

Enjoy the Flight

High

Clearwater

RE

Importance of Tracks

STC RI



notable quote

(Elysa:) You must understand that the keys of the Kingdom are real.

They exist. They are not a mere symbol, nor some sort of ornamental representation. They are a real and living, vibrant entity. The keys are alive, and they represent our Savior's Spirit and all the power of Heaven, which can never be conquered. When you call on the keys, remember that you are calling on a living, moving, powerful, spiritual phenomenon.

("Call on the Keys, part 1," ML #3368:35)

stoup eldston

(Jesus:) People tend to only remember the grandness of the keys and the promises of power.

What they tend to forget is that the keys were given in order to empower My people for what is to come. If you think that through, it's obvious that if you need more power, it stands to reason that there will be more tests.

("Conviction versus Compromise, Part 1," ML #3361:129)

XN: THERE ARE GREAT NEW "KEYS PROMISE" COMPUTER WALLPAPERS IN THE "PHOTOS" SECTION OF THE MO SITE. THANKS AGNES, JERRY (9), TSELEL, ANONYMOUS, AND ANY OTHERS WHO'VE USED YOUR FREETIME TO CREATE THESE FOR US!

KRISTEN

Blade-'
 Beach House or House Or
 Enjoy the Flight
 House O Rock?
 by the Flint
 House O Rock?
 Importance of Tracts

Linkup-'
 Clearwater

Radicals Unlimited-'
 The Heavenly Man, Part 8

Story Feature-'
 Scale Up, Chapters 6-7

Story Feature-'
 Scale Up, Chapters 6-7

Story Feature-'
 Importance of Tracts

Story Feature-'
 Clearwater

Xn Issue 22, May 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.

What Would WATER Do?

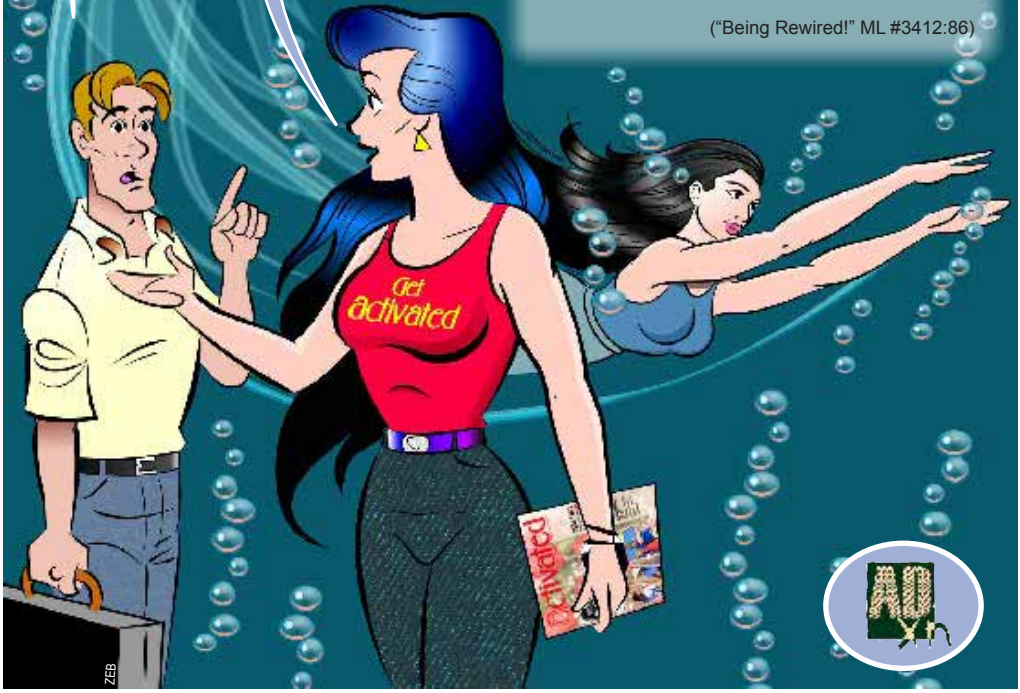
(JESUS:) LIKE WATER, I FLOW AND BEND AND USUALLY TAKE THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE. YOU SHOULD BE THE SAME. IF YOU RUN UP AGAINST A WALL, THEN ASK YOURSELF, "WHAT WOULD WATER DO?" IT WOULD BACK UP, BACK UP, BACK UP AND LOOK FOR ANOTHER WAY AROUND. DO THE SAME. BE FLEXIBLE, BE RESILIENT, BE WILLING TO BEND, BE WILLING TO FLOW WITH ME AND THE SPIRIT. BE WILLING TO GIVE UP THE WAY YOU WANTED TO GO.

("Being Rewired!" ML #3412:86)

KEYS PROMISE: I WILL HELP YOU WALK THE HUMBLE WALK AND REPLACE PRIDE WITH HUMILITY THROUGH THE POWER OF THE KEYS

But I can't possibly go witnessing there!

NO PROBLEM! HOW ABOUT THE BEACH? DOWNTOWN? SHOP TO SHOP? DOOR TO DOOR? ...



story feature

SCALE UP

Chapter 6: A Million Voices

The meal was over quicker for Luna than the other guests, a situation that they had come to accept as part of a musician's territory. With longing eyes, Kyra and Mer in particular had pecked sparingly at the spread that adorned the buffet counter, preferring to wait until the tension of performing and its subsequent ministering had subsided before satisfying their hunger.

Javier, however, was, as usual, able to pack in a considerable amount of whatever was served at such occasions and in a short enough time to keep his mind on the event at hand and his eyes on the clock. A couple of taps on his watch and Luna was standing up from the table with the girls hastily patting their hair and straightening their clothes, Justin hurriedly downing a last swallow of wine and wiping his mouth, while, to Mer's shock, Clay slipped a few extra buns in his large jacket pocket.



Art by
Jeremy

"Now who's talking about department and stuff?" Mer joshed Clay with a playful giggle as she trotted behind him to the stage.

Like the first, the second set was a smoothly balanced combination of Spanish and English songs, which climaxed in a moving rendition of St. Francis' Prayer with Mer stepping forward into the spotlight, holding her guitar at her side.

"Where there is hatred...", she sang passionately in Spanish, looking heavenward.

"Let me sow love," answered the boys in Gregorian monk-like tones.

"Where there is injury...", continued Mer.

"Let me sow pardon," came the boys' reply.

This musical antiphony continued until they all joined in together to entreat the culminating lines of the chorus.

"Lord, make of me an instrument of Your peace,

"Lord, make of me an instrument of Your peace."

"You shone like an angel on that last song!" said Gabriela.

Peter Balewa was wiping tears from his eyes. "It was like a million people were singing with you," he said. "And you weren't using a backing track?"

Justin shook his head.

"Incredible! I heard the choir too," said another. "I chalked it up to the same thing—a backing track."

Uh oh, Lord. Not another weirdo, I hope, thought Clay, as a short, heavy-set,



sinister-looking man wearing sunglasses joined them. His head was shaved and he wore a black suit. He seemed to be in his mid-forties. His eyes had been transfixed on Kyra as she gave clear testimony to the power of the Spirit and the presence of angels accompanying the music. In what sounded like a thick East European accent, the man introduced himself to her as Victor.

