

Focus On My Reality

FOCUS ON MY REALITY

Remember Mary Slessor

REMEMBER MARY SLESSOR

Meet Amaor

MEET AMAOR





YOU CAN "REMEMBER MARY SLESSOR" BY CHECKING OUT THE INTERESTING BOOK SUMMARY ABOUT HER LIFE, NOW POSTED ON THE MEMBERS ONLY SITE (OVERFLOW SECTION). **NIGERIAN PIONEER: THE STORY OF MARY SLESSOR.**

BLADE:

- Focus on My Reality ... 26
- It's Here ... 3
- Remember Mary Slessor ... 22
- Two Types of Healing ... 21

LINKUP:

- Meet Amaor ... 17

RADICALS UNLIMITED:

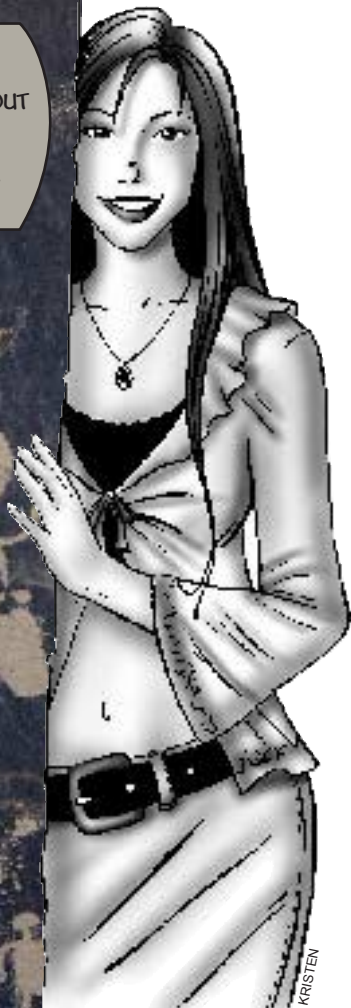
- The Heavenly Man, Part 6 ... 27

STORY FEATURE:

- Scale Up, Chapters 1-3 ... 4

TOON FEATURE:

- Doormatrix ... 32



Notable Quote:

(JESUS:) IF THE ENEMY COMES AT YOU WITH A BASEBALL BAT, MEET HIM WITH A MACHINE GUN! IF HE COMES WITH A SWORD OR FIERY DART, SHOW UP WITH A TANK! IF HE COMES WITH A GUN, DROP A FIREBOMB ON HIS HEAD! BLAST HIM, CRUSH HIM, DEFEAT HIM, RESIST HIM, BURN HIM, AND GIVE HIM NO PLACE! I'M NOT TRYING TO ENCOURAGE OVERREACTING; I'M JUST SAYING THAT IF YOU HAVE THESE POWERFUL WEAPONS AVAILABLE TO YOU, IT MAKES SENSE TO USE THEM.

(ML #3402:98)

The power of the keys is like a vortex of energy which draws all good things into it and into you, and sends all things away from you that are not pure and of Me.

Keys Promise

Xn Issue 20, April 2003 Xn is for ages 12 and up. Parents or teachers, you may read age-appropriate portions of this mag with younger audiences, at your discretion. If you have submissions for Xn, please send them to pubs@wsfamily.com. Xn is a nonprofit publication, published free for members. Not to be sold. Copyright © 2003 by The Family. DFO. Cover art by Zeb.

STRI HERE



KRISTEN

F (Jesus:) Think not that the hour is still far off. Yes, you've been hearing since you were a baby that the Endtime is soon, but that still doesn't make it any farther from the truth. The End is here; you're living in it! That's the truth.

So, what are you going to do about it?—What are

you doing about it now? Is your sword sharp? Do you feel ready to ward off the Enemy's attacks? Even though you can't see the Antichrist on TV yet, he's there. Even though you can't see all the signs of the times to your satisfaction, they're all still there. They manifest themselves all the time, you just need to tune in.

The End is here, My warriors. I'm anointing each one of you with power, with might, with fearlessness, with strength in Me, with all the gifts of My Spirit that you will need. So don't fear the future and most of all, don't let the Enemy fill your hearts with complacency, but hold fast to your sword because the days of the End are fast approaching.

NOTABLE QUOTE:

(DAD:) WHAT IF YOU WERE REALLY IN THE ENDTIME? WHAT IF THE ANTICHRIST WAS HERE AND THE SOLDIERS WERE AFTER YOU? WOULD YOU SLEEP IN LATE, WOULD YOU TAKE SUCH A LACKADAISICAL STAND?—OR WOULD YOU REALIZE THE VERY REAL LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE THAT EACH DAY BROUGHT?

WELL, THE BATTLE TODAY IS JUST AS REAL, BECAUSE WHAT YOU DO TODAY MAKES A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE OR DEATH THEN. (ML #3433:386)

story feature

SCALE UP



Art by Jeremy

Chapter 1: Linking Paths

The steady rain outside only enhanced the gloom inside the small shed that was situated at the edge of Luna's property, where the band had set up a makeshift practice space. Kyra looked around at the disheartened faces of her fellow band members as they plucked and tapped on their respective instruments.

"It shouldn't get us down," she said, absently picking out notes on her keyboard. "The Lord must somehow have a plan in all of this."

"I just didn't think that that promoter would drop us like that," said Clay. "He was the most enthusiastic of them all about our music."

"Those gigs would have taken care of the rent for the next two months," said Justin morosely. "That leaves us with just the gig this coming Saturday night at Club El Groove and our CTP ... which is great, but doesn't exactly pay the bills."

"It also gives us hardly any time for getting *Activated* subscriptions and doing follow-up," added Javier, "which we have desperately been needing to do."

"So what are we doing sitting here practicing?" asked Mer. "We should be off our ... er ... headquarters and on the street."

"We're in here because the Lord told us to practice this morning," Clay replied. "It's against my natural inclination, too. I'd just as soon be out the door and bringing in the bread and butter."

"Si," said Javier. "There doesn't seem to be much point."

"I'm fine with it," said Justin, taking a glance out of the window. "I'd just as soon not be out in *that*."

"Let's claim the power of the keys against discouragement," said Clay.

"I've got a key promise,"

Mer announced. "Claim the keys when you are in need of a boost of faith, and I will give you supernatural trusting power."

"Amen," chorused the others.

"Hey, that's a cool riff, Kyra," said Javier suddenly.

"She's been doodling with it for a few days now," said Justin. "It's neat."

"Got words?" asked Mer.

"No," said Kyra. "Just a title. 'Scaling Up!'"

"Like *musically* scaling?" asked Mer.

"Dunno." Kyra continued detachedly playing the haunting refrain that went for about eight bars before repeating. Mer tentatively began adding a combination of chords and single notes on her electro-acoustic guitar. She winced and shook her head in protest at Clay standing at the mixer where he had raised the volume of her guitar. She desisted at his smile of approval.

"Tell you what," said Kyra, "we can modulate every sixteenth stanza, not like a usual whole tone, but to the flatted third and so on. You know like, *scaling up*?"

Mer nodded excitedly. Justin plunked on his bass and rolled his eyes. "Can you speak English? I'm just the bass player."

"In other words, honey," said Kyra, "we're starting in the key of A, and instead of going up to B, we go to C and then to E-flat."

"And by the fifth time around we'll have hit A again," said Mer. "Neat, huh?"

Kyra pulled the microphone to her lips and with incoherent words began to sing a melody.

"You'll have to suffer my rough notes in tongues as usual," she interjected. "Until I get from the Lord what the melody is trying to say."

Javier tapped on his bongos and picked up a maraca. Soon the ensemble was smiling and moving with the musical magic.

* * *

Dear Justin,

I love you and pray that everything is going well with you. I was so happy to hear about Kyra's pregnancy. Wow! I'm going to be a grandmother.

