



The Things That Matter Most to You  
THE THINGS THAT MATTER MOST TO YOU  
**Backtracking**  
BACKTRACKING



**Blade:**

The Things That Matter Most to You.....4

**Can You Do It:**

Backtracking.....3

**Extra:**

Specific Keys of Heaven,  
Part 6 .....6

**Spice of Life:**

List 06 ..... 27

**Story Feature:**

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"  
Chapters 9–10 ..... 13

**Toon Feature:**

Doormatrix 43 ..... 28

# Happy Renewal, 2004!



MARIE, (12), IN BRAZIL, WROTE US TO SAY, "WHAT I THINK XN STANDS FOR IS 'X-MEN,' WHICH MEANS, WE'RE GOD'S ELITE X-MEN OF THE ENDTIME." THANKS, MARIE, FOR WRITING US WITH YOUR GREAT DEFINITION!



AND THANKS, FROM THE ENTIRE XN TEAM, TO EVERYONE WHO HAS WRITTEN US WITH REACTIONS TO THE MAGAZINE. WE'LL SEE YOU SOON AFTER THE RENEWAL!

## Key Promise

FORWARD PROGRESS, GROWTH, REBIRTH, REBUILDING, AND RESTRUCTURING ARE YOURS WHEN YOU CALL ON THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM. THE KEYS BRING NEW LIFE AND A FRESH START. THE KEYS OPEN THE DOOR TO NEW HORIZONS.

**Xn Issue 43, May 2004.** 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 xn@wsfamily.com. Xn is a nonprofit publication, published free for members. Not to be sold. Copyright © 2004 by The Family. DFO. Cover art by Philippe La Plume.

### Trivia

In the relatively short prophecy about simplicity ("Issues, Part 3," ML #3302:12–19) the following words are used:

—"Sagacity" and "Profundity" (paragraphs 13 and 15). This is the only recorded time these words have ever been used in the MO Letters.

—"Labyrinth" (paragraph 14). This word appears in only three other MO Letters: "Ultimate Trip" (ML #80), "The Drugstore" (ML #266), and "Forbidden Planet" (ML #1378).

—"Intrinsic" (paragraph 16). This word is used four times in financial Letters: "Green Paper Pig" (ML #243), "Why the Crash" (ML #867), "7 Cures for Financial Ills" (ML #1271), and "Forecast" (ML #1276)—all in the context of "intrinsic value."

—"Eruditeness" (paragraph 14). "Erudite" (or a form of the word) is used in "Book Burning" (ML #776) among other MO Letters (12 Letters total).

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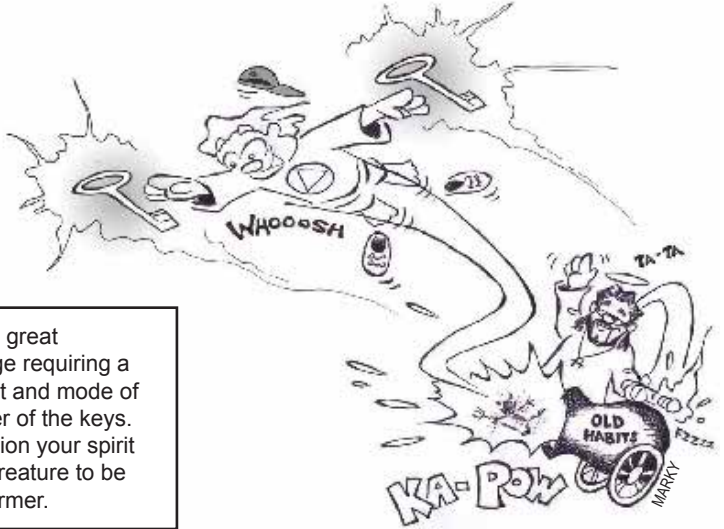
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# WORDHUNTER BACKTRACKING

**HOW TO DO IT:** For this challenge you will need your finished copies of the last four Wordhunter puzzles—"Last Days" (Xn 25), "Find the Son of Perdition" (Xn 29), "Tribulation" (Xn 36), and "Rapturous Feeling" (Xn 41). Every puzzle has a word that appears twice instead of just once. (No, that wasn't a mistake!) Find those four words, put them together, and scramble the message hidden within them. *Can you do it?*

(Feel free to send this hidden message back to xn@wsfamily.com with "WORDHUNTER BACKTRACKING SOLUTION" in the subject line.)



**Key Promise:** When a very great change is needed—a change requiring a metamorphosis of your spirit and mode of operation—call on the power of the keys. They will re-create and fashion your spirit after Mine, causing a new creature to be born from the shell of the former.



## NOTABLE QUOTE:

(Jesus:) As I revealed to My prophets of old some of My heavenly spaceships, I now reveal to you this key craft transporter, one of the most remarkable and amazing heavenly transporters in existence.

The key craft is on call for you, My loves, whenever you have need. It goes before you, to warn you of danger ahead, to guide you and protect you from your enemies. Likewise, when you call, it hovers over you at all times, to protect and keep you in every way. It is there to provide your needs. It will infuse you with strength, rejuvenate and regenerate you when you feel at a low ebb. It is there to help you withstand the attacks of the Enemy—be it attacks on your mind, heart, or spirit, or outside attacks through persecution, accidents, harm or danger of any kind. It is not that the Enemy will stop attacking, but through the presence of the key craft you have yet another shield and weapon at your disposal to strengthen and fortify you in the spiritual warfare.

("Feast 2003: Heavenly Key Craft!" ML #3435:22,38)

# THE THINGS THAT MATTER MOST <sub>2</sub> YOU



ⓑ (Jesus:) What your friends need to see more than anything is that *I* am dear to you, that *My Words* and your time with Me are dear to you, and that your obedience to My Word is dear to you. They need to see you doing it and living it. You're afraid you might lose your friends if they see too much spirit in your life, but you won't. That's the direction I'm taking you, and it's the direction I'm taking them, and everyone in the Family. If you do lose a friend, then it's probably because that friend wasn't really going My way, and in the long run you won't regret giving up those kinds of friendships for Me.

The fact is that your friendships will shrivel, dry up, become dull, and die, if you don't bring the Spirit into them. You've got your viewpoint backwards, and when you start thinking that too much talking about the Word, memorizing together, praying for each other and sharing the Word with each other is going to make your friendships boring, remember that this is Pan—the voice of the Enemy—trying to in fact ruin your life and friendships and make you miserable.



I am the giver of true joy, true happiness, and true love. I am what makes life worth living. So the more of Me you have and share with others, the richer your life will be, and the more worth living. Please accept that! Please receive it! Please live it!

I'M READING THROUGH THE LETTER LINKS AT THE END OF THESE "NONE OF THESE THINGS MOVE ME." IT FEELS LIKE I'VE NEVER READ SOME OF THOSE CLASSIC OLD LETTERS BEFORE!



I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. I REREAD "FLATLANDERS" THE OTHER DAY, AND IT BROUGHT A COUPLE THINGS INTO FOCUS THAT I'D BEEN STRUGGLING WITH RECENTLY.

Try to take one step every day in the direction of more sharing the Word and talking about the Word and lifting up the Word in your conversations with others. Make it a point to "witness" about your faith and convictions to your friends and loved ones at least once every day. If you're going to spend a half hour to an hour or more fellowshiping with someone, the least you can do is spend a few minutes of that time lifting Me up, speaking words of praise and thankfulness, talking about the Word, or praying together.

Do it for Me, won't you? Prove your love for Me and your commitment to following Me by doing the humble thing and the loving thing and the godly thing in this way.

