



ISSUE
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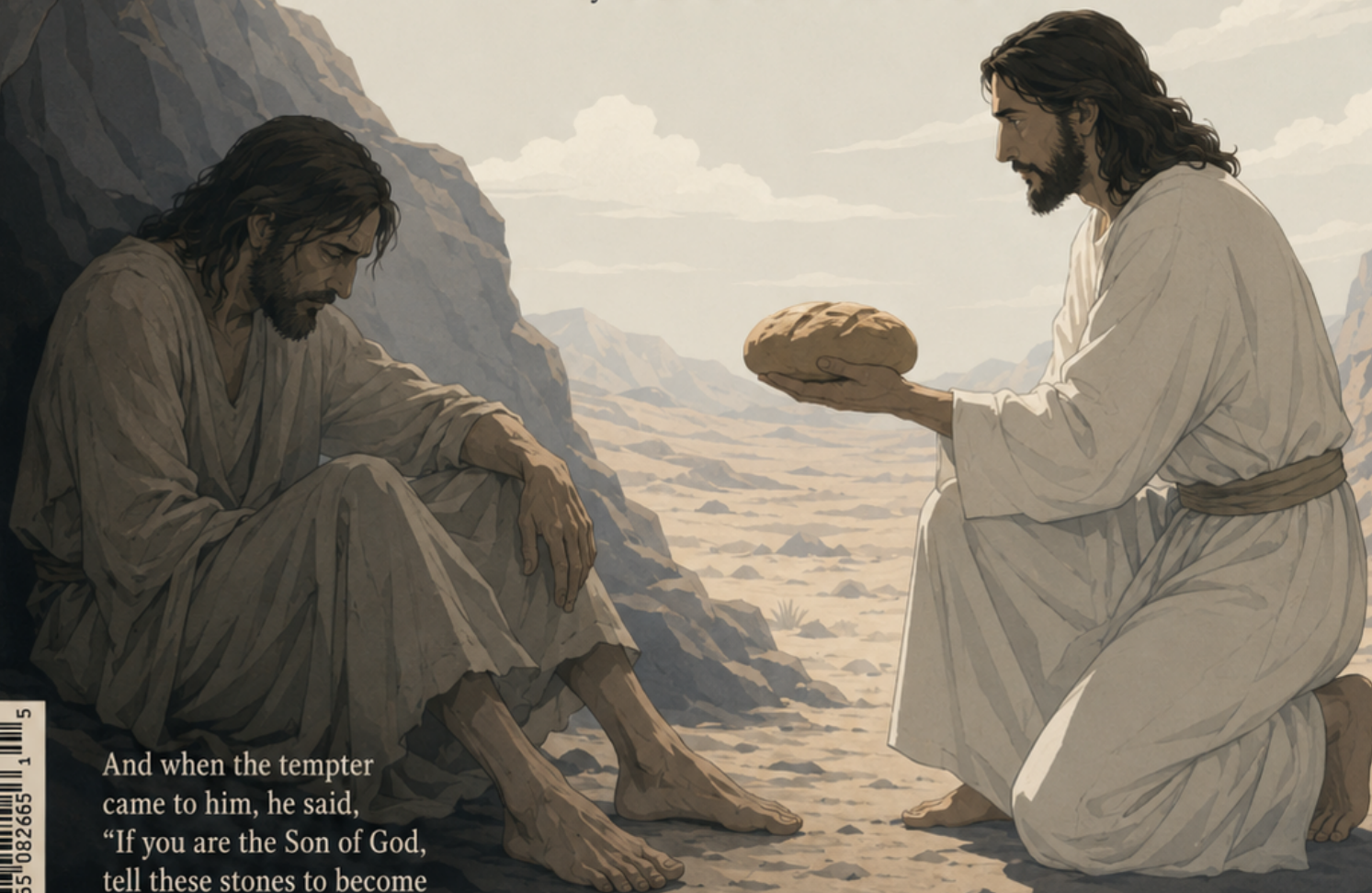
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VOICE AGENCY COMICS PRESENTS

THE TEMPTATION

A REAL LIVE PREACHER DRAMATIZED VERSION OF SCRIPTURE

by GORDON ATKINSON



And when the tempter came to him, he said,
"If you are the Son of God,
tell these stones to become
loaves of bread."

MATTHEW 4:3



*And immediately the Spirit cast him out into a desolate and lonely place. And he was in this wilderness forty days, being tempted by the Satan. And he was with the wild beasts. And the angels cared for him. **Mark 1:13***

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As a boy he watched them leaving Nazareth, wearing their white robes and going into the most desolate country they could find. They would be gone for days and then return, famished and sometimes wounded. But their faces shone with wisdom and secret knowledge.

He asked Joseph who these people were and what they did.

They are the Essenes. They are a holy people, and they go to be alone and with God and to seek visions and dreams. It is not a thing for a married man, nor a father, nor anyone who is a part of the community. He waved his hand around to indicate the town.



It is good to be one of them, but it is also good to be a man and work and have children.

Will I be one of them someday?

Joseph paused and tugged at his beard.

I don't know. The Spirit of God will either lead you there or keep you here. It is in the hands of the Lord.

~~~

The first day his hunger was a mild but constant reminder of what he faced in the coming days. The desert was a strange place to him. He wandered the barren hills wearing the clean, white robe of a pilgrim. He picked up rocks and wild plants, holding them thoughtfully and then tossing them



aside. He found a shallow cave in one of the hills and said, This is where I will sleep. He took a red cloth from inside his robe, tied it to a rock, and placed it on top of a boulder where his friend could see it from the path below.



