile from her. Bakhirah sews such beautiful clothes. The whole day and half of the night she sits at the sewing machine to make clothes for Tana.

On Tuesday mornings, Chen and I make breakfast together. He always asks me if I understand things we speak about and when I don't, he explains it to me very patiently and makes things very clear. Yedidah has been, from the beginning, a mother to me. She takes perfect care of me. Yachath is a good father to me, also, but unfortunately, he is not home very often. Nun is the best shepherd I could imagine. He always knows what his sheep need. He goes directly to the point and doesn't talk around it. I love his cleanness and directness. Judith has so much understanding. Sometimes I just need to look at her and I know that she understands me. She always can tell by just one look at me what I am thinking or when I am troubled.

It was the same with you and Yoneq. Truly, I was born through your love. I feel like you always understand me even though there are thousands of kilometers between us. I will never forget when Sylke died in your laps, and Shua was born. I am so thankful for this wonderful life that I received from you through YAHSHUA. Can you remember the shudder that went through my whole body and only you could feel this; and when you told everyone, then no one asked any more questions? It was just like a real birth with all your back pain.

I'm so thankful to YAHSHUA for this birth. Now I have a real life and it is full of peace and happiness and freedom. Sometimes, I would like to spend the whole day screaming loudly, "Thank you, YAHSHUA!" Sometimes I think it's all too wonderful and that maybe it's a dream, and then I'm afraid that I might wake up from this dream. I heard your voice on the tape and I started crying. But I was not sad. It was so nice to hear your voice. I love you so much. I would like to always be near you. I pray that we can spend more time together. There is so much wisdom that I would like to receive from you. Yoneq's teaching helped me so much to find the right way. He is so wonderful. He has so much understanding and he is so patient and dear.

Ha-Emeq and Yoneq, I love you both so much. I hope you can come to Australia soon. Until yesterday, I thought that I would have to go back to Germany. But now our Father has spoken very clearly to me. Much of what needs to happen is already worked out. The government has already told me that they want to buy all of my property. They just need me to sign the papers. It seems that everything can be done by letter or on the telephone. My husband has asked a lawyer in Germany if we could get a divorce and the lawyer said yes, and that we can do this while I am in New Zealand and he is in Germany. The lawyer also told him that he has no chance to get Inga. He was very sad about this, but not angry. We are able to talk like friends again when he calls on the telephone. I am very thankful that our Father is working this all out.

I'm so thankful to be home, to be restored to our Father. I'm thankful that YAHSHUA died to pay for us and that we don't have to go to death. We have a wonderful life, with wonderful brothers and sisters.

I love you,

Shua