

ways. Now what would I do? To be a musician the college way was not working out, but what was working out was my guitar playing, & thru it I was meeting people. We would sit & sing & discuss & smoke, as those youth of the early 70s did--new thoughts & theories! Friendships though, always disappointed me in the end... they always ended.

ONE DAY WHILE WALKING DOWN THE CORRIDOR OF THE DORM WITH MY GUITAR, a girl approached me & invited me to her room. It was brightly lit, unlike the other rooms, & on the wall were big square pieces of paper on which were written Bible verses. I thought it was kinda nice.

WE TALKED & SHE ASKED ME IF I BELIEVED IN JESUS. She asked me so simply & sincerely, but I felt the magnitude of this question was more than what I heard from her voice, for it was as if Jesus Himself was asking me, "Do you believe in Me?" I had no reason to doubt. "Yes," I said. "I believe!" Those words felt so good to say, from the events that followed, I believe that this is when I was saved: I confessed Christ.

THE GIRL WAS WITH A GROUP CALLED "THE NAVIGATORS." She shared with me the Bible & I memorized some verses she shared with me on the spot: John 3:16 & 1 Peter 5:7, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

SHE INVITED ME TO THEIR FELLOWSHIP MEETING to which I went & ended up playing the piano during their hymn singing. Only once did I go, for I had been thru those church movements, but I frequently visited her & bought a Bible & began to read it.

ONE YEAR OF COLLEGE ENDED & I WENT TO NEW ORLEANS to live with my parents, to

work & to see what would happen. I had contracted V.D., & this kept me pretty much to myself as I went thru the medication. My mother was sorely disappointed in her talented, aspiring daughter, but where had my talents gotten me? Where could I invest them for a good & true meaning? Back to a hospital I went to work. I even thought of beginning nurses training.

BUT RESTLESS, UNSATISFIED, moody, I wanted to do something! Travel? Where? What for?

ONE NIGHT I WENT WITH MY SISTER TO VISIT SOME FRIENDS OF MINE. During the evening they began to make telephone calls, inviting people over. I walked into a bedroom of the flat, & there by the far wall was an altar--very strange, with funny shaped candles & statues & little bowles. I thought that they must be practitioners of an eastern religion, but then a voice came to me: "They are witches!" I panicked!

I went to my sister & said, "You don't know! They're witches! We gotta get out of here!" She didn't believe me. Her friends denied it! Was it a trap? At my insistence my sister drove & dropped me back home.

I RAN UPSTAIRS TO MY ROOM & FELL DOWN IN TEARS. "Oh, the world is so dark & crafty, & evil lurks to devour its prey. Where will I be safe?" I thought. "Where can I live without fear?" I cried out for Jesus to save me & to show me what to do with the life He had given me. He gave it, so He had to guide it!

FROM THEN ON I STAYED ALONE TO MYSELF, almost as if a hermit--just work & home. I didn't even play music very much & hardly sang.

DECEMBER 21, 1971 WAS A

RARE OCCASION WHEN I WENT DOWNTOWN & I stayed quite late, playing friezes 'neath the light of the street lamp in Jackson Square.

OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE I SAW SOME PEOPLE gathering together, greeting each other with hugs & kisses! The friezes whizzed by & I missed. A girl behind me a few metres picked it up & handed it to me. Have you ever met someone whom you thought you had met before? This was the case. And when I met her friends, it was like I knew them.

I VISITED THEIR CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY OUTSIDE OF THE CITY where the harmonious atmosphere was so beautiful! Just their simple & dedication was enough to tell me. I was at the point of decision, at the crossroads where the Lord had led me. The decision was mine, & a choice that I knew that I could not take lightly.

WHAT DID I SEE WHEN I LOOKED AT MY 3 GUITARS, 2 violins & piano? "Treasures upon earth, where moth & rust doth corrupt & where thieves break thru & steal." (Matthew 6:20)

I DECIDED TO PUT ME HEART INTO GOD'S HEAVENLY TREASURE TRUST! On Dec. 28, 1971 I joined the Family of Love & began my new life with my new Love!

