





# FATAL A T T R A C T I O N

We recently received a late addition to our "Fatal

Attraction" column, and although the issue containing the other responses had already gone to press, it was obvious that this person had put a lot of time and thought into her response. — And certainly had a lot of experience put into the fighting of said problem. So we thought you'd appreciate it as much for what it says as for what it cost to write it, and we decided to include it as a late addition.

From a 22-year-old female, Somewhere

I know many wonderful, sweet and charming Family guys, and in sharing these lessons I don't want to in any way negate that. But it seems that since the Charter, and us all having gotten the vision to launch out and reach the uttermost parts of the world — Timbuktu and Kalamazoo included — there's not that many of us, so teams are small, and when the world is open and so little time to reach it, you can't base your decision on whether an ideal prospective partner — or at least a fun and caring person to mess around with — will be in Kalamazoo once you arrive. It's on your heart to give 'em Jesus, so off you go!

Attraction to outsiders was something I never experienced even just a year ago. Of course, even that's a choice. From what I hear, there are places where our generation congregates extensively, but once you realize the need in some of these more remote places, well, I wouldn't go for the congregating. Well, enough of ideological prefaces. Serving Jesus is the greatest, but man, the no-man factor sure can be rough!!

I live in a Home with a high female-to-male ratio, and very limited contact with Family elsewhere. Thank the Lord for the thrills of the Word and reaching needy hungry souls, as that truly does make it worth it all and outweighs — by far — any feelings of isolation. Our daily witnessing brings us into contact with charming handsome young men of all walks of life and social standing. Some we only meet a couple of times, others we feed and minister to on a long-term basis. Some show their interest and some don't, but there are times when it seems my body just craves the human touch ... and when they want it and make it known, my mental battles have raged pretty hot and heavy. I can only thank Jesus for keeping me this far, and I pray He continues to. After thinking it over, I came up with three points that have been a help to me, anchors in a potentially stormy emotional sea.

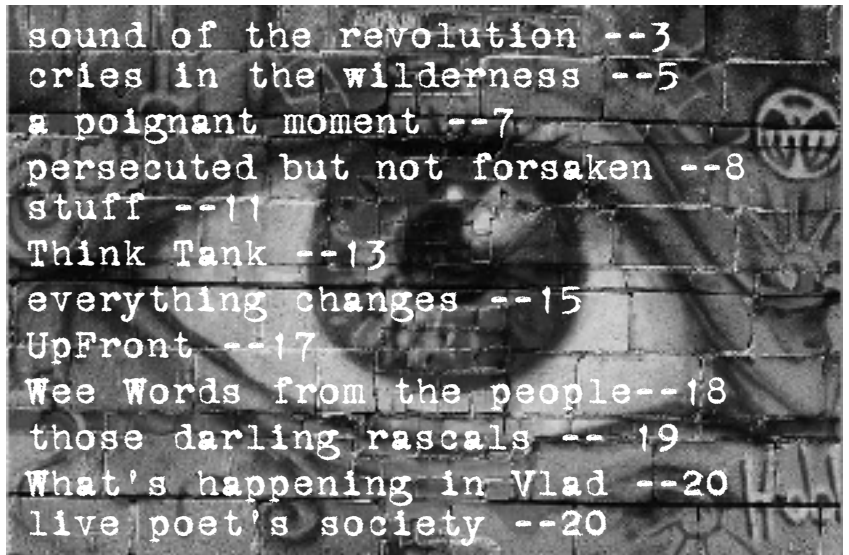
#1: There's a friend I have here, a YA girl who I'm close to, who experiences similar battles. Generally one of us is up when the other one's down (thank God!) and we've been able to pray for each other and provide much-needed moral support. There are some things that I feel shouldn't be voiced, but in general it's been a super help to have someone who understands, because they go through it too, don't think you're weird or about to backslide, and can pray for you desperately — because they know how hard it is firsthand! For me, getting it out and

talking about it, as often as it comes up, has kept it from being a deep dark secret that I didn't feel I could voice. I think then it would have built up to an extreme and kept brewing under the surface to where I isolated myself from others and feeling no one understood, might have acted on it. This might not always be the case if your friend isn't strong enough or if it might give them battles they'd never thought of having, but in our case the trial was definitely and obviously mutual. Having each other has been a super help.

#2 would have to be honesty with shepherds and first-generation adults. I'm thankful that there is an adult fellow TWer that I can share these battles with and ask for prayer. We don't always have the time to get into a lot of detail, but I know I can share it and get the prayer I need without him panicking. Also when I was able to share my battles with one of my over-shepherds, it was a super encouragement to hear that it's a common battle that many are experiencing. Another related point that was dispelled during this talk with my over-shepherd was the condemnation that these battles gave me when it came to loving Jesus. I thought I must be hurting the Lord so much to be having these huge battles desiring someone in the flesh when He loves us so much, but I couldn't seem to help the battles and the longing. He basically reassured me that the Lord understands we're human and doesn't condemn us for those emotions, but just wants our love. It really was a help in lifting the load of condemnation about that point. I still battle these things, but it was definitely a help.

#3: The major point that I can give the credit to for having made it this far without slipping is Jesus, and more specifically His promise in the verse: "God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it!" (1Cor.10:13). I honestly cannot say how, but I know that in my hardest and most trying moments, even when all hell seemed about to break loose inside of me emotionally, the Lord has given me the courage to say no. All hell often did break loose five minutes later, when those heavy waves of loneliness swept in, during which time my answer could have been something else. I value my place in the Family, and maybe the Lord, knowing that, gives the momentary strength to turn it down.

Some rough times — like a guy inviting me to a New Year's Eve party or another charming fellow literally begging me to come back with him — were when I got this momentary grace, but literally broke down in tears the moment they left. This extreme is not a daily occurrence, thank the Lord, and it's only been that bad about three times. I still don't know exactly the answer to those intense trials after the fact; it really hurts. All I can do is ask for prayer and hold on to the knowledge that no matter how I feel at that moment, I did the right thing in saying no — because generally right then I don't feel that! The Enemy also hits me with fear a lot: "Well, you might have made it that time, but next time it'll be worse and what will you do then? You might not make it next time; in fact one of these times you definitely won't, so what's it worth all this agony for?" That's why the above verse is such a strength to me, as I know I don't have the strength in myself and have to constantly keep trusting that the One Who kept me this far will keep me the rest of the way! And it sure does serve to keep me humble and desperate and constantly reminded of how weak I truly am. I'm only here and faithful through the unfailing, ever-faithful, always-on-time grace of God, that has always come to my rescue at exactly the moment when I needed it. I don't know if any of this can be a help, but I will definitely keep those going through similar battles in my prayers! I love you all! ■



# Sound of The Revolution



## on musicians Family studio thumbnails

**Name:** Vas

**Age:** 22

**Status:** Officially single, but I have a sweet girlfriend. Don't have any kids.

**Studio:** DC

**Time you've worked in Family recording:** 1 year

**In studio work full-time or part-time?** Almost full-time, but I get chances to do witnessing, fundraising, dishes, band, laundry, etc. — Those are in no particular order.

**Your musical specialty:** Bass guitar

**Your favorite Family song:** I like "Torch of the Watchman." It has feeling! Anything written about Dad or Mama usually does and emotes me every time.

**The song that you worked on which you're most happy with and why:** It's hard to say because after every song I see how the Lord can help us do better, but I'm happy with "The State I'm In" (on a forthcoming GP release). It was bathed in prayer and I felt it hit the mark.

**The song you've recorded which you're the least happy with and why:** The songs I think I'm going to be unhappy with, Byron steps in and helps me fix 'em. He's a good teacher, GBH!

**Inspiration/vision/styles for the future:** I'd like to cover a wide variety of contemporary styles to satisfy the musical appetite of people in the Family, and also produce new witnessing songs for personal witnessing nowadays!

**Comment:** I love my dad and mom and can't express how thankful I am that they raised me in the Family and gave me the Word and a fear of the Lord at a young age. They're the best. I'm also excited about the new things about the two generations working together more that came out in the Feast. I see no reason to be segregated; it's easier when we work together! ■



*Vas*

"I'd like to cover a wide variety of contemporary styles to satisfy the musical appetite of people in the Family."



**Name:** John Listen (formerly Abimelech Amos!)

**Studio:** JAS

**Time you've worked in Family recording:** 23 years

**Your musical specialty:** Piano and organ. I also played alto sax for five years in school, and thank the Lord, He gave me the faith and initiative to pick it up again a couple years ago, after a 22-year break! I've also helped with a lot of vocal arranging over the years, starting back in the Paris Show Group and Bible Album days on up to the present. Oh yes, I also played drums — ha! — On a lot of songs back around the *He's Coming Soon*, *Climb that Mountain*, "Lady Luck", *Christmas Love/Children's DTD* tape era. — What a miracle!

**Your Favorite Family song, and why:** Oh boy, what a question to ask a Libra! Well, if I had to name one, it might be "I Can't Pay You Back" by Chronicles. He used to sing that from the depths of his heart, and he'd usually cry. I've got favorite songs from every Family songwriter, but to name just a few: "The Way We've Grown" by Simon, "Climb that Mountain" by Publius, "Moses by the River" by Tabitha, "In the Darkest Hour" by Jonas, "Starlit Skyway" by Michael Fogarty, "Golden Age" by Micah and "Prodigal Son" by Jeremy. These kinds of songs never fail to move me. The FTTs are generating some real classics, too, like Kerenina's "Famine", and in the love-song category, Chesco's "Till the End of Time."

**The song that you worked on which you're most happy with, and why:** I guess in the FTT-era, maybe it's "I'm Goin' Walkin'." We went for a certain feel and attained it, without any major mistakes or weaknesses that can sometimes "break the spell." I was happy that we were able to marry a good strong message with a solid, catchy beat, PTL. A previous song I'm happy with is "Whom Have I in Heaven but Thee?" from the *Fear Not* tape. I feel the Lord helped us create a beautiful, charismatic atmosphere for that emotional verse. Believe it or not, a couple other favorites were "The Just Shall Live by Faith" (*Rescue*) where we got a pretty genuine reggae/band feel and "That Banana" (written by Michael Piano) on *Treasure Attic*, for its fun Caribbean sound and vocals, ha!

**The song you've recorded which you're the least happy with, and why:** I had composed a song, "Love Will Grow," for the Bible Album — the Bible story of Ruth. That story always touched me; the song also talks about "tomorrow's child," and my wife and I were just having our first child. Anyway, the Bible Album tracks were mostly being played by System musicians, and they had this woman rock keyboard player come in for "Love Will Grow." I thought she was playing it very mechanically without feeling and I was very vocal about my feelings to the producers and everyone in the control room. Oddly enough, I soon found myself off the studio team for a while — ha. Thank the Lord, Joan of Arc sang a beautiful vocal on there anyway! Thank you, Joan!

**Comment:** Thanks Dad, Mama and Peter for always having the vision for a music ministry. Thanks to Joy and Solomon and my kids who "let me go" to produce music for the Family. — I love you! Thanks to all the sweet Family musicians who I've been privileged to work with, for putting up with my quirks and perfectionism over the years. And thanks to all those who have shepherded me!

Without the Word, there would be no "Family music." If music is the "leaves" or "fruit," well, then the Word is the sap. The best music comes not from a studio but from your heart!

Am I verbose or am I verbose? I love you! xxx, John Listen

P.S. to our SGA and YA songwriters and producers: Go for it! You're fantastic! "Sock it to us!"

