

THE BOOK OF THE WAY

Part One

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THE JOSHUA WAY

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The General Assembly of the Firstborn

*“And thou shalt say unto Pharaoh, Thus saith the LORD, Israel is my son,
even my firstborn.”*

EXODUS 4:22 (KJV)

*“But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God,
the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, To the
general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven,
and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.”*

HEBREWS 12:22-23 (KJV)

The Book of the Way is about a two-edged sword that is on fire, and the Lord put it in his hands. At Jericho a man stood before Joshua with his sword drawn in his hand, and Joshua asked, art thou for us, or for our adversaries? And he said, nay, but as captain of the host of the LORD am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth and worshiped, and the captain said, loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy. Joshua bowed to Jesus right there, the one who came out of the one. Moses did not declare Him openly, because when He came they were to kill Him. That is how God has always spoken in the way: shoes off, on your knees.

The house is God. Jesus is not the house. He is the firstborn of the house, and He is its door. This is the story of one house on the earth that the word came to, before that house was ever formed. It is the story of the burden of the word of the Lord.

Some names in this book are covered, and some are not. Let the way be

spoken with the covered names and with the uncovered names just the same. Much is left out. Some things are only told face to face. If you want to know, ask him in person.

CHAPTER ONE

In the Beginning Was the Word

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

JOHN 1:1 (KJV)

When the father was six years old he met a girl in a Oneness church, and loved her, and wanted to marry her. When he was eight his own father took him to a Trinity church, and he was taught the Trinity. So at eight he asked, Lord, what is it? Is it Oneness, or is it the Trinity? And God, as clear as He speaks, said: it is neither. The house was built on that word, the one who came from the one. The father had an elder sister, and when he had made sense of the whole Bible, she said it was demonic. This is the story of the burden of the word of the Lord.

The man married the girl, and God sent three sons. Set side by side, their names are the name of the house: the Spear of Jesus' Way. The firstborn was named after the way, a name that also means ruler. The elder of his two brothers is Joshua, named after the Lord by a mother who never knew she had named her son Jesus, for in the Hebrew the name Jesus is Joshua, and it means JAH is salvation. The way talked so much that Joshua stuttered, because he was always speaking for him. The third is the spear, the tallest of them. And it was so in the father's own house before: the father was the firstborn son, and still

he had an eldest, a sister older than him. No one planned any of it. The house carried its name before it knew its name.

They lived in the north, in the bright place, Brightmoor. He was born into that house. He still has a onesie with the name Derek on it. It came from Big Derek, another boy of that house, whose mother gave it to the way's mother, because Big Derek never could wear it. A house on a lake before he can remember. Another he does not remember. A house on a lake in Waterford that he does. Then a house in Livonia that the father finished and rebuilt with no drawing, all of it in his head, where the raccoons got into the trash. Then a house in Southfield. He went to school and to church under one roof six days a week, and felt like a little Hebrew, not knowing God would one day show him the new moon and the Sabbath. His last memory of the north is an uncle's wedding, where time stood still and Joshua stood up and sang a flawless Onward Christian Soldiers.

When he was four he walked into the living room of his mother's father, the Oneness grandfather, where that man sat reasoning over the Lord with the boy's own father. In the middle

of their speaking the child reached up and turned off the lights. They kept talking. He walked into the kitchen and said, they will continue without the light.

The father is the root. He was a machinist who could go fifteen minutes without a word, computing in his own mind. He heard God say a great end time revival would start in Dalton, Georgia. So in 1990, when the way was nine, he moved his whole family south. The family in the north said, God told you to move to Georgia? They sold the Southfield house, and a year later Home Depot bought it for two hundred thousand dollars. They lost a hundred and twenty thousand dollars in a year. People said, you don't know God. That is how it goes when you hear God.