This is just a short note, as I recently got in touch with your father, Luis Estrada, during my recent visit to Venezuela...

My father?

Justin felt soft lips touch the back of his neck. He gave a start and spun around from his computer. It was Kyra. She laughed and raised her hands in defense. "Whoa, Babe, that's an unusually jumpy reaction to my demonstrations of affection!"

"Sorry, I'm...", Justin mumbled and turned back to study the computer screen.

"That was an inspiring practice today, don't you think?"

"Uh huh."

"That melody took off with some magic."

"Uh huh."

...and he'd really like to get in touch with you. It was just a miracle that I got in contact with him in the first place, as he doesn't live in Venezuela any more. ...

"I take it something's come in that's er ... important?" Kyra inquired hesitantly.

"Uh huh."

"Who from?"

"My mom."

"Oh, how's she doing? Is she happy about the news ... my pregnancy?"

Justin turned to face her. "It's about my dad."

Kyra sat down on the couch and ran her fingers through her black ringlets. Her brown eyes twinkled mischievously. "A dad? I didn't think you had one!"

"Why?"

"You never talk about a *dad*. I've heard quite a bit about Uncle Josué, though."

"My mom's second mate."

"Hadn't she lost contact with him?" asked Kyra.

"Your dad, I mean."

"Yeah, it's been almost fifteen years."

"So what's it about?"

"Mom says he's been living in Mexico City for the past five years."

"That's amazing. And?"

"He wants to see me."

Kyra jumped up from the couch. "Wow! That's so cool!"

"I guess."

"You don't seem too happy about it."

"I hardly remember him."

Justin paused and stared out of the window. The setting sun was filtering through the sleepy haze that shrouded the small city of Puebla and was bathing the freshly whitewashed veranda with an ember glow. Memories flashed through his mind like scenes from an old home video. He saw Luis, arms laden with Christmas gifts and toys for him and the other kids in the Home, standing in the hallway of his home in Macuto, near Caracas ... sailing on Luis' yacht along the coast ... horseback riding ... a broad smile greeting him as he was lifted into fatherly arms ... a birthday party held in his honor out in a sunny garden with enormous banks of green grass. Then there must have been a break in transmission. He was gone. No more flashbacks.

"No, I hardly remember him."

Kyra put her hand on Justin's shoulder and smiled sympathetically.

"Obviously the Lord is orchestrating this, and we'll have to get His view on it. You never know what might happen."

Justin sighed. "You're right, Kyra. I do need to hear from the Lord about it."

* * *

The rain had cleared, enough so that the asphalt at a nearby park was suitable for running and shooting a few baskets. Clay bounced the ball and took aim. "You have a younger brother, don't you, Jav?"

Javier nodded. Clay deftly sent the ball into the hoop.

"Why do you ask?" asked Javier, jogging over to retrieve the ball.

"How old is he?"

Javier spun the ball on his forefinger and pushed his hair out of his face. "Pepe. Let me see ... he's ten years younger than me, the youngest of my family." He popped the ball into the hoop. "About your age, I think. He'd be twenty-eight now."

"How did you get on with him when he was like, say ... fourteen, or so?" asked Clay, taking another shot and scoring a basket.

"I didn't see him much then. I was heavy into my car sales business at the time, and was thinking of getting married. But I knew it was a rough time for him. He'd started hanging around with the local gang where we lived in Mexico City. Got into drugs and crime. I tried to help him the best I could, but it was a case of the blind leading the blind."

"Oh, *Pepe!*" exclaimed Clay. "Is he the one who the Family prayed for when you joined and he got delivered? His testimony is in a *Conéctate* mag?"

"That's him." Javier made another basket and bounced the ball back to Clay. "You've got a younger brother, right?"

"I have a few, but..."

"But?" Javier asked.

"It's my fourteen-year-old brother," Clay explained. "What about him?"



"He's going through a rough patch," Clay said in a distant tone and halfheartedly tossed the ball at the hoop. It missed. "My parents want to know if I'd be able to help."

Chapter 2: Stepping Stone

"I suppose you are used to Mexican food."

"Almost every day," said Justin glumly, catching a darting glance of disapproval from Kyra.

"But this is very special, Señor Luis," Kyra interjected with a disarming smile. "We're not used to this sort of preferential treatment! And we never get tired of the local food, especially when it's prepared so fantastically."

"I apologize for having imposed my taste upon you," Luis said. "Mexican food just happens to be my favorite cuisine."

Luis Estrada had met Justin and Kyra at the Fonda de Santa Clara restaurant in Puebla, having declined an offer to visit their Home, saying he was uneasy about setting foot in a Family Home after so long. However, any initial nervousness as they introduced themselves was quickly dispelled by Kyra's friendly I've-known-you-for-years nature and Luis' casual sense of humor. By the time they were tucking into their plates of *mole poblano*, the conversation had developed into a witty and fascinating sharing of first impressions of Mexico between Kyra and Luis, with Justin sitting in sullen silence. In an effort to bring Justin into the conversation, much to his visible discomfort, Kyra began describing apparent similarities between him and his father who was a handsome man of medium height, rather stocky, with thick dark hair graying at the temples.

"And it would probably stick up on top just like yours," said Kyra patting Justin's head, "if he didn't style it the way he does! And you've definitely got your dad's nose!"

"Kyra," mumbled Justin, "have you had too much wine?"

"No," said Kyra with a giggle. "I've only had two sips from your glass. Here comes my juice now."

"Maybe I need to fill up *your* glass, Justin," said Luis merrily as he lifted the wine bottle.

"Justin's lived in almost every country in Latin America," said Kyra. "Isn't that right?"

Justin nodded.

"And he remembers every single place," she continued. "Except for Venezuela, which he hasn't seen

for fifteen years. He left when he was just a kid. Right, Jus?"

Justin nodded again, and Kyra carried on.

"Something about that country just *fascinates* me. You *must* tell us about it, Señor Luis."

Evidently pleased with such personal interest, Luis Estrada launched into an account of the political situation in his country and the people's search for answers, those who had been batted about by unseen international powers which held them in a vice-like grip of economic and political instability.

"That's why my country could use people like you," he said thoughtfully as he thumbed through the photo album that Kyra had pulled out, depicting their work with Puebla's poor. "It's admirable what you're doing. Not everyone can do it."

He looked wistfully over at Justin. "I remember that's what always impressed me about your mother, and those from the Family that I knew when you were younger—the way you could interact and help all spectrums of society."

You could have stuck around and been even more impressed, thought Justin. "Please excuse me," he said. "I need to use the restroom."

"Señor Luis," Kyra said once Justin had left the table, "I'm sorry that he's not so talkative."

"It's okay. I was bracing myself for a certain amount of reservation. It's not as bad as I expected. It's understandable."

"If you would like a few minutes alone with him, Señor, I can make myself scarce."

* * *

Justin sighed and leaned against the bathroom sink. *I mean, what does he expect? He suddenly shows up in my life, and just 'cause he's my biological dad he expects some kind of cozy father-son relationship. And Kyra's not making it any easier, gushing all over him ... commenting on my hair and stuff.* He slapped water on his head and tried pushing down the unrelenting sprigs. *It's embarrassing.*

A toilet flushed and a man came out of a stall. He gave Justin a quizzical sideways glance as he washed his hands. Alarmed by a glimpse of his own grim expression in the mirror, Justin prayed a silent prayer. *I claim the keys to not be bugged or upset at my dad. Please help me get my act together and pull out of this.*

Seeing Justin returning from the bathroom, Kyra rose from her chair. "This is such a cool place, all these old Mexican artifacts and stuff," she said. "Mind if I look around?"

"Justin...," Luis began.

