

His Name **REVEALED**

*"Everyone who **calls on the name of the LORD** will be saved." (Romans 10:13)*

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"Who are you?" she asked, her head turned straining to look through the corner of her eyes.

"Your Creator," he replied, looking down. He caught her surprise but continued working, walking away from her.

She turned sharply calling out, "Wait! My Creator!"

Still He continued working, moving further away.

"Well," she shouted. "You're God!"

He casually turned around—hardly noticeable for someone famous... renowned. Maybe it was his work clothes—worn yet durable with reinforced seams and leather coverings. His eyes soft and mysterious caught her attention.

"I know you." She walked vigorously with a sense of urgency in her stride. "You're God," she repeated.

"Ah, 'God' or 'god' comes from Gott, got or gode—common Teutonic words for an object for personal worship, which your ancestors applied to **all superhuman beings of the heathen mythologies.**"

She gasped. Her eyes looking from side to side searched her memories of ancient history. Her immediate response was to press her hand against her lips as she remembered the movies and of course, the many ruins all over the world.

"You look surprised." He kept working, stopping only briefly.

"Yes—," She mumbled behind her hand.

"Who do you think I am?"

She hesitated like she was tossing the idea that it was a trick question. Her slowed response was not too slow. "You're God," she whispered.

"Which god? Because 'God' or 'god' is a Teutonic pagan word used as a title like Master or Judge. You're right—that is one of My titles, but I cannot be characterized the same as your past heathen gods that over time were identified by name, such as Thor: the god of thunder, Odin: the ruler of

the gods, or Loki: the trickster. I am **Yahuah; that is my name**; my glory I give to no other, nor my praise to carved idols” (Isaiah 42:8).

“Yes, of course—you’re a god—the God. Like—a rose by any other name would not smell as sweet.”

Her eyes twinkled into a long I-know. He went back to working, carving out everything that didn’t belong, whistling to the rhythm of the breeze.

Frown lines slowly formed as she watched Him work. “Does it?” She leaned into his space. “I can call a rose—a lily, a violet, or orchid.”

He stopped and tightening their space, he said, “Close your eyes and listen. The full resonance of letter ‘R’ followed by the sliding ‘S’, r-o-s-e—the name takes the form of a beauty dressed to perfection with a classical fragrance loved by many. A rose called by any other name is an imitation which cannot be substituted without significant loss.”

“Oh, but it’s just a name. What if I call you ‘LORD’?”

“‘LORD’—is not My name. Again, it is a title. It comes from a Hebrew word ‘Baal’. Translated into English is ‘LORD’ which the translators wrote in capital letters in your Ancient Book”.

She grabbed his hand squeezing his fingers until they were white. “Baal! No! I don’t worship Baal! No, that can’t be!” She shook her head. Releasing his hand, she looked away frowning with her nose pointing up, her eyes cast down. “I’m right on this one,” she muttered, turning ever so slightly to the side.

“Here, let me explain. It is important to be able to distinguish Me from the gods, fallen gods, angels, fallen angels, and those offensive names of the crafted idols—make no mention of the names of other gods, neither let it be heard out of your mouth (Exodus 23:13). Do not worship them. **I AM your Creator**. My enemies fight for your attention, your worship, but they care nothing for you. I love you; I don’t want you to forget My name.” He reached out and gently turned her towards Him; they stood face-to-face. He lifted her chin until their eyes met. “My daughter, hear me,” He whispered.

Time, too served Him. He waited until she acknowledged him. “I have heard what the prophets have said who prophesy falsely in My name, **they intend to make My people forget My name** by their dreams which they relate to one another, **just as their fathers forgot My name for Baal**



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(Jeremiah 23:27). My name is not 'Baal'—the Hebrew word any more than it is 'LORD'—the English translation—still a title.”

“Huh—it is all so very confusing, these transliterations and translations from the ancient through the years into the present. 'God' and 'gods'...'El' and 'Elohim', 'LORD' and 'Lord'...” She rolled her eyes.

“I know—there are many so-called gods and lords in heaven and on earth, but remember there is but one God—the Father, from whom all things came and for whom you exist” (I Corinthians 8:5-6).

“So—a rose by any other name is *not* as sweet. But, these names are throughout our Ancient Book. What about 'Lord' in lower case letters?”

“Translated from 'Adonai' another Hebrew word to 'My Sovereign'. But, 'My Sovereign'—what?” He propped his chin on the palm of his folded hand intentionally, inviting her to think critically.

“—an adjective,” she replied.

He returned a short nod.

“Okay—I know that 'El' is a Hebrew word for 'God/god' and 'Elohim' is the plural of El—Gods/gods. So, you have other gods with you, but there is only one supreme God.” She waited for His confirmation.

He smiled. “Patience is a virtue—my people have always struggled to develop that enduring quality.”

He chuckled. “You have become my full-time job.”

“Huh? Me? What do you mean?”

“We're speaking English—you understand me.”

“Yes—?”

“My dear, your people—the house of Joseph and little Ephraim. How you have wandered so far from your forefather, as often as I speak against you, I still love you.”

“You speak against us?” She sighed.

“And yet, I still love you,” He repeated.

“Love.” Her frown melted into a smile. “I like that about you. But, your name, because whoever calls on your name will be saved.” She fidgeted with her blouse, straightening the wrinkles.

“My name—it is correct that ‘El/Elohim’ is again a title. I include ‘el’ frequently in names, for example: Michael, Gabriel, Raphael.”

“I’ve noticed that.” She smiled. “What about the name, ‘Jesus’ no ‘el’ there.”

“Observant. I am the Creator and Jesus is my Son. We interact as one; we are in full agreement. The name ‘Jesus’ however, has undergone at least three different transliterations.”

