

# Victory in Babylon!

For ages 7 years and up

- Based on the true adventures of God's children! God's miraculous care, protection, leading, guidance and help in difficult circumstances!



## The Story So Far:

At a top level Council Meeting in Heaven, Jesus has revealed a master plan! He will allow 18 children from the Green Trees Home to be seized by the System and held against their will in an institution for a short time. The resulting fight between the Lord's children and their vicious enemies would make such big news that the whole nation would be reached with the Family's sample and Message!

A huge team of Angels and spirit helpers, including the Archangel Michael, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego, and Naaman's servant girl, Ruthie, are sent to Earth to look after the children during their captivity. They warn the Home through dreams to prepare the children spiritually and physically for the coming persecution. And so, when at 5:30 one morning Green Trees is raided by police and social workers, the children are ready for the most exciting and challenging adventure of their lives! Loaded into a police bus, they are driven away to an unknown destination!

Throughout the story, the prayers by Grandpa and Mama Maria are actual prayers they prayed during a real life situation similar to this story. All prophecies in the story are real prophecies which were received by our Family during that same time.



## “MORFIELD!”

“OUCH!” yelped Clarence, as a sharp poke in the ribs rudely woke him from a restless night’s sleep.

“It’s time to rise and shine, Clarence!”

It was “Spud” Baker, bullying the underdog\* as usual.

“Oh no ... another day! And Spud’s picking on me already!” groaned ten-year-old Clarence, as he dragged himself out of bed to face another day.

As institutions go, it wasn’t that Morfield was so bad. What was bad was to live in a World where nobody cared if he existed. Even his mom had made him feel that she wished he had never been born.

Clarence’s mother was a drug addict, who had become a prostitute in order to support her drug habit\*. Because of his mother’s lifestyle, Clarence had suffered terribly from neglect and from a very sad life with no love. Most evenings after school he was dumped at the apartment of his alcoholic grandparents. There he would try to escape their drunken fights and endless arguments by gluing himself to the TV for hours on end.

Clarence had grown up on a diet of junk food and sweets. Nobody had ever

taken the time to properly cook for him, so it was no wonder that he was weakly and often sick, as well as kind of small for his age. He had gone to one of the worst inner city\* schools, where he was constantly picked on and tormented by the bigger kids.

Then one day Clarence came home and found a note on his pillow. It was from his mom. She said that she was dying of AIDS\* and wanted to go away and spend the last few years of her life on her own. “Go to your grandparents,” she wrote him.

His grandparents took Clarence in, not because they wanted to, but because he had nowhere else to go. Often his



(Words followed by asterisks [\*] in the text are defined at the bottom of each page. Meanings given are only for the use of the word in the story, and do not cover every meaning of the word.)

**underdog** — one who is expected to lose a contest or a struggle; one who is at a disadvantage

**drug habit** — a habit of using a narcotic or a drug regularly; a great desire or need for a habit-forming drug

**inner city** — the central part of a large city, usually crowded and poor; the city slums

**AIDS** — a condition where the body’s immune system breaks down, leading to serious and usually fatal infections; mainly strikes Sodomites, drug users & some recipients of blood transfusions



grandfather would get very drunk, angry and mean, hitting and smacking him for no reason. Then some neighbours complained to the police about the way that Clarence was being treated, and some social workers came and took him away.

As Clarence struggled into his clothes, he looked around at the nine other boys in the same dormitory. His life had been actually better than some of the other boys who had even much worse stories to tell about their lives.

Suddenly he felt a slap on the side of his head. It was Spud again.

"Why don't you pick on someone your own size?" choked Clarence, trying not to cry.

"And why don't you shut your mouth, Clarence!" Spud snickered cruelly. "Unless you want a fight!"

Suddenly the boys' attention was distracted by something happening outside.

"What in the world is that?" they wondered, as they heard the faint sound of children singing.

The boys ran over to the window and stared curiously outside. The institution's big iron front gates were slowly swinging open to allow a police bus to pass through. From the bus they could hear,

"If Jesus goes with me, I'll go anywhere!

'Tis Heaven to me, where'er I may be,

If He is there!

I count it a privilege here, His cross to bear!

If Jesus goes with me, I'll go anywhere!"

"Who's them kids?" asked Spud, as the bus pulled into the front courtyard

and 18 children of various ages climbed off.

"They must be the reason why we had to clear out of 'A' Block!" said another boy.

"Yeah, look! They're being taken to the 'A' Block entrance!"

"Boy, did you see all the neat stuff they've been putting in there? New furniture, sports equipment, everything!"

"They must be planning to keep those kids there for some time!"

"Hey, neat! They're carrying guitars and stuff!"

At that moment Miss Grimes, the social worker in charge of the "B" Block dormitories, looked in.

"Who are those kids, Miss Grimes?" asked one of the boys.

"Oh, they are the poor abused children of some terrible cult\*! We'll be doing our best to make them feel 'at home' here at Morfield! Now come down to the dining hall, it's time for breakfast."

Clarence took a last peek at the children, before they disappeared into "A" Block.

"Funny, they don't look very 'abused' to me!" he thought, as he watched one of the teens lovingly pick up one of the little ones and give him a reassuring hug.

Clarence felt a little knot of excitement building up in his tummy. He didn't know why, but he felt that he just had to meet those kids!

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The bus ride from the Green Trees Home to the institution took 45 minutes, and the Family kids used every minute of it singing fighting songs, quoting Psalms

**cult** — a religion or a religious group generally considered to be different or extremist

**combat** — fight or battle

and Scriptures and getting pumped up in the Spirit for the combat\* ahead! Already they could feel the Holy Spirit sheltering, comforting and empowering them in a way that they'd never experienced before. In their hour of desperate need they felt Her just as the Word promises in Isaiah 43:2, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

"Wow! What is going to happen to us?" teen David wondered. He felt a tremor of fear and uncertainty run through his body. He was shaking a bit, but wanted to be a brave soldier to prove his loyalty to the Lord, and to be a fighter for Grandpa and the Family! The Lord was already showing him that as the main inspirationalist he needed to stay on fire and keep everyone's minds on the Lord and the Word, and keep the inspirational level running high.

As he sat on the bus, OC Tommy was thinking back to his sweet fellowship with the Lord the night before. He had asked the Lord to help him to be willing to suffer for Jesus, so that he could be found worthy to reign with Him during the Millennium. (See 2Tim.2:12.) Little did Tommy expect that his prayer would be so quickly answered! He marvelled at how the Lord had so lovingly prepared his heart for what He knew was going to happen the next morning! With Jesus watching so closely over him, Tommy knew that there was absolutely no reason for him to be worried or afraid!

After 15 minutes, the bus left the outskirts of the city and started to wind up through the beautiful hills and mountains

beyond. At one point the road passed through a long dark tunnel, then came out again into the sunshine.

"Wow! That's a good illustration to share with the kids!" Naomi thought. She turned to the other children and began to explain, "You never stay in a tunnel! You know that it leads somewhere! Right now we're entering one of God's tunnels! We may have to walk by faith through the darkness for a little while!—But soon we're sure to come bursting out the other side into the Heavenly sunshine!"

"Amen! That's right!" encouraged David as he led the kids in the song "New Beginnings":

"There's always a light at the end of every tunnel,

And a new sunrise when new days are born.

With everything that ends there is a new beginning,

And the sun will return after every storm.

Mountains you can climb, they take a little time

Before you reach the top.

With everything that ends there is a new beginning,

And the sun will return after every storm."

Finally, the bus turned up a side lane which wound up to the top of a rocky hill. The children broke off their singing and stared silently at their destination. On top of the hill were a number of grim looking buildings enclosed by a high wall topped with barbed-wire.

"Excuse me, but is that where you're taking us?" Danny asked the police driver. "It looks like a prison!"

"That's Morfield." the driver in-

delinquent — a person guilty of a fault or an offense; wrongdoer



formed him. "It used to be a prison for delinquent\* boys, but now it's used by the Children's Welfare Department to house kids that are in need of special care. Don't worry, it's not as bad as it looks!"

The driver shifted down to the lowest gear, and the bus groaned as it laboured up the final steep slope that led to Morfield's massive front gates. The children watched in silence as a tough-looking security guard pushed a button in the guard house, and the huge iron gates started to swing slowly open.

Little five-year-old Suzy started to cry for her mommy. All that was happening was so strange and different. Some of the younger ones also looked very worried and on the verge of tears. Little Precious was clasping her favourite picture of Jesus so close that it was in danger of getting badly crumpled.

"Children!" said Naomi to the younger ones. "Let's imagine that you are holding on to little Brian's hand, and you're leading him along in the darkness where it's hard for him to find his way! You wouldn't think of letting go of his little hand so that he would stumble and fall, would you?"

"No!" sniffed Suzy, trying to be brave and hold back her sobs.

"Well, Jesus is not going to let us fall either! Jesus is holding onto our hands very tightly! Jesus is going right through these gates with us, and He is going to be leading and guiding us every step of our way!"

"That's right!" said David. "Let's march through these gates like mighty Endtime Christian soldiers! Let's conquer this place for Jesus!"



"AMEN!" shouted the rest of the teens.

"If Jesus goes with me, I'll go anywhere!" Sharon sang, as the bus started to move forward through the gates and into the courtyard. Everyone joined in.

"'Tis Heaven to me, where'er I may be,

If He is there!

I count it a privilege here, His cross to bear!

If Jesus goes with me, I'll go anywhere!"

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As they got off the bus, the Family kids were met by Mrs. Sharp, who escorted them into a building that had "A" BLOCK chiselled\* into the red stone wall above the door. They were then led down an echoey green corridor and into an old gymnasium\*.

**chiselled** — cut or shaped with a chisel (a metal tool with a sharp edge)

**gymnasium** — a large room used for various indoor sports



"Please wait here!" announced Mrs. Sharp. "If you need to use the toilet, ask permission."

"Excuse me," said David, "I believe we have a right to telephone our lawyer! We'd also like to call our parents, to let them know how we are!"

Mrs. Sharp pretended not to hear. "Please just wait here until we can finish setting up your quarters." With that she left. A policeman and a social worker lady unfolded a couple of metal chairs and sat by the gymnasium door to watch over them.

At first there was an uncomfortable silence. This would have been a good time to have an on-fire united devotions and desperate prayer with the children. However, the teens felt a little awkward with these two total strangers sitting there gawking\* at them!