**Name:** Andrew V.

**Age:** 22

**Status:** Available

**Studio:** JAS

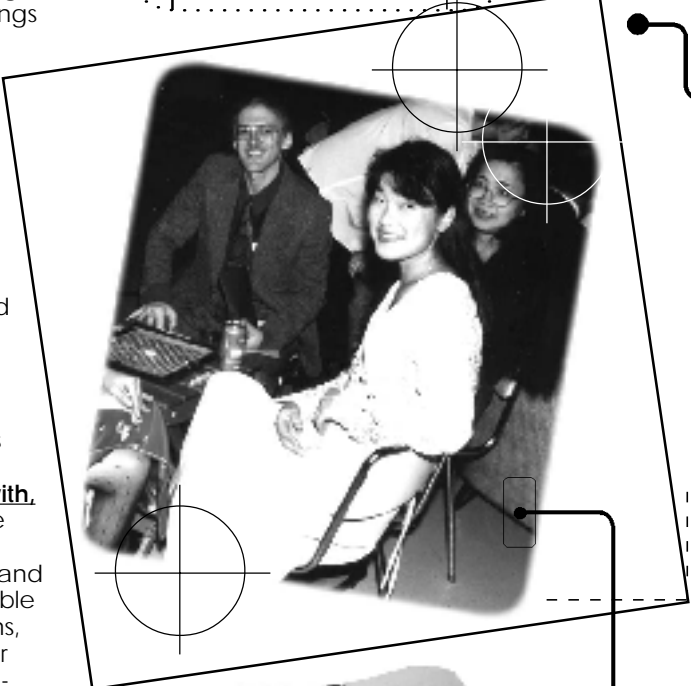
**Time you've worked in Family recording:** 1,147 hours

**In studio work full-time or part-time?** Part-time. I also sleep 33.6%, eat 4.2% and have sex 0.4% (companion wanted).

**Your musical specialty:** Jump-starting my 8-track every morning, and creating tones out of noise.



"At four years into my worldly journey, holding onto my dog, Corky, for security. My seven year old sister taught me the names of the piano keys that year."



"Casino Night" — playing Japanese scrabble with geisha girls. — No, those are sweet HCS sisters: (L-R) Joy CC, Jerusha.



John Listen?

**Your favorite Family song, and why:** "Sweet Dreams Tonight," because it means my day's finally over.

**The song that you worked on which you're most happy with, and why:** "The Essence of Life" — it was a memorable time, being alone in a room for three days with two girls.

**The song you've recorded which you're the least happy with, and why:** "Talking 'bout Our Family" — reason being that from the BMT stage to the final mix stage, I had to listen to it 386 times, and it's 6 minutes long.

**Vision:** To complete my song for FTT #274.

**Styles in the future:** Rock, Disco, Techno and long hair.

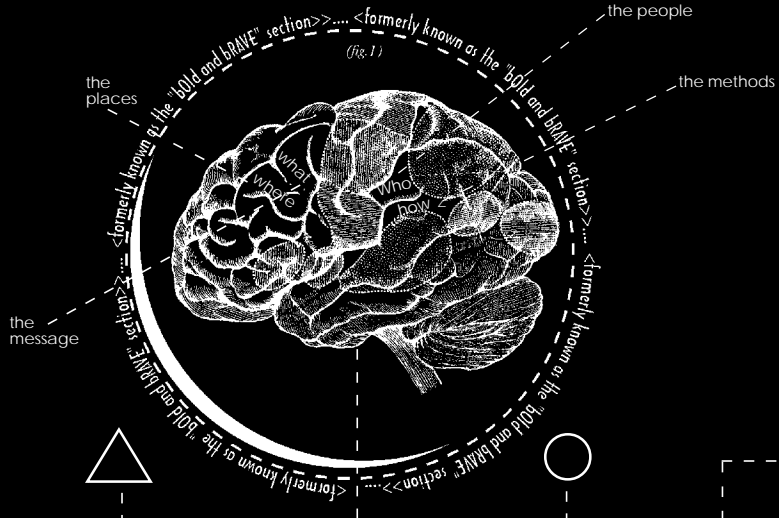
**Comments:** The Zine is way cool, The Family is way cool, Jesus is way cool, so be way cool for Him!

Andrew Victory  
(Beandie)



"I also sleep 33.6%, eat 4.2% and have sex 0.4% (companion wanted)."

# Cries IN the wilderness



### FROM AARON, FORMER YUGOSLAVIA:

The excitement level in the van was high as we started on the last leg of our journey. We had been planning this scouting trip since our short visit in November. After 14 hours of driving, the pot-holed roads and semi-demolished buildings told us that we had arrived. We had entered ...

#### SARAJEVO!

Our story starts in November 1990, when Bosnian nationals Becky, Adam and Sara — who were catacombers at the time — met a 15-year-old boy named Vedran. He and a few of his friends came over regularly for Bible classes, and needless to say were very sad when the Family left Sarajevo. For the first year they stayed in close mail contact, but then we lost contact. The war had started.

Although numerous trips were made into other areas of Bosnia, and Homes opened in Croatia and Slovenia to minister to Bosnians, due to fighting and the political instability no trips were made to Sarajevo until the

### SATAN CONQUERED!

#### FROM MANNY YA, CANADA:

When on a bus, I stopped to take some quiet praise and prayer time. I had just started to praise the Lord when I was interrupted by an evil laugh coming from one of the seats in front of me. A woman was causing quite a disturbance, and for no apparent reason! After a few moments I realized this was just a distraction caused by Satan to prevent me from taking that precious time with Jesus. Soon I found myself in desperate prayer, rebuking the Devil in Jesus' name. Then the Lord laid it on my heart to pray specifically for the woman who was causing this problem and disturbing everyone on the bus, that the Lord would free her soul and turn her life around! Immediately after prayer, the bus was calm once again! But the story doesn't end there.

Not long after this, I returned to the same bus station and there I saw a marvelous answer to prayer. The same woman I had prayed for was there — no longer causing trouble, but instead working at the station helping people and encouraging them with her beautiful smile! Thank the Lord for the power of prayer!!! ■

### LION/DAGON/BEAST ... AND THE GANG!

#### FROM JOY DOVE AND AMOR, USA:

On my way home one day, I stopped at a gas station to get out a few posters. While I was waiting there with "Lion, Dragon and Beast" posters, a junky van pulled up right in front of me. Four or five guys jumped out and asked me what I was doing (they happened to be a gang). I told them I did missionary work and offered them a poster. One guy grabbed the poster and left, and so as to not cause any trouble, I left too.

The next day while witnessing at a local grocery store I came upon them again and this time it looked like the whole gang of about eight or nine was there. I wasn't sure what they wanted so I just said a quick prayer. As they were approaching, one of the guys saw I was handing out the same poster. He smiled and asked if he could have some more for his friends because they really like it. Each of the guys took a poster and the leader took about 20 for another gang who wanted them too! ■ (See next page for illustration)

### ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL FALLS IN LOVE!

#### FROM SHARDON (17), INDIA:

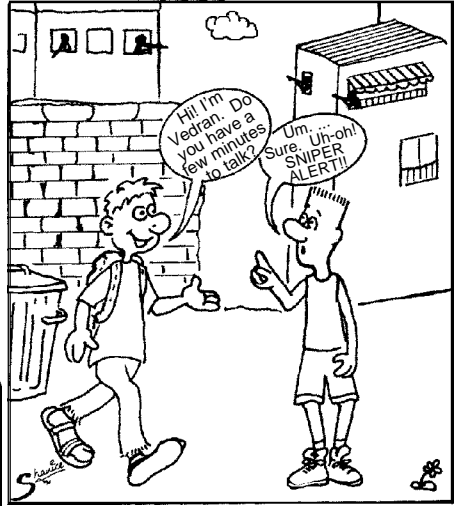
Coming to this beautiful field from Norway has been a real blessing for me. — Especially to go out almost every day on Youth Outreach! People are so receptive compared to Norway where we could hardly do any witnessing. Sheep here just open up and talk straight from the heart. While on follow-up, I've even seen busy business people sweetly give their time, and appreciate the Word and the Family so much! Such a contrast to Western Europe!

I must confess that before coming here I didn't have such a strong burden for India, but the prophecies we got before I came here said that I should go, and that I would get the burden when I saw the need face to face — and that's exactly what happened!

I am so excited about the witnessing here, and it's been so faith-building for me! I want to win as many souls as I can on this wonderful field of India. ■



Here is a photo of us and some of the Catacombers there in Sarajevo. (From Left 2 Right:) Miriana, Mirzo, Enoch, Bojan (above), Andrew (below), Aaron, Miracle (above), Mirko (below), Vedran, Dennis, and Daniella



Summer of '96, when a road team spent a memorable week reaching the Sarajevo people (you can read more about their adventures in Grapevine #8).

After several weeks of planning, organizing and prayer, on January 17th, 1997, a team was sent out from a Home in Slovenia to scout out the land. The team consisted of Andrew (Driver, Cameraman), Miracle (Crazy Crusader, Assistant Cameraman), Enoch (Veteran, Ideaman), Sarah (Translator, National), Stephanie — 10 mos., of Sara — (Role Model), Aaron — 18 — (Self-appointed Comedian, Computer Guy) and Daniela — 24 — (Singer, Sarajevo Pioneer). Our main goal of the trip was to find some open doors for flats where we could open our base, but the Lord had something different in mind...

On the second day we drove past the partially destroyed building where Vedran used to live. Sara went in to find him, and to our surprise he was still staying there. (Less than 40% of the people living in Sarajevo now were there before the war. Many of the former residents left as refugees. Other people from the surrounding towns came and claimed their houses and apartments while they were gone, thus discouraging them from coming back.) We met Vedran the following day when he told us what had happened to him during the war.

After the war started, Vedran continued to witness in spite of being cut off from any communication with us. He won many souls, witnessing to them in the alleys and basements of buildings, dodging sniper bullets, grenades, etc. When he got drafted he expected to go to the front lines where most raw recruits went, but by a miracle he was placed in a safe communication center. Only 12 people got picked for these positions and when he asked the other 11 how they got there they all answered that they had contacts that had placed them there.

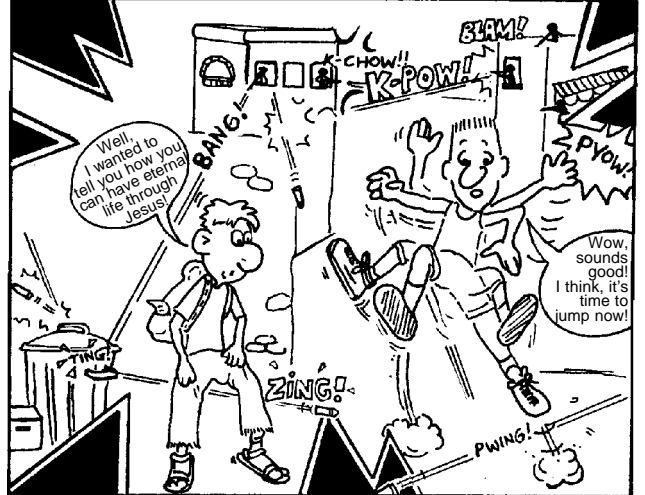
Since the war ended he has organized his fold of around 30 people and they meet regularly to study the Bible. They are all very on-fire and dedicated. On our last night there we got together with seven of the closest ones. We were moved to tears when they told their stories from the war and how they got saved. They are all between 17 and 22 years old. At first they were on the offensive thinking that now we had come to preach at them, but as time went by and we all started singing and talking, they lightened up more. All of them are quite mature in the Word and know their Bibles well.

Towards the end of our meeting with them, we decided to go around and pray, and that's when we had a breakthrough in

the spirit. They all prayed thanking the Lord for having brought us there and opened their hearts at that moment. It was a really moving time. It was so beautiful to see them just hanging on to us! On the way home they all jumped in the van with us and kept commenting, "I can't believe what I'm seeing!", "I feel like I'm home!", etc. All of them had hung on through thick and thin and had to endure persecution. A few have Muslim backgrounds, so for them to proclaim they're Christian shows they have a lot of guts!

During our trip, Sara was able to visit others of her friends and relatives to whom we gave part of the humanitarian aid that we had brought with us. Before leaving Sarajevo, we left about 25 boxes of medicine and warm clothes that we had brought down from Slovenia, with a local humanitarian aid organization that was very thankful for our help.

*Prayer request:* Please pray that we'll be able to find a place for a base in Sarajevo, and for the Lord to supply the needed finances. Pray for peace and that the situation will stay stable and that the Lord will anoint our team with wisdom, discernment and love.



# A Word From

I guess some people think I'm crazy — but I'm happy! — And I make others happy! Do you?

(ML #647:33b)

our sponsor



*For a little more information on Keaton: He is 34 years old, and has been in prison for 3 years after being sentenced to 80 years in prison on drug charges. His sentence was recently reduced to 40 years on the 50th Anniversary of His Majesty the King's succession to the throne.*

*To give you a little glimpse into what it's like to minister to these people, there are two sets of bars and two sets of wire mesh, totaling about 4 ½ feet deep, separating prisoners from visitors. There are usually about 60 people talking [yelling] simultaneously to each other at the same time. So it's miraculous indeed that we are able to get through to these needy souls so personally under these circumstances. Thank the Lord! Love certainly knows no boundaries.*

#### **From Dust and Trust, Bangkok DF Home:**

About one year ago Trust received a letter from her son in the States who asked us to visit one of his friends who was now in prison in Bangkok. That was the first time we met Keaton and we have been able to see him every week since then. Before he came to Bangkok he had everything money could buy ... but before I tell too much, I'll let you read the story in his own words.

