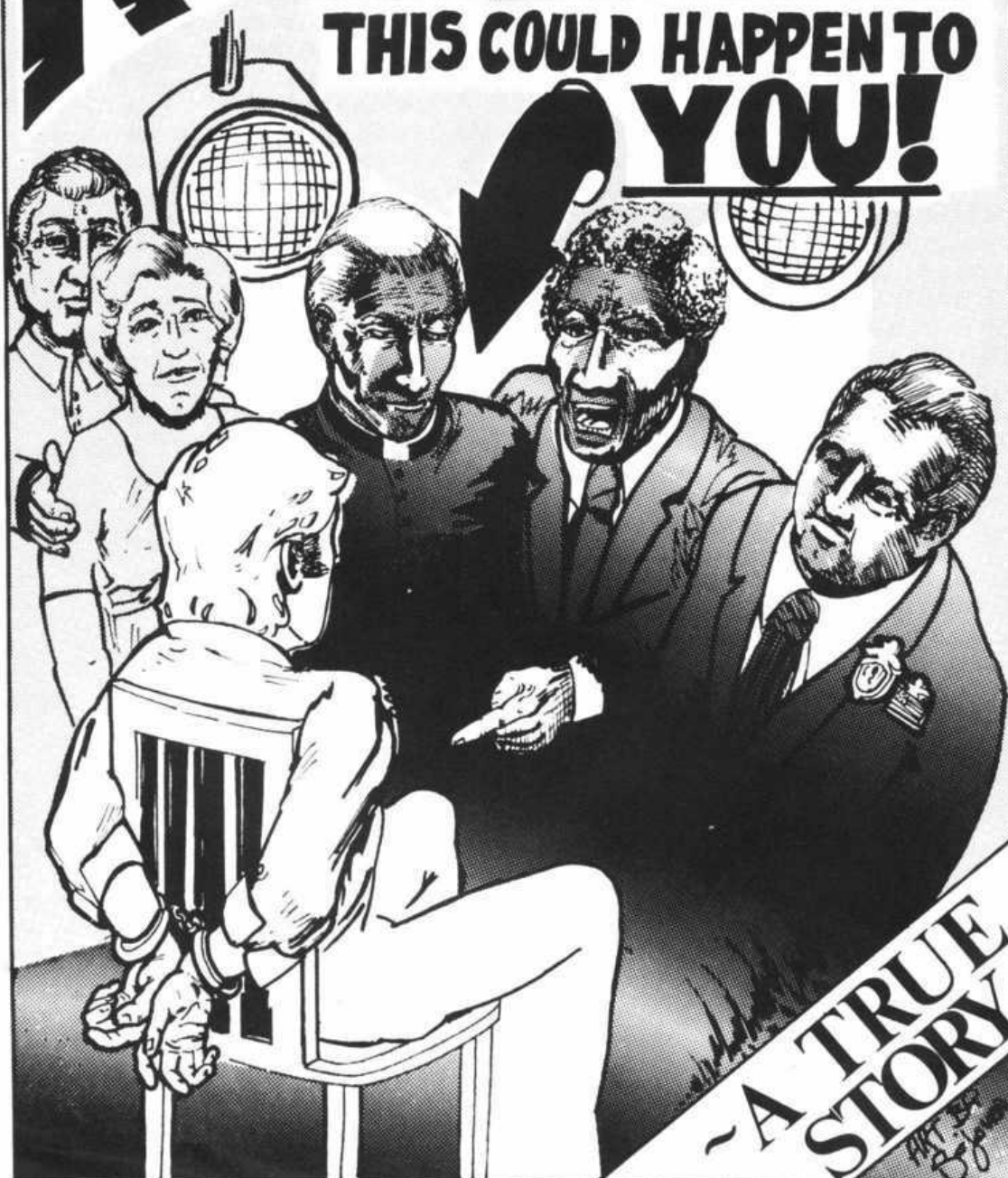


KIDNAPPED!

BY CEPHAS

THIS COULD HAPPEN TO
YOU!

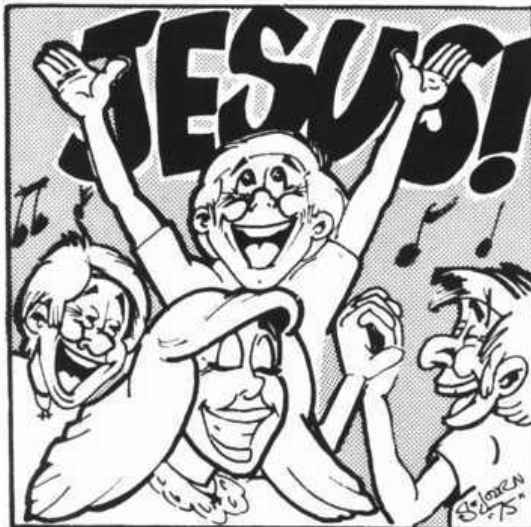


«WHO WOULD HAVE DREAMED THAT THIS SOON, RIGHT NOW, THERE WOULD BE SOME AMERICANS CLAIMING TO BE CHRISTIANS, KIDNAPPING AND ILLEGALLY IMPRISONING THEM AND TORTURING THEM, TAKING AWAY THEIR BIBLES, AND EVEN BRAGGING ABOUT IT IN THE NEWSPAPER.» (The Asylum—MO No. 221)

1. I DIDN'T! YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T! BUT GOD'S PROPHET, MOSES DAVID DID! AND IT HAPPENED TO ME! Twice my parents, along with FreeCog, an Anti-Christ group of older people (mainly so-called Christians), police, special doctors and others, kidnapped me, illegally imprisoned me, tried to hypnotise me, and much more! Jesus delivered me as he will always deliver His Children!

2. I'D BEEN WITH THE CHILDREN OF GOD THREE MONTHS BEFORE I WENT TO VISIT MY PARENTS. It was only to be for a two to three week visit, after which I had planned to go to a needy mission field to continue my work for the Lord.

3. I WAS SO HAPPY WITH MY NEW LIFE I HAD FOUND LIVING FOR JESUS, sharing the Truth of His Love with others, while living and working with the Children of God. I was, of course, very anxious to share my joy with my parents, too!



