



Having An Indelible Impact

Why Cherish Our Life?

The Yellow Brick Road, Part 1



GUARDIANS

OF THE FLAME OF REVOLUTION!



(Jesus:) Today I once again ignite to full power the torch of revolution of the children of David and Maria and Peter! Its flame will flicker no more, but will burn with the brilliance of My awesome strength, might and power. ...

I have commissioned two mighty ones, chosen from among My most courageous archangels. ... They hold the keys to the Kingdom that are given to the children of David in their hands. ... These also bear the torch that burns with the white-hot fires of revolution!

The Selvegion are driven back, lethargy melts, Pan and Bacchus cower; they fear and tremble at the might and strength of the prayers of My children! ... These are no match for the fire that ignites My Endtime brides.

...These two mighty archangels that you saw holding the flame are now bound to the children of David. They will stand guard day and night as guardians of the flame of revolution that burns brightly in

the heart of each of My brides, those who have given their all to Me. ...

This is the eternal flame of the revolution of the children of David. Today it once again burns brightly in full blaze! Its intricate handle bears the name of each of My brides who have committed their all to Me. I have personally carved each name in pure gold, that there may be no mistake who belongs to Me.

Let the fire of revolution burn deep in your hearts, My loves. Let it never go out. This torch will light your way. It will guide you through the troublous times as you keep it ablaze in your hearts forever. ...

("Fast-day Miracles!" ML #3384: 23-33, Post-It GN #1, December 2001)

(Xn: Read the full "Guardians of the Flame" message again! And as with all Xn covers, you can download this one in color from the art/photos section of the MO site. Keep the fire of revolution burning in your hearts!)



Blade: Having An Indelible Impact...7;

The Yellow Brick Road, Part 1...11; **Radicals**

Unlimited: The Heavenly Man, Part 9...24;

Story Feature: Scale Up, Chapters 8-9...17;

That's Why: Why Cherish Our Life?...23;

***Toon Feature:** Doormatrix...28

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WHY WE NEED A WORD REVOLUTION!



(MAMA:) THERE ARE A LOT OF REASONS WHY YOU NEED MORE WORD. CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING REASONS WHY THE LORD SAID WE'RE FACING AN EMERGENCY, WHY EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US MUST HAVE A CHANGE REGARDING OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE WORD. WE MUST HAVE A WORD REVOLUTION, READING, ABSORBING AND LIVING THE WORD LIKE NEVER BEFORE!

REASON #1

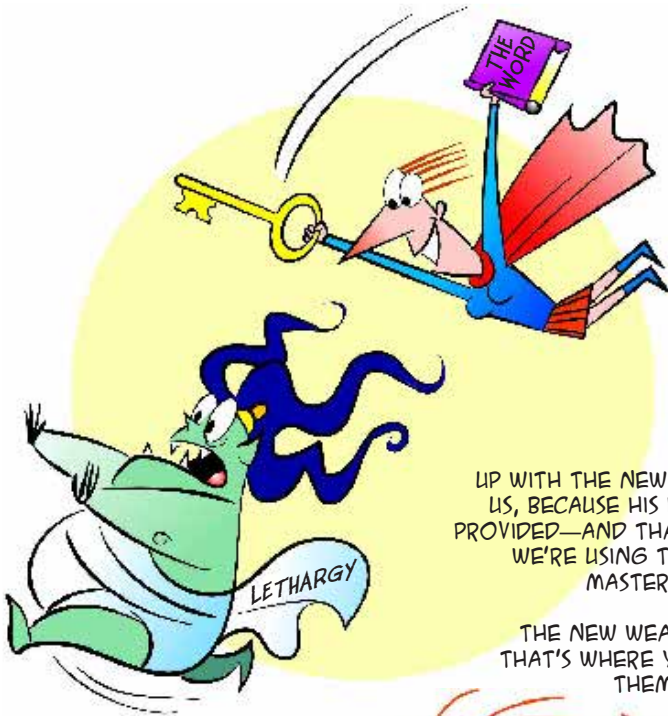
TIME IS SHORT. IT'S VITAL THAT WE LEARN WHAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO NOW SO THAT HE CAN BUILD ON IT. IT'S CRUCIAL THAT YOU KEEP UP WITH YOUR SPIRITUAL "CALCULUS" CLASS; OTHERWISE YOU SLACK OFF, TAKE A BREAK, SPACE OUT, WASTE WEEKS OR MONTHS, AND PRETTY SOON YOU'RE BEHIND.



REASON #2



THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO BE DISCIPLES ARE HELD TO A DIFFERENT STANDARD. OTHER BELIEVERS HAVEN'T BEEN GIVEN AS MUCH TRUTH AND THEY'RE NOT AS ACCOUNTABLE. BUT YOU ARE! YOU HAVE MORE TRUTH THAN ANYONE WHO HAS EVER LIVED, AND THE LORD IS WATCHING TO SEE WHAT YOU'LL DO WITH IT.



REASON #3

THE SPIRITUAL WARFARE HAS INTENSIFIED. THERE'S NOTHING DELICATE ABOUT THE DEVIL. HE'S NOT A GENTLEMAN WHO JUST TRIES TO CAUSE A BIT OF TROUBLE. SATAN'S ABILITY TO HURT YOU WHEN YOU'RE UNGUARDED AND UNPROTECTED HAS INCREASED. HE HAS MORE POWER TO ATTACK YOU IN THESE LAST DAYS. THAT ISN'T A PROBLEM FOR THOSE WHO HAVE KEPT UP WITH THE NEW WEAPONS THE LORD HAS GIVEN US, BECAUSE HIS POWER IS NO MATCH FOR OURS, PROVIDED—AND THAT'S THE KEY WORD, PROVIDED—WE'RE USING THOSE WEAPONS AND BECOMING MASTERS IN THE ART OF SPIRITUAL WAR!

THE NEW WEAPONS ARE FOUND IN THE WORD. THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL DISCOVER THEM, RECEIVE THEM, AND BE TRAINED IN THEIR USE.

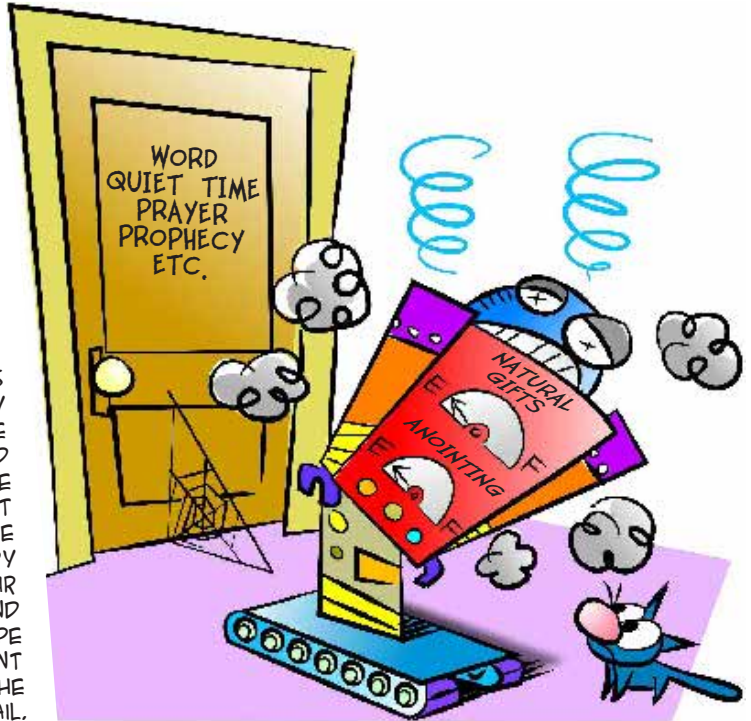
REASON #4

THE PULL OF THE WORLD HAS INCREASED EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK THERE'S DARKNESS, AND THAT DARKNESS AFFECTS YOU. THE WORLD HAS BECOME UGLY, UNGODLY AND EVIL—THE NO-ABSOLUTES, ANYTHING-GOES, PRAYERLESS, GODLESS EDUCATION SYSTEM; THE WARMONGERING, MONEY-LOVING, CORRUPT GOVERNMENTS; THE VIOLENT, PERVERTED ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY; THE COMPROMISED, WORLDLY, LOST RELIGIOUS SYSTEM. THE SYSTEM IS CONTROLLED BY THE ENEMY NOW. AND WE ALL LIVE SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF IT. THE DEVIL CONTROLS THE WORLD SYSTEMS, AND HE WANTS TO CONTROL YOU. AND SINCE HIS INFLUENCE IS STRONGER THAN IN TIMES PAST, YOU MUST BE STRONGER TOO, IN THE WORD!



