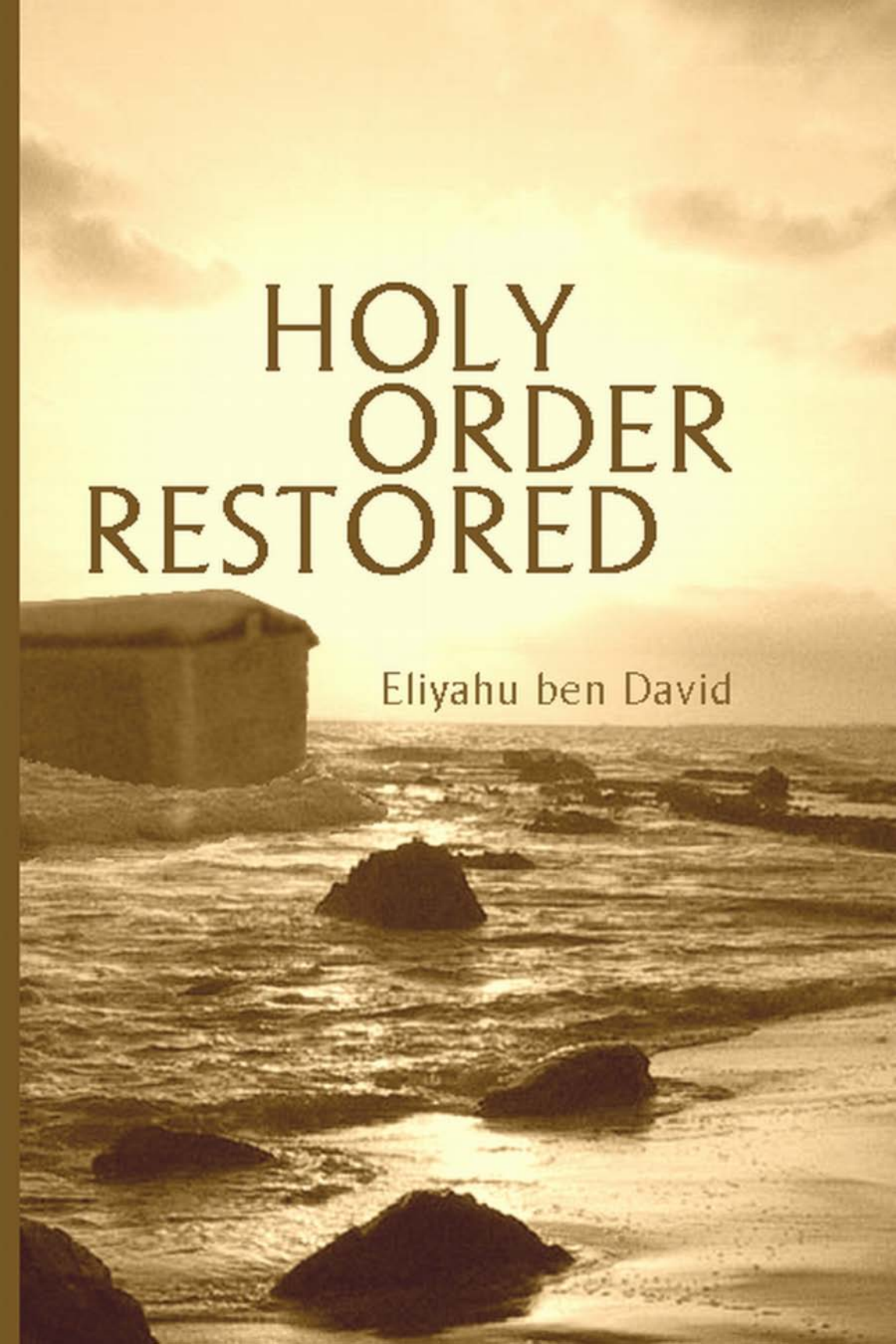




HOLY ORDER RESTORED

Eliyahu ben David

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and a sample chapter
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HOLY ORDER RESTORED

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This book has been published on the Internet since 1995 in at least four digital editions under various titles. After many requests from readers to do so, we are now pleased to offer this first actual print edition. The content is essentially the same as the earlier editions but with some updating, editing, and formatting appropriate for this publication.