4. BEFORE I MET THE CHILDREN OF GOD MY LIFE WAS A COMPLETE MESS—I was a drop-out of Stanford University, and had tried drugs and yoga. I came from a shattered family: my mother had frequent violent fits of rage for no apparent reason; one of my brothers who has diabetes was trying to find a way to convince people to give him a million dollars and call him «Master»; while my other brother kept his whereabouts and plans well-hidden, if he had any!

5. MYSELF, I WAS LOST, CONFUSED AND IN DESPAIR, so I cried out to God for the answer.

6. HIS ANSWER WAS, IS, AND ALWAYS SHALL BE, JESUS! So I ran away from home and met Jesus just by asking Him to forgive me, and come into my heart and save me! Then it took six more months of again trying yoga, drugs, living at home, living off friends, and working before I broke in complete despair, deciding to give my life to God rather than trying to use Him as my tool to do my own thing.

7. THEN I WAS HAPPY! I met some people who loved Jesus, and I began to pray and personally communicate with Him. I started to write my parents again as I was no longer ashamed of my life and actions! I had gotten filled with God's Holy Spirit and now had the burning desire to shout the joy my life had become to all of the world—all because of Jesus!

8. ALTHOUGH MY FAMILY WAS PLEASED THAT NOW I WAS HAPPY AND BACK IN TOUCH WITH THEM AND NO LONGER DOING DRUGS AND YOGA, THEY WERE HORRIBLY SHOCKED, BEING JEWISH, THAT JESUS HAD GIVEN ME THE HAPPY LIFE THEY COULDN'T GIVE! They refused to encourage me in my new life and constantly asked that I come home.

9. I LOVED MY PARENTS, BUT I UNDERSTOOD THAT THEY HAD NO INTENTION OF HELPING ME TO GROW IN MY CHRISTIAN FAITH. So I told them to please be patient as I was going to continue my Bible studies but would soon come for a visit.

10. IN PHOENIX, ARIZONA, AFTER THREE MONTHS OF FOLLOWING JESUS, I WANTED TO GO TO THE FIELDS AS A MISSIONARY. Now was the time to visit my parents, for as a full-time missionary the opportunity might never arise again. After counselling with some older brethren, they agreed that it was a good idea, and they took me to the airport to catch my plane for Virginia Beach.

11. THE MINUTE MY PARENTS SAW ME THEY ACTED AS IF I HAD COME HOME FROM COLLEGE. They talked about my being there at the end of the summer; about getting me an apartment; and about sending me back to school, or having me work for my Dad for a year! What were they talking about?

12. DIDN'T THEY KNOW I'D DEVOTED MY WHOLE LIFE TO JESUS AND SPREADING THE GOSPEL, His story, throughout the world and that this was what made me happy? My mother said,



«That's just a fad all the kids are going through, you'll see. You need a good

education and a good job that will last».

13. EVEN THEN I STILL TRIED TO SIMPLY LOVE THEM and share how much Jesus had done for me before I left, but I didn't get a chance. My father was off to work early every day and came home so tired that he went straight to bed. We hardly ever saw each other. My mother refused to hear a thing that didn't coincide with her plans for my future. She just said, as if she hadn't heard a word I'd told her, «Go, enjoy yourself today», and she would entertain a few friends or go to the beach.

14. AFTER VISITING THEM FOR ONE WEEK, I BORROWED MY PARENT'S CAR SO THAT I COULD TAKE SOME OF MY OLD THINGS TO THE NEARBY CHILDREN OF GOD COLONY in Norfolk, Virginia.

15. WHEN WE ARRIVED AT THE COLONY, THE BURNING FIRE OF GOD'S LOVE AND THE SWEET FELLOWSHIP WARMED MY SOUL SO MUCH! I sang and danced with them and stayed for dinner. Then, realising my parents were expecting me home for dinner, I called and apologised for having forgotten. They were furious!

16. A BROTHER AND SISTER FROM THE CHILDREN OF GOD CAME HOME WITH ME TO MEET MY PARENTS. The door, which is never locked, was locked. I was locked out! When I knocked, my father opened the door, and with the most stern look he said, «There's no excuse for what you've done!». I said I was sorry, and then tried to introduce the two members of the Children of God to them. My father said he wasn't interested in anyone else, and could my friends please wait outside. Then my mother began sobbing loudly upstairs. (This seemed mad, but was quite normal for our household!) So realising that I couldn't stay there, I told my father that I was going to stay in the colony nearby and would keep in touch.

17. AS I WAS GETTING MY SUITCASE PACKED TO LEAVE, MY MOTHER CAME THUNDERING DOWN THE STAIRS AND BARRED THE DOOR OF THE ROOM. Her eyes were aflame and her teeth clenched

as she screamed at me, «If you leave like this, so-help-me-God, you'll not be welcomed back in this household! Do you hear? Do you understand?».



18. JUST AT THAT MOMENT I RECEIVED A PROPHECY saying, «The Lord heard these words, and he shall not be your son again until you say «Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!»» And I walked out, to the amazement of my mother! As my brethren in the front drive stood and watched, she stood at the door screaming, continually opening and slamming the door. It was horrible, but I remembered that verse from Psalm 27 «When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up».

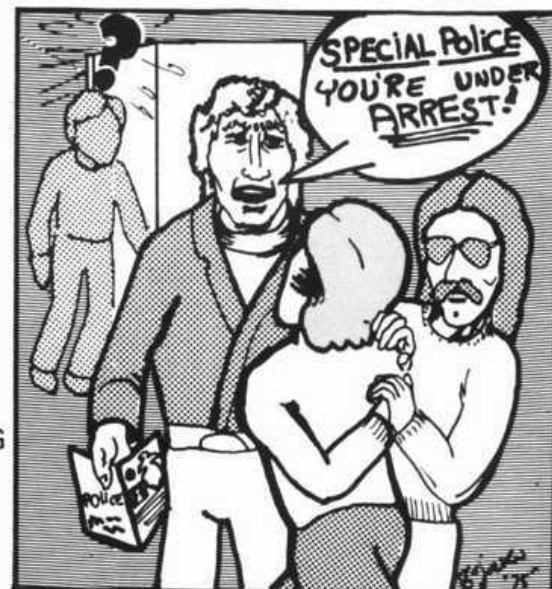
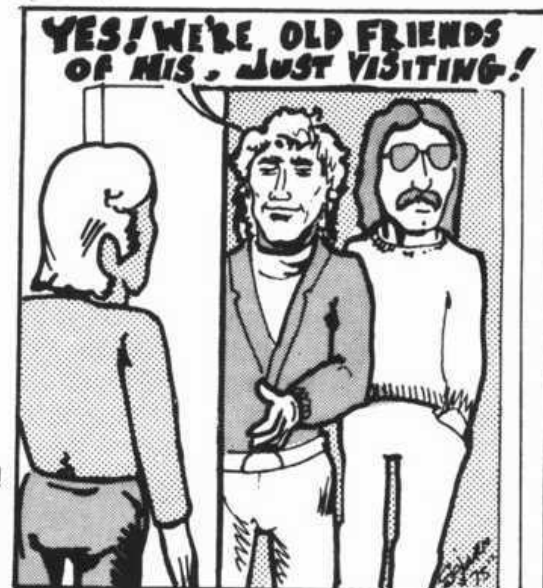
19. AT MY MOTHER'S INSTIGATION MY DAD CHASED AFTER ME. Although I stopped to listen to what he said, I refused to get in his car, and continued on my way with my new family of love and Jesus—The Children of God.

20. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY SHOCKED TO SEE THAT I HAD TRULY FOUND A LIFE AND A FAMILY THAT GAVE ME SUCH JOY AND HOPE, THAT I WOULD FORSAKE EVERYTHING ELSE FOR IT. They just couldn't understand, or wouldn't! But I had no intention of excluding them from my new life; rather, I prayed that they could and would share in my joy.

21. LATER, I WAS DAILY BESIEGED AT THE COLONY BY MY FATHER who came with luke-warm Christian kids, and

a pastor who had forsaken God's Word to follow a profession of high finance. I even got a call from a rich friend to go back.

22. FINALLY, TWO UNDERCOVER HIPPIY POLICEMEN ENTERED THE COLONY CLAIMING THEY WERE TWO OLD FRIENDS OF MINE AND ARRESTED ME with a warrant for «mental incompetency».



23. AFTER THREE DAYS OF IMPRISONMENT, I WAS TAKEN TO THE SHERIFF'S CHAMBER. There my father,

and a **black man** named **Ted Patrick** (also known as «Black Lightning»), the **sheriff**, and a **judge** were all gathered to meet me. The sheriff said, «Listen, son, you've got your choice, you can either go home with your father and see your mother, or go back to jail.» Immediately I said, «I'd rather go back to jail» but he snapped, «You can't do that, you're going with your father!», and the judge signed a paper.

24. THEN TED PATRICK TOOK HIS TURN. He claimed he was a Christian who wanted to help me, and said he knew a lot about the Children of God. As I explained that God had clearly shown me I shouldn't go home with my father, the sheriff told us to get out of his office, because he was busy.

25. BUT AS I STEPPED OUT THE DOOR, TED PATRICK GRABBED ME FROM BEHIND AND ORDERED MY FATHER TO GRAB MY LEGS, which he did, beginning to weep. God was trying to convict his heart and show him what a mistake he was making, but as the Bible explains, when truth is resisted it loses its power over the mind. You then find excuses and lies to support yourself as you flee from the truth which would destroy the selfish false ideas you've built.

26. THE NEXT THING I KNEW, TED PATRICK YELLED AN ORDER AND SEVERAL POLICEMEN CAME UP AND HANDCUFFED ME, GIVING THE KEYS TO PATRICK! Then they shoved me into the car between my Dad and Patrick. My father's eyes were filled with tears as he began to pour out excuses and apologies in one ear while at the same time Ted Patrick tried to shoot his venomous lies about the Children of God and how I'd been «hypnotised» and «drugged» and «didn't know any better» in the other ear.

27. WHEN WE ARRIVED AT «HOME» MY MOTHER WAS CRYING AND WAITING AT THE DOOR WITH A GROUP OF PEOPLE. When asked to get out of the car, I became limp to make it evident that I was there against my will. Patrick started screaming «You see there, he's gone into a trance!» So they carried me into the

house where my father's friend, the **Assistant District Attorney** and a **Washington D.C. journalist** were there to witness all this. My mother cried, «I'm so glad you decided to come home, and it's so good to have you!»

28. AT THAT TIME, I MADE IT CLEAR THAT I WAS BEING HANDCUFFED AND ILLEGALLY KIDNAPPED COMPLETELY AGAINST MY WILL. I eventually talked them into taking off the handcuffs and then **attempted to escape several times** but found the door locked and Ted Patrick bear-hugging me.

29. THIS IS HOW MY KIDNAPPING BEGAN, and it got more nightmarish as it went on, because the Devil and his people will stop at nothing in their attempt to hinder God's work.

30. I KNEW THAT GOD WOULD SOMEHOW DELIVER ME, BUT IF I HAD BEEN BETTER PREPARED AND MORE AWARE OF THE DEVIL'S DEVICES I would have had the faith and wisdom to rebuke those wicked forces and escape their sticky clutches much sooner. **I pray this story might help you to be ready if it happens to you! Let's hope so! BE PREPARED!**

31. THEY HELD ME PRISONER THERE FOR A FEW DAYS, WITH TED PATRICK AS «MASTER OF CEREMONIES». He continued to tell everyone bigger and better lies about the Children of God, trying to win me to his side with false information, defrauding the brethren, and stories of how pure his mission was, to free youth devoted to Christ!

32. HIS MAIN TACTIC WAS TO TRY TO GET ME TO ARGUE WITH HIM so that contention would flow through me, too. Jesus has warned us, «Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him»—otherwise you'll be in trouble! I should have agreed with them, gone to work or something, and then escaped at the first free moment. But instead, as an idealistic, proud youth, I refused to go along with anything they suggested, so it took a real miracle for God to show me the way.

33. A RICH CHRISTIAN LADY, WELL RESPECTED FOR HER STRONG FAITH,

WHO LIVED NEARBY, RECEIVED A DIRECT PROPHECY FROM JESUS FOR ME, and I didn't even know her personally! When she arrived at the front door to describe her mission, everyone was quite amazed!

34. SINCE THEY HAD TAKEN MY BIBLE AWAY AND CAREFULLY KEPT ME FROM ANY FAITH-BUILDING SCRIPTURES, this Christian woman seemed like an angel of God to me! She had written the verses down that God had given her, and as I read them, the Holy Spirit clearly explained what God was showing me to do: that I should say that I now understood that I should go along with what my parents wanted. That was it! When I understood and obeyed, there was a sudden release of tension, and I knew the Lord had done a real miracle in giving me the answer! Ted Patrick said, «He broke! We've won now!». Then as suddenly as she appeared, the lady left.

