

and at communions I'd really beg God to forgive me and give me a new chance and it seemed He did and I'd try hard not to yield. But as soon as I'd masturbate, I'd think about guys and that would be it; I'd be defeated right there.

I don't know what would have happened to me if we'd been allowed to have sex with the sisters then. But as time went on, it seemed I got worse till finally I was going to leave because I felt guilty when litnessing and I'd look at the guys instead of the girls. It just suddenly hit me after so long of yielding: "I'm a homosexual!" It was my life-long fear come to reality. I was afraid of what would happen if I told somebody. That was something I never told anybody.

Finally I did tell my shepherd. He was real sympathetic and we prayed that God would help me get the victory. But that same night when I masturbated I was defeated. But I couldn't tell him that so I just acted like I had the victory, but started to feel like leaving again.

Then the Regional Shepherd came by, and when he found out he called me into the office to talk about it. He asked if I'd been prayed for to be delivered. I said we prayed but not really directly to be delivered. So we prayed again this time that God would completely deliver me. I tried hard to believe I was, but as soon as it was time to go to bed (I had to masturbate every night or I would get real grouchy the next day), as soon as I masturbated I was defeated. But I never brought up the subject again because

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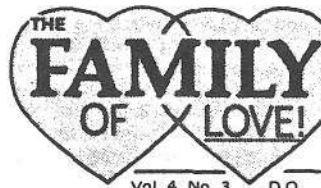
I was too embarrassed to talk about it.

So, since that time a year ago, it's just been constant trials and very little victory in that area. I've really gone downhill and lost a lot of faith and usefulness to God. I really love Jesus and the MO Letters and know the MO Letters are the truth. But right now I feel like I'm in the Valley of Baca and can't get out. I never had sexual intercourse with a guy, and which I don't desire.—I think that's disgusting. But I can't be too self-righteous because lusting after guys isn't much better.

I need your help and counsel. I want to change, but it seems impossible. But I know if I don't, I'll never be allowed back into the Home, and I could even get worse. I'm very lonely and need lots of love and affection, especially now at this point in my life. Just before I was asked to leave the Home, I tried to make love with a sister, but couldn't. So I need prayer or just to keep trying to find a girl that can turn me on and love me. What will help me change and get back to Jesus? I'll be waiting to hear from you. Love in Jesus and David,
—A Faithful Follower.

DAD ON "HOMOS!"

"You'll just have to look to the Lord in each case...Nevertheless, we should take a kind, loving, sympathetic and forgiving attitude toward people with such weaknesses...and try to help them overcome them with lots of understanding, love and patience, and perhaps by fasting and prayer." (from "Homos!" No. 719:49,51 by Father David.)



NEWS —BY YOU!

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Edited by Maria & The Zs.

CATACOMB NEWS!

Changing The World - In Prison!

(The following is a letter from Jonah Sailor, catacomb brother in prison, to the editor of "The Salem Statesman" newspaper, Oregon, U.S.A.—)

Newspaper Reprint:

CHILD OF GOD SEES OREGON STATE PRISON DISCRIMINATION

Dear "Statesman" editor:

I am a prisoner at Oregon State Penitentiary. I am writing this letter because I think the public has a right to know how various prison programs affect the people most directly involved in them.

I am writing regarding the total inadequacy of the religious programs being offered through the chaplain's office. Although the Sunday morning service is well attended, it is not because the inmates are rushing to the altar to get saved. On the contrary, they go because (1) it is a way of getting out of one's cell, and (2) church-goers are permitted to go directly to lunch after the services



(by-passing the usual wait for their cellblock's turn for lunch!).

The vast majority of prisoners with whom I've spoken about this problem express feelings of sheer contempt and disdain for the shallow, lukewarm, boring, self-righteous holier-than-thou orthodoxy of organized religion. This is not to say that there is no spiritual hunger among the prisoners. The opposite is true: There are many prisoners seeking fellowship and many are truly searching for honest solutions to the problems of life which have led to their incarceration.

I, for example, am a member of an unorthodox Christian group, the Children of God. Because of religious intolerance my group has been banned from coming into the prison and presenting contemporary

Christian music programs for the inmates. The old, worn-out, traditional methods of churchianity are completely useless inside a prison.

The present chaplain is using his state-financed position to discriminate against our group and I think this is extremely unfair.—Though I do recognise it is a common historical occurrence for Christians with political power and influence to persecute and attempt to repress the religious freedom of small, helpless groups of disciples of Jesus Christ like the Children of God.