SINCE BEING IN THE FAMILY these past 9 1/2 years, I've mostly been involved in music & inspirational activities. This past year I've been working with MNM, musically & in childcare, & I'm so thankful for the fulfillment I feel & the joy that He has given me in living for Jesus!

GBY! Love always!
Windy.
(PTL TYI for this precious life! ILYI--& I'm always inspired by your songs!--& your beauty!--A vessel beautiful for the Master's use!--You really turn us on! GBKAMYABI)

Jeremy Wood's Testimony March '80 to the present.

This is my testimony of how I came to Europe & the miracles that the Lord did to get me here & supply all my needs. It was shortly before the "Crash is Here" came out that my wife & I separated for about the second time. I had my son Timothy who at the time was a year & a half & she had our older daughter, Sacha, who was 3 1/2 at the time. It was about Mar. '80 when I first made my decision that I would like to come to Europe. For many years, I always wanted to come to a foreign field & get out of America as I had been there for so long, but because of so many problems in our marriage & disunity, I didn't have the faith that we could make it on a foreign field. So having separated & being away from my wife, I decided that now is the time to leave for another field. I had just met Andrew & Mary who had just returned from Europe after being here to work in WA. They came to California & I met them in San Jose, California, one of the first homes they visited after returning to the states. I was living in the home of Uriah & Shari & AM came for a visit. They invited me to come & work with them as they were going to Texas to set up a base. But I decided that now since I had an opportunity, I wanted to leave the states. At that time in one of the mags there was an ad for WS workers & it was something that I always wanted to do for most of my time in the Family. I've always enjoyed working behind the scenes & doing Salah work. I worked Montreal Pubs in '76 which was a salah home; for a period of about a year & I worked with the VS's in Cal. & I really enjoyed being able to work behind the scenes. I just felt a special calling to do that type of work. So at that time when I was in the states, an ad came out in the mag looking for WS workers. In the same Want Ads, there was an ad saying, "Are you coming to Europe? Would you be willing to transport some equipment for a WS Unit?" So I wrote in & said I'm coming to Europe & I'd be willing to take equipment & I also put a little response saying that I would like very much to be able to work in a unit but at that time I had my little boy, Timothy who was almost 2. I had some money saved which I needed as landing money when I got to the field but I still needed money for my plane ticket over. I got a special rate of 295 dollars for my son & I to fly from San Francisco to London. About 2 weeks before I was about to leave, a brother walked up to me & knowing that I was going to be leaving soon & handed me exactly the amount I needed for the plane flight & said "Here the Lord told me to give this to you to help you in your travels." It was exactly what I needed for my plane flight so immediately, I made my reservations & preparations to leave the states & take this plane to London. I guess I was a little over-anxious to leave because I didn't write any letters of clearance to any homes but I had some phone numbers of former homes in Paris that I was going to call when I got there. So I took a plane trip from SF to London & one little problem that I encountered was that...when my son was little he got croup & pneumonia & was hospitalized for 2 days. So ever since then, he's been real susceptible to bronchial infections. And on the plane over he got real sick again & he was breathing real deeply & you could tell that he was getting sick again. Arriving in London, I made reservations on the train from London to Paris. We got a hotel when we arrived in Paris. I called the phone numbers that I had & there was no answers, or the numbers were disconnected or they couldn't speak English so I couldn't get through to any brethren. I also had a phone number of a family in So. France (Montpellier--Philip & Esther) Philip had a brother in San Francisco & his brother told Philip that I was coming over. Philip & Philip told me to come down to Montpellier & they could set me up in a cheap hotel. So my son & I got a sleeper car from Paris to Montpellier & when I arrived, they gave me directions to a small inexpensive hotel there in Montpellier where I stayed for about 10 days. The Devil was really fighting me then as I was alone in a foreign field, my son was really sick, I had no knowledge of French & couldn't communicate with the people. It was all by faith. I was alone in the hotel with my son & I was doing diapers in the bidet. (To get there, in London & Paris, I was going up & down stairs & escalators with my son in a stroller & I was carrying a trunk, 2 suitcases & a guitar, & I'd ask people at the top of the escalator if they could help me with my son & luggage to the bottom & I'd walk down the hallway to the train or subway & I'd ask someone at the stairs if they could help me up the stairs or onto the train or whatever. There was always someone who was willing to lend a helping hand whenever I needed it.) Anyway, back in the hotel is when I really started going through trials &