The second day seemed eternally long. He said every prayer he could remember, but he heard nothing in return. When his friend arrived to drop off water, he waved to indicate he was okay. His friend waved back and set a jug of water down about 50 yards from the cave. Later boredom set in. He fidgeted, paced, and began talking to himself. At night he heard the sounds of wild animals. Scratching and snuffling and digging noises came from the darkness. He was afraid and could not sleep.

On the fourth day he was surprised when the hunger pains left him. When he tried to stand, he became light-headed. He spent most of his time sitting in the shade, quoting from the Psalms and talking out loud. It was nice to hear a human voice, even if it was his own. By the end of the day he couldn't tell the difference between talking to himself and talking to God.

After seven days, pain returned to him. He wept during the day. At night he rocked back and forth, saying, I cannot do this. I cannot do this. I cannot do this. Hunger slowly took over every part of his mind, mocking him and jabbing at him with sharp pangs. He could hardly concentrate on his prayers, because he kept daydreaming about food. He felt spiritually weak and his prayers turned confessional and apologetic.

On the 15th day he was calm. He hardly moved at all. He never saw his friend arrive and was surprised when he found a jug of water at his feet.

He lost track of days after that. His friend began leaving chips of wood with numbers written on them. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24. His defecation had ceased many days before. Once or twice a day he would crawl to the ledge in front of his cave and lay on his side, urinating onto the rocks below.

On the 25th day he saw his first vision. His father wrestled with a gaunt and starving man who was wearing nothing but a loincloth. Though Joseph was much stronger and seemed to be winning the struggle, the gaunt man suddenly plunged his thumbs into his father's eyes. Joseph cried out and fell to his knees, blood streaming from his eye sockets. The gaunt man's thumbs wriggled in the air like thick, red worms. He opened his mouth and a cackling laughter came out.



Then he fumbled fumbled at the front of his loincloth, feeling for something and not finding it. He ripped away his loincloth and there was blood. He howled in grief.

I gave my body, and now even my manhood is gone. I have been unmade. I am fit for NOTHING.

The sound of the last word echoed through the hills, and he realized that he had shouted it himself. He wept with his head nodding forward.

After that the visions came quickly, one after another. His dreams at night merged with dreams during the day. Every manner of good and evil appeared before him. Dancing women in scant clothing, priests and merchants, banquet tables filled with fruits, breads, and meat. Thick, purple robes and golden coins floated just outside his grasp. At the end of each day the gaunt man would come, wiggling his bloody thumbs and frightening away the people in the visions. Naked and howling, he would turn over the tables of food, screaming with rage.

On the day the wood chip had 37 written upon it, a woman appeared to him. He no longer knew the difference between reality and vision. She bathed his forehead in cool water and whispered comforting words to him as though he was a child. His hands clutched at her robe and he lay his head in her lap, sobbing. She leaned down and whispered in his ear. The Lord God Most High has given two words to you.



He turned his head and her face was only inches away. She was clean and beautiful and she smelled like frankincense. She smiled and said, Set Apart.

And then she was gone.

For 24 hours he said those two words over and over. Set apart. Set apart. Set apart. Said a part. Setup art. Set apart.

The words became one sound and he couldn't remember what they meant. He could no longer hear them as two separate words.

Setapart Setapart Seduhapar Seduhapaht Sedpaht Sedpaht Sedpaht Sedpaht Sedpaht.



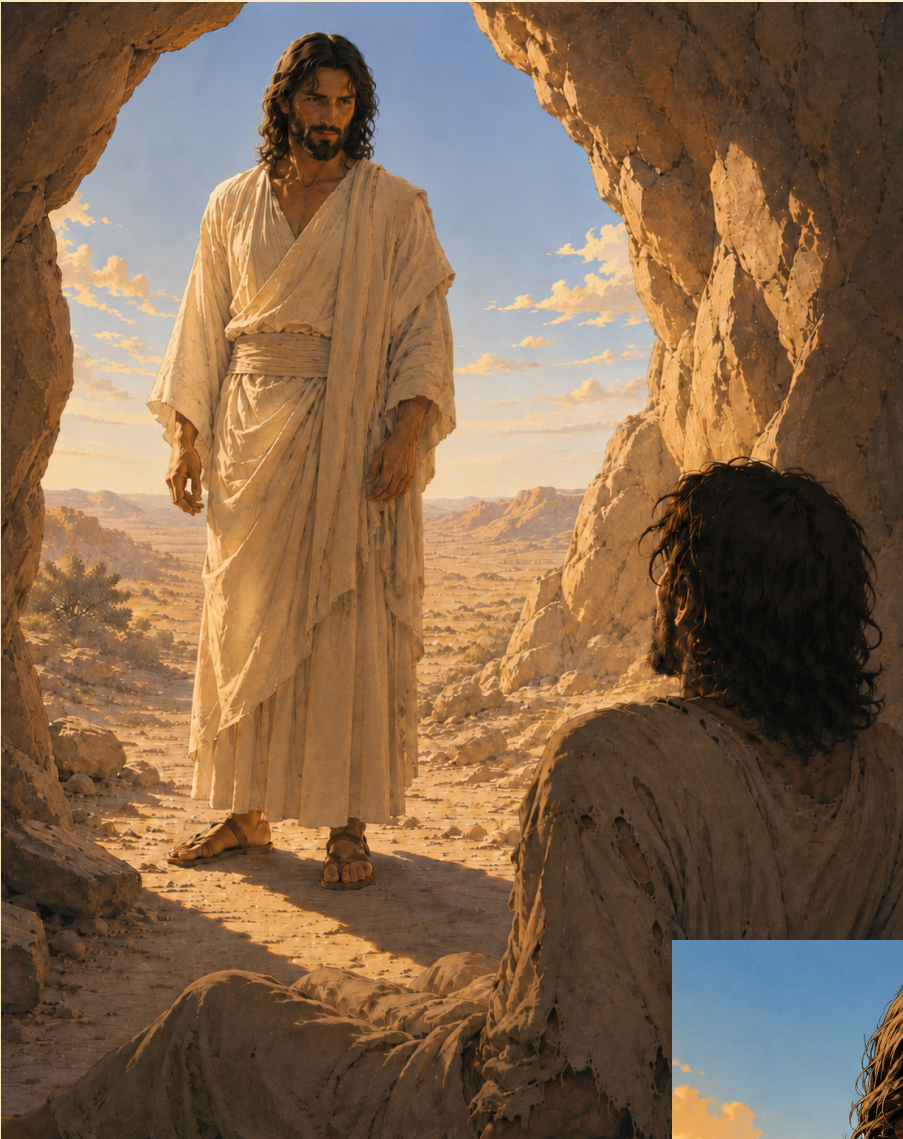
The new word was full of rich meaning that caused him to weep with joy. But he could find no words to describe it.