35. NOW THAT THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD «WON», THEIR FIENDISH GRIP BEGAN TO SLACKEN AND MY HOPES OF ESCAPE LOOKED MUCH BETTER! That evening, the lady sent two monks to visit and they sang hymns and shared the Bible with me, sympathising with my desire to be a full-time disciple for Jesus. That night there was a television show sponsored by FreeCog to discredit the Children of God called «Chronolog». I was truly thankful to have the monks there, who, like myself, could see the Devil's lies in this television programme.

36. AFTER THE SHOW TED PATRICK SUGGESTED THAT I BE SENT WITH HIM TO VISIT A GROUP OF «PROFESSIONAL DEPROGRAMMERS». When my father agreed, so did I, and the next morning they flew me, with Ted Patrick, to California.

37. IN CALIFORNIA, FREECOG HAS A COMPLETE ORGANISATION AND PLAN TO DECEIVE YOUNG CHRISTIANS INTO LEAVING THE DISCIPLES' WAY OF LIFE AND CHOOSING A COMPROMISING SUBSTITUTE. First I was taken to meet a council of pharasaical church elders. Since I had been with what

they claimed were «devil-possessed Children of God», they said they had to cast several «demons» out of me. Even though I'd told them exactly how I'd met Jesus and received His Holy Spirit, they insisted on doing it, so I told them if they saw any demons they wanted to cast out, to go ahead. Next they wanted me to renounce my Bible name which I had adopted amongst the Children of God. I decided as long as they didn't want me to renounce Jesus I could go along with their madness, seeing I was still their prisoner! Afterwards, they took me to a Bible study with the local youth, and it was as lukewarm as the rest of their whole churchy substitute!

38. A FEW DAYS LATER, TED PATRICK WENT OUT WITH HIS CHILDREN FOR THE AFTERNOON AND AFTER HE LEFT I TRIED AN ESCAPE ATTEMPT. His wife was left to guard me, and upon spotting my escape she called Patrick and another top executive of FreeCog.

39. I PROBABLY COULD HAVE MADE A SUCCESSFUL ESCAPE, but I was so interested in getting out of town that I headed for a big highway, and got caught in no time at all. Little side roads or even a bush could have hidden me until night's cover made movement more feasible.

40. WHEN THEY CAUGHT ME, IT WAS A REAL SHOCK. By this time they had me really confused and filled with an awful gloom. I told them I had to leave California and that I wanted to go back to my parents on the East Coast.

41. «IF THE DEVIL CAN'T GET YOU TO STOP HE TRIES TO GET YOU TO COMPROMISE. He tempts you with half-truths that make you doubt your convictions or not live up to them fully. He knows you'll never make peace with him in your war on evil, so he tries to tempt you with a temporary truce. **IF HE SUCCEEDS IN GETTING EVEN A SHORT CEASEFIRE** he has time to bring up reinforcements, encircle you, infiltrate you with his lies and spies and try to trap you completely! You can't do business with the Enemy even for a moment! He's out to win! **AND THE ONLY WAY HE CAN WIN IS TO GET YOU**

TO LET DOWN YOUR GUARD FOR JUST A **MOMENT** so he can get in, or **compromise** only a few minutes so he can do his dirty work while you're not looking! **THE ENEMY OF YOUR SOUL JUST NEEDS A LITTLE**

TIME OF COMPROMISE to get close enough to strike you some mortal blow below the belt in his wicked war of weaseling his way in so that you're knocked out before you know what hit you! This is the **grave** danger of the **unguarded moment!**—Just a **moment** of unguarded danger that can put you in your **grave!**» (MO 291:62–65).

42. WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED HOME MY PARENTS KEPT A TIGHT WATCH ON ME, but continuing to compromise, I decided to stay and go along with them to give them a final chance to willingly release me, thinking if I left under such circumstances that there would be no hope of ever being re-united.

43. NOW, WHEN I DECIDED TO STAY I SUDDENLY HAD A LOT OF LIBERTY to go where and when I pleased; even driving the car, staying out late at night, etc.

44. BUT EACH TIME THAT I'D GET IN PRAYER, I REALISED THAT I HAD TO LEAVE TO CONTINUE WITH GOD'S CALL FOR MY LIFE. Just as suddenly, the doors were again locked and they kept a close watch on me, and accusations poured out of my mother. I realised that it wasn't my parents who held me captive, but rather an invisible spiritual power, that worked through them and others. As the Bible says, «For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places» (Eph 6:12).

45. BUT MY BRETHREN IN THE CHILDREN OF GOD HAD THE FAITH AND LOVE TO RESCUE ME! When two brothers arrived from Texas, God pulled a spectacular and exciting escape for me! The real love they showed me instantly calmed my paranoid, confused spirit and I knew **God had answered my prayers** for deliverance! Hallelujah!

46. HERE ARE THE WONDERFUL

DETAILS: That morning as I ran up the stairs, I heard God's voice so clearly! He said, «Today I shall open a door that no man may close and close a door that no man shall open!» It was so encouraging, though I didn't yet understand.

47. DINNER TIME CAME, AND AS I SAT BEFORE A PARTICULARLY NICE FEAST WITH MY MOTHER, FATHER AND BROTHER PRESENT, MY FATHER BEGAN A CONVERSATION ABOUT THE PASSOVER.

This was really strange because my Dad seldom spoke of anything religious. Then I explained the story, how God sent His angels of judgement to make the wicked Egyptians set **His Children free**, and that all God's people marked their door-posts with the blood of a lamb. Next I noticed that we were eating **lamb**, as the Israelites had done on that historic night before their deliverance! Realising that **Jesus was the Lamb of God**, I excitedly exclaimed, «Wow, I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb, too!». My mother reeled backwards in her chair, practically falling over. «Don't ever say that!», she yelled, getting her balance.

48. JUST THEN THE PHONE RANG AND I ANSWERED IT. It was someone who said he knew me from before on the beach, and wondered if he could see me again. Since I was relatively free to move I thought I'd take a chance to witness to him about Jesus.