a real culture shock & I was concerned about my son who wasn't feeling well, but I knew it was just the Devil & the initiation tests of coming to a new field so I prayed & rebuked the Devil & gave him alot of juice & vitamin C & took it easy for the next week or so & he got much better. So this home in Montpellier didn't have room for me as they were 2 couples with 7 or 8 children with just a 2 bedroom apartment, so they said they knew a couple who lived in a nearby town called Penesaz. So they contacted them, they're name is David & Maria & David & Maria contacted me & invited me to come to stay with them for a few weeks to see how it works out. So I moved in with them & I stayed with them for about 2 1/2 months. We witnessed & lived by faith but I felt I wanted to get into a home where there was other children. Also they lived on their own most of the time & just seemed to live on their own. So it really wasn't the best situation. All in all, I was so thankful to be out of America & to be in a new field but I felt I really hadn't found my place yet.

When I came to So. France, I met Zac & Lamb. They were one of the first couples that I met & I was real impressed by their sample. All the VS's that I met in the states were very sweet but one thing real special about Zac & Lamb is they were a real good personal sample. I saw them at Montpellier & Penesaz & they would teach the kids in the morning & they would go out singing with their children, they went to an orphanage while they were in Penesaz. They were out singing & witnessing just like a regular home. I was impressed by their example to make it nobly with a big family & accomplish so much. After they left, I wrote them & asked if they ever needed a helper, I'd love to come & help you. I also wrote a few other homes to see if there was any other openings but nothing opened up.

I decided to write my wife explaining to her the situation here & what a blessing it was to be out of America & that being in another country is so different than America & I was really happy in a new field & I asked her if she would like to come over & be here. I told her that being in a foreign field could really help our problems just to be out of America & have our eyes more on the Lord & more on souls. I said we could get a caravan & we could live in a caravan. She said yes she'd like to come over but she said it was going to take about a month before she had the money & could make the reservations & everything. I started to make preparations for them to come. I only had 1500FF. All the new letters on camping & mobility were coming out & I was really excited about applying these. So I went to many different caravan dealers trying to find a caravan that I could find on credit & pay on time as I only had 1500FF. I hardly knew any french & I was using a little dictionary to communicate. I went listening with Timothy in the morning & then I'd go out looking for a caravan in the afternoon. All the different caravan dealers said I wouldn't be able to get credit here as I didn't have a job, was just a tourist & had just been here a short time, etc. Nobody would even consider the possibility of giving me credit. So finally I came to this one caravan dealer that was selling new caravans & I told the lady my situation & I tried to work personally with her rather than going through some credit agency. I explained to her my work & that I really needed a caravan & that I had a wife & another child coming over real soon & I needed a little home for them when they arrived. They said they couldn't give me a new caravan but she said we have this old caravan for 4000FF. She showed me the caravan which was an old caravan but was inexpensive. While I was looking at it, she said if I wanted it I could have it for 3000FF. I wanted something to get started in so I told her that I'd like to take it but I only have 1500FF so I wouldn't be able to pay you everything right now. I asked her if she would be willing to give me the caravan for 1500 & then I would give her the rest later as I was going to be receiving some more money soon. She said, "Let me talk to my husband." So she did & decided to let me take it. I didn't have a car or anything so they moved it to a campground just outside of Penesaz for me. Right away, Timothy & I moved into the caravan & it was still going to be about 3 weeks before my wife was going to arrive with my daughter. We weren't set up at all & we didn't have the dishes we needed or pots & pans. We used my survival equipment that we were cooking out of. I didn't have any money as I used everything I had to buy the caravan. I had a sleeping bag & my little boy had a quilt & a few sheets & we started living in the caravan. Everyday we would go out listening either to a shopping center or go door to door. Timothy was a real trooper & he'd walk up & down the stairs with me or I'd carry him up & he'd