And then one morning there was a note under a rock. The note said:

39 days. Will bring food and water tomorrow evening. You will have to eat slowly. I will stay with you until you are ready to come home.

He awoke on the 40th day with the note clutched in his hands. His mind was empty and clean and smooth. He sat slumped against a wall of the cave all day, relishing the quiet. No visions came to him.

As the shadows began to lengthen at the mouth of the cave, he heard the sound of footsteps. He exhaled deeply, letting go of his control. He began sobbing. His friend would care for him. It was finished.

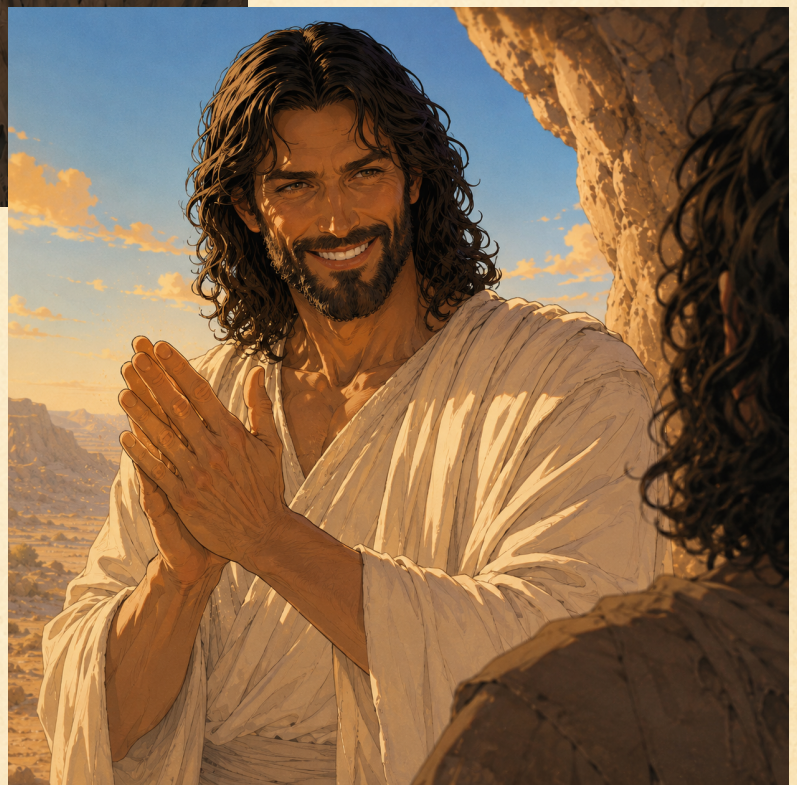


A man approached and stood in the mouth of the cave. He lifted his head slowly, expecting to see his friend with a loaf of bread in his hands. Instead, he saw himself, except he was healthy and well-fed, as he had been when he first came to the wilderness. He dropped his gaze to the man's feet and slowly looked upward. Those were his sandals. That was his white robe. Those were his hands. His chest. His oiled hair hanging in ringlets about his broad shoulders. His full and healthy face. It was like looking in a mirror.

The man stared at him quietly,

then pulled his hands away from each other and brought them together in a sharp clap. The sound was so harsh and loud to him after living in silence that his whole body convulsed. The man clapped again. And again. And again. The time interval between claps grew less and less until it became applause. A huge smile broke out across the man's face. It was the nicest, most sincere smile he had ever seen.

Hello Jesus.



Jesus' mouth fell open in shock and surprise. His heart began to race. The man's face grew solemn and he tilted his head a little to the right. His lips pouted with concern.

I can tell by your face you weren't expecting me. I hope I'm not intruding on your little vision-quest or whatever it is you're doing out here in this God-forsaken place, and I mean that quite literally.

He rubbed his fingers on a rock, then sniffed them.

God has clearly forsaken this place. It's so UGLY out here. Ugly, desolate, and DANGEROUS if you ask me. He glanced about the cave entrance. Are you here alone?

