

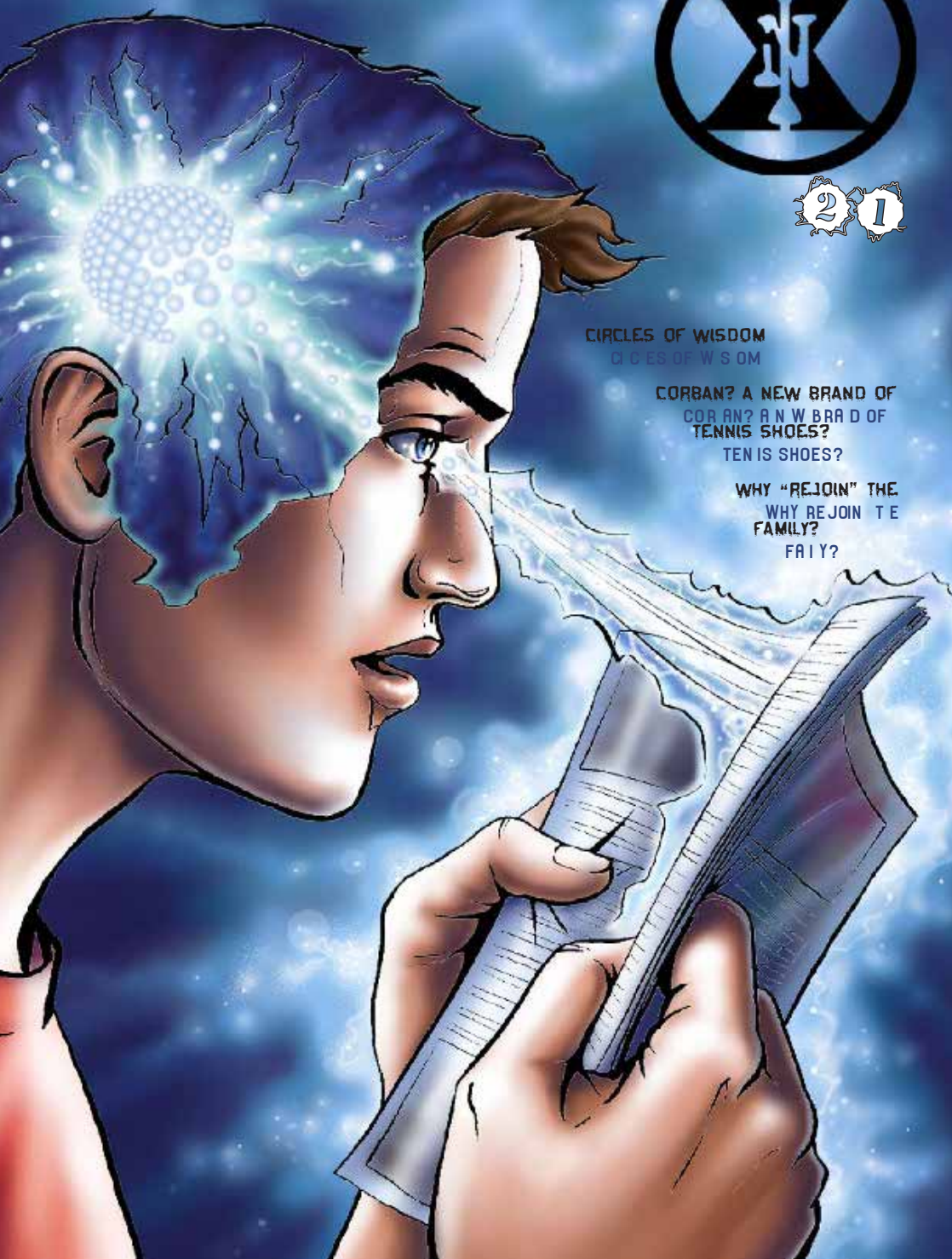


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CIRCLES OF WISDOM
CIRCLES OF WISDOM

CORBAN? A NEW BRAND OF
CORBAN? A NEW BRAND OF
TENNIS SHOES?
TEN IS SHOES?

WHY "REJOIN" THE
WHY REJOIN THE
FAMILY?
FRIDAY?



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THE GIFT THAT REMINDS YOU YOU'RE NOTHING

But ye say, If a man shall say to his father or mother, It is Corban, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; he shall be free.

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THE HEAVENLY MAN, PART 7

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CORBAN? A NEW BRAND OF TENNIS SHOES?

Many Bible students are puzzled by these words in Mark 7:11 when Jesus was rebuking the Pharisees. *Corban* is a Hebrew word for a gift or offering to God, and the reason Jesus condemns the rabbis is that they would approve of a greedy son not sharing his riches with his father and mother in their old age. Since the law required the son to support his parents, according to Leviticus 20:9, one way out was to say that his money, or belongings, would eventually be given to God and therefore he couldn't use it to help his parents. The rabbis not only justified such a son's trickery, but held that he was prohibited from using it for father or mother, but he might use it for himself.

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DOORMATRIX



CORBAN?

A NEW BRAND

OF TENNIS SHOES?

Reading *BETWEEN the LINES* BY

Xn Issue 21, 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 Sabine.



(Elmo:) "I'm going to take you on a series of multidimensional encounters in the lives and adventures of a sampling of *Activated* mags ... so you can experience the effects that these magazines are having."

With that, each member of the audience feels the sensation of becoming part of a flat page. The participants have each become a spot of ink, and from the vantage point of that spot of ink they now look at the world.

The magazine we are attached to is moving toward a man. Eyes look intently, almost piercingly at you. The eyes travel across the surface of the paper.

His eyes reach the text directly to your right, and as they pass over you, a most unusual sensation occurs. You find yourself swept off the page and up through his eyes into his mind. You have become a thought.

Immediately you're aware that you're not alone but are surrounded by multitudes of other thoughts, all competing for space. You're a thought of light, and are floating like an iridescent pearl through a multitude of other thoughts.



ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

SWEPT off the Page

The other thoughts have colors too, but many are black and formless and float like a mist around you, almost as though they're trying to smother you. But you have a power that they can't touch as you float around, illuminating whatever parts of the mind you travel through.

Other thoughts around you are being compared to you. You are at once being measured by them and at the same time measuring them. Some thoughts seem to vanish, imploding in on themselves as they disappear.

You're causing confusion, but at the same time a new harmony is forming. You're seeing a mind transformed by the Lord's Words. You were the words of light that became a thought of light that transformed the mind to receive the Light.

You look around, and now the thoughts have formed a hollow globe of light. At the center of that globe there is a light infinitely more brilliant than all the little pearly thoughts to which you are joined. This light is not confined to a form. You are at once aware that this light is the very presence of Jesus glowing in this holy of holies in the mind.

The more the light glows, the more thoughts are added to the globe, the bigger the globe becomes, the bigger the light at its center becomes, and the further the light shines and the more it illuminates.

You turn again to marvel at the brilliant light in the middle of the globe, and in the next instant you find yourself once again on the surface of the paper. The eyes above you are the same ones that looked at you in the first place, but they've taken on a new sheen. They're no longer empty; there's now a joyous sparkle to them. The eyes are smiling at you with tenderness and kindness, with enthusiasm and satisfaction.

Reverently, the magazine is closed.
("Activate the World, Part 5!" ML #3395:20-21,24-29,31-32)

story feature

SCALE UP

Chapter 4: Fine Tuning

Clay paused outside the door of Mer's bedroom and raised his hand to knock. He didn't relish having to do this, but having received two notes and a report all independent of each other was not something he could overlook. He glanced at the page of confirming prophecies he was clutching.

As I have said in My Word, faithful are the wounds of a friend...

"More than a friend," he said to himself and knocked on the door.

Mer had just taken a shower, and was busying herself with a face treatment when he entered. Clay dithered by the desk until Mer invited him to sit down.

"So, how is it going?" Clay said as breezily as he could after commenting on the weather.

Mer cast him a guarded sideways glance. "Fine, I guess."

"Pretty heavy prophecies about our trip to Mexico City."

"Uh huh. Specifically?"

"Well ... you know ... the ones about fine-tuning our sample.

Ummm ... like asking each other what areas we need help in. Even reporting on one another in love if need be."

"Clay, please," said Mer wearily.

"Okay. The thing is," Clay said timidly, "it has been mentioned that sometimes it's a little difficult to take you somewhere sort of posh and uppity because..." He took a deep breath. "Is it hot in here or is it just me?"