REASON #5

THE LORD ISN'T ALLOWING YOUR NATURAL GIFTS AND ANOINTING TO BE AS EFFECTIVE ANYMORE IF YOU'RE NOT GIVING THE WORD, PRAYER, PROPHECY, QUIET TIMES OF REFLECTION WITH THE LORD, AND THE USE OF THE NEW WEAPONS SUFFICIENT PLACE IN YOUR LIFE. YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO GO FOR WEEKS IN THE PAST WITH VERY LITTLE WORD, ON SOME KIND OF PUSH OR RED ALERT, TAKING CARE OF EMERGENCIES. BUT IF YOU NEGLECT THE WORD NOW AND TRY TO DEPEND ON YOUR EXPERIENCE, GIFTS AND TALENTS, AND JUST HOPE THE LORD WILL ANOINT YOU FOR WHATEVER THE NEED IS, YOU'LL FAIL.



REASON #6

YOU'RE ENTERING MORE INTO THE ERA OF MIRACLES. THE POWER TO WORK MIRACLES THROUGH THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM DOESN'T COME INTO YOUR LIFE CASUALLY OR HAPHAZARDLY. YOU HAVE TO WANT IT AND GO AFTER IT WITH A VENGEANCE. YOU'LL RECEIVE AS MUCH OF THAT MIRACLE-WORKING POWER AS YOU DESPERATELY DESIRE, AND IT'S LINKED DIRECTLY TO YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF LOVE FOR, AND OBEDIENCE TO THE WORD.

THE WORD IS THE GATEWAY TO MIRACLES.



REASON #7

THE KEYS PROMISES AND THE POWER OF THE KEYS WORK THROUGH AND IN CONJUNCTION WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF AND OBEDIENCE TO THE WORD. HOW MUCH YOU CAN WIELD THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM AND THE KEYS PROMISES, HOW MANY MIRACLES YOU'LL SEE, HOW MUCH YOU WILL CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY THROUGH YOUR PRAYERS, DEPENDS ON



YOUR SPIRITUAL POWER, AND THAT COMES FROM THE WORD. THAT'S WHAT THE LORD MEANT WHEN HE SAID: "FOR THOSE WHO FIGHT TO TAKE THE WORD IN, WHO LIVE IN THE WORD, FEED ON THE WORD, AND TRULY ABSORB THE WORD AND APPLY IT TO THEIR LIVES, THE FRUITS WILL BE MORE VISIBLE. THEIR POWER WILL BE MORE OUTSTANDING AND THE RESULTS WILL BE INDISPUTABLY NOTICEABLE. THESE WILL GO FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH, AND THEY WILL PERFORM EXPLOITS!"

THAT IS THE LORD'S CHALLENGE, AND THAT'S THE REWARD. NOW IT'S UP TO YOU TO DECIDE WHAT YOU WANT.

(EXCERPTS OF ML #3433:104-120.
READ THE WHOLE THING AGAIN!)

HOW CAN WE FIND MORE TIME FOR THE WORD?

(EXCERPTS OF ML #3444:138-149)

(POINTERS TAKEN FROM "WHAT IS JESUS WORTH TO YOU?")

(MAMA:) THE LORD WOULDN'T PUT THIS CHALLENGE BEFORE US IF IT WERE IMPOSSIBLE. THERE HAS TO BE A REAL WAY TO DO IT. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE OUT TO FIND, THAT SOLUTION, THAT WORKABLE PLAN!

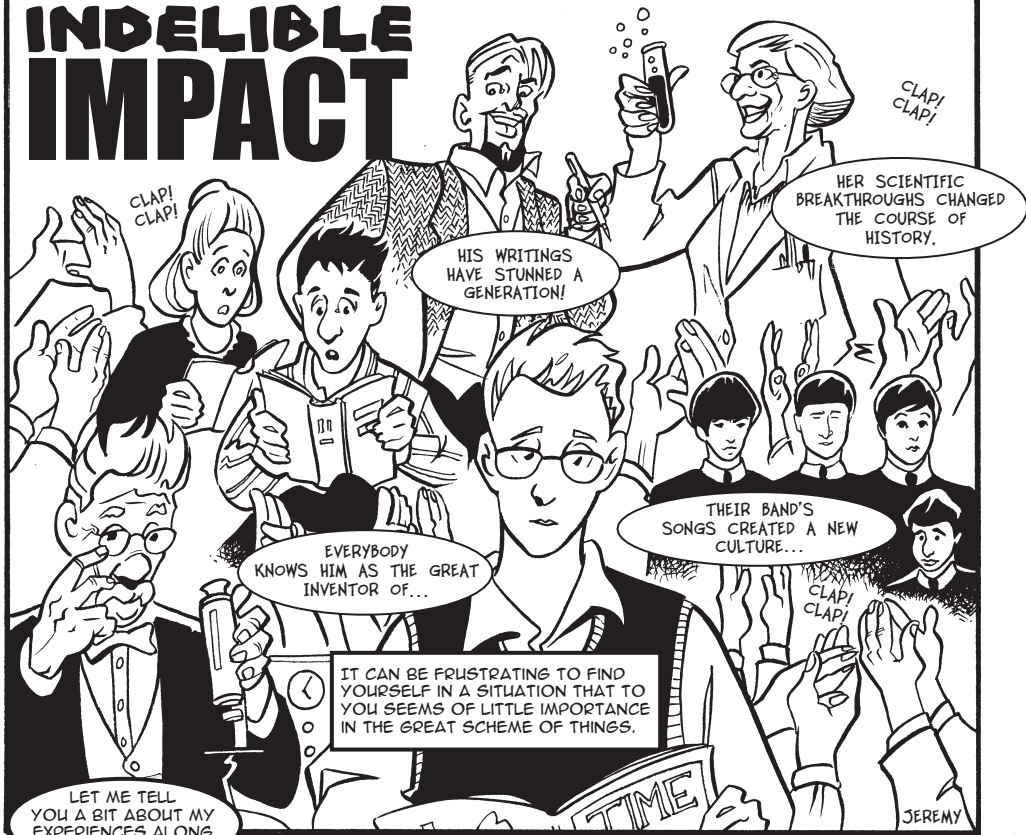
- FIND DELIVERANCE FROM BAD HABITS AND WRONG APPETITES THAT ARE STEALING YOUR TIME THAT COULD BE SPENT IN THE WORD.
- GET THE VISION AND REALIZE HOW MUCH WE ALL NEED TO CHANGE IN OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE LORD AND THE WORD.
- SEEK HIM, REEVALUATE OUR SCHEDULES, AND FIND A WAY TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.
- SET UP SAFEGUARDS TO HELP US REMAIN FOCUSED AND DEVELOP NEW HABITS.
- COMMIT TO BEING DOERS OF THE WORD, AND PRAY FOR EACH OTHER AND OURSELVES THAT WE'LL HAVE THE STRENGTH, BY HIS GRACE, TO FOLLOW THROUGH.
- HAVE UNITED PRAYER AND ASK THE LORD TO DELIVER YOU. PRAY AGAINST THE INFLUENCES OF PAN, BACCHUS, APOTHEON, AND ARAKAN.
- ASK FOR ADDITIONAL SPIRIT HELPERS.
- HELP EACH OTHER BY SETTING SAFEGUARDS.
- WHEN THERE'S TOO MUCH TO DO, SPEND MORE TIME WITH THE LORD PUT JESUS TO THE TEST.
- FIGHT MORE IN INTERCESSORY PRAYER. LET THE LORD DO MORE OF THE WORK.
- WORK MORE IN TEAMWORK WITH OTHERS. SHARE THE WORKLOAD.
- STAY RIGHT WITH THE LORD. KEEP YOUR LIFE AND HOME FREE FROM THE SINS OF DISUNITY, WORLDLINESS, COMPROMISE OR DISOBEDIENCE, SO THE LORD CAN BLESS YOU FULLY.
- REEVALUATE YOUR SCHEDULE AND GIVE THE WORD MORE PRIORITY. BE WILLING TO FORGO ACTIVITIES THAT ARE LESS IMPORTANT SO YOU'LL HAVE MORE TIME FOR THE WORD AND THE LORD.

(MAMA:) IF YOU REALLY DESIRE QUALITY WORD TIME, THE LORD WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET IT.

Having an INDELIBLE IMPACT



(JESUS:) EVERYBODY WANTS TO DO SOMETHING GREAT IN LIFE, SOMETHING BY WHICH THEY WILL BE REMEMBERED AFTER THEY ARE GONE. IT'S THE NATURE OF MAN TO WANT TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN SOME WAY, TO HAVE THE ADMIRATION OF GENERATIONS AFTER HIM.



CLAP!
CLAP!

CLAP!
CLAP!

HER SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGHS CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY.

HIS WRITINGS HAVE STUNNED A GENERATION!

EVERYBODY KNOWS HIM AS THE GREAT INVENTOR OF...