Suddenly a young man dressed in a track suit and sneakers poked his head through the swing doors.

"Oh, hi there!" he waved. "My name

**gawking** — staring openly & rudely

is Simon! You guys look bored. Here, I'll show you where the balls are kept!"

He jogged over to a cupboard and brought out a couple of brand new basketballs.

"Do you play?" he asked, as he dribbled the ball down to one of the baskets and tossed it in.

"Er ... sure!" said the older boys, thankful that somebody had eased the tension a little.

"Well, let's have a game then!"

While the boys started playing basketball down at one end of the gym, the teen girls took the younger ones down to the other end to play with whatever they could find that would keep their interest.

"Hey, this Simon guy seems different than the rest!" whispered David, as he hovered around Danny trying to get the ball.

Just then Danny passed the ball to Simon, who took a shot at the basket. He missed. Then both he and David jumped up to try to catch the ball on the rebound. David managed to grab it, but as they landed, Simon lost his balance and fell to the floor.

"OUCH!" he yelled clutching his left ankle. "Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Are you all right, Simon?" asked David as he and the other boys quickly gathered around.

"Ow, it hurts! I think I must have twisted or sprained it!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," apologized David, feeling that he was to blame. "Would you like us to pray for it?"

"Oh, yes, please do!" groaned Simon. "I believe in prayer. I'm a Christian too!"

The girls came over, and all the Family children joined in praying for Simon's ankle. Then he staggered to his feet, and leaning on David's shoulder, limped over



to the gym door. The police guard pulled out his walkie-talkie and radioed for someone to help get Simon to the clinic.

"Don't worry, David, it wasn't your fault!" smiled Simon as he hobbled out. "I'll get this taken care of, and then maybe catch you guys again later. Bye now!"

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"That was smart to give Graham Pratt a Bible name!" grinned Sgt. Biggs. "Calling him 'Simon' should help the teens feel more comfortable around him, even though he's one of us!"

"Terrific!" Miss Rottweiler rubbed her hands together in satisfaction. "It's all going according to plan!" Miss Rottweiler and Sgt. Biggs had been watching the children on a video monitor in the main office. There was a camera hidden at one end of the gymnasium.

"I'd like to go over the staff list one more time," requested Sgt. Biggs. "We need to be sure that none of our people could be won over by these kids."

Miss Rottweiler pulled out her glasses and looked over her list.

"I've put Mrs. Sharp in charge of the day-to-day care of the sect\* children. She's worked with problem cases for years, and is as tough as nails."

"Look," interrupted Sgt. Biggs, "we can't be too hard on these kids. We need to act 'sweet and friendly', otherwise they're not going to cooperate with us."

"I know that!" snapped Miss Rottweiler. "Our business is kids! Our people are trained to win their trust. Anyway," she continued, "I know that all the social workers from my department are outraged\* at all they've heard about the Family in the media\*, and are very keen to help these children become a normal part of society."

"What about the volunteer youth workers?"

"They are Christians from a mainstream denomination\*. To tell you the truth, I was surprised that these church people have such a bitter hatred against the Family. They jumped at the chance to be a part of this operation."

"Who's on the team to interview the children?"

"Three of the best! First of all there's Ted Roach from an anti-cult organisation\*. He has been fighting against the Family and other religious groups for many years. Then there's Jill Anderson. She's a former member of the Family who has now turned bitterly against them. She knows a lot about the group and their literature, and their Family words and expressions, so we can take what she tells us and try to use it against the Family. And thirdly, there is Hilary Sidewinder. She is our Department's top interrogator\*!"

Miss Rottweiler switched on the TV to catch the morning news. "What about your boys?"

"Policemen are trained to follow or-

**sect** — a religious group separated from an established church

**outraged** — resentfully angry

**media** — a term which is currently used to refer to different means of mass communication, such as newspapers, radio & TV

**mainstream denomination** — popular or traditional religious group

**anti-cult organisation** — a group of people who fight against cults, or against those whose religious beliefs are different from the larger more established denominations

**interrogator** — an interviewer, someone who asks questions to try to find out information

ders and do their job!" replied Sgt. Biggs. "If they have any personal feelings about the way we're handling these children, they'll try to keep it to themselves."

"Good morning, this is the 8 o'clock 'Breakfast News'! In a pre-dawn raid this morning, 18 children of the religious sect, the Children of God, more recently known as 'The Family', were seized from their home by the police and the Children's Welfare Department (CWD)! Justifying their action, Geraldine Rottweiler, head of the CWD, said, 'We have had many disturbing reports that the members of this group practice child abuse\* and brainwashing\*, therefore we felt that it was in the children's best interests to remove them from the cult as soon as possible!'

"A spokesman for the police said, 'We consider this group to be an evil menace\* to society, and the most dangerous cult in the World today!' He confirmed that prior to the raid the police had had the group under surveillance\* for one year.

"The children were taken away in a police bus to an unknown destination, where Miss Rottweiler said they would be given proper love and care for the first time in their lives!"

"Excellent!" smirked Miss Rottweiler, as she flicked off the TV. "We're going to have the Family condemned and crucified by the media before the case even comes to court!"

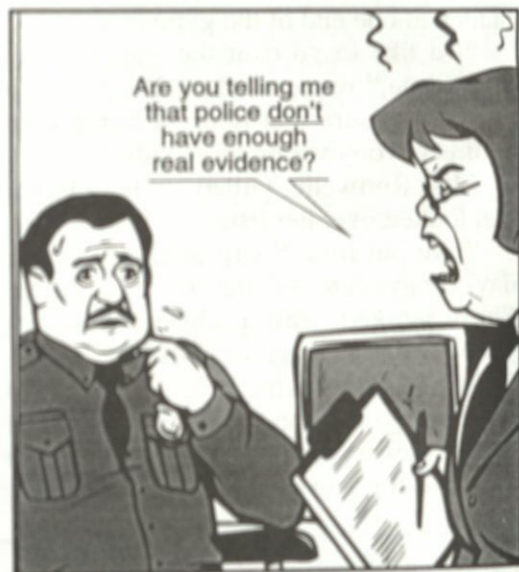
"Yes!" chuckled Sgt. Biggs. "And every newspaper has been given a file of

the dirtiest old anti-Family smut\* that we've managed to rake up! I can hardly wait to see the headlines! It should make the public so angry at the Family that the judge will feel forced to give the children into your care! All we need now is for your interviewers to come up with enough real evidence to make our charges stick."

Miss Rottweiler's jaw almost dropped onto the table. "Wait a minute, Biggs! Are you telling me that the police don't have enough real evidence? You've had them under surveillance for one year! You must have spent millions on it!"

Sgt. Biggs swallowed uncomfortably. "Well .. er ... yes, well .. we didn't turn up anything that we could actually use against them in court."

"My God, then why were we in such a hurry to take away the children?" Miss



**child abuse** — harmful treatment of a child or children  
**brainwashing** — forcibly indoctrinating or instructing to try to change someone's beliefs or attitude  
**menace** — a threat; something that is trouble-

some, annoying or threatening  
**surveillance** — close watch kept over someone or something  
**smut** — offensive, disgusting speech or writing



Rottweiler burst out angrily. "Do you realise, Biggs, what could happen if we lose this case? If we can't prove that we had a mighty good reason to grab 18 children away from their parents, this whole thing could blow up in our faces! It would be a national scandal\*! A lot of people could lose their jobs, including you and me!"

Sgt. Biggs lowered his voice to a whisper, "Listen, Rottweiler! You and I are the only ones in this building who know why this was done in a hurry!—Because our 'friends in high government places' ordered us to! They want a complete stop put to this group!"

Miss Rottweiler sank into a worried silence. She flicked the top of her ball-point pen in and out nervously. On the monitor they could see the Family kids being led out of the gymnasium on their way to breakfast in the dining hall.

"Don't worry, Biggs, we'll get the evidence we need!" she said firmly. "We'll get it, whatever it takes!"

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Little did Miss Rottweiler and Sgt. Biggs know, but they were also being closely monitored and watched!—Not only by the Archangel Michael, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who were standing right there with them in the room, but also by Daniel, Joseph and the Lord Himself, who were monitoring the situation on a Communicator in the Heavenly Palace!

"Michael, no!" The Lord softly chided.

"Forgive me for the thought, my Lord!"

Michael had been thinking how with just a flick of his eyebrow he could put a swift and fiery end to Rottweiler and Biggs' wretched existence! But then the great Archangel smiled at the wisdom of the Lord! A sudden death would be too good for such evil villains\*, who had dared to lift their hands against his Lord's precious and holy children. He must be patient and trust that the Lord had a far greater punishment and humiliation in store for them than any he could carry out now!

They watched as Miss Rottweiler called in some of her staff for a planning meeting. Meshach and Abednego decided to stay and check the people out. Shadrach flew off to help Ruthie and the other spirit helpers oversee the children.

"Michael!" It was the Lord again. "You've done a terrific job with the children's security arrangements! Unless some emergency comes up, I think the team there can handle it now. I need you back at the King and Queen's house, as I'd like you to be there when David and Maria hear news of this. I plan to give them some powerful prayers, prophecies and directions that will help turn the tide of battle! As usual, the spiritual warfare will be hot and heavy to try to hinder My Words from getting through!"

"Yes, my Lord! I shall leave at once!"

Michael handed over command of the Angelic Hosts to Valiant, a mighty Angel entrusted with awesome power! Then, after saying a farewell prayer with Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego and Valiant, Michael rose up majestically through the institution's roof and high into the air. The light of his glory bathed

scandal — an act or circumstance that brings disgrace, shame or shock

villains — wicked or evil people, scoundrels  
penetrating — piercing, sharp

the surrounding fields and hills in radiant light! His penetrating\* blue eyes, much sharper than any eagle's, scanned\* the countryside in a final thorough double-check that everything was as the Lord would want it to be.

The entire area for miles around Morfield was circled by the Angelic forces. Enormous "watcher" Angels stood vigil on the summit\* of each of the surrounding hills, their huge flaming swords of light flashing this way and that!

On the nearby hills, spread over the sloping green fields, was a heart-warming sight! It was "the camp of the Saints" for all the spirit helpers who needed to be on call to step in and help the children whenever needed! Michael wished that he could be allowed to open the children's eyes in the spirit so that they could see the hillsides covered with beautiful coloured tents and bright waving banners!