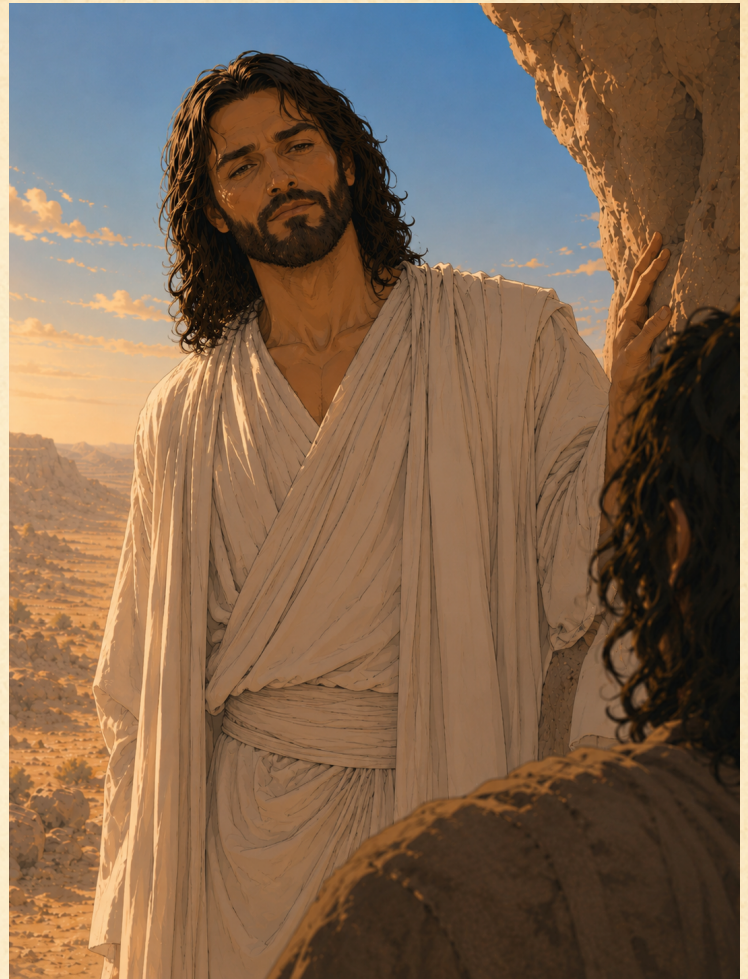
The man moved forward, ducking his head and entering the cave. He took a step toward Jesus then stopped. He slowly looked Jesus up and down before exhaling loudly and deliberately.

My God, what HAVE you done to yourself?

He stepped forward and knelt beside Jesus, who was still sitting with his back to the wall.



The man rubbed the edge of the filthy robe between his thumb and forefinger, clucking his tongue and shaking his head. He then looked at his fingers distastefully, as though something nasty was on them. He glanced about, spotted a nearby rock, and wiped his hands on it.



He sighed again, loudly.

Look at your arms, your legs. Oh my God, your poor feet. What happened to your sandals?

Jesus said nothing. He stared straight ahead.

The man bent his head down, putting his eyes where Jesus was staring, trying to get Jesus to look him in the eyes. Jesus obliged him by shifting his eyes and looking back at him.

Jesus, you look like death. Your face is so drawn. I think I can see your ribs through your robe, or whatever is left of it.



His long hair fell forward in front of Jesus' face. The scent of fragrant oil was heavy in the air. Jesus reached up and rubbed the man's hair between his fingers. He stared at the oil on his hand and brought his fingers to his nose.

The man smiled.

Like it? It's pure nard. Outrageously extravagant, I'll admit, but the ladies do love it.

He flashed his perfect smile again and sat on the ground a few feet from Jesus. His face became serious.

You know, I've been against this fasting business from the start. I remember when we first started seeing it. Oh, it's one thing when you're grieving, I suppose, but these religious quests out here in the wilderness - it's just ridiculous. Fools

just like you have been coming out here for years. Look, the masses need their punishments. They feel better if they can offer a pound of flesh for their sins, but you,



Jesus, you know better. You know that Sin cannot be mitigated with mortifications, no matter how fervently they are applied or how passionately they are suffered.

Jesus opened his cracked lips and whispered, My friend is coming with bread.

Yes, I saw your friend on the way here. A nice man with loaves of bread in a little knapsack. I'm afraid he won't be coming. He's otherwise engaged. A little problem at home, I think. I assured him I would take good care of you in his stead.



Jesus' face remained slack and void of expression. When he spoke he didn't have the energy to put much expression into his words. All he could muster was a weak monotone.

I know you, who you are. What have you to do with me?

You know me? The man rubbed his chin thoughtfully. I don't think we've ever met. Well, if you know me, what's my name?

Jesus turned his eyes away and stared straight ahead, saying nothing.

The big smile returned. Don't want to say it, eh? Suit yourself. Say, I bet you're hungry. Why don't we eat something?

The man rose and walked out of the cave. He returned seconds later with a fresh, hot loaf of bread. He sat down across from Jesus and slowly pulled the loaf apart, tearing it down the middle. The smell of bread filled the cave. Something in the base of Jesus' tongue seized and his mouth tingled and filled with saliva. He licked his lips.



The man took a bite out of the loaf and chewed it with obvious pleasure.

Oh, absolutely delicious. It's from that little bakery by the well. You know the one? The old lady with the limp and the outdoor oven. She does make good bread.

He took another bite, chewed it deliberately, then swallowed.

Mmm. I don't mean to be rude, but it IS dinner time. And there are rules, you know. I'm not allowed to touch you or harm you in any way. Unfortunately, that also means I can't give you anything. Not yet anyway.

Trust me, if it was allowed I would have brought you a fresh robe, a bucket of water, and a spuuunGE.

He emphasized the word sponge in a strange way. He drew it out a little too long and hit the final consonant too hard. Jesus looked at him and saw a glimmer of malice before the man covered it up with his smile.

