

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight, and I decided to follow!

The three and a half years that followed I became very involved with the Family. I believe the members there saw my sincerity and considered the situation I was in, and allowed me to keep all my M's at home, which was a real blessing. All I had was the printed Word, and I believed every single thing I read there. At the very beginning, Julia, Watchman's former mate, and Shalom of Corny took interest in me, calling me every day to see how I was doing and encouraging me. They even tried to get parental permission to place me in the Puerto Rican school, to which my father answered positively, only to go back on his word as soon as the brethren departed.

I began witnessing even more, witnessing and memorising, trying to live for the Lord 100% in my situation. Honestly, I can say that Dad's and Faithy's letters kept me during all those years. Just looking at her photos and her sample kept me yearning to be a front line fighter for the Lord. My father began to get very concerned, as he didn't know how to get all these crazy ideas out of my head. So he put me in a night school to keep a tight eye on me, and during the day had me accompany him in his business affairs or had one of my brothers guard me, and at times even had detectives follow and report on my activities. What an exciting time though! I remember having to disguise myself, and having the brethren meet me in incognito places to get the letters or tracts, and to be able to hand in my weekly reports. I would memorise during the day, and when everyone slept I would get up and review, read a letter, make my tribe report in the dark or with a flashlight, etc. I had to have everything absolutely hidden, and would place several Bibles in obvious places, so that when my parents got upset they would find one and throw it away, leaving their anger satisfied, and my Letters and other Bible safely hidden.

They were very violent with me and gave me lots of trouble. I recall one incident particularly when I had gotten out of night school and my brother had decided not to pick me up. I took the opportunity to go out and witness as much as I could to all the outgoing students. Actually, everyone already knew me, and they called me "the prophet" - ha! I would usually take up the opportunity to witness when I got out early, and would manage to get back to school in time for my brother to pick me up and take me home. I was desperate and managed to get out about 80 letters per hour after 10 PM, I just remember I was desperate to do as much as possible. Anyhow, this particular evening I decided to get out the lit, since I was prohibited from doing so on school premises. So I began witnessing without a worry in the world. I was about to pass out a letter, when suddenly I had a vision of a red warning light. I turned around immediately to see my brother standing there staring me straight in the face. I ran and hid the lit in my boots, which is normally where I kept my lit and Bible. In fact, to this day I always have a pair with me, as they always come in handy - ha!

I began my walk home praying desperately. I had been badly beaten by my father and brothers several times in similar incidences, so I was a bit worried about going home. I arrived and had to go through several gates before coming to the main entrance. I opened the door - all was quiet. I breathed a sigh of relief, when suddenly I felt two hands around my neck choking me. I was able to turn my head enough to see my father and two of my brothers. The hitting began. They threw me against a wall, and proceeded to take off my clothes so I wouldn't run off. They took me to my room, and with my Bible began hitting me on the back of my head until I fainted. When I came to, I was sprawled on the floor and I couldn't get up. My right leg was very swollen, and I managed to get to my bed and began crying out to the Lord. I was really hurt and I cried out with my whole heart. I was seventeen then.

I had faithfully witnessed and yearned to be free to do His will. I had seen others come and go and take the Family so lightly with few problems and obstacles, only to have no sooner come in than to leave again. Why? I meant business. I only wanted to serve Him. "Why?" I asked, and He began to answer. I saw myself shooting through the clouds, one after the other, until I came to the last one. It parted to show me a great eye, which upon closing shed a tear, and the Lord spoke to me and said, "I know what you're going through. I feel for you, too, but it's something which you must pass through." Suddenly I also saw an angel flying towards me, until he came and stood in front of me and said, "O man greatly beloved, fear not, fear not." I truly felt comforted, and asked the

Lord to confirm it. I opened the Bible and got the following verses out of Daniel. "Yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me at the time of the evening oblation. (22) And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding." Daniel 9:21 & 22 "And said, O man greatly beloved, fear not; peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong. And when he had spoken unto me I was strengthened, and said, Let my Lord speak; for thou hast strengthened me." Dan.9:19. This greatly encouraged me, and helped me to go out and win lots of souls and start out-cast groups in school.

Around this time I began to get involved with the disco, being on the organisational committee M'ing. I was voted Catacombs shepherd and started taking more of a hand in the work in Costa Rica. I had already at this time turned 18, but the Family was worried because of my father's influence and unfavorable attitude. Finally it just came to the point where I had so much to do I wouldn't have been able to continue unless I was able to work full-time. I was desperate, and I had several dreams and visions which confirmed that it was the Lord's time. My father called the Chief of Police the day I left and disowned me. All the dreams and visions were fulfilled to a "T". It was all very encouraging, because I was held for six hours before I was finally able to leave my parents' house and go the colony.

