Blessed are the poor in spirit For theirs, is the Kingdom of <u>Heaven</u>. It is not that way, for those who are proud For they are filled, with so much <u>leaven</u>.

We who are called, to break the bread Come.., let us reason *together*. Just don't be so hard hearted. With necks, that are stiff like *leather*.

How can we work as a body
If we bite and then <u>devour</u>?
If we value our own opinions
More than Yah and His great <u>power</u>.

Come sit at Yeshua's table break bread, discern *His body*. Correctly divide His Word of Truth With no pride nor acting *haughty*.

How can we be the body of Messiah Yet forget we are <u>many parts</u>? Exalt one life above another Forget the One, who knows *our hearts*.

Which part of your body is useless? You cut off, and *throw away*? Would the body, then not be crippled? And eventually *waste away*?

If We are the Body of Messiah We must strengthen the *many parts*. That requires, discipleship training And the exposing, of *darkened hearts*.

Do we think that Messiah's divided? One of Cephus, Apolos *or Paul*? One Spirit and Mind, should <u>lead</u> all of us. Lest we stumble and then *we'll fall*.

So be subjected to one another In the fear of *Elohim* Be humbled before a Mighty El And be free, from all wicked *schemes*.