Attempting to give her a cautionary signal, Clay looked over at Kyra who greeted the man with a warm smile.

"They that sit in darkness have seen a great light," said Victor.

"Huh?" said Mer looking askance at Clay who gave her a "hold on" hand signal.

"I see you have the true power. It's the conviction that burns in your eyes as you speak," Victor continued, his head turned upward as if he was addressing no one in particular. "But there will be many who will want to snuff out that light. They know you have the power and the scoop."

"The scoop?" asked Kyra.

"On their plans for world takeover. Be assured that you have an advocate in high places."

"You talking about Jesus?" asked Mer.

"Him too. But He has set me in the place that I have for such a time as this, just as He has brought you to this realm for such a time as this."

"This realm of Mexico?" asked Clay.

Victor nodded. "And her Latin sisters that love you."

story feature

"Are you also in the oil business, Victor?" asked Kyra.

"Only indirectly. It's merely the 'juice' that keeps all this going. We can stop the flow like"—he snapped his fingers—"that!"

More visitors were beginning to wander around them and the man became edgy. He pulled a business card from his suit and handed it to Kyra.

"It wouldn't be wise for me to divulge any more, at least in these rather public circumstances," he said under his breath. "But there is a way to reach me should it be necessary. He is not happy with your presence here."

"Who?" said Mer with a laugh. "The Devil?"

"Him for certain," said Victor. "But also his earthly agents. One in particular."

Kyra shivered. "Does that mean this man wants to...?"

She did not finish her question. Victor had made a hasty exit.

"Nice to be informed of who our 'friends' are," said Mer with a wry grin while the team stared at one another in stunned silence for a few seconds before acknowledging the other people.

"Justin, Kyra, everyone!"

Luis Estrada burst through the door, his arms outstretched and his face beaming and flushed from a few drinks.

"I want you to meet a dear associate of mine, Hector Fuentes!" he announced, introducing a

short, slim, gray-haired man of the same age with furrowed brow and sad, but sympathetic eyes. The man bowed humbly and shook their hands, but seemed ill at ease with the amount of company in the crowded room. Luis suggested they talk elsewhere and led them out to a dimly lit study where he ordered a round of drinks.

"The music was very beautiful," said Hector.

The team responded thankfully.

"Are you in the oil business as well?" asked Mer.

"Naturally. I am from Venezuela myself. My family goes back a few generations in the business."

"Speaking of business," said Luis merrily. "Hector has a proposition to make."

Hector laughed. "Not so fast! I wanted to meet you all first. I like to check out any potential business associates!"

"Hope we measure up," said Kyra with a sweet smile.

"I'd like to take you there," said Hector.

"Where? Venezuela?" Mer asked.

"Si. All expenses paid. My friend Luis here was showing me a brochure on your work. And the magazine ... what's it called ... *Conéctate* ... very thought provoking. Especially the article about that man being delivered from drugs."

"Yes," said Javier. "That man is my younger brother."

Hector's eyes narrowed. "And you've done work with drug addicts?"

The team nodded.

"The results have been successful?"

A few moments of silence followed as the team looked inquiringly at each other, then Javier spoke.

"I would say about a seventy per cent, er ... deliverance."

"Then I have a project for you," said Hector.

"If you're talking drug rehab," said Luis, "these are the men and women for the job."

"This project means a lot to me," Hector continued. "What I plan to do with my future in Venezuela and even with my *life* depends on it."

"We'll be happy to help," said Kyra. "If you want us to go down to those clubs and drug hangouts, we will. The Lord has never failed us. We've seen absolute *miracles* of deliverance."

"So you're game?" asked Hector.

With the exception of Javier whose countenance betrayed a slight reservation, the rest of the team nodded.

"But it won't be in clubs and other such hangouts. You'll be starting with one person ... my son Dany."

The team did an admirable job of keeping their astonishment in check by feigning nonchalance.

"Well ... great," said Mer. "We're open for whatever."

"You mean you want us all to come to Venezuela to er ... *help* your son?" asked Clay.

"That's what I mean," said Hector. "He's on heroin, crack, dope, you name it. I find the needles and paraphernalia everywhere. It's costing him a fortune and destroying him on top of it. I told God that if He would save my son, I would devote the rest of my life and most of my earnings to helping other drug-addicted youth of Venezuela."

"Señor Fuentes," said Javier hesitantly after a minute or so of weighty silence, "we consider it an honor that you have asked us to help your son in this way, and we would very much like to do so. However, it's our custom to bring such decisions as to what ministries we engage in before the Lord in prayer."

The rest of the team heaved discreet sighs of relief.

"Especially due to the enormous responsibility of this endeavor," continued Javier. "Jesus expects us to counsel with Him to get His guidance and even approval on whether or not we should embark on it."

"He seems like a wise businessman," said Hector.

"The wisest," Clay agreed.

Hector rose from his seat and shook their hands. "I

appreciate your candor and I will look forward to your ... or rather *His* decision on this. Tell Him that I would be deeply honored if He was to consent to allowing you to be of service."

"You can tell Him yourself, Señor Fuentes," said Kyra, extending the handshake. "He will listen to you just as much as to any one of us."

Hector Fuentes' eyes watered as he mumbled "*gracias*," bid them all *buenas noches* and left the room.

"I suppose we'd better be going," said Clay after a few minutes of discussing the possibilities of a trip to Venezuela. "I think we should get Kyra off to bed."

"At least stay for a late-night dessert," said Luis. "*Galletas* and *Helado*? Chocolate mousse?"

The girls' eyes widened.

"Coming, Justin?" asked Kyra as they left the study.

"Not right now. I'd like to check out these books. A lot of stuff in English. But are you going to be okay? You must be exhausted."

"Well ... chocolate mousse would suit my craving! But we shouldn't be long, 'cause I *am* getting tired."

Justin had been thoughtfully browsing the well-stocked bookshelves, when a young Mexican man entered wearing a white T-shirt, rumpled khakis, and sporting an undeveloped beard. His dark, beady eyes flashed at Justin through wire-rimmed spectacles.

"You played at my dad's party, yes?" he asked.

"Uh huh," said Justin, looking up from a volume of Dostoyevsky. "Did you hear the music?"

There was a lofty chuckle.

"No. I have better things to do with my time. Not that your music was a waste of time ... I wouldn't know, I didn't hear it. But attending my dad's well-oiled functions to please his bourgeois friends is utterly non-productive. You like Russian literature?"

"Love it."

"That's Dostoyevsky's *Idiot*, right?"

Justin looked at the spine. "Yeah."

"Great book, great writer."

"Yeah. *War and Peace* is one of my favorites."

"That's Tolstoy."

Justin gulped and smiled wanly. "Yeah, right. Tolstoy. Of course."

"So you're one of these Christian people that my dad's been going on about?"

"I suppose so."

The young man leaned up against the fireplace and stuffed his hands in his pockets, his head bobbing and his eyes darting fiercely from side to side.

