

GLORY
DEPARTED

Nora R. Hobbs

Glory Departed

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Dedication

*This book is dedicated
to those who have ears to hear
what the Spirit says unto the churches
Then and now
Revelation 4:1;3:22*

Table of Contents

<i>DAY ONE</i>	1
<i>DAY TWO</i>	33
<i>DAY THREE</i>	43
<i>DAY FOUR</i>	73
<i>DAY FIVE</i>	107
<i>DAY SIX</i>	123
<i>DAY SEVEN</i>	137
<i>DAY EIGHT</i>	141
<i>DAY NINE</i>	171
<i>DAY TEN</i>	197
<i>DAY ELEVEN</i>	223
<i>DAY TWELVE</i>	235
<i>DAY THIRTEEN</i>	247
<i>DAY SIXTEEN</i>	267
<i>DAY SEVENTEEN</i>	275
<i>DAY EIGHTEEN</i>	295
<i>DAY NINETEEN</i>	315
<i>DAY TWENTY EIGHT</i>	335
<i>DAY THIRTY ONE</i>	351
<i>DAY THIRTY THREE</i>	365
<i>DAY THIRTY FOUR</i>	381
<i>DAY THIRTY FIVE</i>	407
<i>DAY FORTY</i>	419
<i>Epilogue</i>	437
<i>TERMS AND CUSTOMS</i>	439

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Forward

The Hebrew name for our Heavenly Father is "Elohim " or "Elohim wah", meaning "I am" or "I exist" or "the existing one". The Hebrew word for Elohim is "Elohim". The name Christ should properly be rendered "Messiah". Messiah means "The Anointed One" or "The Anointing".

Aramaic is the language used at the time of the appearing of the Messiah. I have chosen to use the Aramaic names for cities, towns and people to add a flavor of the area. Elohim Shua Messiah was the name and title the Talmidim used when addressing our Savior, the Son of Elohim .

I have strived to keep this writing nonsectarian by using only the basic belief in the death, burial and resurrection of the Messiah to tell the story. It is my hope that everyone regardless of their religious affiliation or spiritual standing can find pleasure in the pages of this book.

DAY ONE

“My lord.” The soft voice of my faithful personal servant drew my attention away from the scroll I was studying. I knew it was important for him to disturb me. I looked up to see Benren standing in the doorway to my study room. He did not wait for me to ask him what he wanted. “Elsan and Yochanan-bar-Yhosetha have arrived in town and sent a boy to tell you.” He hurriedly informed.

Many rumors had reached us from Yerushelayim about the Man, called Elohim Shua of Natzeret, whom many believe to be our Messiah, the Son of Elohim. Some of His followers came on several occasions telling us of many miracles He performed and preaching that the kingdom of Elohim is at hand, the time for Israel’s deliverance had come. We have been waiting for many years to hear this and now our hopes have soared as on the wings of an eagle. Just how many of these rumors are true we have no way of knowing.

The small village of Beitorah hidden away in the mountains of Galil was alive with excitement when I arrived. A large throng had gathered at the Synagogue. We had heard that this Elohim Shua had gone to Yerushelayim for the Posach so we sent my son Elsan and young Yochanan with word for this Elohim Shua of Natzeret called the Messiah, to come and let us hear Him ourselves. We were enthusiastic about the miracles and the idea that He was the Messiah, the Son of the Living Elohim. But, for Him to be the true Messiah, He must and will surely fulfill all the prophecies spoken by the prophets of old concerning the Messiah.

Abidad, the Rabbi of the Synagogue, was calling for quiet just as I pushed my way through the press and entered the building. The Synagogue was on a knoll on the edge of town. It was a large building supported by several heavy beams. The roof spread out far beyond the walls of latticework making a porch like structure all around the

building. The men would go into the Synagogue proper and the women would remain on the outside of the lattice under the porches and listen to the Torah being read. Women were not allowed into the Synagogue proper.

Elsan wore a coat of dust from his travel, but grinned broadly at me and shoved a stubborn lock of hair off his forehead. Abidad finally succeeded in getting the drone of voices to still and he spoke with a loud voice where all could hear for the throng spilled out onto the street.

“Men and brethren, Elsan and Elohim anan have returned from Yerushelayim with sad news.” It was now so quiet that even the bird’s singing in the near by trees seemed loud. “It seems,” he continued in a troubled voice, “...that the man on whom we based our hopes was crucified on the Day of Preparation and buried before the Posach.”

Believing He may just be the one, our hopes were all dashed to pieces as he told of His blood falling to the ground at the foot of a Roman cross. And this on the very Day of Preparation for the Posach Feast celebrated by devout Israelites everywhere. He was crucified by the order of that Roman tyrant, Pontius Pilate, Governor of the Providence of Yhudah, at the request of the Chief Cohanim and elders of Israel.

A great mourning went up from the men that stood by to hear the words and my heart sank. With much weeping and mourning we sitting in sack clothes and ashes until evening, our hopes for deliverance vanquished.