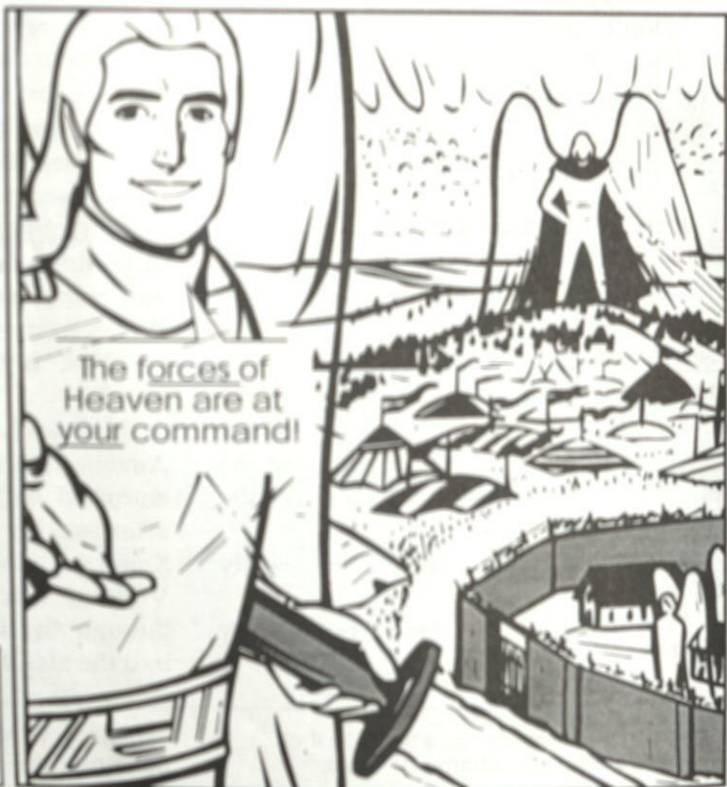
Then, standing almost shoulder to shoulder around "A" Block, where the Family children were being held, was an inner circle of mighty Angels, who formed a shining forcefield that completely encircled and protected them!

Each child also had their own personal escort of two powerful guardian Angels who were with them at all times, one on each side!

scanned — examined closely  
summit — the highest point or part

When the Heavenly forces had first secured the area, their first task had been to cleanse it of all devils, imps and fiends who didn't need to be there. Actually, most of them had run screaming at the first sight of Michael and Valiant and the Angelic legions! However, some demons had been allowed by the Lord to tempt, pester and torment some of the wicked staff and System children at Morfield. This was either as part of their judgement for rejecting Jesus, or in some cases to help make them desperate enough to turn to the Lord and be saved!

These demons had been rounded up and confined within a restricted area, where their movements were closely monitored and controlled. A lot of them were trying to huddle pitifully together for protection, and were whining and whimpering at the brilliant Heavenly





Light that was all around them!

"Well, dear children," thought Michael, "the forces of Heaven wait at your command! Their almighty power can be unlocked by your prayers, by your obedience, by the right decisions you make! They wait to serve you, to shield you, to do battle for you, to do whatsoever you command! You have the forces of Heaven at your command my children!"

Then Michael activated his forcefield bubble and streaked across the sky towards his next destination! And if the old farmer plowing in the fields below had happened to look up, he would have sworn that he saw a flying saucer!

## CHAPTER 10

# "IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES!"

Breakfast was still not ready when the Family kids were shown into the dining hall. They were asked to sit down at the tables and wait.

"Boy, I feel bad about Simon," David told Danny.

"It wasn't your fault. I saw the whole thing, you didn't push him or anything."

"Still, I don't think the Lord's too happy that we spent our first moments in this place playing basketball. We should have all prayed together and gotten in the Word!"

"Well, come on, let's do it now!" encouraged Sharon. "Don't let the Devil use this to get you down, David! Come on, let's sing and pray and get in the

Word and fight!"

"But what about all these people looking at us?" whispered 14-year-old Love, who was a little shy. A number of youth workers were standing around observing them with great interest.

"No doubt we're going to have people watching us the whole time we're here," said Sharon, "so we might as well get used to it! But are we going to let that quench our fire?"

"No!" said David. "Let's make our way of life a witness! Let's show'm what the Family is all about! Who knows, we may even get some of them saved!"

"Right!" agreed the others, happy that David was back on the attack. "And let's be ourselves."

"Hey, I just got a neat idea!" said Naomi. "These people are probably familiar with the famous Christian hymns that Grandpa suggested we learn.—It could be quite a testimony for them to hear the conviction and feeling with which we can sing them! David, do you know 'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God'?"

"Well, I don't know the chords to that one, but let's just sing it anyway!"

"A mighty fortress is our God!  
A bulwark never failing! ..."

It took the first verse to get everyone out of themselves, but by the time they hit the 2nd verse they were in full swing!

"And though this World with devils filled,

Should threaten to undo us!  
We will not fear, for God hath willed,  
His Truth to triumph through us!

The Prince of Darkness grim,

We tremble not for him!

His rage we can endure,

For lo, his doom is sure!

One little Word shall fell

him!—Jesus!”

After this, Sharon had the younger children stand up and they all sang “Stand up, stand up for Jesus!” with marching, hand motions and lots of action. Then they did a few more fun action songs to the amazement and amusement of those watching! This was followed by some “loving Jesus” songs, which had never meant so much to them before!

“We know the Lord will make a way for us!

We know the Lord will make a way for us!

If we trust and never doubt,

He will surely bring us out!

We know the Lord will make a way for us!”

Some of the youth workers looked quite touched, and Sharon prayed that the

Lord would show them that they were real missionary kids, and that their sample would speak louder than all the garbage and lies that the workers had probably been told about the Family!

The children's Word books were in their bags downstairs, so they decided to quote some of the many Psalms and Chapters they had memorised. They were just starting to rattle off Psalm 2, when Shadrach, who was right there with the children in the dining hall, received a message from Heavenly Headquarters. He began to see the face of Daniel in the spirit:

“Shadrach, this is Daniel. The Lord has an important point that He wants me to pass on to you!”

“Go ahead, Sir, I'm reading you!” replied Shadrach. It was wonderful to see his old friend's wise and shining face!

Then Shadrach felt a little twinge of homesickness as he caught a tiny glimpse of the incredible splendour of the Royal Palace in the background!

“The Lord is just thrilled at how faithful His Family children have been to diligently memorise and study His Word!” said Daniel. “However, He's a little concerned that many of them haven't learned to activate the power that lies within the Word. A lot of it is just stored in their heads. They need to learn how to apply the Word to different situations and find direction and answers from it!”

“Yes, Sir, that's a very good point!” agreed Shad-





ach, as he watched the Family kids racing through Psalm 27. "This Psalm in particular could be very feeding and strengthening for them if they slowed down and let the Lord really speak to them and comfort them and empower them through each verse!"

"Exactly! So I wonder if you could try and get that point across through one of them?"

"Yes, Naomi, God bless her, is really staying in prayer! I was able to get the Christian hymn idea through to her with no problem!"

"Good! And don't worry if the kids make a few mistakes today! This is all very different for them, so it may take 'm awhile to get adjusted. Okay, I'll sign off now. Everyone Up Here sends lots of love! You're all doing a great job, and you have the whole of Heaven praying for you!"

At this point breakfast arrived. The teens and JETTs jumped up to help pass it out to the younger children. Their breakfast was eggs and bacon, white bread and raspberry jam, and a big steaming pot of tea.

"What are those?" asked Lily.

"Those are sugar cubes, Dear!" said Mrs. Sharp, sounding a little shocked that Lily had never seen a sugar lump before. "They're to put in the tea. When I was your age I used to like to suck on them."

"Is it made of white sugar?" asked Lily, picking it up and looking at it closely.

"Yes, but don't worry, child, here you can eat anything you want to!"

"Thank you," intervened Sharon. "But actually, there's a very good reason why we don't eat certain foods! It's not that we've been deprived of anything! White sugar, for example, not only rots your teeth, but it also robs your blood of

the calcium it needs to repair them. We are thankful for this nice breakfast, but do you think it would be possible to have natural brown sugar or honey instead?"

"I'll see what can be arranged," grunted Mrs. Sharp. What she wanted to say was, "Eat what we give you, my girl, or else!" But Miss Rottweiler had ordered her to make the children "feel at home" by providing them with whatever they asked.

"Thank you so much! We'd also appreciate whole wheat bread instead of white."

"That should be no problem," muttered Mrs. Sharp.

"Also, none of us are usually caffeine tea drinkers, are we?" Sharon said, glancing over at David and Danny, who had both quietly poured themselves a cup. It was hard for her to say it to the boys, but she felt they couldn't afford to let the camel's nose in and start making any unnecessary compromises with the Family's high and healthy good food standard.

"Er ... no ... that's right," the boys said sheepishly, a little shocked that Sharon had just corrected them in public. They pushed the cups away.

Not one of the JETTs and OCs had missed the significance of David and Danny's cup of tea. For Paul and Jesse, seeing the teen boys pour their cups had been a clear signal that they might be able to enjoy a few "forbidden treats" here that they couldn't get away with at Home. However, Sharon's correction quickly changed that! And everybody admired her conviction!

The children by now were very hungry. The teens were mature enough to know that eating white bread and the sugary jam once wouldn't hurt the children, so they decided to pray and eat

what was set before them. (See Luk.10:8 and 1Cor.10:27.) Some of the youth workers were quite impressed by the teens' attitude, seeing that they had refused to compromise their convictions, and yet they weren't so bound by rules that they'd let the children go hungry!

After breakfast, Sharon led them in prayer and they all cried out desperately for the Lord to protect and deliver them.

Then Naomi got something exciting from the Lord. "While you were praying, I kept getting Psalm 35! I looked it up in my little pocket witnessing Bible. It's titled, 'A Prayer for Rescue from Enemies'! Then I remembered what Mama Maria wrote about the power of written prayers, and I realised that many of the Psalms are powerful written prayers! I feel really burdened to pray against our enemies, and Psalm 35 says it so much better than I can!"

"Wow, that's neat!" said David. "Go ahead and pray the Psalm, Naomi. We'll pray with you."

"Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with me: fight against them that fight against me.