I really put my heart into the work there, and began working with the Archbishops at the time, Israel and Gennesaret Cincy. It was also during this time that I met \_\_\_\_\_, the Chilean producer who is working with the Family now in his own country. We got commercials on the air and pioneered quite a few T.V. programs in Costa Rica, and also in San Salvador, Guatemala, with other brethren. It was a truly exciting time in which I was able to burn free in all areas! I'm waiting to hear from \_\_\_\_\_ to get together on the whole story, which I hope will inspire the Family, how the entire staff under him got saved and what the Lord accomplished through our work in Costa Rica and other parts of Central America. Strings of miracles, too many to number here, PTL! I've already made this long enough.

After Central America, it was to Mexico in answer to Watchman's invitation to help pioneer the music ministry there, which was very fruitful. I was also able to witness and bring coloring to the Family \_\_\_\_\_ a Mexican producer, who helped us tremendously in getting on TV, etc.

It was in Mexico we first received the FF Letters, and at the time I was witnessing to my former wife, \_\_\_\_\_, an actress and daughter of very rich and influential parents. At the time when she really let go and yielded, it bore much fruit in witnessing and being a blessing to the overall work. She did have her problems even back then, but she bore fruit for the Lord, which is the most important. We got to witness to the President's niece, which we led to the Lord, the President's sister, actress and actresses, the entire cast of Godspell, which she was directing at the time. (They would get together and pray before each performance, governors, the influential, etc., before she turned against the Family.) I have so much to tell you about that time, Dad and Maria. I would rather work on that particular stage in my life as another project, because it would greatly help others who may be in similar situations. For example, how I was able to FF her, hanging on through many ups and downs, my business, my daughters, how I backslid and even went back to a couple of bisexual experiences and how the Lord and you brought me back to this wonderful Family. I'm sorry for taking so much of your time. I thought this might help you to know me better, and I will finish off the rest immediately. I actually feel it's probably the most important part, but I also wanted you to see my background and the things I've gone through. I love you so much and can never begin to thank you enough. GBYBY always and forever.

Your son,  
*Tracy*  
Solomon Costa Rican (GBY Son! - & TG He did keep you! Jesus never fails! M.Y.I.D.)

## Forsaking His Father's Riches!

AFTER LONELY YEARS IN BOARDING SCHOOLS & FED UP WITH DRUGS, HE FOUND A PURPOSE IN LIFE!

From Tracy; At MMW:

**GBYBY!** This is my life story in a nutshell: I was born in Jamaica, 24 years ago, the 2nd child in a family of 5. My mother was my father's 3rd wife.

**I CAME FROM A VERY RICH FAMILY.** My father had the largest real estate company in Jamaica, along with a few other things which I never fully understood. He also bred racehorses as a hobby. One thing about him, he was very busy & I never spent much time with him.

**MY MOTHER WAS A LOT YOUNGER THAN MY FATHER** & was into fashion, & cocktail parties. My mother's background was French & Portuguese, & my father's was Scottish & English. They were both born in Jamaica. I grew up with pretty strong family ties, as I had a lot of relatives on my mother's side.

**THEY WERE ALL KIND OF WILD** & I had an aunt who modelled in Playboy & took pot, & my 65-year-old grandmother used to give us lectures on sex, using herself as an example of still having sex at her age.

**MY MOTHER ALSO HAD A VERY STRONG CATHOLIC STREAK**, as when she was younger she wanted to be a nun. She always insisted that we go to Catholic schools, & she took us to church every Sunday.

**WHEN I REACHED 11 YEARS**, my parents sent me off to boarding school in the U.S. to get a "good education". From the moment I arrived I hated it. The Americans were mostly big "tough" guys who would mock me a lot as I would get very brown in the sun. They'd call me "nigger", & it really hurt me; they were all so mean & prejudiced. I really hated that place & remember crying a lot & just felt like dying. My parents ignored all my

letters about how much I hated it.

**THE SECOND YEAR THERE I MET A FEW OF THE "HIPPIES"** of the school. They really appealed to me & even thought I was "cool", being only 12 & from Jamaica. They were always really friendly to me, & I immediately latched on to them & of course started taking pot. I really dove into marijuana as a way of escape.

**MY GRADES IN SCHOOL REALLY FLOPPED**, & my father sensed something, so he took us out of school there. I was so happy until he found out we were smoking pot. He exploded & was furious. He immediately sent my brother & me off to boarding school in England & a month later moved my whole family out of Jamaica to London.

**BOARDING SCHOOL IN ENGLAND WAS A LOT STRICTER**, & it was way off in the country. I didn't like it either & really felt lonely again. The kids my age were all into sports, boy scouts & TV, & I just felt like a Martian or something; I was 13 when I first arrived there. None of the kids my age there ever thought about taking pot, so I was separated from them & became withdrawn. I did enjoy art & the school plays in which I got to act, but I was generally sad & lonely.

