



Temple Prophecy
Almathor
Judge and Jury

Instruct the Angels

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Temple Prophecy



(Jesus:) Your time on Earth is very short compared to eternity, and that above all it is a testing ground, a school, and a demonstration to the entire universe. Life is not guaranteed to be easy. Life is full of tests and battles, and someone who endures through long or seemingly endless battles and tests of faith is a powerful testimony to all the watching hosts of Heaven. It's a testimony of the kind of faith that truly pleases God—the kind of “but if not” faith that endures endless difficulties because it believes in My promises and in My goodness and faithfulness to deliver, no matter what the circumstances look like.

... When you get up here and the whole spectrum of life and reality is revealed to you, you'll be glad that you went through what you did, because the strength of faith that you gain is priceless, and the strength of faith that you impart to others, both on Earth and in Heaven, when they watch your valiant struggle, is priceless.

Don't let it surprise you that what you go through can teach lessons to those in My heavenly realm and inspire them. If Satan was able to persuade a third of the angels to follow him in rebellion against Me, it is obvious that even angels' minds are not above changing, or at least persuasion. They aren't weak, but they are not so sinless and perfect that they cannot be motivated and spurred on by a good sample that they see from someone in your realm. They know the difficulties you face in having to believe and take by faith what they see every day with their eyes.

So when you go through one of these long-term battles and you've done all in your power to overcome, but you're left to fight on in faith, know that you're instructing angels and great numbers of heavenly helpers who are motivated by your faith and your conviction and your fighter's spirit. They're motivated to likewise trust Me more, do more for Me, and serve Me with greater love and fervor.

(“The Art of War, Part 2,” ML #3533:26–29; March 2005)



“Memo Key” is a new section we’re starting up in *Xn*. In this section, we’ll present one highly illustrated key promise to aid you in easier memorization. You can photocopy these key promises and paste them in a notebook for your easy memorization and review, or download them from the MO site and post them somewhere in your Home.

We pray they’re a blessing to you, and that the pictures will help the key promises stick in your minds easier. We love you!



NO FOE OF DARKNESS,



FIEND OF NEGATIVITY,



OR TROLL OF CRITICALNESS



SABINE

CAN CROSS THE ENTRANCE OF YOUR MIND IF YOU **MILITANTLY**
STAND GUARD, KEYS IN HAND!

(“NEGATIVITY / CRITICALNESS,” KEY PROMISES)

Xn Issue 55—July 2005. *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. Cover art by Sabine. Copyright © 2005 by The Family International — AM

Raisa Buvitt in Remove the

DO NOT DISTURB!

Signs

ART BY JEREMY



SO ... HOW'S IT BEEN GOING, RAISA?

ER ... FINE, JESUS. JUST FINE.

WELL, ACTUALLY, LORD IT'S NOT BEEN GOING SO HOT.

IT'S ABOUT SOME OF MY ATTITUDES OF LATE. I ... ER ... GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT?

AD
XN



THE ROOT CAUSE OF BAD ATTITUDES AND WRONG MINDSETS IS COMPROMISE,



SWERVING FROM THE STANDARD OF THE WORD,



NOT BEING AFRAID TO DISOBEY OR WALK ON THE EDGE OF MY BOUNDARIES...

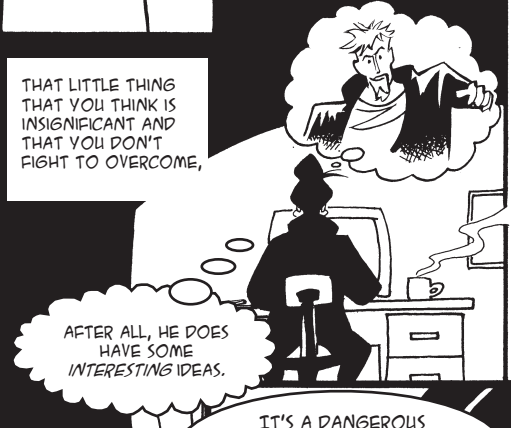
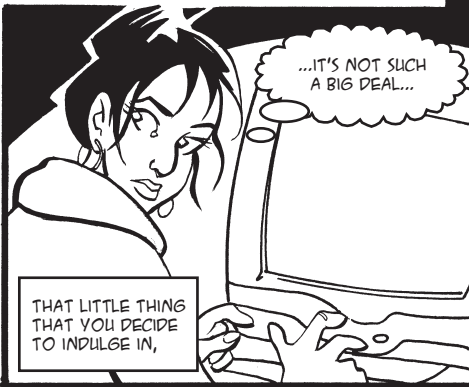
...HE WAS QUITE THE CUTE COOKIE. MAYBE I SHOULD CHAT HIM...

OR EVEN OUTSIDE OF MY BOUNDARIES,

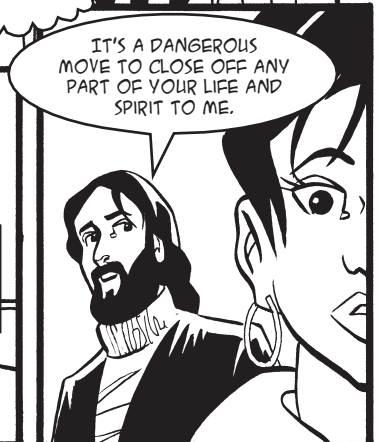


AND ALLOWING TOO MUCH OF THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS AND ATTITUDES INTO YOUR HEARTS.

There is no such thing as a little thing in My sight when it comes to choosing between obedience to My Word and compromise.