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DEDICATION AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This print edition is no less needed than was the original first written back in 1994 and published digitally starting in 1995. It highlights the often-neglected but vital theme of our Father's way of working in this earth through the leadership of his men—a message that few understand in these days when men have largely lost their way. I'm told by readers that this message has power to set you free to be who you are meant to be, whether you are a man or a woman. To release you to freedom is the real purpose of this book.

I continue to dedicate this book to my Father in heaven, Who called me to this work by grace alone, for the sake of His own Great Name. Next, to The Son, my dearest Friend, Who daily empowers me through the Spirit of sonship. Lastly, to the memory of my departed father, a saint and noble man of God unknown to this world but well known to the courts of heaven. He struggled. He believed. He overcame the enemy in Messiah's mighty Name!

As to acknowledgments, my thanks are, above all, to our Heavenly Father and His Beloved Son for the grace that has led me and sustained me in bringing this message to many over the course of the years. After that, my humble thanks are in order to every member of my family for their many sacrifices so that this book could be published and this work could be done. Know that I love you all, both near and far. Thanks also to many helpful supporters, friends and fellow-workers too numerous to list—all of whom have been and are vital to my efforts.

For this print edition I add my special thanks to my beloved, Dawn, for her invaluable dedication, personal encouragement and inspiration. Secondly, I add my thanks to Dawn for her considerable publishing skills which were so vital to the preparation of my manuscript for publication as a book. Thirdly, yes thirdly, I must also add my thanks to Dawn for seeing the manuscript through a myriad of hoops after its preparation to actually get it published and in your hands. Truly, Dawn is a woman of many hats and each of them is worn with excellence!

As a teacher who finds teachings everywhere I must end these acknowledgements with a lesson. I observe that the unity of thought and action that has put this book into your hands is a real life example of the power that is unleashed when the message of this book is actualized. Read the book and you will understand what I mean!

A Psalm Of David (8:3-9)

When I consider Your heavens, the work of Your fingers,

The moon and the stars, which You have ordained;

What is man, that You are mindful of him?

And the son of man, that You care for him?

For You have made him a little lower than the Angels,

And crowned him with glory and honor.

You have given him dominion over the works of Your hands;

You have put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yes, all the beasts of the field,

The birds of the heavens, and the fish of the sea,

Whatsoever passes through the paths of the seas.

O YHWH, our Lord,

How excellent is Your Name in all the earth!

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1

A DREAM, A VISION, A CALL

To God's Chosen Men of the Scattered Twelve Tribes of the Israel of God: I am a man called by Messiah. By His grace He has sent me forth with a message for a prepared people; a people who, in faith, are looking for a spiritual home on this earth transcending anything the Christian religious system has to offer. In the secret places within our spirits we yearn for a city not made with hands, yet on this earth, where God Himself might show forth His glory as a light in the midst of the darkness. This unrelenting vision of a glorious Temple of fleshly stones is not just a foolish and unrealistic dream, as some would have us believe. It is the very intention of our Father in heaven and His Self-sacrificing Son. He gave His life to have such a Bride on this earth, without spot or blemish, and He shall have her.

Past The Boundaries

If God is real and all of the universe is within his scope of knowledge and control then it is perfectly reasonable to assume that he can communicate with any of his creatures. Nevertheless, when it happens for the first time, it often comes as a tremendous shock to the recipient of that communication. It is odd that many of us can believe that God would speak to some ancient sage or saint but at the same time cannot believe that God could or would speak to us personally. That is precisely how I believed for the first thirty years of my life. My primary community during that time was the strict religious sect of which I was a part. That religion set almost all the boundaries in my life and defined who I was. As part of that religion I believed that God had spoken to the ancient Bible writers and had even influenced the more modern leaders of my religion. However; it was absolute heresy to think that God would ever communicate with me personally.