It was related to us the fact that the Sanhedrin including the P'rushim, Tz'dukim and scribes not only brought charges against this Man before Pilate, but also condemned Him as a heretic, blasphemer and liar. They accused Him of being a false prophet, and possessed of the devil. It is reported by the Elders and cohanim that He blasphemed the Elohim of Heaven by speaking His holy name in the very presence of the Council. A charges of which under our law carry the penalty of death. I know that

by the laws of the Sanhedrin it is considered blasphemy to speak Elohim's holy name, but it is used freely in the Tanakh and the writing of the Prophets. Therefore, it is almost impossible to get a written copy of them. The P'rushim and Tz'dukim guard them carefully. The true holy name of Elohim is lost to most, and known only to those who study the Tanakh.

Even while the night air was still filled with sorrow and deep anguish a rider from Nain in the valley at the foot of the mountain came by camel. He began to tell of our hoped Messiah's last sermon, 'How He would be mercilessly killed and rise again, coming forth from the cold clutches of death, the third day.' That rumor haunted me that night tormenting my mind and bringing much distress upon me. Yet, within my heart a glimmer of hope had sprung to life, telling me that this Man still may be the one to deliver Israel from the bondage of Roman rule and establish again the throne of David. The promise of this Elohim Shua, called the Messiah, to raise from the dead the third day may mean that Elohim will, as the Man has said, still deliver Israel at His hand.

I have knowledge of Elohim that makes me understand He is infinite in wisdom and His ways are far above our ways. Sleep had fled so I sat down with pen to list the rumors that came to us through many sources about this Man. I felt I must find the truth of these rumors leave no stone unturned, both in the searching of the Sacred Writings of the Prophets and even expending all my wealth if needs be. This is not my choice, but some inward force that torments my mind seemed to be driving me.

On the dawning of the day after the Posach's Holy Sabbath, the first day of the week, I decided to travel to Yerushelayim to see if these things be true. It was now the third day, the day in which He was said to say, "I will arise again the third day". So I took Yhared, the son of my concubine, with a company of servants and set out for Yerushelayim. In a compartment under the driver's seat of my carriage, I brought a copy of the Writings of the

Prophets each in a doe skin cover and searched them again to see what they had to say about this latest information.

It is common knowledge that Elohim Shua, the Messiah, was from Natzeret. Yet, the prophets declare the Messiah would be born in BeitLechem of Yhudeh. Furthermore, it says, -"*I will call my Son out of Egypt,*" not out of Natzeret. Upon finding this passage of prophecy, my heart sank and I wept bitterly. While I wept, it occurred to me that according to what was heard of the man Elohim Shua, He had chosen not to speak of Himself, so it might be profitable to search out His background.

This idea set well with me and I told Yhared to command the servants to change directions and head back for Natzeret. This would mean a delay in getting to Yerushelayim, but unless I could connect this Elohim Shua with BeitLechem, my going would be in vain anyway. The true Messiah must be from BeitLechem of Yhudah.

One of the earliest rumors of Elohim Shua, the Messiah, was rude but bore some interest to me. The rumor was that wherever He relieved Himself, even in sand or on hard rock, the ground would burst to life with foliage and trees. This was an intriguing rumor because Elohim is the giver of life and therefore, His son, also, would hold this power.

With my course set for Natzeret, I went back to the prophetic writings to see what I might find about this rumor. As I read about the Messiah, I found that everything about the Man was to be human, fleshly and natural. So to fit into the plan of Elohim, the Messiah must be fashioned in the likeness and similitude of a man. All His bodily functions would be no different from mine, only to rid the body of impurities. With this in mind, I became interested in the prophecies of His birth, reading them over and over.

Being a breeder of the finest, most spirited, chariot horses renowned in the Roman Empire, I could understand clearly how the birth of the Messiah has to be by the act of a living Elohim, not by a fleshly man to produce a true Son of Elohim. It is a known fact that the pure bloodline flows

through the male, from father to child. I, myself, am from the lineage of L'vi.

Now my trip to Natzeret was twofold. Did this thing happen? How could it be? If he was truly the Messiah, by what means did Elohim bring this about? Imagine a living Elohim, a Spirit, producing a child in the womb of a woman. I knew Elohim could bring this to pass, but just how I knew not.

As the golden sun hung low in the purple sky on our first day of travel, we entered the outskirts of the small village of Natzeret, nestled in a plateau of the Galilean Mountains, not many stadims from where our journey had started.

The village sits on staggered levels, as do most of the cities and towns in Israel, because of the contrast of high ridges to low ravine that forms the land. Stones hewn from the nearby mountainside or bricks made from mud and straw are the materials used in construction of buildings. They have flat roofs of beams, cross-laYhared with sticks and covered with a thick rolled layer of the same mixture as the bricks. There are few windows and usually only one entrance. The roofs provide a safe place to set a cot for the hot summer nights, a place to offer devotions undisturbed, and to build a booth for the Feast of Sukkot.

The market place was silent and almost empty by the time we arrived. Only a few people coming to draw water from the stone well in the center of the Village Square near the market places were about.

“Stop here, Yhared,” I said to the son of my loins from my concubine Athera. Riding beside my richly crafted cisium of hand rubbed cedar on one of my finest horses, he was tall and handsome to look upon. I was as proud of him as I was of Elsan, my son in whom my wife Sarepta bore me. Yhared was a fine, obedient son and I watched as he dismounted and saw myself in his movement. I could not help wondering what predestined course in life Elohim had planned for him.