"I just took a shower and I closed the windows," said Mer stonily. "I'll open them if you like."

Clay waited until the welcome evening breeze was

wafting through the shutters.

"So?" said Mer.

"Well, for one thing it's your ... what do you call it? Department. You tend to sit kind of slouchy, legs splayed apart."

"Only when I'm wearing those stretch pants. Relaxing."

The glimmer of resentment in Mer's eyes did not deter Clay from delivering what he knew he should.

"Not only when you've been wearing stretch pants," he continued. "But even when you've had to wear an evening gown. It's been mentioned..."

"It's been mentioned?" snapped Mer. "By whom? There are not that many people in this Home. I don't appreciate them talking behind my back. Why couldn't they have just come to me and *mentioned* it?"

"Because," replied Clay softly, "it hasn't been a serious enough issue up until now. Everyone that 'mentioned' something has of course stressed how much of a blessing you are to the team and that we couldn't do the job without you. But in light of what the Lord has recently shown us, we've all had to take a bit of stock of our sample in reaching a different level of you know ... society."

Mer sighed. "Okay. I would appreciate some examples."

"Well, one example is when we go to meet high-class-type people, you tend to wear your hair unkempt



Art by
Jeremy

and flopping in your face, like you've just got out of bed. I actually like it, personally, it's very er ... *sultry* ... but that's not the point."

Mer lowered her head. "What else?"

"Your eating habits," continued Clay, already hating himself. "It's probably subconscious, but for instance when we went for that Chinese..."

"Chinese? When was that?"

She's forgotten. How can she forget such a special time? Lord, help me not to get sensitive.

"When we were discussing that whole exercising thing."

"Oh that."

Stay cool, Mer. Of course you remember. You were floating on it the whole next day until you realized you couldn't let this infatuation take over. "What about it?" she asked casually.

"Well, one time while you were talking with your mouth full and waving those chopsticks around, you even absentmindedly ran them through your hair."

"I did?" groaned Mer. "I must have *totally* grossed you out."

"Not at all," said Clay tenderly. "This is a minor thing. Just a reminder. It's not even a button off the vest."

"I wouldn't say running chopsticks through my hair while I'm eating is a button off the vest."

"Compared with all the cute things I like about you, it is. Like..."

Clay stopped and coughed nervously, but the awkward silence seemed to beg for an elaboration. Mer fidgeted as she perched on the edge of the bed.

Like? she wondered.

"...like how your toes curl up when you're excited about something, a tense scene in a movie, for instance."

Mer's mouth fell open. "And?"

"The way you wrinkle your nose and tug at strands of hair on your neck when you're concentrating."

"This is interesting," said Mer. "I never realized I do those things." *After all it's 'cause he has a shepherd's heart and it's his job to notice things like that about people. Don't get any ideas that it's anything more than that, Mer.*

"It's like I've been under a microscope without even knowing it," she added coolly, attempting to disguise her pleasure with nonchalance. "But it's enlightening. Any more?"

"Or the way you run your tongue over that chip on your front tooth when you're daydreaming. When you meet a cute guy or see one in a movie."



"How embarrassing! Are these qualities or quirks?"

"Just things about you that I like," said Clay.

"Besides that, you've got some great qualities, and you're a wonderful witness. You really are concerned about people. You take a personal interest in every little sheep that comes across your path. It blows my mind how involved you get with their lives. It's almost as if they become your *family*. You cry over them and ask for prayer for them. They can call you up at all hours and pour out their problems. I don't know how you do it."

Mer gulped. "So what's a chicken-gravy-coated chopstick through the hair every once in a while?" she quipped in an effort to dispel the uncomfortable weight of this sincere praise that was about to reduce her to a blubbering heap.

Big strong Clay. Who am I compared to his loving shepherd-ing qualities? Careful, stupid Mer. Don't get any ideas. He's merely "watching for your soul."

Mer looked up through the strands of straw-colored hair in her face and rolled her tongue across her chipped front tooth. Her eyes met Clay's and she blushed.

"I'm seventeen," she blurted.

"I'm twenty-five," said Clay, taking her hands in his, and for a timeless moment their eyes locked together.

"N ... now that we have established the obvious," he said.

Mer pulled away, stood up from the bed and wrung her hands.

"Oh, Jesus. What's happening?" she said, pacing the floor.

"Nothing that I couldn't wait a couple of months for," Clay mumbled hastily as he rose from the chair and headed for the door. He looked over his shoulder at Mer. She was crying.

Clay walked back over to her and put his arms around her. "I'm sorry. That didn't come out right. Erase that."

Mer bit her lip and nodded. "I'll try."

"Lord," said Clay heavily as Mer buried her face in his shirt. "It looks as though the cards are on the table about my feelings for Mer. Please don't let this stand in the way of my shepherding her and helping her during this important time. Please help me keep these emotions in check and forgive me for letting them show like this."

"Amen," came Mer's muffled answer. "And please help me not to be hurt by Clay's comment." At this point an ironic chuckle broke through her tears and she pulled away before continuing with her prayer. "Lord, I don't personally feel that waiting a few months will cure my

love for Clay anyway. But You know, Jesus, and I commit my feelings to You."

"Mer," whispered Clay. "At this point I certainly don't think my feelings can be cured—if we want to put it that way—by anything short of the Lord's Own doing. But we have to put this on the back burner."

"I understand," said Mer brusquely as she regained her composure and brushed at Clay's shirt. "Your shirt is soaking with my blubber. I can take it and throw it in the laundry."

"Knowing it hath been stained with thy tears, fair lass," said Clay dramatically as he opened the door, "it shall never see soap or water. Goodnight."

Mer laughed through her tears and feigned a swoon. "I love you, Clay. Sleep well."

Chapter 5: On the Threshold

A gleaming maroon Mercedes limousine pulled up outside the Lunatix Home where it was greeted with silent awe from the boys and gasps of delight from the girls as they ambled down the steps carrying their luggage and musical accessories.

"Wow, traveling in style!" said Kyra, gratefully accepting the chauffeur's offer to help with her suitcase. "A fridge, a DVD player and TV ... the works!"

"And it's just the beginning," said Justin with a mock groan. "We have a *whole weekend* in a five-star ho-

tel ahead of us, so we're just going to *have* to get used to it."

"Lord, give me the grace to suffer it," said Mer.

By nightfall, following a couple hours of driving, they reached Mexico City. After checking in at the Paraiso Radisson hotel, they eventually made it to Luis Estrada's mansion on his estate in the wealthy San Angel neighborhood.

"I want you to meet my daughter, Gabriela," said Luis, introducing them to a sprightly Latin woman in her late twenties, of medium height and build, with tousled, blonde-streaked hair.

"And if you will please excuse me," Luis added in a preoccupied manner, "I will leave the logistics of the evening's entertainment and so on in her capable hands. I will join you later."

"I'm sure you will all want to change into your stage costumes!" chirped Gabriela after the giving of introductions and the passing of a round of drinks. "Come, I'll show you where you can do so."

As they followed her up the large, flared staircase in the middle of the vestibule, she turned to Kyra.

"This is so exciting," she gushed in a confidential whisper. "You've no idea how much I've looked forward to this; meeting my long-lost brother and you." Kyra smiled and welcomed Gabriela's arm in hers. "We're going to be sisters-in-law."

"It'll be wonderful to get to know you," said Kyra, allowing Gabriela to whisk her down a number of broad white-walled corridors decorated with Mexican artifacts and tapestries. "And you speak such good English. I wish my Spanish was so accent free!"

"Papa sent me up to California to study when I was seventeen. Picked it up then, which was a fantastic

help." Gabriela wrinkled her nose and rolled her eyes.

"And according to my Dad, I picked up a lot more besides which *wasn't!* You've lived in the States?"

"No. I was born in India."

"Oh, that figures. I thought you were Spanish at first."

"Very observant," said Kyra. "My dad is Spanish. But I did live in Canada for about ten years until I was seventeen."

"What's it like there?"

"Same meat as the States, just a slightly different gravy."

Gabriela laughed and drew Kyra aside. "Seeing as you're, you know, almost family, you're welcome to use my bedroom to rest up when you need to. Once Papa gets a few drinks in him, the festivities can go on until the wee hours."

"Thanks," said Kyra.

