



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. SPORTS FISHERMAN BECOMES FISH-AND POET!

About 25 miles from the smog of the city is a beach resort area known as a fisherman's paradise, perfect for fishing—and fishing for men! PTL! It was there that several times we visited a club frequented by people like John Wayne and Barry Goldwater.

Our first night there, we met the manager of the band, who asked if we were some kind of celebrities. We told him that we just believe in sharing Love. We mentioned that we play music, so he invited Rachel to get up during the band's break to sing some of our music. She did, and the club loved it!

Drawn by the music, a man named M. introduced himself. He's a filmmaker, investor and sports fisherman who had come for vacation on his yacht. It was really exciting reeling him in; he required a lot of love and patience from several sisters, and now he has asked Jesus into his heart and is starting to witness to his friends! He's read many MO Letters—"Did God Make a Mistake" is his favorite. Here's a poem he wrote to the flirty fishes who reeled him in, the night he got saved:

"Little Diamonds"

*Little diamonds in the moonlight
Flutter as they must
Little diamonds in the moonlight*

*Little diamonds in the moonlight
Little fishes in the sea
Help me be a better person
As God would have me be.*

*Give me character
Give me strength
Help me love my neighbor
Help me stop to think*

*Little diamonds in the moonlight
Light my way to another world
I see,*

*Bring all of our children
To the great God of the sea—
The One that will protect us all
And guide us from the storm
To a safe harbor in the lee
Little diamonds of the sea. (TYJ!)*

VIRGIN ISLANDS WHAT A FISH SAYS ABOUT HIS BAIT!

By Charity Honey.

The other day, we were really inspired by the following incident: I was in the electronics store of a Muslim whom I have been fishing. One of his employees, a very churchy, self-righteous woman, was berating me for my backless dress, doubting that I "could be a Christian and dress like that", blah, blah. Then she very derisively and accusingly asked me if I was witnessing to J. (my fish) and trying to win him to the Lord.

At this point, he answered for me, to my surprise, saying, "Yes, she does! We talk about Christ and she shows me in more ways than one, and I like it!" —Ha! PTL! Real love never fails! —Charity Honey.

*What wonders is Love working where
Send it into the EN for all!*

Newspaper Reprint.

The Diary of a Snob:

Love!

by Francisco Umbral.

(From his popular daily column of 1/10/78 in "El Pais", foremost Spanish newspaper.)

I WENT OUT TO GET SOME BREAD and I was stopped by a foreign woman, a young one, but not cute (had she been, the results would have been different), in order to hand me a leaflet: "Our Declaration of Love".

DURING MY LIFE SOME WOMEN have declared their love to me, but never by means of a leaflet. It must be typical of European women. Norwegian women, for example, when they go to see a gynecologist, here in Spain, they give him their whole sexual life from their very first period to their last "latin lover", all of it on a chart. They have been taught from childhood that that must all be in order.

SPANISH WOMEN, on the other hand, are forced to try to remember and count with their fingers when the doctor questions them. This thing of the declaratory and declamatory leaflet must be a step beyond the chart.

BUT THE THING IS THAT ITS AUTHOR IS CALLED MOSES DAVID and I don't want any love affairs with such an excessively Biblical pseudonym, nor with anyone in general from the Bible, except for the salt statue of Lot's wife, who is the monument to frigidity.

I'd fixed that frigidity business also. THE FOREIGN WOMAN INSISTED IN CHATTING in various languages, but I was in a hurry (I always am when I'm not attracted by a girl) and, besides, the predictable happened:

"A donation, please?"

"I don't understand."

WELL, IT SEEMS THAT THEY PREACH A NEW APOSTLES' CREED: "ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE", says the leaflet. (Of course, and that's why I have a cat.) And inside of a heart they've drawn, in comics style, a smiling Christ resembling Paul Newman, and a naked couple, man and woman, maybe a comic strip Adam and Eve, in an openly flirting attitude, yet carefully covered with their own hair (Adam has his short-cropped, like President Suárez).

AND IT SEEMS THAT ONE CAN WRITE to a certain Lucas Hernández, at a Madrid box, but I don't know if it's for giving donations or receiving love—they don't specify. Or one can call a certain number in El Escorial, pleasurable setting for love, to be sure, which Philip II chose for his "melancholic healthiness". (You see, the King could write well. It's impossible to describe any better what exactly El Escorial and its countryside are.)

IN OTHER WORDS, THIS SECTOR or people or foreign group or thing will also have the right to a State subsidy or budget, I suppose, seeing that Father Martín Patino (a Catholic Church spokesman) has said that each of the faithful may apply his tax or contribution to the Church of his choice.

WELL, THIS ONE IS MINE. What ever you withhold from me, Paco Ordoñez (Minister of the Treasury), in order to buy heaven, may it not under any circumstances go to Marcelo Gonzalez, Primate Cardinal.