walk down. We knew very little french but we kept going out everyday. I was trying to set aside money everyday to buy the things we needed & I was barely making it just setting 10 or 15 francs aside everyday trying to scrape together enough to save & it seemed like a real impossible situation. Every night when we went to bed, we'd read some of the Komix or read Bible stories & one of the Komix that we read was "The Big Yellow Taxi". We knew we needed a car so we read the "Big Yellow Taxi" & prayed for a car. Not a brand new one but a good one that could pull the caravan & would be a reliable car for us. So we strong one that could pull the caravan & we continued to be faithful to get out the word committed into the Lord's hand & we continued to be faithful to get out the word everyday. In this same campground was a big family of gypsies. I always heard about gypsies but it was mainly negative things how they steal & cheat & are dishonest. At first I really never got to know this gypsy family but they were honest & very hard workers. There was 3 or 4 caravans & 4 or 5 cars & they were all very nice & new. I was an old gypsy man & an older gypsy lady & they had one daughter & about 1 son. One day I saw them sitting in one of their cars sitting & listening to a cassette tape. I overheard the tape which was in English & then it was translated into french. It was the testimony of Nicky Cruz who had been listening to it again. I walked over by them & asked if they believe in Jesus. They said yes & I told them I did too & I told them if they believe in Jesus, I don't speak much french & they didn't speak English but we had a little conversation of how we both believed in the Lord. They invited me over to their caravan that night to pray with them. I said OK & came over that night with Timothy & the younger girl was the only one who could read or write so she read a Psalm in french & then we all prayed together. They were Pentacostal gypsies & they started really praying in the spirit & speaking in tongues & they were really praising the Lord & I was praying along with them. Afterwards they asked me if I had been baptised with water & I said yes as I had been before I joined the Family. I then told them that I was a missionary & I witnessed to them by showing them verses out of their french Bible such as: Mk. 16:15, Phil. 4:19, Mt. 6:33, etc. Although our communication was very limited, they were pretty impressed. I also explained to them how Timothy had been born at home naturally & that it was the Lord who delivers the babies & they took a real interest in our faith & invited us over for mid-day lunch the next day. The next day I came over & we had a real nice lunch together. Even though our communication was really limited, in the spirit we were real united. From that point on they took a real interest in us & Timothy would run over to their caravan in the morning & give them hugs & say "Hello" or they would come over to see him. Sometimes when they came home from their work, they'd bring him a car, truck or motorcycle or some candy or something to show that they really loved him & that they were concerned about us. I needed an extension cord for the caravan so they bought that for me & a light so I could have electricity. Then they asked me if I'd like to go to church with them the following Sun. I hadn't been to church in years & I was wondering how involved should I get with these people. But invading the Churches had come out so that gave me the faith to step out on the water. So the following Sun, Timothy & I got dressed up & piled in the car with quite a few of the gypsies & we all went to church. It was all in french & I didn't understand much of it but they really believed in the Lord & were spirit filled & they prayed & the preacher gave a sermon. After the service, the gypsies introduced me to someone in the church that spoke English. This lady was real sweet & she invited me to her house for lunch that day. So the gypsies went back to the campground & I went to have lunch with this lady & her younger daughters. The whole time I witnessed to her & I told her about my work & how I lived by faith & just gave her our whole message... So many of the things I wanted to tell the gypsies but was unable to, I told her. She confidentially told me that she didn't think her preacher would agree with me as I was so different & out of the norm. But she really liked it but was going to kind of keep it to herself. Anyway, we went back to church that afternoon & she told the gypsies all that I had told her, why I live the way I do & what I believed & how I shared verses with her out of the Bible. The gypsies were really inspired so we went to the afternoon service & after the service I went home with the gypsies. I the car on the way home, the old gypsy lady asked me if I had a heater for the caravan & I said no. But I grabbed my little boy & hugged him &