"Take hold of shield and buckler\*, and stand up for mine help.

"Draw out also the spear, and stop the way against them that persecute me: say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.

"Let them be con-

founded and put to shame that seek after my soul: let them be turned back and brought to confusion that devise my hurt.

"Let them be as chaff before the wind; and let the Angel of the Lord chase them.

"Let their way be dark and slippery; and let the Angel of the Lord persecute them.

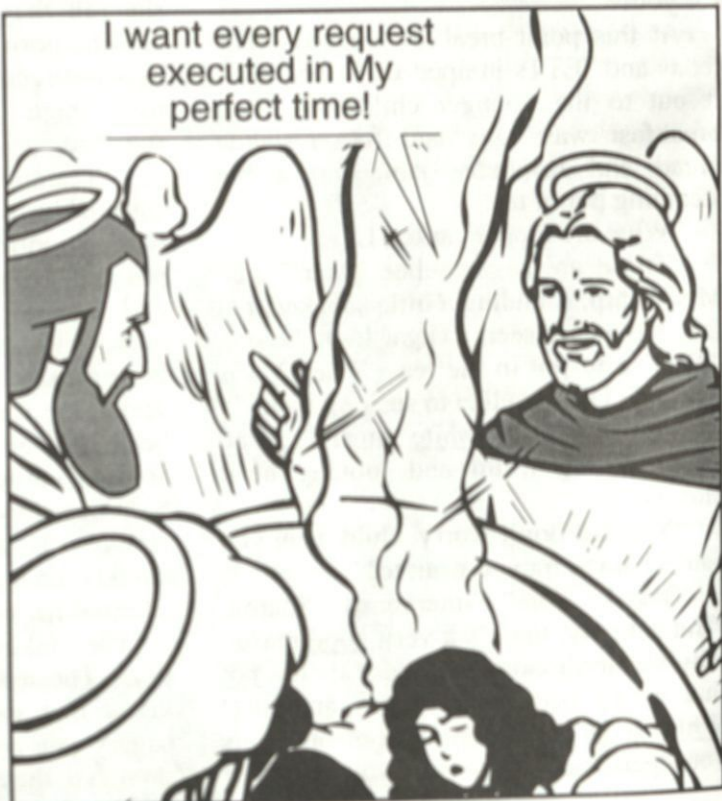
"For without cause have they hid for me their net in a pit, which without cause they have digged for my soul.

"Let destruction come upon him at unawares; and let his net that he hath hid catch himself: into that very destruction let him fall.

"And my soul shall be joyful in the Lord: it shall rejoice in His salvation."—Psa.35:1-9.

Jesus smiled warmly and lifted his arms as Psalm 35 rose up before Him. He inhaled it deeply. Nothing smelled so

I want every request  
executed in My  
perfect time!



buckler — a small round shield used for defense



sweet and had more power to so greatly rouse Him to action, than the promises in His Word claimed in prayer!

The Lord rejoiced that Psalm 35 had so many specific requests for Him to fulfil! As Naomi prayed, the Lord made careful note of each one of the judgements that He was being asked to carry out. He gave immediate orders that every single one should be executed in His perfect time, when they would have the maximum effect and glorify Him the most!

The Lord smiled happily as the prayer ended and His children thanked and praised Him! He watched in interest to see who would manage to receive the different points that Shadrach, Ruthie and the other spirit helpers were trying to get through to them.

"Wow," said Love, "as Naomi was praying I got a picture of King David in the Bible! He was kneeling at his throne, desperately praying Psalm 35! What a blessing to take our prayers straight from God's Word in the Bible!"

"Amen!" agreed Tommy. "It's hard for me sometimes to find the right words to pray, so it's great to be able to pray the prayers that King David himself prayed against his enemies! It's really powerful when you pray the Word!"

"Yes, amen!" encouraged Sharon. "Did anybody else get anything?"

"Yes," said David, "I realised that God's judgements are God's business, and the Lord is the One Who is going to fight for us and avenge\* us and deliver us from our enemies! All we can really do is pray! And thank the Lord that there are such powerful prayers already written down for us in the Bible!"

"Amen! Anything else?" asked Sharon.

"Yes! Let's claim some verses from Psalm 23," said Love, who was sitting next to some of the little ones.

"Good! You go ahead, Love," said Sharon.

"What does the first verse say?" Love asked. "The Lord is my ..."

"Shepherd!" cried out Suzy and Aiko together.

"Yes!" said Love. "I shall not want. That means the Lord will give us everything we need! He maketh me ..."

"To lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters," chorused the little children.

"That's right! Does Jesus take good care of His sheep?" asked Love.

"Yes!"

"Are we Jesus' sheep?"

"Yes!"

"Amen! So He's going to take good care of us! Thank You Jesus! Even if things happen that are quite scary, like being brought to this place, we don't need to be afraid, because ... can you say this verse? 'Yea though I walk ...'"

"... through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me," quoted the younger children boldly.

"That's right! Jesus will protect us! And did the Lord supply us with breakfast?" asked Love.

"Yes!"

"What does the next verse say?" Love continued. "Thou preparest ..."

"... a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over!"

"Jesus," prayed Love, "we thank You

**avenge** — take vengeance on behalf of someone; punish or repay a wrongdoer

for Your Word, and we pray and claim that You will continue to take good care of Your sheep. Let's pray the last verse together. Surely goodness and mercy ... "

"... shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. Amen!" chorused all the children and teens as they praised the Lord and thanked Him for providing and caring for them.

At this point Mrs. Sharp announced that she was ready to show them to their living quarters. The Family kids left the dining hall greatly encouraged. Even though they were "captives in Babylon" they could feel the Lord right there with them, "preparing a table before them in the presence of their enemies," faithfully feeding and strengthening and encouraging them with His Word!

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## CHAPTER 11

# "YOUR RIGHT TO FIGHT!"

Meshach and Abednego were watching Miss Rottweiler's planning meeting, and were pleased to see that not everyone in the meeting approved of what was going on. A few were already very impressed with the behaviour of the children.

"These children seem like angels compared to some of the little monsters we usually take care of!" commented Mrs. Fields, one of the social workers.

"Yes," explained Miss Rottweiler. "That's because they're trained not to show that they've been abused! And that's why we must win their trust so that they'll tell us what really goes on behind

the closed doors of this sinister\* sect!"

Miss Rottweiler was anxious to close the meeting and find out what on earth all the commotion was in the corridors outside.

"Finally, please take note of this very important point. As you know, our plan is to keep these children in our care. However, the judge will go a lot by what the children themselves want! So let's try to make life more fun for them at Morfield than in their Family Home. Whatever they ask for—toys, clothes, sports gear, rock music, anything—we'll buy it for them!"

Miss Rottweiler and her team had obtained most of their so-called "information" about the Family from organisations and people who were working against the Family, but who did not really know what Family life was like. They didn't know that the children were well cared for, and in fact already had many of the items they were planning on tempting them with.

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The meeting over, Miss Rottweiler went out to see what the hubbub of activity was in the dormitory, bathroom and kitchen areas. She was amazed to find Family children of all ages, sweeping, scrubbing, washing and cleaning almost everything in sight!

"CHILDREN!!" she bellowed. Everyone stopped cleaning, as well as their united review of Hebrews 11.

"Children!" she continued more sweetly, pleased that they had so quickly given her their attention. "Thank you all so much for cleaning. However, we have a staff here at Morfield to do that for you.

sinister — suggesting or threatening evil



Nobody's going to make you do such hard labour here, you know. Why don't you all go back to your dormitories and we'll bring you some new comic books and toys."

"Thank you," said Sharon, "but we like to work hard and to keep things clean! It's part of our Christian training. Did you personally check the cleanliness of our living quarters, Miss Rottweiler?"

"Er ... yes, well ... no ... why, is something the matter?" asked Miss Rottweiler defensively\*.

"I'm sorry," continued Sharon, "but we find things quite dirty and not up to the standard we are used to living. So we would all like to continue cleaning as there are cobwebs in the corners and things are very dusty. The bathroom also is quite grimy and smells really awful. Also, the kitchen isn't sanitary and could sure use a good scrubbing. Since you are forcing us to live here, please let us at least try to get things closer to the high standard of cleanliness that we're used to keeping in our Homes!"

"Very well," replied Miss Rottweiler reluctantly, "you may spend the rest of the morning cleaning, if you so wish. Are there any other 'complaints'?"

"Yes! When can we go back to our parents?" asked Danny. All the younger children began to chime in, "I want to see

my mommy and daddy! I don't want to be here! When can we go home?"

"In good time, in good time!" smiled Miss Rottweiler reassuringly, trying to calm the younger children down.

David shot up a desperate prayer and stepped forward. "I think now would be a good time for you to allow us to phone our lawyer!"

"I'm sorry, young man, but that won't be possible," she replied firmly.

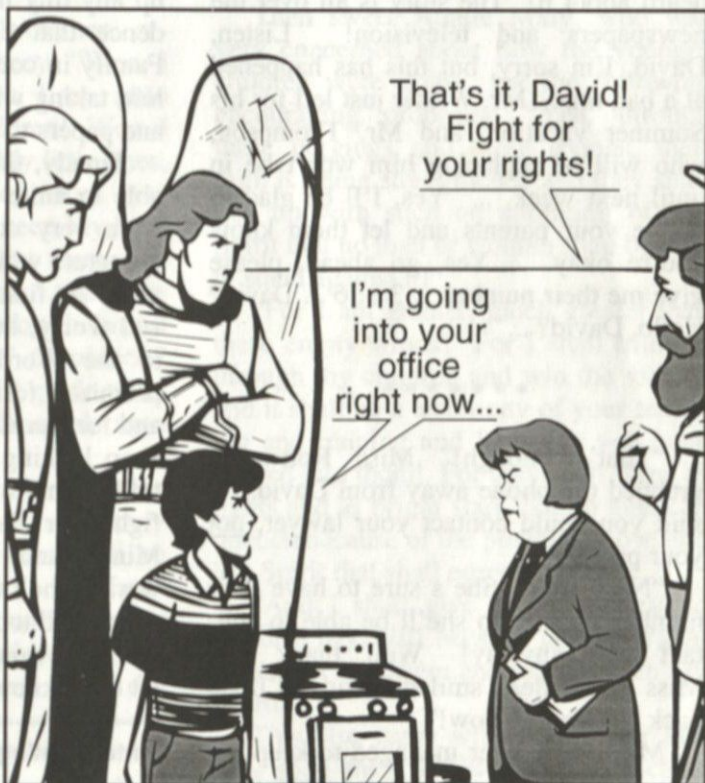
"Are you denying us our lawful rights?"