49. I TOLD HIM TO MEET ME AT A CHRISTIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, «THE UPSTAIRS», and hung up. As I started out the door, my father followed after me to bring me and whoever I met, back to the house.

50. AT THE COFFEE-HOUSE I MET THE BOY WHO WAS EAGERLY WAITING FOR ME. Just then I glanced down and saw my weary father just beginning to climb up! So I said, «A man's following me. Let's go out the back!». He and another boy immediately agreed. To my amazement, as we started toward the back, a stranger **opened the door** for us. Just then, as I fled, I remembered what God had said to me earlier! The **open door!**



51. AS WE RAN DOWN THE ALLEY TOWARDS THE BEACH, THEY GREETED ME BY MY BIBLICAL NAME! Then I realised that they weren't just beach friends of mine from the year before, but were aware of my situation.

52. THEY EXPLAINED THAT THEY WERE CHILDREN OF GOD, AND THEY HAD COME TO SEE IF I NEEDED OR WANTED ANY HELP TO GET BACK TO THE FAMILY! I was so happy! Praise God! I said, «Yes! Yes! Yes! Let's get out of here!» And we did, driving away through the rain. All I had was my Bible, shirt, shorts, sandals and my forever family of wonderful love—God's true children!

53. MY PARENTS WERE SO MAD THAT I ESCAPED that they spent hundreds of dollars flying and driving from coast to coast in search for me.

54. ONCE THEY GOT SO CLOSE I HAD TO HIDE FOR A WEEK IN THE FOREST. And do you know what? My Children of God brothers and sisters helped me by watching the road in order to warn me. They even brought me hot, healthy meals, carefully making their way through the forest at night.

55. DO YOU HAVE FAMILY OR FRIENDS THAT REALLY LOVE YOU ENOUGH TO GO TO SUCH CARE TO PROTECT YOU FROM YOUR ENEMIES

AND CARE FOR YOU? Why did the Children of God help me like this? Did I have a lot of money? No! Was I a very special part of the group? No! It was because we loved each other! The true love of God!

56. A MONTH LATER MY GRAND-MOTHER DIED. With counsel from my brethren and a lawyer, I went with a Child of God to the funeral, which later ended up as a big cocktail celebration. God gave my parents another chance to repent, and they seemed to be doing better. It looked like they were going to at least take a look at the Children of God family for the first time. My mother visited one of our farms, and we kept in communication.

57. THEN A DAY OR TWO AFTER MY BIRTHDAY, MY FATHER CAME BEARING GIFTS TO THE COLONY AND I WENT OUT TO LUNCH WITH HIM ALONE. After lunch, as we were going to get in the car, two men jumped me and forced me into the car. One was an off-duty policeman who flashed his badge and claimed he had a warrant for my arrest, which he didn't!

58. DURING THE WHOLE DRIVE MY FATHER KEPT APOLOGISING saying things like, «I'm sorry, I know I'm wrong, but we just had to try it, one last time». Over and over he'd sob the same excuses.

59. THE NEXT THING I KNEW THEY WERE FLYING ME TO MIAMI IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WITH MY MOTHER AND A BODY GUARD, en route to visit a «specialist». We arrived at 3.30 in the morning and I met Dr. M—a **300 pound special police psychiatrist!** There were two adjoining rooms ready for us in a fancy hotel, (which I later found out had been registered in Ted Patrick's name!). Then my mother and that body guard went into one room as the police psychiatrist began to talk to me in the other room.

60. AFTER ABOUT TWO MINUTES OF CHIT-CHAT, HE WAS VICIOUSLY ATTACKING MY FAITH AND THE CHILDREN OF GOD. His most concentrated effort was to convince me that I

didn't believe in Jesus and had no real relationship with the Lord. After two hours he permitted me to sleep and a young policeman arrived to guard me through the night. What followed was like a ghoulish gangster film!

61. IN THE MORNING, DR. M—CAME INTO THE ROOM AFTER CALLING OUT THE OTHER GUARD, AND MADE A POINT TO SHOW ME THAT HE'D LOCKED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. «Alright, punk!», he said, «you're gonna stop playing your stupid games».



I could see right away that he wasn't a bit interested in hearing my side of the story. He spent the afternoon calling me names like «Parrot! Idiot! Punk! Brat! Worm!»

and so on. He told me how holy he was and how he was leading a good Christian life. He even tried to get me to read some weird version of the Bible. They had removed the hotel's King James version of the Bible from the room. He was so busy accusing and spouting off that it seemed I didn't even have to be there!

62. YET THERE I WAS, LOCKED IN A BIG HOTEL ROOM WITH THIS RAVIN MANIAC, while my mother sat in the adjoining room, with a hired gun, drinking cocktails and chatting. I didn't lose hope though, as Jesus had thoroughly prepared me with His Word: «Yea, and all that will live Godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution». (2 Tim 3:12)

63. «AND A MAN'S FOES SHALL BE THEY OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD.»

«Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.»

«And ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolk, and friends... But there shall not an hair of your head perish.» In fact, «where sin abounded, grace did much more abound».

(Matt 10:36; 5:11, Lk 21:16,18; and Ro 5:20)

64. THEIR WICKEDNESS ONLY MADE ME MORE CERTAIN OF THE TRUTH AND REAL LOVE I'D FOUND AMONGST GOD'S CHILDREN!

65. THANK GOD FOR HIS WONDERFUL WORD WHICH KEEPS US GOING. IT IS A SWORD AND A SHIELD TO ALL THAT TRUST IN HIM! And thank God for the fantastic training I'd received with the Children of God family in only three months! I had acquired such a love for God's Word that I'd been able to hide many verses deep in my heart, something no-one can take from me, though every Bible be burned!

66. DURING THE AFTERNOON THE CHIEF OF MIAMI'S OPPI LOCKA POLICE FORCE showed up, then the accusations really started to flow! They said I'd been hypnotised and didn't even know what had happened to me. They said I'd been drugged, lied to, and duped. Constantly they tried to claim that if I

followed a shepherd on earth that I couldn't be following Jesus Christ, and that I believed Moses David was Jesus Christ.

67. EVERYTHING THEY SAID WAS A BIG GOD-DAMNED LIE! I knew Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour and my first love! I tried to explain that Jesus had organised His flock on earth and given us a leader to unite us, His Revolution of Love, and that I knew that Moses David was a man who makes mistakes like all of us, but that Jesus had decided to use him as a shepherd and leader to help us grow even closer to Him.