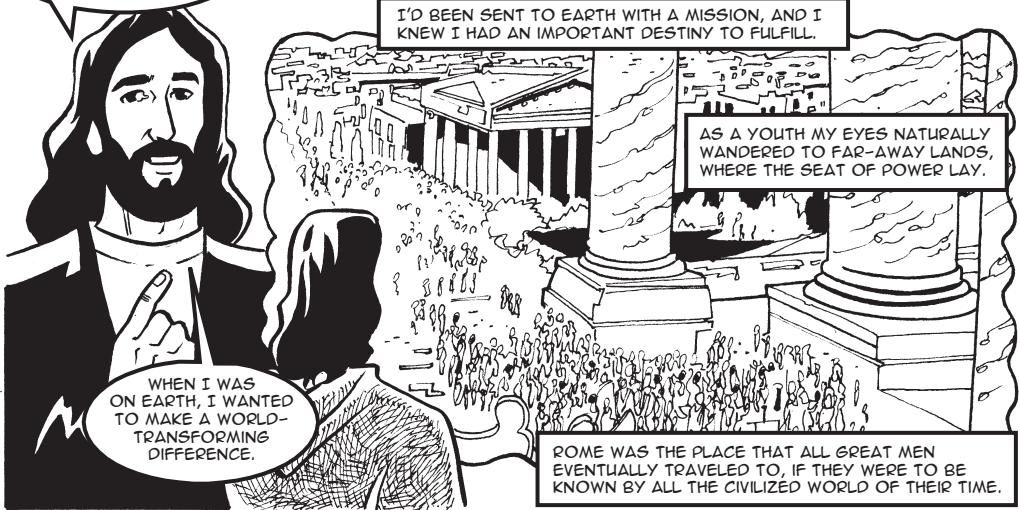
THEIR BAND'S SONGS CREATED A NEW CULTURE...

CLAP!
CLAP!

IT CAN BE FRUSTRATING TO FIND YOURSELF IN A SITUATION THAT TO YOU SEEMS OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE IN THE GREAT SCHEME OF THINGS.

LET ME TELL YOU A BIT ABOUT MY EXPERIENCES ALONG THESE LINES.

JEREMY



I'D BEEN SENT TO EARTH WITH A MISSION, AND I KNEW I HAD AN IMPORTANT DESTINY TO FULFILL.

AS A YOUTH MY EYES NATURALLY WANDERED TO FAR-AWAY LANDS, WHERE THE SEAT OF POWER LAY.

WHEN I WAS ON EARTH, I WANTED TO MAKE A WORLD-TRANSFORMING DIFFERENCE.

ROME WAS THE PLACE THAT ALL GREAT MEN EVENTUALLY TRAVELED TO, IF THEY WERE TO BE KNOWN BY ALL THE CIVILIZED WORLD OF THEIR TIME.

I CONSIDERED ROME, AND IT WAS A PRACTICAL CONSIDERATION.

BY DOING THE WORKS OF MY FATHER IN ROME, THEY WOULD SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE EARTH. AS A FOREIGNER I WOULD BE AN ODDITY, A WONDER, AND A MAN MUCH TALKED ABOUT.

I CAN SEE!

BUT DID MY FATHER SEND ME TO ROME?

I SOON LEARNED HIS PLAN WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE I HAD CONJECTURED.

BUT NOW LET'S JUMP FROM THE SHORT TERM OF MY PHYSICAL LIFE TO THE INDELIBLE IMPACT I'VE HAD UPON HUMANITY.

JUDGING BY RESULTS, MY FATHER WAS INFINITELY WISE IN HIS GREAT PLAN.

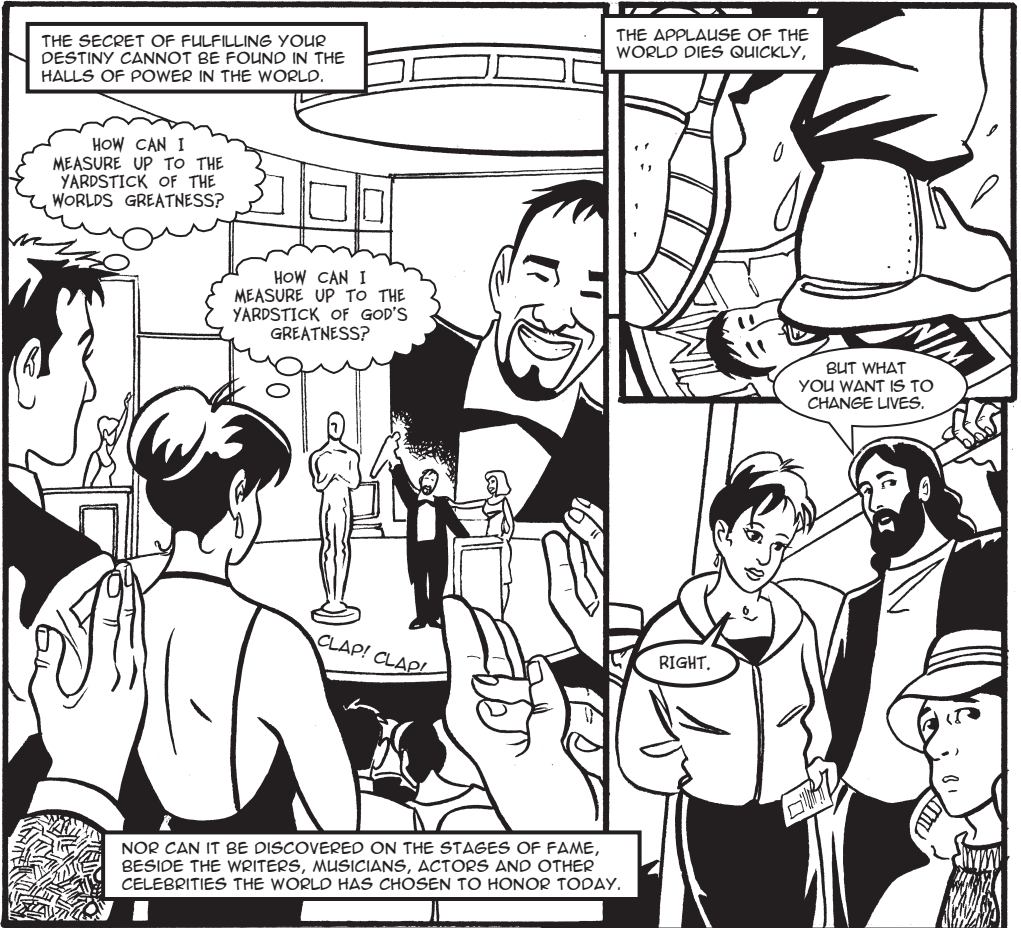
MAKE IT THUNDER!

IN THE NAME OF JESUS OF NAZARETH...

I WAS NOT CREATED TO PERFORM WONDERS FOR EMPERORS AND KINGS, FINE LADIES AND NOBLE JUDGES.

THE WORKS THAT I DID WERE FOR THE MEEK OF THE EARTH, AND THROUGH MY DISCIPLES—WHO HAD THE DRIVE AND INITIATIVE AND LEADERSHIP ABILITIES NEEDED—MY MESSAGE WAS SPREAD FAR AND WIDE.

You, too, can have an indelible impact upon humanity.



THE SECRET OF FULFILLING YOUR DESTINY CANNOT BE FOUND IN THE HALLS OF POWER IN THE WORLD.

THE APPLAUSE OF THE WORLD DIES QUICKLY,

HOW CAN I MEASURE UP TO THE YARDSTICK OF THE WORLDS GREATNESS?

HOW CAN I MEASURE UP TO THE YARDSTICK OF GOD'S GREATNESS?

BUT WHAT YOU WANT IS TO CHANGE LIVES.

RIGHT.

NOR CAN IT BE DISCOVERED ON THE STAGES OF FAME, BESIDE THE WRITERS, MUSICIANS, ACTORS AND OTHER CELEBRITIES THE WORLD HAS CHOSEN TO HONOR TODAY.

The secret is to listen to Me, as I listened to My Heavenly Father.

I CAN WHISPER TO YOU THINGS THAT NO OTHER MAN HAS EVER HEARD. I CAN REVEAL TO YOU THINGS THAT CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY.

HE'S THAT SENATOR'S SON WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME!

GET HIM SAVED AND INVITE HIM TO A BIBLE CLASS. I HAVE A SPECIAL PLAN FOR HIM AND IT'S YOUR JOB TO TRAIN HIM!

IS THIS FROM A CHURCH?

THE WORLD HONORS ITS OWN, SETTING UP A YARDSTICK WHEREBY IT MEASURES ALL MANKIND. BUT DO NOT ALLOW THAT RULER TO LIMIT YOUR OWN LIFE. TRUE GREATNESS LIES NOT IN MEDALLIONS, AWARDS, AND ACCOLADES.