COULD BE THE STARTING POINT OF RENDERING YOU USELESS TO ME...



WHEN I WALK THROUGH THE HOUSE OF YOUR SPIRIT AND SEE "DO NOT DISTURB" SIGNS ON SOME OF THE DOORS THAT YOU DON'T WANT ME TO OPEN,



THAT'S AN INDICATION THAT THINGS AREN'T RIGHT



AND THAT YOU'RE MAKING SOME (OR MANY) WRONG CHOICES.



A HEALTHY SPIRITUAL LIFE IS A LIFE THAT IS COMPLETELY OPEN TO ME.

I WANT TO WALK INTO THE HOUSE OF YOUR SPIRIT AND SEE THAT EVERY DOOR, EVERY PART OF YOUR LIFE, IS OPEN TO MY IMPROVEMENTS AND ADJUSTMENTS.



JESUS! COME IN!

I don't mean that every single room of your heart and life has to be perfect.

SOME ROOMS WILL EVEN BE A BIT MESSY FROM TIME TO TIME,



OR SOME ROOMS WILL NEED IMPROVEMENTS OR FIXING UP OR CLEANING UP

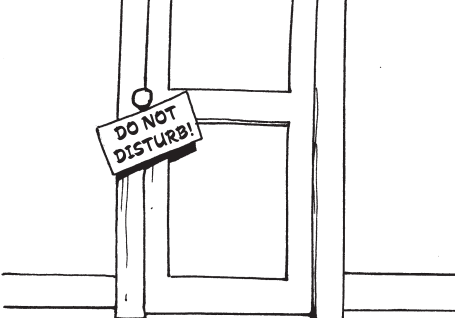


THAT'S NOT A NEGATIVE THING, BECAUSE YOU WILL BE OPEN TO ME HELPING YOU—



AND I WILL

BUT IF YOU CLOSE THE DOOR ON A CERTAIN AREA OF YOUR LIFE THAT YOU REFUSE TO ALLOW ME TO HELP YOU IN, OR BECAUSE YOU'VE CHOSEN YOUR WAY INSTEAD OF MINE AND HAVE PUT YOUR "DO NOT DISTURB" SIGN...



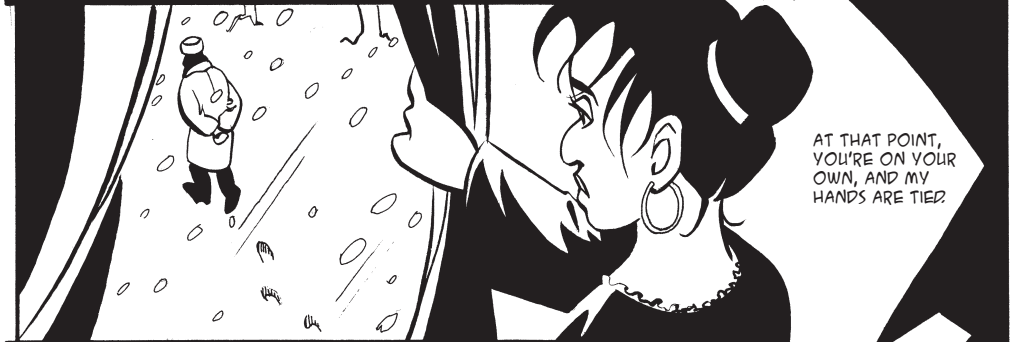
THEN THERE'S NO WAY I CAN HELP YOU.



PRETTY SOON YOU'LL START PUTTING UP THOSE "DO NOT DISTURB" SIGNS EVERYWHERE, AND THE ROOMS YOU ALLOW ME ACCESS TO WILL START TO DWINDLE.



AND IF THIS CONTINUES TOO LONG, I'LL NO LONGER BE WELCOME IN ANY AREA OF YOUR LIFE.



AT THAT POINT, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, AND MY HANDS ARE TIED



THE GOAL IS THAT THROUGH MY WORDS EVERYONE CAN SEE AND BE REMINDED OF THE STANDARD OF MY WORD

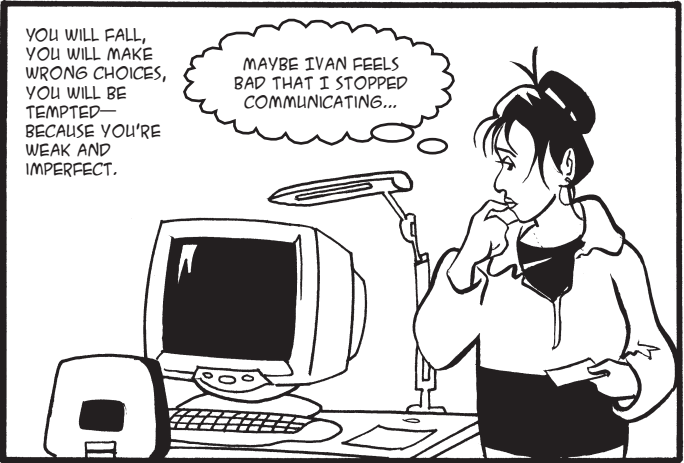
I'M GIVING EVERYONE THE CHANCE TO OPEN UP, TO LET ME CLEANSE YOU, TO LET ME REWIRE YOUR THINKING PROCESSES, TO LET ME ROOT OUT COMPROMISE AND DISOBEDIENCE.