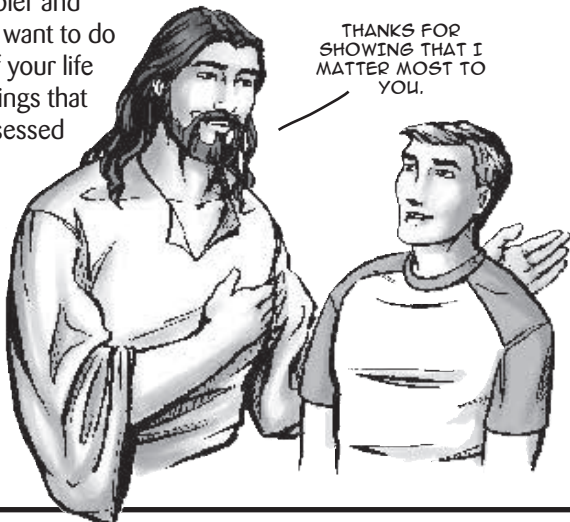
The more you talk about Me and bring My Word and praise and prayer into your everyday conversations and fellowship, the happier and fuller those times will seem, and you'll want to do whatever you can to make yet more of your life and fellowship centered around the things that matter most to you. You'll become obsessed with Me and with My love and with making Me a part of everything—and that's when you'll be really and truly happy.

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**Key Promise:** Call on the keys to create in you a new mind, and to release you from the limitations of your old mind and carnal reasoning.

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THANKS FOR SHOWING THAT I MATTER MOST TO YOU.



# SPECIFIC KEYS OF HEAVEN

ART BY PHILIPPE LA PLUME

## Part 6

### Witnessing

- keys of anointing
- keys of boldness
- keys of conviction
- keys of empathy
- keys of faith
- keys of faithfulness
- keys of fruitfulness
- keys of grace
- keys of guidance
- keys of humility
- keys of love
- keys of My power
- keys of protection for your spirit
- keys of results
- keys of salvation
- keys of simplicity and purity
- keys of souls won
- keys of witness
- keys of witnessing

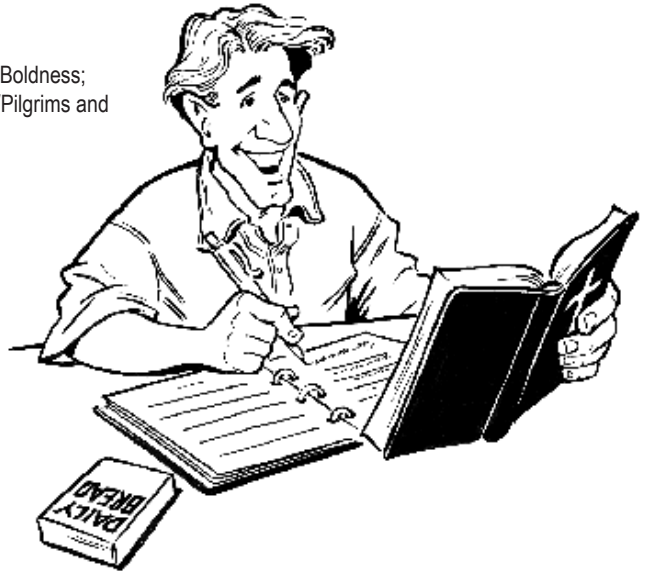
(See also Activated/Disciple Winning; Boldness; Conviction; Performing/Shows; Pioneering/Pilgrims and Strangers; Supply/Finances.)



### The Word / Connecting with Jesus

- keys of concentration
- keys of discovery
- keys of focus
- keys of imprisonment
- keys of longing and desire
- keys of meditation
- keys of obedience
- keys of resolve and urgency
- keys of restoration
- keys of revelation
- keys of spiritual desire
- keys of spiritual sight
- keys of spiritual warfare
- keys of study

(See also Change/Spiritual Progress; Discipleship/Relationship to the World; Fighting the Enemy; Full Possession/Heavenly Thought Power; Hearing from the Lord; Memorization; Spiritual Life.)



## Work

keys of anointing  
keys of clarity  
keys of concentration  
keys of desperation  
keys of determination  
keys of empowerment  
keys of enlightenment  
keys of faith  
keys of fruitfulness  
keys of fresh insight  
keys of heavenly insight  
keys of heavenly thought  
power

keys of humility  
keys of imprisonment  
keys of infusion  
keys of intercession  
keys of miracles  
keys of multitasking  
keys of My resources  
keys of organization  
keys of peace  
keys of possession  
keys of prayerfulness  
keys of prioritizing  
keys of problem solving  
keys of progress  
keys of receptivity  
keys of revelation

keys of revitalization  
keys of rising above  
keys of supernatural ability  
keys of supernatural knowledge  
keys of supernatural wisdom  
keys of time management  
keys of unyielding strength  
keys of vigilance  
keys of vision  
keys of wisdom  
keys of written communication  
keys of yieldedness  
keys of victory

(See also Decision-Making/Wisdom/Meetings; Faith/Rising Above; Full Possession/Heavenly Thought Power; Hearing from the Lord; Inspiration/Enthusiasm; Obedience/Faithfulness; Stress and Pressure.)

extra



## Yieldedness / Forsaking All

keys of adaptability  
keys of faith  
keys of flexibility  
keys of yieldedness

(See also Discipleship/  
Relationship to the World;  
Faith/Rising Above;  
Obedience/Faithfulness.)



## Young People\*

keys of absorption  
keys of belief  
keys of change  
keys of conviction  
keys of discernment  
keys of empowerment  
keys of faith  
keys of flexibility  
keys of insight  
keys of love  
keys of obedience  
keys of progress  
keys of protection  
keys of receptivity  
keys of renewal  
keys of revelation and insight  
keys of wisdom  
keys of yieldedness

(See also Children/  
Parents; Former Members;  
Shepherding/Leadership.)



\*Xn: This section is more about *shepherding* young people; so if you're a young person yourself and don't happen to be helping to shepherd JETTs or teens, feel free to refer to other sections for specific keys for your personal life. Some such sections are:

Change/Spiritual Progress  
Contentment/Happiness/Positiveness  
Conviction  
Discipleship/Relationship to the World  
Spiritual Life  
Word, The/Connecting with Jesus  
Yieldedness/Forsaking All

# If Someone Observed You for a Week...

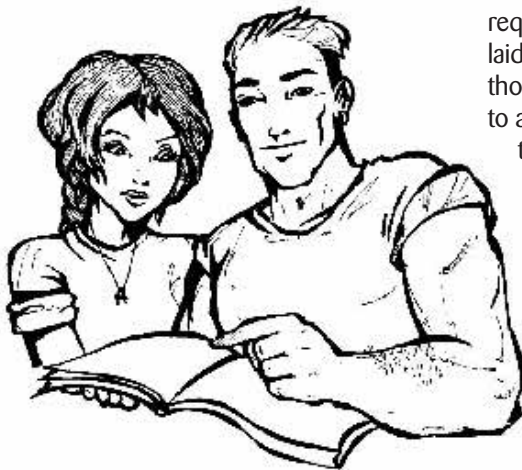
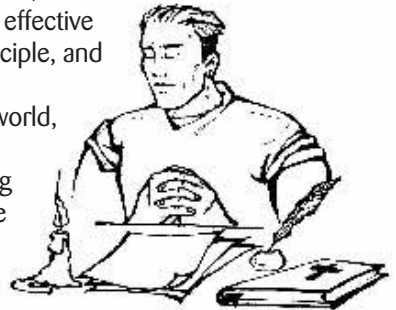


(Jesus:) Discipleship is a lifestyle. It's what you do with your life. It's not a bunch of rules. It's not about "the minimum." Discipleship as I taught is giving all, it's forsaking all, it's holding back nothing from Me and those you serve. I didn't say, "Do this minimum and you'll squeak by." Those who wish to do that can be Family members and friends, but they're

not disciples, even if they're keeping the letter of the law of "the minimum as per the Charter." What they don't understand is the intent of the law, the reason for the minimum. If they did, they would realize that it's not to allow the sample of discipleship to drop and drop and drop.

