

TIMON OF  
BEITORAH  
(THE EARLY CHURCH)

*Nora R. Hobbs*



CEDAR HILL PUBLISHING

# Timon of Beitorah (The Early Church)

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# FOREWORD

This is the second part of the writing of the man named “Timon” who raises chariot horses on the slopes of Mount Tabor. After hearing about YahShua called the Messiah, he searched diligently for his disciples hoping to find that he did indeed rise from the tomb, that Yah would by his hand still deliver Israel from the Roman grasp.

This is the account of the beginning of the early Fellowship and persecution at the hands of the elders of Israel and Shaul of Tarsus. Timon’s family plays a larger part in his life in this section and he must devise many schemes to escape the clutches of Kayafa, who is determined to use him to find the Apostles to arrest them. This account can be read independently, but it takes up the story where “Glory Departed” ended and makes several references to it.

In this story you will find some basic teachings of the early Fellowship. They are not intended to reflect any specific religious theology.



## DEDICATION

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

## REFERENCES

Scripture text is taken from:  
The New American Standard Bible  
A. J. Holman  
Division of J. B. Lippincott Company  
Philadelphia and New York

And  
The Amplified Bible  
Zondervan Bible Publishers  
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## THE ASCENTION

The only thing I knew was I had come this close to YahShua the Messiah and I would not be turned away now.

And He was saying, "...I am sending forth the promise of My Father upon you; but you are to stay in the city until you are clothed upon with power from on high."

As I emerged through the main press, I could see a man standing upon a flat place his hands stretched out to the people and His face aglow with the power of Yah. He had on a glorious white robe that shined against the dark clouds. I had to reach Him. Only a few others stood between Him and me, but when I brushed past one of them, he caught me and held me tight. I struggled to be free from him, but I was no match.

YahShua turned to look at the commotion and, suddenly, I was stilled from my struggle by the strong feeling of love that flowed through me when our eyes met. They were aglow like the embers of a

fire, filled with peace and love, and in them I saw understanding. My heart pounded in my ears and scarcely could I breathe. I seemed paralyzed by the majesty of the sight of Him. I stood transfixed staring into the glory of the only begotten Son of Yah knowing He was pleased with me.

While I watched, the wind whipped wildly stinging my face with my hair and I blinked it away, losing contact with his gaze. Pushing it away impatiently, I saw Him look up into heaven, raise His hands and he began to ascend, rising into the churning black clouds. As he went his countenance changed and began to emanate brightness, so bright that we had to hide our eyes from it and when it was swallowed up in the clouds, he was gone. We stood staring up into the rolling clouds with mouths gaping. No one spoke nor moved as the clouds began to shrink slowly away. Then two men appeared at the spot where YahShua had stood and spoke with a loud voice.

"Men of Galil, why do you stand looking into the sky? This YahShua, who has been taken up from you into heaven, will come in just the same way as you have watched him go into heaven."

Then they too vanished from our sight as we stood each man in his place staring into nothingness. Little fingers of wind tugged at our hair and beards as the dark clouds over head that had swallowed our glorious Savior slowly withered away. None moved, still held there, as I, by the ambience of the place where His love still lingered. None spoke, not a sound was heard.

My thoughts seemed muddled. I was feeling more than thinking. The warmth and peace of His

love saturated my being, ebbing and flowing like the waves on the Sea of Galil. I had seen Him and my heart was rejoicing. Slowly, however, I began to return to my senses. I do not think I will ever know the fullness of what took place here, but I was a part of it.

Someone near me stirred and then I became aware that others were beginning to move. The man beside me audibly sighed and I knew the regret that was taking hold of him, of them, all of them. For now I was beginning to feel the loss of something very dear and irreplaceable. He was not dead, but he had gone and the nearness of Him was quickly waning away. I felt kindred to this man who earlier had struggled with me. I knew his heart, what he was feeling and I loved him.

I turned now with much effort and looked at him. He was a big man with massive shoulders and a wide friendly face. He must have sensed my interest for his head turned slowly and when our eyes met he broke into a broad grin.