Imagine my shock and surprise when on my thirty-first birthday, in 1981, God came smashing through that mental barrier to communicate with me. In that instance God spoke to me through a dream. It was a dream that even now continues to mold the direction of my life and define the very purpose of my existence.

My identity has become wrapped up with and defined by that dream and another similar and related communication. If at this point you're skeptical, that's probably normal. I'll simply tell you

what my experience was and what it means to me. You can do with it what you will.

A Dream From God

In my birthday dream I saw the side of a great wall of sand. It was almost vertical and was something akin to what you would see looking up from inside a sand pit, only very much larger. My view of this was from a distance where I could see the surface crisscrossed by a network of metal tracks forming a gigantic structure of rectangles. Within these rectangles were pitiful, naked, a-sexual people. They were slithering in the sand with metal shackles around their necks by which they were chained with short chains to the metal matrix. This arrangement allowed the people to move around anywhere within the boundaries of the track network, and they did so by very expertly slithering in the sand. They slithered on their bellies because the chains were too short to allow them to stand on their feet. As my gaze took in what was happening in this dream I found it repugnant and terrifying. The people in the dream though, had adapted to their strange bondage to such an extent that it was accepted as perfectly normal.

After taking in the bizarre sight just described, my perspective changed. I found myself standing towards the back of a cave that was located above the metal track network. As I looked out toward the mouth of the cave I saw a man standing with his arms folded, smugly overlooking the entire structure. He was obviously very much in control of it all. At his feet, in the mouth of the cave, the metal tracks converged and were held firmly in place by two metal spikes. The man was confident in his total control of it all. As I continued to watch, I was startled by the lightning swift appearance of another man out of the shadows of the cave. In one quick fluid motion this other mysterious figure pulled the spikes out of the ground, releasing their hold on the metal tracks, after which he jammed them into the forehead of the overlord. After that he disappeared into the shadows. All this happened in a heartbeat.

As I continued to watch, the old man turned around and faced toward me, falling on to his knees. As he looked up into my face I observed the two spikes firmly driven into his forehead with little riverlets of blood forming a strange spider-web pattern on his

face. There was an irony in the similarity between the pattern of the metal track network and the pattern the blood was forming on his face. I observed that his power was broken. He was emaciated and powerless as he looked up at me—but he was not dead. As I continued to wonder over this strange vision I observed that although the spikes had been removed the prisoners of the network system didn't know it. They could have gotten free of it but they just continued in their bondage as though nothing had happened. It was strangely anti-climactic. These two factors, that the overlord was not dead and that the people did not know that they had been liberated, filled me with an urgent concern that the figure from the shadows would return to finish what he had started—and when he did it would affect me. It would affect everyone.

At this point I became aware of others in the cave including my family. Men in business suits and ties were coming out of a side corridor of the cave. They were taking people away to have the metal shackles put on their necks so that they could be added to the system. As they reached out to take away my family I reacted with both revulsion and determination, putting out my arms to prevent them. I put my arms around my family and anyone else who would come to me and shouted, “NO! NO! You can't take them! NO”!

The final haunting image of this dream occurred as I looked into my wife's eyes and reached out to her—and she hesitated to come to me. As I woke up, heart pounding, sitting up in my bed in a pool of sweat, shouting “NO! NO!” to the men, I was still in the struggle and did not know if my wife and family would go with them or go with me.