"Er ... no, it's just that the phone is out of order at the moment."

"I heard one ringing in your office!"

"The office is out of bounds for everyone except staff."

"Miss Rottweiler," said David firmly, "I am going into your office right now, and I am going to exercise my legal right



**defensively** — on the defense or prepared for an attack

to phone a lawyer. If you want to stop me, you'll have to do so by force!—And how would you be able to explain that in court?"

Without waiting for a reply, David marched down the corridor toward the office! The rest of the Family kids prayed and held their breath. There was a big burly security guard between David and the office door!

Miss Rottweiler reluctantly signalled for him to let David pass.

\*\*\*\*\*

RING, RING! ... RING, RING! ... RING, RING ... click ... "Hello, Mr. Wilder's office. No, Mr. Wilder is not in, this is his secretary. Who am I speaking to, please? ... Oh, you're one of the Family children? ... Yes, of course I've heard about it! The story is all over the newspapers and television! Listen, David, I'm sorry, but this has happened at a bad time. Mr. Wilder just left for his summer vacation, and Mr. Thompson, who will be replacing him won't be in until next week. Yes, I'll be glad to phone your parents and let them know you're okay ... Yes, go ahead, please give me their number ... 3 ... 6 ... David? Hello, David?"

\*\*\*\*\*

"That's enough!" Miss Rottweiler grabbed the phone away from David. "I said you could contact your lawyer, not your parents!"

"No matter. She's sure to have their number on file, so she'll be able to contact them anyway! Well, thank you, Miss Rottweiler," smiled David. "I'll get back to cleaning now!"

Miss Rottweiler managed to keep her

cool until David and the security guard left the office. Then she cursed and kicked the trash can under her desk in frustration. She was finding out that these Family teens were a force to be reckoned with! She picked up the phone.

"Hello, get me Ted Roach, please. ... Oh, hello, Ted! The children are trying to get in touch with their parents. I'd like your team to start interrogating\* the children as soon as possible!"

\*\*\*\*\*

The Green Trees Home seemed very empty and quiet without the children's happy voices and smiling faces, and without the home school running!

After the children were driven away, the police made a thorough room by room search. They were trying to rake up any tiny little shred of supposed evidence that could be used against the Family in court. After a few hours they left, taking with them a few books, tapes and papers to examine more closely.

Finally, the adults of the Home were able to unite for desperate prayer! They were very concerned for the kids and desperate with the Lord for their deliverance. At first they were tempted to fret and worry, but then they quickly turned to the Word and claimed the Lord's promises for the children's protection, and for themselves to have real peace and keep looking unto Jesus. The Lord had told them to "stand back and see Me fight, for the battle is not yours but Mine", and they knew that all things were in the Lord's hands.—He was in absolute and total control! They prayed that the Lord would comfort the children and let them know that they were praying and

interrogating — questioning



fighting for them, and doing everything possible to get them home!

They had already found out that their lawyer, Mr. Wilder, was on vacation, so one of the most urgent requests was for the Lord to raise up another lawyer, who would be a real fighter on their behalf. Also that they would be able to find out where the children were being held.

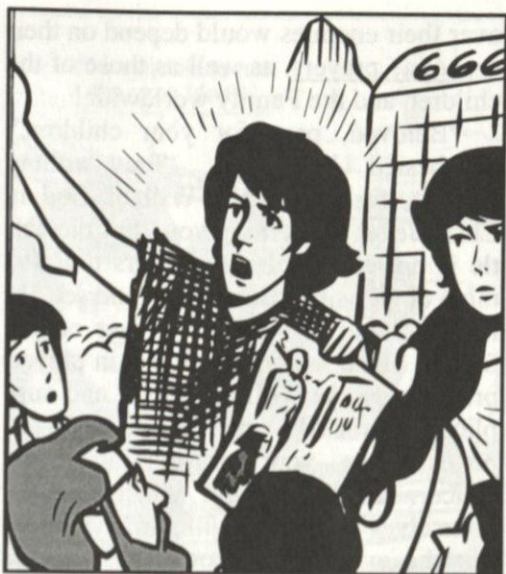
The adults also prayed that the children wouldn't be worried about them! They had heard that on past occasions when some Family children had been separated from their parents for a short time by the authorities, one of their main worries was how their parents were taking it. (Sweet kids!)

Afterwards, the Lord gave many encouraging verses and prophecies that He was going to powerfully protect and keep His precious children and quickly deliver them!

Uncle Jeremy, Naomi's father, received the following prophecy, "Woe, I say, unto the wicked! Woe, I say, unto those who tribulate My children! Woe, I say, unto those who touch My little ones, for they touch the apple of Mine eye! Thinkest thou that I cannot keep My little ones, that I do not overshadow them with My wings? Knowest thou not that I am with them? That I will comfort them and keep them in their day of tribulation? Yea, I will lead them, I will guide them with Mine eye, and I will speak unto them.

"My voice will whisper in their ear and I will tell them what to say. For they will have wisdom that no man shall be able to gainsay. And I will tribulate\* them that tribulate you. I will tribulate them that tribulate My children, and I will liberate my children and I will de-

**tribulate** — to cause problems & suffering



liver them. I will keep them in their hour of trial. For all things work together for good to them that love Me, and I will bring forth a great victory!"

Then sweet Auntie Mary, who was very concerned about how the younger children were doing, got the following encouraging prophecy, "Yea, through these purgings and these tryings, their faith is being strengthened and they shall rise up with such an anointing of My Spirit that no man or woman shall be able to stand against it!

"For I am greater, much greater than these empty winds! For I shall triumph through thy children and win the victory and it shall be a testimony of your teaching and training and love that you have poured into them! For they shall shine as lights and as bright stars that no man can quench because of the power of Love and My Spirit that shall empower them!

"And I shall give them boldness to perform My Will because of your faithfulness to feed them and to give them My Word!"

This also came with a reminder that how soon they would win total victory



over their enemies would depend on their desperate prayers, as well as those of the children and the Family worldwide!

"Beloved, pray for your children," prophesied Uncle Bart. "Pray without ceasing, for this is the Will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. For the battle is not only theirs, but yours too, and most of all Mine. Stand back and see Me fight. Stand back in the power of My Spirit. Stand fast in My Spirit, in prayer, praying always with all prayer and supplication\* for all Saints. For so much depends upon your prayers and how concerned you are, for when you stir yourselves up, then I will stir Myself up. For the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and His ears are open unto their cry. And none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."

"Praise the Lord! Thank You Jesus! Did anyone get anything else?" asked Uncle Peter.

"I did," said Jerusha, a little shyly. "I saw a vision of two hands, God's hands, like on the Poster, 'Peace in the Midst of Storm'. He was holding all of the kids in His hands, and wherever they are, He will still have them in His hands, and nothing can harm them."

"I received the story from 1Samuel 5 and 6," added Uncle Ben, "about when the Philistines captured the Ark of the Covenant, how it kept giving them trouble wherever they sent it until they gave it back." (See 1Sam.5; 6:1-18.)

"That's similar to what I got!" Bathsheba said excitedly. "I had a vision of people coming and stealing the children from the Home. It was as if somebody came to an atomic power plant and stole uranium from the reactor and ran away

**supplication** — a humble, serious request

with it without realising what they had. The children were all glowing powerfully, which to me meant their glowing and powerful testimony. Our enemies don't know what they have in their hands. It burns their hands when they touch it."

"Did you get something, Angel?" Uncle Peter asked.

"Yes," answered Auntie Angel, "I kept getting a picture of the kids just running around and praising the Lord and being happy and there was nothing our enemies could do to stop it. All the children were standing together, very strong, smiling, and very happy."

"What I got goes along with that," added Uncle Martin. "I saw a picture of our children like emeralds, shining with light, pink light, yellow light—like the Lord's jewels. Somebody was trying to cover them up with a dark cloth but they couldn't, because not only were they emitting light, but heat too. They couldn't cover up the light and those precious jewels."

Right as the prayer meeting ended, the phone rang! It was Mr. Wilder's secretary passing on David's message that the Family kids were doing fine. Everyone rejoiced and thanked and praised the Lord that their desperate prayers were being so quickly answered! (David had realised that the children's location was being kept secret from the parents, so he did not pass that information on. So the parents still did not know where the children were.)

\*\*\*\*\*

"Hi, guys! How's it going?"

"Oh, hi, Simon!" replied David. "I'm sorry about your foot!"

"Well, the doctor says I'll only have



to use the crutch for a week. Until then I guess I'll be able to hobble around okay!"

It was after lunch. The younger children were having an extra long nap, because they had been up so early that morning. The teen girls and JETT Gabriella had been asked to report to the interview room for questioning, while the teen boys and JETT Martin had been encouraged to go outside for exercise.

"Simon, who are those kids?" asked Danny. A rough looking assortment of about 50 children were streaming out of "B" Block and heading towards the football field.

"You can be very thankful they didn't throw you in with that group! Those are the kind of kids we normally have to put up with! You guys are so different! Really, I don't think it's right that they brought you here!"

"You don't?" asked David, lowering his voice to a whisper. There were social workers standing around everywhere. The Family kids couldn't even go to the toilet, or wander a few yards away without someone closely following.

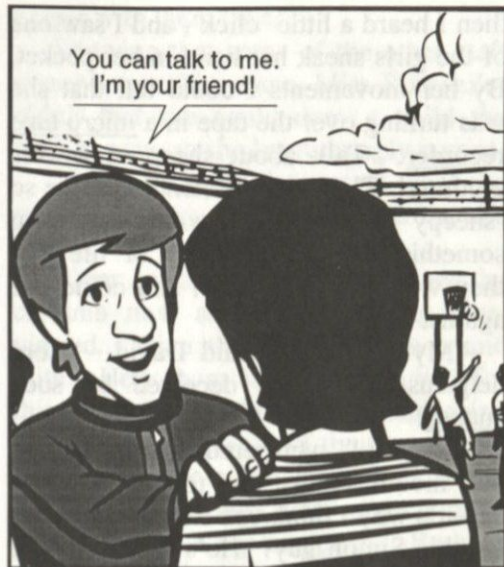
"No, I think it's terrible what they're doing to you!" whispered Simon. "Listen, I'd like to help you guys in any way that I can. You can talk to me. I'm your friend!"