Jesus licked his lips again.

Now listen, there's no reason for all this fuss and suffering. I can't give you any bread - those pesky rules - but you can make your own.

The man looked around and took up a large, smooth stone, roughly the size of the loaf. He tossed it at the feet of Jesus.

Turn that stone into bread.

Jesus looked at him quizzically.

Oh you can definitely do it, if you want to. You have the faith for it. You're special. What was it she said to you?

He paused, thinking.

Set apart. That's what she said. You've been set apart for great things, Jesus. You have the gift of faith. Great faith. I know it when I see it. With your faith you could probably move an entire mountain. You can definitely turn stone into bread.

Jesus stared at the stone on the ground and said nothing. The man became excited and began to speak faster.





Think of it. A man who can turn stones to bread. Why, the people would flock to your side. Give them a leader who can feed them, and they will follow to the very gates of Hell. The great rabbi Jesus who fed the hungry and the poor. Use your power, for God's sake. Your fast is over. 40 days have come and gone. There is nothing wrong with eating now.

He paused and then spat out a command. Turn that stone into bread. Do it. Take it and serve yourself.

There was a slight echo in the cave, and Jesus heard that last phrase softly repeated.

Serve yourself.

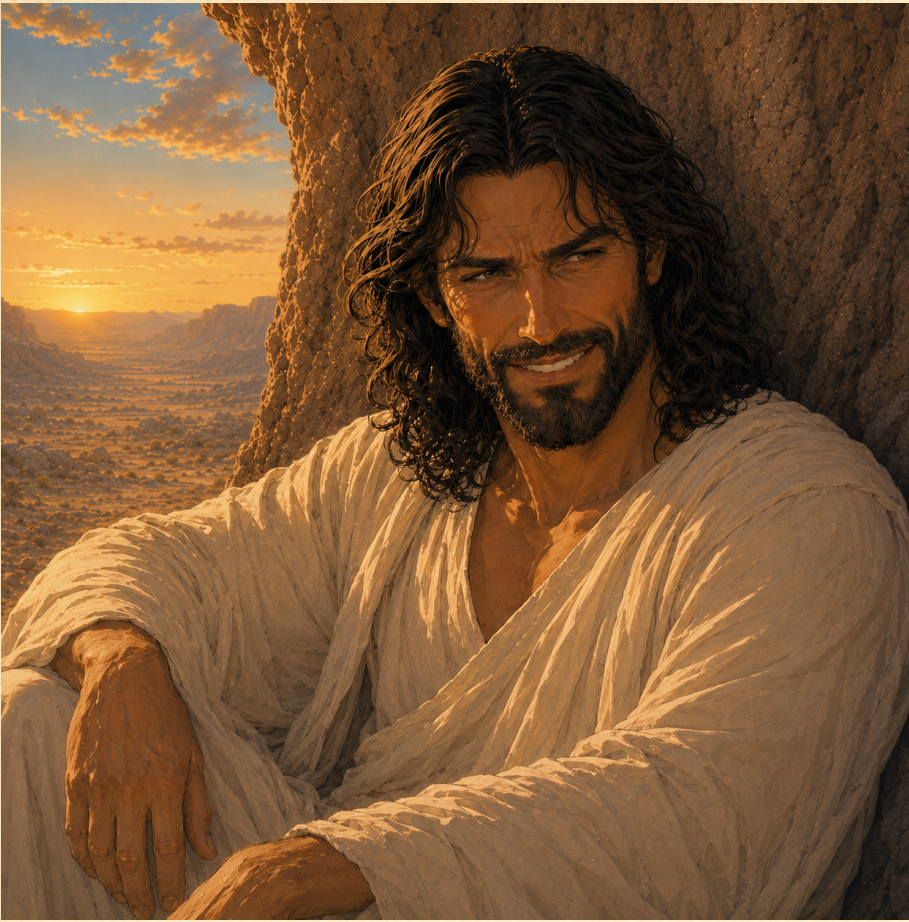
No. I don't need bread that badly. I can wait until I get to town.

But why not? What's the harm in a little bread?

Jesus closed his eyes.

It is dangerous to use one's power to serve oneself. And once begun, such a practice is not easily set aside. Such are the ways of those who take the wide and easy road, the road that leads to destruction. In any case, the scriptures say we don't live by bread alone but are fed by every word that comes from the mouth of God. I'll wait.





The man had been squatting in front of Jesus. He moved away and sat with his back against the opposite side of the cave. He stared at Jesus. Jesus looked back at him calmly. The man's face began to change a little. His smile became slightly awkward, as if he were forcing it. Lines of anger appeared on his forehead. The man sighed.

Well, I don't suppose there's any use arguing with a man who just completed a heroic desert fast. You know, I agree with you in principle and applaud your discipline. I still think there's no harm having a little bread, just to give you strength to get back to town.

Can you even MAKE it back to town, now that your friend isn't coming? Are you SURE you won't have just a bite to keep up your strength? No?

Of course not, and good for you. As I said, I admire your principles; I do.