In Georgia the first home was a duplex in Dalton. His parents tried to school him at home for a few weeks, then put him in the public school, so he came into the fourth grade that fall, not on the first day, an outsider from Michigan. A Yankee. On a trip to the Chickamauga battlefield the teachers and the students pretended to shoot at him behind the cannons, him and a boy from Kentucky, because he was a Yankee. Neither of them wanted to get back on that bus. Then the house moved to a double wide in Rocky Face, and in the fifth grade he went to the school where his mother worked in the kitchen and knew every child by name. There he met the diamond in the rough, a

boy from Colorado, and they were fast friends. One day the diamond brought a thousand dollars to school in his Velcro Colorado Rockies wallet and showed it to him the way a boy would. Ten hundreds. He had never seen that much. The diamond gave him three, and his parents made him give them back. The diamond's father was so glad to have it back that he said, y'all come to my restaurant, La Canasta, the Bread Basket, and they ate a thousand dollars' worth of food there over the months.

The father went looking for a church, a house for the way to call his own. In his father's house the boy went to twelve churches, and not one would confirm the word. Not one. The first was chosen for its boys' troop, so the sons could learn to tie a knot and pray. The father told the pastor the truth of the one who came from the one, and the pastor could not receive it. The next was a house in Dalton, whose pastor did not accept the father either. There they met a big street preacher with six daughters and a bus he drove from town to town to preach out of. He hollered go to heaven the way other men holler the other place. He told how he picketed a club in New Orleans until the owner took him into his office, put a shotgun to his own head, and pulled the trigger, and the gun clicked, and the man fell to his knees and heard the gospel. In the basement of that house was a big red stain that looked like blood, and it is still a mystery. Then a house called Dayspring, with

a family of nine children. A house called Cornerstone, at the end of a gravel drive, and the long drive into Dalton afterward to eat. The names of the houses preach. They found pieces of the church everywhere, and good people, but never the precious stone lifted up in front of men. From then on the boy was a well digger, house to house, digging and never striking the stone.

At every house they did things outside the building, Bible studies and small groups in homes, and that was light. Faith, the oldest daughter of the Lawson house, told the boy, we were holding hands casting out a devil, and the door opened all by itself and shut, and it freaked me out. She did not lie to him. The Lawsons would not go to church. Gene, the father, refused to go to a church. Yet the signs of prophecy were in his daughters, Rose and Grace. They were young; Grace was about three, and she would prophesy to grown people in their house. Their brother Aaron, just a boy, about eleven, had a dream he could not shake: that he and the way would go around in their own trailers with horses, preaching all over the country. His father made him stop. In the double wide in Rocky Face, where they held Bible studies, the children took the PipeWorks toys and constructed a church, and the way stood there preaching. Gene came in and got mad, and forbade his children to play church. He did not like church.

Two weeks after Faith told him of the door, it came to his own home. The

house lived in a duplex behind the hospital then, with family from the north beside them under the same roof. He sat watching a woman of that family scream. He broke free, opened the sliding glass door with his own hand, and said, get out of my house, you devil, you will not be under my roof again. He and his father held hands and cast it out, and his father, who did not always hear him, took him seriously that day. He saw it go. The whole family left that house that very moment and never stayed there again. He was fourteen. In that same house, about a year later, his father was having trouble and his mother was angry, and God showed the boy a dead plant and said, watch this. I am going to restore your marriage. Just like this dead plant, watch it come alive. And it came alive.

Then the father was driving the bypass and God said, start a church right there, and there was already a sign: church coming in two weeks. This is finally it, the boy thought, the house for the way. All those years since 1990, waiting. On the first Sunday the new pastor sat at the family's table, and the father told him the truth of the one who came from the one, and the pastor said, I do not have time to find out if that is true.

CHAPTER TWO

The Promise of Everlasting Life

“And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life.”

1 JOHN 2:25 (KJV)

His parents took him to a church in Ringgold. At twelve a prophet pulled him out and up front and said, you are like a cow; you will eat the Bible and bring it back up, like seven times in your life, and at the end of it you will understand the Bible. There was an old couple who lived on land with a long driveway and a river running through it, who ate clean, and to a boy it felt like Eden. The old man took him into a room and said, God told me to tell you to watch this, and it showed the earth once surrounded by water, and God bringing that water down in the flood.