He stopped and looked around. Picking up a branch lying under the broad canopy of the old tree, he dragged his foot across a patch where grass no longer grew. “Come, this is what happened.” He began writing.

Ye	Sh	Ua	Hebrew
Le	S	Ous	Greek
Le	So	Us	Latin
Je	S	Us	English

“What’s in a name—they ask?” He kept writing as if He were talking to himself. “Relationships, position, honor and power are all identified in a name,” he replied in a faint whisper.

She touched his hand. “Relationships... position... honor... power?”

“Do you see what is lost—the significant loss?” His voice was urgent and commanding.

She gasped. “No! What?”

He pointed using the writing tool that had more bends and bulges than a long meandering river. “The letter ‘J’ did not exist until about 500 years ago. And—they changed the first vowel to ‘e’ when it is intended to be a form of my name, Yah. Your Savior, His name is **Yahusha**. The Jewish priests and their man-made rules decided that My name was too sacred to pronounce and for anyone to speak except for themselves. They considered the speaking of my name as blasphemy punishable by death. But—the purpose of a name is to identify one from another and reveal the relationship, their position and honor.”

“Look—” He knelt down wiping the slate clean with his hands, lifting power red soil up and around. He wrote again.

 <p>Lew White, Torah Institute</p>	<p>HAY UAU HAY YOD YAHUAH (My name)</p>
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	<p>HAY DALET UAU HAY YOD YAHUDAH (JUDAH – the Jews)</p>
	<p>AYIN SHIN UAU HAY YOD YAHUSHA (YAH our Deliver)</p>

“Oh! That’s beautiful!” She gasped. “Language is an expression beyond just letters, and I see a story—tender connections. And—you mentioned the sound of the letters—rhyme, rhythm, imagery, tone...” She stopped then asked with a bold stare, “Anything else?”

“You ask, but you know. ‘There is no one like Me! For I am great, and My name is **full of power**’” (Jeremiah 10:6).”

She nodded in a gentle rocking motion. “I’ve learned something.” She frowned. “New but not new.”

He smiled into a chuckle. “You also know that your Savior prayed and asked me to **protect you by the power of My name**, through the name I gave him, so that you may be one as we are one” (John 17:11).

“Yes, I do know—but never understood this power that resides in *your* name. A power accessible to me—little me—ordinary me—us—all of mankind.” Her eyes glistened as she spoke spurring out her thoughts the moment they arrived.

“Now, do you see the importance of knowing who you worship and the name of the one you worship?” He leaned back against big old tree watching her like he had all the time in the world.

Her voice rippled, “I do.”

“‘God’, ‘gods,’ ‘El’, ‘Elohim’, ‘LORD’, ‘lords’. My people shall **know My name**. Therefore, **in that day** they shall know that it is I who speak; here I am (Isaiah 52:6). I am **Yahuah** your God, I am God of gods and Lord of lords” (Deuteronomy 10:17). I never intended for My name to be silenced. I want the whole world to know My name. A time is coming, a time of distress—they will remember and they will call on **My name** and **I will save them** (Deuteronomy 4:30, Romans 10:13). As your Savior said, when he was riding on the donkey into Jerusalem, ‘the whole multitude of his disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen, saying, ‘Blessed is the King who comes in **the name of the Lord!** Peace in heaven and glory in the highest!’ And some of the Pharisees in the crowd said to him, ‘Teacher, rebuke your disciples.’ He answered, ‘I tell you, if these were silent, the very stones would cry out’” (Luke 19:40).

She gasped. “Wait—your name *is* written on the stones! You told them—when they crossed the Jordan into the land to set up some large stones and coat them with plaster and write on them all the words of this law... write very clearly on the stones you set up (Deuteronomy 27:1-8). ‘YHUH’ was written on the stones! It makes sense that your name would be written now that I think about it.”

Sitting by the teacher’s drawing in the loose soil, she propped her elbow against the rock and pressed her fist against her chin. “Why? Why do we silence your name?”

She broke into a stare, her countenance grew cold, then unannounced, she wept.

He took a neatly folded handkerchief and gently dabbed away her tears.

“We are so guilty. I am so very sorry.” Her muffled cry was well received.

“Your apology is beautiful.”

“Uh? It is only what is expected of me.”

“Now, if there were more like you—” He hesitated, as she slowly gave Him her attention. “Things would be good between us. But, your people lack the **right heart**. I gave them my law of love, but the people would not obey. As you know, I have given you the help you need—my Holy Spirit. The stony heart can be replaced with a willing heart of flesh. Then, my commandments will not be burdensome. They will willingly keep my instructions (Torah). And soon, all of this hostility would stop.”

“So many pagan words and traditions are woven so tightly within our language and customs. We are so unaware. Like—well—I know about Christmas and Easter—it is because we rebelled those many years ago and lived among the Gentiles for so long. We became them—pagans. Now, hundreds of years later, we can’t differentiate between the practices of our forefathers and the traditions of pagans. I suppose there are other names with pagan origins, too.”

She crossed her arms and pushed her bottom lip out into a half moon.

He looked away to hide his smile. “Remember the words of my Son, ‘A time is coming soon, **in that day**, you will call me ‘My Husband,’ and no longer will you call me ‘My Baal.’ For **I WILL REMOVE THE NAMES OF THE BAALS FROM YOUR MOUTH**, and they shall be **REMEMBERED BY NAME NO MORE**” (Hosea 2:16-17).

She knelt down before Him and cried. “Hallelujah! **Hallowed be your name, YAHUAH**, my Creator and Father in heaven, your kingdom come—quickly!”

Compiled by Janette Andrejowich