



Yasháh Ben Yahushua
Servant and Royal Emissary
The House of Davíd

A D A V I D I C V I S I O N

ZION

An ancient and faraway place. A land of unmatched history and endless wonder... Faded childhood memories remain of a glorious city - fascinating and mysterious; and shrouded with the golden haze of eternal promise.

The center of the world. The heart of the nations. The birthplace of man's hope for immortality; and the wellspring of our common longing for the divine...

The once mighty city lies in ruins. The ancient high places languish in low estate. Like a Royal bride stripped of her adornment, her land is naked and exposed - covered only with empty clouds of shame.

The branches of fruitless trees are tossed to and fro by the unforgiving winds of time... Behold, a barren wilderness, with a distant hope for the blossoming of a once lush and bountiful land.

She is a city no longer renowned for her beauty, that she should be courted by the children of men. A city trodden underfoot by the wicked; and woefully neglected through the passing of the ages.

A broken city, with a strained look of wariness, from fear of unknown tomorrows. Ghostly images haunt her dreams, while foreign nations pollute her YAH-forsaken streets...

And yet, a tiny remnant of her sons and daughters from afar arise, to seek the eternal pathways; to reclaim the blessings of a cherished and glorious past.

At long last, the faithful children reunite with their motherland, to fulfill the ancient Promise... In the name of love and honor, they brave the hardships, face the trials, and embrace the burden of pilgrimage; a perilous path - long since forsaken by countless generations.

And slowly, a faint but heavenly glow spreads across the new horizon... After endless years of parched plains, and naked valleys, an underground river bursts forth with Great Refreshing - announcing the Everlasting Age of Jubilee! Exceeding Joy is soon resting on the faces of the remnant...

A beacon light of hope soon reaches across the Promised Land, beckoning to the ends of the earth; as a collective exhale echoes through the dawning...

Then suddenly, the once barren trees begin to clap their hands, and the lilies of the field rejoice in heavenly harmony! And all at once, the gathered wealth of the nations forever removes the shame and disgrace that so grieved her ancient ruins...

Hear, O Yisrael, and the World: The Holy City of David is risen! And soon, she will be fully adorned with the Garments of Praise - with the Majesty and Splendor of a Royal Bride! And surely, her High Places shall

teem with great multitudes of her children, gathered from afar...

For Behold, the Grand Magnificence of the Promised Land has become an Everlasting Glory to the Most High and the Holy One of Yisrael!

The City set on a hill far away... The birthplace of a million dreams. An ancient vision of eternal love and peace for all mankind. The garden spot of the universe. The land of lands.

Zion.