In June of his thirteenth year, at a summer camp in Michigan, he begged God for the gift of tongues. Many of the children there spoke in tongues every summer, and he never had. Monday night, nothing. Tuesday, nothing. On Wednesday he gave up begging and worshiped anyway, on his knees with his hands lifted up, and his lips began to stammer, and he wept, because the Son of God had touched him with fire. That fall, in the seventh grade, the warrior pressed him all week in the lunch line: speak in tongues. You said you can do it. Finally one day he did, right there in the line, and the warrior said, that sounds right. The warrior did not

speak in tongues yet himself. Now he is a full-blown prophet. He will face down a warlock. He is not afraid. In the eighth grade the way was schooled at home.

The house stayed at the House of God on the bypass. The pastor there was the firstborn of three sons himself, like the way. The way's word for every man who starts a church is this: if a man shows up and says God told me to start a church here, good, it is God's church. The second you think it is yours is the second it is nobody's. The way was the only one of the youth there who spoke in tongues. Prophets came through, and one laughed while he prophesied. One called the young men forward and looked at him and said, step forward; God has blessed this one right here with wisdom and knowledge above his peers, and he called the house to clap and rejoice. At about fifteen, back in Ringgold, another prophet said, I see you preaching to many people, and they keep asking, why does he look so young?

Then the House of God built an advanced class and shut the way out of the room, because the doctrine they meant to teach could not stand in a room with him. His father sat down with the pastor and said, we

won't be back. You made a room the one who speaks in tongues cannot enter. The well digger did not walk through that door again for twenty-five years. After the house left, they heard that a leader of the young people there had called a young man up in front of the whole church for his sin and had them lay hands on him, and the next Sunday that leader stood and confessed he had done the same thing that morning. The young man never went back. Who would. Your testimony is not how wicked you were. Your testimony is how great God is. They also heard that people were throwing up at the altar after the house left.

His father had a dream about the House of God. In the dream he had to go to the bathroom, and he saw that pastor's car and went in. The pastor stopped him at the bathroom door and said, don't go in. His father opened the door. Weeks later his father saw the pastor's car and went in to tell him the dream, and the pastor stopped him and said, there was feces on the floor of the bathroom in your dream, right? Yes. And he knew it, somehow.

The Hydes had lived with the Lawsons for a little while, and when they were moving away there was a going-away party for them on a Friday. On Saturday there was a knock on the door, and Ben was standing there with the whole computer. Here. God wants you to have it. He had just spent about two thousand dollars building it. The way was

fourteen. He learned on it, and that computer launched his life's work. His work is a testimony too.

The house moved to the house on the bypass, and from the hallway the way heard his father on the phone with the mother of a younger friend, the one who can hear and can see, the two of them wondering if the one who came out of the one was a true story.

His father went next to a Methodist house in Varnell, because its pastor spoke in tongues. At seventeen the way walked into another Methodist house himself, took off his shoes, and went to the front to worship, and a man came over him speaking in tongues. He said, this is a Methodist church, and they let you speak in tongues? The man said, I'd like to see them stop me.

At nineteen his father and mother believed God told them to move to Carrollton and sit under a woman's ministry there. They rented out the house on the bypass. The father went to work at a bakery and told his first-born he had to get out. A family from the Bible studies took him in, then another. His father, whose business was still in the old town, came and slept on the floor beside him. The son said, Dad, take the bed. And the father said, I shouldn't even be here. He visited them in Carrollton, but he never rested in that house. It was a house that was not his house. That year he met a friend, the fighter, who kept the Sabbath. He had never heard

of it. On Friday nights he would go to his house and stay with him and read the Bible, and from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday the fighter would not do anything. That opened his eyes. Without him he probably would not have seen the Sabbath pattern, or the new moons and the Sabbaths in the Bible at all.