"I know. I'm sorry if I've seemed a little distracted ... I've had a lot on my mind." He looked at his father sheepishly and was met with a glimmer of sympathy, which, if given a voice, was saying, "Look, you don't know me from Adam. I understand. I've wanted to see you all these years. But you know in a busy life such as mine, days turn to weeks, weeks to years, and before you know it there's a gap such as we are facing right now. But I want to bridge it."

"Actually, I just want to say," continued Luis, "that I didn't know what to expect in meeting young people from the Family. I must say I'm impressed."

"That's a relief," said Justin.

Luis sipped his wine. "And you've got a great future wife there in Kyra. She's tremendous!"

"I know," said Justin quietly. "She's the greatest."

"It's amazing," said Kyra, seeing that it was an appropriate time to sit back down at the table. "That Mayan pottery and those hand-woven blankets are all so intricate. May I ask why you left Venezuela, Señor Luis?"

"With the recent development of the VW plants, most of my business transferred here. So rather than hopping countries, I bought myself a place in Mexico City. I still keep a summer beach villa back in Venezuela."

"Wow! Isn't that nice," quipped Justin with a hint of sarcasm, then winced at a gentle nudge of Kyra's



foot against his shin. *I'm sorry, Lord. Help me focus on the keys.*

"As a matter of fact," continued Luis, "should you both decide to get married, I would like to invite you to spend your honeymoon in either place!"

"That would be wonderful," said Kyra. "And seeing you are here for another day, we do want to invite you to come see us play at the club tomorrow night!"

The meal having ended with trivial conversation and Kyra having presented Luis with a "Mottos for Success" calendar, Justin and Kyra journeyed back to their Home, with Justin, still edgy and silent, sitting at the wheel of their little VW bug.

"He's such a cool guy, your dad," said Kyra.

"And you let him know it too."

"What?"

"Palavering all over him. No wonder he was so taken with you."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"It was overkill on the sample thing. You were trying too hard," snapped Justin, jerking at the gear-shift. "Embarrassing. And the 'Mottos,' it'll probably just end up gathering..."

"Hey, Jus. I'm sorry. But someone had to take up the slack. Your vibes were ... let's just say you could cut them with a knife. Talk about *sample*."

"I had a lot on my mind."

"Honey, I understand your battles about your dad. And..."

"How could you understand?" snapped Justin. "You have no idea how it feels to suddenly have some guy you hardly know show up from nowhere, claiming 'dad rights'?"

"That's true. But in my opinion Luis has been very sweet and understanding about it. We got a lot of promises from the Lord about how this was not going to be without its battles, but it was going to turn out with wonderful vics."

"We'll see. ... I'm not hopeful!"

"Look out!"

A near collision on the winding unlit road brought Justin and Kyra into pensive silence until they arrived home.

* * *

Luna's first set at Club El Groove the following night began at eleven-thirty and went for an hour, by which time most of the youthful

clientele who were there for the long haul were present. Señor Luis Estrada, who smiled and clapped politely, was situated at a table close enough to be able to see them clearly and far enough to the side to be minimally disturbed by the volume. Kyra was the first to sit down with him and introduce the rest of the members of the band. After learning from each of them about their history and background, Luis asked more about the work, and specifically about how they made their living these days.

"We still live by faith," said Mer.

"Sometimes we don't even know where our next meal will come from," Justin added.

"How does that work?" Luis asked, his pondering gaze falling on Justin. "How do you get your income, if you don't mind me asking?"

Justin cleared his throat. "Er ... through the gigs ... I mean, the engagements. And we've got, you know, supporters, people who like ... support us..."

"Donors," said Luis, helpfully.

"Yeah. Umm ... and then there are the tools, uh ... CDs, videos, books, stuff like that. But the basics of our rent and utilities are paid for by the shows."

"I see. Nice performance, by the way," said Luis, nodding his head thoughtfully. "Look, I was thinking of inviting you to a business





function I'm hosting at my home next weekend. Would you be able to make it?"

"To play?" asked Mer excitedly.

"No, that's already covered," Luis replied apologetically to the circle of suddenly fallen faces. "My daughter, Gabriela—who I'd like you to meet—has already booked professional entertainment for the occasion."

"So what would you like us to be there for?" ventured Javier. "Meet people?"

"Precisely," said Luis. "To meet some of my associates. It would be a bit of a different level than what you're presently engaged in."

"A different level of what?" asked Justin.

"A different class of people—people of influence. They might be interested in helping you, especially your work with the young people, as was mentioned in your promotional album." Luis said.

At that moment, a waiter who had made his way to their table was whispering something in Javier's ear. Javier excused himself, saying that the club owner wanted to speak to him.

"To be perfectly frank," continued Luis, lowering his voice, "if you want more help for your work, this club scene cannot offer you that. I don't mean to be *esnob*, but they just don't have the means."

"Phew," said Mer, "quite a responsibility!"

"Yes, but maybe it'll get more gigs for the band," Justin said.

"It could certainly open some new doors for our team," Kyra quickly added. "And that's what we've been praying for."

Spirits were high in the car during the ride home, with Kyra and Clay excitedly relating the potential that could result from such a

meeting with Luis' business associates, Mer speculating on the possibility of them all having to move to Mexico City, and Justin considering the prospect of finally being able to upgrade their musical equipment. Javier, however, was strangely silent.

"What's up, Jav?" Kyra whispered in his ear, noticing his silence.

"It'd probably be better to talk about it tomorrow," Javier softly replied.

* * *

"Can we talk, Jus?"

Justin kept his tired eyes glued to the computer screen. Kyra hovered behind him, wringing her hands.

"I mean, the Lord can't bless it," she went on plaintively. "Look what almost happened the other night after the dinner with your dad. Even after that near accident, we went to bed not speaking. 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,' right?"

"I wasn't angry," said Justin.

Kyra clucked and sighed and sat on the bed. "We haven't really talked about things much lately, and I think it'd be helpful if we did. It's late, Honey. It's one in the morning. Can we shut down and get this aired out, or can we at least pray?"

"Pray about what? My relationship with my dad?"

"No, not that. I thought you were both hitting it off quite well at the club tonight."

"I guess we were," Justin mumbled. "I think the Lord's helping me get over that. And he could be a blessing to the band too."



"Yes, but ... Lord help me," said Kyra, heaving a sigh. "And maybe this is not going to come out right, but I feel something's wrong. *The band, the band, the band.*"

Justin stood up. "Now let's not get into the band. What's the problem?"

"To be honest, tonight on our way home after the gig, with Javier strangely quiet, I felt something was up. I wondered if the Lord is trying to check us about maybe putting too much emphasis on the band as a means of support. I'm wondering if it's falling under the System job category."

"What? We've been meeting the cream of society through it."

"Maybe. Although even your dad brought that into question," said Kyra. "I could have used the same excuse when I was offered that modeling job. You remember what that agent was interested in most of all."

"Do I ever," said Justin.

"I mean," continued Kyra, "with the exception of the Christmas show when the power went out, there hasn't been a whole lot of fruit from the band in the way of Active members and supporters."

"The Lord told us that we're in a pioneer situation and not to expect Rome to be built in a day," retorted Justin. "Something to that effect."

"That was almost two years ago," Kyra said with a calm weariness reflected in her limpid brown eyes that suddenly disarmed Justin.

He felt ashamed and sat down next to her, and she put her head on his shoulder. Letting his body relax, Justin kissed her forehead and caressed her.

"I'm sorry for getting upset, Babe. Pray for me."

Chapter 3: Lunatix

The sun beating down on Luna's practice shed the following afternoon did little to warm the damp discouragement that was threatening to set in as the members of the band gathered together over their instruments.

"It's discouraging to think that our band hasn't really been hitting the mark," said Mer, threading a string into a tuning peg of her guitar.