"He doesn't need any more opiate of Christianity to turn his head. He even had an illegitimate kid with a chick from a Christian sex cult about twenty years back."

"You think it's wrong?"

"Mistakes he made twenty years ago are his concern. But he doesn't have to flaunt it in the face of his *real* kids. It's like he's almost *proud* of it. Since he's been estranged from my mother he's gone on about the other woman and her kid a lot. If they are so special, why doesn't



he go and live with *them*? Apparently he's even invited the guy to this extravaganza."

Justin began studying the spine of another book. *Lord, I claim the power of the keys to help me give him wise answers.*

The severity of the young man's countenance warmed into a smile. "Sorry for concerning you with all this sordid personal family business," he said and stuck out his hand. "My name's Rafael, by the way."

"Nice to meet you, Rafael. Do you work for your dad?"

"Wouldn't dream of it. I study. And more importantly, I make a *difference*."

"That's great. It's important to make a difference," said Justin.

Grim coldness returned to Rafael's face and he smacked his fist into his hand. "The world has had enough *talk*. It's time to *do* something."

"Exactly," said Justin.

"With people who will stand up and be counted..."

Justin nodded into the fierce visage that was now leaning into his. "That kind of people can be hard to find," he said.

"Wrong, my friend. *You've* got it in you. I can see it. And there's a potential *army* of youth living in squalor in this city, and God knows how many more there are on farms and in the boonies who want the opportunity to put their energies to better use than crime and slavery to the soil. With capital, this force can be harnessed and trained. And this" —Rafael waved his hand at their surroundings — "can be reduced to rubble."

"How do you propose to get this capital? Your father?"

"I wouldn't take a single peso from him for such a cause," said Rafael through clenched teeth. "I have contacts among top international financiers who are sincerely concerned for the plight of my country. Enough said."

Justin drew a deep breath, flipped through a few pages of the book in his hand and put it back onto the shelf.

"We can't change the world without changing people's hearts, Rafael. And it takes *love* to do that."

"Love!" sneered Rafael.

"People need a change of heart. Otherwise we'll be tearing down one corrupt system and replacing it with another."

The door opened, it was Kyra. "Justin..."

Rafael's mouth fell open. *Justin? Did she say "Justin"?*

"It's time to go," said Kyra. "The limo's waiting."

"The l ... limo?" Justin smiled weakly at Rafael who was staring at him, speechless. "Be right there."

"Who was that?" asked Kyra as she and Justin made their way down the stairs to the front doors.

"Rafael. Gabriela's brother."

"Luis' son?"

"That's right."

"Funny. He never mentioned him."

Chapter 7: New Beginning

Attempting a confident saunter as he passed by a group of traveling youth his own age, the fourteen-year-old boy slung his backpack onto the seat and sat down. He ran his hand over his freshly buzzed head, tugged at his earring and looked around the airport lounge.



It's great that they care, he thought as he saw his parents, Andrew and Lydia, still waving from behind the glass partition that now separated them. *But it's also embarrassing. None of those guys over there have their parents around like that.* He picked at the straps on his backpack, and tried to pretend his concerned watchers weren't there.

"Flight number 502 to Mexico City now boarding at gate number sixteen!"

With mixed feelings of relief and trepidation he stood up and gave one last sullen wave. He pushed his wide-cut jeans a little further down on his hips, and ambled over to the departure gate.

Once settled on the plane and having perused the in-flight magazine, the boy waited for takeoff. It was not the first time he had been on a plane, nor was it the first time he'd traveled alone. But this was different; it was goodbye to parents and home for how long, he had no idea, and *hola* to an unfamiliar land on the other side of the world. Mexicans had boarded the plane and he didn't speak or understand Spanish, despite his parents having given him a Berlitz handbook on the language a few weeks prior to his leaving. He had browsed the book briefly, but then figured he would wait until he got there and the need to learn Spanish became imperative.

A pretty, dark-eyed Mexican girl of about sixteen sat down next to him and said something to which he shrugged his shoulders and blushed. He rubbed his head and tugged on his earring.

The girl smiled. "*No habla Español?*"

The boy shook his head.

"I no speak English," the girl said. The plane started to shudder as it prepared for take off and she closed her eyes and fingered the crucifix around her neck as she muttered a prayer, after which she looked at the boy and smiled again.

"Mi nombre es Marisa, Marisa Galeriu. Tu nombre?"

"Abner."

"Mucho gusto."

The boy blushed again and looked out of the window. He thought of the last days at home. Auntie Faithy had been on a concerted effort to get him to memorize key promises on witnessing and becoming one. He could barely remember a single one now, except for a promise that Ivana had scribbled on a piece of paper after praying for him and claiming it in prayer. He pulled it out of his pocket. There was a heart and a couple of kisses scribbled after it along with an "I will miss you."

Ivana was a fifteen-year-old girl who lived in the ministry Home in Budapest, and had spent most of her life in Eastern Europe. Abner liked her, and after

grappling with turbulent emotions in the night seasons, considered himself in love with her. Although she was tons of fun, in his opinion she had a tendency to get too serious at devotions, but he respected her. She could pray good public prayers, which he at first thought were just for the sake of the adults, until they were alone together and her prayer for his departure, accompanied with a few tears, convinced him of her sincerity.

Abner himself had been good at public prayers when he had to be, and had known how to impress his parents and shepherds, but for two years now he had decided to just "be himself" and not put on a show of any sort of spirituality. Ivana had told him that this extreme was not the answer, and that it would be the loving thing to do if he could at least pray for the sake of his parents and others who cared about him. Abner wasn't sure if he agreed with that, but he knew he needed a change and that he wasn't happy unless he was sitting at his computer. Computer games and the Internet had been luring him away from reality, beckoning him to leave meals before prayer time, to neglect Word time, and to skip fellowship and mingling, until Abner had to admit to himself that it was as if he was at the beck and call of his Pentium's whim and fancy.

The flight was an overnight one, and after the



evening meal of standard airline fare, followed by a couple of movies and a restless night's sleep, Abner was woken up by a fierce jostling of the plane. He looked sleepily over at the Mexican girl who, with eyes firmly shut, was clutching her crucifix again and whispering a prayer. The "fasten seat belt" sign was on. Panic seized Abner's heart as he looked out of the plane window and saw that it was descending bumpily through thick clouds. He prayed. Then he reached into his backpack and tapped the girl's arm. She opened her eyes.

"For you. It's in Spanish."

She smiled. "*Gracias.*"

Abner looked out of the window again and saw that the plane had now come out of the clouds and was speeding headlong towards land. His clammy hands gripped the arms of his seat and he prayed again, desperately. He glanced at the girl who was reading the small tract he had given her; her face was glowing. She turned to him and pressed her hand to her chest. There were tears in her eyes.

"*Gracias. Gracias.*"

There was a jolt as the wheels of the plane hit the ground. The plane bounced and the wheels hit the ground again.

* * *

"You haven't seen him for how long?" asked Kyra.

Clay swung the van into the airport parking garage and let his eyes search for an empty space as he spoke. "He visited me briefly in Eastern Europe about three years ago, before I left for Mexico, but I haven't lived with him for any significant length of time since he was hmmm ... about six years old."

