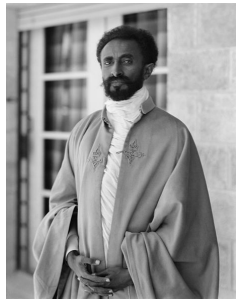




# I AM AN ANARCHIST!

Issue #2-May 25<sup>th</sup>, 2009

PART 1: I was born Aaron Leon...on July 24, 1973. (Yes, that is me on the right.) One day after Haile Selassie's 82th birthday. Depending upon which astrological calendar is observed, I was



born the day of, or immediate day after, the "leo" or lion phase of the year began. upon receiving official membership into the 12 Tribes of Israel Rastafari Organization, I became "Aaron Judah." Isn't it so strange that my birth name is "Leon"/"Lion"? 12 tribes, 12 months, 12 colors, etc. This was my



official introduction to any sort of Israelite conception of faith, or an identification of my personal experience and heritage with the biblical Israelites. As a joke, I became an official 'Reverend' by internet ordination. You never know when something like that will come in handy.



I was raised in a non-religious family, but accepted "jesus" as my Lord and Savior at the age of 13. For the next 12 years, I associated with the Charismatic and Word of Faith groups within the larger Christian community. When the reality of my life began to interfere with the dream world of my faith, I began to ask questions. When I found no legitimate



answers from Christian leadership, I began to do research for myself. Not because of my competence and intelligence, but because I was scared and lonely. This is when I began to catch on to the game: Christianity is a bastardized Euro-Anglo faith with very little social or spiritual value. Honestly, I just view it as a form of social and spiritual cancer. I had been placing all of my hope in a poison. The more I drank, the sicker I became. The sicker I became, the more I drank.



upon leaving the church and its attendant culture, I wandered around, spiritually, and spent my time studying and trying to figure things out. Like a lot of people in my situation, I spent an unacceptable amount of my time and energy researching and debunking the various claims of Christianity and white people. Now, I view that phase of my life as just one part of the whole grieving process. I was just angry. Angry that I'd believed lies. Angry that I was told lies. Angry that no one cared or was willing to see/admit all of the lies. This was definitely the low point of my life. I was isolated and alienated. During this dark period. Reggae became my salvation.

As a Christian, I rarely listened to (and owned none!) 'secular' music. Now, I have no clue what the hell all of that was about. One day, while home alone, relaxing on my couch, I heard my neighbor playing Bob Marley's "Legend" album. I remembered hearing that album in the back of my friend's car when I was 15 years old. I went out and purchased that album and couldn't believe what I had been missing. I was blown away by the raw spirituality and socio-political consciousness of the music. It was like not realizing how hungry you were until you began eating. Reggae music became my gateway into a spirituality that was hitherto denied me. A living faith that I could act upon: eat, drink, dress, etc. I



became immersed in the culture as much as a person living in Dutch Amish country could. I studied a lot, learned and produced some material myself. Essays for, now defunct, Rastafari today; a book of essays and poetry, and, to my knowledge, the only complete Rastafari New Testament. If you appreciate art, it is worth your time to check it out. It's aesthetically attractive like most Rastafari endeavors. That's what I liked about Rastafari, they made everything artistic and beautiful. Their struggle was always artistic and beautiful: Music, dress, rhetoric, meetings. Everything



was colorful, rhythmic, poetic. During my study, research and involvement, I came across 2 diamonds of truth: my connections with biblical Israel and the concept of Babylon.



**ISRAEL:** A nation of enslaved people. Oppressed by another nation who came to antagonize their very existence while simultaneously depending upon them to increase the nation's wealth and culture. It

started as 70+ souls and grew to an innumerable

number at their Exodus from physical captivity. More time was spent in the wilderness to clear themselves of the mental, spiritual, social, psychological bondage. They were liberated because an ancestor became a friend of Yahowah Alaha and Yahowah Alaha never forgets a friend. This is the



essence of the Israelite faith/nation, available for study in the Bible and other sources.

This is the same experience that we find ourselves living today. We are slave descendants, ancestors of an 'original' people. Our people were taken captive and shipped all over the planet as a means of increasing and enriching slave masters. Everywhere that at least 1 of us is found, the conditions are always the same. It is a climate wherein we are not permitted to have "knowledge of self." We are not



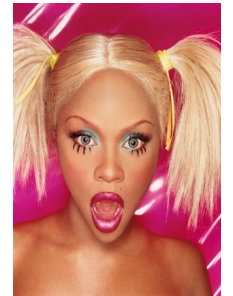
permitted to feel handsome, smart, beautiful, valuable,

spiritual, respectable, etc. We find ourselves in a system that is, ultimately, inhospitable to our well-being. Our natural inclinations are denied us, our natural flow of life is denied us. Our natural pre-disposition towards respect of our environment is denied us. Our natural beauty is denied us. Our

history, even in this information age, is not easily attainable. We are being denied a right of existence and many of us are unaware of this fact. We are not free.



This is something that our brothers and sisters don't recognize. What was done in Egypt, so long ago, is done today. What was done in Babylon, so long ago, is done today. "There is nothing new under the sun."<sup>1</sup> This is a valuable message from one of our ancestors. Everything has already been done before, we just can't, refuse to, remember. We've been in this situation before under different names, at different times, in different locations.



<sup>1</sup> Ecclesiastes 1:9-11

Something is following us everywhere that we go. What is it? A promise. A spiritual promise to an old friend.



So often, people try to identify Israel by the curses. However, a look into your very existence will permit you to see the biblical model being played out before your very eyes. An oppressed people, living in, and under, unrighteousness. Your entire life cycle is characteristic of your ancestral bondage.

From birth to death, you are promoting the

structure and beliefs of the oppressor, your oppressor. You're born for a price: all of us paid the government to be birthed in our countries directly (or indirectly) through taxes, or through health insurance premiums, medical payments. In the same manner, you pay them to: raise and educate your children, dress and feed you in accordance with their culture and ideologies, teach you about God and confirm your spirituality with state sanctioned degrees and titles and "tax exempt status." You pay them to take care of you when you get older with "Social Security" payments, IRA's, retirement plans, pension programs. You pay them for the chance to let you out of the whole game with a lottery ticket or stock market investments. You pay them to bury you and give a little something to your family when you're gone through "life" insurance. What a contradiction! Ha Ha!, these are the curses. Who has created all of this madness. Babylon.



Our liberation is found in knowledge and friendship with Yahowah Alaha. We need to seek out and become a friend with our creator. We ran and hid in Eden, we must turn around and go back and face Yahowah in our present lifetime SANKOFA. Be a friend to your creator, be in harmony with the laws of your creator. Be true to your original purpose. This is what is not being permitted us, submission to the Royal Law. Who is stopping us from doing this now? "Babylon."

**BABYLON:** We all know what it is. Here's a bottom line fact about it from the book of Jasher. "When the people value the brick more than the

human who lays it, you are living in Babylon."

Anyway, whilst living in Harrisburg PA, I was introduced to the deeper concepts of the Hebrew Israelite faith by a Kente ben Yisrael. We met in a Barnes & Noble in Camp Hill PA. I was browsing the Judaica section seeking to satisfy some innate curiosity. Isn't this how we all started? To my surprise, I lived around the corner from a synagogue led by the grandson of Moses Farrar.



amarjah-yahba@ciye.com