The vision of a disciple is someone who I could observe for one week, and say at the end of that time: "He's not perfect, but he loves Me, he obeys Me, he forsakes all; he lives for Me and others; he is a consistent, effective witness; he gives all. Simply put, he does the work of a disciple, and I'm proud to call him a disciple."

Let that be your criterion. All the junk and fluff of the world, the sins of the tongue and spirit, will have to go to reach this standard. That's what I'm after; that's what I'm shooting for. If people aren't willing to hit this level and rise from the minimum and to reach higher than that—to really be what they could be, to be a good testimony of a disciple, then they shouldn't strive for [FD] status.



I'm going to now hold people to the true requirements of discipleship, which have been laid out plainly and clearly in the Bible for thousands of years. People just haven't wanted to apply certain portions of either the Bible or the Letters to their lives, because it costs too much. Well, discipleship costs, and now the whole Family is going to have to start paying the price or move to a different level of membership.

Discipleship is a hard life; it is for the few, not for the many. There are many in the Family today who really do not qualify for discipleship. It's not that they don't want to; it's not that they don't desire to; but they're really not willing





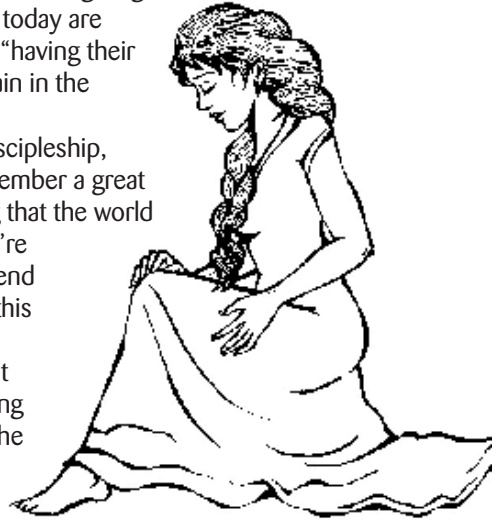
to do the hard work of living the life. They aren't willing to sacrifice, and true discipleship involves a lot of sacrifices.

Full-fledged Family disciples, if they are true disciples, will be sacrificing, giving, yielding, preferring one another, obeying My Word, working for Me, bearing fruit; and, as a result, they will be happy and blessed, but they're still sacrificing.

The happiness doesn't take away from the fact that the life of a disciple is one of self-denial, sacrificial service, and giving. It costs! And sad to say, many of My children of today are not willing to go that far. They've gotten used to "having their cake and eating it too." They think they can remain in the Family but still live in the world.

I'm taking the Family back to true, radical discipleship, and this means for almost every single Family member a great forsaking of something dear to them, something that the world has a line on them through, something that they're allowing in their lives which keeps them as "a friend of the world." The world is enmity with Me, and this compromise is not acceptable.

"It's not that bad," you might say. But it's just the start of greater compromises which are pulling down the discipleship standard and are pulling the disciples and potential disciples right out of the Family and into the pits of Satan.

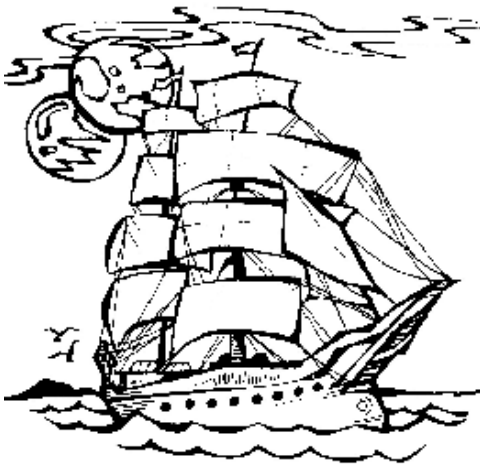


I must cleanse and rid the Family of this compromise, and the only way to do this is to raise the standard high and to give people the challenge once again.

("New Year's Challenge for 2004!" ML #3468:170-177)

**Key Promise:** \_\_\_\_\_

**The keys of revolution give life  
and have the power to turn you  
into a dedicated disciple for Me.**





# What Is DISCIPLESHIP?



(Peter:) Let's review discipleship, starting with a look at what the Bible has to say about the discipleship lifestyle, the life of someone who calls himself a disciple.

**"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15).**

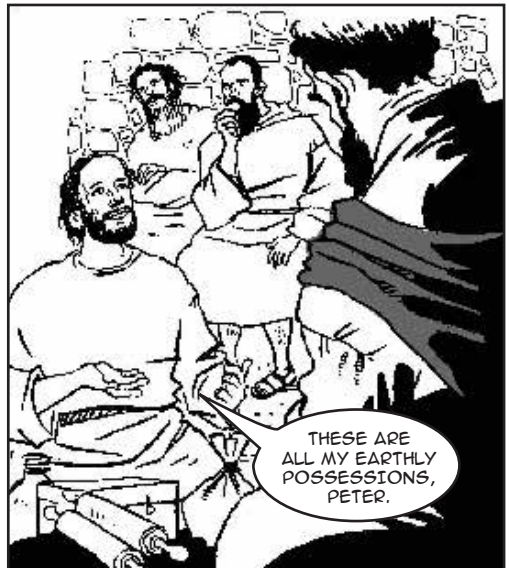
—This means faithful, consistent witnessing.

JESUS REALLY LOVES YOU AND HE WANTS YOU TO KNOW...



SURE, TOM, I DON'T MIND HELPING WITH INSPIRATION AT THE CHURCH OF LOVE TODAY!

THANK YOU, LISA!



THESE ARE ALL MY EARTHLY POSSESSIONS, PETER.

**"All that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need" (Acts 2:44-45).**

—Working and living together, sharing your possessions, being united, being one body, not being selfish.

**"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me" (Luke 9:23-24).**

—Denying yourself, not doing all the things that you want to do, really living for the Lord.





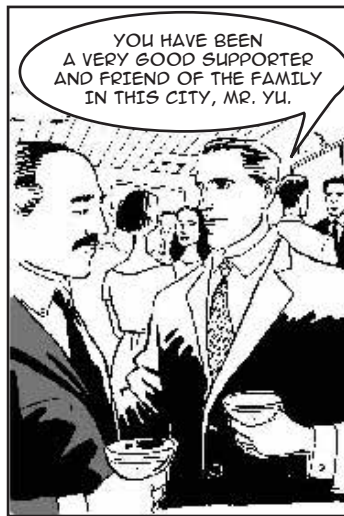
SON, YOU KNOW I DON'T AGREE WITH YOUR LEAVING TO AFRICA WITH YOUR FAMILY. I HAD GROOMED YOU TO TAKE OVER MY BUSINESS...

**"So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple" (Luke 14:33).**

—Forsaking all! That's not just your material possessions, but really forsaking your will to God, so you have no will of your own. You're willing to do whatever the Lord says; you forsake your life, your desires, your personal goals, your personal wants, and you give them to the Lord.



LORD, TOUCH MRS. SOUZA'S HEART AND HELP HER TO DONATE TOWARD OUR NEW VEHICLE. THANK YOU, JESUS!



YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY GOOD SUPPORTER AND FRIEND OF THE FAMILY IN THIS CITY, MR. YU.

**"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you" (2Cor.6:17).**

—Coming out of the world. You're in the world, but you don't have to be of the world.



FRANCIS, DON'T GO...

**"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon" (Mat.6:24).**

—Not being divided in heart. Giving your all to the Lord. Not saying, "I'm going to serve money," or, "I'm going to have my job and do what I want, and I'll give the Lord part of my time." You'll love the one and hate the other—that's something to think about.

**"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil.4:19).**

—Trusting the Lord for supply, living by faith. These are not easy things to do, but it is part of the price of discipleship.



THANK YOU FOR DOING THIS REQUEST LETTER FOR OUR MILK CONTACT SO EARLY IN THE MORNING, JAMES!

NO PROBLEM, BRO!

**“Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren” (1Jn.3:16).**

—That doesn’t mean just dying for somebody someday, but that means dying to yourself every day. Even for that guy you don’t really like; even for that somebody who kind of rubs you the wrong way. You’re still supposed to be laying down your life for them, really working with them, helping them, putting their needs above your own. Because:



THANK YOU, LORD, FOR YOUR FRESH WORDS TO ME TODAY.

**“By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another” (Jn.13:35).**

—It’s the testimony of love, the testimony of unity that shows if you’re a disciple. When you live off on your own, either in your own small Home or you’re living selfishly in your Home and not entering in, people don’t see that love, that unity, that oneness. But the Bible says that that’s how people will know you’re disciples. It’s so different. It’s such a testimony that you have love one to another. Do you?



HI UNCLE SAMUEL! THANK YOU FOR FIXING THE NURSERY ROOF! WE BROUGHT SOME COLD ORANGE JUICE FOR YOU!

**“If ye continue in My Word, then are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free” (Jn.8:31–32).**

—That’s an “if, then” clause. “If you continue in My Word, then are ye My disciples indeed.” If you’re living the Word, if you’re continuing in it, if you’re absorbing it, then you’re disciples. Conversely, if you’re not doing those things, then you’re not a disciple. So how are you doing? Are you continuing in the Word? Are you applying it in your life? If yes, you’re a disciple. If no, or not enough, then you’re not. It’s fairly straightforward.



THANK YOU FOR THOSE ACTIVATED MAGS! THEY’RE CHANGING MY LIFE!

**“Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples” (Jn.15:8).**

—What’s the fruit of your witness? What’s the fruit of your ministry? Are you bearing fruit? Is your Home bearing fruit?—Fruit of disciples, of contacts, of friends, of people being won to the Lord, of a witness getting out? What is the fruit?—Real, lasting fruit.

Those are just a few of the appropriate Bible verses, and I’m sure you can find many more. And if you want to be a Family disciple, an Endtime disciple of David and Maria, then you not only have to live those Bible verses, but you have to live the Letters. You have to apply God’s New Wine for today to your life. If you’re not, you’re not a disciple. Being a disciple is being a doer of the Word, applying it.

(“New Year’s Challenge for 2004!” ML #3468:128–140)



# “AM I MY BROTHER’S KEEPER?”

## Chapter 9: Mesmerized by the Spirit

“Hi, Abner!”

“Hi, Emil.”

“You’ve grown a bit,” said Emil, a tall, well-built twenty-seven-year-old with a shock of black curly hair and wearing overalls. He patted Abner’s shoulder with a paint-stained hand. “Is it the enchiladas or the Mexican chicks?”

Abner smiled. “Both.”

“How was Ivana?”

Abner glumly shook his head.

“Sorry. Want to see what the Lord supplied? Let’s go out back.”

“Dinner will be ready in an hour,” said Lydia. “Faith and Nicolae should be home by then. Nicolae can’t wait to see you.”

“What do you think?” Emil asked as he and Abner stood in the backyard of the house.

“An RV. Cool.”

“RV?”

“I mean, a camper. And you’re painting it?”

“Yup. Midnight blue. But I need your help with *this*.”

Emil picked up a large stenciled template.

“That’s the Activated logo,” said Abner.

“Correct. We have to spray paint it on the sides along with the motto. And we’ve only got this evening and tomorrow to do it. It needs to be finished by the week-end for its maiden voyage to Bucharest. That’s why I need your help. I heard you have some artistic talent.”

Abner flushed with pride. “Yeah, but I don’t know if I can do something like this.”

“It’s simple. Place the stencil down on the surface like this and tape it down, hold the spray paint can like this and *voila!*”

“What if I make a mistake?”

“Then I can blame *you*. I am absolved of all responsibility! Look, just claim the keys of skill ... an artist spirit helper, and go for it.”

Abner laughed nervously. “Can’t *you* do it?”

“I have a tune up on the engine to do once I’ve finished the spray job. Well, are you game?”

“Sure,” said Abner. “But what’s it for?”

“We’re taking it on the road. We’ll park in strategic places in the cities along the way, distribute our mags, and renew subscriptions. It’ll be a great attention-getter, and looks professional.”

“It’s a cool idea,” said Abner.

(Continued on page 16)

ART BY SABINE







**Key Promise:** Stand on the power of the keys and you will have talent, inspiration and know-how for the job at hand. It is not of you, but of Me and the heavenly host who are there to serve you.

"And you're coming along."

"I am?"

"Yep. And it's all kosher with your mom and dad, in case you were wondering. We heard you are a pretty cool witness."

"Me?"

"Something about a top official's daughter ... you led her to the Lord and have her on the line. We get the news, you know."

"Oh, *that*. I just tell her what I know. I just preach ... sort of."

"That's great ... so Faithy, Nicolae, and I thought it'd be cool to have you along. Hey, take it as a compliment! If we thought you were going to be a liability or a drag, we wouldn't have even considered it."

"But whatever you've heard..."

"From Kyra? If you've got *her* stamp of approval, we don't ask questions! Of course, it's up to you."

"Okay," said Abner, sheepishly. "Count me in."

Abner was desperate. He wanted to make it here in his former Home. He didn't know if it was to prove himself to them, or to do it for the Lord Himself, or—and this was the quandary of his motive that troubled him—to not betray the apparent committed trust that Kyra had placed in him.

"It's all three," the Lord told him in prophecy that night as he lay in his bed after he had pled for clarification of his own motives. An old Scripture memory song ran through his head.

*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.*

*Done it unto Me*, thought Abner. *I want to be a sample, prove myself to my folks and Kyra and all that and it's ultimately for You. It will please You.*

Enveloped with a sense of comfort and security, Abner fell asleep with excited anticipation for the new day.

\* \* \*

"You got it!" said Emil. "And it should be dry by tomorrow morning."

Enhanced by the twilight, the bright yellow Activated logo surrounded by a few well-placed silver shooting stars, stood out in sharp relief against its dark blue background. Abner smiled.

"Excellent job," said Faithy, giving him a hug.

"And the stars thing was an anointed idea, Ab," said Nicolae, an olive-skinned twenty-three-year-old sporting a goatee and a brightly colored headscarf. "Just the right finishing touch."

"We hit the road at seven in the morning," said Emil.

"And dinner's ready," announced Lydia who had stepped outside with Andrew, Abner's father, to join the other Home members in admiration of the finished product.

"And the engine's purring like a kitten," said Emil. "As good as new. That guy supplied us with those spare parts at a tenth of the cost. And all the paint was free from another contact."

"Let's have dinner in it," said Faithy. "A camper-warming, praise celebration!"

"And dedicate it to the Lord's service," Andrew added.