("SHOOTING STRAIGHT, PART 1", ML #3499:14,16,18-20,23)

Notable Quote:

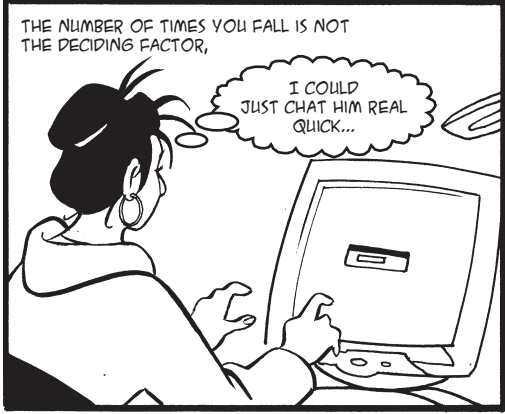
("FREEDOM THROUGH UNITED PRAYER," ML #3171:135)

EVEN IF YOU FALL ONCE, TWICE, OR HUNDREDS OF TIMES, GET UP RIGHT AWAY AND FIGHT ON!



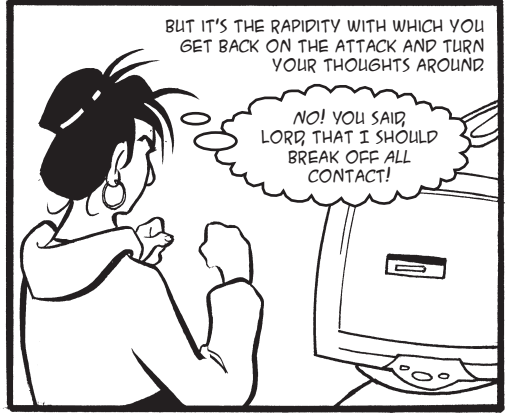
YOU WILL FALL, YOU WILL MAKE WRONG CHOICES, YOU WILL BE TEMPTED— BECAUSE YOU'RE WEAK AND IMPERFECT.

MAYBE IVAN FEELS BAD THAT I STOPPED COMMUNICATING...



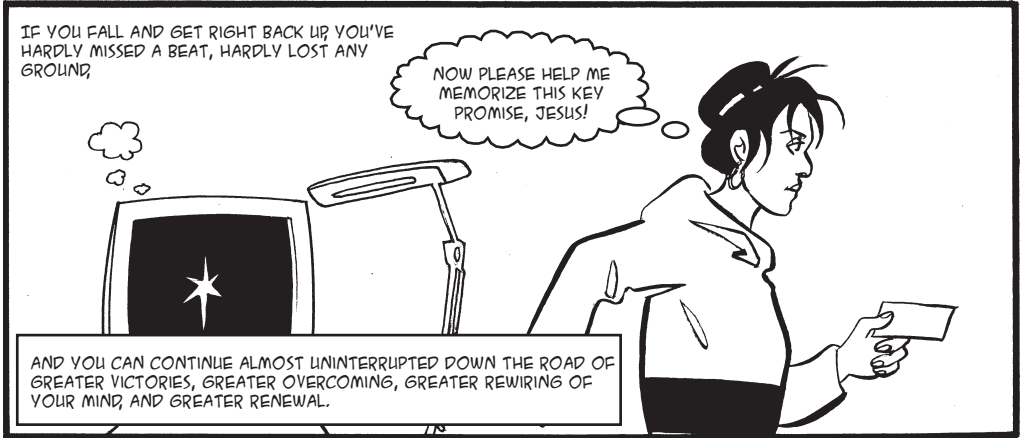
THE NUMBER OF TIMES YOU FALL IS NOT THE DECIDING FACTOR,

I COULD JUST CHAT HIM REAL QUICK...



BUT IT'S THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH YOU GET BACK ON THE ATTACK AND TURN YOUR THOUGHTS AROUND

NO! YOU SAID, LORD, THAT I SHOULD BREAK OFF ALL CONTACT!



