

I have seen two kinds of brothers in the Family:

The first kind of brother is very immature about both sex and children. Often they don't like to help care for children because it's simply hard work and you have to give up a lot of things, especially yourself and your freetime and your own ideas. (But on the other hand, you learn many beautiful lessons.) One thing I realised with this type of brother is that they are not as happy and content as they could be.

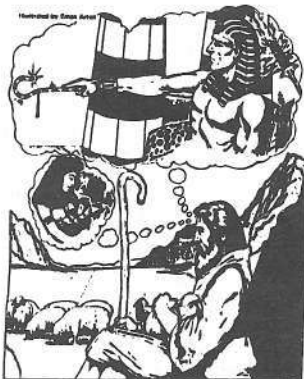
The second kind of brother is just the opposite: They just love to help care for the little ones and are so concerned about them and treat them as their own. I just realised that this kind of brothers usually are shiners in litnessing, witnessing and FF'ing because they have that love, patience, understanding and sacrificial spirit it takes! They are just terrific in FF'ing girls into the Family!

We have so much to learn from the children! It looks like the people who run away from the responsibility of taking care of children

really miss something! Also, if we cared for our new disciples just like we care for newborn babies, maybe we would have had more disciples and more would have stayed in the Family. (AMEN!-Dad)

Dad, it would be such a blessing if you could write something about "Real Fathers"! The whole Family needs it. I love you very, very much. Thank you so much for your love and concern for all of us!

—Glory U., Copenhagen, Denmark.



JAPAN: TEACHING CHILDREN ENGLISH USING THE "MO LION READERS"

by Freedom Gypsy

I have had many job offers and opportunities to teach English in the four years I've been here in Japan. It seems like just about the entire population is crying out to learn English! But until now, I didn't believe it was God's time.

Recently the Lord gave me the

vision and inspiration to teach young children English using the "MO Lion Readers" as my text and "Teaching Tips" as my guide. I prayed about it and a few months later the Lord set it up for me to try it!

Two doctors and a company president were looking for an American

to teach private English lessons to their first, second and third-grade children—six in all! We agreed together that I would teach the children eight times a month for 1½ hours per session. I could be free to use any method and text. The parents agreed to give me a very generous donation for my time and effort, about \$30 per session! PTL!

These children had absolutely no knowledge of English at the time. I decided to start by teaching them the alphabet using a book called "The Ladybird Pictorial Alphabet Book". During this first month using this book for a text, the kids did learn the alphabet, but it was very hard for me to keep them interested. They would get fussy and want to go play, etc.

Well, the second month I began using the MO Lion Readers for my text. I taught them to sight-read all the words in Reader No. 1 by using Word Book No. 1. After they

could read all the individual words and tell what they mean in Japanese, I then gave them each a copy of Reader No. 1 "Jesus Loves Me".

We would read the whole book together, page by page. Then I would ask each child to read a page and to translate the meaning into Japanese. This really kept their attention and interest!

In only one month's time they could read Readers 1-5 in English and translate them into Japanese, which is very difficult as Japanese grammar and sentence structure is just the opposite of English.

Also, the children prayed and received Jesus into their hearts! PTL! They are hungry little sheep who even started witnessing to their parents. Thank the Lord for this precious opportunity to pioneer a new way of helping to change the world and influence young lives and win them into God's Kingdom!

—Freedom Gypsy

OUR LITTLE SPIRIT HELPER!

One of the heaviest lessons we've learned in our lives happened when the Lord took our little baby home. He was born premature and lived only eight days. But we've seen him in visions fighting in the Spirit! PG! Our little 4-year-old Nahshon had been wetting the bed for the past two years. Right around the time of the baby's death he stopped wetting his bed completely! One morning out of the clear blue sky Nahshon told me that Isaac (the baby) was helping him not to peepee!

Another time, about one month after the baby's death, I was resting with the children in the afternoon.

I had prayed and asked the Lord to wake me up at a certain time so I could read a little Word before the children woke up.

As I was resting, I felt a tap on my shoulder and I heard a child's voice saying, "Wake up!" Thinking it was Nahshon, I opened my eyes but he was sound asleep. So I closed my eyes again and was asking the Lord who that was when I felt a tap again and that little voice telling me very cheerfully, "It's time to wake up!" It was really the Lord comforting me and showing me I had a little helper now!—Siloam & Zebediah Zephyr; Barcelona, Spain.