This dream was from God. At the time it occurred I did not believe such a thing was possible and yet I knew absolutely when I woke up that I had had a divine visitation. When God wishes to reveal Himself to an individual that individual knows with certainty that he has encountered God. This dream spoke perfectly to my situation then and what is more important reveals the exalted viewpoint of God regarding matters vital to us all. The truth that I so abruptly encountered is this; God has often communicated with men through dreams and He continues to do so in our day. (See Job 33:15-18, Acts 2:17)

The Meaning Revealed

Through this dream God shattered the boundary which prohibited direct communication from Him. He simply ignored that boundary and flooded my mind with this revelation. The effect on me was monumental. I was shaken and stunned to my very core. I know now that the divine revelation was meant to shatter my boundaries and move me in a certain direction - His direction. I had seen things from His higher viewpoint and I would never be 'normal' again. More about that later. Right now I would like to concentrate on what I have come to understand to be the general meaning of that revelation.

We earthbound humans are slaves to the boundaries of our culture. One important reason for this is our short and finite existence. We grow up and are indoctrinated in a certain culture, live within the limited realm of thought and experience common to our own time and place and then die. How little we really know of the big picture! Consider for a moment the higher viewpoint of God. He has observed in intricate and total detail the workings and thought of every age and every culture. He is above the constraints of human culture and of the limitations that religious belief systems vainly seek to impose on the Almighty. The dream was a look at human society from God's higher viewpoint. Through the imagery of that revelation God caused me to see the captivity and bondage of man to man's own human system of thought and behavior that form the boundaries of 'normal' human existence. The crisscross track work of the dream is closely akin to the "veil which is woven over all nations" that God has promised to swallow up. This human system of thought and action forms the boundaries within which human life is normally lived in this world. (Isaiah 25:7)

A fact unknown to the masses bound to this system is that all of it serves the interest and is under the direct supervision and power of a higher dominating intelligence - revealed in the Bible to be the rebel spirit known as satan. Most people would scoff to think that satan had a metal shackle around their neck and had them chained to his instrument of slavery. That is, of course, the ignorance revealed in the revelation. How blinded they are to their own pitiful condition!

The next surprising feature of the dream was the man who appeared seemingly out of nowhere to remove the spikes that held the wretched system in place and to use those very spikes to pierce

the head of the diabolical overlord. Who could this be except the Man who came from Heaven and removed those wretched spikes labeled ‘sin’ and ‘death’ by allowing them to be driven through his own human flesh?! In this beautiful self-sacrificing act the Son of God set the human creation free of satan’s bondage while inflicting a critical blow to the head of the enemy. How tragic that the slaves of satan’s system have not grasped the truth that they have been set free. Life chained to the metal tracks is all they know. Not being willing to seize the freedom they have been given they continue to live out their lives in futile servitude to the bondage of men.

How About You?

How about you? Do you begin to feel the weight of the chain and shackle around your neck? I hope so. For, make no mistake, a time is fast approaching when the victorious Messiah will return to finish the work he has started - to obliterate the system of human slavery and to permanently dethrone its’ invisible ruler. Are you saying, “I’m a Christian. I’m saved. This doesn’t apply to me. It applies to the world. They are the ones with the shackles—not me.” If that is your reaction then I caution you that such a feeling of relief is probably premature—as will be demonstrated farther along in this work.

It Changed My Life

I have just outlined ‘the big picture’ of the meaning of the dream as it affects us all. As for the remainder of the dream—it is personal. This indicates the call of God on my life and the things I was destined to suffer in answering that call. I have been called to bear witness to the captivity that God has revealed to me and to point the way to and to fight for every individual soul within my sphere of action who seeks to be free. The call on my life is to be God’s instrument of freedom to those who will hear me. The final haunting image of the dream, namely, the indecision of my wife as to which direction she would go, indicated something that, although plain enough, I had not wanted to see. Namely, that my answering God’s call could result in great personal loss to myself—even including the possible loss of my beloved wife and our family together. Alas, these years of ministry

since the calling of God have brought me to a place of great loss and great gain. That God has restored losses to me makes them no less meaningful. The system will not let real freedom go unpunished. The price must be so high that no one will dare to choose freedom. That is part of the mechanism that keeps us all slaves. Nevertheless, you can be free—but only if you are willing to pay the price. Indeed, at such a high price my freedom is very dear to me. The freedom that has been purchased through my loss is this: Having nothing left within the system to claim my heart I am free to tell the truth.