"That's not exactly what the Lord gave Javier this morning," Clay said, perusing the manuscript in his hand. "But He did suggest that we ask ourselves whether this is becoming a System job, and if we're relying on it too much."

"Does that mean we're bringing the whole band thing into serious question?" asked Mer.

"In some ways, yes," said Javier. "Especially after that club owner dropped us last night.—He's the second one who's done that in the last two weeks. Our bookings are becoming scarcer by the day."

"What exactly did Buitre say?" asked Kyra.

Javier responded with a replay of the previous night at the club when the promoter, Carlos Buitre, wanted to speak to him. There in his office, Buitre had written Javier a check and informed him that it was to be Luna's last performance at Club El Groove.

"I'm sorry," Buitre had said, with as sympathetic an expression as he could muster. "We're getting this band, Sangre Depravado, starting tomorrow night. They play what the kids want and they play for cheap. They would practically pay *me* to get to be on stage."

"And that's all he said?" Mer asked. "Nothing about recommending us to other promoters or clubs?"

Javier shook his head.

"Well, at least Justin's dad likes us," said Kyra.

"Us maybe," said Justin. "But he wasn't exactly raving about the *band*."

"Maybe it just wasn't his kind of music," said Mer.

"In any case, I guess I should be prepared to hang these up," said Javier, gazing forlornly at the bongos on his knee.

"C'mon, Jav, let's not throw the poor proverbial baby out with the bathwater," said Kyra. "Jesus

wouldn't have told us to come in here and practice again if that was the case. I don't think the Lord is saying that the band should fold.

"If it ain't broke, why fix it," said Justin.

"Although He just might say that we should," added Kyra.

"Oh gosh," said Mer.

"What? Fold or fix it?" said Javier.

"Either," replied Kyra.

"The thing is, we don't even *know* what He's going to say."

"She's right," said Clay.

"Sure we've been asking Him about this gig and that venue, but we've not asked His evaluation of our band ministry as a whole—especially in the light of this recent GN on reaching the rich."

"But aren't we reaching the rich with it?" said Mer. "I mean, we were getting to meet all kinds of top club owners and entrep ... whatever."

"Entrepreneurs," said Clay.

"That's what I said last night," interjected Justin, "when Kyra and I had a little er ... *discussion* about it. It *has* been bearing some fruit. But it's true, we haven't ever stopped to evaluate if it's really hitting the bull's eye."

"I must admit," said Javier ruefully, "that after first reading that GN, I kind of patted myself on the back thinking we were doing pretty good. I hardly applied any of the counsel to us. But after we got

ripped off by that big shark who promised us the moon ... what was his name?"

"Señor Conniva, the guy who owned the El Diva Club."

"Right. Then I started to wonder if all was hunky dory."

"Me too," said Mer. "And the Lord told us back then that it was a step upward, but that we needed to judge righteous judgment. And we did, we've been a lot more choosy since then!"

"Claro," continued Javier, "that's why I couldn't understand why that guy dropped us the other week, and now this one last night. It's made me get desperate."

"Me too. I guess I've just been sort of satisfied with our little group of sheep," began Mer.

"Adoring fans," said Justin with a grin. "Alexandro and his friends."

Mer rolled her eyes in resignation. "Okay. But I've not been really, you know, 'lifting my eyes on the fields.' I *have* been getting the feeling that we could be doing *more*."

"The way I see it," said Clay, "is that we've still been jumping at almost every offer of a gig, and to be honest, when it comes down to it, it seems that most of those promoters are not that interested in us regarding what we believe, but more as a moneymaking entity. You know, cute Western girls singing in English."

"Don't get jealous, Clay," said Kyra through a giggle. "I notice plenty of those little Mexican hotties swooning over you: our big, blond Western hunk!"

Clay laughed. "But I'm serious, Kyra. It's been getting to the point that I've felt something is holding us down, keeping us back from ... *exploding*."

"I know what you mean," said Mer. "It's weird that almost every promoter that we've gone back to has asked us to include more System songs in our set."

"And it always starts out with a 'you guys are great, but...'" said Kyra. "And then comes the pitch to change our repertoire."

"I even asked one of them," said Mer, "if we were so good and the crowd has supposedly been begging for us to return, how come we need to change?"

"Yeah, if it ain't broke, why fix it," Justin said again.

"It kind of goes along with what Luis said about the club crowd not being the ones who'll help us in our ministries, in the long term," Javier said.

"Exactly," stated Mer. "He's got a point there. We need to go on an all out re-evaluation with the Lord thing."

"Yes!" said Kyra. "They don't call us the Lunatix for nothing, right?"

She was met with a chorus of agreement.

"We've always had crazy faith to move with the New Wine, right?"

Another chorus of assent.

"And been willing to step out and do the impossible, even if it seems completely nuts, right?"

More assent.

"Are we still Lunatix for the Lord?"

There was a round of amens and Clay pulled out a Dictaphone.

"Let's ask Him again," he said.

* * *

The air was electric with anticipation and speculation as the team gathered in the kitchen that night for mugs of hot chocolate.

"Phew, that was some pretty heavy food for thought," said Kyra.

"And *action!*" said Mer, raising her fist in the air. "Shedding the weights of a fruitless ministry! *Adios*, Luna!"

"Now wait a sec, Mer," said Clay. "That's not what the Lord said. I didn't get the impression that He indicated our music group had been fruitless."

"Not at all," said Javier. "He seemed to indicate that we are to shed the weights in order to move on and bear *more* fruit."

Mer shrugged her shoulders. "I thought it was all or nothing. Anyway, it's exciting."

"Right," said Kyra from the sink where she was scrubbing burnt milk from the bottom of a pot. "I'll go ahead and type up the prophecies tonight and we can study them over tomorrow at devotions. If that's okay with everyone, of course."

"Certainly 'Auntie' Kyra," said Justin with a smile and a playful squeeze of her waist.

"Justin," whispered Kyra, after making sure that the others had left the kitchen, "I hate to have to give you little 'talks,' like last night. It's not easy. And you know I appreciate it when *you* feel it necessary to give me a..."

"Bawling out?"

Kyra laughed wearily, and tossed her curls back from her forehead. "You know what I mean."

"Yes, Babe," said Justin tenderly as he drew her to him.

"But you've taken it very well," continued Kyra in a motherly tone as Justin's fingers fumbled with the buttons of her thin red blouse. "And it helps me to feel secure that our relationship will stay, you know, *healthy ... mmm...*"

She was silenced by his lips on hers.

"The cleanup, Justin," she panted finally.

"The cleanup can wait," said Justin. "I can't."

* * *

Javier munched his last mouthful of scrambled eggs and took a sip of black coffee. "Very interesting; that thing the Lord said about scaling down in order to scale up," he mumbled.

"Right," said Mer. "That's when He referred to our Christmas lesson. It's funny, I've never looked at that electrical blackout thing as a 'lesson!'"

"It was a victory!" said Kyra. "I remember you

saying that it was the best Christmas you'd ever had. And we're still getting fruit from it."

"That's what I mean," said Mer. "With all that positive stuff that came out of it, I don't think we've ever stopped to ask the Lord what He had to show us from it in the way of lessons."

"Man," said Clay. "It seems like we've been falling down on asking the Lord everything."

"To scale down in order to scale up," said Javier thoughtfully.

The phone rang. It was Luis.

"So it's still on for you to come to Mexico City?"

"It's okay on our end, Señor," said Javier.

"*Bueno*. Also I wanted to ask you to bring your basic musical equipment, guitars and stuff. I want you to play."

"Really?"

"Yes. The act that Gabriela hired dropped out at the last minute. The PA and microphones will be provided. And Kyra will be happy to know that there will be a genuine acoustic grand piano for her use!"