True greatness lies in fulfilling your destiny.

FOR YOU, MY CHILDREN, YOUR DESTINY IS CLEAR:

TO LISTEN TO THE WHISPERS THAT WILL GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE COMING DARK DAYS, AND SO BE GUIDES TO MANY WHO WOULD OTHERWISE PERISH.

So WHAT SHOULD I DO, RAISA?

RETURN HOME! JESUS WILL HELP YOU. I'LL E-MAIL YOU AND TEACH YOU MORE ABOUT THE LORD.

RAY'S FAITHFULNESS WITH HIS CHANNEL BROUGHT SPIRIT STORIES THE EARTH HAD NEVER IMAGINED...

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

CLAP! CLAP!

MAI'S INFLUENCE IN VIETNAM AS A MISSIONARY STARTED A CHAIN REACTION THAT CHANGED THE COURSE OF...

RAISA'S LOVE FOR THE WORD WAS A SHINING LIGHT IN THE ENDTIME THAT ILLUMINATED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS...

JOSEPH'S CHILDCARE EXPERIENCE HAS SET THE TONE FOR MILLENNIAL CHILD TRAINING!

CLAP! CLAP!

BY FULFILLING THIS DESTINY, YOU WILL HAVE AN INDELIBLE IMPACT ON THE WORLD. YOU WILL HAVE HONOR IN THE HALLS OF HEAVEN—AND ALSO IN THE HALLS OF EARTH, WHEN HEAVEN HAS COME DOWN TO EARTH.

GREAT MEN PERFORM NOTEWORTHY FEATS ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, AND OTHERS ADMIRE. BUT DO NOT FORSAKE YOUR HIGHER CALLING BY DESIRING TO BE ACKNOWLEDGED BY MEN.

LET ALL MEN CONSIDER YOU A FOOL, YET I WILL COUNT YOU AS GREAT IN MY EYES, AND THIS IS WHAT MATTERS WHEN EARTH'S DAY IS DONE.

nq > (QAD:) JESUS CAME TO JERUSALEM, THE MAJOR RELIGIOUS CAPITAL OF THE WORLD, AND PREACHED THE GOSPEL TO ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE, INCLUDING THE POOR, OF COURSE. WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO NEGLECT AND IGNORE THE POOR; WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PREACH THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR. BUT THERE ARE LOTS OF POOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE GOT A LITTLE EDUCATION AND CAN SPEAK SEVERAL LANGUAGES AND REACH THE REST OF THE WORLD! REACH THE KEY PEOPLE, WHO CAN THEN REACH AND UNLOCK THE OTHER DOORS. (ML #937:50-51,53)

The Yellow Brick Road —Part 1



Why does life have to be so difficult? I try to make progress, to climb the mountain the Lord has put before me, but it seems I just always slip back down, and then He has to ask me to climb it again. I feel like I'm constantly climbing and never getting anywhere.

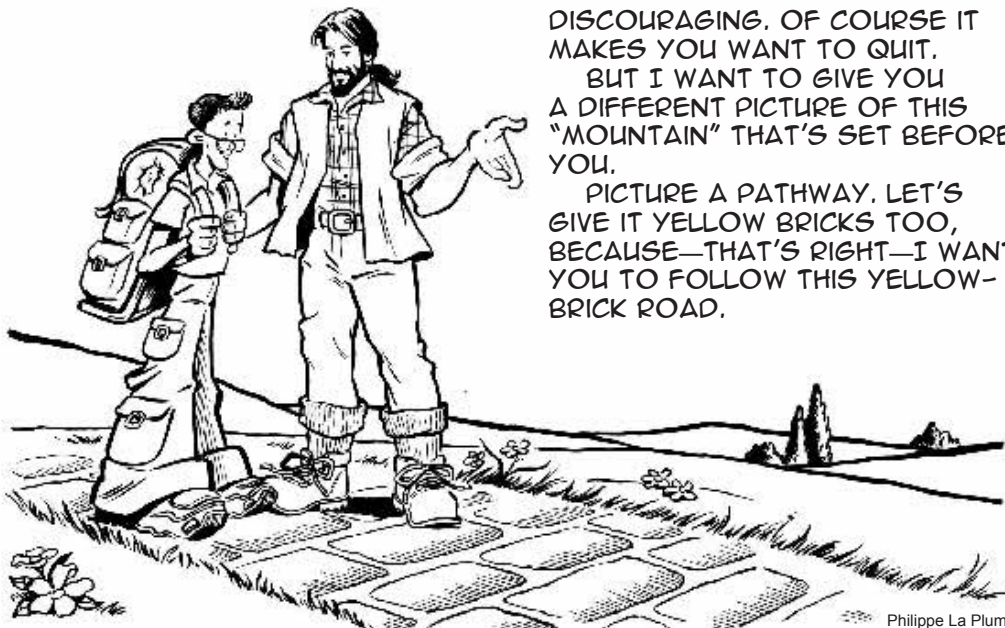
B (JESUS:) DO YOU EVER FEEL THIS WAY? MOST FOLKS DO AT SOME TIME OR ANOTHER, NO MATTER WHETHER THEY'VE BEEN CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN OF GREATER VICTORIES FOR FIVE, TEN, TWENTY, OR EVEN FORTY YEARS.

YOU HAVE THE PICTURE THAT THERE IS THIS ONE MOUNTAIN, AND YOU'RE JUST NEVER GETTING TO THE TOP OF IT. OF COURSE THAT'S

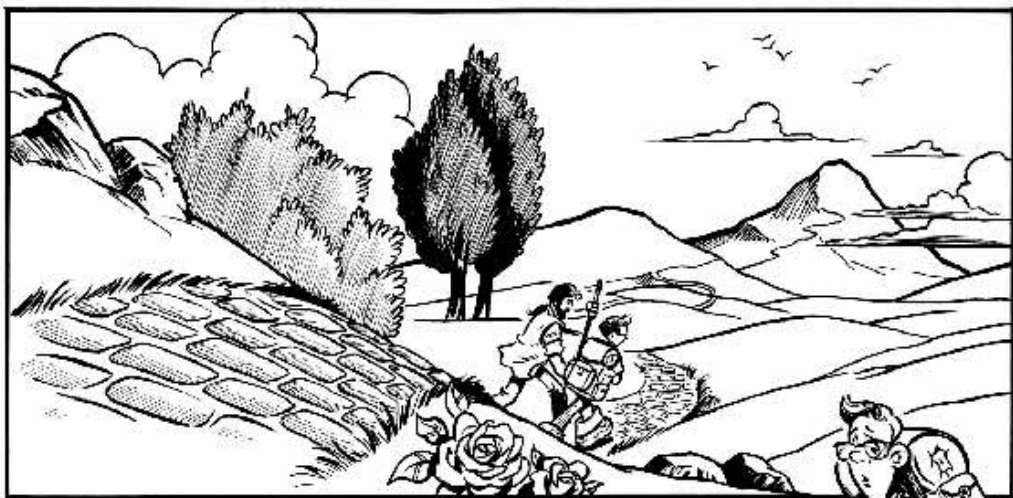
DISCOURAGING. OF COURSE IT MAKES YOU WANT TO QUIT.

BUT I WANT TO GIVE YOU A DIFFERENT PICTURE OF THIS "MOUNTAIN" THAT'S SET BEFORE YOU.

PICTURE A PATHWAY. LET'S GIVE IT YELLOW BRICKS TOO, BECAUSE—THAT'S RIGHT—I WANT YOU TO FOLLOW THIS YELLOW-BRICK ROAD.



Philippe La Plume



THIS YELLOW-BRICK ROAD IS LIKE THE PATH OF MY HIGHEST WILL FOR YOU. IT LEADS THROUGH MANY LANDS AND PLACES.

IN SOME PLACES THE LAND IS FLAT, AND IT IS EASY TO FOLLOW THE ROAD. IT GOES ON LONG AND STRAIGHT. SOMETIMES IT'S EVEN SO EASY THAT IT'S A BIT BORING. THAT'S WHEN YOU HAVE TO "RUN WITH PATIENCE."

BUT THERE ARE OTHER TIMES WHEN THIS PATH LEADS OVER A MOUNTAIN THAT SEEMS TO HAVE RISEN UP OUT OF NOWHERE TO STAND IN YOUR WAY. MAYBE YOU COULD EVEN MAKE A LONG DETOUR AND GO AROUND IT. BUT THAT'S NOT WHERE THE YELLOW-BRICK ROAD LEADS. THE YELLOW-BRICK ROAD LEADS RIGHT UP THAT MOUNTAIN, AND YOU CRINGE AS YOU LOOK AHEAD, THINKING,



THAT'S RIGHT
—I DO.