MAY IT ALL GO TO MOSES DAVID, to Lucas Hernández, to the girl who stopped me in the Dr. Fleming Street zone and to the other girls of the band, for there surely must be one ready to put the leaflet into practice, I hope.

"WE BELIEVE IN LOVE," THEY SAY. And, yes, one has to believe in love and in the State's General Budget, so as not to have to be asking for alms around Dr. Fleming (Street), because they may be taken for whores and queers.

DO YOU REALISE, NEW APOSTLES, that Martín Patino never goes out around Dr. Fleming (Street) asking for anything? If some day I go out for bread and Cardinal Tarancón stops me to ask me for a donation, maybe I'd suddenly get to heaven and I'd again believe even in the gestatorial chair (a Catholic dogma).

I THINK IT'S JUST FINE that the State has decided to be the middleman between the various heavens and the taxpayers, allowing us to choose our eternity with or without wall-to-wall carpeting. Not like it was under Franco, when it was compulsory. And seeing that the majority of the people are going to give to the same thing anyway,

I WANT TO GIVE TO THE SPACY PEOPLE OF THE LEAFLET, because a crazy person resembles an angel more. (DAD: Ha! GB'm!)

—Translated from Spanish by Carlos.

BACKGROUND OF FRANCISCO UMBRAL— by Carlos Translator.

FRANCISCO UMBRAL ("PACO", AS HE IS CALLED), IS VERY MUCH OF A HOUSEHOLD WORD IN SPAIN. His ascerbic humour has been an effective tool in the frontal attacks he has staged against anachronistic Spanish institutions ever since the darkest days of the Franco regime.

ONE OF HIS MAIN TARGETS HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. He has to his credit several books and a play, and his daily column in El Pais, sarcastically called the Diary of a Snob, has been its center-page feature since that paper was founded 2½ years ago.

HE ALSO WRITES A WEEKLY COLUMN FOR INTERVIEW. His mastery of the language, his great and wide readership, his age—40ish—and credentials in the social and political—far left—world, make his columns important forums of new ideas and constructive criticism.

AND THE ARTICLE IN QUESTION APPEARED IN THE SUNDAY EDITION, WHOSE POTENTIAL READERSHIP REACHES NEARLY ONE MILLION. PTL! Needless to say we are going to follow this up, not only by providing him with more Letters that would cater to his passions and judgments, but also by responding to his not-so-veiled invitation to be FFed. (DAD: Amen!)

P.S. THE STATE SUBSIDY he refers to in the article is a special tax being considered by Parliament whereby the taxpayers will contrib-

ute the present six-billion-peseta yearly subsidy of the Catholic Church. (DAD: Hallelujah!)

"Late News" in Geneva!

by Cyrus & Heidi

It was four years ago that we met the Ambassador to the U.N. of a certain Mideast country. We have kept in touch ever since, but for the first time this year we have been able to reel him in much closer through FF'ing him!

Heidi gave him copies of "Strange Bedfellows" and the comic edition of "Extermination". He liked them so much that he wanted to get copies to distribute to some of the other delegates of the U.N.

He invited Heidi to attend the final session of the Conference on Racism. He turned out to be one of the most outspoken and active delegates, in actually going from table to table encouraging support for proposals that he or other delegates had made and even contending sometimes with the Chairman over protocol procedures.

The most contested proposal was that which condemned the relationship of Israel and South Africa (talked about in "Strange Bedfellows"). Some of the Western countries were fighting against this proposal and some of them eventually walked out of the Conference, as was announced over BBC.

minate the present six-billion-peseta yearly subsidy of the Catholic Church. (DAD: Hallelujah!)

We believe the Lord really used our witness to this ambassador to encourage him to stand up and fight for the truth and that the Letters, especially "Strange Bedfellows", really added fuel to his convictions! When Heidi had first given him the Letter, he had really liked it and exclaimed, "You know, this is exactly what we are talking about right now at the U.N.!" We are really thrilled to see how the Lord made a way for His Word to be published in the Councils of the Nations (Psalm 68:11)! Praise the Lord!

—Cyrus & Heidi; Geneva, Switzerland.

DAD'S ADVICE ON FF'ING ARAB WOMEN!

Question from Rose, Mideast V.S.: I was wondering if your counsel on not FF'ing Arab women also applies to Turkish women, as this is a Moslem country too?

For the time being, I've suggested that people here follow this policy too, especially with the under-40's, unless they're willing to go all the way and marry the girl which has borne good fruit in one case here.

Dad's answer: "I didn't say not—just be cautious and very prayerful, as it could be dangerous!—You know how jealous Arab men are!—Aren't we all!—Ha!—ILY!"