"Wow, *gracias*, Señor Estrada."

"And also, very important," Luis added after giving instructions on how to get there, where they'd be staying and how to charge expenses, etc., "don't forget to bring plenty of those terrific 'Mottos for Success' calendars!"

To be continued...



DREAM TRAINING



(Jesus:) Some of your fiercest fighter training is received in your sleep, with your body blissfully unaware. You learn spiritual strategy, you learn how to use the weapons, you practice, and eventually you get to where you can do it almost without thinking.

While dreaming or sleep-learning, your physical mind never comes into play while your spirit is warding off attacks against you. Thus you learn these principles of the spirit in their purest form, without the interference of your mind. When you awake, the confines of thought and reasoning keep you from wielding the complete spiritual power you possess. Nevertheless, the effect of these times of training lingers on, and little by little, clarifies and consolidates your understanding of spiritual things.

If you're having dreams or nightmares that you feel are significant but don't understand, why not take the time to come to Me personally and ask Me about them?

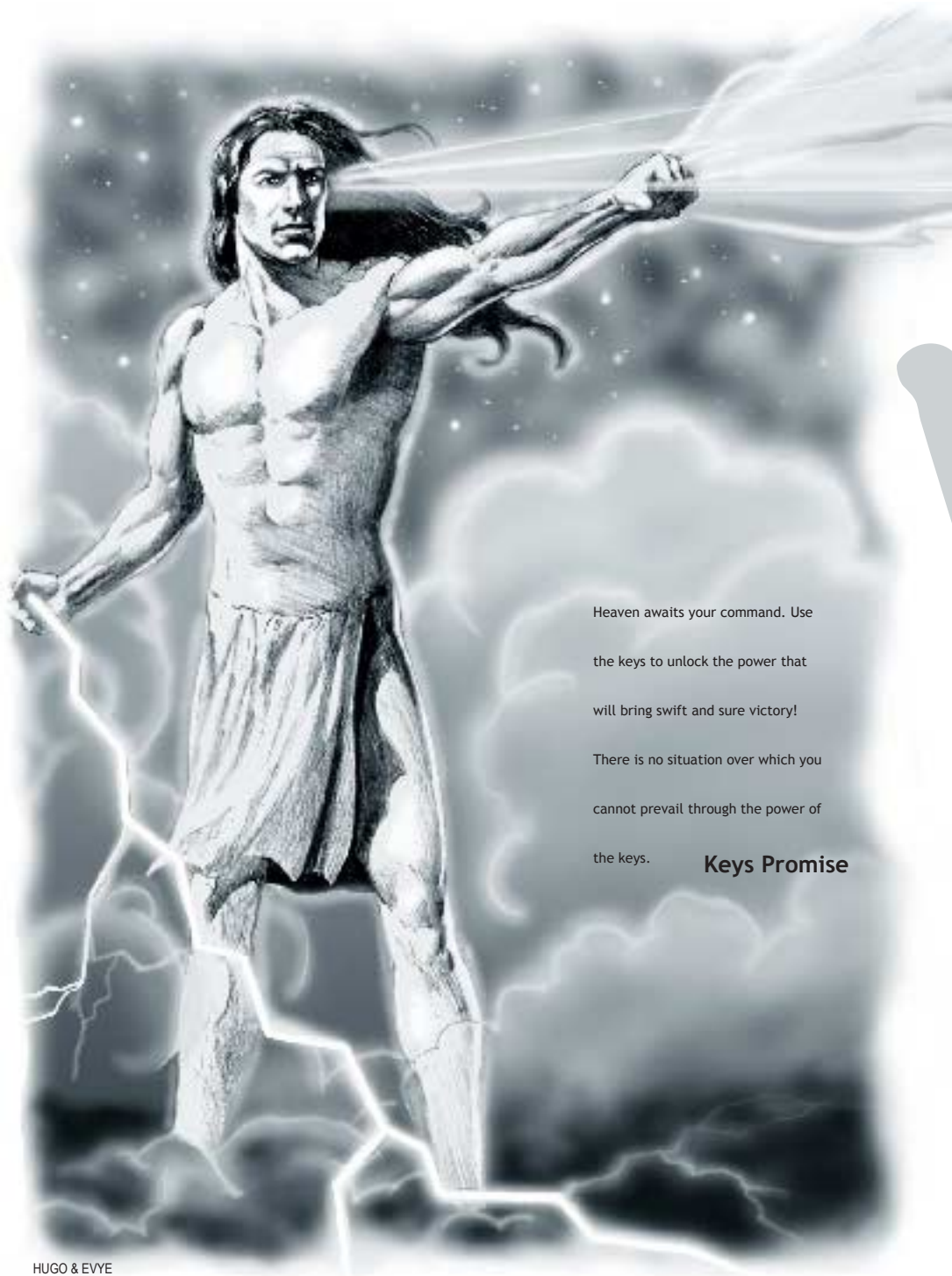
Much of the training you receive in your sleep is meant to be received subliminally, and your spirit receives it whether your mind knows it or not. Nevertheless, there are times I would impart this knowledge or training not only to your spirit, but to your mind and body as well.

So ask, that you might receive insight and understanding. ("Issues, Part 9," ML #3380:12,16)

(Xn: Lots of details about the significance of good and bad dreams, in "Issues 9!")



Claim the keys
of protection,
which will
enhance
the security
guard around
you, and
will give My
angelic guard
unhindered
access to you.



Heaven awaits your command. Use
the keys to unlock the power that
will bring swift and sure victory!

There is no situation over which you
cannot prevail through the power of
the keys.

Keys Promise

Meet Amaor

(Jesus:) Valiant are the ones that fight for you. These are My specially trained and skilled warriors of the End in the world of the spirit. I fashioned them to be just what you need in these extra fierce days.

The weapons they fight with can't be conceived of in your mind, for there is really no comparing them to the things of the world—the things you are familiar with. These weapons knock out the Enemy's feeble weaponry; they fritz things up real bad.

The kind of light embedded within these creatures is unlike anything you've heard of or seen. This light splits up spiritual matter, and sends Satan scrambling and his team running for cover in agonizing pain. There's no comparing the weapons of light to the deeds of the dark ones. Light will always penetrate the dark, scattering it.

Amaor, a brave and strong warrior for Me is skilled to fight on behalf of the children of David in these Last Days. He has armor of Heavenly brass; shields made of material unlike any you

on Earth can dream of. The weaponry he's equipped with is built into his body and is a part of him. He is strong and fights with vigor. There's nothing that he's not prepared for, for I have equipped him well.

When Amaor fights, it sometimes looks more like a well-choreographed dance, because he's so graceful. Hovering in the air, first he'll hold out his arm with a clenched fist and energy will shoot from his knuckles. Then he'll turn and direct his elbow toward the enemy, and another searing blast will emit from there. After that, with this back turned, he'll deflect one of the enemy's energy blasts with the sole of his foot.—He's learned in battle training to detect things even when his back is turned. Then he'll swing his head around and send a blast from his eyes to some little minions who are peeking out from their hiding spot. It'll hit them right in the eyes and render them temporarily blind, so that they run, screaming and in confusion.

There are others like him, who learn to fight and carry out My call of duty, to defend My

children on this earth. Call on them, My loves, and so shall they be sent swiftly to your sides. They will skillfully use the weapons I have gifted them with.

You are never alone, as you fight through this earth's struggles. There are always multitudes at your disposal, to bear you up and give you courage through their presence. One way you can learn and know of the spiritual beings that encamp about you is through hearing what they may have to tell you.—Even now, this very second, ask Me to let one of your spiritual helpers speak to you and let you in on some secret. They are ready and willing to communicate with you.