SEARCH FOR GOD

My fish Carlos told me about a dream he had the night before about the two of us. When I told him that I had to go, he started weeping. I felt so bad that I took his hands and started to ask the Lord to give him confidence and he was a lot better after that prayer. He gave me another donation and told me how happy he was during these times with me, and he has continued giving donations since.

One time, Carlos called to tell us about a problem at work and asked us to pray about it. He said that part of the building they were constructing collapsed. He said it was a miracle that there were no victims, and asked us to pray that nothing more happened. The next time I saw him he said it must have been our prayers and that God's angels were guarding the whole building because technically it was impossible that the remaining part could still be standing! PTL!

Sometimes I have problems with him demanding so much of my time—he wants to see me every day. So one day I tried to explain to him that I had obligations and responsibility and that he needed to understand and respect this. He accepted, even though with a little bit of "poor me".

I'm trying to go slow with him

Poems by Carlos, fish in Spain:

SEARCHING FOR GOD

Without footprints on the way,
Erring through the desert,
Without plan, without destiny
Sleepwalking as tho' dead
I go walking through life

and with much prayer because there is something in him that I don't see very clearly. It's like a spiritual sickness that he has; it's not evil, but can be cured only with much, much love and the Word.

One day we had agreed not to see each other, as I had a lot to do. Yet there he was waiting for me when I came home from litnessing. This made me mad, after all I had tried to explain to him. Like a stubborn child, he refused to go and pulled out photos of his wife and children to show me (I had asked to see some sometime) and asked if we could go into the house. I said we could just look at them in the car, but he didn't want to. He was a little angry and left.

It hurt me very much to see him leave, but if I don't give him the right vision from the beginning, afterwards he will not appreciate my time. (DAD: Amen!) The Lord is already disciplining him, but he is happy to be able to share his feelings and his heart with us.

The next day he came in for a little while. We read Luke 7, Job 11 and Psalm 27. We also prayed for him—Marina, Pilar, Gloria and I, and he was so touched by this experience that he wrote another precious poem entitled "The Four Angels".

Love, Dolores.

Without north, without light,
Without harbour.

Oasis of my existence,
Where are you?
Jesus, are you my love,
The rest which I lack?

Are You the fountain that for my
longing,
For my burning thirst, I lack?

I'm a bell without sound,
I'm a sunrise without the morning
I'm a bird without a nest
And a burning fire without a flame.
Who will help me to drink of You?

PRAYER

I want to have peace in my soul—
A cyclone of doubts,
An ocean without calm,
A tumult of guilts
And other threatenings
Anguish my breast, block up hopes.
I want to have peace in my soul—
Disasters and evil,
Pride without restriction,
"Kindnesses" that kill,
"Love" with poison
Leave me without rest.

Who with a blessed love
Will lift up my head
To refresh my mouth
Calming my innermost parts?
An angel, Lord, Lord,
An angel at my shoulders,
That he may melt my love
In the golden crucible of Your
blessing.

I want to have peace in my soul—
I hope that one day
The sheep, the wolf,
The mouse and the eagle,
The fire and the water
Will look at each other
In the dawn of an age without spot
All like brothers, of one branch—

This peace, Lord,
I want in my soul!
(Original Spanish poems translated
into English by Marina.)

THE FOUR ANGELS

They took me by the hand—four angels of God!
I saw them come down from Heaven, the four around me
Until they were settling on the ground.
Star of five points from the Blue descending
Were Gloria, Marina, Pilar, Dolores and I!
Taking me by the hand, bringing me to Jesus!
Wave of glory and love—what marvellous light!
What tenderness, what sincerity!
One said: "Clothe him with wings" and her wings were white.
Another said: "Caress him with your looks"
And her eyes were like rainbows.
The third: "Let's take him up with love"
And the last presenting me: "This is your servant, Lord!"
I bowed my head and the Lord surrounded me.
Happiness came into my eyes and because of them I wept.
Tears of blessed love comfort my heart.
Lifting up my forehead, whispering a prayer
The smiling tenderness of the four around me
Proclaimed joyfully:
"Now we have another servant of God!" —by Carlos A. to 4 FF'ers