"Simon, if I wrote a letter to my parents, could you get it to them?"

"Sure, Dave, just slip it to me and I'll smuggle\* it out for you!"

Just then Sharon came out. David and Danny excused themselves and went over to see how her interview had gone.

"Thank You Jesus, it wasn't so difficult! They just asked me some questions



about our Family life, our schooling, about some of our different beliefs. They seemed quite sweet actually. I really, really prayed before I went in, and asked the Lord to help me answer in a way that would be very clear and understandable. With each question I answered I tried to share why we felt that way from the Bible, so I was able to share a lot of Bible verses. That seemed to really amaze them, because the Word is so powerful and it's hard to say anything against it!"

Sharon lowered her voice. She eyed Simon, who was sitting close-by with his crutch. She could tell that he was trying to tune in to what they were saying.

"Boys," she whispered, "I want to warn you of something that just happened! After the interview, I was taken to the dining hall to catch up on lunch, as I had missed it. A couple of really 'sweet' youth worker girls came and sat on either side of me. It seemed that they just wanted to fellowship and be friendly. I started to witness to them and they seemed to be very interested in the Family and our way of life and all. However,

**smuggle** — to bring in or take out secretly

then I heard a little 'click', and I saw one of the girls sneak her hand in her pocket. By her movements I could tell that she was turning over the tape in a micro tape recorder. Talk about sheep in wolves clothing! They were pretending to be so 'sheepy' hoping that I would tell them something about our way of life that they wouldn't agree with and could use against us in court!"

"My goodness!" said David. "Lord help us not to be deceived by such snakes!"

"Exactly!" whispered Sharon, putting her mouth almost up to David's ear. "That's why I think you should watch out for this Simon guy! He's trying to be a little bit too buddy-buddy if you ask me!"

"Listen, Sharon," whispered David, a little peeved\*. "You're not the only one who has the gift of discernment, you know! I'm sure that if Simon is a snake the Lord will show me! But so far he seems to be a pretty nice guy!"

Right then teen Naomi and JETT Gabriella came out. Naomi had a similar testimony to Sharon's. But Gabriella was in tears.

"They were so mean to me!" sobbed Gabriella. "They kept trying to put words in my mouth and get me to admit to things that never happened! They'd ask things like, 'When was the last time you watched adults making love?' I'd say, 'I've never watched adults making love!' Then they'd say, 'You're lying! Who taught you to lie to us? You'd better tell us the truth!'"

"It makes me so mad!" fumed Naomi, "What's happening is they know that we teens are strong enough to stand up to them and not be fooled by their sneaky

peeved — annoyed, irritated

questions. So they're picking on younger ones and trying to pressure them and confuse them so they'll say something to support this garbage that they falsely accuse the Family of!"

"God damn them!" said Sharon. She gave Gabriella a hug. "Don't worry Gabriella. I'm sure that you did great!"

"Uh-oh, I just thought of something," said Danny. "Maybe that's why they encouraged us to take our get-out, so they could whisk away the little guys questioning as soon as they wake from their nap!"

"Hey, where are you all going?" shouted Simon, as the teens suddenly sprinted off.

"To the dormitories! We want to be there when our little brothers and sisters wake up!"

\*\*\*\*\*

The children were just waking from their nap when the teens dashed in. Their escort of youth and social workers lagged way behind.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come back," said Love, who had been permitted to stay behind and watch over little Jan Lily and Brian. "Miss Rottweiler came in and asked me to get the children ready for their interviews!"

"I don't want to be interviewed," sobbed Aiko.

"Neither do I!" said Suzy. "I don't know what to say!"

"Listen, children," said Sharon, "I have a testimony! I just had an interview, and it was so exciting because I know Jesus was right there with me helping me. It happened to me just like the Lord promises in His Word:

"And ye shall be brought before g



ernors and kings for My sake, for a testimony against them! ... But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak!—For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you!”—Mat.10:18-20.

Sharon continued, “So if you ask the Lord to help you, He will make it a real witness and a testimony! Thank You Jesus! And remember that funny thing that Grandpa said one time?—‘I can answer any question that you ask me, only most of my answers will be ... ’”

“I DON’T KNOW!” the children chorused.

“Right! So any question that you don’t understand or you don’t know the answer to, all you have to say is ... what?”

“I DON’T KNOW!” the children repeated.

“So that makes it easy, doesn’t it? And remember, children, because we don’t have a lawyer here to help protect us from sneaky questions, we don’t have to answer any question that we don’t want to! Isn’t that right, Miss Rottweiler?”

Miss Rottweiler had just come in to try to stop what was going on.

“How dare you try to brainwash the children and tell them what to say!” she protested.

“I’m not brainwashing them! I’m merely trying to inform them of their legal rights, which you have failed to do, and for which I intend to report you!”

“That’s enough lip from you, my girl!” Miss Rottweiler snorted, trying to stop Sharon passing on any more advice or encouragement. “It’s time now for the children to come to the interview rooms.”

“Could we please just say a short

prayer with them first?”

Knowing that some of the other staff present were Christians, Miss Rottweiler didn’t feel she could deny a child the right to pray, so she begrudgingly agreed.

Sharon included the rest of what she wanted to say to the children in the prayer.

“Dear Jesus, please bless and keep the children now as they go to be interviewed. Give them perfect peace and faith. Help them to be real excited for this chance to really witness and shine for You, and to testify of their wonderful life in Your Family! Help them to remember that all they have to do is three simple things: Keep in prayer! Be honest! Be a good witness and sample! And help them not to feel like they have to answer any questions that are too hard for them! In Jesus’ name, amen!”

Relieved of the pressure of thinking that they had to know all the “right” answers, and realising that all they had to do was pray, be honest, witness and be a good sample, the children marched off on their mission like brave little soldiers!





\* \* \* \* \*

Grandpa was out with John doing his daily check of the property when news of the raid reached Grandpa and Mama Maria's house.

Mama Maria was in the middle of prayerfully going over the next Kidz Mag, but when Peter read the message with the news of the raid, he thought that the situation was urgent enough to disturb the Queen and inform her of what had taken place.

"Lord, do be with our children and their parents, and encourage and comfort them that You will get the victory!" she prayed, after listening carefully to all the details. "This just makes me furious at our enemies! But at the same time it really excites me to see how the Lord means business and is serious about getting His Message out. He wasn't kidding when He said our children are going to 'speak with the enemies in the gate'!—Psa.127:5. He didn't just mean one or two or three, but obviously He meant many of them, since that's what they're going to be doing now."

"The Area Shepherds say that Green Trees is a normal field Home," Peter explained. "They say that the teens there are pretty on the ball. But they're a little concerned about how the younger ones will do!"

Mama prayed for a moment and then said, "Well, we may have all kinds of worries and concerns that our kids are not ready or that they may not be good witnesses, but obviously the Lord isn't too concerned about that! Otherwise He wouldn't have let this happen! He knows the children better than we do and He will protect them and keep them, and lead and guide them. Hallelujah! The Lord's obviously more interested in getting out His Message and in filling our

enemies' cups of iniquity and in putting them on trial, rather than worrying if our children will be able to stand up for Truth."

Mama then asked Peter to get the saints together for desperate prayer, and to really hear from the Lord. "Please tell them to really pray for those children now, that the Lord will protect and keep them under the shadow of His Wings and that He'll give them a mouth full of wisdom that no one will be able to gain nor resist (see Luke 21:15) and that He'll raise up good lawyers for them that will be interested in taking our case! How can we have a great victory unless we have a great battle? Our enemies have pushed us into this and they've asked for a fight, and now they're going to get it!"

Mama's graceful right hand tightened into a fighter's fist! "Lord, help us give them a good fight!" she prayed. "Anoint and inspire those kids and their parents and help them to be wiser and more filled with Thy Words and Thy wisdom than ever before! Help them rise up in judgement and condemn our enemies! Show Thy strong and mighty arm in defense of Thy little ones!—Amen! Make our enemies tremble and quake, of them, Lord!"

"Bring down our enemies—defeat them, smash them, destroy them!—Amen! all those that are fighting against Thy little ones. Make it a scandal! Make it a nation-wide scandal! Make them ashamed, make them humiliated, make them embarrassed for what they've done! Make them lose their jobs! Make the lose their children! Bring great forces on our side!"

"Create such a stir that those who have dared to touch us will turn tail and run to get out of the horrible mess that



they have created for themselves! Divide the sheep from the goats, Lord! Do it right now! Make the whole country take sides and make them side with us, if they're at all concerned about their children and their religious freedoms and their human rights! Give us the lawyers we need and anoint them for the job!

"Give the children wisdom and help them to be released back to their parents as quickly as possible. Give the parents peace in the midst of the storm. Send Your Angels from far and wide to surround and protect Your children and keep them from evil! Make it a great witness, a great testimony!