You can command the power of
Heaven by calling on the keys, and
the warriors of My Kingdom will be
unleashed to fight on your behalf,
to help and heal and protect and
deliver.

Keys Promise

COUNTERACT the POISON!

(Mama:) Just as we know that the Lord's Words are sharp and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, and they're life and warmth and light and salvation and everything to us, and work in our lives in powerful positive ways, we also know that the Devil's words work in powerful negative ways. They're powerful, too.

I SHOULD'VE TAKEN ANOTHER ROAD...

LORD, HELP ME TO CROSS THIS STICKY MARSH.

Please don't underestimate the power of the Devil's words, because when you take in those things without being convinced of the truth...

I DIDN'T KNOW IT COULD BE SO DARK AND DEEP...

...without coming to the Lord and getting His Word on it, without being cleansed, it's one of the principles of the spirit that you're going to be hurt by it.

You're going to be dirtied by it.



Take in the
water of My
Word in great
abundance
and let it
cleanse
you of all
infection,
both spiritual
and physical.

MY PROMISE

We know you want to be strengthened, because you wouldn't be in the Family, you wouldn't still be here if you didn't want to be the best disciple you could, and if you didn't want to continue to the End—the glorious End, by the way! It gets better all the time!



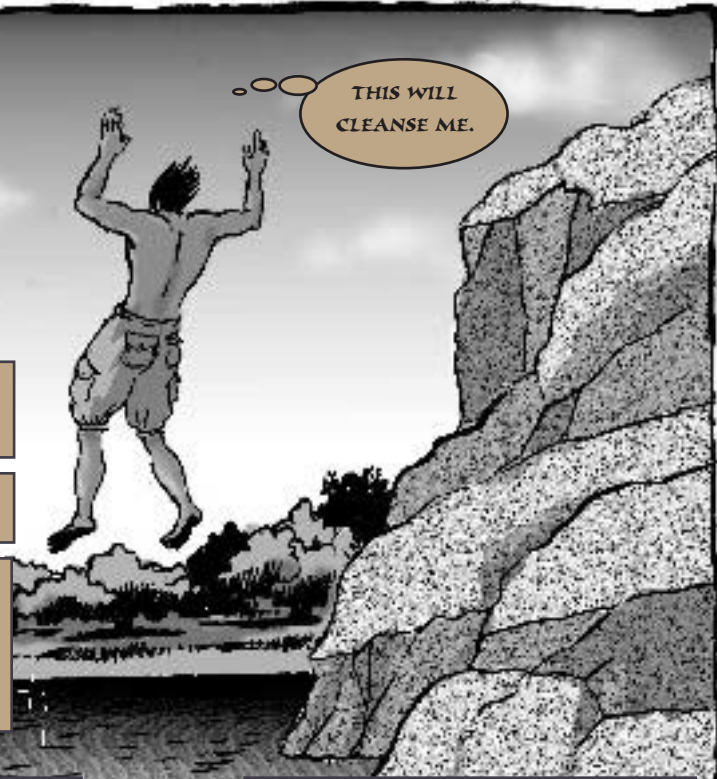
So I want to emphasize—and this is one of the most important things I can tell you—if you do read or hear those things, if you have to read or hear them, get cleansed.

It's very important to your spiritual life and your strengthening.

We're not telling you not to read them.

We're suggesting that it would be better if you didn't, but we know sometimes you have no choice and you hear things.

But they're very discouraging and depressing at the least, and they can be very damaging to your spirit.



THIS WILL
CLEANSE ME.

So please try to ask the Lord about these things, or if you don't feel you can ask the Lord, ask someone else to ask Him for you. It's very important.

Two Types of Healing

Ⓚ (Jesus) If you find yourself run down physically because you've been neglecting My health rules, chances are that you're a little rundown spiritually as well, and that you haven't been getting enough Word time, praise time, or prayer time to ward off the Enemy's attacks of the spirit.

So while you're lying in bed, giving your body the chance and time it needs to recuperate and fight off the germs that got you down, why not at the same time give your spirit the boost it needs by catching up on that Word time you missed as well. Let Me be your spiritual doctor, and prescribe the medicines of the spirit you need to get back on your feet again, running the race and following that straight and narrow path that I'm leading you on.

Sometimes, if your condition is a little more serious, you may have to call in a professional. If you break a bone, you'll have to go to the hospital or clinic to get it set properly. The same way, if you find you're going through a somewhat more intense spiritual crisis, and the Enemy is attacking you on many fronts, you'll probably want to go to your shepherds for specific help and prayer.

Whatever the case, I have the power to give you both physical healing and spiritual healing whenever you need it, and whenever you ask for it. And remember, there is great power in united prayer—which will also provide you the opportunity to share your lessons and the things the Lord is showing you, so that others can learn from your experience as well.

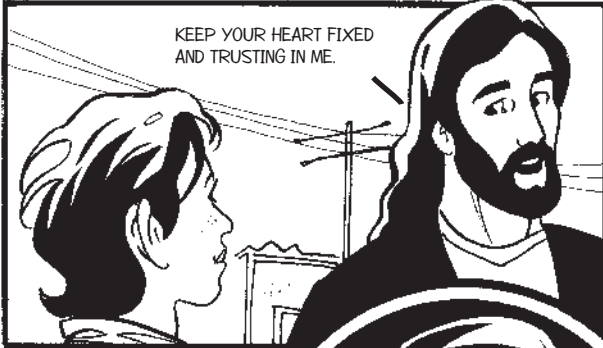
With the power of the keys you are in for some mighty surprises—great victories in your life. It just takes simple, childlike faith and a plea for My help. Remember the cripple at the temple gate? He hoped for alms and got legs.

Keys Promise



REMEMBER MARY SLESSOR

(A message from Jesus)



KEEP YOUR HEART FIXED
AND TRUSTING IN ME.

REMEMBER THE MISSIONARY TO
AFRICA, MARY SLESSOR?



DEAR MR. PARTRIDGE, YOU'LL NEVER
BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TODAY...

DO YOU THINK THAT THOSE TIRE SOME
YEARS OF WAITING TO SEE HER DREAM
COME TO PASS MATTERED IN THE END?



NO! DON'T
FIGHT! WE HAVE
TO LOVE ONE
ANOTHER!



THEY WERE
JUST ABOUT
TO BE KILLED!

DO YOU THINK
THAT THE
POVERTY AND
THE LONELINESS
AND THE
BACKBREAKING
WORK THAT
SHE HAD TO
ENDURE MADE
ANY DIFFERENCE
IN THE GREAT
TAPESTRY OF
HER LIFE?



*Due to superstitions, twins were often killed or abandoned in that area of Nigeria, until Mary's intervention.



WOULD THE HISTORY BOOKS HAVE SAID...



"SHE COULD HAVE MADE A GREAT WOMAN MISSIONARY TO AFRICA, BUT THE SETBACKS OF HER CHILDHOOD WERE UNDERSTANDABLY TOO DIFFICULT FOR HER?"



I'M TRYING TO RELATE TO YOU THAT ALL OF THESE EMOTIONS AND FEELINGS AND DISCOURAGEMENTS ARE SO TEMPORARY...

...AND SO PETTY IN THE GREAT SUM TOTAL OF LIFE.

THE IMMEDIATE MOMENT YOU ARE IN IS STILL FAR TOO IMPORTANT TO YOU, SO THAT WHEN YOU SEEM TO BE DOING NOTHING AND GETTING NOWHERE, OR THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF LIFE AREN'T AT THEIR OPTIMUM.



...YOU DESPAIR.



BUT PRAY TO ME TO SEE THE OVERALL VISION OF YOUR LIFE FOR ME.



...SHOW ME LORD, IN JESUS' NAME!

PRAY FOR YOUR FAMILY IN AFRICA!