\* \* \*

The camper, with a fold-out table standing underneath the awning and its intriguing inhabitants, caused no small stir of curiosity in the towns and villages they passed through along the way to Bucharest. Some people asked if they were a youth group taking a survey, to which Emil would reply that yes, they were seeking out who was worthy. This answer in itself drew many a poignant question from the searching. Faithy would often pull out her guitar and sing moving songs in Romanian and English; some were old folk songs and some her own compositions. This gave Abner a chance to accompany her on a pair of tattered bongos and a tambourine.

"Didn't know you had a gift for rhythm like that," Faithy remarked, as she and Abner retired into the back of the camper to catch



their breath after a twenty-minute repertoire of lively Family songs.

"Got into it over there," said Abner.

"That Home has sure been a blessing to you," said Faithy.

Just then the door burst open.

"Time to pull up stakes!" said Emil, breathlessly.

"Uh-oh," said Faithy. "Authorities?"

"Precisely, my dear. They are not actually on our doorstep, but some old biddy started screaming something about us spreading illegal mind-altering propaganda, and stormed off to tell the police. I prayed about it and the Lord said for us to move on. We did pretty good—we've got some souls, subscriptions, and gas money. Let's go."

\* \* \*



The glow of the campfire, Faithy's plaintive voice and the soft strum of her guitar wafting in the night air bade welcome to those traveling on foot and on wheels as they passed by the small wooded grove on the outskirts of Bucharest.

"It's amazing what the power of the keys can do," said Emil. "Just claim them and look ... we've drawn a crowd."

"It must have been the smell of the sausages roasting," quipped Nicolae.

Abner's Romanian was rusty, but many of the curious visitors, mostly youth, spoke English and were more than willing to practice it. He was engaged in a particularly deep conversation with a couple of teenage girls, when a motorcycle's headlights blinded his eyes. It stopped and its riders dismounted.

"I should have known," said a familiar voice.

"Ivana!" exclaimed Abner.

"Do you know this guy?" demanded the leather-jacketed youth at her side.

"Yeah," Ivana replied.

"Let's go, Grigore."

"No, let's stick around.

This looks good for a laugh."

"Hi! I'm Emil. You're welcome to stay for hot dogs, apple punch, and some music."

"We'll pass," said Ivana with an aloof tone. "And you don't need any punch on top of all that *tuica*\*, Grig." [*\*tuica*: plum brandy; a Romanian drink]

"What's with you?" said her companion. "Is this kid some old boyfriend?"

Ivana's eyes caught Abner's and dropped. "A friend," she said.

"So who's the cute chick singing?" said the youth as he ambled over to Faithy who returned his confident leer with a smile, while she hummed a haunting melody over her strumming.

"Where did you pick *him* up?" asked Abner scornfully.

"I didn't 'pick him up.'"

"Oh, sorry. Where did he pick *you* up? I don't know which is worse."

"He's just a friend and we have fun together. Nothing more."

"I guess not, 'cause look, he's on the make with Faithy."

"I suppose you want to know Jesus," said Faithy, as Grigore squatted provokingly in front of her. "Seeing as you are so attracted to the spirit."

"Attracted to the *what*?" Grigore asked, visibly disconcerted.

"The spirit," said Faithy, her sapphire blue eyes searching his with mesmerizing radiance. "The Spirit of God in me."



Grigore straightened his back and mustered up enough bluffing assertion to respond.

"Y-you're just a cute chick that sings pretty cool," he mumbled. "That's all."

"No. If you were to hear me with the natural ears of the flesh, you'd see ... or rather *hear* ... that I am just an amateur at best. Come on, you know your attempts at bravado are so puny. The flesh is no match for the Spirit of God."

Grigore sprang to his feet. "Hey 'Vana," he yelled, "get over here! This weirdo chick's trying to psyche me out."

"Sit down," said Ivana as she and Abner made their way towards him with the two teenage girls following in astonishment. "Poor Grigore, afraid of a mere girl trying to get through to your soul? Where's your macho prowess now?"

"Are you in on this game or something?" Grigore demanded.

"If it's a game," said Ivana, as the spirit of the song Faithy was singing slowly pulled her in, "it's one of life and death. That makes for a pretty serious game."

Grigore threw up his hands. "Look, what's with this thing? Do I have to give in to this Jesus?"

"That's the most right-on thing you've said since I've known you," said Ivana.

"Okay," he said, pressing his hand to his chest. "If He'll take *this* away, I'll do it."

"The pain? The nagging heaviness?" asked Faithy.

"Yeah ... yeah. How did you know? Of course you know ... it's..."

"Just pray," Faithy urged, as she grasped one of his hands and Ivana took the other.

"Pray what?"

After repeating Faithy's simple prayer for Jesus to enter into his heart, Grigore heaved a sigh of relief and stared at the ground. A broad smile creased his face.

"So you got this too, 'Vana? This is what you've been trying to tell me?"

Ivana nodded.

"So what now?"

Faithy began strumming rhythmically on her guitar.

"Happy birthday," she sang. "It's the first day of a brand new life. ..."

(Jesus:) Once you're Mine, you're always Mine. Even if you stray far from My will or you disobey My call for your life, others will still see Me in you. There is no denying My Spirit in you, because once I'm in your heart, I'm there to stay. I can never be completely hidden, no matter how much darkness, sin or disobedience may try to cloak My power, no matter how much one may try to pretend I'm not there.

Even the wayward are bound to Me, and our connection of love will never be broken.

My Spirit in them can never be eliminated or destroyed.

("Crowns on the Ice,"  
ML #3465:142-143)

"Did you get his phone number so we can call him about joining our Bible class?" asked Emil, as he revved up the engine and looked out at Grigore who was pointing to an *Activated* magazine, and gesticulating fiercely while talking to a small group of youths who had happened by their camping spot.

Faithy smiled. "Sure did. He's on fire."

"It's a little more than I expected," said Nicolae. "He has the potential to be a real labor leader, even join."

"Join?" said Abner. "You mean, the Family?"

"Well, the Lord has promised an increase to the Family's fold."

Abner didn't answer but stared out of the camper window as it rolled onto the main highway home, wondering if he'd see Ivana again.

## Chapter 10: Unforeseeable

Abner let himself in through the front door of the Home in Timișoara and with a groan, slumped into the nearest armchair. He reached for the TV remote, but decided against it, knowing it wasn't going to



story feature

lift the discouragement, and that someone would probably ask him what he was doing. At least the stew smelled good.

"Is that you, Abner?"

"Uh-huh, Mom."

"How did it go?"

"Lousy."

"I'm so sorry. We've been praying for you. Were people not interested or something?"

"It's not that," said

Abner. "I met a lot of sweet people. All impressed that I want to return to Mexico as a missionary and all that stuff. Maybe it's the time of the month, and they don't have money or something. But I did get a few addresses."

"Great," said Lydia.

"That's what the Lord looks at, your faithfulness to witness. Maybe He wants you to stay."

"Mom!"

"Well, we were talking just last night that you have been a real asset to this Home. Your dad and I are so pleased with how you've been helping around the place. If you don't mind me saying so, we're pleasantly surprised."

"I know I belong in Mexico, Mom. At the Luna Home."

Lydia smiled. "I know, I know. Don't worry. I think we're all convinced that that's where you're supposed to be, and the Lord has said so numerous times. Maybe He wants to supply the ticket some other way."

"Maybe."

"I'm sorry. But how was Faithy? Wasn't she an encouragement today?"

"Sort of, I guess. She just said that's what happens. You have good days and bad days. I just don't think she understands."

"What makes you say that?"