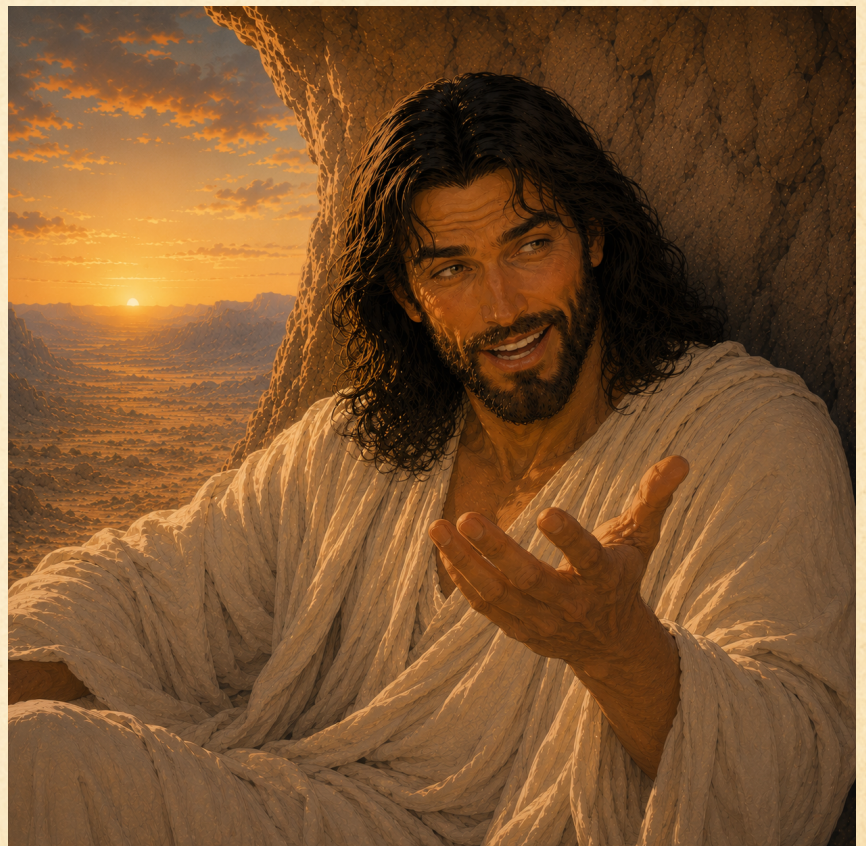
The two sat staring at each other for a few moments. Then the man got excited again.

I also admire your considerable knowledge of scripture. A real man of the Word. Well, I have another idea for you. A wonderful idea. A way to begin your ministry in these troubled times with a bang, you might say.

He paused.

And the best part is, this idea comes right out of the Bible.

Jesus looked at him.



You see I was just thinking about that marvelous verse you quoted. It's Deuteronomy, isn't it? The children of Israel, wandering in the wilderness for all those years. So hungry. Relying only on Manna for survival. And why? To learn the lesson you just quoted. People cannot live by bread alone. What was the other part? Sustained by the very words of God.



If you intend to sustain yourself on every word that comes from the mouth of God, so be it. Let me offer you words from your own scriptures. Words, we might say, from the very mouth of God.

Psalm 91 has always been a favorite of mine. How does it go again? The man closed his eyes and pressed his palms together as if in prayer. He bumped his fingers repeatedly against his lips.

Oh yes, I remember. Whoever sits in the refuge of the Most High shall dwell in the shade of the Almighty. No evil will befall you, nor any plague come near you. He will charge his angels, concerning you, and they will catch you and lift you up, lest you strike even your heel against a stone.

Lovely verse. So innocently hopeful in light of the considerable evil that has befallen the children of Israel over the millennia. But never mind all of that. The point is, do you intend to stand by your claim? Will you indeed live by every word that comes from the mouth of God?





Of course, said Jesus.

The man smiled. I expected nothing less.

Well then, here is my idea. You know the top of the Temple? Look who I'm talking to; of course you do. The corner by the wall, the one with the terrifying drop - down, down, down, into the Kidron valley. Why it must be 300 feet or more to the bottom!

The man's eyes came alive. He leaned forward and put his hands on the ground so that he was on all fours. He moved toward Jesus like a cat stalking its prey.

Now you and I will be there at a prearranged time. We'll announce that you're going to give a sermon or devotion or prayer or whatever it is you do. Then, after a dramatic pause, you'll LEAP from the temple, falling to what seems to be certain death.

He moved a little closer to Jesus, still on all fours.

Only you won't die because God won't allow it. You are a favored son. Set apart, remember? If anyone sits in the refuge of the Lord God Most High it is you, Jesus. No harm will come to you. Angels will swoop out of the heavens and catch you just in the nick of time. The Bible says so, and you certainly have faith enough to believe it. The people will be amazed and astounded; they will flock to you by the thousands.

The man lifted his hands from the ground and sat back, cross-legged, right in front of Jesus. He looked up and away, as if he was planning something. He tapped his index finger against his lips a few times.

We'll do it, say, a week before Passover. Wouldn't want to take attention away from such an important event. That would be tacky. But the crowds will already be there. I tell you, there is no better way for a young rabbi to establish a reputation and following than performing some sort of miracle. People LOVE this sort of thing. They will love YOU.





After all, why preach to dozens when you can bring God's word to thousands? He was breathing deeply, as if he had been running. He swallowed hard a couple of times.

That's what could happen if you really ARE a man of Scripture, if you truly LIVE by the word of God, and if you actually WANT to make a difference in our world.

Let me put it bluntly: Do you believe God's word or not?

Jesus stared at his feet for a moment or two. Then he lifted his eyes to look at the man before him. He struggled to sit forward and leaned toward the man.

You dare quote the holy scriptures to me? You choose a few verses from a psalm, drag them, kicking and screaming, out of their context, and throw them at my feet with such a pathetic, self-serving interpretation? You expect me to fall for such shallow chicanery?