FULFILLING MY WILL AND MY PLAN MAKES IT WORTH IT ALL, BUT YOU MUST REALIZE THAT YOU ARE FULFILLING IT EVEN WHEN YOU FEEL YOU ARE NOT.



SO LONG AS YOU STAY CLOSE TO ME AND SEEK TO PLEASE ME IN ALL YOUR WAYS, YOU WILL ALWAYS BE FULFILLING MY PLAN FOR YOUR LIFE.

Book summary about Mary Slessor: Nigerian Pioneer, on the MO site.

VANDARI REPELLENT—THE WORD!

(JESUS:) THE VANDARI, LIKE ALL OF YOUR OTHER SPIRITUAL ENEMIES, CANNOT HARM YOU OR EVEN COME CLOSE WHEN YOU ARE STRONG IN MY WORD.



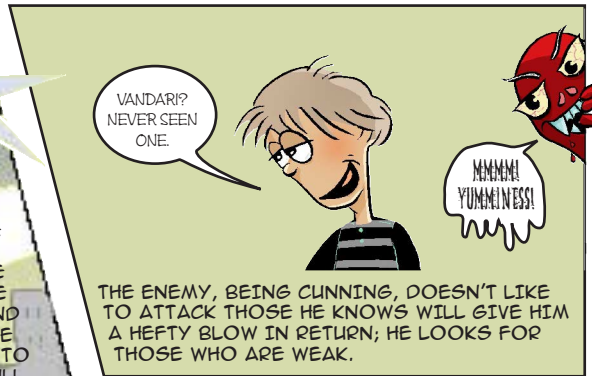
THAT IS YOUR BEST DEFENSE AGAINST SPIRITUAL ATTACKS, TO BE STRONG IN MY WORD AND MY SPIRIT, FOR THEN YOU ARE WELL ARMED, WELL DEFENDED.



WANNA HEAR MY KEYS QUOTE FOR TODAY?



YOU ARE ONE WITH ME AND ONE WITH THE KEYS, AND YOU HAVE ACCESS TO THEIR FULL POWER.



VANDARI? NEVER SEEN ONE.

MAMMA! YUMMINENESS!

THE ENEMY, BEING CUNNING, DOESN'T LIKE TO ATTACK THOSE HE KNOWS WILL GIVE HIM A HEFTY BLOW IN RETURN; HE LOOKS FOR THOSE WHO ARE WEAK.



MY WORD IS LIKE REPELLENT; THE VANDARI CAN'T STAND IT, AND YOU ARE NO LONGER APPEALING TO THEM WHEN YOUR SPIRIT IS LIBERALLY COATED WITH IT.

CRASS!

I'M A BELIEVER!

I'VE LOST MY APPETITE!

ME TOO!

EWVE

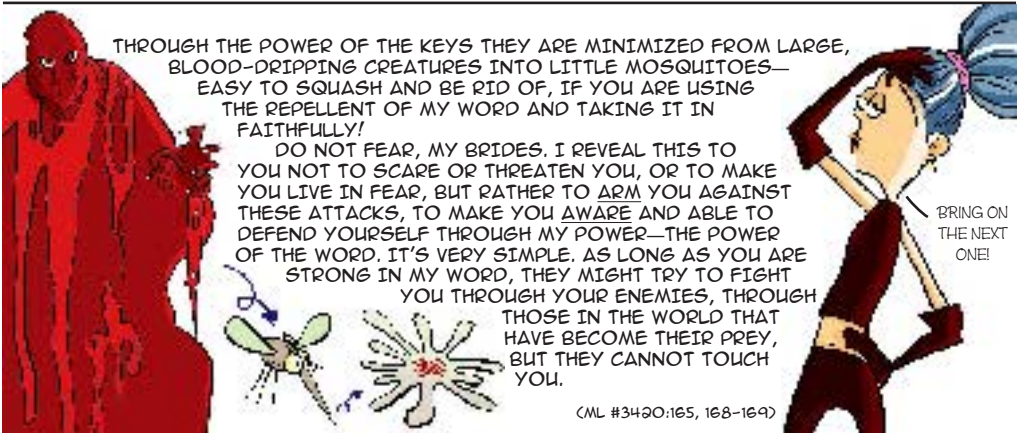
Notable Quote: (Mama:) Unfortunately, at times we need to talk about evil spirits and their powers. It's necessary so that we're aware of their identity and tactics, but it's not very inspiring. Of course, we also talk a lot about our spiritual weapons and the keys, which are far greater than any evil spiritual power!

(ML #3420:171)

TO ME, THEY APPEAR AS MOSQUITOES. YES, THEY ARE ANNOYING AND PESTERING AND DANGEROUS CARRIERS OF DISEASE, BUT ALSO EASY TO SQUASH, AND EASY TO STAY FREE FROM, THROUGH THE REPELLENT OF MY WORD.



Van-dar-i [vən dár ée] noun: SPIRIT WORLD: Agents of the netherworld; evil demons; hitchhikers; evil lords of the netherworld; set on preparing the ignorant to worship the son of perdition; bent on destroying what is pure; they seek to mar the truth; dark ones; work through vessels who yield to darkness; vandals of the spirit world [The “van” is derived from the word “vandals,” the “dar” from the word “dark,” the “i” spelling of the last syllable signifies “I,” denoting self or selfishness] (Definition taken from ML #3420:141–162.)



(ML #3420:165, 168–169)

FÔCUS ON MY REALITY

✠ (Jesus:) I've placed within you a deep thirst for the things of the Spirit, because I want you to seek Me more and more. Sometimes you go thirsting after things about the spirit world, in the form of spiritual movies, books, and music, but the things you take in are not always of Me.

Satan has his reality and I have Mine. Mine is a reality of light, love, power, and peace, while his reality is one of darkness, hate, fear, and unrest. It can be difficult for you to differentiate which reality you're tuning in to through the entertainment you're enjoying, unless you are diligent to soak yourself in Me and to get My perspective on things.

Satan owns Hollywood, most publishing houses, and the music studios of the world. So most of the time—with a few rare exceptions—you're taking in his reality. That's why it's so important to make sure it's My will before you watch a movie about the spirit world, because the fact is Hollywood hardly ever gets My reality right—even when they're trying to.

In Satan's reality, there are trapped spirits who haunt people until they are freed, there are dark spirits who are reaping the judgments of their lives, and there are people attuned to spirits, but they are completely screwed up and fearful.



But if you take Satan's reality and put My magnifying glass of truth over it, you'll see a totally different picture. Yes, there might still be trapped spirits that haunt places, but you have power to free them through prayer. Yes, there are dark spirits who are reaping judgment for their lives of sin, but you have power through My Spirit to banish them to other places. Yes, there are people attuned to spirits—and you are among them—but with My Spirit of light dwelling in you, you have nothing to fear. You have so much to offer people in the world, so many answers to share from My Word. You are surrounded by My angels constantly, and nothing can by any means harm you.

So take care, My dearest ones. Do not take Satan's reality lightly when you observe it, thinking, *It won't bother me*. It certainly won't bother you, but only if you are desperate to stay filled with My Word, so you can see the world of the spirit through My eyes. And remember, I know what is best for your spirit, so seek Me always before taking in questionable input. As you trust Me, I will show you more far out spiritual truths than the Enemy could ever show you.



The Heavenly Man

Imminent Death Penalty

Part 5

The day that Yun ended 74 days of fasting was the day that he saw his wife and mother. He was certain then that there was no way he could escape a more severe and harsh judgment than the tortures and interrogations he had already been through. Therefore in his heart he had already prepared for death. But who would have known that the Lord would have mercy on him and protect him for another two months until the Gospel prospered throughout the whole prison? Only then was he taken back for his trial.