"That's so kind of you. Actually I *am* a little tired."

At this, Gabriela signaled one of the hired waiters and instructed him to show the



others to their dressing room, then escorted Kyra to her bedroom.

"Wow!" gasped Kyra, seeing the walk-in closet.

"What a wardrobe, if you don't mind my saying so. Can I check it out?"

"Sure."

"Hey! Garbini, Raymond Lefranc, Evelyn Marconi. I'm *envious*! What *don't* you have?"

"You're into clothes?" asked Gabriela.

"*Yeah!* Well ... kind of. I appreciate good tailoring and all. I mean Garbini is just *tops* for cuts in women's pants for instance."

"That's true," said Gabriela with a puzzled expression.

"Raymond Lefranc the same," continued Kyra. "But their line of blouses and tops usually leave a lot to be desired. Although the other day I saw a pair of shoes by them that I just *totally* lusted after, Lord forgive me."

"Surprising," said Gabriela, pensively.

Kyra cocked her head as she held an item of clothing against her body and posed for the wall mirror. "Surprising?"

"I guess I just never associated missionaries with being fashion conscious," replied Gabriela, shrugging her shoulders. "I'm not saying it's bad or anything. I was the same way a few years back. It was my fetish, you could say!"

"Oh, I'm not into it *that* much," Kyra said, shamefacedly. "I just appreciate good tailoring, being a bit of an amateur seamstress myself."

"Really?" said Gabriela. "You are a girl of many talents. Beautiful music and songs. And beautiful yourself too."

"*Gracias a Dios!*" said Kyra.

"Look," said Gabriela suddenly, "I don't have much of an interest in many of these clothes anymore, and you and I are pretty much the same size. Just go through the closet and take anything you like."

"No, I couldn't," protested Kyra.

"Besides, don't you need these clothes?"

Gabriela shook her head. "I hardly wear any of them anymore. If you'd see me around—other than at occasions like tonight and work, of course—I'd usually be in a pair of jeans and a tee or a sweater, maybe a batik dress at the most. Pretty plain."

"But, Gabriela, this stuff must have cost a fortune!"

"Most of it was courtesy of Papa's checking account."

"But wouldn't he be offended to see me waltzing out with his daughter's wardrobe?"

"I can tell him it's part of a wedding gift, or something," replied Gabriela.

"We're family now, right?"

"Of course."

As Kyra rummaged through the racks of clothes with grateful enthusiasm, there was a knock on the door. It was Justin with news that Señor Luis had requested the pre-dinner music.

"Be right there," called Kyra from the closet. "Just give me a few minutes."

"A few minutes?" said Justin. "We were supposed to go on ten minutes ago."

At this, still gushing with thankfulness to Gabriela, Kyra emerged from the closet with an armload of clothes and hurriedly excused herself. "I didn't really have a lot of time to..."

"It's perfectly okay," replied Gabriela with an indulgent smile. "It'll all still be here when you get back. You'd better go ahead and get changed."



"Gosh!" said Kyra, rolling her eyes in wonder as she and Justin walked briskly down the hallways. "I have just been transported to fashion heaven."

"Kyra..."

"The Lord is so good to us," she continued. "I forsook it and all that, you remember?"

"I remember you had prayer against being hung up in all that vogue trip, and the influence of Bacchus."

"I did pretty good with it, right?"

Justin gave a non-committal nod. "The Lord really helped you."

"Exactly! And look what He gave me in return! A *hundredfold!* Garbini of all things!"

"Garbini?"

"Justin! That company is fashion king right now! And what's-her-name just gave me a whole stack of it!"

"Thank the Lord," sighed Justin. "What a reward."

"And not only that, I scored some tennies from the Footloose line. Super cool stuff."

"Kyra," said Justin with a hint of testiness as they descended the stairs to an in-house piano lounge where dining tables had been set up cabaret style. "I think we're *on!* *Ministering*, remember?"

Kyra gasped and put her hand to her mouth. "Lord help me."

She stumbled up, dazed, to join the others on the corner stage and sat down at the gleaming black grand piano. She struck a few keys and the ambient hubbub of the crowd died down until the silent anticipation seemed almost deafening to her. She peered out into the audience but couldn't see its faces for the lights of the floodlit catwalk that curved from the stage and ran down the center of the lounge. Panic gripped her.

Lord, was her silent prayer. I'm sorry I was so out of tune and let the Enemy sidetrack me with my weakness for that fashion stuff. Please use me despite that. Please! I claim the power of the keys! I claim the power of the keys against Bacchus.

Kyra looked down at her fingers that seemed to be moving with a will of their own.

Scaling up...

The microphone was in front of her mouth. She closed her eyes.

* * *

Luna was putting away the instruments and preparing to join the guests for dinner, when a well-dressed, dark-skinned gentleman in his mid-twenties approached them.

"That was a captivating opening piece," he remarked in cultured English. "I didn't know you could sing in the language of my forefathers. And with quite

a heart-stirring message too. Made me weep, much to my embarrassment."

"Me too," remarked an older Mexican woman as she was passing by. "But I thought it was in Mayan—beautiful but very difficult to master."

Kyra looked puzzled.

"They must be talking about the 'Scaling Up' piece," said Justin.

"*That one?*" said Kyra. "I didn't realize I was singing. It was supposed to be an instrumental until I get words for it."

"Freaky," said Mer. "I was wondering why you had decided to even play that piece, let alone start off a set with it; then on top of it to sing in tongues at such a do. Broke my bottle for a moment, but it sounded cool."





"I'm sorry, sir," said Kyra, addressing the young man. "What is your name?"

"Peter Balewa. I am from Nigeria and I'm involved in the oil business, thus my involvement with Señor Estrada. A wonderful man."

As the conversation developed into an in-depth discussion on faith and the supernatural, where Kyra took pains to explain to the young man why and how she had sung the song without any prior knowledge of the language he was familiar with, one of the guests was hovering darkly on the sidelines, his eyes glinting with what could have been construed as curiosity.

"Buena tarde," said Clay warily, walking up to the man, who waved his hand and winked.

"No speak English."

Clay shrugged. "*No es problema. Yo hablo Espanol.*"

The man's eyes darted furtively as Clay pressed him for his name, which he said was José Gonzales. Leaving the others to continue their conversation with Peter, Clay offered to accompany the stranger to the buffet area, which the man declined, saying he was not hungry.

"You know Mr. Estrada?" Clay inquired in Spanish.

Still glancing furtively around him, the man shook his head. "The son ... I know the son of his friend."

Seeing it was apparent that he did not want to discuss anything further, even in Spanish, Clay excused himself to join the rest of the Luna team who were now seated at a dining table.

"It's buffet," Mer called out to him. "Don't miss it!" then muttered, "Oops, watch your manners, Mer.

Clay acknowledged her with a raised hand and looked back to see José slipping out of a side door. He turned to one of the maids that stood nearby and in Spanish, asked her if she knew the man who had just left. She nodded.

"His name's José Gonzales, right?" said Clay.

The maid frowned and chuckled. "No, Señor. His name is Spiro Reynoso. An associate of Dany ... the son of one of Señor Estrada's business partners. Surprising that he was even invited. Señor Estrada is usually very choosy."

With a "*gracias Señorita,*" Clay excused himself to join his friends.

"Want me to pour you a drink?" Mer asked. Clay nodded pensively and sat down in the space that Mer had secured next to her.

"What's up?"

"That guy," said Clay softly.

"The creepy one who was hanging around while we were talking to Peter?"

"Uh huh."

"Get a bad witness?"

"Uh huh."

Mer blinked hard. "The Lord has shown you something?"

Clay took a deep breath and shook his head. "I don't want to make a big deal out of it, but I feel something is up with José."

"José?"