The brief explanation of the shackle dream that I have just presented is an understanding that I have arrived at over time. I did not have benefit of this understanding at the time this revelation was dropped upon me out of heaven. It was simply and suddenly there like a giant obstruction dropped in my path that I was forced to deal with. My first interpretation of the dream was, of course, concerned with my immediate situation; but the effect of the dream was to leave me stunned and wondering what God wanted from me. After wrestling with this for three days, I arrived at a crucial point of decision. I was scared and I knew from the dream that accepting God's call could mean the loss of my whole world. It was a call to total surrender of the caliber described by the apostle, Paul; "...The time has been shortened, so that from now on both those who have wives should be as though they had none; and those who weep, as though they did not weep; and those who rejoice as though they did not rejoice; and those who buy, as though they did not possess; and those who use the world, as though they did not make full use of it; for the form of this world is passing away." (1 Corinthians 7:29-31)

I loved my wife, my family, my friends and my things as much as anyone does. But for some reason that I couldn't understand God was calling on me to give Him and His cause the urgent first priority in my life. I found God's call to freedom and service irresistibly compelling. In my bed, on the night of February 6, 1981, I gave God my answer in prayer.

Another Encounter

My prayer began something like this, "God, I am really scared; I know you are calling me to something—but I am not sure what it exactly is. I know if I follow you I could lose everything. I am afraid

I am not good enough or strong enough to do what you want—but if you will just be there to help me I am willing to do your will, whatever it is.”

At about that point my mind was filled with a strange vision. The effect was very much like being in a dark room and suddenly having a 360-degree movie switched on. It was really like being instantly transported into another place. You could say it was like a dream, only I was completely awake at the time. [What you just read is how I described this event years ago. Describing it now, I could say that experience was something like the concept of virtual reality. Of course, in early 1981 when I had the vision that term or the concept behind it did not yet exist.] What I saw was a vast flat arid plane stretching off in every direction as far as I could see. Once again the ground was sand, dead sand. The only shapes breaking up the flat endless field of sand were some kind of strange large stones scattered endlessly across the surface. They were hard to make out because they were partially buried under the sand and many of them had dried-up vegetation growing up around them. As my gaze took in the randomly scattered and obscured stones I noticed that they were more than simply rocks. I could make out that they were cut stones, despite the sand and the vegetation obscuring my view. I wondered what I was seeing. Suddenly my heart was pierced with the words, “This is the Temple of God.”

The tragedy that those words signified went through my heart like an arrow and I began to bitterly sob with sadness that came upon me out of heaven. I believe what I experienced was God’s own heartbreak over the broken down and scattered condition of His desolate Temple. I also felt convicted and guilty knowing that I had contributed to the breakdown of God’s own House. The sense of conviction was so great; but I was trapped in this vision with no place to run away to and no place to hide. I instinctively cried out for the only relief possible in the best words I could muster at the time; “Lord Jesus, please speak for me in heaven.” As I spoke those words my spirit actually saw the Son of God go before the Father. Before I could even finish the sentence the deed was done. It was like He had just been standing there eagerly waiting for me to make the needed request so that before I could even finish making it He had acted.

The Work Of The Holy Spirit

Everything changed instantly as His Spirit was poured out upon me and into me. My whole being was filled with a warm sense of complete and utter acceptance, love and security. In that moment I knew I was a son of God. I delighted in the ecstasy of what was happening to me. I quite literally was being baptized in the Holy Spirit. I could feel the Spirit all around me, even under me, as if lifting me off the bed. The Spirit was soaking into me, into my body and my spirit as if I were a dried out sponge. Even while this was happening my mind was being quickened and flooded with Scriptures coming back from my memory - dropping into place as if they were pieces of some giant puzzle. Suddenly I just knew things that I had never known before! This was at once my adoption into the family of God and my anointing for the service for which I had been called. I was a new man with a new life and my parting with the old life was as certain and complete as if I had died and had been buried. The fact is, in a spiritual sense I had died and been buried—and been resurrected and empowered for a new life hidden with Messiah in God.