68. THEY, OF COURSE, DIDN'T WANT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE FACTS and continued their vicious attacks. So I just **stopped answering them**, remembering what Jesus had done when He was faced with all the false accusations before they crucified Him. The Bible says to be quick to answer anyone who asks you of the **hope** that is in you. But these people weren't interested in Jesus and God's love, which was the real hope that kept me through their whole attack. They only wanted to tear at me and sweep me into their vicious hell-bent circle of hate.

69. THEIR ANGER GREW UNTIL DR. M— SHOUTED FROM ACROSS THE ROOM, «WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER YOU PUNK?». He then threw a Bible at me, hitting me in the face. The others began to leave and I was left alone with Dr. M—.

70. I ASKED IF I COULD GO TO SLEEP AND HE SAID «NO». As I was very tired I began to «nod out» right where I was sitting. Dr. M— slapped me, saying I was rude, and pulled me to my feet, but I just sat back down.

71. THEN HE TRIED TO HYPNOTISE ME, HIS SPECIALITY: «THE DEVIL'S PLAN IS TO ACCUSE OTHERS OF THE THINGS HE HIMSELF IS ACTUALLY GUILTY OF—to accuse the saints of the things for which he is really to blame and to so completely reverse ideas and thoughts and viewpoints that the result is the exact opposite of the truth.» (Who Are The Rebels? —MO E:23)

72. WHEN I HEARD HIM BEGIN HIS

SOFT METHODIC PATTERN OF LEADING SPEECH, I BEGAN REVIEWING MY VERSES SILENTLY, in desperate prayer to keep my mind on Jesus! This went on for about half an hour and then he went to talk with my mother in the next room.

73. DR. W— CAME IN, AND I WAS CERTAINLY ON MY GUARD, BUT HE WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS. He showed a real concern, asking about my side of the story, my relationship and faith in Jesus and what Moses' writings meant for me. Also, he answered my questions about himself and the others. He gave me a lot of information which I wrote down, but which later got taken away by the others.

74. DR. W— EVEN TOOK OUT A LETTER FROM MY SHEPHERD, MOSES AND STARTED READING IT TO ASK ME TO EXPLAIN, but seeing how comforted I was to hear loving words he simply kept reading. Thank God! God had raised up one person who might help me.

75. I THEN WENT TO BED, WITH ALL THE FURNITURE PILED UP AGAINST THE DOOR AND DR. M— SLEEPING AT THE FOOT OF THIS MONSTROUS BARRICADE! He, of course, fired a few threats, even showing some handcuffs and his police I.D.. This was the first time I realised he was an «officer of the law».

76. THE NEXT DAY I AWOKE WITH THAT YOUNG POLICEMAN GUARDING ME AGAIN. He seemed pretty innocent, almost kind. So I got to pray and sing, then write a list of the people present at last night's mesmerising session.

77. AT ONE POINT THE CLEANING GIRL OF THE HOTEL CAME IN. When I explained that I was an illegally kidnapped prisoner, and begged for help, she simply refused to believe it, and left.

78. SUDDENLY DR. M— CAME IN WITH THE POLICE CHIEF AND A PRIEST. Seeing me with pen and paper he became furious, quickly gathered every pen and piece of paper and left the room. This time the Chief of Police led the attack of accusations and lies, then the

Reverend began asking some stupid questions. I remained silent so he asked, «Why don't you answer me? Don't you think you should answer me? Answer me! Why don't you talk?» And sure enough, his «sheep's coat» slipped off and he began to rage and literally scream, «Answer me! You hear? You answer me!».

79. THEN HE SAID, «YOU MUST BE POSSESSED! THAT'S IT! YOU'RE POSSESSED!» And they all began nodding and agreeing and my mother started crying.

80. WHEN EVENING CAME, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I WAS FULL OF JOY AND SINGING AND CHEERFUL! Frequently Dr. M— would come in the room and slam his hand over my mouth to stop my singing. Dr. W— came and talked to me again and read another letter from our Shepherd which I helped him to understand. He seemed to really appreciate it.



81. I WAS A LITTLE SCEPTICAL ABOUT CONFIDING IN ANY OF THESE

PEOPLE, BUT I KNEW GOD WAS GOING TO DELIVER ME, and when I prayed, He showed me that indeed He had chosen this man, Dr. W— to help me! Hallelujah!

82. DR. M— ARRIVED WITH MY FATHER AND A NEW POLICE GUARD FOR ME. This one was a 6'3" bully, who constantly told me he was the best, toughest and hardest cop in the world. I told him that Jesus loved him no matter what he was and asked him about himself. He was pretty scarey and looked like he'd like to kill me and was just waiting for some excuse to do what he knew the best!

83. AFTER A SHORT VISIT WITH MY MOTHER, MY FATHER CAME IN and spent about 15 or 20 minutes with me. He couldn't really face me. After all, even when he kidnapped me he admitted he was doing something wrong. He tried to act like he had no choice and that he'd put the whole thing into the hands of the «professionals» and could only let them do what they thought best! Though I'd told him exactly what they had been doing, he sweetly said that he wished it didn't have to be like this but there was no other way, and walked into the other room.

84. DR. M— CAME IN AGAIN, GRINNING BECAUSE HE'D WON THE AUTHORITY OF BOTH PARENTS FOR HIM TO TAKE A FREE HAND ON ME. Both Dr. M— and his brawny buddy tried to start an argument with me telling me ridiculous commands: «Stand up, sit down» then questions and more of the same, while handling me roughly. So I just sat down and stayed there.

85. NEXT THING I KNEW, 300 POUNDS (DR. M—) LANDED ON MY LAP! As I tried to push away from them, they ripped my shirt while twisting my arms and holding me against them. They were really excited and sweating. So I started to warn them:

86. «JESUS SAID,» (DR. M— JAMMED HIS HAND INTO MY MOUTH, so I bit him and he started squawking that I was unChristian!)