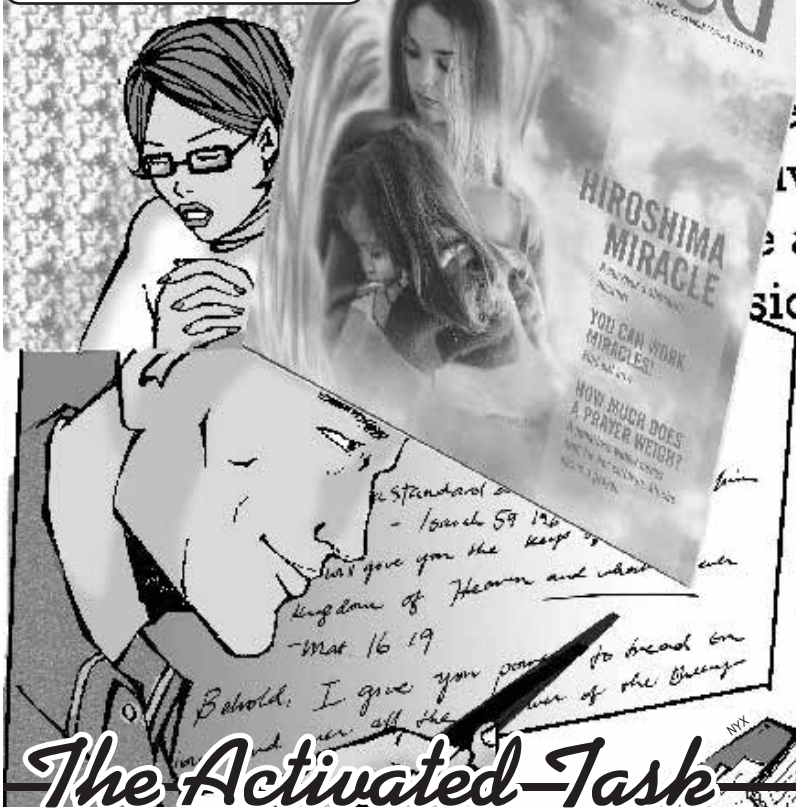
"That's the name he gave me, but it's apparently not his real name. Spiro Reynoso ... we need to remember that."

To be continued...



(Dad:) The Family's main ministry is not a physical one.

No one else is called to do the job He's given you—to spread His Endtime Gospel, to spread *Activated*, to win disciples! This task is reserved for you.



("REACH THE RICH," ML #3400: 133)

The Activated Task

The Keys of Imprisonment

(Jesus:) When I ask you to call on the keys of imprisonment, this has a dual meaning. Some of these lesser demons can indeed be cast out and bound elsewhere, whether it be in the depths of the sea or the heart of the earth, where many are prisoners already. For others, when you use the keys of imprisonment, you lock the doors around yourself or around others, so that demons cannot enter to harass you and hinder your work. In a manner of speaking, you imprison yourself in a force field which is impenetrable to the attacks of these evil ones, or erect an invisible wall in front of them when they would come toward you.



MATTHEW B.F.

FIERY LAKE EXPRESS





It is much like you act out in your box skits, where the unwary person bumps into an invisible wall when he goes the wrong way. Thus it is with unwary demons who would come your way when you are protected by these keys—they run smack into an invisible wall, or a very visible fireball, if need be!

("OBLITERATE OBSTACON!" ML #3434:16)





ZEB

(Jesus:) My palace in Heaven is always a beehive of activity. There are thousands of rooms and passageways, and people are constantly coming and going. In each sector of My palace there are special conference rooms. Each conference room is circular and contains a large circular table. I frequently attend meetings in all sectors of My palace, for each sector deals with a different aspect of My government.

The circular conference tables are called "circles of wisdom." They're not just tables, either, but they're alive in a sense. They glow softly and give off energy. At first glance, they look flat, and they are somewhat transparent. When My counselors are seated, they find several large, flat buttons on the table in front of them. These buttons activate the special features of their particular table.—There are different features for different sectors. For example, in the sector on universal governing, pressing a certain button will activate the galaxy feature. Up will pop a collection of stars and planets, all hovering in the air over the table. The person

circles of wisdom circles of wisdom circles of wisdom

can either have a small projection of the galaxy right in front of him, or he can use the enlargement feature, so that the projection moves to the center of the conference table, large enough for all seated to see it. By pressing other buttons, the person in control can zoom in on a certain cluster of planets, or even a single planet, which can be enlarged to the size of a very large balloon. Then those seated can discuss the questions or challenges on their agenda concerning that particular planet.

My Love is at the core and heart of each one of these circles of wisdom, because My love is the highest and truest form of wisdom. And so here in these rooms and at these circular tables of wisdom My counselors and helpers and palace personnel meet. And here decisions, both great and small, within My heavenly realm are made.



The Opulence of the World

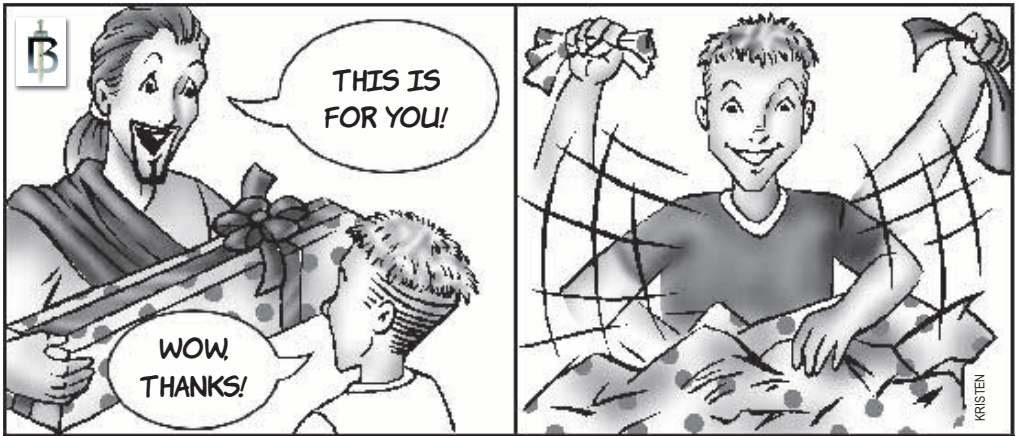
(JESUS:) THE OPULENCE OF THE WORLD TODAY IS BLASPHEMOUS TO ME, FOR IT SINGS THE PRAISES OF MAN AND SELF RATHER THAN GIVING GLORY TO ME. IT IS AN INSULT TO THE GREATEST DEGREE, FOR IT REJECTS THE SIMPLICITY OF MY SPIRIT AND INSTEAD SHROUDS THE SPIRIT OF MAN WITH DECADENCE, SELFISH WAYS, VICES, BAD HABITS, AND ADDICTIONS TO THINGS THAT ARE NOT OF ME.
(CML #3402:131)

NOTABLE QUOTE:

(JESUS:) AFTER HAVING TASTED OF THE WORLD AND HAVING BEEN TEMPTED BY A WORLDLY SPIRIT, IT IS HARD FOR PEOPLE TO SEE THE BLESSING AND REWARD IN BEING NOBODY, IN BEING NOTHING BUT A TOOL FOR MY USE SO THAT I MAY BE UP FRONT, IN CENTER STAGE, AND IN THE SPOTLIGHT.

...AS YOU LOOK MORE TO ME AND MY WAYS AND DESIRE TO LIVE MY LOVE, YOU WILL BECOME MORE LIKE ME AND WILL BE ABLE TO REFLECT MY LOVE. IN LEARNING TO GIVE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS' HAPPINESS, YOU WILL BEGIN TO GLOW WITH MY LIGHT! (FJWL 2:213)