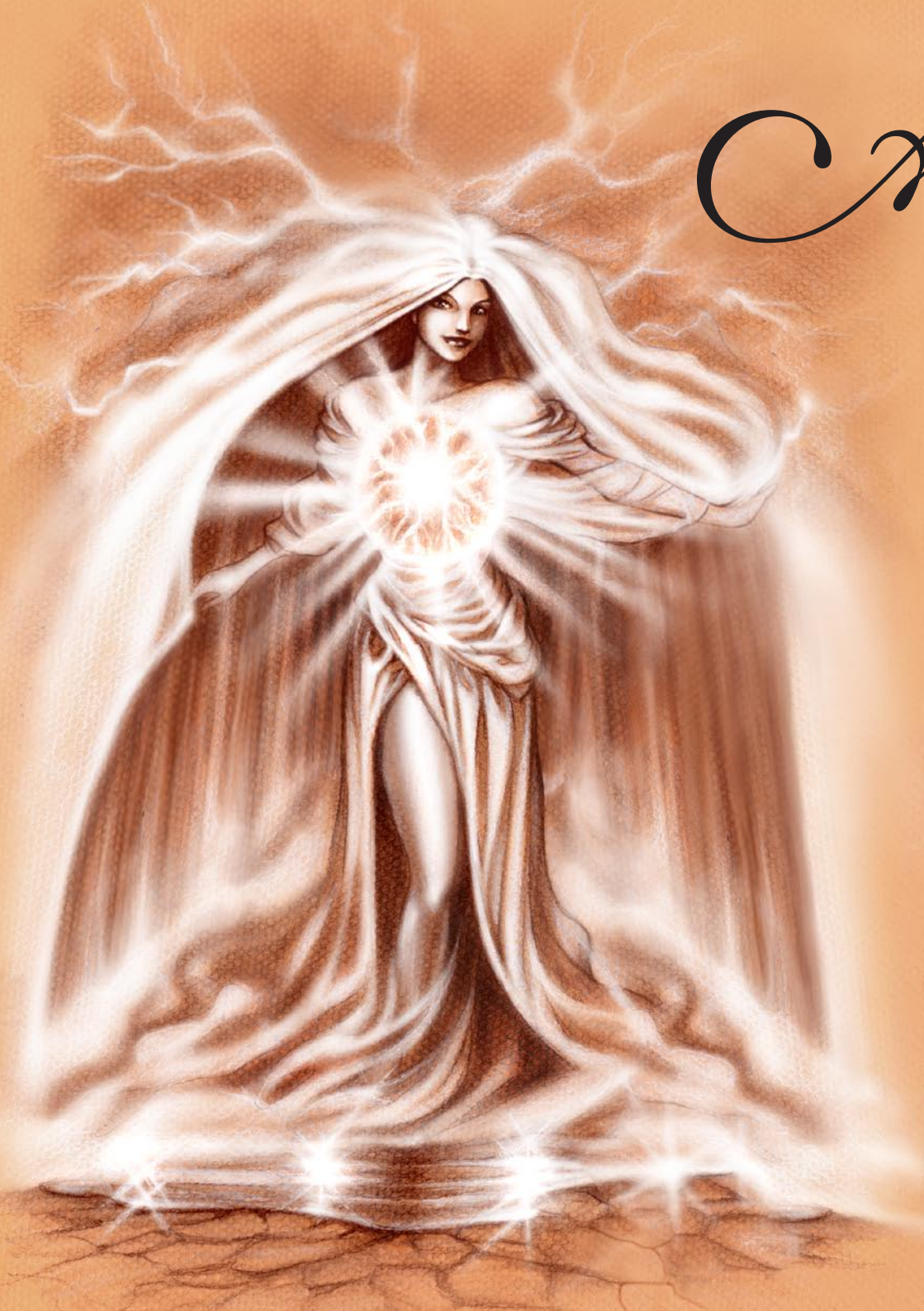
IF YOU FALL AND GET RIGHT BACK UP, YOU'VE HARDLY MISSED A BEAT, HARDLY LOST ANY GROUND,

NOW PLEASE HELP ME MEMORIZE THIS KEY PROMISE, JESUS!

AND YOU CAN CONTINUE ALMOST UNINTERRUPTED DOWN THE ROAD OF GREATER VICTORIES, GREATER OVERCOMING, GREATER REWIRING OF YOUR MIND, AND GREATER RENEWAL.

Key Promise:





Almathor

— A SPIRIT OF TRANQUILITY

LINKUP:

(JESUS:) ALMATHOR REJOICES
AS SHE SWEEPS THROUGH,
DROWNING DROUGHT IN A FLOOD
OF THE WATERS OF MY LOVE.
CALL FOR HER HELP, AND SHE
WILL BRING THE REFRESHING
SHOWERS OF MY BLESSINGS
TO MY AFFLICTED BRIDE, AND
THE RAINBOW OF MY PROMISES
FULFILLED IN RESPONSE TO
YOUR UNITY, WHICH CANNOT BE
STOPPED.

ART BY SABINE

Almathor is a spirit of tranquility. Though she appears gentle and soothing, she is endowed with [much] power, for she carries the full light of the Holy Spirit in her bosom. Its brilliance is comforting to those who are Mine, but to the demons it is a searing, flaming sword which dismembers and tortures them, driving them to the depths of Hell!

Her name is Almathor, for the Spirit of the Almighty thunders through her. For My children, it is the comforting sound of the refreshing rains of My love, but to the evil ones, it is the warning of the flashing power of My anger against them. She brings calm and peace.

(Channel:) When the Lord said she was a spirit of tranquility, the impression I got was that this was some sort of class or category of spirit rather than a title for her alone. What I saw as He was giving her name was what seemed to be a female spirit, very huge and awesome. She looked angelic, but where her breasts would be, there was a sphere of intense, brilliant light that seemed to drive away all shadows as she approached. I could see her front very clearly, but the rest of her seemed to trail off into a sort of mist.

It was as though the front of her was solid, but the rest became more and more ethereal and undefined. I could hear rolling thunder echoing all around her, and the sphere of light in her bosom seemed to be filled with lightning.



It looked a bit like those static electricity balls they have at science museums, where there are all these static charges going from the center to the outside of the ball, like mini lightning bolts, except that the ball was also filled with this brilliant light. Then behind her seemed to be the misty rains that must be the showers of blessings the Lord spoke of for His children.

(“New Spirit World Power! ML #3522:132–136;
December 2004)

This one, Drought, has held much sway in the physical realm due to the greed and sins of man. His devastation has destroyed vast areas of the Earth, but he has not been allowed to directly touch the bodies of men in the past. In these times, however, he is now released to touch mankind.

Just as faith gives life to the spirit, so water and fluids give life to the body. This evil one, when released upon men, draws the fluids away from the parts of the body where they are needed. This begins a chain reaction in the body that hinders the flow of nourishment, the ridding of wastes, and hinders the life-giving flow of oxygen to the cells and organs.