In 1999 he graduated, and Dell gave him five thousand dollars of credit over the phone, and he spent thirty-six hundred on a new machine with a modem, a printer, and a great monitor. At twenty, at a design studio, he built a site for a great rug company, and in the meeting they joked he was too young to be in the room, he looked like a child, and his boss went with it and joked, he is a child genius. With a steady job he rented a three-bedroom duplex from a bank for five hundred dollars a month, and his brother Joshua lived with him.

At twenty-one he married. Out of respect he asked his mother's sister's husband, a Oneness man, to marry them. That man prepared a sermon and preached it in front of all the people, and in it he spoke the word divorce seven times. He planned it. When the way married, he made the brother named after Jesus move out. There was room. He did it anyway. Joshua got an apartment of his own, and their father came and stayed with him there, and they got a pool table, and the father and the brother named after Jesus played pool together. The way hardly went. He was busy. When the parents came back from Carrollton the father started a storefront church of his own in Dalton, and the way did not go to it. He lived in the basement under his father's house, and finished it with his own hands, barely in time, for his eldest son was born there in 2003, and his younger son after him. About 2004, in that basement, he went from Windows to the Mac.

CHAPTER THREE

The Faith of Abraham

“Now the LORD had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee.”

GENESIS 12:1 (KJV)

God emptied his father's house to send him out, so that he would marry and join himself to another

house, and be led. In his own house he taught the word to his sons, and he went to twenty-four churches, and

not one could confirm the word and say amen. It is a spirit of familiarity.

He sat under a carpenter who pastored a house built on an old well. A great company wanted to pay that man well, and God told him to be a pastor instead. The way hired him for carpentry before he ever sat under him, and then sat under him for years and paid his tithes there.

In his twenty-eighth year, still in the basement under his father's house, the way began going down on his knees every day, in secret, and praying at least fifteen minutes. That is when the dreams began. In one of them it was the future, and he had rented the old Tuesday Morning building at the outlets in Dalton and started a restaurant there. It said Tuesday Morning on the building. He was given a butcher's knife, a big one, and he thought, that's a butcher's knife, it's sweet, and he went to test it on his butcher block. He came down as hard as he could, to see how far it would go into the block, and as he came down, the serpent laid its head on the block, and he took its head off. He did not even mean to.

In October of 2008 that pastor, who knew nothing of his praying, called him out of his seat and gave the word: God is pleased with the direction you are pursuing. Do not look back. Do not look to the left. Do not look to the right. Embrace the new thing that God is doing in you, and where He is leading you. He is taking you out of the place of familiarity. For

He says you shall walk in power. The power is already accessible to you, and not only to you, but to all those around you, for you have made the choice to serve. There are rewards for the obedient, rewards for the obedient, rewards for the obedient.

About that time he moved out of the basement, to a yellow house down several roads off Cleveland Highway, and he was only there a year or so. The next year, teaching the web design class at the school he had graduated from ten years before, a teacher asked him for his hall pass, and he laughed and said, I graduated in 1999. That same year an officer at the mall stopped him and wanted his ID before he could get the cookie he had ordered. He was looking for anyone born in 1991. The way was born in 1981.

It came true, and it came hard. In November of 2010 that marriage came to its end. Out of it God brought two sons, and they are the glory of it. Sixteen years after the word, at a revival in north Georgia, the way heard a pastor preach about familiarity, and the word that took him out came back to him from another mouth.

CHAPTER FOUR

The King of Righteousness

“Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually.”

HEBREWS 7:3 (KJV)

In 2010, at twenty-nine, came the divorce. One night he woke up crying. Then the pastor on the old well stopped in the middle of his sermon and said, I feel there is an emotional pain leaving someone. It was him. That same night, in a dream, the spear spoke one word to him: divorce. And the way laughed, and woke up laughing. He was healed by that word of release. The thing everyone thought would destroy him was the thing that set him free. After the divorce he moved back into the basement for a while.