87. «IT WERE BETTER FOR YOU THAT A MILLSTONE WERE HANGED

ABOUT YOUR NECK AND THAT YOU WERE CAST INTO THE SEA...» (His hand clamped over my mouth again as he said, «Let your Moses David and Jesus save you now, punk!» Again I got a little flesh between my teeth and found an opportunity to give them the end of God's warning:)

88. «THAN THAT YOU SHOULD OFFEND ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES,—LIKE ME!» They shut me up again and began chanting, one in each ear, «Holy Ghost, Holy Ghost, Holy Ghost, say it!» (They were trying to get me to say «Power!», a popular slogan in the Children of God Family.)

89. DR. W— WAS MY COMPANY FOR THE EVENING AS MY PARENTS, THE POLICE CHIEF, THE GUARD AND DR. M— SAT IN THE NEXT ROOM HAVING A ROARING COCKTAIL PARTY. I really got a chance to pour out my heart to Dr. W— and explain my desire to be a full-time missionary for Jesus.

90. THE NEXT MORNING MY FATHER CAME IN AND SAID HE AND MY MOTHER FELT IT WAS NECESSARY FOR ME TO GO INTO AN ASYLUM, A «NUT HOUSE»! I heard Dr. W—'s voice and asked to see him. He explained that my parents were ready to sign a legal paper that would let Dr. M— put me in a State mental hospital indefinitely, and that Dr. M— would have virtually complete authority over me. Otherwise, I could sign myself into a private hospital as Dr. W—'s patient for a maximum of one week. It was a pretty easy choice to make and so I left the hotel room after three and a half days of their torture!

91. ALTHOUGH THE MENTAL HOSPITAL WAS FULL OF EVERY FOUL SPIRIT YOU CAN IMAGINE, IT SURE WAS A LOT BETTER THAN DR. M—'S CLUTCHES! While I was there I got a New Testament with Psalms in it and found a guitar to play some songs of love for all, and even got to talk to and encourage quite a few of the patients!

92. EVERYONE IN THE WARD WAS

BEING DRUGGED TO SLOW THEM DOWN AND LOWER THEIR RESISTANCE. As a matter of fact, about the time some of them would start to get coherent they'd be rushed off for «shock» treatment shortly to return as babbling idiots. It was such a terrible picture of complete oppression of man by his «fellow» man. The music and cheerful spirit God had given me was beginning to really encourage and enlighten the atmosphere, but though they should have been delighted, the attendants complained to my doctor because he hadn't put me under any sedatives. So to keep the peace, he okayed a few pills and explained to me that it was only to please them and it really was milk and shouldn't harm me.

93. DR. W— ALSO TOLD ME THAT MY PARENTS ASKED HIM TO GIVE ME THE FAMOUS «TRUTH SERUM» TO QUESTION MY FAITH. But he refused saying that he believed I was healthy and honest.

94. IF THIS EXPERIENCE HAPPENS TO YOU, AND IT MIGHT IF YOU LOVE JESUS, and particularly if you live in America, here's a tip: I slipped those pills between my lips and teeth and spit them out the first moment I was sure I wasn't being watched!

95. NEXT, MY DOCTOR TOLD ME THAT HE WAS GOING AWAY FOR THE WEEKEND and that he had thoroughly talked with my mother. He said she wanted to visit me and have me stay in her hotel room with her. I said I didn't like the idea, but he assured me that he had checked it out and given her authorisation to check me out of the hospital. I thought maybe I would get a chance to escape.

96. HOWEVER, FRIDAY AFTERNOON MY MOTHER SHOWED UP AND AS SOON AS WE LEFT THE MENTAL WARD, THERE WAS ANOTHER TOUGH-LOOKING GUY WAITING. I could tell he was a police type, but he insisted that I wasn't going to be taken anywhere except her hotel. They said not to worry, yet immediately drove me to the Oppa Locka Police Station. The guy said he had to change cars. They kept insisting that I wait

inside a moment, but I refused.

97. I KNEW THEY WERE ABOUT TO START THEIR MADNESS AGAIN, AND SURE ENOUGH, THE CHIEF OF POLICE DROVE UP. He had a young boy and girl with him, two that he and Dr. M— had had success with in turning them completely away from a small Christian group.

98. WHEN I WOULDN'T COME INTO HIS OFFICE, TWO OF HIS POLICE THUGS CAME AND CARRIED ME IN. I asked him why he was holding me illegally without any warrant or charges, and he said that of course he wasn't, and that I was free to go. So I quickly turned and walked out. They were stunned and I got out of the building only to be picked up and brought back.

99. SO BEGAN ANOTHER NIGHT OF TORTURE. I explained at first exactly what I believed and that I wished to be free to keep serving Jesus. This mainly was so the two kids could hear my side of the story. Then I simply stopped answering as before.

100. AT ONE POINT, THE REVEREND CAME IN. Man-o-man, he seemed to be in torment! He came right up to me, practically ignoring the others and really apologised for having accused me of being possessed. Then as suddenly as he appeared, he left.

101. SO GUESS WHO SHOWED UP AT ABOUT 11:00 P.M.? —DR. M—! The police chief even gave him the seat behind the desk. After a grueling session like the time before that got nowhere, he began to tell me his life story. It was something about a couple of broken love affairs and how hard he had been until he realised that he needed Jesus, and that God had to take away his sweet wife to show him that he needed God in his life.

102. WELL, THIS WAS ALL VERY INTERESTING AND MOST OF ALL I WAS GLAD THAT THEY WEREN'T TALKING ABOUT ME AND THE CHILDREN OF GOD! Crazy as it seems, about 1:00 a.m. he began weeping and I prayed for God to really help him find a true path to follow. Then he and another policeman

drove me back to the mental hospital. I didn't understand it, only that God's hand is strong to deliver! Amen!

103. WHEW! I SURE WAS GLAD TO BE AWAY FROM THOSE PEOPLE, EVEN IF I HAD TO BE LOCKED UP! It was a real miracle that had delivered me from them, but now I had to get out of that mental ward.

104. THE LORD SENT AN «ANGEL» WITH THE ANSWER! A LITTLE FIERY GIRL FROM THE BRONX, ACTUALLY NAMED «ANGEL»! She knew all the in's and out's of mental hospitals, and explained that if I signed myself in, I could simply sign myself out! It sounded easy, except when I tried it, they said they weren't going to give me the necessary papers until my doctor came back into town.

