

## Appendix T

Dear Michel and Dagmar,

Hello, my name is Zerah Shamure , ( preserved seed ) Thank you so much for how you are enduring through this very difficult time . t I know that it must be hard to be away from everyone for so long, not being able to see your brothers and sisters. I know a little bit of what it is like to be separated from where you belong, where you long to be.

I first came to the community in the fall of 1981 with my Imma , Elishevah of Israel , my brother Ephraim and my Father. At that time I was eight years old. After a few months, my Father decided to leave the community to go back to his old wretched life in the world. The next summer I was on a hiking trip with my training group on some dirt roads through the mountains near Island Pond, VT. My Father managed to find out where we were and came to take us. He got the police involved and told them that we wanted to come with him for ten days. My brother and I didn't want to go in any way . The police forced us to go with my Father. So now he had us back. A couple months later he went to court to get custody of us. He won in court even though his life was very unstable at the time. He drank a lot and often didn't come home until very late at night. The first couple of years were like that. One time he didn't come home for three days. I was only 11 or 12 years old . My Imma's sister happened to live up the road about 1/2 mile. She would often take care of us and let us stay with her at night.

My Father was kind enough to let us visit our Imma. So every chance that I had I was packing my bags and looking and listening to any cars that would come down the long dusty, dirt road to our house just waiting to see if it was someone from the community coming to get me. If it was I would be out the door and meet them before they had a chance to get out of the car. So about three or four times a year I was able to visit.

After a couple of years my brother lost interest in the community and started being attracted to the world. He was about 13 years old. But, I kept on coming whenever I could. I would come and spend the whole summer in the Edah. Then about a week before school started, I would have to go back to my Father's to get ready for school. It was the hardest thing I had to do, to get in the car and leave my wonderful friends to go back to the world. It would take hours to get into the car and leave . I wanted to say good-bye to everyone in the community. I would be in such agony when I had to leave. I felt like it was never going to end. I would sit in school and look out the window and think of how I could come back.

I tried to stay out of trouble and just go home after school. I pretty much stayed to myself and didn't get involved in anything. When I was about 14, I started helping out an old man about 90 years old after school and on the weekends. I would mow his lawn and work in his garden and cut firewood for him. He would often work with me. He had always been a very hard worker all his life, a farmer and woodsman. That was really the only thing that kept me out of getting into worse things in the world.

Well, all together for 8 years I was separated from the community. Finally in the winter of 1990 , After visiting the community for a week, I realized that something had to happen soon. I knew that I had to return to my true home soon or I would be sucked into the world and wouldn't be able to get out. I knew that I needed Our Master to save me from the world. I remember going for a walk. It was very cold outside . I just started walking across a big field in the deep snow not being dressed for the weather at all. I knew that I was very needy. I couldn't keep going on in the world. I had to make a stand and return to where I belonged. During that walk, I yelled out for Yahshua to save me. I told him that I couldn't go on anymore.

About three months later I left my Father's house for the last time. ( He didn't know it though ) That summer near the time when I was supposed to go back to my Father's house, I gave up my life to Our Master Yahshua. I knew there was nothing else I would rather do. I called my Father on the phone and told him that I wasn't coming back. I had given my life away. My brother, in the meantime had not been to visit for 5 years. One year after I returned, my brother came for a visit. I could hardly believe he would even come for a visit. He ended up staying. It was so amazing. He realized that there was nothing in the world worth anything. It was only leading to destruction. After he had been back for one year he gave up his life and surrendered to greater king. I have been back for almost 8 years. I've almost made up for the time I lost. I feel like my life is just beginning. I am just learning what it means to be a disciple. I don't really think that I would be here if I had not gone through that suffering in my life. I couldn't understand at the time why something like that had to happen to me.

I am very thankful that Our Father kept me and my brother who seemed totally lost. He returned us to where he belonged. My Imma trusted Our Father all those years and didn't give up. She had faith that Our Father would save us. I still have a bag of countless letters that I received during that time. I would long to get a letter in the mail from a friend. I know that if we trust in Our Father we will not be disappointed. I know that Our Father will deliver you from this injustice that is happening to you. We all pray for you every day. We love you so much. Even though I have never seen you I know you.

All my love,

Zerah Shamure

(Jeremiah Alexander)

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