BUT I'M RIGHT THERE WITH YOU, SMILING AND POINTING UP AHEAD, TELLING YOU THAT YOU CAN MAKE IT, THAT YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES, THAT YOU'VE JUST GOT TO GIVE IT A LITTLE OOMPH, TAKE THAT FIRST STEP, AND THEN THE NEXT, AND THEN THE NEXT. SOMETIMES I EVEN TELL YOU A STORY AS YOU'RE HEADING UP, TO GET YOUR MIND OFF THE DIFFICULTY, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'RE AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

AND THEN YOU LOOK BACK DOWN OVER THE PATH THAT YOU'VE COME ALONG, AND YOU LOOK PLEASED. YOU ACTUALLY MADE IT. YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD.

THEN YOU START ON THE WAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN, STILL FOLLOWING THAT YELLOW-BRICK ROAD.

"WAIT A MINUTE? WE'RE GOING BACK DOWN? WHAT'S THIS?" THAT'S RIGHT, WE'RE GOING DOWN—BUT WE'RE NOT GOING **BACK** DOWN, WE'RE GOING **FORWARD** DOWN. THE YELLOW-BRICK ROAD KEEPS GOING. IT DOESN'T STOP AT THE TOP OF THIS MOUNTAIN.

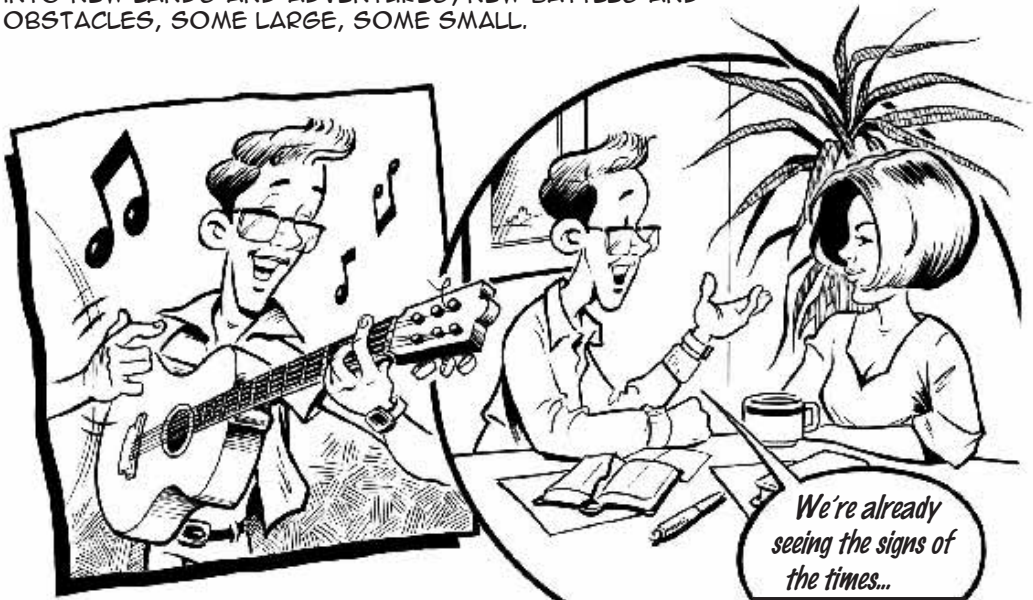
SO WHAT'S THIS "GOING DOWN" ALL ABOUT? WHAT USUALLY HAPPENS WHEN YOU WORK REAL HARD TO GET OVER A CERTAIN PROBLEM OR BATTLE?





IT'S A FIGHT. YOU HAVE PRAYER, YOU ASK PEOPLE TO CHECK YOU WHEN YOU'RE STEPPING OUT OF LINE, AND IT'S A STRUGGLE. BUT PRETTY SOON YOU GET THE POINT, YOU LEARN THE LESSON, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE REMINDED AS OFTEN. THAT'S WHEN YOU'VE WON THE VICTORY. SOMETIMES EVEN JUST GETTING PRAYER IS THE WHOLE VICTORY. YOU'RE AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN. AND AFTER THAT, THE ROAD GOES ON PRETTY EASILY FOR AWHILE. YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE HAVING A LOT OF PROBLEMS OR TRIALS, AND THINGS SEEM TO BE GOING PRETTY GOOD. YOU'RE WITNESSING, WINNING SOULS, DOING WHAT I HAVE ASKED YOU TO DO, TRUSTING IN ME AND LEANING ON ME. THAT'S LIKE THE EASY PART OF GOING DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

JUST BECAUSE IT'S EASY AND YOU'RE GOING DOWN DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE BACKSLIDING OR NOT MAKING PROGRESS. YOU'RE STILL MOVING FORWARD, AND INTO NEW LANDS AND ADVENTURES, NEW BATTLES AND OBSTACLES, SOME LARGE, SOME SMALL.



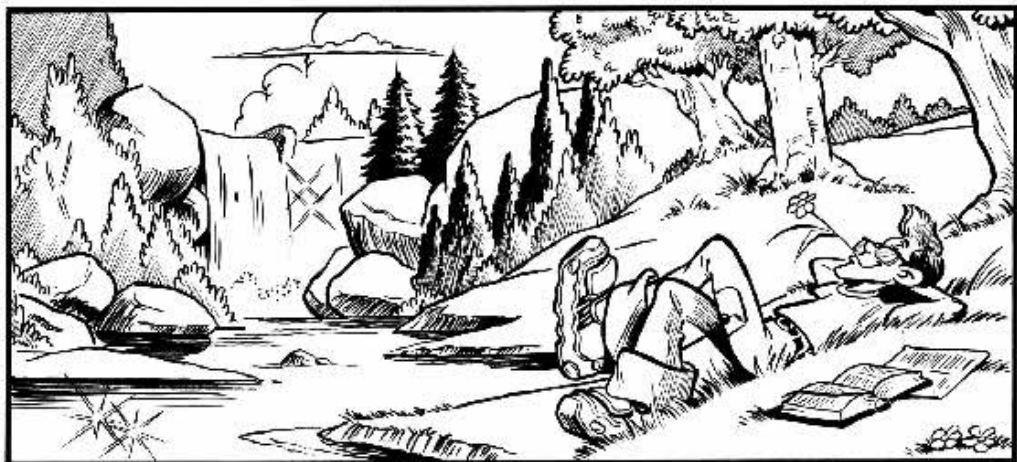


GOING DOWN IN THIS CASE MEANS BEING HELPED FORWARD BY THE POWER OF MY SPIRIT TO NEW PLACES, LIKE THE CALM AFTER THE STORM.

OF COURSE, THERE ARE SOME TIMES WHEN THERE JUST SEEMS TO BE ONE PROBLEM AFTER ANOTHER, WHEN YOU'VE BARELY GOTTEN TO THE TOP OF ONE MOUNTAIN, TO FIND IT'S ONLY A FOOTHILL TO AN EVEN BIGGER MOUNTAIN THAT YOU FIND YOU HAVE TO CLIMB. THERE'S NOT THAT TIME OF REST ALONG THE PATH LIKE YOU'VE HAD WITH SOME OF THE SMALLER MOUNTAINS.

BUT STILL, YOU JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON GOING, KEEP ON FIGHTING, AND NOT GIVE UP. AND JUST AS BEFORE, I WILL BE WITH YOU, WALKING BESIDE YOU, HOLDING YOUR HAND, AND EVEN CARRYING YOU WHEN YOU'RE TOO WEARY TO WALK ANY FURTHER.

THOSE ARE LIKE THE TIMES WHEN YOU FIND PERFECT PEACE IN SPITE OF YOUR BATTLES THROUGH SOME WORD FROM ME, OR FROM A TIME OF REFRESHING YOURSELF BY TAKING IN MY WORD FROM THE FRESH MOUNTAIN STREAMS THAT YOU ONLY COME ACROSS ON SUCH HIGH CLIMBS.





AND EVENTUALLY, IF YOU KEEP ON GOING AND DON'T QUIT, YOU ALWAYS COME TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, OR THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL, AND DISCOVER THAT THIS YELLOW-BRICK ROAD JUST KEEPS ON GOING, EVER FORWARD. AND SO YOU GO ALONG, FAITHFULLY FOLLOWING IT AS I WOULD WANT YOU TO, USING THE LAMP OF MY WORD TO SEE THE WAY AT NIGHT, OR THE SUN OF MY LOVE AND WARMTH TO SEE IT BY DAY.

(XN: HAS HE MADE IT TO HIS DESTINATION YET? NOT QUITE. DON'T MISS "THE YELLOW-BRICK ROAD, PART 2.")



story feature

SCALE UP

Chapter Eight: Strings of a Guitar

Blue skies and fleecy clouds greeted the Lunatix as the plane glided over the city's white high-rise apartments and finally touched down at the Simon Bolivar National Terminal.