In 2012, in his thirty-first year, he married again, and that is when the house of the three sons truly broke. It did not break the first time. It broke the second time, because they rejected the one he chose. It was not their choice. It was his, and it was God's. An aunt of the house, the wife of the father's brother, dreamed the house like the great machines that fly apart in pieces to miss a wreck and come back together on the other side. The wreck was real, and what was lost in this life stays lost in this life. The house passes through it in pieces.

Years later, when no other house would let him come and teach, he called the pastor of the first house of the south, the one chosen for its boys' troop, and that pastor said, I'm not going to say I agree with you, but I have changed a lot. This is Jesus's house. If you want to come here, come on. On a new moon the way held worship there and called people to come. His daughter sang. His bride sang. The pastor got down on his knees and prayed, and the way prayed. Nobody came. The room stayed empty, and the worship flowed anyway. Before that new moon he had sent word to the pastor of the House of God to come, and no answer came. But that same day the pastor of the House of God called the pastor of the open door and wanted him at his own table. He did not go, because he already had plans. That table was called too late in the hour, and it was called to block the way. The man who once had no time to find out if it was true found time that very day. What is the time afraid of? The house of the way was not given a seat at their table, so it flows where a door will open. The one born to rule was not invited to their feasts, and he rejoiced anyway. Who is to say the son of the

house cannot have a house of his own?

CHAPTER FIVE

The Father and the Son

“Jesus said unto them, If God were your Father, ye would love me: for I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me.”

JOHN 8:42 (KJV)

When the way was young, his father held meetings in the great convention hall of the city, and the boy sat in that hall and watched a man gather people on the word of God. That is why the way holds meetings in that same hall now. The son learned from the father, and the son came out of the father, and the son is his own person and not the father himself.

When he got a project he moved from the basement into the lofts of an old mill in Dalton, and there God gave him a bride, and she is the healer. Years later the Comforter came to their house and prophesied it over her hands. When others tried to get the bishop from a far country to speak a word against his marriage, the bishop came instead and said, God wants you to know, you should never leave her. Son, that one is for you.

When they first married they rented a house right on Cleveland Highway in Dalton, with a big Buddha fountain

out front. The woman who owned it was a spiritual reader, and they had trouble renting it. Everybody was afraid to live there, except the way, so they got a good deal on it. He and his father and his brothers lifted the Buddha into the back of Joshua's truck and moved it into the garage, and everybody driving by on Cleveland Highway no longer had to see it. They did not stay long. Within a year they went back to Calhoun.

And in the Feast of Tabernacles, after the whole weight of the law came down on him, it landed on the well digger: He was pierced in His side so that His ekklesia could gush out of Him. As the woman was brought out of the side of the first man, her own person with her own name, so the Son came forth out of God, His own person, and the ekklesia comes forth out of the Son.

CHAPTER SIX

Salvation by New Birth

“Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”

JOHN 3:5 (KJV)

In many houses the baptism tank just sits. They open it once a quarter, twice a year, once a year, like homecoming. The water is cold and stagnant, or there is no water in it at all.

The way went down three times. The first was in the house built on an old well. He was on his knees at the front when God told him to have the pastor baptize him, and he went back and sat down with it. Then the pastor stopped his service and said, come up here; stand in front of me; the Lord says it's standing in front of you; what are you going to do about it? And the way said, well, you're supposed to baptize me. He just told me that. And the pastor said, that's it. And then they waited eight days, to the next Sunday. If God moves, and God says, we jump, because He is God. Waiting on a word God already gave is a familiar spirit. But the point was that the way would see how he was baptized, and understand it. He went down in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, because that is how everyone does it, and the pastor was not ashamed of it. He looks back now and sees the picture.

