

ly one. (DAD: AMEN!)

All we have left to do is to keep ourselves faithful to Him, handling the business as a real part of the Family, making the same loving atmosphere you can find at home. Lord help us to be faithful and wise!

To me, it is just like pioneering a whole new field, in a whole new situation, with new kinds of disciples and new methods of reaching people. At the present, I have been singing for the people too, giving them the message through music. I'm actually getting more English songs to feed and catch them. PG!

Just yesterday we were talking—Pedro, Jose and I—about how much we can do if we fight together to keep a lovely relation all the time between us, helping always in everything, which is going to create the good atmosphere the people would like the most. In this month, the tips have grown a lot!

We have also been praying about what we could do to get the Word to everybody. So we were thinking on changing the little sentences written on the columns, those typical old Spanish sentences, for MO quotes—something simple and GP—and to write some others on every napkin, or even some Bible verses, something not too churchy, but something shocking enough to awake them!—Curiosity, which can begin a whole conversation and a witness. Also, we think to put posters on the walls with lovely pictures that can give to the people a witness. How does that sound?

Also, we are thinking of having something like a regular meeting,

all of us, to speak about how everything and everyone is going, to share something from the Word, to give testimonies, to grow together as a family. We have to pray about all these subjects to start with them, but I would like to begin right away getting out on the water all the hooks and baits we have to start reaching all those people. God help us! (DAD: GREAT!)

Just to think how many possibilities we have, it makes me jump! If we would be faithful to give a good example to everybody who came, do you know how far it could go? Those people are coming from all the world and going back every two weeks. I'm sure they can spread our sample and witness to all the world.

In fact, many of them come because friends in England told them to come to "Los Quikiriquis" during holidays in Tenerife. And others, when they leave, say, "I'll send my friends coming next week for holidays." So, looking at all the possibilities, I think it worth our special attention and care to try to use the restaurant as you yourself, Dad, suggested one time in "The Bait That Fell in Love With a Fish".

We're already growing to have a real Family (Home) in the restaurant, sharing more every day one with each other about how the Lord is working in our lives, even praying when eating together for lunch.

Just today, Bello, a 50-year-old man, who comes daily for lunch, a simple but interesting man, very nice, also a medium with gifts

of E.S.P., started talking about his experiences in it. As he saw we were believing him, he just poured out his feelings and fears.

I was talking about you and your experiences with the spiritual world, and also about some examples in the Bible, really feeding him. He got so interested and sucked me for answers that he forgot totally the food. When somebody let him know that the food was there untouched, he said,

"I'm sorry but I'm eating—spiritually—and I have enough. I don't want the meat, I'll pay for it but I can't take any food." And he didn't eat lunch, but when he left the restaurant he looked spiritually satisfied. When I told him, "How hungry you have been for so long time!", he answered me affirmative with his head.

I love you a lot, Dad, and I hope

you'll get the right vision through this letter about how "Los Quikiriquis" is and what a job it is for the Family to use. If you have some counsel, we would like to hear it. Please pray for us and our ministry over here. I know how much you would like to hear about how much this restaurant is being used for the Lord's glory, and I think the Lord is finally starting with it. (DAD: A dream come true!)

I would like to encourage everyone who has a job in the system to fight right there, looking to change his part of the world and making out of a systematic job a whole instrument for His glory. I'm sorry for all my faults writing and thinking in English. I love you very dearly and I'm praying for you. Thanks again for all your love and care for all of us. Love and love and love, Genesis. (DAD: HALLELUJAH!)

## Another Homo Healed!

Dear Dad & Maria,

I just wanted to write to you to let you know how thankful I am to be in your and the Lord's Family. I've been in the Family seven years and am married to a very precious girl and have three very sweet daughters.

After reading "A Plea From A Homosexual" in the Family News Vol. 4, No. 10, tears came to my eyes. I felt that was the story of my life for the past three years. Mostly it was these terrible "feelings" or "tendencies" to lust after others of my own sex. A couple of times I nearly left the Family because of it.