Much has happened in the years since that initial encounter of my ministry. But my purpose here is not to try to impress you with stories of supernatural events or to try to justify an admittedly strange and unusual life. This is not intended to be an autobiography. I am sharing this experience with you because what I hope to impart is something of the heart of God even as He has imparted it to me. I believe that the revelations that I have just described are an important communication with God expressing His deepest concern in this hour. For that reason we, His sons, must care as He cares. We must open up our hearts to understand the depths of His concern and we must give ourselves wholly and completely to the task of giving Him His heart's desire. This may be a different way for you to think about God. Perhaps like so many, you usually think about God in the context of what He can do for you. It is time to stop being so selfish. Our loving Father needs us. That is not a typo. If it seems like one to you then read on.

The Temple Tragedy

As we consider the scattered Temple vision certain questions present themselves. What does this mean? What are the stones? Why does God see them as scattered and overgrown? What is the relationship of this vision to the earlier dream? The general meaning of the vision is simple to anyone with the most basic knowledge of Scripture. God's Temple is His corporate people. Not an actual stone building but a spiritual building made up of living stones called by God to that purpose. As Peter wrote; "You also, as living stones, are being built up as a spiritual house for a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Y'shua the Messiah." (1 Peter 2:5)

The immense tragedy that the vision depicts is that those living stones are not being built into a spiritual house for God as they were intended to be. Instead, they are shown to be rather dead, scattered and overgrown and obscured by sand and weeds. This is a desolate and heartbreaking picture indeed. Are things really that bad? If so, how did things get this way? How can they change?

Sharing The Fruits Of My Decades Of Struggle

For decades I have struggled with the immensity of what God has laid upon me. Often, I have made a fool of myself trying to do what it seemed my call indicated. I have just as often been blessed with supernatural success when I would forget myself and just let God use me as a vessel through which to act. Allowing myself to be used as a vessel has also made me look like a fool, but at least in that instance I am comforted in the knowledge that I am a fool for my Lord. Only after all this experiential struggle, and having chewed on all this under the guiding hand of the Holy Spirit for these many years, have I come to the place where I can fully share the meaning of God's revelation with those who will receive it. We must begin by looking in greater depth at the shackle dream.

The principal features of the shackle dream that became most immediately obvious were these: First, the immense track network that forms the oppressive framework within which all human activity takes place, and second, the overlord of it all, unseen by the masses below but exercising seemingly unquestioned dominion just the same. Certain questions that immediately come to mind are these:

How did mankind come into slavery to the track-work system? Indeed, where did it come from in the first place? And how did the overlord come to be in authority over the world system? Perhaps the most puzzling question is this one: If not the world system then what else is there? To answer these basic questions we must look back to the time before the world system was established—before the enemy had established his oppressive authority over mankind. In our quest for understanding we must go back eons before the beginning of time itself—before the very beginning of God’s creation—and move forward from there.

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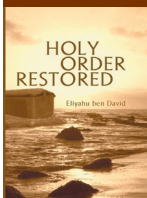
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"We have been telling everybody we meet about your book, both in our congregation and out! Chuck just spoke with a pastor in Canada and another pastor in Detroit and had them look it up. He was very impressed by your work, needless to say." Rev. D. Wilder

"Very cool...thank you." D. LaVallee

"Highly recommended for men as well as women. The final few chapters are so exciting almost like a novel, you can't put down. Many beautiful insights pointed out in your book, rarely taught/heard from pulpits.." Aster T.

"I am recommending this for both of my adult sons. Was told about it from my fellowship pastor." Miriam S.

"Thank you for the opportunity to grow and learn more about our destiny." V. Star

ZARACH

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