"How was he when you last saw him?"

"Sweet. Helpful. A good kid. Sounds like he's a lot different now."

"But he *adores* you," said Kyra. "You're his hero."

"We'll see. There's a big difference between being fourteen and eleven."

"I'm sure you'll do just great with him," said Kyra.

"I guess."

"You're having second thoughts?"

"I really love him. He is my kid brother, and it'd be great to have him around, but I struggled with the idea initially," Clay replied as the escalator took them to arrivals. "What with all we're getting involved with right now—important contacts and reaching the rich and now this Venezuela trip, I wasn't sure if it was something we could commit to at this point, and to be honest, I didn't feel I could be the strength and support he'd need."

"Well, the Lord said we should take him in," said Kyra. "And He promised that it'd be good for him, and I'm sure the Lord will help you to be just what he needs."

Three years is a long time, and he looks different, thought Abner as he recognized his older brother approaching him. *He doesn't dress very cool. And who's the chick? His girlfriend? Pretty.*

Abner stiffened and looked furtively around as Clay hugged him. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Marisa, who waved at him. He blushed and pretended not to see her.

"It's okay. Mexicans hug each other," said Kyra, and introduced herself.

"I'm coming to an all SGA Home, right?" asked Abner.

"Pretty much," said Clay.

"Cool."

"With the exception of Javier," said Kyra. "He's an FGA, but he's only in his late thirties and gives a wide berth!"

Clay laughed. "But don't get any ideas, Abner! You won't get away with anything around Mer, and she's only seventeen. And 'Auntie' Kyra here raises a *mean* standard!"

"Clay," said Kyra.

A smile flickered on Abner's face.

"How was the flight?" Clay asked, picking up Abner's luggage.

"Okay. A bit scary at the end. I didn't realize we were landing."

"Hungry?"

Abner shook his head, put on his headphones and switched on the MP3 player attached to his belt. They made their way back to the parking garage, clambered into the van and after a few attempts at conversation were lost to Abner's headphones, Clay and Kyra spent the rest of the return journey in thoughtful prayer.

* * *

Upon arriving home, and introducing him to the rest of the Home members, Kyra took Abner to his bedroom which was a small maid's room situated by the laundry area. His face, which was already sullen, fell even further and he muttered an obscenity.

Kyra picked up on it immediately. "Hey, we don't use that kind of lingo around here, okay?"

Abner blushed, gulped, and stammered a "yes, ma'am."

"What's the problem?"

"N ... no computer."

"Right. There're only two in the Home. Justin has one, which Mer and I use, and Clay shares Javier's laptop for business. Maybe you can ask to use Justin's once in a while."

"Once in a while?"

"Well," Kyra said, "you're welcome to pray one in, or even try provisioning one. In fact, we could use another one."

"The evenings are going to be super boring," mumbled Abner.

"Not around here they won't, I assure you!"

With crisp efficiency, Kyra showed him the rest of the house while informing him of the schedule, house

story feature

rules, and a general rundown on their neighbors and immediate vicinity. Abner's eyes lit up to know there was a shopping mall and a pizza joint about a block away.

"Dinner's in a couple of hours," said Kyra once everything was what she considered in order. "You might want to nap, or if you want to go on the attack against jet lag you could hold off till bedtime."

With a warm hug and reassurances that he was going to enjoy his new life, Kyra left Abner to contemplate the new surroundings that came with it.

* * *

As a Home they'd spent time talking about the pros and cons of going to Venezuela at Hector Fuentes' request. "Isn't it a little 'out there'?" Mer had asked the rest of the team. Most of them felt the same way, as if they were being pushed out of the nest quicker than they'd anticipated. However, when they'd brought it to the Lord, He'd given a number of clear confirmations, saying that this open door was a step for them into their destiny, to discover the verity of the Word and to see miracles like never before. There were several mentions in the messages that were somewhat cryptic, and when bringing it back to the Lord, He'd told them that those mysteries would unfold with each step they took. With the many promises the Lord had given, the team began their

preparations, starting with contacting the Homes in Caracas about the possibility of their venture.

With the trip to Venezuela looming closer, the Lord had told the Luna team that they should take some extra time to practice in the evenings. Abner was invited, who, not having the courage to ask Justin for the use of his computer, and not necessarily relishing the idea of others being privy to his online activities, decided to go to the practice sessions. He hung around, forcing himself to appear unimpressed with the band's performance, until Clay sparked in him an interest for the mixer and PA system. Clay also saw this as an opportunity to take care of a few pending business details and after giving Abner a few basic instructions, left him under the headphones to listen and toy with the controls.

This led Javier, who wanted a free hand to experiment with a tambourine and bongos during a rehearsal of "Scaling Up," to throw Abner a couple of maracas and

ask him to shake them with a slow back and forth motion in time to the music.

"Hey," said Kyra, "looks like you've got a talent for that."

"Um, yeah," mumbled Abner. "Uncle Emil at home showed me a few things."

The ease and an impeccably steady sense of time with which Abner took to his new task, along with confirming prophecies received later on, sealed his place as a valuable member of the Luna band.

To be continued...



clearwater

(Xn: Message given to a young person.)

(Spirit being speaking:)

My name is Clearwater, and I am one of your helpers whose ministry is to help you in your gift of prophecy. I specialize in helping you hear and interpret the waters as they come through, not just the sound of the waters but translating them into words that you can understand and record. It is the gift of interpretation. There are many who have heard these waters from Heaven, you can even read about it in the Bible, but to them it just sounded like “many waters,” the sound of actual water running. And it is water. It is the Word of the Lord. His fountains are living water, the water of life, the voice of many waters, His streams that never run dry that you can drink of and that quench your thirst.

I will help you to be able to put all other thoughts out of your mind when it comes time to suck down the waters, to be able to focus and to hear them clearly. I will cause your heart to be prayerful and your fingers to run across the keyboard like streams of running water, swiftly and easily.

Many waters will pass over you, washing not only you but many others with clean, pure, clear waters. *(End of message.)*

(Xn: Struggling with your gift of prophecy? Go ahead and ask the Lord for a special gift like Clearwater to help you!)



And, behold, the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east: and His voice was like a noise of many waters: and the earth shined with His glory (Ezekiel 43:2).

And His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and His voice as the sound of many waters (Revelation 1:15).

Notable Quote:

If you could only see the spiritual help you have available to you—and you can see it, if you ask the Lord to open your eyes in the spirit—then you wouldn't stop calling for their help, because you'd be awakened to the giant supernatural wellspring of help available to you.—Dad

(“Mama’s Birthday 2002, Part 1,” ML #3443:9)

The Heavenly Man

More converts and Miracles

Part 8

Soon after Brother Huang's execution in October 1984, Yun was taken from the detention prison he was in and sent to the Baoshan labor reform farm. This was located at the border of Henan and Hubei provinces. A range of mountains encircles it, giving it a particular climate. Most of the year there is heavy fog and rain. There are many mosquitoes and poisonous snakes.