105. A SIGNIFICANT EVENT HAPPENED DURING A PSYCHOLOGICAL GAME, where the patients reconstruct a case history and I found myself as the «case». Some other patients played the parts of my mother, father, brothers, etc. We had a discussion and I was asked to face my mother and explain how I felt. Just as I was saying, «Mother, I love you dearly and I wish you could understand who Jesus is» **my real mother walked in the room behind me and heard!** So I turned and repeated the same words to her. She got furious with «this foolishness», and left!

106. ANOTHER INCIDENT IN THE HOSPITAL WAS WHEN MY 35-YEAR-OLD BROTHER, PHILIP DAVID, SHOWED UP AND WE PRAYED TOGETHER. He had brought some bread and wine so we had a **simple communion** together in the mental ward. He sympathised with me, but the whole affair was too much for him to take a real stand. He'd been sent by my father to try to convince me to see it his way. David said when he talked with my mother he saw she was completely irrational, so he agreed that I should do whatever I felt God wanted me to do.

107. THE NEXT MORNING THE HOSPITAL WORKERS FINALLY YIELDED

TO MY INSISTENT DEMANDS AND LET ME MAKE MY RELEASE REQUEST.

Then during a «voluntary» group encounter where they required attendance, the question posed to the group of patients was, «Why are we here in the mental hospital? ». I stood up and declared, «we're here to get out of here, right? ». Everyone understood and agreed. So I went on, «you said this is a voluntary meeting, right? ». That was correct also, so I got up and walked out, down to the main desk and demanded to be released immediately. They said it was «against my doctor's advice», but they had to let me go!

108. STAYING ON THE SIDE ROADS, I FOUND A HIPPIY PART OF TOWN AND SOME YOUTH THAT HAD MET THE CHILDREN OF GOD AND KNEW THEIR ADDRESS. So as soon as dusk fell, I called and they came right away to help me!

109. AT THE COLONY, ALTHOUGH NO-ONE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ME, ALL THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS SHOWED ME THE LOVE I WAS SO DESPERATELY HUNGRY FOR. Early the next morning I flew to another colony to prevent another attack from Dr. M— and my parents. Hallelujah!

110. FOR THE NEXT YEAR I PUT OFF MY DEPARTURE FROM THE UNITED STATES AND TRIED TO BRING THE WHOLE CASE THROUGH THE COURTS, HOPING TO STOP THIS ANTI-CHRIST RING OF KIDNAPPERS BEFORE THEY ATTACKED AND TORTURED MORE YOUNG PEOPLE WHO WANTED TO SERVE GOD. This also kept me in close contact with my parents. God still wanted them to repent and find His love. However, the legal machinery got clogged and bogged down.

111. «BUT THIS IS NOT AN ISOLATED CASE...BUT THERE HAVE BEEN LITERALLY HUNDREDS OF THESE CASES OF LATE, one cruel parental organisation alone boasting publicly of having been responsible for nearly 600 such cases through a hired criminal known as «Black Lightning», and who has since spent some time in jail for it, although not nearly enough, considering

the long list of his hellish crimes of violence, force, kidnapping, imprisonment and psychological and physical torture against hundreds of legally-aged youth for a payment from their parents! BUT THE PARENTS RUN THE GOVERNMENTS, MAKE THE LAWS AND FAIL TO ENFORCE THEM AS THEY CHOOSE in order to protect themselves, don't they? So there's no such thing as equal protection under the law, is there? The parents commit the crimes against their children, crimes which would have been severely punished had they been committed by the children against their parents! BUT THE «CHILDREN» LEGALLY-AGED, FULL-GROWN AND EVEN MARRIED CHILDREN WITH CHILDREN OF THEIR OWN CANNOT EVEN DEFEND THEMSELVES nor be protected from their parents' cruelties under the laws of some countries like the U.S. and States like New York, or the lack of enforcement of such laws by prejudiced officials! Is this fair? —NO!» (MO «The Truth!—Vs 112 Official Lies!» No. 317:19–22).

112. SO NOW I HOPE TO GET THIS STORY TO YOU. You know what to expect. The Devil and his helpers will stop at nothing to keep you from following Jesus. Be prepared! «Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the Devil.» (Eph 6:11).

113. I'M GLAD I KEPT TRUSTING IN JESUS, even though the whole experience was like riding through a chamber of horrors. He heard my cries for help, and now I'm with this wonderful family, the Children of God, where we live together in the love of Jesus and give all our efforts to share God's message of salvation with the rest of the world.

114. I NOW HAVE HUNDREDS OF FAITHFUL BROTHERS AND SISTERS, I've left the United States and am working hard in a foreign field, sowing God's precious Word in the hearts of many!

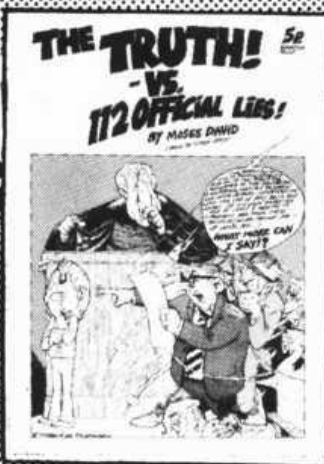
115. THERE'S NO BETTER LIFE, NO MORE REWARDING LIFE THAN THE LIFE JESUS GAVE TO MAKE US FREE—HIS OWN! COME HELP US!

COULD IT HAPPEN TO YOU?

Here's what to do:

1. IF YOU SUSPECT TROUBLE, HIDE!
Jesus did! (John 8:59; 11:54).
2. ALWAYS GO TWO BY TWO, NEVER ALONE!
3. IF THEY'VE CAUGHT YOU, AGREE WITH THEM, otherwise they'll make it impossible for you to get away.
4. ESCAPE AS SOON AS YOU CAN! Hide until it's dark. Stay away from main roads. If faithful trustworthy friends are available, have them help you.
5. WHILE IN CAPTIVITY, REFUSE TO ARGUE, PHILOSOPHISE OR PREACH. Watch out! One of their main tactics is to get you into a state of shock. Stay calm and quiet. Trust God! He'll carry you through. Remember, «Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord» (Romans 12:19).
6. HAVE GOD'S WORD STORED IN YOUR HEART! That's what brought me through!
7. MEMORISE YOUR COLONY PHONE-NUMBER so you can call for help!

**ALSO
READ!**



**THE TRUTH!
-VS-
112 OFFICIAL
LIES!
BY MOSES
DAVID
-ORDER YOUR
COPY TODAY!!**