(ML #3522:131,129)

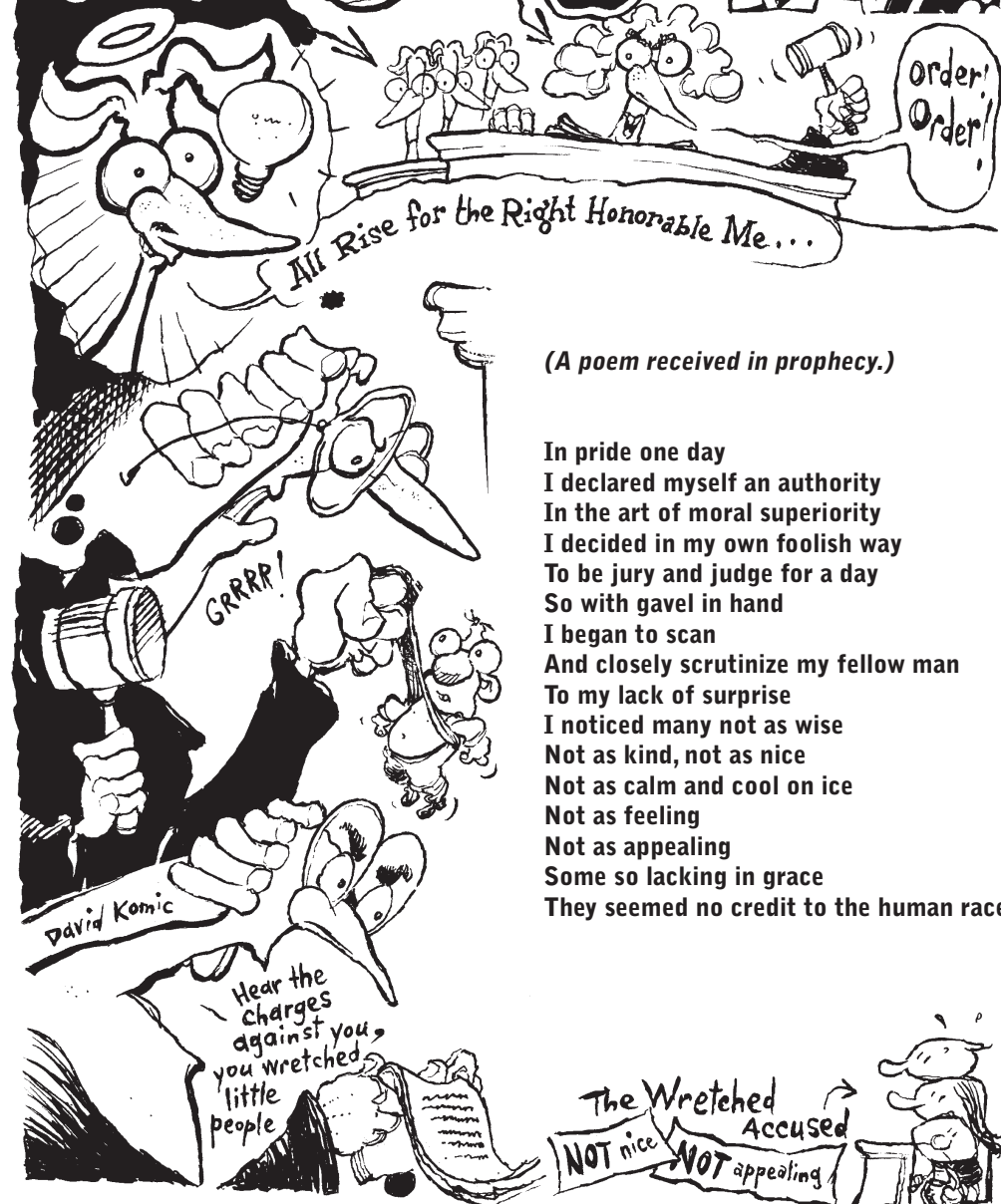


MICHAEL CHRISTIAN

I have put the keys to the Kingdom
I HAVE PUT THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM
in your hand; their power waits to be
IN YOUR HAND; THEIR POWER WAITS TO BE
activated at your call and vacuum, and
ACTIVATED AT YOUR CALL AND VACUUM, AND
within them is all the power of Heaven.
WITHIN THEM IS ALL THE POWER OF HEAVEN.

(“Expect miracles / General,” *Key Promises*)

City & Judge for a DAY



All Rise for the Right Honorable Me...

order!
order!

GRRR!

Hear the charges against you, little people

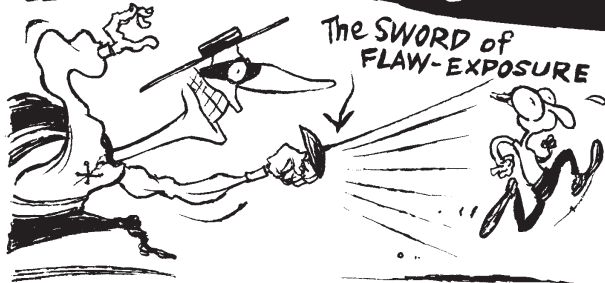
(A poem received in prophecy.)