#### **From Keaton:**

I'll never forget late one morning a few years back when I was hurling down Sunset Boulevard in a Porsche 911 SC Targa — top stowed securely in the trunk and just a bit too insouciant [carefree] to be overly concerned about what the whipping wind was doing to my \$60 haircut.

I'd just left my partner and friends poolside at the world famous Beverly Hills Hotel, flanked by seven or eight hi-ball glasses dripping with the residue of frosty Meyers Rum Pina Coladas designated to counter the

certain-to-be adverse effects from the previous night's infectious raging. Though the seasoned glamour pros were long since conditioned to party-like professionals, even we would tend to overdo it on occasion.

Downshifting out of a corner, I'd quickly come upon a crosswalk at which, by California State law, one must stop if there's someone waiting to cross the street. Between the high velocity in which I'd been traveling and the fact that I'd been dancing on the car phone unsuccessfully explaining off reasons why I was two hours

late for what I'd thought to be a significant (and totally hip) drug transaction, I was upon the crossing — and her — crucial milliseconds before I could even hope for the car to respond.

She was an angelic vision of sun-lightened chestnut hair and a copper silk single piece blouse/skirt that was considerably tight enough and certainly short enough to explain her lack of superfluous accessories. There simply were not any flaws to be hidden or disguised. Her playful pout as I passed her by without even slowing told me that although I was technically breaking the law — not only against the state, but her as well, I was to be forgiven the infraction because the car, the attitude, the look of the unknown drug dealings instantly escalated me into the upper echelon of the ultra cool.

That pout also told me that I'd never know entirely for sure who would've enjoyed it more if I'd been able to stop: she and her obvious dancer's body vivaciously shaking across the street, exaggerating undulating inches from the nose of the car; or myself, the behind-the-wheel voyeur to this provocative event.

That incident is what I used to refer to as a poignant moment; a brief segment in time that really tends to matter and have a measurable effect on life. At the time, that was it: the car, the money, the attitude — and then the conspicuous blend of all three to perhaps catch the eye of some random exotic dancer on the street.

I still experience poignant moments, though from my new home as of late, Bangkok's notorious Bangkokwan Prison, I'm taking advantage of the opportunity to seek more depth as these momentous occasions arise. Approaching a year ago now, a few members of the Family came to visit me. I'm still unclear as to just how they learned I was here. Not having the

luxury of a personal visit for quite some time I was initially reluctant to open up to these people, as so many of my incarcerated associates had spoken of visiting journalists posing as travelers to obtain a story, or other people who'd come to simply gawk at the drug offenders with the ridiculously exaggerated sentences. It didn't take long though to sense something uniquely different about these people — they were virtually dripping with happiness. I'm talking a display of elation gener-

**(From Dust and Trust: If anyone would like to write Keaton, please send to the address below and we can forward it to him.)**

**P.O. Box 1027  
New Petchburi Road  
Bangkok, 10311  
Thailand**

**Continued on page 21.**

# PERSECUTED

but **not** forsaken

Interview with the Former Bulgarian Team

**Q: What are the names and ages of your team members?**

**A:** When we were persecuted, only 8 of our 14 members were there, as the others were fundraising in the West, so we are only including the "persecution team" in this article, for simplicity's sake. Introducing ... Bulgarian Charity (23), Maggie (20, new babe) Joshua (21), Clair (21), Sunny (20), Ben (21), Jonathan (22) and Ashley (22), with baby Dianne (8 mos.). (From Jaz: Christine (17), Sara (15) and Andy (19) were amongst the absent fundraisers, and they sent a few answers to the questions below as well.)

**Q: How long were you in Bulgaria?**

**A:** (Charity:) Since our last persecution in '93 we've been there 1-1/2 years this second time with a DO Home, which opened April '95 and lasted till November '96.

**Q: How did you find that witnessing field? Tell us some interesting experiences you had while there.**

**A:** (Maggie:) One interesting experience I had after I first joined the Family, which "broke me in" to the realities of this field, was on a road trip to a small town. We were witnessing in the town center, when all of a sudden I lost sight of my partner, Joshy. I heard some people say that he had been taken in by the police. They didn't delay much in coming to get me as well, and they brought us to the mayor and vice-mayor of the town. Joshy was inside the room, and from the outside I could hear the vice-mayor screaming at him! Joshy later told me that he struck him quite a blow as well!

Both the mayor and the vice mayor got scared by the fact that Joshy fell on the couch after he was hit. So they passed us over to the chief of police, who started threatening that he was gonna keep us as prisoners until the case got cleared because we didn't give him satisfactory answers to his questions. He told us that our distribution was illegal and that we couldn't continue. Then Joshy said he would complain against the vice-mayor for exercising physical violence over him, so the guy started beating around the bush, and then finally let us go.

We had one other team member, Charity (Bulgarian), who was also out witnessing, but we prayed that they wouldn't find her, as her passport had our DO Home's address on it as her registered residence. (They are really strict about registration here in Bulgaria, even with the nationals, and frequently take down addresses, etc.) TTL they didn't!

(Note: To explain a little bit, what we were doing while witnessing was never illegal, but a large amount of the Bulgarian people have been so indoctrinated against sects and even our Family specifically [the posters and all], that when they catch us personal witnessing or whatever, we are treated like common criminals. It's safe to say we were in the papers about every other week or so. Even a lot of our road trips were reported in the paper while the road trip was still out, PTL! At least we got the job done! Ha!!)

(Clair:) On one road trip to a very receptive student city, witnessing and listening, the Lord was really supplying and blessing us. While we were at the peak of our inspiration, helping to encourage and counsel people that were twice our age, as well as young students looking for answers in their lives and

so on, we bumped into this cocky lady, telling us that she is from the religious committee and she wanted us to come and see her the next day. When we went to see her, she forbade us to go witnessing or distribute our posters. She said, "Do you know what they call people like your group???" **SHEEP!**" Ha! I almost laughed when she said that, and I felt like telling her how we usually call people like her GOATS. But I instead just explained to

her that the Bible talks a lot about sheep.

To make the story short, she asked us to leave town immediately. The next morning we read in one of the biggest newspapers in the country that the police were looking for the "pretty girls from the dangerous sect named The Family." Ha! We got famous! But, boy oh boy, we felt like we were living in the Endtime, getting out of the city on our tip-toes. We did get out safely, TTL!

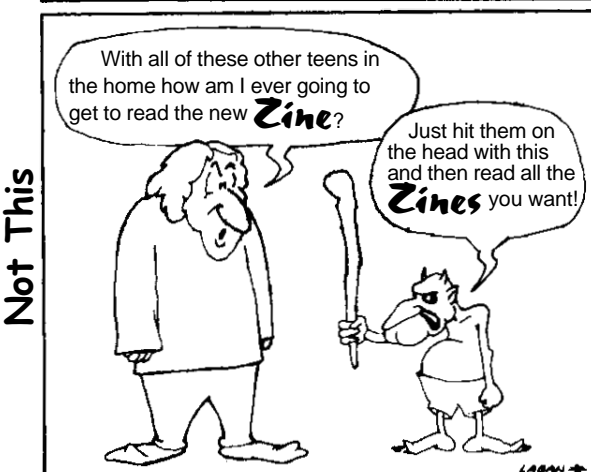
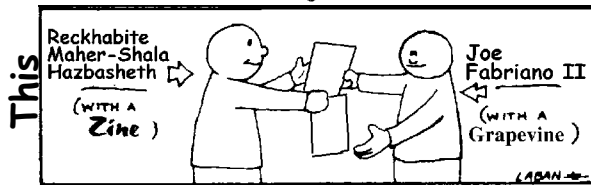
(Ashley:) TTL that not all of our experiences on road trips were like this. We're sharing these type of testimonies mainly because the article here is dealing with persecution, but I think I can speak for all of us when I say that there are also tons of sheep and "where iniquity doth abound grace doth much more abound." That's just a little chat for the balance of things.



Jonathan, Clair, Charity, Andrew, delivering supplies and working with the children at an orphanage.

(I'm a Libra, HA!)

(Sara:) Bulgarians are a bit more introverted than other Europeans, as they've suffered a lot, especially under the communist regime. But in a way



f u n d i s s

Idea sent in via e-mail by Andew (of Miracle), Slovenia.



it's a real challenge and when you reach out to them they can be very sweet and hungry. We had a lot of fun personal witnessing to the young people in the summer. We'd all go out late at night by the beach with guitars and posters and we'd make a big scene singing and dancing or doing anything crazy to get people's attention (of course most of the time we had to be a bit more undercover) and we'd get a crowd of all sorts of interesting people who were really searching, who we then witnessed to.

**Q: Had there been previous pioneer teams there, or were you the first?**

**A: (Ashley:)** No, we weren't the first by any means. We had had teams come in from the West on witnessing trips, and then there was a DO Home from '91 till '93, and even then when we left there were continuing road trips to feed our precious "Cats" there till we opened the second Home in '95. (Three of those Cats had now joined the DO Family!)

**Q: What exactly caused the persecution you received? What was the background?**

**A: (Jonathan:)** I have to be honest and say that I did have an advance warning in the spirit. Our whole team had gotten hints from the Lord all summer that this was "the last summer," but we were not really taking it as serious as we should have. A few days before the persecution, Sunny and I were on a business trip to close down our seaside witnessing flat. This flat happened to be right near a military base, and the chief of military police lived in our block.

At first we said we were translators (as we couldn't say we were Christians or the Family) and that Simon Italian was a businessman doing some research. It's our guess he didn't trust that explanation. — We did stick out, naturally, as the average Bulgarian family is four people, and we were 14 in that flat. You can see how security was a little hard to keep at times, although we did take precautions. A few "fishy" things happened in regards to this man, and he may have been a key in starting the persecution. Anyhow, back to my story, Sunny and I were closing down this place. Before we left to go back to Sofia, I decided to take a little prayer time to hear from the Lord. Although I had initially planned to pray about something personal, the Lord gave me a prophecy about how the Bulgarian work was gonna close. The Lord used pretty heavy-duty language and descriptions in it.

I thought that was interesting and the morning I came home I read it to my wife, Ashley. She said, "Maybe the Lord is just talking about us, Honey!" (We had been praying about changing fields.) I thought there was more to it than that, but I decided to trust the Lord. That same day I went for a walk with Ash, and when we came back Sunny told us that there had been two phone calls. The first was from the landlady at the seaside flat where we had been the previous day. She said that five policemen had been looking for me, by name, only 12-13 hours after I left. They wouldn't say what for as it was "a matter of national security." She also told us that she had given them our GP address which was on the contract — which was the Home where we were all living at the time!!!

She herself was quite freaked out, as the police were obviously on a man-hunt and she was a bit nervous about it all. The next phone call came half an hour later from one of our close friends who had registered some of us (foreigners) at her place. Two policemen had been at her house that day asking about the "foreigners" living there. You can guess that they were on our trail and we had only HOURS to get out before they actually found us.

**Q: Did you have advance warning that something was about to happen?**



Andrew, Clair, Jonathan, Ashley, Clair, with Bulgarian friends

**How long did you have to prepare to leave?**

**A: (Sara:)** Quite a few times while being out I felt that we were being followed, and sometimes they were obvious. For example, some of us teens and YAs went out one W&R, and this guy followed us all day from afar ... actually we spent most of the day trying to get away from him so that he wouldn't follow us home! We felt as if we were in one of those detective films!

**(Sunny:)** The phone calls that we got were the only warning that something serious was brewing. But really, the Lord had been preparing us for it all summer through prophecies, as well as the one that Jonathan had gotten the day before, which was quite specific about us leaving.

**(Christine:)** When we were praying about our winter plans, the Lord told us that time was short and it was probably going to be our last summer there, that there was a big storm coming. So in a way we expected something to happen. It actually strengthened my faith in prophecy as everything the Lord said came true!

**(Sunny:)** This whole situation showed us that the Lord is really the best protection and security that we have, and definitely the coolest secret agent, if you ask me! He let us know what no human could ever have told us! It was a taste of the ENDTIME when we will all have to have our link with the Lord, because nothing else will pull us through!