People were moving now. The crowd dispersing with heads hung low. It was now beginning to dawn upon us that it was over. Over! Could it be over? Was this where Yah would leave us, a few souls who believed YahShua to be the Messiah? But... no, there was more. He had promised us something, the promise of the Father. What promise?

"Forgive me for being so rough with you. I did not hurt you did I." The big man said with a powerful voice. He laid a large hand upon my shoulder and in it was strength, gentle strength.

"No," I managed to say. "I am none the worse."

A smaller man joined us who looked something like the first man, but without his build. He gave me a slight glance then turned to the man who had spoken to me.

"Kefa, we must go now before the Romans find us."

"Bah! The Romans be hanged on their own cruel cross." He waved the smaller man's words away making two deep furrows between his eyes. "Yah is on our side, Andrew."

I was taken back by this blatant use of the Holy name of Yah spoken so freely. "Be careful speaking that name, friend. That is blasphemy."

The big man bust into laughter. "And, who said it was?"

"The Cohanim and the Elders." I sensed that he was making sport with me.

"That is the tradition of the elders. The tradition of men!" He grew serious. "YahShua spoke His father's name openly to us and said His Holy Name was to be glorified. That is why the elders called for YahShua's crucifixion."

"This is not the time to preach, Kefa." The small man looked concerned. "Yaakov seems to think we should go back to the upper room. We will be safe there and then we can decide what to do next." The man called Andrew returned with conviction.

"Next," Kefa voiced, "...we will do as YahShua bade."

His eyes returned to me and a smile smoothed the scrawl. "I am Kefa and this is my brother, Andrew," he explained.

"I am Timon of Beitorah." I bowed slightly.

Kefa twisted his face in thought. "And, you are a Hellenist."

"Yes I am," I acknowledged. I waited for his reaction for most Israelites frown upon we who have embraced the Greek culture. He made no remark so I continued. "The village is on the slopes of Mount Tabor."

"Ah, a Galilean, too, then," he looked amused. "Can any good thing come from Galil?"

This question is thrown in the face of all that dwell there for it is known as a land of thieves and murderers. It is said that the many caves there are hideouts for robbers, murderers and Zealots. No one traveling the roads is safe and many pilgrims are said to have disappeared there. This is greatly exaggerated, yet there is some truth in it. So much so, that the merchants travel in caravans and none travel there who are faint-hearted. My sons bear a sword on their waist for that very reason.

This little question of Kefa might be deemed an insult had it not been for the fact that he too was a Galil and to us who live there it is a joke. It seemed to be just what we needed for all of us burst into laughter, the heaviness melting and the previous joy began to resume its place within us.

"Friend, return to Yerushalayim with us." Kefa invited boisterously. "Where else can you find worse company and even some preaching?" He grinned and winked at Andrew.

"Among the Sanhedrin, I am afraid," I returned and this brought smiles and might have even brought a laugh had the truth of it not stung so deeply.

Our very own religious leaders stand against us and they more than the Romans are responsible for

what has happened in Yerushalayim these past few months. I can see why they might not have accepted YahShua as the Messiah because without searching they would not know of his birth in BeitLechem or that he fulfilled all the prophecies concerning the Messiah.

He was a good man and did no harm to anyone and for this alone he was righteous, but because their hearts were evil they murdered him. Not being able to stand under his appraising gaze, they feared their sins would be seen in his Innocence. It has been my experience that when evil comes close to good it either runs or attempts to corrupt it, so that evil may stand unashamed. There is only one flaw. True good cannot be corrupted, which leaves evil only one alternative: to destroy it, attack it at its very roots. So, they have hung on the cross the Son of Yah. But, even that too has proved futile for he has risen.

"Where will you go in Yerushalayim? I have others to see to," I asked giving Andrew a glance.

"To the Upper Room. Yaakov is right. We will be safe there, at least for a while."

"I know the place," I said. "I will come later."

Andrew looked big eyed, "You know the place?" he sputtered.

I smiled, "Fear not, only my son and I know. I have been searching for you since the Posach."

By now most of the crowd had begun to descend to the road. Elsan was nowhere in sight and all that remained was a small group of men and women standing some distance away. Some were looking at us while others talked quietly.

"Tell me," I begged. "Which one is the Messiah's mother?"