"The weather in Caracas is temperate with light easterly winds," came the pilot's voice over the intercom. "And the temperature at ground level is 24 degrees Celsius. I hope you enjoyed your flight. Please remain seated and keep your seat belts fastened until the seat belt sign is turned off. This is Captain Nesto Aurelio signing off. *Buenas dias.*"

"I napped hard on that flight," said Clay as they walked out of the custom's check. "And I had the most far-out dream. Actually pretty scary."

"What was it?" asked Mer.

"I'll have to tell you when we get to the hotel. Looks as though Hector's on time."

"And this must be your younger brother?" Hector said to Clay, reaching out his hand to Abner, who gave it a limp-wristed shake while looking down at his feet.

Kyra smiled apologetically. "He's tired from the flight," she said.

"*Bueno,*" said Hector. "This is such a special occasion, I decided to come and pick you up myself. No chauffeur! Would you like to get something to eat? Unless you'd prefer to go to the hotel first, in which case I'll drop you off and make a few phone calls."

This idea seemed good to all, and with Hector admirably filling the role of tour guide, he drove them along the beach through Macuto, a scenic older part of the city until they arrived at a quaintly luxurious hotel.

"It must be at least two hundred years old," said Justin.

"You're right," said Hector. "It was built by the Spanish in 1780. Take your time and look around. I'll join you for lunch in the restaurant here in an hour. This hotel has an excellent cuisine. One of my favorites."

"So what was your dream, Clay?" Mer asked as the team was touching base for prayer and counsel in Clay and Abner's hotel room before meeting with Hector Fuentes.

"Before I start," said Clay with an apologetic expression, "I have a confession to make. It's about a recent revelation in the New Wine I had a battle with. Remember Apotheon?"



Art by
Jeremy



The team nodded.

"Of course," said Mer. "In 'Reach the Rich.'"

"My battle," continued Clay, "was that I had a hard time with yet another revelation of some demon that was on our case. I thought it was getting a bit too much. Anyway, I saw him."

"Saw him?"

"Who? Apotheon?"

"Uh huh. Exactly as he's described in the GN. Actually not just *saw* him. You remember that feeling I mentioned some time back that something was holding us down? Keeping us back from exploding?"

"I remember," said Mer.

"I had that feeling in my dream. But it was *intensified*. Suddenly the weight and pressure took shape in the form of the demon and he was sitting on me. He said something like, 'You'll never get away with this' and he tried to bite me. He had blood trickling from his mouth, presumably from another victim. It was utterly gross! I rebuked him in the name of Jesus, the power of the keys, and every heavenly power I could imagine, and I woke up, thankful."

Mer shivered. "Whoa, at least we know who to rebuke now."

"Yes, thank You, Lord, for giving me that dream," Clay prayed. "Even though it was unpleasant to see that demon, I praise You for opening our eyes more to the spirit world and to the attacks of the Enemy. I do ask that You keep me more alert and mindful of these things."

"And Jesus," Kyra added, "help us to be more on guard and aware of the devices of Apotheon and any other demons that might be trying to hinder us and our whole endeavor.

We call on the key of imprisonment and command You to bind the demons that are trying to hinder us. Amen."

A call from the front desk reminded them that a Señor Hector Fuentes was waiting in the restaurant.

* * *

"I would have invited you to stay at my house," said Hector after ordering the *hors d'oeuvres*. "I hope you understand, but my son is very leery of people he feels I could be using to 'help' him with his problem."

"He knows we're coming and what we stand for?" asked Kyra.

"Vaguely. I left one of your magazines lying around—the one with the story of the delivered drug addict, and Dany seemed interested. Although he didn't say anything."

"Does he *want* help?" asked Clay.

"A good question," replied Hector. "To be honest, I never really thought about it. All I know is that it's killing him. Why do you ask?"

"If I may be perfectly honest," said Javier timidly.

Hector bowed his head and raised his hand. "*Por favor*. Like I've told you before, I appreciate your candor."

"Señor Fuentes"—Javier cleared his throat before continuing—"we usually have not had a great deal of success with those who do not want to be er ... delivered. A man usually doesn't want a lifesaver unless he knows he's drowning. Right?"

"Claro," replied Hector. "But Jesus Christ told you to come, did He not?"

The team nodded.

Hector's eyes burned plaintively. "If it was going to be a failure, why would He waste His time and yours and mine?"

Kyra reached into her purse and pulled out a sheet of paper.

"This is what Jesus said when we asked Him about this trip," she said, handing the paper to Hector.

"Did He say it would be a success?" Hector asked.

"He quoted His favorite psalmist, David, when he said 'this poor man cried and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his troubles.'"

Hector perused the document for a few moments. "Was He talking about me?"

"I believe He was talking about your son," said Kyra. "And He told us to pray that he would come to the end of his rope and cry out to Him."

"...and that He will engineer events in Dany's life," continued Hector, still reading, "that would bring him to his knees."

"Right," said Clay, nodding his head soberly.

"Mira," said Hector. "I've booked you at the Caliente Club for tomorrow night—Saturday. It's my son's favorite hangout. And they pay well."

"You want us to play there?" exclaimed Mer.

"Your music will have an incredible effect!" said Hector.

Abner, who had been sullenly silent during the meal, suddenly let out a snort of disdain.

"Apparently your brother doesn't think much of your music," said Hector to Clay.

"He has a different taste," said Clay.

"Couldn't be any worse than the music Dany's into. Druid witchcraft rock and all that. Pentagram for instance."

"Pentagram!" exclaimed Abner. "They're *cool*. Though my dad's convinced they're into witchcraft, the Devil and stuff."

"They are," said Hector.

A surprised look crossed Abner's face.

"Ask Dany. He's dabbled in it with them. He's a friend of theirs."

Abner's eyes widened as he showed signs of life. *His son actually knows them!*

"He scores drugs for them. They've been over to the house a couple of times. Jammed with him in the basement. Much to my horror."

No way! thought Abner.

"They're actually from Latin America," added Hector. "Argentina maybe. Not sure."

Abner's face fell. "Hmmm," was all he uttered. *That's a total disillusionment. I thought they were like, English or Irish or something. Celtic sort of thing.*

Abner only shook his head as the content of the conversation continued to churn in his mind.

* * *

A plaintive cry echoed down the hotel hallway from Clay and Abner's hotel room. Kyra heard it and rushed from her room. It sounded like Abner. It was. She found him in the bathroom, clutching his right hand in excruciating pain; blood was flowing from his wrist. The shower was still running. Kyra turned off the tap and threw a towel over him.

Between agonized gasps, Abner explained that he had started to take a shower, had slipped as he reached for the soap, and in an attempt to



catch his balance, dashed his hand against the aluminum frame of the shower door.

Justin appeared at the door. "Call the front desk," Kyra barked, binding a towel around Abner's wrist. "We need to call a doctor or get him to a hospital. This is *serious*. Lord, in Jesus' name we claim the power of the keys for Your healing touch!"

Within a few minutes a taxi was at the front of the hotel and Clay, Kyra, and Abner were driven to an emergency room at a local hospital where Abner stood pale and trembling while syringes pumped antibiotics and anesthetics into his wrist, and stitches were administered.

"You were fortunate that the gash narrowly missed the main artery," said the doctor, as he wrapped Abner's wrist with gauze and a bandage. "But it was serious enough. He's going to have to go easy with using his hand for at least a month."

"The gig tonight," muttered Abner.

"We'll still be counting on you to single-handedly man the PA," said Clay with a smile. "Literally."

* * *

"Do you want to read it aloud?" Kyra asked Abner who was lying back crestfallen on his hotel bed. He looked around at the sympathetic faces of his companions who had gathered in the room for prayer before going to the venue, and shook his head.

"You can read it out if you want," he said, handing Kyra a paper which lay next to his copy of *Berlitz Spanish* on the bedside table. "I used my left hand so it's probably hard to read. But it's short."

"God bless you, Abner," said Mer. "This takes guts."

After asking the Lord to bless it, Kyra smiled warmly at Abner, and began reading.

"Jesus speaking: As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten, for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? So take hope in this, My son, knowing that I am on your case! Else you would be a bastard and not a son. For you are the first string, 'E,' on this six-string guitar called Luna. You are the latest addition, yet the thinnest and most fragile, the one that is set at the bottom of the others but one of those that gets rusty from much use. Be thankful that I did not cause you to snap completely, else you would have had to be replaced. But I am tuning you so that you will resonate in perfect harmony with the others."

Obviously impressed, Kyra paused and nodded thoughtfully before continuing.

"I will now speak further regarding this analogy of the guitar. Going up in age: the second string is the 'B,' this is your sweet young co-worker Mer. The third is Kyra, appropriately the 'G' string!"

"Whatever that means," interjected Abner with a blush.