"She asked me about Ivana when we stopped for a snack. I told her that it's been a trial, but all she could say was something about how it seems that Ivana's made her decision, and all we can do is pray."

"That's true," said Lydia.

"But I don't think she's made her decision ... really."

"Let's claim a miracle in the power and name of the keys," Lydia said suddenly. Abner sighed and clasped her outstretched hand.

"Lord," his mother prayed, "You said that if we obey by faith and push *Activated*, which Abner has done despite his battles, feelings, and the seeming lack of success, that You would bless us. You've blessed our Home with incredible supply and fruit because we've obeyed in this area, even when it seemed that people were not receptive, and we were just spinning our wheels. Now we know that those wheels were really going somewhere."

Lydia reached for a small wooden box and pulled out a slip of paper. "So we claim this key promise—and it's not an empty promise, Lord—'Call down the power of the keys and ask what you will, for it is by these petitions that great miracles are wrought.' You mean it. And we take a firm stand of faith right now that You will supply the money for Abner's ticket, and if not the money, then even the ticket itself. We don't know how You're going to do it, but we trust You. In Your precious Name, Jesus, we ask."

Abner mumbled an "amen" and something about being hungry.

"And we thank You for this food, Lord," his mother added.

The dinner dragged by slowly for Abner, who sat silent while Faithy recounted the miracles of the day. At the close of the dinner, Abner excused himself and,

even though he wasn't particularly tired, retired to bed where he spent an hour or more staring at the ceiling, and petitioning Jesus with his requests.

At about nine o'clock the next morning, he was woken up by his mother tapping his shoulder.

"I was planning on letting you sleep in longer," she said, "but there's a call for you from a travel agency."

Rubbing his sleep-filled eyes, Abner stumbled to the phone.

"Mr. Abner Sanford?"

"Yes."

"Sir, we are just confirming your flight," returned the female voice at the other end of the line.

"A flight? To where?"

"Mexico City."



"I haven't booked a flight."

"That's right, sir, you haven't personally. The ticket was purchased online yesterday, by someone who wishes to remain anonymous. I hope you understand that I have to respect the party's request. But it was booked for the 29th of this month."

"That's my birthday, just a week away. Wow!"

"I'm sorry, sir, I assumed you knew about this."

"I didn't."

"Do you wish to cancel or rebook for another date?"

"Er ... no ... not really. At least I have a couple of days to think about it. If I decide to change it at such short notice, will there be a fee?"

"No, sir. It's a full-fare, round-trip, one-year ticket."

"Wow! That's great. But hey, look, er ... unless I notify you otherwise, we'll be going for that date. I mean I'll be ready to go then."

"Very well, sir. Thank you and good day."

"Yeah. Thanks."

"Mom!" Abner exclaimed after a few moments of staring dumbfounded at the receiver. "I've got a ticket to Mexico, leaving on my birthday. Some anonymous buyer."

"Who could that be?"

"No idea, Mom. *You?*"

Lydia chuckled. "We had made other plans for your birthday and besides, we don't have that kind of money on hand, right, Andy?"

Abner's father, who was fixing a problem with a ring on the gas stove, grinned. "No, son. And if we did, you can bet your boots we would let you know we bought it!"

"It's someone who knows when my birthday is."

"Maybe it's your Luna friends," said his mother.

"They must want you back there pretty bad."

"Dunno," Abner mumbled. "I sometimes wonder if I'm more a burden here than a blessing."

Lydia raised her hand. "Stop right there, honey. I've heard from Kyra quite a bit over the months, and nearly all the mentions of you have been positive from that Home in Pablo. ..."

"Puebla."

"Right. And they've had almost nothing but *good* to say about you."



"Believe you me," interjected his father, "I think if you *had* been a burden, they would have jumped at not being able to extend your ticket, and couldn't have *wanted* to ship you back here as available personnel!"

"Then it's most likely someone on your Luna team," added his mother. "I guess when you get there you can find out who it was and thank them!"

"And I need to let Ivana know ASAP," said Abner.

"You can call her right now," said Lydia.

After a few minutes of dialing Ivana's flat and leaving a message, then calling her parents, who informed him that they hadn't heard from her in some days, Abner sat down at the home computer and typed her an

e-mail. Its original intention of being an "FYI" note ended up being a long declaration of his stand for the Lord, and a veiled plea for her to return to the Family.

He was about to sign off, when another e-mail popped into the computer's inbox, addressed to him. He decrypted it right away:

Hi,

*It's me, Tim again. Sorry to have to bug you, but the Lord told me in my P&P time this morning to drop you another line! Hope that's cool. I have to assume you got my last e-mail to you, as I didn't get an answer. (Hint, hint!)*

*Well, I'm sure you're busy, like us! As I told you in the last email, the music thingy is going great, keeps us all busy. My sisters, especially Jess, are getting a bit of shepherding these days. Jav's stepping in with consequences for Jess' attitude of late. She's missed a few videos, and they've limited the times she can turn on the TV and see herself. We're on a lot of networks lately. I would think we're on at least once a day. Mexico MTV wants to do something, but they wanted to do the footage their way, and we said nothing doing. When I say "we," I mean, Mer really let them know that we had to have total control of every frame that's filmed and edited. She said Luna doesn't want to take any chances on there being any weirdness coming across! She was anointed, wow! She's a cool chick. I think she was the only one who had the faith to put her foot down like that. We all thought she'd blown them away for sure, but guess what? They went for it!*

*So we film for a segment next week, Monday I think. And they want to do a thing with "Scaling Up." Mer told them that she and Kyra will come up with the concept. It's going to be done like a sort of spirit trip, with Kyra praying and all these spirit helpers coming around and finally Jesus. It's going to be cool. The MTV guys really got off on the tongues thing in the recording, and wondered what language it was! Mer said it was a lingo of the spirit, that's only understood by God. Neat, huh?*

*Which reminds me, after a gig the other night before going to sleep, I don't know what it was, maybe it was 'cause I was dead tired, but I started praying for you in tongues as I was dozing off. Super freaky! I'd never done anything like that before in my life, and I suddenly had a vision of Ivana. I knew it was her, 'cause I'd seen her photo, but much cuter in real life than the photo. Anyway, she was walking towards me smiling, and then all of a sudden she'd stop, and it was like this big black demon thing grabbed her and was pulling her back into this dark cloud. She wouldn't scream or nothing, she was just sort of resigning to it, like, "what's the use," type of thing.*

*I remember yelling "No, Ivana!" I don't know if I was dreaming, or actually screaming it out loud, but I wasn't worried because I'm the only one sleeping in our room right now! So anyhow, I started rebuking it and the black demon thing would fade back. It seemed*

*to happen a few times. Ivana would sort of wake up and realize what was happening, and start walking towards me again, smiling. Then the dark cloud would come over her, and this demon thing would grab her again, and she'd sort of give in. I remember the last thing I was doing was praying for her in tongues before falling asleep. Heavy duty, huh? I got that it went right along with the whole "Depression" thing that came out in those GNs.*

*"Death to Depression,"  
ML #3464]*

*Anyway, Ab, I want you to know that I'm praying for you. I'm claiming the keys that you are back here before September is out! I mean, prayer isn't the least we can do, right? Like, praying for Ivana can do more than anything we can do on our own. Well, I guess it's easy for me to talk, there's nothing else I can do for her anyway, being all the way over here. See ya.  
—Tim*

Abner smiled, said a prayer for his friend, and resisted his tiredness getting the better of a check in the spirit to reply right then.