**(Ashley:)** From lots of prophecies that we had gotten, it was pretty clear that the Lord had planned this to be our last summer in Bulgaria. Whenever we would ask Him about the after-summer period, it was never specific. The Lord even told us once "You don't know what I'm going to do after the summer, so just wait and see!" Then my husband came back from that road trip and showed me the prophecy he had gotten, specifically telling us as a Home that our time here was over. But since it was my husband and since I knew we had already been praying about moving on, I sort of brushed it aside and took it more lightly and not so literally. Well, that night when we got those two phone calls, we went back and studied that prophecy and we obeyed it.

It struck me quite hard how the Lord is not playing around when He gives us prophecies — some of them may even save our life for the Lord in the long run! It's not just some kind of game He's playing with us in Bible language, or something that is just an idea Mama and Peter had — it's HOT STUFF! I don't think we would have left so soon if it wasn't for the prophecy!

**Q: What were your friends' reactions when they heard you were leaving? Were you able to tell them in advance?**

**A: (Jonathan:)** There was no advance warning, even for us, so as far as telling our friends, parents, etc., we didn't have time for that. From the time we

got the two phone calls, we were on our way out of the country six hours later. On the way out of the country we drove by our closest Cats' Homes, Michael and Mercy, and told them we were leaving. We asked them to say goodbye and pass on some messages for the other live-outs we left behind (eight in all). Mercy cried the whole time, GBH! They really depended on our fellowship, and she was six months pregnant with her 3rd, so it was pretty hard for her, as she was expecting us to be at her delivery.

All six of us nationals called our parents from outside the country the day after we left, and they all took it pretty well — which was an answer to prayer, as some of them were pretty antagonistic before.

**Q: Tell us about your getaway!**

**A:** (Ashley:) Well, about the most outstanding thing about it for me was how fast it all went. I mean, one minute we were eating our dinner, calmly and peacefully, and the next we were scrambling to burn all the selah trash and hide the GNs and the stacks of posters which were literally under every bed and in every corner. (Our posters are very known here in Bulgaria and very infamous as well, everyone knows the YKW by them, so if they found them, we'd be busted for sure!) We turned off all the lights and worked by candlelight in case we were being watched, as it was late — 12:00 to 6:00 a.m.

At first things got a bit frantic, people were zipping here and there to gather up all the sensitive material. Half of our teams were still out witnessing, so we had to brief

each team as they came in from OR, and then they would start zipping around too. We knew that we had to get the tapes, videos and especially the posters out of the apartment asap. At the same time we were all a bit overcome with the seriousness of the time-

pressure factor, knowing that the police could come any minute, and that they could even be watching us.

Finally we just got together for prayer and prophecies, and got the "peace that passes understanding" from that half-hour we spent with the Lord. I really held on to certain phrases of those prophecies and quoted them to the Lord and myself, to claim His protection.

After that I went outside to phone some Romanian Homes we knew who might possibly take us in right away. On my way I saw five policemen checking the street parallel to ours, stopping people and asking questions, as well as stopping cars on the main road in front of our house and checking their trunks, etc. I was really praying they wouldn't get to us before we were done packing! I claimed, "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," and a few others. They never stopped me, TTL! But those verses became my lifeline, they jumped straight out of my heart and comforted me the whole time. All in all it took us six hours to pack. Our team spotted numerous police cars zipping by at regular intervals, but none made it to us before we left, six hours later, PTL!

(Jonathan:) I made three trips to the storage. I was already exhausted because I'd just come the same morning at 3:00 a.m. from the seaside flat, and now had another night of driving around! From about 1:00 a.m. till 5:00 a.m. I drove back and forth. Then four of us got in the car with the baby and the other four took the train at 6:00 a.m. And all we had was our flee bags (and

some trunks, too). We drove straight to the border, praying all the way and singing along with the "Loving Jesus" tape. Thank God that they hadn't notified the border police and we got out okay, and went on to the two Romanian Homes who lovingly took us in on such short notice.

Phew, you can't imagine how good it felt for me to drive across that border, as I was one of the ones the police had specifically been looking for by name. I knew the Lord had literally saved our lives in His mercy to serve Him because "our time had not yet come," as He told us in prophecy. It was also a complete miracle of the Lord to give me the strength to pack everything and drive about 1,000 km on bad roads in 40 hours.

(Clair:) It took awhile for the whole thing to register, and during the six hours we were getting ready to flee, I would get hit with, "Wow, I hope we're doing the right thing! Do we really have to go?" I would think of all our precious sheep and of leaving them behind, and it was an intense spiritual battle for all of us, leaving it all behind just like that. Physically also, I dare say we could have been a lot more prepared than we were, LHU! If anything, this was a reminder for us to always have our fleebags packed and ready to go.

(Ashley:) Most of us took just a fleebag with us, but it wasn't prepared beforehand, we just threw it together at the last minute. When we arrived at the Home we were saying, "Oh, I should've brought this, I should've brought that." Especially me with the baby and all.

(Charity:) After we were all out of the country, we still had to send a team back later on to close down our apartments there, as we hadn't been

able to do that before, as our move was very sudden.

**Q: What would have happened to you if you'd stayed there?**

**A:** (Clair:) I was almost tempted to stay the morning we left, but after talking to Ash and sharing a few not-so-fun ideas of what could happen to us if we



did, we had the peace that it was the best, wisest and safest decision for all. (We were the TW then.) We also knew that many of the police in Bulgaria are very mean and corrupt and they don't follow any laws — so we really did not want to end up in their hands!

**Q: What do you think about the future for the Family in the field of Bulgaria?**

**A:** (Ashley:) Personally, I think the days for a DO Home in Bulgaria are over. It was definitely neat to have a Home there again, but I'd say the disadvantages outweigh the advantages. I'm really thankful for our time there, as we've gotten the last crop of disciples now, and have 11 in all since 1991. For security and other reasons we have lived in seven different locations in the last 1-1/2 years in Bulgaria, and experience has proven that more than four or five people living in a residence raises the eyebrows and suspicions of the neighborhood. When things cool down I think there will still be a possibility for road trips for short periods of time, with the "hit and run" tactic, but I'd say it's pretty much a closed country for now.

(Jonathan:) One interesting fact is that we had to flee on exactly the same date three years ago — October 31.

POPE SAVES THE DAY

FROM GABE (15, OF STEVEN AND CHRISTINA), INDIA:

Before I came to India, I was living in Western Europe, where people are not so receptive. You have a certain line that you say, then you wait for a "yes" or a "no". If the person says "yes" and is receptive, then you have a conversation with him and sometimes he gets saved.

When I came to India, I found people much sweeter and easier to talk to, so I said to myself, "If I say what I used to say in Western Europe it'll probably scare them away." So I went with a partner first and learned what he said.

Then the time came for me to talk. I took a big swallow and stopped a person who looked like he was in a hurry. I said to him (while I handed him a "To You with Love" tract), "Here, this is for you. It's a message about hope!"

The guy said, "Which one?"

I answered, "What do you mean, which one? It's a message about love and hope."

Surprisingly he exclaimed, "Oh, *hope!* I thought you said *pope.*" Ha!

That made us all burst out laughing. We immediately got a link with him, which made the witnessing so much easier. He also got saved. PTL! The Lord used this situation to make the witnessing more fun and inspiring and to make us get out of ourselves.

THERE'S NO COMPARIN'!

FROM BIANCA (15), THAILAND:

Recently I went back to my home country to visit my relatives. Our family hadn't been home for about 10 years. Seeing all of my cousins grown up, and comparing their life to ours in the Family was so different! They were just so amazed at what I take to be normal for a Family member. I cooked a lot of meals and told them that I frequently cook for over 30 people and they were shocked! Even that I was able to speak Thai and communicate with Thais was amazing to them. My youngest brother (1½) could count to ten, and make animal noises, etc. People were asking if he was advanced for his age, and we told them that in the Family most kids his age are like that and he is just normal, which was quite impressive for them. Those are just a few of the many things that I saw in the difference between the System and the Family, not to mention all of the spiritual input, training, Word, and insight to the Lord's secrets in the Word.

I really love all of you and pray for you in all of your different ministries. And I am one of the many Family teens that can testify that the Family is the BEST place to be! I have no questions or doubts about it as I'm totally convinced of that!



Luana (15), Brazil

MISSION FIELD, HERE SHE COMES!

FROM FAY FISHER, 17, CANADA:

It all started when I moved from DC to Montreal. After moving I prayed and decided it was the Lord's will for me to move to another field. It was amazing how the Lord helped me in my fundraising. In DC we were doing a lot of streetlighting, and I asked the Home here if we could try it out. So we got our buckets and our little orange vests and for the first time in about five years tried it again here in Canada. The people were so giving! We tried a light at rush hour for 45 minutes and made double the amount we would normally make in the other types of outreach here.

My first time door to door here, which we do faithfully every night from 6:00 to 7:30, I met a very sweet man from Jordan. After explaining to him how I was trying to get to the field to be a missionary, he gave \$10 and told me to come see him again the next day to discuss it more.

So Becky and I went the next day to see him and he took us to dinner and afterwards gave us \$100. *TYJ!* As we were leaving, he told us he wanted to pay for my ticket plus support me with a donation of \$100 every month! It was such a miracle and answer to prayer.

OOPS!

FROM IKE (23), USA:

I was out clowning at a Walmart store, and as I was happily greeting everyone with a friendly, "Hi!" or "Hello!", an older lady passed by and I said, "Hi, Happy Halloween!" (It was that time of year.) She then stopped and said, "You know, you shouldn't really be wishing people a happy Halloween because it's the celebration of witches! People need more of Jesus!" I was like, "Oops! Just trying to be friendly!" She was sweet and talked to us for a while and then as she left she gave us a hug and told us, "Don't worry about it, just don't say it again!" Ha! I guess it was just a little reminder from the Lord to always be a faithful witness in whatever you are doing, whether you're clowning or canning or whatever! — Don't be afraid to witness! Be faithful!



JUST FOR FUN ...

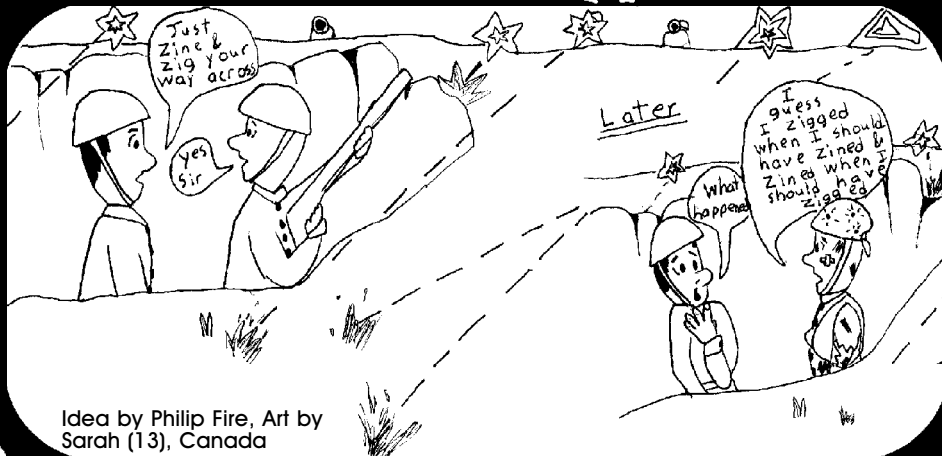
Q: What's the difference between a coyote and a flea?

A: The coyote howls on the prairie, but the flea prowls on the hairy.

And a Joke: Two fleas were talking together. One said, "Should we walk, or should we catch a cat?"

— Sent in by Carmel (15, of Michael and Sharon), ASCRO

zine funnies



Idea by Philip Fire, Art by Sarah (13), Canada

not Bible another Riddle

My center is nothing;  
My first is my last;  
And when the long ages are over  
and past;  
Then vengeance divine  
Shall devour me and mine.

# STUFF PHOTOS



**STUFF PHOTOS**

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

1. Crystal (18) Scotland, March 1997.
2. (L-R) Celeste (14), and Tina (15), Indonesia.
3. Micah, Jubal and Pethuel, Brazil.
4. A.J. (formerly Jonny of Abner & Mary, age 15. Switzerland.
5. Micheal I (17).
6. Mary YA (19), with Chris (2), Jamie (3), and Robin (4). "This photo corresponds to an article about Childcare which will be coming via

E-Mail for the section 'Those Darling Rascals.'" (Note from the FZT: For some reason we haven't yet received this article but hopefully we should some time shortly. Or else please re-send it so that we can include it in an upcoming edition. Thanks, Mary! WLYSM!)