"She is strengthened with a thin winding of experience. Above her is Justin, the 'D' string. Above him is Clay, the 'A' string, with an even thicker winding and finally on top, the heaviest and thickest wound string: Javier.

"The strings of a guitar must be in tune in order to produce beautiful music. I am using this time of tuning to get you to compliment one another in the melody that I wish to play through you. Each one has their strengths and talents, their gifts that compliment the melody I will perform through you. This accident was a little tuning I had to do on you, in order for you to be in sync with the others and produce the music I want you to."

Kyra shook her head in amazement. "This is heavy stuff, Abner. I had no idea you had such a gift."

A chorus of "wows" and "amens" followed while Kyra, sniffing back a few tears, hugged Abner.

"I'm so proud of you, kid," said Clay, patting his brother's head who frowned and blinked hard on his watering eyes. "But I won't go into overkill on the raves," he whispered. "Don't want to embarrass you."

Chapter Nine: Questions

It was a humbler but happier Abner who manned the PA that night, and one who had to admit to himself, if not to anyone else, that the effect of Luna's music on the young gathering at the Caliente Club was nothing short of impressive. He was

standing open-mouthed by the mixer after a particularly enchanting version of "Scaling Up" had captivated the crowd, when a youth of about his own age approached him.

"Hola" he said. "Ah, no habla Español, eh?"

Abner shook his head diffidently.

"Pretty cool stuff," the youth said, and in almost perfect English he introduced himself as Miguel and asked about the brand of musical equipment the band used. Abner informed him of as much as he knew.

"So what's with the retro *cholo* look?" Miguel said all of a sudden as he looked Abner up and down.

Retro? thought Abner and blushed. "What's *cholo*?"

Miguel chuckled. "You know, little white kids trying to look like American gangsta rappers from a nineties b-movie! All you're missing is the backwards baseball cap!"

"I ... I dunno," mumbled Abner. "It's the way I like to dress, I guess."

"Okay, that's cool," said Miguel, diplomatically. "I just imagined a kid my age who's in with a cool scene like this would want to look a bit more, you know, *elegante*."

"*Elegante?*"

"Stylish, smart. Wow, you need to get on with your Español."

Abner was becoming uncomfortable with the conversation and excused himself to go to the changing room toilet where he looked himself over in the full-length mirror. To have heard this caustic appraisal from his parents or Uncle Emil would have been one thing, but to hear it from someone who, he couldn't deny, was a pretty hip-looking young Latino, was another. All of a sudden his baggy, oversized jeans hanging half way down his hips with their frayed bottoms dragging in the puddles of the toilet floor seemed pathetically comical.

Clay stuck his head around the door. "You deserted your post," he said. "Mer got up to sing Saint Francis' prayer, and her mike was down."

Abner hiked his pants up and shamefacedly returned to the mixer. *Retro?* The word rang back in his mind. *Nineties?* It was anathema to him to be considered such.



"A great set, a great set," Hector declared as Luna joined him in the club's restaurant. "I've never seen the crowd so *taken*, right, Dany?"

Dany nodded and smiled, and for once his eyes did the same through their sunken sockets. "I got the vibe of the music, people," he said, rubbing his arm to denote its emotional effect.

Dany was a quiet, pale-faced youth of twenty-two with medium length black hair tied in a short ponytail. He was casually dressed in an off-the-rack dark suit over a tee shirt, and his languid manner was offset by the constant movement of his slender fingers.

"You have musician's fingers, Dany," said Mer, catching a concerned glance from Clay. "Do you play an instrument?"

"Guitar, bass, keyboards," he replied. "Been experimenting with soprano sax for awhile."

"Soprano sax," said Mer and rolled her tongue across her chipped tooth. "That is such a sexy, mood instrument."

"A la Kenny G," Clay quickly interjected.

Abner was about to groan but caught himself, and as the main conversation around the table went on to the subject of various wind instruments, he turned to Kyra who was sitting beside him.

"Kyra," he mumbled, avoiding her gaze, "Is there a chance I could get myself a suit?"

Kyra quickly tempered her inclination to show surprise and responded with a nonchalant, "I don't see why not."

"Nothing too fancy," Abner added. "Sort of like what that guy Miguel wears."

"The Miguel who was talking to you during the set?"

"Uh huh."

"Phew! A suit like that would cost like..." Kyra rubbed a thumb and forefinger together. "It's not out of the question, though. When do you need it?"

"Oh, I dunno. The next gig."

"Let's pray one in," said Kyra, looking across the table. Justin was talking to her.

"So are you up for it, Kyra?"

"I'm sorry, up for what?"

"The super 'psyche idyllic' jam session in Dany's basement next Friday night!"

"I guess so, if we get the go ahead from the Lord."

"Of course," said Justin.

"Sounds like fun," said Kyra.

It must have been an hour after the official closing of the club at two-thirty in the morning before Luna was finally able to make their way out into the car and back to the hotel. They had been inundated by a crowd of curious and interested youth, during which time Luna took no small advantage to acquire names and addresses, to pass out *Concèta* subscriptions and pray with some souls. Even Abner was able to impress a small group of girls who spoke English, with his European traveling experience and above all, his knowledge—albeit administered sparingly—of a few basic Scriptural and spiritual principles.

As was common with many a musician's schedule, bedtime came in the wee hours of the night. It was almost 4 AM and Mer was exhausted when she peeked into the hotel room which she shared with Kyra and found her engrossed in a conversation with Abner, which Mer gathered was regarding inward conflicts that Abner had experienced since clandestinely immersing himself in the *Sinking Fast* Web site that had been set up by disgruntled Family ex-members. Not wanting to interrupt what appeared to be a much-needed

chance for Abner to unburden his heart and to receive understanding, insight, and counsel, Mer wandered back along the hotel hallway. She knocked timidly on the door, and opened it quietly when she got no answer. Clay was lying on his bed with his eyes half closed, his headphones on, and his MP3 player perched on the pillow.

Mer ducked back. Too late.

"Come on in, Mer."

"Kyra and Abner are into some pretty heavy dialogue," Mer said weakly. "Didn't want to be a distraction."

Clay patted the bed. "Sit down."

Mer gingerly placed herself on the edge of the bed.

"Thought anymore or prayed about our ... um ... ?" Clay asked.

"Our what?" asked Mer.

"Little discussion back home?"

"No, not really." *Liar, Mer!* she thought. *It's been on your mind constantly. Isn't it Clay who you think about when you sing that song you wrote—'Aching Heart'?*

"And you?" she added.

Clay shrugged. "Off and on. We've been so busy." *You're a bad liar, Clay, she's not the least bit convinced.* He reached for her hand.

"That's not true, Mer," he blurted out. "Lord help me, but not a day goes by that I don't ... look, there's nothing we can do other than leave it in the Lord's hands and trust that He'll have His perfect will."

Abner stuck his head in the door, and waited for a signal that it was okay to enter.

To be continued...

Why **CHERISH** our life?

I've been [in the Family] for over five years and I can truly say that there is no greater place to be. Only when I joined did the Lord free me from debt, which had been my shackle for the previous two years.

During the first year and a half, I was at a Home in California, where I witnessed, did dance shows, ballooned, and lived with 20 other people. It was revolutionary and I loved it! I spent a little over two years in Vietnam and witnessed firsthand how the Lord supplies all our needs and performs great miracles even on a far-flung mission field. After that I was in Cape Town, South Africa, for eight months. There we got out tons of Word and reached hundreds of sheep through Activated. Then the Lord called me to the Middle East, where I have been for the past year. It has been such an exciting field, with a new culture to adapt to, a new language to learn, and a lot of spiritually hungry people to feed.

In my travels, the Lord has never failed to supply all my needs and comfort me in whatever corner of the world I found myself. I have discovered no utopia on this earth. Yet the second I close my eyes and fall into Jesus' arms, I enter a perfect place. I can only try to repay Him by giving my life to lead others to this place. After all my shortcomings and mistakes, I asked the Lord, "Why me? Why did You choose me?"

His answer didn't reveal secrets, but rather just showed His simple love: "Don't worry about it. Just be happy I did!"

—Joe (26), Mideast



I LOVE TO SEE YOU HAPPY!

But I also know that the happiest you'll ever be is when you're fully committed to Me and fulfilling My highest will for you, without wasting time on distractions which don't satisfy and which delay you from fulfilling your destiny.—Jesus

(“Gems and Jewels, Part 1,” ML #3416:72)

(Xn: You can read Joe's full and exciting life story, “Falling into a Utopia,” in FSM #399.)