Hey Tim,

*Thanks for the e-mail. It was a real encouragement and came just at the right time. Great to hear how it's all going over there. And Kyra's due any day? Wow! I'm praying for her and miss her tons. In fact, all of you guys!*

*Look, Tim, on that prayer thing, I've been trying to get in touch with Ivana, and like I wrote Clay and Kyra, I'm leaving on my birthday. (Did any of you have something to do with the mysterious ticket, by the way?). Just for your info, I was sent into a bit of a tailspin when I met her recently on*

story feature

(Jesus:) I've called all My disciples and asked them to choose discipleship as their profession, to stand up and show what they have learned over the years in My discipleship-training program. When the stakes are higher, the victories come at a greater cost. They require more of you in the fight.

Time is running out, the forces of the Enemy are being rallied to fight against you, and the spiritual tension has heightened all about you. You must be put through the fires of testing. Your worth must be tried. I must know that you will stand steadfast, unmovable in the days to come when the clouds of darkness and spiritual oppression will overshadow the world. The purity of gold cannot be known until it has been through the fire; so it is with you.

The power to overcome is given to the children of David, and as times grow darker and the battles escalate, so will the potency of My power in you increase.

("Death to Depression," ML #3464:121-123)

*a witnessing trip to Bucharest, and she was with this biker dude, Grigore. He actually ended up getting saved and is going to Bible classes, and is super on fire, and he's now having classes at Samuel and Joy's Home. ... He convicts me, sort of like Marisa does. He comes over and asks me what Word I read that day and what key promise I memorized and stuff like that. Doesn't give me much space, but it was actually good for me.*

*Anyways, to get to the point: Can you all pray that Ivana contacts me before I leave, if that's the Lord's will? What you said about praying for Ivana being more effective than trying to do it on my own was right on. I'm realizing that although the Lord did tell me to come here, and He made it pretty obvious that I should, with my ticket not working out and all, that I could accomplish much more by actually praying for her. Anyway, your note reminded me to have faith that prayer works, so please pray that I get in touch with Ivana. Thanks.*

With renewed inspiration, Abner hit the streets the following day with his dad, promoting *Activated* magazines and subscriptions. To his surprise, he was inundated with subscriptions and donations, which he attributed to his being relieved of his previously held burden of fundraising for his ticket.

Yet he could not get in touch with Ivana. The phone in her flat was dead, even his e-mail to her was unanswered, and Lucian at the hair salon informed

him that she had not shown up for work in the last couple of days. By the evening before his departure—which meant getting up at five that morning for the seven-thirty flight—Abner was only able to leave a recorded message at her parents' phone number. Then he wrote Tim.

Tim,

*Hi. This is real short, but I have just been going crazy hunting around for Ivana, I tried to phone her flat, her folks, her work, and finally her e-mail, nothing. It's like she's disappeared. I really had the faith that I should just pray for her, but now I'm being tested on it big time. I'm trying to leave it totally in the Lord's hands. Since you guys will still be awake while I'm sleeping, could you pray for me to have faith, and I'll hear something before I leave tomorrow, early?*

—Abner

And pray for her Abner had. During the last week in the night seasons, with aching heart and a few secret tears he had pled his cause with Jesus for the one who he was now convinced he loved deeply.

However, this night before his departure he eventually retired to bed in despair, where he began fearing the worst. He prayed and asked for a message, which he scribbled in a well-used spiral-bound memo pad. It said something about the fruits of his prayers, that they were about to materialize, that he should not fear, but go forth, seeking first the Kingdom of God and "all



these things shall be added” unto him. The message made no mention of Ivana, but nevertheless, left Abner with some reassurance that all was well before he fell asleep.

*(Jesus:)* Not one word uttered in prayer ever escapes My attention. I bring instant action—either to answer the prayer immediately, or to route the prayer power to a reservoir to be used to answer the prayer at a later date.

Words on Earth come and go; sometimes they are remembered and other times they are forgotten. But words uttered in prayer are *never* overlooked, forgotten, or lost in My world! Not one drop of strength, energy or time invested in prayer is ever wasted.

“Crowns on the Ice,” ML #3465:124–125)

\* \* \*

The sun was rising on the brow of the almost deserted highway as the van cruised along on its way to Timișoara Airport, and Abner was perusing a sheet of prophecies the Home had received for his journey and had presented to him the night before. Although he had been looking forward to returning to Puebla, his anticipation was dampened with the thought of another chapter closing; the chapter he would call

“Ivana.” Just before rushing out of the door, he had checked the computer and, seeing there was nothing in from Ivana, hurriedly typed her another e-mail, apologizing if he’d come across preachy in his last one and letting her know that whatever she decided to do, he was supportive, and she would be in his prayers.

After helping him with the check-in of his one suitcase, Andrew and Lydia saw Abner to the passport control, where they hugged him, and bid him goodbye. After the short flight from Timișoara Airport to Bucharest International, and passing through immigrations and passport control, Abner was again waiting to board his flight. After dousing his face with a refreshing splash of water in one of the nearby restrooms, he looked up at his reflection in the mirror. He was pleasantly surprised to see that it was a different Abner from the one who had passed through this airport under one year ago. The self-conscious “gangsta wannabe”—as Marisa had so drolly described her first impression of him—was gone. He drew himself up to his full height, dusted off the shoulders of his sweatshirt, and made his way to gate twelve, where boarding had already begun.

Once he had found his seat, Abner pulled out the in-flight magazine and stretched his legs, glad he was booked beside an emergency exit. The seat beside

story feature



him was still empty. If a passenger had booked it, they were obviously not aboard the flight, and the aircraft door was now closing. Abner didn't mind. It would afford him more room on what promised to be a long and tedious flight. However, when the stewardess announced that there was to be a ten-minute delay in order to await a couple of late arrival passengers, Abner's face fell, seeing the flight was pretty full, and realizing that the vacancy beside him would probably be filled after all.

In hopes that he might still be able to keep the empty seat to himself, he quickly threw his jacket onto the seat and buried his nose in the magazine.

"Excuse me. According to my boarding pass, I think this is my seat."

Abner looked up. His mouth fell open. He blinked his eyes. Was he dreaming? He had gotten up quite early that morning and had been feeling drowsy, so it was a possibility.

"Happy birthday!"

"I-Ivana?"

"That's me."

"W-where are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know. Mexico perhaps?"

"Passengers are kindly advised to fasten their seatbelts and prepare for takeoff. We encourage you to keep them fastened until the seat belt signs are turned off. Thank you."

"Look, are you going to move your jacket so I can sit down?"

Abner shook his head in bewilderment and blinked his eyes again. "Oh gosh, I'm s-sorry. Er ... yeah, of course. Thank You, Jesus," Abner added softly.

Ivana smiled. "Shocked?"

"What do you think? I mean ... you're really coming to Mex?"

"Unless my ticket is like, riddled with typos ... I believe so."

"For what? I mean, *why*?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Ivana. "Get a job in a cantina, drink tequila, find a cute ranchero, get pregnant and get married. Something like that. Though not necessarily in that order."

"You're not serious."

"Of course not. I need a new start."

"Oh."

"You don't like the idea?"

"No ... I mean *yes*. But ... are you planning to..."

"Rejoin? Yes."

"That's great! But where are you planning to stay?"

"With you guys."

"But you haven't..."

"I haven't asked any Home yet, but I'm hoping your Home will accept me as a new disciple."