Jesus took a deep breath and managed to stand up. It took him several seconds but he got to his feet. At first it almost looked as if he would fall over. The man stared at him. And then it seemed that Jesus gained some strength. He took a step toward the man.



You quote to me from the Psalms? Hear now while I recite the SHEMA, the very heart of scripture. Jesus took a another step toward the man, who scrambled to his feet and stood defiantly across the cave.



Hear, O Israel. The Lord is OUR God, the Lord alone our One and Only. And you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with the depths of your soul, and with all the strength you can muster.

Jesus took a step toward the man. KEEP these words in your heart always. TEACH them to your children. SAY them at home, and at work, and when you walk to and fro, and when you rise in the morning, and when you go to bed at night.

Another step forward.

BIND THEM to your arm and let them be an ORNAMENT between your eyes. WRITE them on the doorposts of your home.

Jesus took a last step. He and the man were face to face.

And another word from the scriptures for you. NEVER put the Lord your God to the test!

The two stood staring at each other. The man's face seemed to shimmer a bit. His eyes grew cold and hard. His smile disappeared. He no longer looked like Jesus. He looked like an obscene approximation of a man. He had a face and a body, but something was terribly wrong about him. Anger flashed in his eyes. He bared his teeth.

Jesus looked at him with obvious disgust. He turned away and began to walk back to his side of the cave.

He took two steps and the man cried out.

Wait!

Jesus stopped but did not turn around to face the man.

Listen to me, he said. Close your eyes and imagine all the kingdoms of the world. Every throne from the East to the West. All of the riches of Rome and all of her power. Beautiful and exotic women from around the world will throw themselves at your feet. Kings will bow before you. All of this I can give you if you will come back here, bow at my feet, and worship me!

Jesus stood, frozen in place with his back to the man. Suddenly his shoulders began to shake. He bent over. His chest heaved, and it sounded like he was coughing.

Instantly the man's countenance changed. His face softened and his voice became oily smooth.

There there, Jesus. I know you are famished, hungry, and weak. We're almost done. Just one final step and you shall receive every nourishment and pleasure that you desire.



over and collapsed into laughter again.



Jesus' shoulders shook harder. The man frowned and his eyes narrowed. The sounds coming from Jesus began to make sense. He was laughing. Laughing as hard as he could. Jesus turned around, still bent over with one hand on his knee. He lifted his other hand toward the man and looked up as if he was going to say something, then he doubled

He managed to gain control of himself for a second, but when he looked at the man he burst into giggles once more. I'm sorry, said Jesus in between laughs. I'm trying not to... He burst into another round of wheezing laughs. I'm trying not to laugh, but it's so funny. What? said the man in a flat, irritated tone.

Slowly Jesus' laughter subsided. He stood and faced the man. His smile seemed to fill his entire face.

I spend 40 days here with no food, only the presence of God and the simple help of my friend to sustain me. I refuse food from you. I refuse to join you in that absurd attempt to garner fame for myself. I quote to you from our most sacred scriptures.



After all that, somehow you think I'm going to bow down and WORSHIP you?

His face grew solemn. Did you really think that was going to happen...Satan?

At the mention of his name, the man seemed to shrink. He became hunched over and began edging toward the opening of the cave.

Jesus walked toward him.

Every time I said no to you it was easier than the time before. And with each of your offers it became more clear who you are and what you want. Leave me. Now!

In that instant, the man disappeared.

Jesus stood looking at the opening of the cave. Exhaustion overcame him, and he fell to the floor.

Some time later, Jesus heard footsteps coming from outside the cave. He lifted his head and saw



his friend arrive at the mouth of the cave with bread and water and a blanket. The man rushed to his side.



Easy now, my friend. Lay back. I'm here, and it's over. You did it. Forty days.

The man broke off a piece of bread and poured water over it, softening it. He pushed the bread gently into Jesus' mouth. Jesus close his eyes, chewed with pleasure, and swallowed.

One more, the man said and put another piece of bread in Jesus' mouth.

Jesus whole body relaxed with pleasure. A groan came from him as he swallowed.

That is SO good.

They sat together in silence. Jesus was chewing and the man was cradling Jesus' head in his arms.

That's all you should eat for now. We'll go slowly, and I won't leave you until you're ready to walk. I'll do for you as I've done for many desert pilgrims and what was done for me long ago.

Thank you.



Jesus closed his eyes and began to fall asleep. Suddenly his eyes popped open again and he looked up at the man.

Did you meet a man on the way here? Did he speak to you or delay you in coming? Did you hear voices when you came near the cave?

No, said the man. He looked closely into Jesus' eyes and said, Did YOU meet a man? Did YOU hear voices?

Jesus closed his eyes and a very quiet and small smile came onto his face.

I heard what I was meant to hear.



Matthew 4:1-11

Then Jesus was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tested by the devil. He fasted forty days and forty nights, and afterward he was famished. The tempter came and said to him, "If you are the Son of God, command these stones to become loaves of bread." But he answered, "It is written,

*'One does not live by bread alone,
but by every word that comes from the mouth of God.'* "

Then the devil took him to the holy city and placed him on the pinnacle of the temple, saying to him, "If you are the Son of God, throw yourself down, for it is written,

*'He will command his angels concerning you,'
and 'On their hands they will bear you up,
so that you will not dash your foot against a stone.'* "

Jesus said to him, "Again it is written, 'Do not put the Lord your God to the test.' "

Again, the devil took him to a very high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory, and he said to him, "All these I will give you, if you will fall down and worship me." Then Jesus said to him, "Away with you, Satan! for it is written,

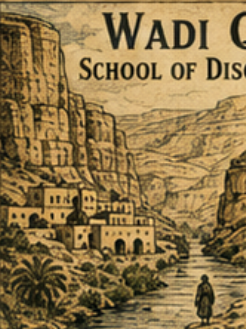
*'Worship the Lord your God,
and serve only him.'* "

Then the devil left him, and suddenly angels came and waited on him.