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

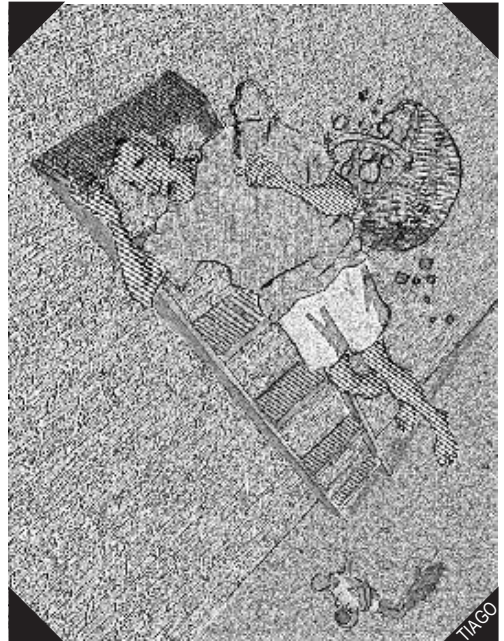
Most of the populace make their living by growing rice, so this labor reform farm, with more than 1,000 prisoners, was surrounded with flooded rice paddies. During the four years Yun was in the labor reform camp, mist and water became his daily companions. Every time he stepped into the flooded rice paddies to work, leeches

would crawl up to his thighs. There were so many that with one swipe he could catch a whole handful.

The second day that Yun arrived at the labor reform farm with the other prisoners, he had to dig a ditch. Then they carried the earth up a ladder to an upper slope. From the time of his arrest, he had

encountered health-ruining attacks, so his body was very weak. As he struggled to carry one load of earth to the top of the ladder, he became dizzy and fainted. With the load of earth he tumbled down to the ground below.

It was a long time before he regained consciousness.



Upon seeing what had happened, the brigade supervisor came over and asked Yun for what crime he had been sentenced. After reading his sentence, he nodded his head and said softly, "Oh, so it was for believing in Jesus. One who believes in Jesus is not a bad person!"

From that time on, the brigade supervisor was a bit more lenient towards Yun. Before long, those in the same cell as Yun sensed that he was no ordinary person. His words had a special power. He was full of love and compassion toward others, and everyone gradually developed a great respect for him. Yun earned a reputation throughout the prison labor camp as the Christian who had fasted for 74 days.

There was a 70-year-old Catholic priest who had been sentenced to ten years in prison for opposing the use of the Catholic Church as a political tool. He had been taken to this labor reform farm the year before Yun arrived. Yun looked for ways to meet



with him. At first the priest was wary of Yun and would not so much as greet him. But Yun prayed for him fervently. He gave him milk powder and some of the food that the brothers and sisters brought him. Eventually the priest came to know all about the suffering that Yun had gone through in prison and how he had fasted for 74 days. He could not help but respect him, and from that time on, his attitude towards Yun changed.

Yun gave him a Bible and some spiritual books and he was thrilled beyond

description. He was a very learned person, and after studying the Bible and the spiritual books, he received the joy of salvation. He became one of Yun's closest co-workers in the labor reform camp. After both of them were released from prison, the priest visited him regularly and often invited him to the Catholic church to preach.

Yun touched the life of another prisoner named Zhou, who had been sent to a large Buddhist monastery when he was eight years old to receive training to

be a monk. Hence, he had been a monk for several decades and not only did he have a thorough grasp of the Buddhist teachings but he was also a calligrapher. People were all the more amazed when they discovered that he was skilled in martial arts as well. His fingers could penetrate bricks and he could smash stones with his palms.

Once when he had gone to the market to purchase something, a pickpocket had stolen his money. He grabbed him and hit him only lightly, but the thief had died. This was reported to the PSB. Aware that Zhou had amazing abilities in martial arts, several armed policemen were sent to capture him. Even if he could fly, how could he escape being captured by these well-trained policemen all armed with weapons? Zhou was eventually apprehended and beaten with electric batons and rifle butts until he was barely alive. His left arm was broken.

While being held at a detention center, he heard the Gospel



of Jesus Christ and was attracted by what he heard. He began to doubt the teachings of the Buddhist religion of "no color, no taste, no feeling, no consciousness" and the "five abstinences." (Xn: For an outline of the Buddhist religion, see *CLTP* mag 04, "Great Men and Women of God—Part 1, William Carey." You can find it on your CVC pubs CD, or on the MO site.)

After he was sentenced he was sent to Yun's labor reform camp. Within a few days of his arrival at the camp, he met Yun. Yun explained

to him in detail the superior way of salvation through Jesus and showed him the errors in the Buddhist religion and the sin of idol worship. Zhou immediately surrendered all his charms and different types of amulets and burned them. He confessed his sins to the Lord, repented, and turned to Jesus.

One was a Catholic priest, and the other an active disciple of Buddhism. But both were touched by the saving grace of Jesus Christ, and became Yun's brethren.

On December 25 of 1985, A-Hong and another brother came

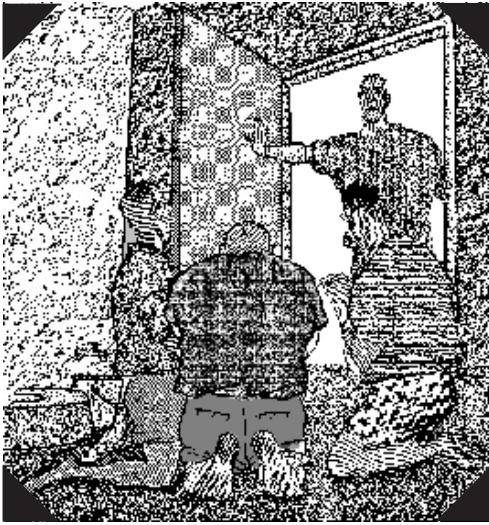
to visit Yun in prison. Yun was greatly touched by this. He said to the supervisor of the brigade, "My two brothers here need to go to the lavatory, and we ask for your permission." The supervisor was very friendly towards Yun so he granted his request. Yun did this so that they could celebrate Christmas and worship the Lord in private together.

When the three of them entered the toilet, they remembered the birth of the Lord and visualized the Lord in the manger. Yun began to weep

streams of tears and kneeling on the floor prayed, "Lord, the situation is such that we can only worship You in a place as this. You became a poor baby and were born in a freezing manger. Lord, we want to have a part in Your manger, a part in Your suffering, and a part in Your cross."

While they were thus praying, someone came suddenly. It was a man named Ke, who was a relative of the supervisor of the labor reform camp. Ke was also the group leader of the prisoners. He was





a very wicked man who continually reported the prisoners to the authorities and behaved like a tyrant.

When Ke discovered the three brothers praying in the toilet, he yelled at them, "Yun, how dare you privately bring outsiders into the reform camp to conduct superstitious activities. I am going to report you to the superiors!"

Yun felt the power of the Holy Spirit well up in him and he said boldly, "Ke, how dare you oppose our true God? In the holy name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I command you to kneel down, surrender to the Lord, and repent!"

Ke found himself kneeling on the floor and, just like Saul on the road to Damascus, surrendered to the Lord.

(Xr: Coming next: "The Heavenly Man, Part 9: A Gift While Solitary.")