The PSB were well prepared for this interrogation. During the previous months they had gone to the various districts and villages where Yun had carried out his activities. They launched a wide and thorough investigation

and found much "evidence of crimes." When Yun was brought forth for the trial, he felt very weak. Though this time he would speak, the interrogation by the PSB would certainly be daunting. He asked the brethren in prison to earnestly pray for him while he asked the Lord to give him sufficient strength and faith to stand victorious during the trial.

The judge was a short man with a dark face and treacherous eyes. He had an extremely violent disposition. The judge asked Yun many questions about his activities. Pounded with so many questions, Yun's only answer was that he did not know. This infuriated the judge who struck the bench with great force. Then, gnashing his teeth, he said, "Let's see how you defend yourself today.

Someone bring forth the machine!"

A PSB official brought out a tape recorder and turned the knob. A powerful voice of someone preaching accompanied by the sound of weeping was heard. After that the speaker sang this song:

"Be bold and courageous, be bold and courageous,
For the Lord is with you, be bold and courageous.

Though there are thousands of demons, though there are

Tens of thousands of enemies,

Trust in the Savior, do not be afraid,

Be bold and courageous."

Immediately that brother in a sorrowful and moving voice, prayed:

"Lord, remove the dark clouds from the heavens above our country, bind the powers of darkness, cast out the evil

(Courtesy of *Lilies Amongst Thorns* by Danyun.)

spirits that control. We ask you to change the despotic government of our nation, set free all the brothers and sisters who are in prison and raise up Esthers and Daniels for this generation..."

As Yun heard himself preaching, singing, and praying in a meeting about two years before, his heart was greatly inspired.

With a 'click' the tape recorder stopped. The judge said confidently to him, "You have heard it clearly! Now you must confess, is this your voice? Who were the two men who prayed after you?"

Yun answered, "The voices on this tape are not too clear. Please play it once more so I can hear it again."

The judge was so furious his eyes bulged out, and he again struck the bench. He approached Yun, pointing his finger in his face, and cursed him, "You obstinate scoundrel, the evidence against you is like a mountain. You would dare to talk back to me? I now command you

to kneel down and repeat this prayer once again so that I can hear it!"

Several armed policemen with electric cattle prods screamed at Yun, "Kneel down! Kneel down!"

But the power of the Lord came upon Yun and he remained strong and courageous. Without any fear at all and in an inspiring voice he said, "What power do you have to command a servant of God to kneel before you? This type of interrogation is totally unreasonable. Now in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I command *you* to kneel down. I will lay hands on you and ask the Lord to forgive your sins. Kneel down! All of you kneel down!"

At this the judge turned purple with rage, his ears burned red, his mouth contorted with anger and his eyes blazed with fire. For a long time he was beside himself and he continually pounded the bench shouting in a grotesque voice, "Treason! Treason! ... You ... you ... you are audacious in

the extreme! You ... you ... you are not human!"

In dealing with Yun, the PSB connived, schemed, and used every method possible, but in the end they were unable to make him say a single word to incriminate himself.

Therefore, they sent this case to the prosecutor of another county. Who would have guessed that the judge was none other than Yun's cousin, the son of his uncle.

The new judge said to Yun,

"According to the materials sent to us, you have reviled our Party's policy of darkness, the Devil's domination and the kingdom of Satan. Moreover you have attacked the Party's religious policy and have instigated believers in opposition to the leadership of the Party and the People's Government. Accordingly this is sufficient to sentence you to ten years, life imprisonment, and the death penalty."



“Today you can personally tell me the truth whether these things are true. Also you must tell me the names of the others and the scope of their activities by which you can obtain merit and redeem yourself. In this way, only if you do this, can I find a way to lighten your punishment.”

Yun answered without hesitation, “Although you are my relative, you must do your work and I will be consistent in my faith. I must be true to my Lord. All that you have just said is not factual. As for the affairs of others, I have no knowledge.”

His cousin could do nothing and in the end he could only say, “You must listen to my admonition, otherwise you will certainly live to regret it!”

Officials from the People’s Court of that county began to judge Yun’s case. Two policemen brought Yun to the main hall of the Court. The trial began. In the courtroom were the PSB official, the prosecutor, and other officials, making a total of 40 or 50 people. Behind the bench sat radicals unlimited

the judge, jury, chief prosecutor, and the secretary, altogether about eight or nine people. On the bench was a reference Bible and many other spiritual books.

The judge said haughtily, “Yun, is this loot yours?”

Hearing the word “loot,” Yun was greatly indignant and said, “This is not loot, rather these are sanctified unto the Lord.”

The judge hesitated, not knowing what to say. “Regardless of what you call them, are they yours?”

Yun replied, “Bring them to me so that I can have a look.”

A PSB officer brought the reference Bible and gave it to Yun. Yun opened it and saw his name written inside. He said, “It is mine.” He then took a copy of *Streams in the Desert*. With great hunger and thirst he began to look through it, as if he had found a long lost friend. He opened to the devotion for August 14 and his eyes stopped at the verse at the top of the page, “You could have no power at all



against me, except it were given you from above” (John 19:11).

Yun, seeing the Word the Lord gave him that day, knew the time had come. He must submit to the will of God and go down the path that He had determined for him. Therefore without any fear he said to the judge, “These are mine.”

They then played the recording of his preaching. Hearing it gave strength to Yun and he said, “That is me.” After that they continued to ask about Yun’s co-workers and other

people, but he said he did not know anything.

After a recess of 30 minutes, the court reconvened for sentencing. According to the original plan of the PSB, Yun was to be immediately executed. However, the Lord still had much work for him to do. Therefore, to everyone’s surprise, he was sentenced to only four years in prison.

When he returned to the cell, the brethren were beside themselves with joy at the turn of events. They all bowed their heads and worshipped God.

The brethren sang a song:

“I have a glorious home over there in Heaven,
(3 times)
That I will always think of.
Jesus Christ can save me and He can save you,
(2 times)
Only come and believe in Him.

Chorus:
Lord, Lord, don't forsake me, (3 times)
Remember me always.”
One group after another began to sing.
The sound of singing echoed throughout the
crammed prison cells.

(Xn: Coming next: “The Heavenly Man, Part 7: Huang's Letter.”)

Message from Jesus

It's the little things that make the world operate. Little grains of dust. Little drops of water. Little rays of sunlight. Little seeds. Little animals. Little people.

Yun was just one young man, and yet because of his faith in Me and his simple love for Me, he set the officials of Communist China in disarray, and frustrated their every attempt to “clean out the traitors” through the information they wanted from him.

Did the strength to stand strong come from Yun? No, My children, and Yun knew this. He breathed My Words moment by moment, and lived for them just as his lungs lived for the next breath of air.

My Word is the secret of your strength, no matter what challenges come your way. So hide the Word in your heart, by meditating on it day and night. Even if you don't literally memorize everything that you read, by soaking yourself in it, pondering it, and speaking of it with other believers, you will be writing it on the tablets of your heart.
(End of prophecy.)

As you desire the milk of the Word and absorb it, you will be transformed and your mind will be renewed through the keys, for the Word and the keys are one.

I give you the invincible keys of faith and power so that nothing will discourage or defeat you or sway your conviction and love for Me.

Call on the keys to give you a renewed hunger and love for My Word, a greater desperation to be fed and strengthened, and so shall it be done!

I will give you words of witness, testimony, and unequalled conviction and power through the keys of the Kingdom.

Warrior School

You're now entering warrior school. Get set up with your warrior schedule, your memory times, your Word times, your times in quiet meditation and reflection, your times in learning the art of prayer.

You will become a warrior of prayer, but you have to learn to focus that beam of prayer instead of shooting haphazardly. You've got to learn to focus it.
—Dad

("Feast 2003,"
ML #3433:394)