Joseph C. Stockett

(Editor: God bless Jonah for speaking up! As a result, the Family is now able to visit him and other prisoners regularly! PTL! Read his testimony below!—)

Dear MO and Maria,

I know you don't know much about me, and really, I have nothing to brag about insofar as my past life is concerned. I was a nobody. I was given an opportunity to serve God with our Family and was in numerous colonies in the U.S. Northwest in 1972-73.

I left the Family and ended up in prison a year or so later for setting fire to an abortion clinic in protest against killing. I realised when I came to prison that I had not done the right thing and that all my political observations were meaningless outside the context of the solution given in the MO Letters.

I am thankful that God has allowed me to become a catacomb in prison where the need for Love is so great. I want to express my gratitude for the example you

have set for me in giving your life for Jesus. I know you must receive thousands of letters from other grateful Children of God, and I don't know how I can add to the millions of letters of appreciation sent in by your thankful readers. I know my appreciation is best demonstrated by showing through my actions a greater dedication and commitment to the cause of Christ.

A prison is like a sociological test-tube. I see the same prisoners day in and day out. I see the effects of your Letters on the lives of those who are considered unsalvageable by the prison administration. Even the guards are amazed at the change in some of our catacombers.

One new brother (a man doing life in prison for the killing of a police officer during a raid on his house), after doing eight years in prison, became vicious and hardened, until he asked Jesus into his heart and began reading MO Letters.

He started writing to a 15-year-old catacombs sister in Spokane, Washington, named Truth Nothing, and her love for him simply melted his heart. She wrote to him for many months during which time he didn't seem to make much progress. But she did not give up on him. The prison authorities are, of course, skeptical about religious conversions due to the frequency with which they occur and the usual proximity of them to the prisoner's Parole Board hearing!

Nonetheless, they cannot help but comment on the transformation that has taken place in this brother's life. It is the MO Letters that have accomplished this radical transfor-

mation in my life too. I believed in Jesus when I was a child, but my Protestant minister father was very self-righteous, and I was soon convinced that God was an angry, mean, harsh and unkind Being.

The church system made me lose faith in God just exactly as you describe the problem in your Letters. When I met the Family of Love, I was very embittered against the churches because they had condemned me for 20 years and I was only 26 when I first met the Family. I had never seen the true Love of God until I met the Family in Portland, Oregon a few years ago.

The Family really loved me, when I was a very angry and militant trouble-maker. They showed me a good sample and really socked it to me with the Message.

Alot of the prisoners write to the Home in Guam. They have a whole bunch of sexy girls there, and boy, can these girls write heavy letters packed full of choice MO quotes! All these girls that write and love us are changing our lives and we appreciate them!

Many prisoners go many years without receiving a single post-card in the mail.—No families, no wives, no friends.—Condemned by the system and forgotten by their loved ones.—No future. It is a difficult life for most prisoners. The impact of your Letters is only beginning to be seen here! We are winning the battle and making progress!

Love, your son in prison,
Jonah Sailor.

P.S. The Portland Home comes once a month to the prison for fellowship. For many months, we

had problems getting them into the prison. But God did a miracle, and now the prison official in control of "outside visitors" has decided he likes our group, even if we have some "funny ideas"! PTL! This is a great development and opens the door to the possibility of prison catacombers being released on parole to the Family!

BREAK THE CHAINS!

I hear the Wild Wind whispering Thru' the passageway of rhyme, Her breeze is blowing softly But so clearly in my mind. With a gentle sound so fleeting Yet so pleasing to my ear She whispers: 'Break the chains, my love, Break the chains and never fear!'

I quickly opened up my eyes, My cell was dark and grim, The chains about my body Made me feel so frail and thin. I raised my head intently, Again her voice whispered: 'Break the chains forevermore!'

Suddenly, like thunder crashing In the vacuum of my thought I heard the Wild Wind crying Out a message strong and hot:

'Break the chains of man's traditions! Smash the bars of cruel despair! Slay the doubts with sword a-blazing! Free the prisoners everywhere! For I am the Wind of Freedom Out of David's cave I pour, I'll help you break the chains forever And win the Holy War!'

—Jonah Sailor

Write to Jonah at: J. Stockett, No. 38152, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310, U.S.A.