7. Cristy (16), Russia. Sent in by her sister, Christina (14), in Belgium.
8. Jamie (5), of Paul & Rachel. Sent in by big sister Laura (17), in Thailand.
9. Some of the brethren in Ekaterenburg (Russia). -- Sorry I don't remember everyone's names. Photo sent in by Sarah Arrow (SGA of Daniel).

# dead men talking

## WILLIAM WALLACE RETURNS!

From Jerry (19), Kazakhstan:

Recently I have started to get pictures of William Wallace in my mind quite often, and have often felt that he was right with me. Once when I was going through a trial, feeling lonely and generally a bit battle weary, all of a sudden I felt like he was standing right by me and he said something like, "Do you think it was easy for me to keep going when I lost those that were close to me? No, but I just had to keep fighting." It was encouraging to think that he was there and he could understand what I was going through and was trying to help me keep up the fight. TYJ! I think if I had had the faith to ask, he could have told me a lot more right then, but I kind of started to doubt that it was really the Lord. We had just seen the movie about him recently, and I thought, "Oh it must just be me!" LFM for my lack of faith.

A little while after that we were having a Home prayer and prophecy meeting. Someone started sharing something that they had gotten about William Wallace, and I was amazed. I was convicted that I hadn't had the faith to receive and believe it before. Here is the prophecy received in our prayer meeting:

(Wallace speaking:) The love in my heart is what kept me burning. It's this love in my heart that kept me fighting. Though I didn't know how to do it, and though I did it the wrong way, I just had to keep fighting and it's this love that kept me burning and fighting for the cause which I knew was right, to free those who were oppressed, to set the captives free. And your David has given you the same love; this is why I want to come and help, because you have this love burning in your heart, to set the captives free, to set those souls free. This is why I want to come and help you, and I can help you because I have learned many lessons up Here in Heaven.

Please let me help you! Let this love burn deep in your heart — this is what will give you the strength to fight, no matter what the odds, no matter what the circumstances, no matter what the oppression. This love in your heart will give you the strength and the power and the might to do wonders and win battles no one else can win. I will be by your side and I will help you. (End of prophecy.)



art by kristen

T  
h  
i  
n  
k  
  
T  
a  
n  
k  
  
T  
h  
i  
n  
k  
  
T  
a  
n  
k



You can only be young once, but you can be immature forever.



If a book about failures doesn't sell, is it a success?



What do you do when you see an endangered animal that eats only endangered plants?



Is it possible to be totally partial?



Why do people who know the least know it the loudest?



If a turtle doesn't have a shell, is he homeless or naked?



When it rains, why don't sheep shrink?



Should vegetarians eat animal crackers?



Why is the word abbreviation so long?



When companies ship Styrofoam, what do they pack it in?



A little later I felt that he might want to say something to me, as although I had been getting all these heavy pictures about him I had never taken the time to hear from him, and I felt that he probably wanted to tell me something. So one night I took some time to hear from him and this is what I got:

(Wallace speaking:) I want to say something. I want to tell you something. Will you listen to what I have to say? I'm gonna tell you about what's happening in the spirit right now. There is a great battle going on, the forces of good against the forces of evil, the forces of love against the forces

of hate, the forces of truth against the forces of deceit, and the forces of God against the forces of the enemy.

What I want to say is this: You must fight with everything that is within you! You've got to love with all your heart. You've got to say when the going gets tough, "I will keep going no matter what!" And when the race is over you'll be so glad you stuck till the end, and you'll be more than happy to hear His, "Well done!" And when you hear that "Well done!", you'll be so glad that you stuck to it and didn't give up, and you'll know it was worth it, even when it seemed like you weren't going to make it and even when it looked like you were going to be defeated.

You didn't let go and you hung on and let Jesus do it through you, you didn't get your eyes on yourself, but kept looking to Jesus and He did it through you. You had to let Him do it through you. You had to determine that, "No matter what happens I'm not going to give in to discouragement, I'm not going to look at circumstances, I'm not going to look at conditions, but I'm going to keep looking straight at Jesus and trust Him to pull me through." And believe me, He'll do it for you every time, and it'll

be such a wonderful thing to finally hear Him tell you "Well done!"

And when you see all the souls that you helped to win for Him, you'll know it was worth it. Every heartache, every tear you cried, every ounce of strength that you gave to win them for the Lord, it will be worth it all. And you'll see how He was able to use you, and you'll be convinced that you did the right thing by following the Lord and doing what He said even when it seemed like it was going to cost you everything, or that you weren't going to be able to do it; you just went ahead anyway and looked to Him to see you through.

And it worked and you saw miracles performed and His work got accomplished, all because you were faithful to heed His call and trust Him for the outcome, and though you felt like there was no hope, when you hung on and didn't give up the fight, He came through. And though it seemed that there wasn't any point in even keeping on trying, when you made the little effort and kept trying, it was His spirit that brought you through to victory!

It's His love that keeps you going, no matter what the cost.

It will help you keep on fighting as you go to win the lost.

It's greater than any time or tide can tell;

It will go to any lengths to save a soul from Hell.

It will keep you ever going as you fight in Heaven's name;

It will see you through the darkness, sorrow, death or shame.

And so, my brothers, come with me and fight with me this day!

Let us do the Master's bidding as we walk within His way.

Never fear, but keep on trusting — as you go He'll lead the way;

Keep on going ever onward to the light of His new day.

(End of prophecy.)

This message was a big encouragement to me, because at that time I was having some heavy battles with discouragement. Also I almost never get poems or anything like that, and it was an amazing experience. I



"That's what friends are for": Jubal, Micah, Pethuel and our drummer (a live-out member), Brazil.

didn't ask him to give me a poem. I just started getting the first line and I had the feeling it was going to be a poem. At first I was tempted to think, "Oh no, what if it doesn't flow, what if it doesn't sound right, what if I don't get it clearly! Yikes!" Even when I started to get it I had a battle about putting some of the things down. I wondered, "Am I really getting this right?"

It was a good lesson to me to just put down the first thing the Lord gives me and trust Him that it's the right thing and what He wants to say. When I just put down what I got, I was amazed to see how it went together.

Also the words are heavy, and I felt kind of an awesome feeling when I was getting it. It wasn't something I could or would have thought up on my own. I didn't feel that I was the greatest channel, or as clear a channel as I could be or should be. But the Lord's helping me and it's getting easier all the time. TYJ!

It sure is inspiring and exciting to know that the Lord is sending us so many spirit helpers right now to help us fight and win the battle. PTL!!!! I love you! Love, Jerry.

## THE JACK CONNECTION

From Tamar,  
WS secretary/graphic artist:

It began about a month and a half ago, in the early morning hours when I was sort of half-asleep, half-awake. I had a dream, which seemed to be more than a dream — more like an "experience" of some kind. I was in Heaven, and I was with people from my mother's side of the family who have passed on. I didn't actually see my mother, who recently died, but I sensed she was also there. I was semi-reclining on this couch in the midst of them, and they were all gathered



around in a circle having this discussion on a special project or activity they were all involved in. I didn't seem to be privy to what they were discussing, more like I was just viewing the encounter and interaction between them all.

They were interacting so beautifully and peacefully, and there was such an air of harmony and unity about it (a further indication it was definitely in Heaven, knowing my relatives, ha!). But the whole focus of this experience — at least what I was focused in on — was this young man who seemed to be leading or chairing the discussion, and who everyone was looking to as their "spiritual elder" so to speak. I couldn't seem to keep my eyes off him, besides the fact that he was really cute, ha! He was in his late 20s, I'd say, and quite handsome. I noticed his hair was slicked back in this 40s style, and he had a beautiful aura about him. Occasionally during the discussion, he'd look over at me and give me a

beautiful smile, and once he winked at me, ha! (I recall blushing when he winked at me, ha! — Shows I still had very "human" type responses while there.)

Anyway, that's about the extent of the experience (except for little details about the surroundings while there). The whole time I kept wondering who this young man was, as I'd never seen him before, and yet he was definitely part of my mother's side of the family. Then right as the experience was ending when I was really wanting to know who he was, I heard the words, "This is Jack." I woke up and just knew it was something more than a dream, so decided, by faith, to write my father (my mother has passed away) to ask if he knew of anyone by the name of "Jack" on my mother's side of the family.

... And now for the exciting part! Two days ago I heard from my father and he said he'd been investigating the "Jack connection" as he put it, and said that my mother's mother (my grandmother) had a younger brother who was killed in the war in 1942. He was named John, but everyone affectionately called him "Jack"! Apparently, my father heard he was "the best one of that whole side of the family."

Isn't that neat?!! — And so supernatural! So it seems I really did "see" this Jack! I'm going to write and tell my father about this experience I had. I was wondering why the Lord allowed me to experience this, and it seems it might be for my father's encouragement and to further reinforce the reality of the spirit world and next life to him, as it's obviously something very supernatural. I was on cloud nine after hearing from my father about it, and very thankful I'd asked him about it, otherwise it would have just been something I experienced without really knowing the meaning or implication behind it all. ■

# everything changes

May the potion of devotion flow!

From Jonathan, catacomber in Albania:

In 1990, after a concert by a foreign band, I received Jesus. I didn't feel that I was changed much but in my heart was a desire to know more about Jesus. I come from a Muslim background but my parents didn't practice their religion.

I got to go to some Christian fellowship, but I was so shy and after two months there I still had no friends. My friends in my neighborhood didn't much like these Christian meetings, so I went by myself. After a while I lost track of these Christians because they moved.

Later on I saw people giving out black-and-white posters, but I was too shy to go and get one. I took one from a little child who had gotten one, but he cried so much that I had to give it back. That same day, while I was eating lunch, my mom brought a poster. I liked it and it was special to me. It was the same one that those foreigners had been giving out!

Right away that night I wrote to the address on the poster, and it was wonderful when I got the first mailing. After some months I got to know these people from the Family who actually came to my home for a visit. It was great when they told me that they were holding meetings. It was an answer to my prayers and from that very instant I never doubted again what I wanted to do with my life. I feel privileged to have met the Family. I love you A-L-L!

## your name in



Now, I want this one in very BRIGHT lights: Here's to my SUPER MOM!!! I don't know how she's done it, but she's managed to put up with 10 kids! She home schools 8 of them (all different ages), does housework, cooks, etc! All of this with all of them at her feet, and of course she's training them to do these things as well! And she's been doing this on her own, while my SUPER DAD's bringing in the "eggs", to feed all those mouths and keep them under a roof! She hasn't just been doing her job of raising all these kids, but she's been doing an EXCELLENT job! And that's not all there is to it: As if 10 weren't enough, this lady's bravely bringing #11 into this world!!! TYJ! Here's this Wonderful Woman's name: SARA!! I LOVE YOU, MOM! KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK! — From Ruth (17), Portugal