In pride one day
I declared myself an authority
In the art of moral superiority
I decided in my own foolish way
To be jury and judge for a day
So with gavel in hand
I began to scan
And closely scrutinize my fellow man
To my lack of surprise
I noticed many not as wise
Not as kind, not as nice
Not as calm and cool on ice
Not as feeling
Not as appealing
Some so lacking in grace
They seemed no credit to the human race

The Wretched Accused
NOT nice NOT appealing



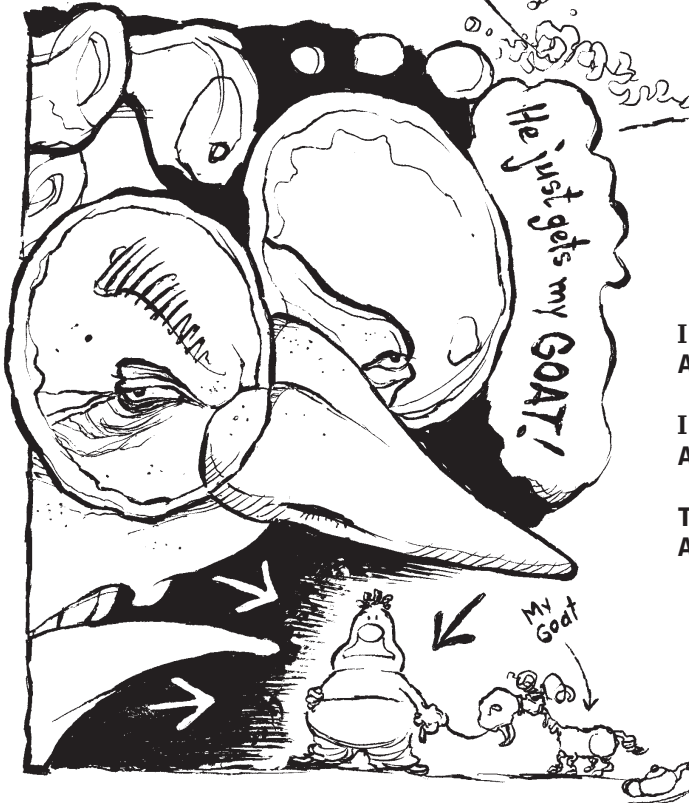
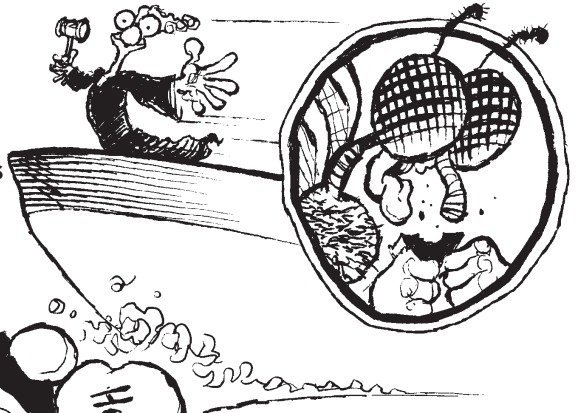
And so just for fun
 I classified each one
 Which was very quickly done
 I'm so proud to say
 For in my own most humble way
 I measured each one against myself
 Then packaged, labeled
 And put them on a shelf
 And without any heed
 Proceeded to read
 To all I could find
 The brilliant conclusions of my mind
 Now these here I did find less
 Than you and I who are the best!
 And this one so seemingly good
 I finally understood
 Upon closer inspection
 Had a large imperfection
 Which at the time I did feel
 Was my duty to reveal
 For I personally saw
 In them a most terrible flaw





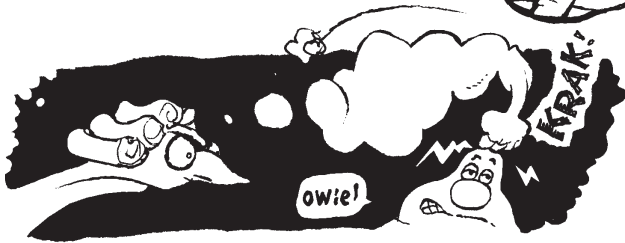
Then pointed to the crack
 Of some terrible lack
 Giving myself a pat on the back
 For sharing this most despicable fact
 While trying to look finer
 Like first class on a luxury liner
 Rather than in fact
 Like some worm on your lap
 Or a fly eating (whatever)

But just as I was enjoying
 All the lives I was destroying
 At the expense of sisters and brothers
 And much pain to so many others



I met the ultimate cad
 A despicable soul who made
 me so mad
 I disliked the way he talked
 Add to that the way he
 walked
 The way he filled his plate
 And of course the way he ate

Early or late he seemed wrong
 His hair too short or too long
 His clothes were appalling
 With colors and patterns all brawling
 How bad the way he sat or rose
 Or sometimes picked his nose
 Or hugged too long and too much
 Or often seemed so out of touch
 I must confess
 I labeled him a total mess
 So much about him was bugging
 I felt he needed a mugging



But one night I now confide
 I dreamt I suddenly died
 And at Heaven's pearl gate
 Who should me there await
 But the very guy I'd come to hate
 The one I considered least
 The cad, the beast!
 The opposite of me,
 Object of my antipathy!



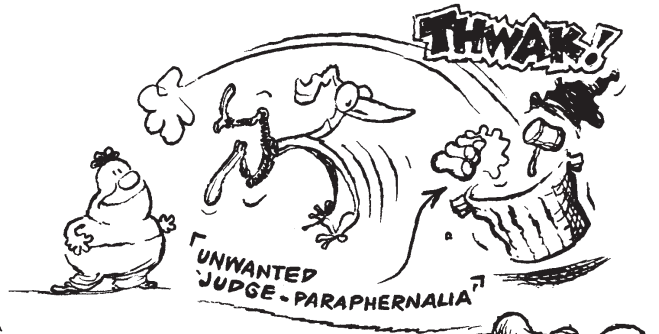
Then to my horror and demise
 Jesus pulled off His disguise
 Said, "Surprise!
 It's Me!
 Okay, let's have a see!
 Shall we open the Book
 And have a quick look
 At how you treated Me?"