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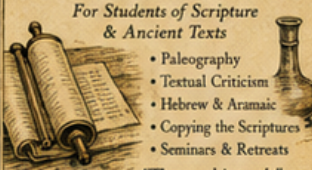
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— Isa. 35:1

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WAY OF THE DESERT MOTHERS

Teaching & Retreats in the Sayings of the Holy Women



- Sayings of the Mothers
- Healing of the Heart
- Hospitality as Prayer
- Weeping & Gladness
- Freedom in Christ

"Receive with meekness the implanted word."
— James 1:21

Send for Brochure

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JERICHO HOUSE OF TESTING

A Place of Spiritual Testing & Guidance



- Testing of Motives
- Counsel in Temptation
- Fasting & Watchfulness
- Discernment Retreats
- One-on-One Guidance

"Lead us not into temptation."
— Matt. 6:13

Request Interview & Information

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JERICHO HOUSE OF TESTING • P.O. BOX 39 • JERICHO, JUDEA

BETHABARA

PRAYER HOSTEL

A Simple House for Pilgrims



- Clean Rooms
- Daily Prayer
- Pilgrim Meals
- Study Corner
- Welcome to All

"As you did it to one of the least of these..."
— Matt. 25:40

Rooms limited—write ahead

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THE LOWER VALLEY

HERMITAGE NETWORK

In Solitude, Not Alone



- Hermit Caves
- Monthly Gatherings
- Shared Wisdom
- Supplies & Support
- For Men & Women

"He went out to the mountain to pray, and spent the night praying to God."
— Luke 6:12

Send for Hermit Guide & Contact List

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LOWER VALLEY HERMITAGE NETWORK
P.O. BOX 168 • WADI MUKHARRAQ, JUDEA

THE QUIET CUT • BREAD & SCRIPTURE FELLOWSHIP

Weekly Retreats for Workers & Families



"Man shall not live by bread alone."
— Matt. 4:4

One-day & weekend retreats with prayer, Scripture, teaching and good bread.

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QUMRAN SILENCE HOUSE

A COMMUNITY OF THE SPIRIT

According to the ancient Rule—silence by day, vigil by night, study of the Scrolls, and obedience unto peace.

- Communal Life
- Shared Work & Prayer
- The Two Ways Discerning
- Library of Scrolls & Texts

"Blessed is the man who keeps silence and waits." — Sirach 3:28

NEW MEMBERS RECEIVED TWICE A YEAR

Send for our Welcome Letter & Rule of Life

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

QUMRAN SILENCE HOUSE • P.O. BOX 77 • EIN FESHA, JUDEA

NEGEV VIGIL * HERMITAGE *

A solitary place for watchfulness and the pursuit of God.



Private cells • Sparse fare
Night Vigils • Scripture
Manual Work • No Visitors

"My soul waits for the Lord more than watchmen for the morning." — Ps. 130:6

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NEGEV VIGIL HERMITAGE
WADI EZRA, JUDEAN DESERT

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Small cells. Deep prayer. Hospitality for pilgrims and seekers.

- Daily Offices
- Bread & Water
- Prayer of the Heart
- Simple Hospitality

Send details.

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SCRIPTURE • TRADITION • CONTEMPLATION THE TEACHING OF JESUS

We preserve and study ancient copies of the Gospels and other sacred writings. Through contemplation, textual study, and the living tradition of the Church, we seek the mind and heart of the Lord.

- Gospel Texts & Manuscripts
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- Patristic Wisdom
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Keep watch with the Lord in the valley of tears.



- Night Watch & Psalms
- Fasting on Wednesdays
- Scripture by Lamplight
- Service to the Poor

"I will remain in the house of the Lord forever." — Ps. 23:6

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KIDRON WATCH RETREAT • P.O. BOX 182 • JERUSALEM, JUDEA

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Learn the art of holy listening in the silence where God speaks.

- Desert Walks
- Lectures
- Silent Meals
- The Cloud of Unknowing
- Holy Ground

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Enquire for our 40-Day Listening Course

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SCHOOL OF SACRED FASTING

Train the body. Free the soul.



- Theology of Fasting
- Safe, Guided Practice
- Detachment & Joy
- From 3 Days to 40 Days

"When you fast, anoint your head and wash your face." — Matt. 6:17

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BETHANY PILGRIM REST

For weary pilgrims & travelers to Jerusalem.

- Clean Rooms
- Simple Meals
- Quiet Garden
- Scripture Readings
- Entrance to Jerusalem Guidance

"Mary who went to Jerusalem for the feast lodged in Bethany." — John 12:1

OPEN YEAR ROUND
RESERVE EARLY FOR FEASTS

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A network of hermits praying for the world.

- Live alone—pray together
- Monthly Psalm Circles
- Mutual Support in Prayer
- Obedience to the Church

"I was like a desert owl, like an owl among ruins." — Ps. 102:7

Please send our Rule and discernment guide.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

SOLITARY CELL UNION
P.O. BOX 300 • TEKOA, JUDEA