The Gift that Reminds You You're Nothing

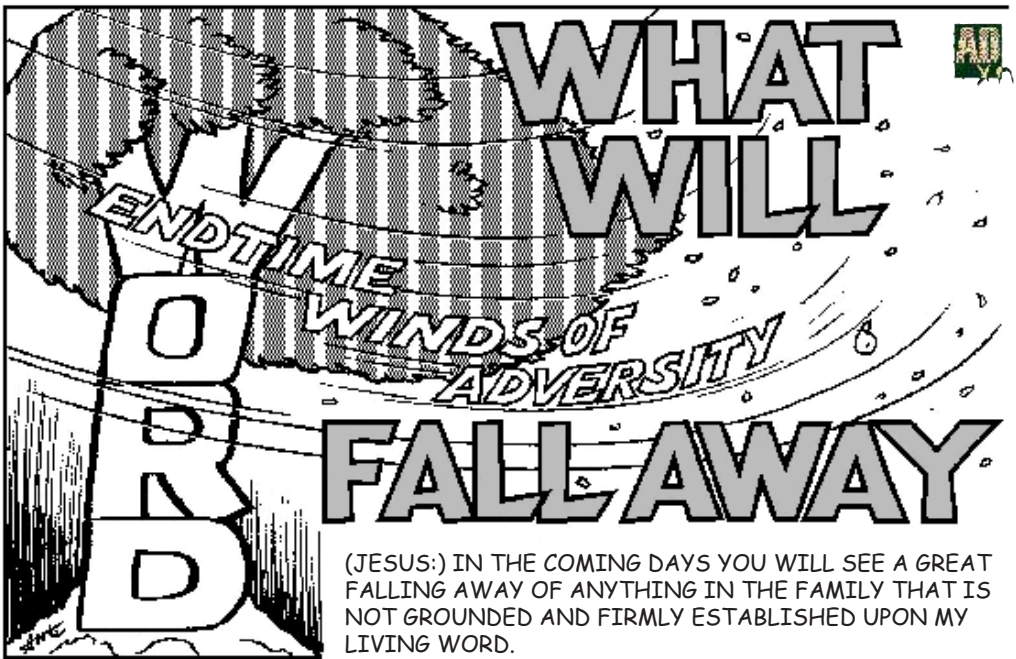
(Jesus:) Humility is a gift of My Spirit, and to receive this gift and to have it be a part of you, you simply have to be open to and accepting of it. You have to ask Me for it and then thank Me when I bring the gift to you through circumstances that remind you that you're nothing of yourself. Such circumstances should come as a great relief and joy to you, as you see My hand working in your life to help you to glorify Me more in all that you do, and to show others how nothing you are.

Be happy for each chance to be shown weak. Even tell others that you are happy you made this or that mistake or blew it in this or that way, because it shows that anything good you accomplish is only Me working through you.

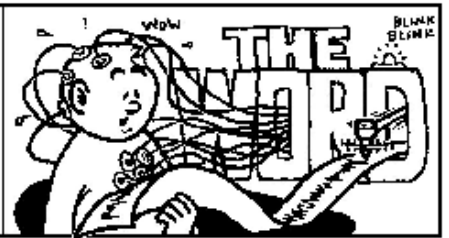
KEYS PROMISE:

THE MORE YOU USE THE KEYS, THE LESS HOLD PRIDE WILL HAVE ON YOUR LIFE AND SPIRIT, FOR IN CALLING ON THE KEYS YOU ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR OWN WEAKNESS. THE KEYS EMBODY HUMILITY AND CONQUER PRIDE.

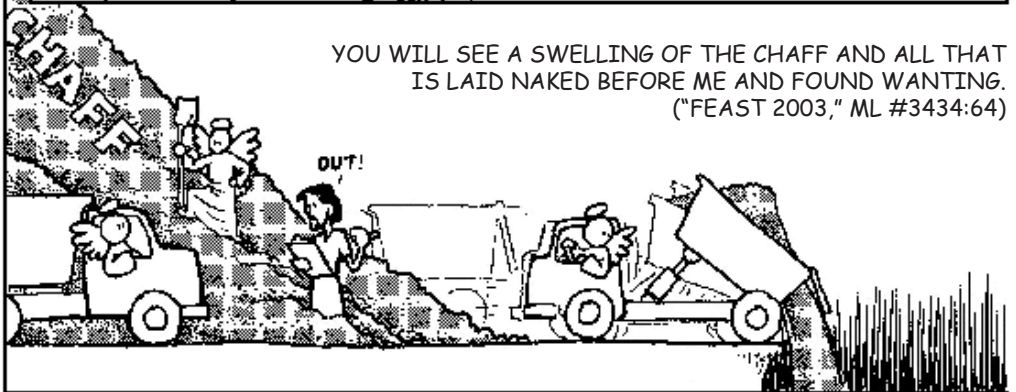




MY WORD IS THE GREAT DISCERNER OF THE THOUGHTS AND INTENTS OF THE HEART, AND AS SUCH, WILL RIGHTLY DIVIDE THAT WHICH IS FIRMLY GROUNDED IN ME AND THAT WHICH IS BASED ON THE SHIFTING SANDS OF ALL THAT FALLS OUTSIDE THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF MY UNFAILING WORD.



YOU WILL SEE A GREAT FALLING AWAY OF OTHER PLANS AND PROJECTS AND EVEN PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT STEADFASTLY GROUNDED IN MY WORD.



YOU WILL SEE A SWELLING OF THE CHAFF AND ALL THAT IS LAID NAKED BEFORE ME AND FOUND WANTING. ("FEAST 2003," ML #3434:64)

RIDE THE WINDS



(JESUS:) LIFE'S WINDS BLOW AND YOU HEAR THEIR SOUND, BUT CAN'T ALWAYS TELL WHERE THEY COME FROM OR WHERE THEY WILL GO. BUT YOU CAN HAVE THE CONFIDENCE THAT FOR EVERY WIND THAT BLOWS YOUR WAY, I HAVE A MEANS TO HELP YOU RIDE IT.

SOMETIMES YOU STAND UP AND FACE THE WIND, DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD ON TO SOMETHING SO YOU WILL NOT GET BLOWN AWAY, BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I'D PREFER IF YOU LET GO COMPLETELY AND JUST LET ME TEACH YOU HOW TO RIDE THE WINDS.

(VISION:) I SEE A GIRL STANDING ON A PATH SURROUNDED BY A TERRIBLY STORMY DAY. THE SKY IS PRETTY DARK, BUT THE MOST PROMINENT ASPECT OF THIS STORM IS THE WIND. IT'S INCREDIBLY POWERFUL AND FORCEFUL.

IT WASN'T ALWAYS THIS STRONG, BUT IN A SHORT TIME IT'S BUILT UP TO WHERE THE GIRL WAS AT FIRST SIMPLY STANDING THERE, HUDDLED IN HER JACKET, WITH THE WIND MESSING UP HER HAIR, BUT BEFORE LONG THE WIND HAS INCREASED IN POWER TO WHERE ITS ALMOST PRYING OPEN HER JACKET.



KEYS PROMISE

**THE KEYS
WILL
SETTLE
YOU AND
KEEP YOU
THROUGH
EVERY
STORM AND
FROM ALL
EVIL.**

KEYS PROMISE

"I CAN'T!" SHE CRIES, BUT HER VOICE IS SEEMINGLY LOST IN THE ROARING WIND. "HELP ME!" SHE SHOUTS FRANTICALLY, AND ONCE AGAIN THE CALM YET FIRM VOICE REPEATS, "JUST LET GO!"

HER EYES ARE SHUT AND SHE'S HOLDING ON TO ANYTHING THAT WILL KEEP HER ON HER FEET, BUT AS THE WIND GETS STRONGER SHE CAN'T HOLD ON ANY MORE, AND THERE'S A VOICE THAT TELLS HER, "LET GO! JUST LET GO!"

FLASHES OF EVERYTHING TERRIBLE THAT COULD HAPPEN GO THROUGH HER MIND, BUT RATHER THAN GIVE IN TO THE FEARS, SHE OBEYS AND LETS GO. AS SHE LETS GO SHE'S ALMOST INSTANTLY SUCKED AWAY FROM THE POLE SHE WAS HOLDING SO TIGHTLY TO, BUT SHE DOESN'T HIT THE GROUND. INSTEAD SHE REMAINS ABOUT ONE METER OR MORE JUST ABOVE THE GROUND, SORT OF IN A SQUATTING POSITION, AS IF SHE WERE SITTING ON SOMETHING, AND THE WIND BEGINS PROPELLING HER DOWN THE PATH, ALMOST AS IF SHE WERE GOING DOWN A WATER SLIDE, ONLY SHE'S BEING COMPLETELY SUPPORTED BY SOMETHING AND PROPELLED ONWARD.





THE WIND IS GETTING STRONGER AND WILDER, BUT THE MORE SHE RELAXES, THE MORE THRILLING THE RIDE BECOMES. SHE GOES FROM APPREHENSION TO THAT THRILLING SENSATION YOU GET WHEN YOU'RE ON A ROLLER COASTER RIDE. THE MORE SHE RELAXES, THE LESS FEARFUL SHE IS, EVEN THOUGH THE WIND IS FORCING HER TO GO AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED. BECAUSE SHE IS NOT FIGHTING THE WIND SHE'S ABLE TO RIDE IT.

(JESUS CONTINUES:) THIS IS THE RIDE THAT YOU'RE EXPERIENCING NOW, MY LOVE. YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY A STRETCH OF GLOOMIER DAYS, AND YOU FEEL THE WEIGHT AND DEPRESSION OF THEM, AND IT IS THEN THAT YOU SUDDENLY FEEL THE BLAST OF THE WIND.