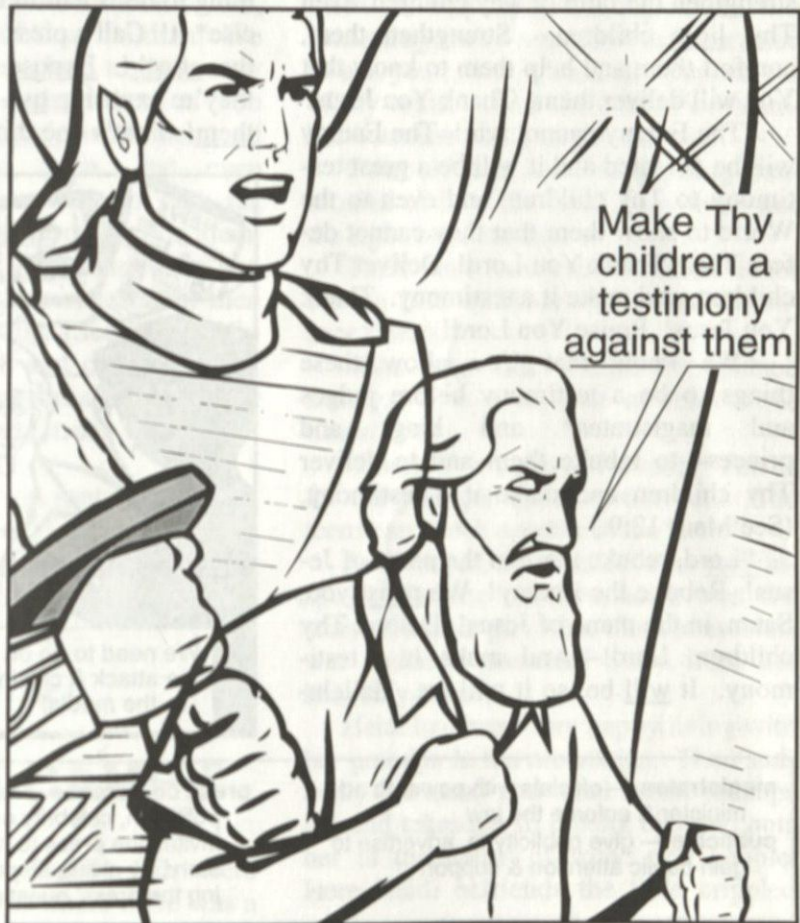
"Expose the whole System! Bring it down! Destroy faith in it! Destroy the perpetrators of these crimes! Show Thy mighty power! Hallelujah! Thank You Jesus! Fulfil Your many promises to keep Thy little ones and make them a great witness to the World, in Jesus' name!"

Grandpa came in from his rounds happy that everything was ship-shape, and inspired about some new ideas he had. He settled back down in his chair with his work papers, while John buzzed the kitchen on the intercom to ask

someone to bring Grandpa's juice. At that point Mama came in, gave Grandpa a hug and kiss, and then broke the news to him about the raid.

"On their local news they came out and said that they consider us to be the most dangerous sect in the whole World!" Mama added.

"Of course we are!" agreed Grandpa. "Of course we're the most dangerous in the World to the Devil, to Satan and his forces, because we are winning souls right out from his kingdom to the Lord's Kingdom! (Prays:) Now, Lord, You've promised to deliver Thy children. Make it a testimony! Make it a testimony that will defy Satan and all of his forces!





Bless the children. Bless Thy precious little children, and give them courage and strength to defy the Enemy! Make Thy children a testimony against them! We know You will, Lord. You're going to turn a seeming defeat into great victory! You cannot fail! It's impossible for You to fail!

"Hallelujah! Thank You for answering our prayers! We know You'll do it, they're Your children and You will deliver them and You will make them a testimony against our evil enemies. Hallelujah! Thank You Lord! Amen! Praise You Lord! Thank You Jesus!

"Do it soon, to encourage Thy children and their faith. It's a testing time to strengthen the faith of Thy children, even Thy little children. Strengthen them, comfort them and help them to know that You will deliver them. Thank You Jesus!

"The Enemy cannot win! The Enemy will be defeated and it will be a great testimony to Thy children, and even to the World to show them that they cannot defeat You! Thank You Lord! Deliver Thy children, and make it a testimony. Thank You Jesus! Praise You Lord!

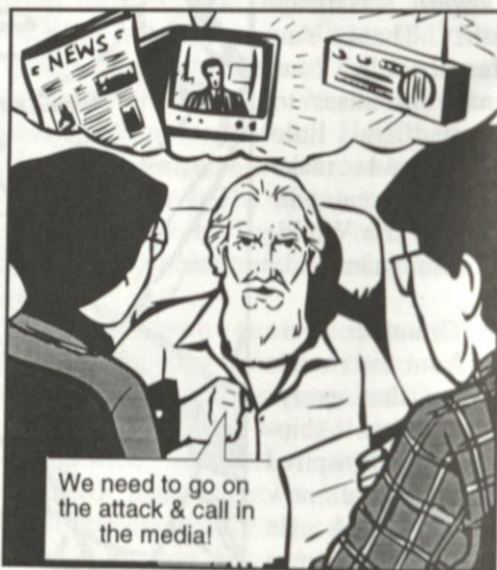
"We know that You allow these things to be a testimony before judges and magistrates\* and kings and princes—to rebuke them and to deliver Thy children and make it a testimony. (See Mark 13:9.)

"Lord, rebuke them in the name of Jesus! Rebuke the Enemy! We resist you, Satan, in the name of Jesus! Deliver Thy children, Lord!—And make it a testimony. It will be, so it will be. Hallelu-

jah! Thank You Jesus! It will be a great testimony of how You have delivered Thy Saints! We know You cannot fail, Lord. You never have. 'All things work together for good.'

"Lord, I have prayed for Thy children, and I have delivered Thy children in prayer, Thy special children. Now You finish it, Lord. I cannot do more than this. I am powerless but to pray, and that is everything because You will do it! Amen! Thank You Jesus! Praise You Lord! Hallelujah!—In Jesus' name, amen!"

A little later Grandpa commented, "These guys who persecute us want to keep their dirty business a secret, but the thing to do is call in the media and publicise\* it! Call a press conference\*. Go on the attack! Expose them! They think they're exposing us—we ought to expose them! That's one thing the Devil doesn't



**magistrates** — officials with power to administer & enforce the law

**publicise** — give publicity to, advertise to gain public attention & support

**press conference** — a meeting where a politician, celebrity or newsworthy person invites the press to hear their side of the story, by giving a speech and/or answering the press' questions



like, he doesn't like his dirty tricks exposed. We need to go on the attack and call in the media and complain, and the media is always glad to hear anything that makes news. They especially love a controversy or a fight.

"Encourage our children, Lord, bless and help them. Thank You that they know You, Jesus. The parents too, Lord. Help them to have faith that You're going to deliver. You expose our enemies, Lord! Don't let them get away with these dirty tricks without being exposed. It's all in Your hands. Give Thy children wisdom and give them inspiration to fight, and the courage to be a witness and a testimony. Lord, defeat Thy enemies!"

"Amen!" agreed Mama Maria. "Lord, You're taking care of Your children! We know You're just as close to them now and taking care of each of them as You always have been. You're with them and You're comforting them, and even though we can't be there to care for them, we know You're caring for them. You promised that if their mothers and their fathers have to forsake them, then You will take them up. (See Psa.27:10.) You will love them and care for them. Strengthen them, encourage them and help them to stand strong, in Jesus' name! Amen!"

Later a message was sent out to all the Homes worldwide requesting the whole Family to unite in prayer for the children of the Green Trees Home!

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## CHAPTER 12

# "SPACE CAMP!"

After dinner the Family kids were taken to a living room where there was a

video set-up. Mrs. Sharp opened a cabinet in which there was an assortment of different videos and told them that they could watch whatever they wanted.

Sharon prayed that there would be something suitable for the younger ones, as she felt they really deserved a shiner prize for being such good little soldiers during their interviews that afternoon! A few had gotten a little upset, but on the whole it seemed that everything had gone very well, and that the Lord had really helped them with their answers!

Little Aiko even had an inspiring testimony which she had shared with everyone at dinner! "I really prayed that they wouldn't ask anything too hard for me. Then the lady said, 'Oh dear, there was something really important that I wanted to ask you ... but it suddenly popped out of my mind.' And she couldn't remember what she was going to ask me!"

Other children also had inspiring testimonies of how the Lord gave them just the right words to say!

There were hardly any suitable videos for the little children in the cabinet, except "Heidi".

"Oh, no, not 'Heidi'!" groaned Danny. "I've seen that at least three times!"

"Danny!" whispered Naomi. "This is for the younger children, not you! The teens can watch another video later."

As it turned out, "Heidi" was very inspiring for the children, as it was the story of a little girl who, like themselves, was suddenly snatched away from her heavenly home!

Heidi had been very happy living with her grandpa in the mountains. Then suddenly her mean and cruel auntie kidnaps her and takes her to the big city and puts her in the house of some rich people. Here Heidi befriends the little crippled



girl, Clara, and has a tremendous, positive influence on her! This is a very good sample to Clara's rich daddy and the whole household. Heidi ends up changing the whole house by her happy spirit, much like Naaman's little maid did!

However, Heidi suffers some pretty heavy persecution, as she's put under a very cruel and mean teacher who belittles her and punishes her cruelly. She's again kidnapped and nearly sold to the Gypsies. Her Grandpa feverishly tries to look for Heidi and really lays down his life to rescue her!

"Wow, I never realised this movie had so many good lessons on persecution and being kidnapped!" remarked Sharon when the movie was over. "Heidi was a good sample of adapting and making the best of a bad situation, wasn't she? She really helped change her little part of the World!"

"Her cheerfulness and her good sample and witness really touched the hearts of her overseers and won their favour!" added Naomi. "And in the end it all turned out to be a Romans 8:28 and everything worked together for good! So let's all try to model ourselves after this happy little girl in the movie, Heidi, shall we children? Lets try to make the best of our bad situation here at Morfield!"

"Pollyanna was another little girl who was a good sample!" remembered Suzy.

"That's right!" smiled Sharon. "She was also without her parents, wasn't she? Remember how she was so loving and cheerful and such a good sample that she changed the lives of all the grumpy people in the town! Hey, let's play the 'Glad Game', shall we?"

"I'm glad for this adventure!" said Clara. "It's like actually being in an exciting movie!"

"Amen!" said Sharon. "We're starting in one of God's adventure movies, and God's movies always have a happy ending, right? Thank You Jesus! Praise the Lord!"

The children kept playing the "Glad Game" as they headed off to the dormitories. Danny supervised the boys, while Sharon, Love and Naomi helped the younger girls, plus little Brian and Jamie, who were staying in their room. They took some special time to pray with each one, and David sat in the hallway between the two rooms with his guitar. "What a Friend we have in Jesus ...," he sang, as the children settled into a sweet sleep, knowing that Jesus was with them and His Angels were around them, no matter where they were.

After the younger children were in bed, a little bit of contention arose as to which of the teens would forego watching a video to stay back and watch the kids.

"It shouldn't be me!" Love pointed out. "I watched the children after lunch."

"Why don't all of you go and watch the video, and I'll stay," offered Naomi, hoping that someone would say the same thing in return.

"No, you go and I'll stay," replied Sharon, not very enthusiastically.

"Well, okay," said Naomi, "if you insist! Thanks so much!"

"Are you sure you'll be alright on your own, Sharon?" asked Love.