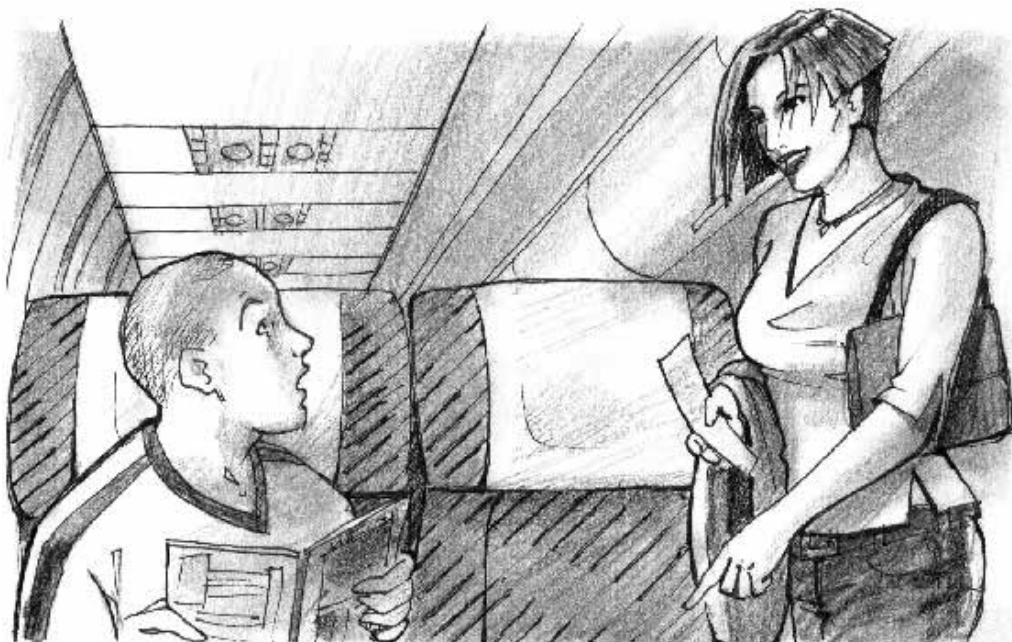
The plane shuddered and taxied toward the runway. As it revved up for takeoff, Ivana closed her eyes and put her hand in Abner's.

"Seriously," she said softly after a short prayer for the flight, "I want to rejoin the Family. I see clearly now that I made the wrong choice in leaving the Family. I want to commit to being a disciple. I know the Family's the place for me—God's highest will for me."

"I know that hopping on a flight like this isn't exactly according to the rules and all, but I had to make a clean break. I only told my parents today—I called them from the airport. They were, of course, flipped out that I want to rejoin, but also asked me what I had in mind. ... I felt this was the only way ... a totally new start."

Abner shook his head in disbelief.

"But the most uncanny thing happened when I finally made this decision," Ivana continued. "Not only did Lucian suddenly offer me a *mega* raise and a promotion, but I got calls out of the blue with offers of the most *incredible* jobs. Even an offer of an all-expenses-paid fashion and beauty course in Prague! Ultra chic. Well, the Devil overstepped himself with that one, it



actually strengthened my conviction, it was so obvious."

"Phew!" said Abner. "I'm super flipped, but you'll explain it all at the other end, right? Just so they know that I had nothing to do with this!"

"If it doesn't work out, or I'm not accepted," said Ivana, "I have a return ticket. But I do have money to stay in a hotel or rent a room for a while, if I can't move in right away."

"Right..." Abner paused as the realization dawned on his face. "Wait. Were you the one who ... who..."

"Paid for your ticket?" said Ivana with a grin.

"Yeah."

Ivana shook her head. "No," she said, languidly stretching out and reaching for the in-flight magazine. "The angel did."

The End

*(Jesus:) My powerful and mighty wave of anointing through My Family, with which you will reach the world and cover the corners of the globe with My message, will also touch on the shores of the hearts of these, My wayward brides. I will stir them with the warmth of My salty, spicy ocean. They will remember the freshness, the freedom, and see the depth of truth contained in My Words, and they will want to return to My service, at least in some measure.*

Seeing this hunger and vacuum in the world will be what causes some to return to Me. They will see that the light and spirit within them, as little as it may be, is desperately needed in the world as the days grow darker, and they will long to be filled with more of this truth and knowledge and spirit, for their own sake and the sake of others.

*("What the Future Holds, Part 1," ML #3349:104,111)*

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**Themes 12-13**

—The Weapon of Prophecy—

- Getting Started (Blade 06) (250 words)
- Priceless Jewels (Blade 09) (300 words)
- From A to Z (Blade 09) (450 words)
- Just Like the Prophets of Old (Blade 10) (300 words)
- Ask Me Again! (Blade 11) (100 words)
- Chat\_with\_God.com (Blade 19) (450 words)
- The More You Practice, the Easier It Becomes (ML #3270:18-29) (1,200 words)
- Prophecy Works! (ML #3275:8-23) (1,500 words)
- (Bible Study) How to Find the Will of God (Word Basics) (3,500 words) **CVC**
- Loving Jesus More—
- Get Lost! (Xn 12) (400 words)

- The Canister of Life (Blade 10) (300 words)
- Get That Bounce Back! (Blade 11) (250 words)
- The Key to Happiness (Blade 16) (150 words)
- Real Moments with Me (Blade 20) (200 words)
- Be Whisked to Heaven for a Personal Tour (Blade 21) (350 words)
- Loving Jesus! Part 2 (DB 13) (2,200 words) (FD/MM Only)
- (Memory Chapter) Psalms 1 (Delighting in the Lord) (Bible) (150 words)
- (Bible Study) Our Relationship with the Lord (Word Basics) (3,100 words) **CVC**
- Holy Spirit Basics—
- The Spirit of Love (Treasures) (1,500 words)
- The First Step to Greater Unity of the Spirit (ML #3437:105-110) (500 words)

- Proverbs 3 (Wisdom) (Bible) (600 words)
- 1Cor.12 (Different Gifts of the Spirit) (Bible) (600 words)

**Basic Letters of Father David [14-15]**

- The Memorization Revolution (ML #2467; Vol.18; DB 8) (DB: 3,800 words)



If you already read this Letter in Spice of Life List 03, you don't need to read it again.

- Interpreting Bible Prophecy (ML #2210; Vol.16; DB 8) (DB: 7,500 words)

**CAT Study of the Day CVC Web Only**

- Appreciation (1,900 words)
- Roots of Bitterness (4,500 words)

**Effects of the Word**

- "Email of the day" October/ November 2003 emails (MO Site/Newsire/Web Witness)

A.M.E.

Question: Lord, is there some question deep in my heart that I keep forgetting to ask You about, that You want to answer?

NQ

**How to Make Your Word Time Come Alive Again!**  
 When something speaks to you or seems like a very good point, do more than just dwell on it for the moment. Write it down, or mark it to review or pray about later. Take the extra step to see why the Spirit made it stand out to you. Maybe the Lord wants to use it like a clue in a treasure hunt to lead you in a certain direction where He has more things for you. ("Desperate for Jesus!" ML #3250:56)

**Ed's Note**

**Q:** Are the memory passages in Spice of Life supposed to be memorized? Please let us know right away, if possible, because if so, we're two behind already! Love you lots and pray for you often! —From a constant Xn reader!

**A:** Thank you for your question! Spice of Life doesn't provide an official and regular memory/review program (that is, each list won't necessarily include "memory passages"). However, the memory passages included are a part of the new Word Course coming out for JETTs/JTs, so if you do work through those memory passages as they come out in Spice, you'll be getting a good start on the Word Course memory assignments.

(Note: Since Xn won't be coming out during the renewal, you can look for the new Word Course on the MO site soon, DV, as well as delve into other special renewal Word assignments, to keep up with the momentum of the Word Revolution, and keep filling up your "Spice of Life" quote books!)