Well, my friend
 I am happy to say
 I suddenly died again that day!
 Now I'm back here
 With a lot more fear

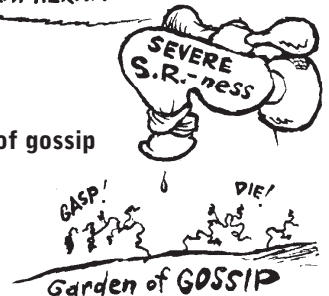


To open my face
 And try and erase
 A good name
 Or find fault or defame
 Another I need to love as my brother

And I've shut off the faucet
 That watered those seeds



Of such evil weeds
 That grew in my garden of gossip



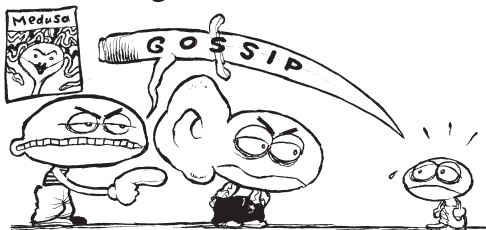
DEFEAT MEDUSA!



(Jesus:) Gossip is a two-edged sword. While it is straight from Hell and one of Satan's most destructive weapons, yet it still has a lulling effect on those who are exposed to it repeatedly. They begin to see it as

ly weapon gossip is, for it feeds pride and creates a false sense of superiority—both in those who spread it and those who listen to it and take it in.

Gossip, though it is often carried through words whispered or spoken behind the



realm of the spirit for a glimpse of what they are playing with when they yield themselves to Medusa and become channels of gossip. In doing so, they allow the serpents of this evil one entrance into their own heart; and through the words they speak which infect others, they are spreading the kingdom of darkness rather than light.

The only way to be delivered, the only hope of rescue from the destructive serpents of this creature,

is through desperation and humility. The only cure is to face the truth, admit your addiction, allow yourself to be exposed to My light, call out to the power and fire of My Spirit to burn away these serpents, and to seek the love and forgiveness of others to cleanse, heal, and restore.

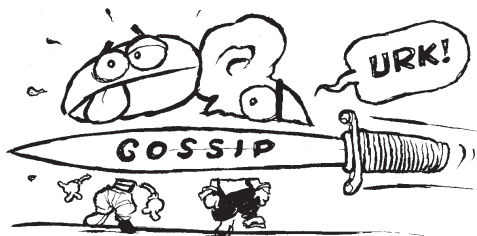
("Deliverance," ML #3455:149,155-156; May 2003)

Key Promise:

Got an obstacle you wish you could hurdle?—A negative personal habit that seems too long-standing, foreboding, and entrenched to break? Call on the power of the keys and see the impossible become possible, the wish become reality!

("Change / Spiritual progress," Key Promises)

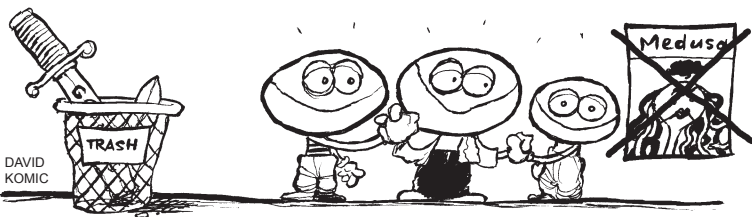
xn ad



not so hurtful or really dangerous. They slowly become lulled to sleep till the other edge of this sword sweeps through and cuts their heart out. Few see what a dead-

backs of others, is in truth words spoken by Medusa, with her many serpents striking and slithering to strike as many as possible.

I wish to bring My children into the



DAVID KOMIC

EARTHSIM!

CITY CHALLENGE, PART 7

—An Endtime graphic novel

ART BY JEREMY/KRISTEN / SHADING BY SABINE







WELL, OF THE SIX PEOPLE WE INTERVIEWED TODAY, TWO KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THE LORD TO GET IN SYNC RIGHT AWAY.



ONE WAS EXTREMELY SUSPECT.

WE TOLD HIM WE'D BE IN TOUCH.



AND THE OTHER THREE WE RECOMMEND FOR FURTHER TRAINING BEFORE THEY START ANY WORK WITH YOUR GANG.

GOOD!





SO, THE SUSPECT. ANYTHING EXTRA ALARMING?

WELL, HE WAS DEFINITELY WIRED. I KNOW YOU GUYS SCANNED THESE PEOPLE BEFORE THEIR INTERVIEW, BUT SOMEHOW THIS GUY GOT AROUND THAT.

SO WE KEPT IT PRETTY BASIC. GAVE HIM THE IMPRESSION THIS WAS JUST THE INITIAL CONTACT AND THAT WE DIDN'T MAKE ANY FINAL DECISIONS.

WHAT ABOUT THE WITNESSING?



BESIDES THE TWO WHO CAN GET INTEGRATED RIGHT AWAY, THE REST WEREN'T SURE THEY WERE SAVED. EVERYONE WHO WASN'T SURE RECEIVED THE LORD.

ALL BUT MR. WIRED.



AWESOME!
NO WONDER YOU GUYS
LOOK EXHAUSTED. KUDOS
TO YOU!

WE'LL HAVE TO
ARRANGE A NEW PLACE FOR
YOU TO INTERVIEW A FEW
MORE OF THEM IN A COUPLE
OF DAYS. ...