YOUR HEART IS ALREADY HEAVY, AND AS YOU FIND YOURSELF HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE, YOU'RE SWEEPED RIGHT OFF YOUR FEET.



IT'S EASY TO DESPAIR, OR FEEL THAT YOU DON'T HAVE THE FIGHT OR STRENGTH IN YOU.

KEYS PROMISE

I WILL NESTLE
YOU CLOSE TO MY
BOSOM AND GIVE
YOU EXTRA ACCESS
TO MY BOUNTY
OF PROTECTION
AND PROVISION
THROUGH THE
POWER OF THE
KEYS.

KEYS PROMISE

YOU'VE BEEN TOLD THROUGHOUT YOUR LIFE TO HOLD ON NO MATTER WHAT, BUT NOW I'M TELLING YOU TO LET GO, TO LET THE WIND TAKE YOU.

WHAT I'M ASKING OF YOU MAY SEEM CONTRARY TO WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOLD, BUT IT'S PART OF LEARNING TO HAVE COMPLETE FAITH AND TRUST IN ME,

BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH THE GROUND SEEMS SO CLOSE, AND THOUGH THE WIND ONLY SEEMS TO BE ACCELERATING IN SPEED, I AM SUPPORTING YOU, AND YOU HAVE THE KEYS.

(VISION:) I'M SEEING THE PICTURE OF THE GIRL AGAIN GOING DOWN THE PATH, BUT NOW I CAN SEE HOW SHE'S BEING SUPPORTED.

UNDERNEATH HER IS A GIANT GLOWING KEY, NOT GOLDEN, BUT MORE LIKE A BLUISH-WHITE, AND IT'S PULSATING.



SHE'S NOT ACTUALLY SITTING ON THE KEY, BUT IT'S BETWEEN HER AND THE GROUND, AND THE ENERGY OF IT IS WHAT IS HELPING HER KEEP THE RIGHT DIRECTION IN SPITE OF THE ULTRA-STRONG WIND. SHE CAN'T SEE THE KEY, BUT IT'S WHAT'S KEEPING HER UP AND MOVING HER FORWARD.

CLAIM THE POWER OF THE KEYS FOR STRENGTH, FAITH AND STABILITY IN ME.

**NOTHING CAN HURT OR DESTABILIZE YOU WHEN YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY
THE COMFORTING, SOOTHING, STABILIZING POWER OF THE KEYS.**

KEYS PROMISE

IF YOUR SPIRIT IS DISQUIETED AND YOUR MIND TROUBLED AND YOU FEEL UNEASY, GRAB A HOLD OF THE KEYS! WAVE THEM IN THE DEVIL'S FACE AS YOU CALL ON THEIR POWER, AND I WILL GIVE YOU PEACE.

KEYS PROMISE



(JESUS CONTINUES:) THE KEYS ARE THE FORCE BENEATH YOU, THE FORCE ABOVE, THE FORCE AROUND YOU, AND THE FORCE INSIDE YOU. THEY ARE ENERGIZED BY MY SPIRIT, AND PROPEL YOU THROUGH THE HOWLING WIND, AND OVER THE UNEXPECTED OBSTACLES. THE WIND ITSELF WILL NOT LIFT YOU UP, THOUGH IT WILL PUSH YOU FORWARD, BUT THE KEYS WILL KEEP YOU AFLOAT, THEY WILL PREVENT YOU FROM HITTING THE GROUND, THEY WILL SEE YOU THROUGH THE COURSE.

I REALIZE THAT IT'S NOT ALWAYS EASY TO RIDE THE WIND, ESPECIALLY WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THE KEYS WILL LIFT YOU UP AND MOVE YOU FORWARD, AND YET YOU DO NOT SEE THEM OR EVEN FEEL THEM. BUT THEIR POWER IS REAL; THEY CONTAIN THE FORCE AND POWER OF MY SPIRIT—OF ME. THEY WILL SEE YOU THROUGH.

YOU'LL SEE, TOO, THAT YOU'RE NOT FLYING DOWN THIS PATH ALONE. I'M RIGHT NEXT TO YOU. I'M THERE TO TELL YOU HOW TO RELAX, WHAT TO WATCH OUT FOR, HOW TO KEEP BELIEVING AND TRUSTING. I'M THERE TO COMFORT YOU.

THIS TIME OF STRUGGLE WILL PASS. I WILL REMOVE THE DISCOURAGEMENT YOU'RE FACED WITH, AND I WILL GIVE YOU NEW HOPE, ENCOURAGEMENT, AND VISION, BUT YOU HAVE TO TURN YOUR EYES UPWARDS IN ORDER TO SEE ALL THAT.

SEEK TO BE TRIUMPHANT, AND THAT SPIRIT OF VICTORY WILL BECOME ALIVE IN YOU. SEARCH FOR WAYS TO SEE THE GOOD IN ALL THAT IS HAPPENING, AND YOU WILL BEGIN TO LIVE THE GOOD.

TURN TO ME FOR YOUR HAPPINESS AND STABILITY AND THAT'S WHAT YOU WILL FIND.

DESIRE CONTENTMENT IN HOW THINGS ARE TODAY, NOT HOW THEY COULD BE, AND YOU WILL FIND THE SATISFACTION YOU LONG FOR.



THE ENEMY ONLY HAS CLAIM TO WHAT YOU GIVE HIM. HE CANNOT STEAL YOUR JOY AND HAPPINESS AWAY; IT'S YOUR CHOICE WHETHER HE CAN TAKE IT. HE WILL TAUNT YOU, HE WILL HIT YOU WITH EVERYTHING, AND HE WILL HAGGLE YOU UNTIL YOU GIVE IN, OR BETTER YET, UNTIL YOU TURN AROUND AND TELL HIM TO GET LOST.

HAPPINESS, FULFILLMENT, SATISFACTION, CONTENTMENT, PEACE, AND JOY ARE NOT CONTINGENT ON THE THINGS OF THE PHYSICAL, ON YOUR SURROUNDINGS, ON YOUR LACKS OR PROBLEMS, BUT THEY ARE CONTINGENT ON YOUR CHOICES.



CHOOSE TO BE VICTORIOUS REGARDLESS OF HOW YOU FEEL IN THE PHYSICAL, CLAIM THE KEYS AND GO ON THE ATTACK, AND THAT CHOICE WILL BECOME REALITY. CHOOSE CONTENTMENT OVER ALL THE THINGS THE ENEMY'S POINTING OUT TO YOU TO GET YOUR EYES OFF OF ME, AND AS YOU MAKE THAT DECISION YOU WILL FIND CONTENTMENT.

KEYS PROMISE

THE POWER OF THE KEYS CAN HELP YOU ACCEPT MY WILL WHEN IT'S DIFFICULT. CALL ON THE KEYS OF ACCEPTANCE DAILY IN YOUR TIME OF NEED, AND YOU'LL HAVE THE PEACE AND CONTENTMENT THAT YOU DESIRE.

KEYS PROMISE

LIFE'S GREATEST LESSONS ARE MASTERED THROUGH LEARNING TO MAKE SOMETHING GOOD OUT OF THE SEEMING BAD.