**I WOULD OFTEN JUST GO OFF & WONDER WHAT LIFE WAS ALL ABOUT & WOULD PRAY TO JESUS A LOT.** I knew He existed but just couldn't stand church. We had to go to church there, & it just made me hate the hypocrisy of it all. I saw the school as a big factory & all the kids come in with smiles & happiness & walk out with briefcases & bowler hats & good jobs.

**WELL, MY BROTHER FOUND SOME DRUGS IN THE LOCAL VILLAGE**, & I started getting into hashish & later LSD. I got very interested in LSD & thought it was the answer to all my problems. Then, one time I had a very bad experience with it & realised how dangerous it was. I had a dark experience and felt all these evil things. I was really afraid and realised how helpless I was. It was like going into the Spirit World without any protection, without God and His love.

**AFTER THIS EXPERIENCE I REALLY KNEW THAT THE SPIRIT WORLD WAS REAL**, and it made the silly World I was living in seem so pointless. I wanted to escape the World of people who were just "flatlanders", as Father David described in one of his writings.

**NOT LONG AFTERWARD, I WAS EXPELLED FROM THE SCHOOL**, as the headmaster found out I was taking LSD. I was so happy. My father of course was furious & took me back to London & tore up all the "hippy"-looking posters in my room & threw out all my weird records. He sent me to a doctor friend of his who I guess was supposed to be a good sample for me to follow, as he belonged to the "jet set", rich, handsome & easy-going. He really did not impress me at all. After this, I was sent to a private tutorial college in London, with about 4 to 5 people in each class.

**BY THIS TIME I WAS AT THE LOWEST POINT IN MY LIFE**, I was thinking of suicide & didn't know what was the purpose in living. It all seemed like a big mistake. What was the point of working all my life to become

like my parents? They were rich, had everything, yet were still unhappy. Life just seemed so meaningless. My life consisted of school, staying in my room at home listening to records, & smoking pot. It was so horrible & empty.

**ONE DAY ON THE WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL** I saw an advertisement for a film. It was called "Brother Sun & Sister Moon" by Franco Zeffirelli. The poster advertising the film really struck me as being so pure. I just couldn't get the picture out of my head, & as I was coming out of the underground I thought to myself, "If I should go & see that film, let me see that poster again before I get off the escalator."

**I THEN SAW THE SAME POSTER AGAIN TWICE** also, that night I had a dream that I was seeing the film. I also had another dream that I was an elephant in a herd of elephants, & I left the herd & climbed up to the top of a mountain.

**I FELT REALLY STRANGE THE NEXT DAY** & knew that I had to go & see that film. So, that night I went, & outside the cinema were members of the Family stopping people & talking to them. I didn't really know what to think as the first girl handed me a "New Nation News" with a loving, sincere look & said, "Oh come & visit us!" Then a boy started talking to me, & I felt a real sincerity & warmth from him. I didn't listen to him at first, as I thought he was from a church, but when he said to me, "I hate church too", it really struck me.

**HE ALSO GOT ANGRY AT ME AT ONE POINT & TOLD ME HOW SELFISH I WAS.** I realised then that all this time it was Jesus who was trying to get thru to me, & I felt really warm inside. He then asked me if I want-

ed to pray with him & ask Jesus into my heart. I said yes, & right after I had prayed with him, I knew that was it.

**I FELT LIKE I WAS FLOATING ON AIR** & was just so happy. He was really happy that was it.



Tracy recording vocal in the MMW studio.

too, & invited me to come over the next day to the home where they lived. I went first thing the next day, & immediately wanted to join up with them & work for Jesus full time. I had just turned 16 at the time, so I was too young to join right away, but after 3 months of visiting & witnessing with them every day after school (& in school to all my classmates

& teachers), my parents decided to give me permission to join, as they just gave up on me, thinking I was a lost cause.

**IT'S BEEN 8 YEARS SINCE THEN**, & I now have 3 children, a beautiful wife, & have never regretted giving my life to Jesus. He turned my empty useless life into a happy, useful son of God. Thanks to Jesus & this wonderful Family! GBYBY! LV!

**OH YES, THE FIRST LETTER I EVER READ FROM FATHER DAVID WAS CALLED "FLATLANDERS"** & was so true it made my heart leap for joy. I never thought I would ever read something that put words to the emotions & feelings that were in my heart. It was really an experience I'll never forget - the shepherd calling out to the sheep!

**THANK GOD FOR A REAL SHEPHERD**, not a "fat shepherd" as described in Ezekiel 34, a verse that really was like my life was: "And they shall no more be a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beast of the land devour them; but they shall dwell safely & none shall make them afraid." Thank the Lord for the shepherd who caused that shepherd to go out & find me!

(Amos! GBY Son! TG He found U! LV!)



Man over-board: Tracy throws out a life-saver during filming of the HMS MMW video.