"Yes, I'll also have Gabriella and Martin here to help me. Okay, have fun. But please pick something that's uplifting and edifying!"

As the four teens headed back towards the video room, David was going through a trial. "Sharon's really getting bossy!" he thought. "She's acting like our leader or something. She doesn't



even trust us to pick a good video!"

Looking through the cabinet, the teens could see that most of the videos were full of violence and garbage, and were mostly just junk. There were movies like "Terminator Two", "Batman", various war movies, as well as some Michael Jackson music videos.

"Oh, praise the Lord, there's 'Space Camp'," said Naomi. "Let's watch that!"

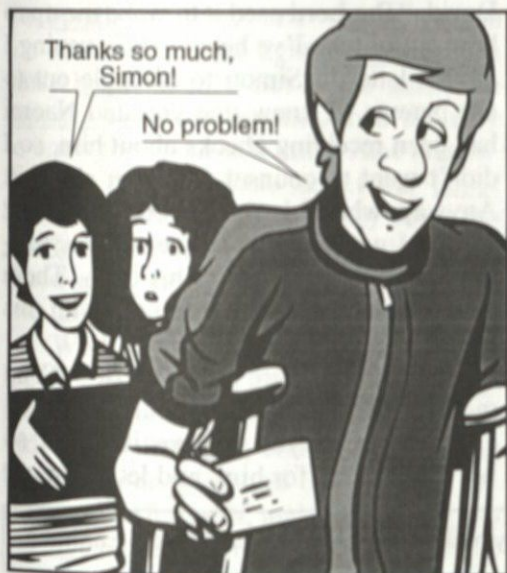
"But we just saw it recently!" moaned Danny. "How about 'Star Trek Two'?"

"Well, we've seen some other Star Treks, and they've been okay. Maybe we could try this one and see what it's like," suggested David.

Just then Simon stuck his head around the door. "Hi guys, how's it going?" He lowered his voice to a whisper so the guard outside couldn't overhear. "Do you have that letter that you wanted me to send for you?"

"Oh, er ... sure!" said David getting up and slipping it to him. "Thanks so much, Simon!"

"No problem!" smiled Simon, as he hobbled off down the corridor.



"David, I think you should have coun-  
selled with us before entrusting him with that!" said Naomi, a little shocked.

"Why? He's only trying to help us get in touch with our parents!"

Meanwhile Danny had been busy putting 'Star Trek II' in the machine and getting the video ready to view. "Okay, everybody ready?" he asked.

"Let's just watch a few minutes of it," suggested Love, "and if there's anything too weird then we can turn it off!"

The other teens agreed, and they prayed together that the Lord would help them to have discernment, and to choose the good and eschew the evil. Ten minutes later they turned the video off! It was more like a horror movie, and the teens saw a few things that they wished they hadn't.

"Boy," said Naomi, "something like that sure makes you glad that our movies are usually checked out first. You can sure see why!"

"What shall we do? Shall we try another one?" asked Love.

"Well, let's watch 'Space Camp', then," said Danny sullenly. He felt responsible for putting on the Star Trek and too "out of it" to say he was sorry.

"I told you 'Space Camp' would be a good one to watch," said Naomi.

There was an uncomfortable silence, then Love said, "What's happening to us? This morning on the bus we were all so united, but now ... but now ...." She couldn't say any more. She didn't need to. Naomi, David and Danny were deeply convicted.

"I'm sorry, Naomi," mumbled Danny meekly. "Actually, I think 'Space Camp' would be a very good movie for us to see right now."

"No, I'm sorry, Danny," apologised Naomi. "I wasn't being loving at all! I



was totally in my own spirit.”

“Listen,” said David, “why don’t you all go ahead and pray and start. I need to use the toilet.”

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Standing at the urinal, David cried out to the Lord in whispered but desperate tongues. Love was right! The day had started out so victorious and in the Spirit! They had entered the battle like conquerors! But now he felt so weak, like he was lying face down in the mud with the Enemy tromping all over him.

“Oh, Jesus,” he prayed, “what is it that’s troubling me? Why am I having all these bitter and critical thoughts towards Sharon and Naomi?”

Just then he happened to look up and out of the tiny toilet window that overlooked the car park.

“What???!” he whispered incredulously. “I don’t believe it!”

David walked back to the video room stunned!

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“How was the video?” asked Sharon cheerfully as David, Naomi, Danny and Love returned to the dormitory a couple of hours later.

The teens looked at each other sheepishly.

“Hey, what’s up?”

“Well ... er ... we started out watching ‘Star Trek Two’, but that didn’t last very long,” explained Danny. “It had some really icky scenes right at the beginning, so it was pretty easy to see that it was not very edifying—and it sure didn’t seem to be what we needed. Anyways, at least

we learned ‘where it ain’t’. So then we watched ‘Space Camp’, and it was really the Lord, because if you remember it’s about some teenagers who accidentally get shot into orbit aboard the Space Shuttle\*. At first it doesn’t look like they’ll survive, because they’re disunited and each trying to do each other’s job! The only way they manage to get down to Earth again safely is because they learn to recognise each others’ strengths and admit their own weaknesses! So in the end they manage to land the Shuttle by learning to work together as a team!”

David took a deep breath, and then blurted out, “I’ve got a big apology to make! I’ve been like the pilot in the movie who wanted so badly to be the commander! It’s been too hard on my pride, Sharon, to admit that the Lord has really been anointing you and Naomi to uphold the standard and lead our group, especially as you’re both girls and a little younger than I am.”

“For me too!” confessed Danny meekly.

“I need to tell you what happened when I went to the toilet,” continued David. “The Lord used it to wake me up to how out of tune I’ve been! This evening I gave a letter to Simon to smuggle out to our parents. I knew that you and Naomi had been receiving checks about him, so I didn’t want to counsel with you about it. Anyway, when I looked through the toilet widow I was stunned to see Simon striding across the car park to his car!—There was absolutely nothing wrong with his foot at all!”

The others were wide-eyed! “You mean he faked that whole accident?”

“Yes! Can you believe it? Just so we’d feel sorry for him, and let down our

**Space Shuttle** — a space vehicle carried aloft by rockets, which orbits (circles) the Earth



guard! Well, I'm ashamed to say that I fell for it. I really believed that he sympathised with us and wanted to help!"

"Unbelievable!" said Danny, shaking his head. "He's as sneaky as that guy in the movie 'Firestarter'. Remember when he pretended to be a janitor and used some sob story to win the little girl's trust?"

"Well," said Naomi, "maybe the Lord allowed it to show us to what depths the Enemy is willing to sink, and to be more on guard in the future! No doubt some of the social workers really are sheep, but it's safer if we don't rely too much on any of them at this point!"

"Don't feel bad, David!" said Sharon. "We all have fallen way short of the mark today! I'd like to apologise for coming across so bossy and self-righteous and acting like 'the leader'! I don't blame you for going through trials about it. Frankly, rather than any one or two of us being the 'leaders', I think the Lord is showing us that we all need to work tightly together as a teamwork!"

"That's right!" the others agreed.

"I was just getting that illustration of the bundle of sticks," said Naomi. "When the sticks are bound tightly together, you can't break them! But if the sticks are separate from one another, then it's easy to break them, one at a time. Also remember the Aesop's fable about the bulls? United together as a herd they were too strong for the lion! But when they wandered away from the herd, then the lion was able to pick them off one by one!"

"Well, it's so true!" said David. "The Devil's really been attacking our unity. He knows that 'united we stand, but divided we fall!' So I vote we completely lay aside our pride and our personal desires and differences, and really lay down our lives to shepherd our younger broth-

ers and sisters. The Lord has now entrusted them into our care, and He's going to hold us responsible for them!"

The teens then held hands and poured out their hearts to the Lord in desperate prayer, asking Him to forgive and help and unify them! As always, they were being watched, but the teens didn't care. It was like the social workers were peering in at them from another World. Nothing else mattered at that moment, except getting back in tune with the Lord and His Love and His Spirit and the revolutionary standard of God's Endtime Army!

Afterwards the Lord gave them some very encouraging prophecies:

First Naomi spoke out, "I will never leave you nor forsake you! As I was with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace, so shall I be with you and will deliver you without even the smell of smoke!" Thank You Jesus!

Then David received the following prophecy, "You must stand up for your faith! Had not Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego been willing to stand up, I would not have been able to do the miracle which I did. Stand up, stand up for your faith! Stand up, stand up for Jesus!"

"Fear not, little children, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom," prophesied Danny. "Fear not, stand strong! Put on the whole armour of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day! Cut the Devil to the heart! Hit him where it hurts the most! Hit him with the Word! Stand up! Speak the Truth! Do not hold back! Fight him with the Word! Fight them with the Words of Life! Be proud to be My children! Do not cower! Stand up and be counted! Fight! Fight, children, fight! And I will give you a crown of life!"

The Lord confirmed the extreme im-

portance of their unity.—That they shouldn't make any compromises with the standard they had been taught.—That they needed to really love and care for each other, and especially the children! Plus they really needed to fight to stay in the Word and prayer!

Love then shared a vision she had, "While we were praying I had a vision of that little birdie that was sitting peacefully in her nest above the raging cataract! The birdie had peace and faith even though all around her it was stormy. I got the verse, 'And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.'—Phil.4:7."

At the end they hugged and encouraged each other to keep up the fight!

"Boy!" chuckled David, his fight and fire restored. "Am I going to sock it to that Simon guy, when he comes hobbling up on his crutch tomorrow!"

"Ha! I want to be there to see that!" laughed Sharon.

"I volunteer to stay up and plan a really feeding devotions for the kids tomorrow morning!" said Naomi.

"Yes, and let's do some skits for them!" suggested Danny.

"Good idea!" everyone agreed.

"What do you say we have a teamwork meeting together now and decide

some ground rules to share with the rest of the kids tomorrow?"

"Great! Let's do it!"

Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego and Ruthie were thrilled at how the teens had come through this first major battle as victors! They were now even stronger and better able to meet the many new challenges that still lay ahead.

However, even for the spirit helpers, who no longer lived within the boundaries of Time, it had seemed like a long day! Shadrach glanced down at the next day's schedule.

"Has anybody any ideas on how to get these firebrands\* to bed on time?—It looks like the Lord has planned tomorrow to be another BIG day!"

TO BE CONTINUED!...



firebrands — people who stir up activity or change