## l.i.g.h.t.s

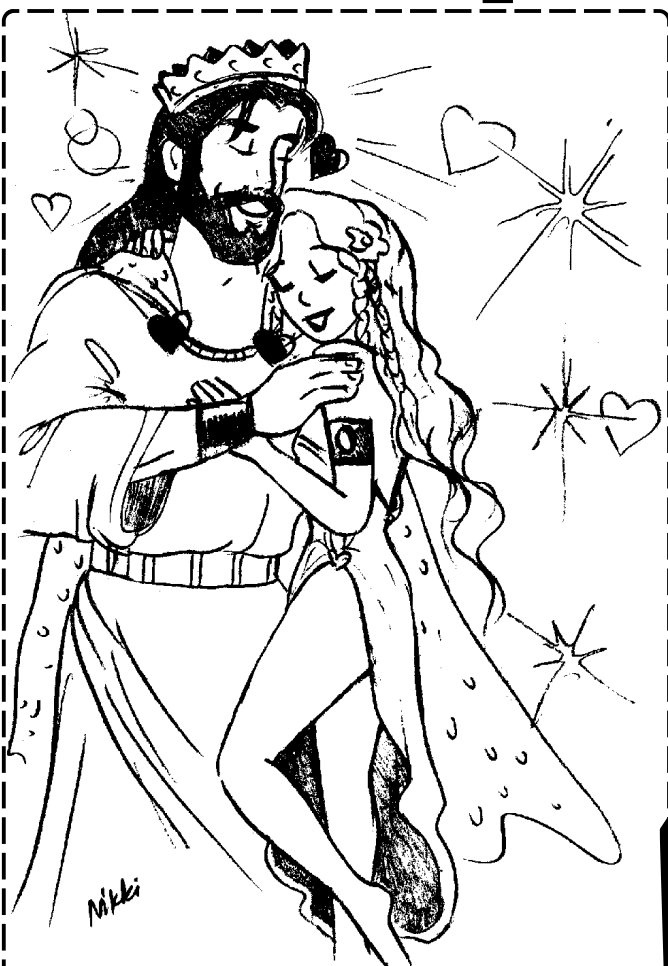
WSPUBS@IBM.NET

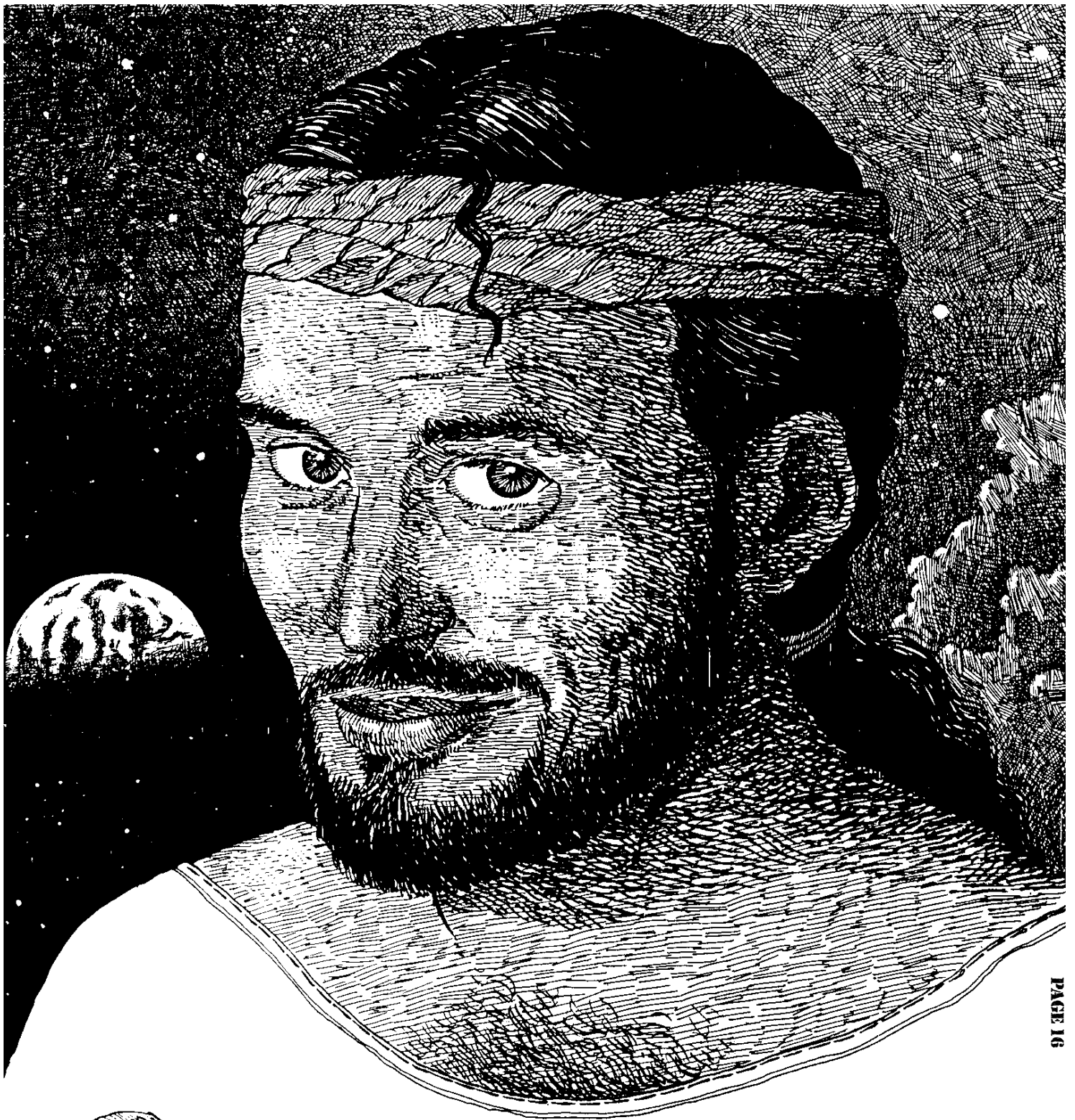
## A Word From

The mystique, the reputation, still lives on and intrigues and attracts. ... We can never be only a missionary organization doing relief work and "consider the poor" ministries. We are believers in sex, prophets of the End, portrayers of Heaven, separatists from the world, destroyers of darkness and fighters for the Truth! And in all these, beloved, we are preachers of the Gospel and lovers and winners of souls. And it is because of all of these other things that we are the successful missionary organization we are today. — Mama (ML #2957:13)

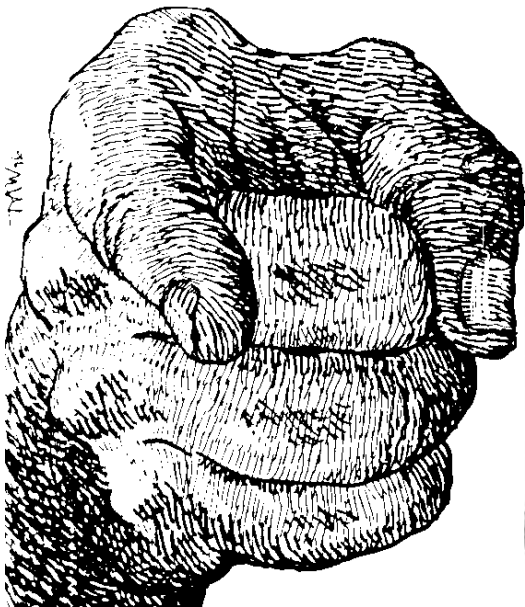
The Grapevine  
Attn: Free Zine  
PO Box 4938  
Orange, CA 92863 USA

our sponsor





PAGE 16



Art by Tiago, (above) Thailand.

# I LOVE YOU! -- JUST YOU!

Behold, how I love you! -- You-- just you, just the way you are. Yes, I know your faults. Yes, I know your weaknesses. I see when you stumble and fall, but that does not alter My love for you. (*I Love You!~Just You!* 2985:31)



# upfront

## Rights?

From Arthur Lionheart (15), Colombia:

(On "The Two Pillars of Shepherding":) This Letter came just on time, because of the lessons that I'm learning. We teens can't just run wild because the Charter gives us a little more freedom. Like Grandpa said, the shepherds are still shepherding and should still be shepherding the Home. I was getting a little off line precisely with that, thinking the shepherds could not "infringe upon my rights" since I am fulfilling my obligations to the Home. Though it's true that nobody should infringe upon our rights stated in the Charter, we need to understand that the Home shepherds are the ones who are ultimately responsible that the Home is in the right spirit, and we teens need to accommodate that and understand that. And though I am fulfilling my Home duties, I still need that loving hand that will help me when my desires are a little off, or when my temper gets in the way, or when I get a little lazy and don't want to help, or when I want so badly to watch a new (but not-yet-rated) movie, ha!

## Floods of Love!

From Marie (17), Thailand:

The Letter "My Heart Belongs to You" really did a lot for me. I was so deeply touched by what the Lord said to us! When I read it, I had been going through some discouragement trials and feeling that I couldn't really tell anybody about it, and also feeling that I had failed the Lord in so many ways. I was sort of angry and stubborn, as I couldn't understand some things that were happening.

But when I picked up this Letter and read it (actually I think it was on the second reading) the precious and encouraging Words the Lord was saying completely melted my heart, and I felt totally lost in the Lord's love. It was a sweet and beautiful experience. When it said that even if we feel like we have failed badly and have been distant from the Lord, that He still wants to hold us in His arms and love us in spite of it all, I just broke down and started crying. It was neat because I was laying there feeling down and discouraged, confused and a little angry, and I just happened to pick up the Letter absent-mindedly and began reading — and all of a sudden I just felt like a flood of the Lord's love washed my soul down to its very depths!

I cried as I pictured myself wrapped in the Lord's arms, asking for forgiveness for my weaknesses and my doubting, but it being hardly necessary as the Lord already knew and loved me anyway. Since then, I have read that Letter a number of times and each time I feel closer to the Lord and His wonderful love. It's helped me not to get so condemned about my many mistakes and shortcomings — which I tend to do a lot and which hinders my relationship with the Lord greatly as I feel I just can't talk to the Lord in such a bad state. I am still learning but I'm so thankful for the floods of the Lord's love!



### QUESTION

From Angelina (12), Canada: What exactly does FTT mean?

(FZ:) FTT officially stands for "Family Teen Tape." But of course, in this case "Teen" is a rather broad term, used to mean "basically anyone of any age who enjoys listening to new music."

your **n a m e** in

As Andrzej (12) continues to answer letters from the German mail ministry, he gets more replies, people asking for more lit. It is so inspiring to work side by side with him!

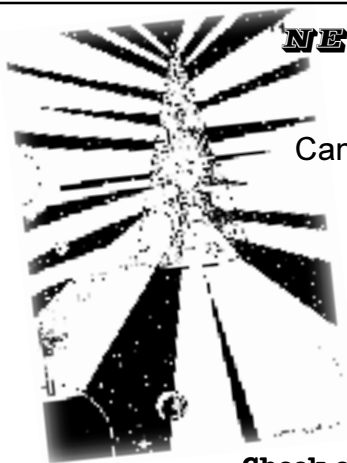
From Christiana and David, Germany:

l · i · g · h · t · s

# wee words from the People!!

the latest issue, my oldest JETT commented, "Oh good, now we can wear chains," because a couple of the cartoon characters were wearing them. This concerned me a little bit because I've heard from reliable sources that wearing chains means the wearer is a listener of heavy metal music. As the fad grows this stigma may fade, but for right now wearing chains doesn't have

○ This month we almost had a riot in our house, while I lay across my bed excitedly anticipating reading the new *Zine* (which by the way came a bit late, and almost caused an ulcer just waiting for its arrival), it was quickly zipped out of my hands by my husband Luke, who ran frantically to the toilet to enjoy his reading in peace. Well, quiet time in the Home was interrupted by three of us in the Home banging on the bath-



## NEW WINE FROM 20 YEARS AGO! JULY 1977

Can you unravel the mystery of ...

## MERLIN'S HAT?

How can you describe or how can you understand these great mysteries that are so great you don't even know what you're talking about? (par. 21)

Check out ML #627, in a Word library near you!

### Cover Photos from left to right:

This is the majority of our Home with our puppet theater. Back row (left to right): Joshy (21), Ashley (22), baby Diane (of Bulgarian Jonathan and SGA Ashley), Charity (23), Shane (21), Christine (17) and Andy (19). Front row (left to right): Sara (15), Claire (21), Sunny (20). (Bulgaria)  
Michael (17) going to Elf Oil Tank. (Nigeria)  
Oli stopping to ask directions from the bush people, on his way to Lagos. (Nigeria)  
Jonathan, Clair & Charity. (Bulgaria)  
Josh (20) and Michael (17) distributing posters at a school in Upo-Mami, Delta State. (Nigeria)  
Ashley & Charity. (Bulgaria)  
Christine (17). (Bulgaria)  
Clair. (Bulgaria)  
Elizabeth (of Aaron) teaching reading to local village girl with Family readers. (Nigeria)  
Andrew & Jonathan. (Bulgaria)  
L-R: Eve (18), Josh (20), Joshua (2), Elizabeth (of Aaron), Elia (4), Michael (17), Katrina (18), Jason (6), Oliver, Lisa (5), Ricky (2), Terry (1), Marie, Juliana (4). (Nigeria)

a very good connotation.

—A mother in Florida

(Please rest assured that Felix and Dude do not listen to heavy metal music, even though they did appear with chains in a past *Zine* issue. Sorry for any mix-ups this may have caused! If that's the signal it gives in your area, it may be best not to wear them!