But God always continued to bless

me as I kept fighting it. I never really understood why it was such an abhorrence to God or why He hated it so much. Yet one thing that kept me holding on was once in prayer 2½ years ago, my wife and I received the verses about Adam and Eve and their eating the apple. They didn't really know why they shouldn't eat, but the Lord just said don't and they needed to obey.

It was when I read the Letter "Homos" that I received a real victory over this. It happened that after reading this Letter, these tendencies seemed to enlarge almost as though God was trying to bring it all to the surface.

## A Father's Prayer

(Author unknown)

Sent in by Cephas Legend;  
Alberta, Canada Refuge Farm.

Listen son, I'm saying this to you as you lie asleep; one little hand crumpled under your cheek and the blonde curls wet on your damp forehead. Just a few minutes ago as I sat reading my papers in the office, a hot stifling wave of remorse swept over me. Guiltily, I came to your bedside.

These are the things I was thinking, son. I had been cross to you. I scolded as you were dressing because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor. At breakfast, I found fault too. You spilled things. You gulped your food. You put your elbows on the table.

Then it began all over again in the later afternoon. As I came up the hill road, I spied you down on your knees in the dirt. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your brothers by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful: Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid silly logic.

Do you remember later when I was reading in my office how you came in softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. "What is it you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone pattering upstairs.

Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my papers slipped from my hands and a terrible, sickening fear came over me. What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my reward to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you, it was that I expected so much of youth. I was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

You did not deserve my treatment of you. Your little heart is as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me goodnight. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness and I have knelt there choking with emotion and so ashamed.

And I have prayed the Lord to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy. I will chum with you and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: "He is only a little boy."

Dear son! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers and damp forehead.

—Author unknown.

My wife and I decided to take our next freeday to fast and pray about it, as was suggested in the last part of the Letter. It was that day when we fasted and prayed that the Lord really showed me my situation. For me it was like a sickness that needed healing. And Dad, just as God healed you from your physical sickness when we all fasted and prayed, God healed me through our fasting and prayer! That was about two weeks ago, and I've felt so different since then.

Occasionally, the temptation arises, yet I feel enveloped in a Spirit of God's Love or protection like in the Letter "Spiritual Communications". It just doesn't affect me like it did before. I'm different! Praise God! (DAD: Hallelujah!)

I have always felt a special concern

and understanding for these homo guys, and now I have something I didn't have before—the victory over it! Before, I could sympathise with them and relate to them, but what did I have to give them when I didn't have the victory?!—At least not over the "feelings" or "tendencies". Like any other abnormality or affliction, God prefers to give the victory over it, so we can be whole in mind, body and soul!

I'm very thankful that God has changed me from this! Thanks so much, Dad, for going through your recent illness with such a great victory and this very valuable lesson on fasting. I love you! Thanks so much for your love through your Letters. We couldn't make it without you and the Lord!

Love, J.

## LETTER of LOVE from a MEMBER of MO & MARIA'S STAFF!

Dearest Dad,

I love you! Well, a note and letter-writer I'm not, and I'm fortunate to be able to tell you daily that I love you and to show you with hugs and kisses and little things. But time and my pride don't usually let me tell you the following:

I need you! And I'm so very thankful for you and how you yield to the Lord, feeding us with His Words. I respect the Lord in you and you as my Dad, a true friend and the kindest and most thoughtful lover. Thank you for your love and forgiveness as well.

Yesterday, sitting in your lap and looking into your warm, understanding and truthful eyes, a very beautiful wave of peace and relief ran

through and over me.—I felt your love in a very different way—

Relieved to realise you had forgiven me for my recent mistakes and that you love me in spite of my foolish self. I really thank you for that, as I have never fully had that love from anyone.

In this little loving family, we all love and help one another wonderfully, but you're TOPS, Pops! And I'm yours forever and always! Thanks for knowing each of us, caring and meeting our needs. Lord help us to help you in whatever way possible!! Love, Sue.

("For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and broken down the middle wall of partition...!")  
—Eph. 4:7.) (DAD: Thank God!)