Message from Jesus

I have made you all things to all men, that you might win some. Whether you are faced with a Catholic priest, a Buddhist monk, an irate guard, or some other type of person, I hold the key to that one's heart and can place it in your hand. That key may be an elaborate discourse on the doctrines of Christianity, it may be just one simple song or gesture of kindness, or it may be a Spirit-filled rebuke.

Whatever the lock, I have the key. So call on the keys of witness and of wisdom and of discernment, that you may be Endtime locksmiths for Me. (End of prophecy.)

Keys Promises

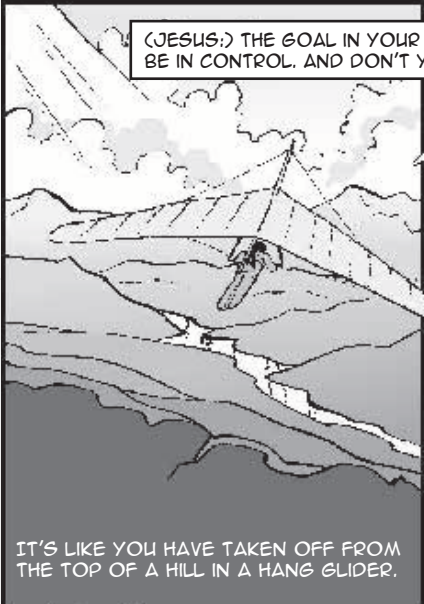
The keys of witnessing are especially activated when it comes to feeding the hungry. They anoint and give you exactly what you need at the time you need it.

As you call on the keys of witness and anointing, I will give you the power that you need to give My Words that will cut the Enemy to the heart and set the captives free!

Wisdom, understanding, knowledge, discernment, and sound counsel will be given to those who depend on the keys.

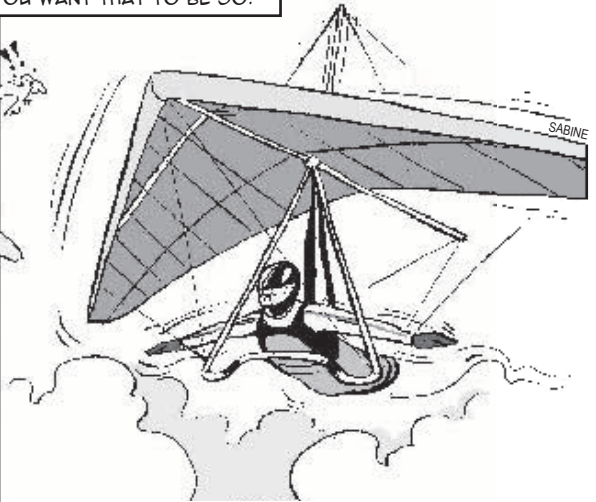
The keys can unlock the need of every heart.

ENJOY THE FLIGHT



(JESUS:) THE GOAL IN YOUR LIFE FOR ME IS THAT I WILL BE IN CONTROL. AND DON'T YOU WANT THAT TO BE SO?

IT'S LIKE YOU HAVE TAKEN OFF FROM THE TOP OF A HILL IN A HANG GLIDER.

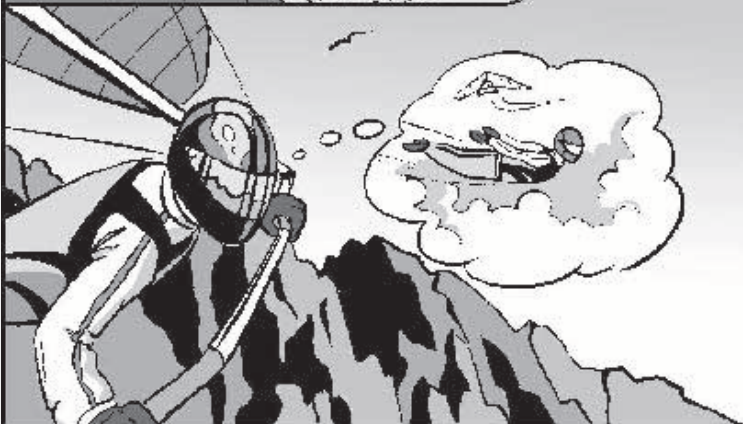


BUT RATHER THAN JUST ENJOYING THE FLIGHT AND YIELDING AND LETTING THE GLIDER CARRY YOU, YOU ARE CONTINUING TO FLAP YOUR ARMS, AND EVEN KICK YOUR FEET AND DO WHAT **YOU** CAN TO KEEP YOURSELF IN THE AIR. BUT HOW FOOLISH THAT IS, YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO POWER, STRENGTH OR TALENT IN THE WAY OF FLYING. YOU CAN'T DO IT. THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO BUT YIELD AND LET THE GLIDER CARRY YOU.

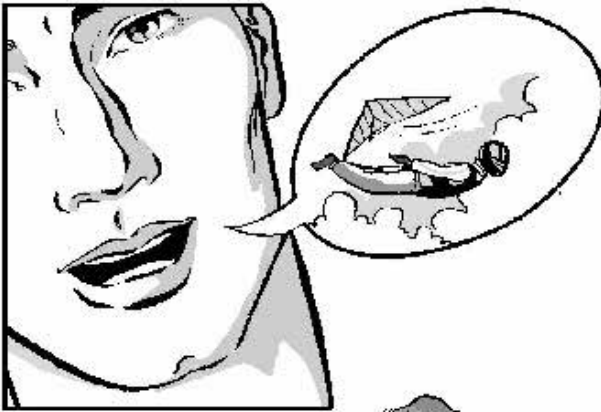


LET ME CARRY YOU. YES, THERE ARE TIMES AND PLACES WHERE YOU CAN STEER THE GLIDER.

THESE ARE CHOICES THAT I GIVE YOU AS YOU FLOW ALONG ON THE AIR CURRENT OF MY WILL. AND YOU CAN SEE HOW THE CHOICES CAN AFFECT YOUR FLYING AND WHERE YOU END UP.



BUT IF YOU DECIDE THAT YOU NO LONGER WANT TO FLOW ON MY CURRENT, AND YOU CHOOSE TO DETACH YOURSELF FROM THE GLIDER, WHERE WILL YOU END UP? CAN YOU THEN FLAP YOUR ARMS AND KICK YOUR FEET, AND GET WHERE YOU WANT TO GO? YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT—IT IS NOT EVEN A CONSIDERATION, AND YOU HAVE RARELY EVEN THOUGHT OF THAT.



SAD TO SAY, YOU DID VOICE THAT THOUGHT ONCE IN THIS TIME OF TRIAL—THAT YOU WOULD PERHAPS BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THE GLIDER. VOICING SUCH A THOUGHT WAS WRONG, AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU KNEW IT AT THE TIME, BUT IN YOUR STUBBORNNESS AND WILLFULNESS YOU KIND OF WANTED TO SEE WHERE THOSE THOUGHTS WOULD LEAD.

BUT AS DAD HAS ALWAYS TOLD YOU, IF YOU WANT TO GO THE WRONG WAY, YOU DON'T NEED TO DRAG OTHERS THERE WITH YOU.