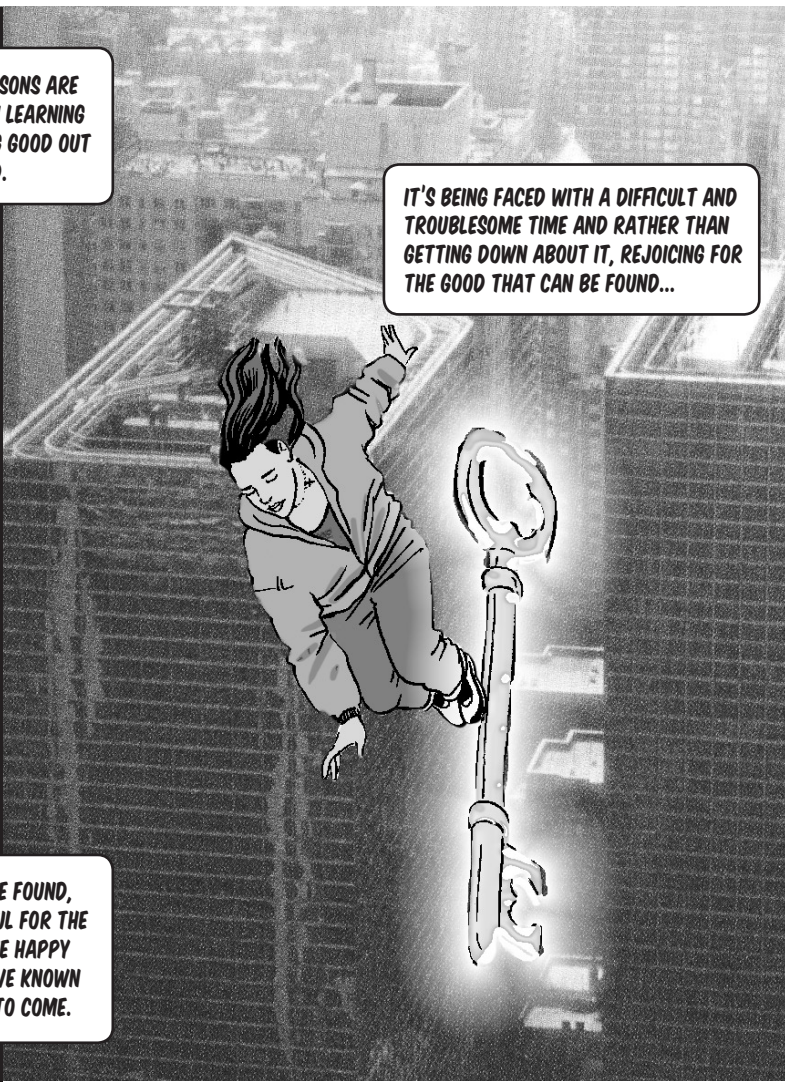
IT'S BEING FACED WITH A DIFFICULT AND TROUBLESOME TIME AND RATHER THAN GETTING DOWN ABOUT IT, REJOICING FOR THE GOOD THAT CAN BE FOUND...

KEYS PROMISE

**TRUST THE
KEYS OF
HEAVEN; USE
THEIR POWER.**

KEYS PROMISE

... OR IF NONE CAN BE FOUND, THEN BEING THANKFUL FOR THE SUNNY DAYS AND THE HAPPY TIMES THAT YOU HAVE KNOWN AND THAT ARE YET TO COME.



THIS IS WHAT RISING ABOVE IS ALL ABOUT. THAT IS HOW YOU WILL FIND THE VICTORY. THE DIFFICULTIES AND STRUGGLES WILL NOT NECESSARILY VANISH, BUT THE WEIGHT OF THEM WILL NOT SEEM AS HEAVY, FOR YOU WILL HAVE PLACED THEM IN MY HAND. REMEMBER, VICTORY IS A STATE OF MIND.

WHAT'S YOUR STATE OF MIND?

(Jesus:) Here are a few things you can do when you're going through a battle or facing a rough time. ...

(Xr): Read the rest of what the Lord has to say on this in "Issues, Part 13," ML #3430:94. Hang on to it!

WHY “REJOIN” THE FAMILY?

I was going through serious trials, questions, etc. I'd gotten to the point where I didn't believe in anything or anyone anymore.—Hell! I practically didn't even believe in God! Basically my mind was in mode-blank. Nothing mattered or made sense. Then I attended a workshop about witnessing to young people. It really gave me a shake up! I went out witnessing with everyone for two nights, and that's when I woke up to the fact that witnessing is all I ever want to do! Nothing else matters. Whether I get to do my dream ministry or whether or not I can ever be with the people I want to be with doesn't get to me anymore. I *know* what I'm here for. I'm sure most of you have already re-joined the Family spiritually one or more times, and here I'm just your regular, Family-born cook and home-care girl. I'm just so happy that it FINALLY happened to me!

—(From a 21-year-old in South America)



NOTABLE QUOTE:

(Jesus:) For many people this time before the storms break will be their last chance. So I call you to feed My sheep and feed yourselves while you can, while the supplies are abundant and time is available. For there is precious little of this time of peace left. You may measure the time in months and weeks and days, as the last grains of sand fall through the hourglass and the confusion begins to build all around. (END 62, "The Columbia Space Shuttle Disaster," March 2003)

The Heavenly Man

Huang's Letter

Part 7

After Yun received the amazing news that he had received a term of four more years in prison rather than the death penalty, Huang approached him with tears in his eyes.

Huang said, "Brother, can the members of my family be saved? Will my mother be with me in the future?"

Yun said, "You must fervently pray

for your father and mother."

That evening Huang spent the entire night praying for his parents. On the morning of the second day, Huang said to Yun, "Brother, there is one thing that I want you to help me with. I would like to write a last letter to my parents. Would you figure a way to give it to them?"

Yun said, "All right, I will certainly

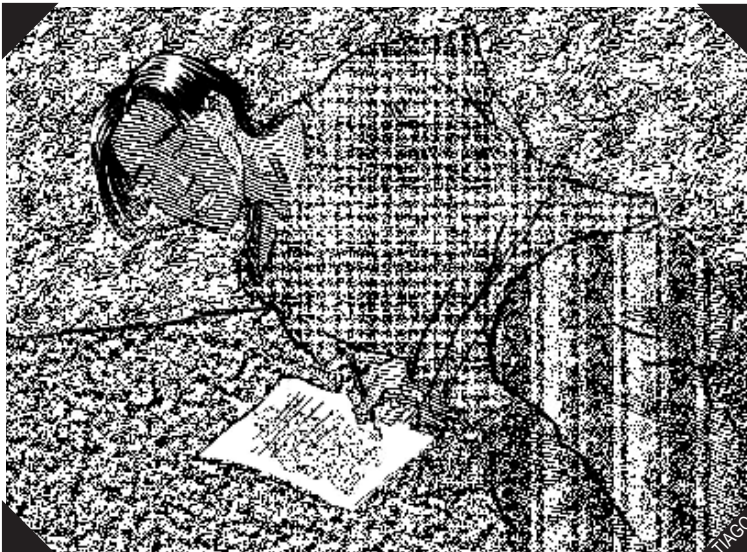
think of a way. But where will we get paper and a pen?"

Huang said, "I have a way."

Then he turned and faced the guard standing outside the door and shouted, "I want to appeal. Please bring paper and a pen to me." Shortly, the guard brought a ballpoint pen and two sheets of paper.

Huang still had his hands tied behind his back, but after he had repented Yun said to the guard, "Huang will not try to kill himself any more, so please loosen his handcuffs!" Although both his hands were still tied behind his back, he could stretch one hand to the right almost to his mouth. When he sat on the floor he could put the paper on his right hand side, and leaning over wrote his last letter while weeping.

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



This last letter was thus written:

“Beloved father and mother; your son has not honored you. Your son knows you love him. After I am gone, do not be sorrowful. Your son now tells you tremendous news—your son is not dead for he has obtained eternal life. In prison your son met a wonderful person, that is the greatly respected Brother Yun. He has saved my life, has led me to believe in Jesus. Moreover he has been concerned about me in so many ways and has loved me with everything he has. He fed me daily.

“Beloved father and mother, I will soon go to the kingdom of Heaven. In that place I will pray for you. You must believe in Jesus and allow Brother Yun an opportunity to preach the Gospel to you. At the same time he will tell you about the other matters concerning me. I pray that you obtain eternal life and that I will see you in Heaven!”

That evening the atmosphere in the prison was especially radicals unlimited

tense. Every five minutes the patrolling guard walked past their cell and checked on each prisoner. The prisoners knew that every time this occurred it meant a prisoner would be executed the next day. Weeping, the brethren washed Huang’s feet. But Huang’s heart was full of amazing peace and calm and he left the brothers with a smile on his face.

All evening Huang sang, “I Love Jesus” and “I Have a Glorious Home on That Side.”

On August 13, a light shower fell outside. Early in the morning, the prison gate opened with a clang. A fully armed prison guard stood at the entrance and said loudly, “Bring forth Huang.”