That's Why

The Heavenly Man

A Gift While Solitary

Part 9

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

Four years full of tribulation and suffering in the labor reform camp were soon to end. A hundred days before Yun's sentence was to end, the PSB went to Yun's house and conducted a thorough search. Several dozen PSB men surrounded the house and went through every drawer and cabinet in his home. As a result, Yun's Bible, spiritual books and notebook were all found, including letters he had written to his family and the church while in

prison. In these letters, Yun had urged the brothers and sisters to be strong and bold and not fear the storms. On the back of one letter was a song describing life in prison:

"Living in a place of thorns, truly like a new grave,

One who enters with one devil turns into one with seven devils, for chains cannot change a life.

If one wants to change his life, he must repent and be born again;

The old man becomes a new one and daily he will sing praises."

There was another letter a brother had written to Yun in which he mentioned that a certain famous American evangelist had been invited by the Party leaders to visit China and to "evangelize."

After they found these materials, the

PSB immediately returned to the prison to search Yun's cell where they found his Bible, devotional, and spiritual books.

Yun was bound and taken to the interrogation room. The supervisor of the PSB, the labor reform cadres and many PSB officials all glared at him.

The PSB chief pointed at him and said, "You wretched prisoner, you don't fear anything?"

Yun replied calmly, "Supervisor, I wish to report to you that from the time I was arrested until now I have obeyed the prison regulations, respected the leaders, worked diligently, and I have not committed any crimes."

The supervisor was so furious at his answer that he struck the bench and cursed Yun.

"You deceiving scoundrel. You have used so many tricks.



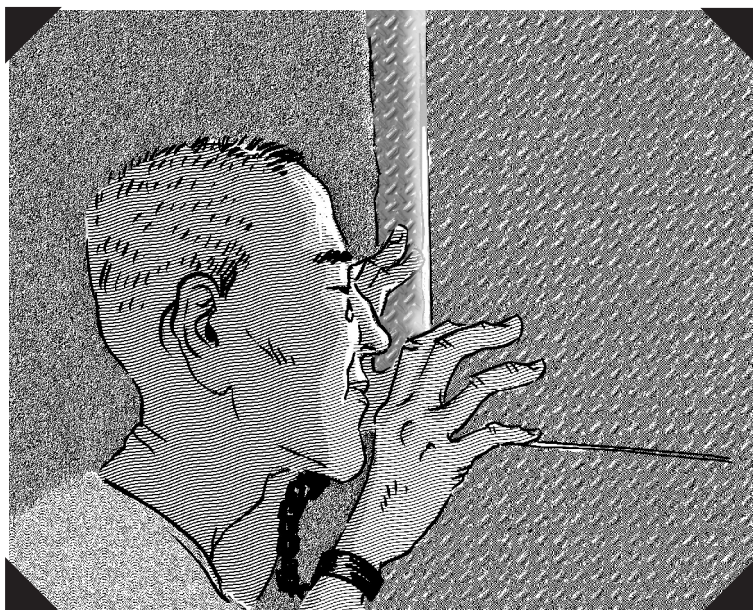
First when you were arrested in 'A' county you pretended to be insane and didn't say anything. Then while in detention in 'B' city you pretended to be sick and refused food. From that day until now you have resisted us. Who would have thought that when you were sent to the labor reform brigade you would commit all the more crimes?

"Firstly, you have conspired with foreigners. Several months before a certain American is to come to China, you already know about it.

"Secondly, during your time in labor reform, you have won countless numbers of converts. If we were to allow you to remain locked up here a few more years, we are fearful you would take over control of the whole labor reform camp."

"Thirdly, you have described the prison as a place of thorns, a new graveyard. You have ridiculed the Party's policy of labor reform saying that one with one devil turns into one with seven devils.

radicals unlimited



"Fourthly, you have opposed the religious policy of the Party, and regard the church that is supported by the Party as being a false church, a harlot. You! You! You have such nerve! We will show you a thing or two!"

Yun was sentenced to solitary confinement for 100 days during which he was not allowed to see anyone. He was handcuffed and taken through four iron gates before reaching the solitary confinement cell. Inside, there was only one very dim light. The total area was about 12 square

feet and the floor was very wet. It had been closed up all year-round so the smell of mildew was exceptionally strong. It made one feel dizzy and nauseated. In this cell Yun never saw any sunlight. At first, he felt very lonely and the pain of the wounds caused by the tight handcuffs made him feel all the more despondent.

One day, he heard the sound of a little bird chirping. He quickly jumped up to the iron gate. On the upper part of the gate was a small iron window that the guards used to observe the prisoners

inside. But through a small crack in the latticed window he could actually see outside. He saw several small French parasol trees. On the branches were several small birds happily hopping about and spreading out their wings in play. They were so free!

Yun, with tears running down his face, asked of Him, "Lord, when will I have freedom like these little birds?" Then the Word of the Lord came powerfully to him, "For even hereunto were you called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that you



should follow his steps" (1 Peter 2: 21).

He dropped to his knees and, lifting up his handcuffed hands, cried out, "Lord, I am willing. I am willing to follow in Your footsteps. Let Your will be done in Your servant!"

Then his heart was consumed with the love, joy, and peace of the Lord so that he was unable to refrain from singing out,

Your love has bound my romantic wings, look down and listen to my tender song. Sweet love has moved me so deeply, I am willing to be a prisoner and don't want to fly away.

Yun had not read a Bible for days and there was such an intense hunger that he prayed fervently to the Lord for one. One night he had a dream in which he saw the handcuffs fall off his wrists and he

was holding a Bible and reading it. The Catholic priest whom he had befriended in prison was standing to one side joyfully declaring, "Jesus is victorious! Jesus is victorious!" Yun then awoke and, stretching out his hands, the handcuffs fell off.

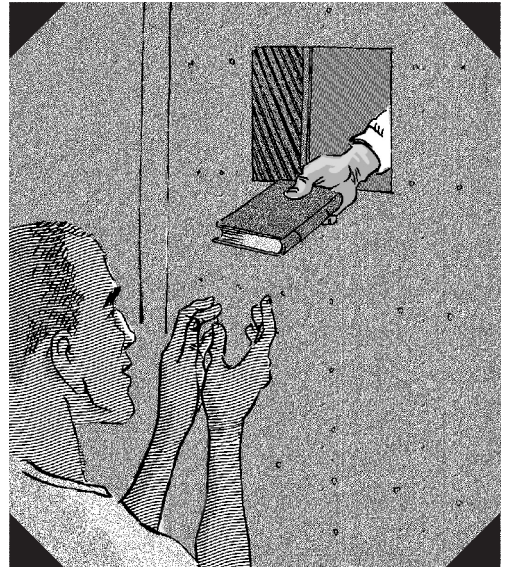
The next day at 9:00 A.M., a section chief in the labor brigade pushed a Bible through the lattice window and said to him, "Even though you have committed crimes, we will respect your faith. Come, here is your Bible. Take it!"

It was simply incredible! This section chief had

always hated those who believed in the Lord. If he caught a prisoner reading the Bible he would snatch it away and rip it up. But God used him to bring a Bible to Yun.

Yun wept with joy. He held the Bible with reverence and turned to Revelation 22: 20–21, "...Even so, come Lord Jesus."

Then he studied the Bible day and night and in the short period of 90 days he not only read the entire Old and New Testaments, but also memorized all the Scriptures from Hebrews to Revelation, a total of 56 chapters.



(Xn: Stay tuned for the story wrap-up: “The Heavenly Man, Part 10: Back to Gospel Village.”)

Message from Jesus

I can give you peace in the midst of any storm. Have you noticed that it is the officials who became frustrated and enraged, losing their cool and pounding on tables? Yet the peace that passes all understanding enveloped Yun, much to the chagrin of those who opposed his beliefs.

Even in a solitary place of sorrow, I shone a light down to My child

Yun and gave him hope, through My living Word in his heart and then also through the miraculous supply of a Bible.

Yun’s tender relationship with Me sustained and kept him in the dark hours, even as a close personal relationship with Me will sustain and keep you when all other humans seem to have forgotten you. Know that I never forget you. I never forsake you. You are My tender child, My beloved one, and I love you more than



any husband loves his wife, more than any mother loves her child. My love will hold and keep you when you fight spiritual battles with the dark forces, or when your battles move to the physical realm and you suf-

fer at the hands of those who hate My Name. My love will hold and keep you. Only look up to Me and embrace My love, and strengthen our bonds of love through communion with Me daily. (End of prophecy.)

Keys Promises

You are Mine, My beloved bride, and the Enemy cannot take you away from Me.

The Word is what will keep you in time of trial. Listen to My Word, claim My Word, say My Name, praise Me through your tears, rebuke the Enemy, submit your will to Me, and trust Me.

Through the power of the keys you will see miracles of peace, comfort, faith, and encouragement.

I have promised to supply every need through My riches and the keys of My Kingdom. There’s nothing you need that I won’t happily give you. Put Me on the spot, prove My promises, and expect abundant supply, regardless of how big or small the need may seem.