EVERYONE HAS INFLUENCE, AND A CARELESS WORD SPOKEN HERE OR THERE CAN AFFECT OTHERS FAR BEYOND WHAT YOU THINK. WORDS ARE REAL THINGS, THEY DWELL ON IN THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS AND IN YOUR THOUGHTS, AND INFLUENCE THEIR DECISIONS AND YOUR DECISIONS. SO TAKE CARE OF YOUR WORDS. THIS IS WHY I SAID, "BY THY WORDS SHALT THOU BE JUSTIFIED AND BY THY WORDS SHALT THOU BE CONDEMNED" (MATTHEW 12:37).



SO TAKE CARE OF YOUR WORDS. THEY ARE LEFT HANGING IN THE AIR WHERE YOU SAID THEM, SO WHEN YOU OR HE PASS THAT WAY, YOU SEE AND FEEL THOSE WORDS AGAIN. BUT I AM STRONGER THAN ALL THINGS, AND CERTAINLY STRONGER THAN SOME WORDS HANGING IN THE AIR. REBUKE THEM, PRAY AGAINST THEM, AND I WILL BLOW THEM AWAY, AND THEY WILL BE COMPLETELY GONE. LET GO OF THEM. DON'T TRY TO HOLD ON TO THEM OR REMEMBER THEM, FOR I WANT THEM GONE TOO.

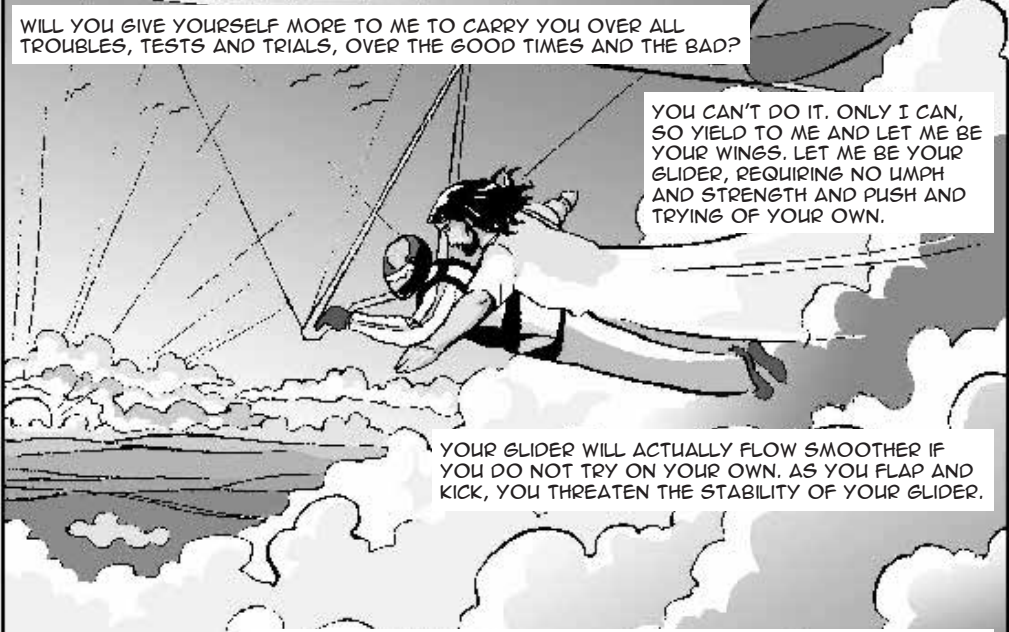
LET'S GET BACK TO THE PICTURE OF THE GLIDER. RELAX NOW, AND LET ME CARRY YOU. IT REALLY IS NO WORK OF YOUR OWN.

THE STRENGTH, THE PROTECTION, THE "GLIDINGNESS" PROVIDED BY THE GLIDER IS ALL OF ME.



YOU CANNOT FLY, BUT I CAN CARRY YOU. WILL YOU LET ME?

WILL YOU GIVE YOURSELF MORE TO ME TO CARRY YOU OVER ALL TROUBLES, TESTS AND TRIALS, OVER THE GOOD TIMES AND THE BAD?



YOU CAN'T DO IT. ONLY I CAN, SO YIELD TO ME AND LET ME BE YOUR WINGS. LET ME BE YOUR GLIDER, REQUIRING NO LUMP AND STRENGTH AND PUSH AND TRYING OF YOUR OWN.

YOUR GLIDER WILL ACTUALLY FLOW SMOOTHER IF YOU DO NOT TRY ON YOUR OWN. AS YOU FLAP AND KICK, YOU THREATEN THE STABILITY OF YOUR GLIDER.

AS YOU RELAX AND YIELD, IT CAN CARRY YOU TO PARTS UNKNOWN, ABOVE AND BEYOND WHAT YOU IN YOUR CARNAL MIND CAN PLAN OR ANTICIPATE.

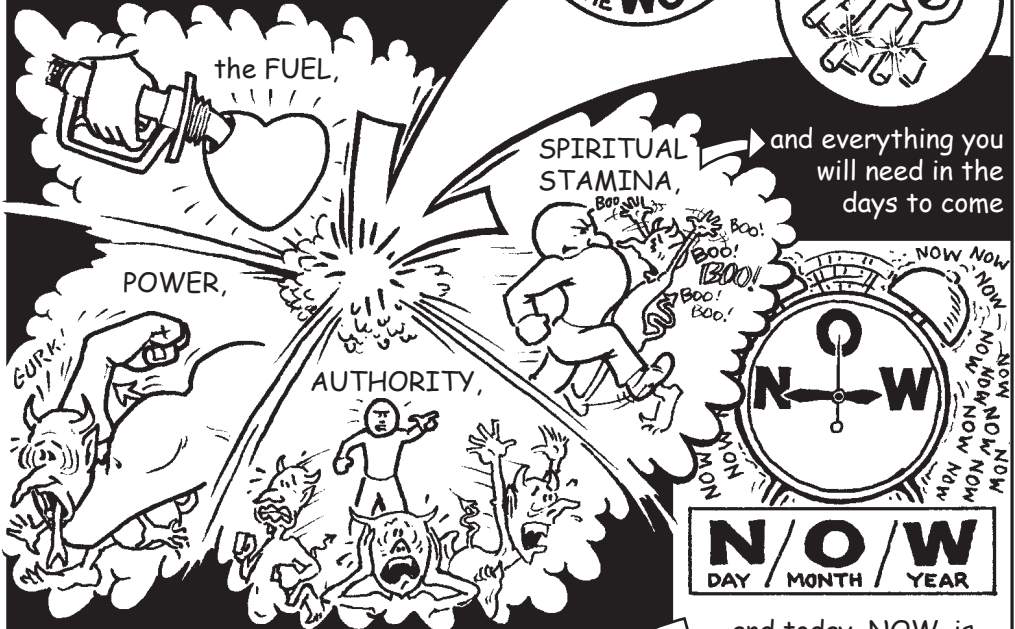


THAT IS THE THRILL OF GLIDING. LETTING THE WIND CARRY YOU. LETTING ME CARRY YOU WHITHERSOEVER I WILL.