— See "Rumor Mill" section in *GV* #14. — Jaz.)

room door begging for the *Zine* ... (Please don't feel the *Zine* has to be discontinued because of our divorce, ha! Just kidding!) —Crystal, Switzerland

A big hello to the *Free Zine* guys and girls, The new mag has me in a whirl.  
God bless all you artists and Shanice  
For the great artwork, I think it's neat.  
And the traveling text is really far out,  
Thanks to all who work on layout.  
"Dead Men Talking," "Bold and Brave"—  
There's a gem on every page.  
So as for me, I think the *Free Zine's* great!  
And for each new issue it's hard to wait.  
So God bless you all on the *Free Zine* team  
With love from me, a "recycled teen"!  
— Tabitha Praisemore (FGA), India

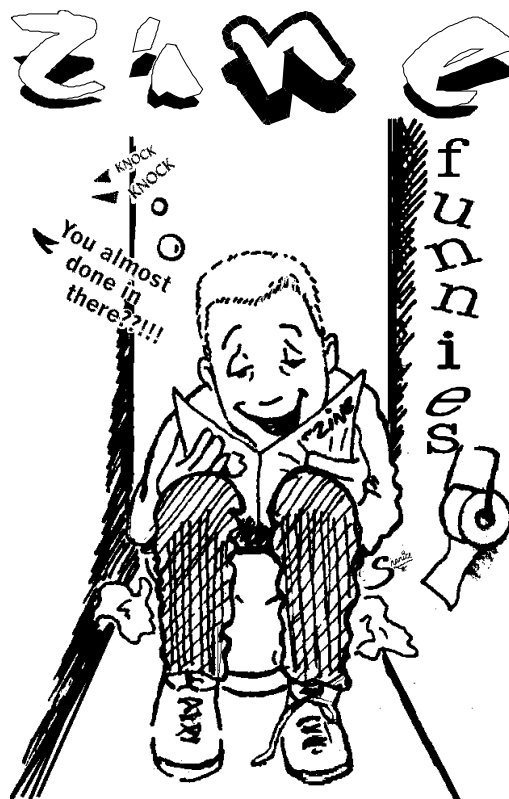
Dear Ed ...

I really appreciated Anthony's (Laban) interview, and his conviction in telling it like it is. Life for

the Lord is meant to be a battle and it's so good to get back to our roots and remember that. Thank the Lord for all our present-day blessings and "extras," but let's always keep the vision of sacrifice and the inevitable rough times. Us younger generation can often get into looking at the waves and difficulties, when we should look at it as our calling, privilege and vocation and be PROUD of it! Lord help us! God bless him for his fight. It's great to see these veterans who are still just as committed as they ever were — if not more!

—Lily (22), Nepal

○ As a mom of two JETTs I would like to commend the *Zine* team for a job well done. The *Zine* has really sparked my kids' interest in the Word and has been lots of fun for us as we've researched the Letters on the spirit world and done the crossword puzzle together. On seeing



"The *Zine* came and ... I was no longer constipated."

○ Gee, who would have ever thought it, but those funnies that were sent out (FZ #005, March edition) about teens getting all excited about the new *Zine* are very accurate. The moment that blessed mailing enters the living room, we (meaning the young people) can hardly wait till the end of devotions to get a quick glance at all that it contains. You feel rather good about yourself when you can say, "Do you know what's in the new *Zine*?" and of course the best part is when the others don't. Just in appreciation to all the hours of eye-straining work you do, the *Zine* has attained, at least it has so for me, results beyond imagination. On a personal basis the section most desired is the "Dead Men Talking." That stuff is hot!

P.S. I realize for record's sake I should send in my location and age and other needed personal data. So not wishing to fall from grace in the eyes of those who might read this, I have decided to comply to such a small request: I am 16 years old; I live in Brazil at the Service Center; I am a secretary and my parents are Richard and Catherine (who also live in Brazil). Bye for now! —*Marisa*

# your **n a m e**

PAGE 19

My sister FLOR (14), is now living in a Home with no others her age (we used to live together and were great friends but now she had to leave in order to help my mom), just a bunch of younger kids (to be specific, little boys) to help take care of. Her Home doesn't have many adults, which means more work to do, GBH. There are also no other Homes close by, so that means not much fellowship. But even in these circumstances, she's been very dedicated and puts her whole heart in, in order to be a blessing (and she is a BIG one)!

GBY Flor, and all of you out there giving your all to Jesus and His work. — He couldn't fulfill His plan if He didn't have your help! You guyz are dedicated soldiers sacrificing lots of your own desires so the work can go on! I know the Family knows how much you mean to us, and we know the Lord has a lot of FUN ADVENTURES on the way for you that you won't want to trade with ANYONE!!! I LOVE YOU, FLOR!

—*From Sharon Starlight (Senior Teen), Brazil*

l . i . g . h . t . s

those

darling

by *Bethy*

It's been great hearing from those of you who have written in with your ideas of fun things to do with kids. Let's hear from more of you! We could make this a regular column! To all of you that spend time with the kids teaching them, pouring into them and sacrificing for them, I have this to say: Don't be discouraged! You're investing in the future, and you'll reap the dividends one day. Here are responses from you:

As for what I like doing with kids, I would say baking. Cooking isn't usually my favorite job but I have three younger brothers, ages ten, seven and five, and they like to bake! Baking is actually one of my favorite things to do with them because:

They don't walk off on you.

They like doing it.

The end results taste good – ha!

I was surprised when they made cookies with me for two hours.

— *Sarah, 13, Canada*

One thing I like to do with kids is get travel magazines, cut out the pictures and glue them on cards or paper. The kids all like this, especially the pictures of animals. I once made reading books for the kids this way. I got the idea from my Dad. He used to do it for me when I was a kid.

— *Mari, 15, Japan*

One thing that the kids really like is if they make a 'mock band' and sing praise songs imitating the different instruments or using the different toy instruments (if available). Another thing the kids love is to be the praise time reminders. — Singing praise songs and starting a chain reaction while walking throughout the house.

— *Joyanne (17), Thailand*

Art idea for children: I bought a packet of white label stickers. They come in either circles or squares. I took a sheet and colored all the squares with a thick tip permanent marker. I did four sheets each a different color (red, black, blue and green). The children could peel the stickers off and make mosaic designs on their paper. Fun!

— *Dawn Little, Thailand*

I just love little kids, and they adore it when we play right along with them! I loved making mud pies and bowls, then drying them in the sun and painting them with my teacher.

— *Karenyna (17), Brazil* ■



— *Mari (15), Japan.*



# WHAT'S HAPPENING IN VLAD

**Q: What is the latest in Vladivostok?**

**A:** We just came back from a three-day Babes Ranch in Sad Gorad, a beautiful forest resort owned by one of our kings. Eleven people attended, all the “cream of the crop” of our personal witnessing during the last few months. They are tops from the best university in town — teachers, computer programmers, students and others.

**Q: So, what did you do there?**

**A:** Well, all these kids want to be a part of our Family, so we organized a seminar for them, called “Change the World.” Since they all were on holiday, we had a relaxed schedule with three basic classes, on “Our Family”, “Our Relationship with the Lord” and “Discipleship”! We also had plenty time for play, personal talks and fun evening activities, including a Gypsy dance around the fire, and a graduation ceremony and dance night. PTL!

**Q: Any special testimonies?**

**A:** During the prophecy class, one of the babes saw a beautiful vision of herself walking along with Jesus. Four of them want to forsake all and join the Family ASAP, and the rest have all committed themselves to start as Catacombers for the time being. Even though they were all very close to us, they weren't that close to each other to begin with, so it was touching to see them after our time together being so much closer and loving to each other, as real brothers

and sisters in the Lord, PTL!

**Q: What else has been happening there?**

**A:** We have a Sunday school, a Meaningful Meeting, two Bible classes, one CTP and four English clubs each week, besides about 55 visitors each week,

Foto Caption: Francis P. and Kris with two of our new Cats in Russia.

PTL! It's a fruitful place and we are so thankful for all those that have helped and made it possible for us to pioneer and establish a work in this city. TYL!

**Q: Any other comments?**

**A:** We really love Jesus, and even though we are all a mess, we are so happy to be serving Jesus in the Family and to have such loving shepherds as Mama and Peter. PTL!

Much love,  
Your Vladivostokian Pioneers!

**P.S.:** If you want to help us, please send a donation via the Reporting Office. If you would like a video of the work here, send a donation to cover the postage and tape, plus your address and we'll send you one. GBY! WLY!!

LIVE POETRY SOCIETY

**Crushed Crystal**  
By Angelina (15, of Andrew and Miracle), Slovenia

If your heart is aching,  
Searching for one you cannot find.

And you feel it's just about breaking,  
That crystal way deep down inside.

Crushed, but not yet broken,  
Quelled, but not yet blue.  
And your spirit is a-croakin',  
For that help to pull you through.

But in your darkest hour,  
Which is always right before dawn.  
You'll find that boost of power,  
And your sadness will be just about gone.

That might, where did it come from?  
That strength — surely it seems odd!  
That vigor should suddenly come to you,  
Shows it was purely from God.

## Continued from page 7.

ally seen when a junky dealer gets his latest delivery of product to be distributed out in the street. Yet their joy didn't emit from anything tangible or petty, like a bag of white powder or an expensive motor car. It was this perennial celebration of being loved and then the effortless ritual of returning that love back to its Heavenly source and to those around them — anyone who wishes to receive it. You've doubtlessly heard it a thousand times before: You can't just buy that stuff anywhere. I guess somehow I'd gotten caught up in the crossfire, cause I'm still receiving visits from various members of the Family.

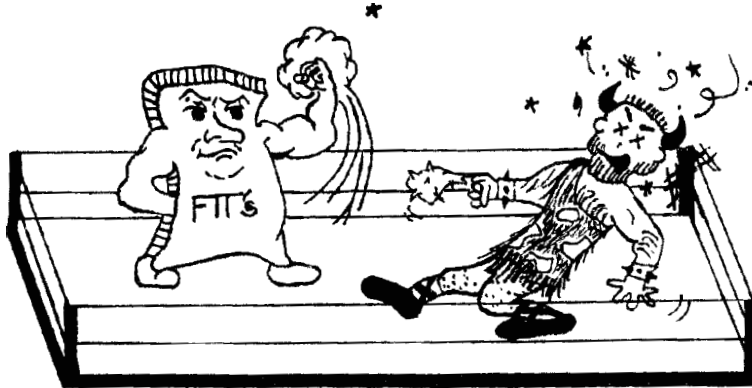
I am continually awed by the genuine love, happiness, generosity and understanding openly shared with me on each visit.

There'd been one visit in particular that I'm certain I'll cherish for the rest of my life, and which has confirmed for me that those truly special people are indeed tapping the source of living a life of the truly spiritually fortunate. One young lady was visiting one morning and was virtually fainting from exhaustion which I have to conclude stemmed from her insatiable zeal to constantly reach out and help others — a characteristic which seems to be an enthusiastic prerequisite of all the Family members I've met. Sitting down abruptly to regain her composure, she'd invited a teenage girl — the one who'd

incidentally blown me away with her innate happiness and innocence on that very first visit — to help pray with her for strength. Now, generally, not having an avid religious background, I'd have perhaps become uncomfortable in such a situation, yet suddenly this seemed to be one of the most beautiful and touching events in the world. These two angels who'd come to me, obviously Heaven-sent, taking a little time out from their selfless endeavors to seek a guiding light (and perhaps a bit of ethereal energy?) from the Source.

Upon completing their prayer these girls were back to emoting a love which later had me wondering, is God love, or is love God? Having since had plenty of time to contemplate that question, I've invariably concluded this: They're definitely both one and the same. And, reflecting back on that morning mesmerized by these angels at work (or perhaps they were at play?) I've stumbled across one other staggering realization. The relentless pursuit of materialistic ideals has culminated in my less-than-pleasurable stay in Bangkwang. Forget the Porsche, forget the narcotic-influenced attitude, forget the shallow practice of striving to impress others with useless material possessions. All that stuff is totally unimportant and certainly doesn't make for those life-altering brief segments in time as I'd thought they had.

Those angels? Now *that* was truly a poignant moment. ■



THE FTT'S ARE A KNOCK-OUT! AND MAKE ME INSPIRED!