Brother Huang said to everyone, “I will see you again in Heaven.” He was

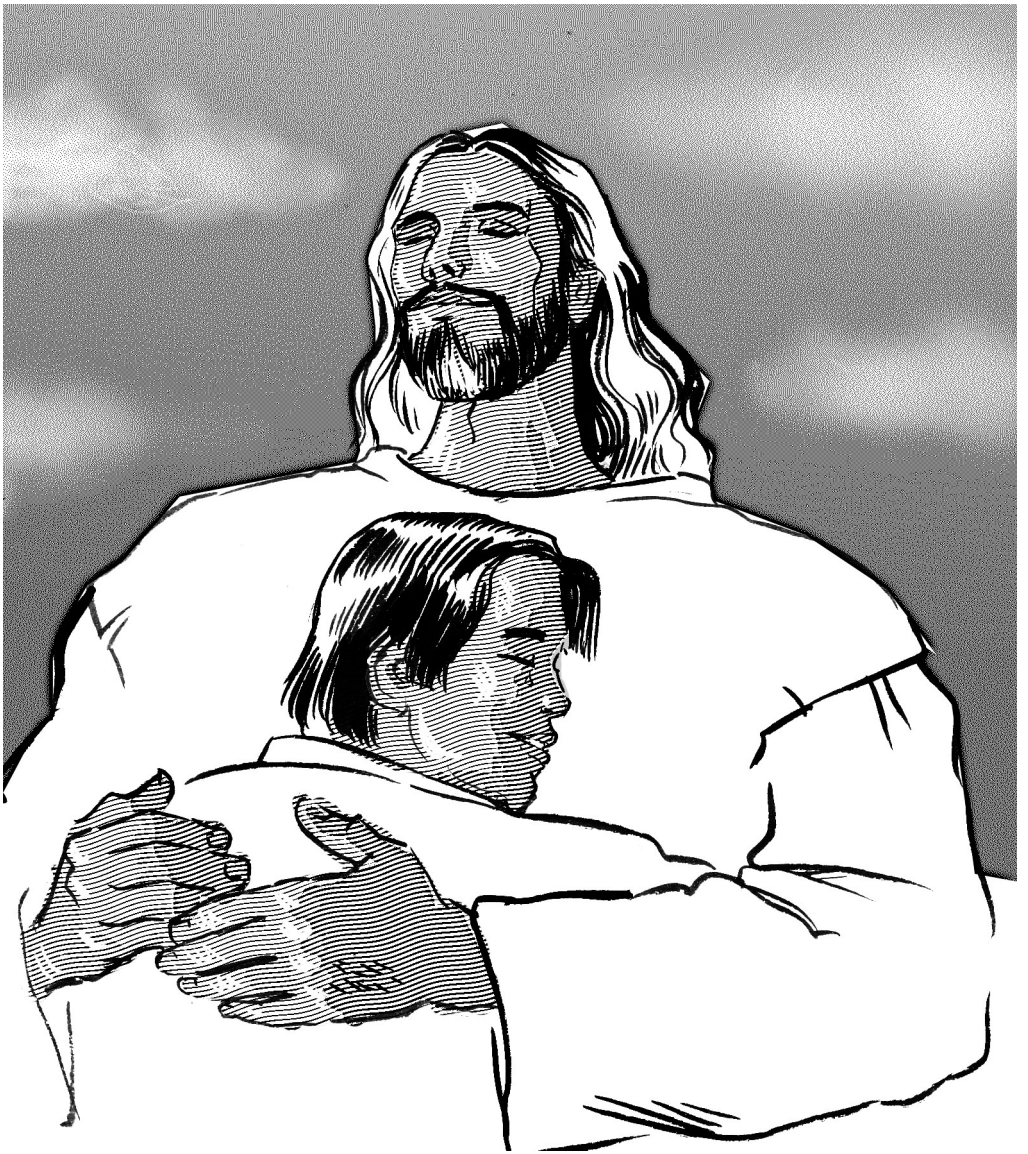
then taken away. As he approached the execution ground, he was prepared to die.

There was a gunshot.

Though his body lay dead, Huang’s soul had ascended to rest in the Great Shepherd Jesus.

(Xn: Coming next: “The Heavenly Man, Part 8: More Converts and Miracles.”)





Message from Jesus

And so a man who was converted in prison, accomplished more for Me in the short time after he was saved, than many Christians do in their lifetimes. He did this through his faithfulness to join Yun in preaching to others in prison, and also in being concerned for his loved ones, and writing to them about Me. And because others were faithful to write these things down, his once depraved and wicked life became a wonderful testimony to the transforming power of My

blood to redeem and save that which was lost. And the testimony lives on, touching yet more lives with the power of My Spirit of love.

Now Huang is safe in My arms, and he daily intercedes for lost souls in China. He is here, ready and waiting to be sent into dark corners, to help bring My love to some depraved soul like he once was. Call on him and the many other Chinese Christians who have passed on to Heaven, for they wait to assist you! (End of prophecy.)

“I Shall Go Straight to God”

(Courtesy of *Voice of the Martyrs*.)

Name: Jack Vinson

Location: Kiangsu Province,
Mainland China

Time period: 1931

The bandit told the missionary, “I’m going to kill you. Aren’t you afraid?” Jack Vinson replied simply, “Kill me, if you wish. I will go straight to God.” Jack Vinson’s courage inspired his friend E.H. Hamilton to write this poem:

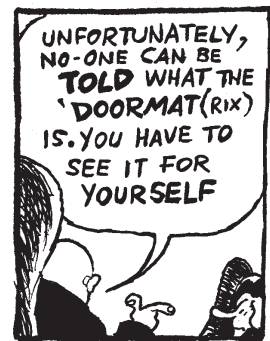
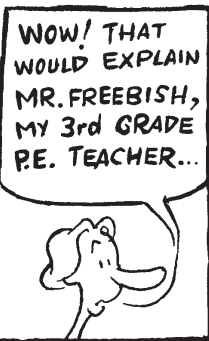
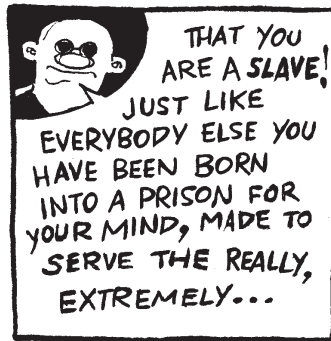
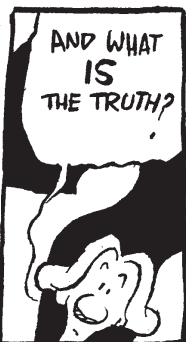
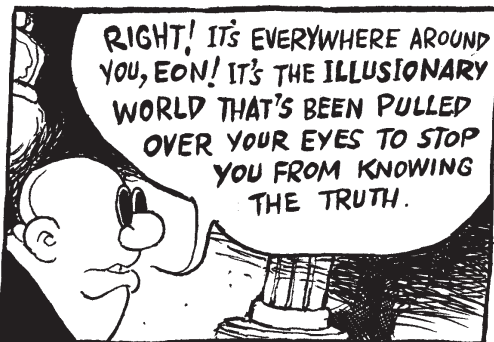
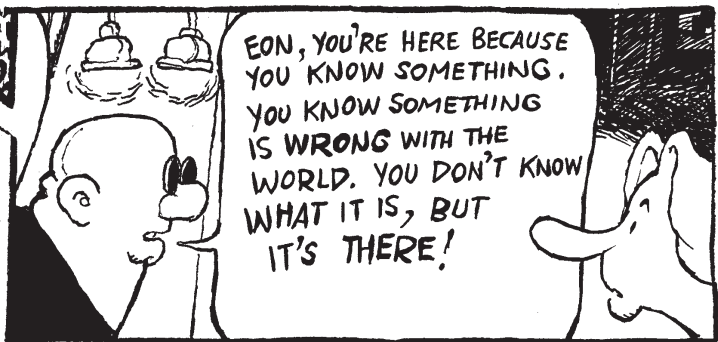
Afraid? Of what?
To feel the spirit’s glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace,
The strife and strain of life to cease?

Afraid—of that?
Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Savior’s face
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid—of that?
Afraid? Of what?
A flash, a crash, a pierced heart;
Darkness, light, O Heaven’s art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid—of that?
Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not—
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from that spot?
Afraid—of that?

Great peace have they who love My keys, who use them and claim them. I will take away any anxiety or fear, and you will be blessed with great peace, even in the midst of storm.

Reach up for the power of the keys when you witness to give you what the person needs. The keys will give you the words to say and the anointing of love that you need.

Heaven is a storehouse of power, miracles, answers to prayer, spirit helpers, and angels of valiant might, and through the keys you have immediate access to My limitless reservoir.



TO BE CONTINUED...