AN ENDTIME PHENOMENON (ML #3433:81)

There are chemical compounds on Earth such as water, which is made up of the elements hydrogen and oxygen. Well, in the spirit it's like that too.

I, PLUS MY WORD, PLUS THE KEYS, combine to make



and everything you will need in the days to come

IT'S AN ENDTIME PHENOMENON, A SPIRITUAL FACT!

—and today, NOW, is when you must prepare.

So those who are neglecting the Word aren't going to have that powerful chemical combination in the spirit.

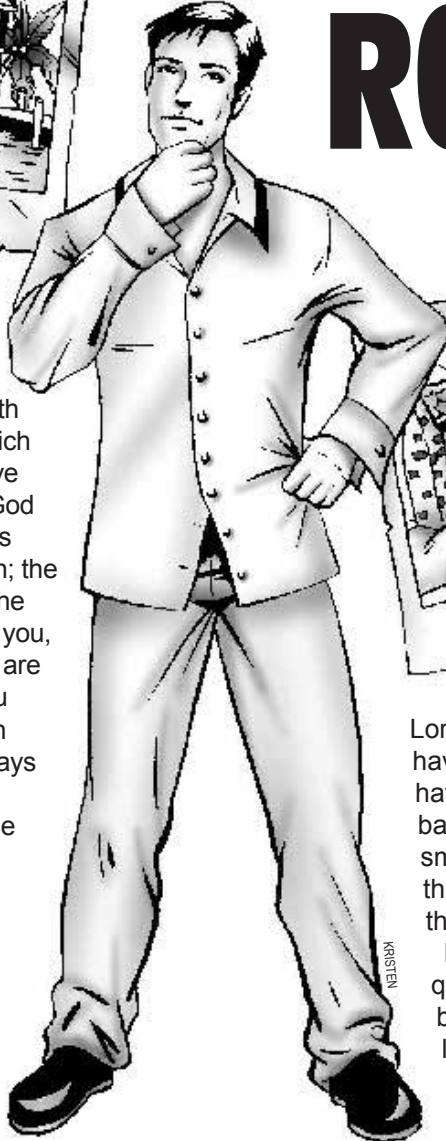


Something will be missing, and you'll be sorry when you find yourself in a situation when you need to use this full power,



and that time isn't far away.

Beach House or House on ROCK?



B (Dad:) “Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed. ... It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.” (John 6:27,63). You will understand this truth more and more in the days to come.

I can identify with the temptation to wonder, “Well, why can’t we just live for today, why can’t we explore these money-making possibilities that look quite promising and then we’ll live by faith and trust the

Lord when we absolutely have to, when we don’t have anything else to fall back on. Wouldn’t that be smart? Wouldn’t that be the way to go—like having the best of both worlds?”

I can see the logic in this question, but let’s step back for a minute and look a little further, not just here and now, but at the big picture.

What comes to mind is the parable the Lord gave of building your house on a rock instead of the sand.

Let's say you're about to build yourself a house. You look around and see lots of people building some mighty fine mansions right on the beach and you think, "How cool!—I'd like to do that too."

But the Lord says: "Come up higher. Leave this plan that looks so awfully good, and build your house on Me the Rock. Deny yourself, and take up your cross daily and follow Me. Trust in My plan. Trust that I have a purpose in all the things I ask of you, even if you can't see it just now."

You think about it and it doesn't really make sense. You weigh things up in your mind, "Beach house, or house on rock? ... Beach house, or house on rock?" When you think about it in the flesh, it's not a tough call—the beach house certainly looks more appealing—but because the

Lord is asking this of you, you take it by faith and say, "Okay Lord, not my will but Thine be done."

So you go about your work of building your house on the rock. It's obviously not as nice as having it right by the water. It's a lot more work to build. It's certainly not as convenient, cool or practical—at least it doesn't seem that way to you.

But then the floods come—and trust me, they always *do* come, and ... well you know how the story ends.

This may sound simplistic, and maybe it is a rather simple way of looking at things, but simple or not, it's true!



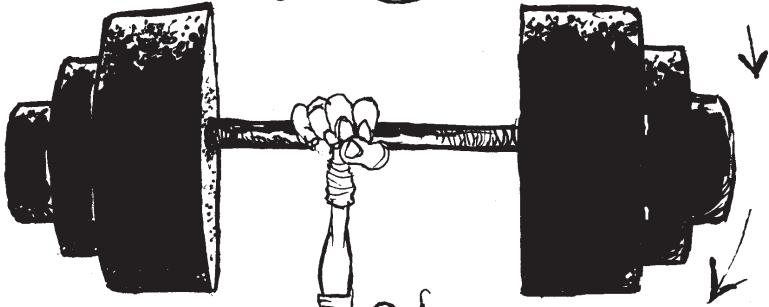
Notable Quotes

Compromising for gain, to keep your friends, or to make money, will come back to you as empty pipe dreams.—Timothy

It's so difficult to say yes to My will sometimes. The Devil ... illuminates all the sacrifices involved, making you feel that the path of following My will and saying yes is strewn with misery and pain. He yells in your ears, telling you how much you will lose if you follow Me. He does everything within his spiritual power to hide from you the fact of My Word, that "whosoever will save his life will lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for My Name's sake, the same will save it."—Jesus

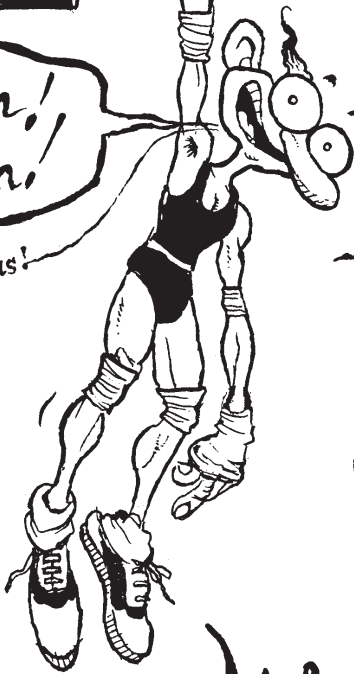
("Issues 15: Timothy's Testimony," ML#3444:94,138)

Let Jesus



Heh!
Heh!

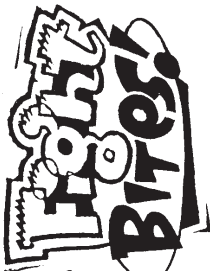
Thank YOU Jesus!



BE
AR

the

weight(s)



David Komic



(XN: IF YOU FEEL YOU CAN'T GO ON ANOTHER DAY, DIG OUT THIS GREAT LETTER, AND LEARN HOW YOU TOO CAN MASTER THIS WEIGHTLIFTING TRICK: "LET JESUS BEAR THE WEIGHT!" ML #2987. TIP: IF YOU DON'T HAVE A HARD COPY IN YOUR HOME, YOU CAN FIND IT ON THE MO SITE, IN THE PUBS DOWNLOAD SECTION.)

IMPORTANCE OF TRACTS

BY JOSHUA, PRISCILA
AND FAITHY, BRAZIL