Art by Cephias (age 13)  
Parents: Micheal Indonesian & Sharon  
Service Home in Indonesia

\*answers to word search from Zine #007

- |   |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
| 1. Peter James and John   | 16. Eman Artist          |
| 2. Pastor's pillow  | 17. Phillip Melancthon   |
| 3. Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature | 18. Millennium           |
| 4. John three sixteen   | 19. Rachel               |
| 5. Teens for Christ   | 20. But If Not           |
| 6. Salvation  | 21. Heaven's Magic       |
| 7. Ezekiel  | 22. Luvvetts             |
| 8. Revolution for Jesus   | 23. Snowman              |
| 9. Rasputin   | 24. Hjalmer and Virginia |
| 10. Abraham the Gypsy King  | 25. Hupostasis           |
| 11. Stop Look and Listen  | 26. Charles Darwin       |
| 12. Inkwell   | 27. Pierce Arrow         |
| 13. Signs of the Times  | 28. The Robot            |
| 14. Moon  | 29. Book of the Future   |
| 15. Twenty Minutes to Go  | 30. Butter               |
|   | 31. Kemper Twins         |
|   | 32. Spencer              |
|   | 33. Windy                |
|   | 34. Huntington           |
|   | 35. Fred Jordan          |
|   | 36. Prodigal Son         |
|   | 37. Texas Soul Clinic    |
|   | 38. Music with Meaning   |
|   | 39. Meditation Moments   |
|   | 40. Kiddie Viddie        |
|   | 41. New Life             |
|   | 42. Daybreak             |
|   | 43. Rescue               |
|   | 44. Break Out            |
|   | 45. Elixir of Love       |
|   | 46. Samuel               |
|   | 47. Marie Claire         |
|   | 48. Leviathan            |
|   | 49. Where To             |
|   | 50. Lamont Haas          |
|   | 51. Sancho Panza         |
|   | 52. H. Alderman          |
|   | 53. Athens Greece        |
|   | 54. Ram and he goat      |
|   | 55. Lake of fire         |
|   | 56. Tech                 |
|   | 57. Al Capone            |
|   | 58. Six Six Six          |
|   | 59. Upharsin             |
|   | 60. Taxi                 |
|   | 61. Yes Ma'am            |
|   | 62. Eleven               |
|   | 63. Dove                 |



Here are my dad, Virginia, Carmel, Mom, Nina, me, Joey!

SINCE SOME OF U HAVE WRITTEN IN ASKING, THIS IS FOR ALL THE "ANASTATIAS" OUT THERE. HERE'S A LITTLE MORE INFO ON HIM BESIDES "THE CUTE DUDE IN THE SONG 'GO SLOW'". UNFORTUNATELY WE'RE NOT SURE OF HIS AGE, WE THINK HE'S A SENIOR BY NOW. HIS NAME IS CHRIS, HIS DAD & MOM ARE THAD AND CHERISH, & THEY'RE IN JAPAN.



## TWO FOR THE ROAD

Day-by-day account of a faith trip, by Sharon (formerly Clara), 16, Brazil

Here we are, Faithy (adult) and I, on a three-hour bus ride going to a close-by city for a two-day faith trip. TYJ! We are certain the Lord will do wonders and we are expecting great miracles! As usual, there is not much to do when sitting on a bus, so I read or listen to music (my favorite tape is "Open for Love") while I look at God's wonderful creation! Taking naps is what we do the most, even though it's a bit hard while traveling on a bus. I guess I'll take one now. Bye.

(5/11/96 - written at night) After we got off the bus, we went to a super fancy restaurant for lunch. The owner was an old friend who helped gladly, and then said that he was going to talk with his family about giving us a donation. We have to go back and see him tomorrow. Lord, we pray for a real miracle! We need You so much, please supply! We've got to trust.

When we left the restaurant, a sweet man there offered us a ride to town. We talked to him on the way and explained our work, offered the videos, etc. He said he couldn't help, but he took us to a friend whom he thought could. His friend didn't help but led us to another friend. The Lord leads through mysterious ways sometimes. We felt a bit lost at first, so we stopped and prayed for help. We had a nice little time with Jesus, reviewed some verses, asked for His guidance, and off we went! We went to see this third friend, and she happened to be a sweet sheep, PTL! She got videos and got saved, along with two other relatives. The Lord sure loves His little ones. We had gone a long way just to meet her! We also met a pastor and another man who got tapes and a witness. TYJ!

We have a friend who has a really nice hotel, but it was full today so we had to search for a place to stay. It was late so we are staying at a small hotel, where the sweet owner gave us a room for a cheap price. The owner is an old lady who lost her husband two months ago, and we were able to talk with her and encourage her. The Lord wanted us to meet her. He sure has a purpose for everything. We took a nice shower and off we went for dinner ... yum, yum - hamburgers and lemon juice! A sweet friend helped us with them, and we had a fun time together, Faithy and I.

Right now I'm lying in the hotel room. Faithy's on the bed in front; she is already asleep so I will end up around here, for I need to get some rest too. PTL! Lord Jesus, I love You, please give us a good night's sleep. Be in our dreams and strengthen us for tomorrow. Amen.

(At two in the morning:) Knock ... knock ... knock! Someone was knocking at our door, but who could it be? What could they want in the middle of the night? My heart began to pound faster, but at the same time I had a great peace, for I knew Who was the One protecting us.

Faithy woke up and said, "Yes?"

The man kept knocking and saying that there was a telephone call for us.

A telephone call? Who knew where we were? No one!

The man kept insisting that someone was waiting on the telephone line.

We both knew it was the Devil trying to scare us. I thought, "Wait a minute!" and said boldly - to the man, but at the same time to the Devil, "Excuse me, what do you want!?"

There was silence. The man seemed to have disappeared. I prayed and went back to sleep.

This morning we were wondering about what happened last night. We found out this:

The man that knocked at our door was an old man (a little crazy) that works at the hotel. This morning he told us that there really was a man on the phone wanting to talk to the two girls that were staying that night at the hotel. Only the Lord knows who and what this guy wanted, for he didn't want to say his name on the phone or what he wanted with us. - And we didn't know him, that's for sure!

I suppose it was someone who saw us going to the hotel, that the Enemy was using to disturb us. It really gave me the conviction that we are in a war and on the Devil's territory, so we really need to stay on guard and watch out!

Also, the hotel wasn't in a very safe area, so it taught me to have faith because we could have stayed in a better place, we just didn't have faith enough to go and ask because we had gone there two

weeks ago. Today I called this other place and asked the owner if he could help again, and he was happy to! TYJ!

(6/11/96) The witnessing today was interesting. The promise we had for a donation didn't work out, but the Lord works in mysterious ways. He led us to a church where the pastor helped and also took us to a friend, who led us to another pastor who also helped. She was a sweet, hungry and funny sheep. She sold two videos to her friends on the phone for us! It really sounded like a Family sister provisioning, ha!

"Oh, hi! This is Eva! I'm calling because there are two missionary ladies here selling wonderful material for kids. I got one, but you know, I don't have any more money, so would you like to help and get a video? That way you can lend it to me for the church." And she went on and on.

It was funny, but the Lord used her and she sold two videos for us. Ha! We won lots of souls today, hallelujah!

Tonight we had dinner at a nice pizzeria. The owner, who was our friend, was happy to see us and helped gladly. I had sent this sweet man a thank-you card, and today he was so happy! We were able to spend some time witnessing to him, which was a blessing and he got to know us better too. Now we're at this nice hotel, TYJ! I'm getting ready to sleep, happy and super thankful to be in His service. See you tomorrow!

(Written after getting home:) The last day was tough but inspiring. The Devil attacked us with discouragement, but it really helped us to fight. I was really tired, so the Enemy used it to keep me in a bad mood, LFM. I stayed on this horrible channel for some time. It's amazing how we don't realize when we are in the ditch, but the Lord was faithful to show me and I got out with His help. PTL! The Lord did some miracles, and we were able to get back happy and inspired.

The Devil didn't give up right till the end! While on the bus home I started feeling sick and dizzy, so I had to really fight and trust that the Lord was in control,

**PAGE 23**



\*see page 18

OLD HIPPIES DON'T DIE, THEY

**The Wild and the Woolly ...**  
By Jasmine

Leafing through an old Family news magazine, I came across some interesting photo captions: "Chepirah and Sardonyx in front of their 'home on wheels'; "Obie, Sunlight and 10-month-old Santiago ... "; "Andrea Sava, of Ezekiel Logger and Bathsheba." Wow, sounds like there were a lot of heavy-duty folks back then — judging by the names!

So this is what gave birth to our next hearing-from-you survey. We'd like to ask anyone who is interested to please write in and share with us any outstanding names held at any time by you or other members of your family. — The more different and unusual-sounding, the better! We'll try and print the most outstanding ones, as a tribute to our colorful past — and for some fun reading.

If you know, please also tell us what year the name was chosen and how long you/they had it for. Also, if you have a short (emphasis on that five-letter-word) story about how that name was obtained or any funny situation that occurred because of it, please feel free to include that also. Thanks!

PS: Here's another caption which doesn't fit with the "weird names" theme, but I thought it was really funny anyway: "Zak and the Bumblebee Boys doing a show in Krabi City"! Hmmm, interesting!!

TIME COMES ROUND AGAIN.

JUST LIFE LOW UNTIL THE

LAUGHTER STOPS AND THEIR

and He was! After half an hour I felt much better. It was a fun trip and I'm so thankful that I was able to learn so much. I'm glad I didn't miss it!

To explain a little bit about that, I was sick the day before I was going to go on this faith trip. I didn't have the faith to go because of that and because of another battle I was going through. The Lord was asking me to forget about myself and submit to what He was asking. He promised He was going to heal me. That day I was asked if I was feeling well and if I was going to go the next day. I knew what the Lord wanted, and even if I wasn't feeling 100% well it was all right because He had said He would heal me if I obeyed. I decided to yield, TYJ, and said that I would go. One thing that helped me was the GN that talks about letting Him soften our hearts by yielding to Him, etc.

And you know what? That night I got a reward from the Heavens. While I was sleeping I heard voices talking to me. (At first I was scared, as I thought there were people in my room in the middle of the night, ha!) I heard a beautiful male voice singing a wonderful song for me. I couldn't see anything, but I could hear it so clearly, as if he was right there by my bed.

At first I thought, "Who in the world is singing at this time, could it be my brother?" I woke up and looked around ... no, everything was as quiet as a log. I went back to sleep and heard it again — a man singing a beautiful melody with female harmonies ... simply marvelous! It was so inspiring!

The Lord sent a beautiful angel, I suppose, to sing me a Heavenly song as a reward for having obeyed and submitted. I don't remember what the song said; I'm sure He didn't let me remember for some reason, but it was the most amazing experience I've had! As the Letter, "Christmas in Heaven" says, if we tune in and give Him a chance, He will let us hear the songs from Above. I know because I experienced it, and it was wonderful! Oh Jesus, thank You so much! I love You!

With a whole bunch of His incomparable love and mercy, Your sister in Jesus' name, Sharon Starlight ■

# Our Anchor of Hope!

"Oh grave, where is your victory  
 Oh death, where is your sting?"  
 A verse with one of life's sweet mysteries  
 To our hearts doth great comfort bring.  
 Tho' battles rage 'round about us steep  
 And turmoil on every side,  
 As tho' encompassed about by waters deep,  
 He is our Helmsman and Guide!

We go forth to conquer in Jesus' Name  
 Lands with souls dying in the fray  
 And bring them tho' weak and lame  
 To the Great Physician Who's power can alay  
 All hurts and sorrows with one stroke of His Love  
 And mend broken hearts with His healing balm  
 ~Restores peace of mind by one look from above  
 That soothes, comforts and calms.

Going forth where Angels fear to tread  
 As tho' all around is peace and safety,  
 Fully trusting in His promise, for He hath said,  
 "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

We take our weapons and the Gospel's armour we've shod  
 With hearts unfeigned thru' faith made bold,  
 For our weapons are made "mighty thru' God"...  
 "To the tearing down of strongholds!"

For He hath taken the weak things of this world  
 ~ Ordinary folks like you and me  
 Who's only power rests upon His Word  
 And thru' which all power in Heaven is unleashed.  
 Our only defense is faith ~ our shield  
 Protecting from the Enemy's darts,  
 Shielding and surrounding like a mighty forcefield  
 Keeping our bodies, minds and hearts!

We fight, as tho' all depended on fighting  
 And follow commands from our Commander in Chief  
 We pray, because all depends on our praying  
 For in Him only can we find relief.  
 Relief for the weary, responding to the need,  
 Answering the cry of the World  
 In spite of country, color or creed  
 For His banner over us is Love, unfurled!

And tho' death it's toll on the body may take  
 Our soul will find sweet release  
 From all Earth's sorrow and heartache  
 We'll then soar on high as a bird in the breeze!  
 Now, tho' twilight hours 'round about us creep  
 Many shadows now fill the Earth  
 Soon at dawn's awakening rays we'll all reap  
 The greatest harvest of joy and myrth!  
 Raptured on high to join Him in Love  
 Forever to dwell safely from all harm.  
 Below Earth recedes, Heaven opens above,  
 We're now free at last to be loved in His arms!