The second water was in 2015, in the great hall, on the very first day of the new moon meetings he called there. Bishop John, from a far country, asked him, will you submit to the name of Jesus? And the way and his bride went down in the name of Jesus Christ, with their daughter in her mother's womb. Jesus was baptized by John, and the way was baptized by a John. It is a likeness, not a claim. The way is not Jesus. His brother is named after Jesus. The way is named after the way, the one meant to rule as a firstborn, because of Jesus. He did not write it. He had to submit to it.

On the twenty-fourth of November, 2024, he went to the revival in north Georgia for the first time, in its three hundred fifty-fifth week. He got there late, after driving about eighty minutes. There were officers at the door, and he handed them his pocketknife rather than walk back to the car. He went in and stood in the back; there was hardly anywhere to sit. In the back he knelt down and got in the position. A pastor who came out of that revival preached that familiarity is a secret serpent, and that if we deal with this spirit, true revival will come into our lives and homes. At

the end the way noticed the pastor was on his knees, and the worship leader, and many of them, worshipping. He had never seen churches quite like the ones the bishop who carried the oil goes to. The familiar spirit wears many forms. It may be a python, or a serpent, or a wild cat, and it is always the spirit that denies the one who came from the one. The churches have built themselves up on a foundation that refuses Him, and they are familiar with that spirit, and it must be broken. At that preacher's own house, Covenant Connections in Flowery Branch, the way knelt in the aisle beside his seat, because he did not want to go up and fight through all the people at the front, and still he was stepped on while he knelt.

On the way to a house in Kentucky, in a hotel on the new moon night of Kislev, he had a dream he did not want. They were glad to see him, and they took him into a back room with no windows and no light, and showed him something they were proud of, structures like a cave lit purple and pink and blue, and back behind them a wild cat, like a mountain lion, that nobody talked about. Then he went in the flesh, on the first of December, a Sunday. The sanctuary had no windows. The floor at the front altar was bare concrete. And there, roped off, sat a pool of water from the revival. It is not a bad thing. But what good is a good thing if it sits stagnant, roped off, and no one uses it? You need knee pads. You need a softer place for people to kneel. He wanted

to buy fifteen kneeling pads and ship them. It is wonderful that you have the water. But when do you use the pool? When I came to your house, I never heard, take off your shoes, son, and come out and worship me. What he heard instead was that pastor say they had come back from a mission to a Muslim country and needed four hundred thousand dollars to go back. The next Sunday, under the man that pastor leans on, he heard that they needed a million. Six hundred thousand more in one week. That second man is the bishop over that house in Kentucky, the same bishop who carried the oil from Dalton to the revival. He is the one they all lean on, and if he turned his face toward the word of the way, all of them would tune to it. Would that bishop and the father sit down together and agree? And the way himself looks foolish. His hair is long and his beard is long, and even his own house would say, don't listen to him, he has lost his way. So it was with the stone the builders refused, and the shepherd boy left with the sheep, and the man in the wilderness in camel's hair.

On the Sabbath of the fifteenth of December, in the morning, the pastor on the old well stopped preaching and told him, you are ready; you are about to step back and see the panoramic view. And he stopped again and gave another brother a word that same morning.

On the last Sabbath of Kislev, the twenty-ninth of December, a Sunday, he went back to the revival at six

in the evening. That revival began when a bishop put a little bottle of the oil from the Bible in Dalton into its baptism water, and now it runs three pools. They only call it the North Georgia Revival because a revival started there. It had been just a six o'clock meeting, and its pastor said he was not even going to keep growing that sanctuary until that happened. The way went down into its water, water anointed by that oil, and in that water it was fire, fire, fire, and as they dunked him they said,

God has increased your prophecy. That was the third water: the titles, then the name of Jesus Christ, then fire. Look at that revival. It is one fire. Nadab and Abihu offered strange fire before the LORD, which He commanded them not. You do not get to bring your own fire to the work of the Lord. You do not get to bring your own teaching, or your own doctrine. The doctrine is Jesus, the one who came from the One, the Holy One, the one mediator between God and men.

(Continued in Part Two: Chapter Seven through The Close.)