WE GENERALLY
CAN ONLY USE EACH OF
OUR PLACES ONCE IN A
WHILE.



ANYWAY,
MOST OF THE
ARRIVALS STILL HAVE
TO GET SET UP...

...THESE THINGS TAKE
TIME SINCE WE HAVE TO
SPREAD THEM ALL OVER
THE CITY WITH EXISTING
MEMBERS.

TO BE CONTINUED...

The

Temple Prophecy



ART BY SABINE



DIG

DEEP

By Dad

As Elijah climbed Carmel to the altars of Baal and confounded the false prophets by the fire of God, so we climbed Carmel, and there received a revelation by the power of His Spirit.

We walked towards the beautiful golden-domed memorial, and entered quietly into its hushed interior, and sat upon its beautiful Persian rugs in awed silence as we viewed the beauty before us! The simplicity of the plain white walls emphasized the splendor of the symbols before us: First, the large ornate, dark green urn, and beside it a graceful vase, full of lovely flowers in the foreground. Behind the sheer gossamer golden threaded, nearly invisible curtain—a sort of temple veil separating the worshippers from the “holy of holies,” with its mysterious representations of the Divine—stood two golden candelabras, each bearing ten candles. Another large urn full of flowers stood in the center of the sanctuary directly behind the dome, with various other candlesticks, urns, and vases.

We sat for a long time cross-legged, thinking how easy it is to slip from the glorification of God to the glorification of self, and from the praise of God to the praise of man. My eyes turned again to the various simple symbols standing there as silent witnesses in the stillness of this enchanting chamber, and [I wondered] what these could mean.

Suddenly, each seemed to come to life—each candle became a prophet proclaiming the Words of God; each flower a

dig deep

saint, rendering the fragrance of His presence; each urn, a vessel fit for the Master's use; and each light, a flaming proclaimer of truth. Each was animated and alive before my eyes. God gave His own interpretation, and He began to speak with another tongue—softly, reverently, but with definite conviction and description, including gestures of the hands to describe what He was revealing.

As the message reached its conclusion, about the darkness brought by the false prophets—the lights that go out, the flowers that fade, the streams that run dry—somehow I knew that the lights were actually going to go out in the shrine, and that we would be left alone sitting in darkness as an illustration of the message, and this would be our signal that God was finished with His revelation. And that's exactly what happened!

Not a soul spoke to us or disturbed us, till finally we arose, shaken, with tears streaming down our face, leaning heavily upon our cane, and left slowly, still in amazement at what the Lord had shown us, and still speaking in a strange tongue understood by none present but God. In fact, we were having so much difficulty in coming back down from the spiritual plane that we were still unable to speak English as we emerged from the shrine.

The picture was of a prophet standing before the people, doing his act in God's spotlight. Pretty soon he became more conscious of his own words, his own thoughts, his own feelings, instead of being inspired by God. So God turned off the light. But the prophet went right on, as though he didn't know the light had gone off. After the light [had gone] out, millions were sitting in total darkness, dying of starvation and thirst, because the prophet of God had lost the power and was continuing in his own power.

At this point, a prophet leaped to his feet, holding high a torch, which flooded the darkened landscape with light, and everything came back to life again, and you could once dig deep



more see the sea of faces. Multitudes of people were crowding round the prophet, holding out their cups to be filled. The prophet was passing out a flower to each one and they were happily receiving it. As they took them, the beauty of the flower was reflected upon their faces—beauty for ashes. The people sat happy and lightened but sober. There was a truth and wisdom upon their faces, and they knew that what the prophet was saying was right. Everybody held his flower in his hand, and his cup was full and overflowing.

Let's keep the connection strong with His Word and His Spirit, His truth and His love, in humility and obedience.

(“The Temple Prophecy,” ML #9:1-4,6-7,14,17,22; November 1970)

Only Because of the Lord's Anointing



(Mama:) Accepting the praise of man and not giving God all the glory has been the downfall of many past prophets and men and women of God. ... I know that without the Lord, I can do nothing. Without Him I'm lost. It would be ridiculous for me to think even for a moment that I could lead the Family without

the Lord's constant direction.

I am what I am—your queen and shepherdess and Endtime prophethess—*only* because of the Lord's anointing. I pray that I will in no way stray from my utter dependence on the Lord or be so foolish as to think that I have done anything or

accomplished anything. I pray that every day, every moment, I will continually give all the glory to Jesus, for it is truly *His*. He is the One Who's done it all, and He

deserves every bit of praise, thanksgiving, and honor. I'm nothing without *Jesus*—all glory to Him!

("Mama's Personal Goals and Prayer Requests for 1998," ML #3165:55-57; January 1998)

Drawn to Me

(Jesus:) You are going out into the highways and byways to invite the worldlings to "come and see" the fruits of those who live for Me. Those you meet are falling in love with My fruits of the Spirit—the anointing I give you, the aura of My love and power.

Don't be deceived or let your pride lead you astray, to where you think these sheep are drawn just to you. They are drawn to *Me* in you. You are My vessel, My cup filled with the most glorious wine. If you draw them to yourself,

the wine will not be replenished, and they will no longer see Me in you and will lose their respect for you, and you will lose your power over them. I have given you this power to conquer them and draw them to Me and My Kingdom. You are My ambassador, My anointed representative, and it is this anointing which attracts them to Me via you.

If you go on in your own spirit and your own love, you will not have My anointing or My light, and you will minister in darkness and appear foolish and empty.

("Witnessing and Follow-up Pitfalls," ML #3245:101-103; March 1999)
xn ad

