



Male and female created He them ...

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L·I·M·E·R·I·C·K·S A·H·O·Y!

On the smashing topic of boys and girls, the differences of the sexes, the males and the females, the similarities and biological occurrences of said creatures ... throughout the pages of this Zine, you will find the poetic works of the brave respondees to our great limerick contest.

Many thanks to all of you who sent in limericks. What a response we got! Who knew there were so many would-be-poets out there? We weren't able to print every single limerick due to lack of space, but thanks for sending them in.

Oh yes, one detail we seem to have overlooked. (Who, us?) Right! Well, we want to send out Free Zine patches as prizes, but we failed to ask for your Home information when you sent us the limerick. So, if you find your limerick printed here, please write in, send your Home number (that's your Home TRF number, not your phone number), your name, age, and the page number your limerick appeared on. And in our usual speedy fashion, we'll whisk a Zine patch off to you post haste!



Note: The Zineatomically correct paper dolls you find on the front cover are primarily for your viewing pleasure. One does not have to labor to assemble them in order to retain their zinist status. However, if you must try it, you'll find that the clothes actually will fit on the dolls! The printed version has not been tried and proven, so cut and fold at your own risk.

STUFF STUFF STUFF STUFF STUFF STUFF STUFF STUFF STUFF STUFF STUFF
 Stuff Stuff Stuff Stuff Stuff Stuff Stuff Stuff Stuff Stuff

Computer Geek - SLIP OF THE DAY

don't try this at home ...

art by Spiro

The following poem appeared in some magazine, and someone sent it to us. The original authors were **Fred Bremmer and Steve Kroese**. The text of the poem follows:

```
<> !*'^`#
^''L 45-
!*=@4
%*%> ~#4
&[].. /
|{ } SYSTEM HALTED
```

But the poem can only be appreciated by reading it aloud:

Waka waka bang splat tick tick hash,
 Caret quote back-tick dollar dollar dash,
 Bang splat equal at dollar under-score,
 Percent splat waka waka tilde number four,
 Ampersand bracket bracket dot dot slash,
 Vertical-bar curly-bracket comma comma ...

Created and

A Bible Riddle

WHO AM I?
 I am a woman; a wife am to be,
 My husband is old, old is he,
 He had two wives before he had me,
 And I'm his wife, his wife number 3!

sent in by **Simon** (12)

SPIRIT OF THE SPIRIT
 From David and Ina, Mexico

A friend sent this article about a lead guitarist, Randy California, from the group "Spirit," who just died and had apparently prayed to get saved with the Family.

"Spirit, the Mercury Years"
 by Dr. Demento
 On January 2, 1997, a few weeks after these notes were completed, Randy California tragically died in a drowning accident. Randy and his 12-year-old son Quinn were swimming off Molokai when they were caught in a riptide.

CRASH

Randy was able to save Quinn before he disappeared under the waves. At 45, Randy still played guitar with the same poetic fire he dazzled us with when he was 16. The music lives on ... so, hopefully will the spirit (in the greater sense) of this awesomely wise and gentle, eternally youthful man. This compilation is dedicated to his memory. [Then the article lists the songs and the reasons Randy had for composing them. Under the songs entitled "Thank You Lord/Guide Me" he writes:] [2]

"I found myself sleeping on the beach in Hawaii with very little money and no one there I knew. Two guys calling themselves *Children of God* came up to me and asked if I needed help; of course I said yes. They said I must pray, which I hadn't really done before. I was willing to try anything, so I prayed with them out loud. Within a few days I found myself taking care of a wonderful family's garden and living in their home. These songs express my gratitude for what happened in those trying days."

By Faith to Botswana

**From Joanna (19),
South Africa:**

Six of us went on an exciting three-week faith trip to Botswana. We brought 14,000 tracts with us. When entering the country, we noticed immediately the differences from South Africa. There are no white people around, and hardly any telephones.

The first morning out witnessing, a man was very excited about meeting us, as he had met the Family once before when visiting South Africa. Someone had given him a *Reflections* on the street and he had it pinned up on his wall. He said he read it every day, as it really touched his heart. This man owns a hotel and gave us rooms and breakfast every morning for two whole weeks! He said, "It's such an honor to be able to put God's people up, because this country is so dark and needs so much help!"

We started videoing there and were thinking that as it was a rather poor country, it wouldn't go so well, but tons of people took the videos because the videos are Christian and educational for children. People were very excited about them. Even though there are not many restaurants there, all our meals were provisioned, for our whole stay! — Just about everybody gave to us. We went to the hospital to witness and pray for the sick. Many of the patients were children who had been involved in accidents or injured during fights between tribes. Altogether, we prayed with over 100 people there to receive the Lord.

One day, we went into the countryside on a far-out safari. We got to see rhinoceroses and giraffes, warthogs, and much other wildlife. Our little Ford wasn't doing well, but it kept us praying. We went over bump after bump in the road until—WHOOPS!—we hit a very big bump and our exhaust pipe fell off! We brought the exhaust pipe to a mechanic who was an Indian Sikh. The Lord touched his heart and he reinstalled the exhaust pipe for free!

Every day after videoing, we would go to the only supermarket in the city, and give out tracts. By the end of our stay, we had given out 14,000 tracts! It was so exciting to get out so much Word in a country where there are no Family Homes. Now that we are back in Capetown, it's so inspiring to be getting mail responses from Botswana regularly. PTL for all His miracles!

"She Was One of Them!"

From Ariana (17), Colombia:
A kind of exciting, out of the norm, adrenaline-stimulator

type of experience happened to me just recently. First, here's an interesting fact that might help you comprehend this "once in a life" (I hope!) occurrence better.

Presently, this country's situation is unstable and insecure. There's a lot of violence, especially in small cities and towns, by guerrilla forces, anti-guerrilla forces, vandals, and criminals. Naturally, all this causes people to be more "on guard" about everything.

Anyway, one bright sunny morn, an adult brother and I were out witnessing. We entered a bank, asked to speak to the administrator and were told to wait. After waiting a while, we decided to try some other places and then come back later. We unknowingly left a pack of four tapes on the reception couch. While in a place nearby we realized the loss of the tapes and decided to go back and look for them.

Walking into the bank, we spotted the tapes on the couch where we had left them. This is where things started happening! I was peacefully going inside the bank to pick up the lost treasure when suddenly a swarm of elite police troops—tall, strong men with dark glasses, machine guns, special clothing, etc.—stormed into the bank. Wondering what was going on but not curious enough to find out, I got the tapes and decided to commence my exit out of the bank.

My little journey was abruptly stopped when a secretary in the bank pointed to me and says, "Yes, she was one of them!" Another man seconded her statement.



Immediately a young policeman, twice my size, walked up to me, took me gently by the arm (I must admit, he was a gentleman!) and told me to come with him. Man, I think my heart was beating faster than a hummingbird can beat its wings! I didn't have the tiniest seed-

LIMBERCK ALBERT

*There was a cute guy I was dating,
And seriously thinking of mating.
I knew I was right,
When I found him in plight
With the very same thought I was
thinking.*

From Bernadette (15), Brazil

ling of an idea of what in the universe was going on! Obediently I followed him out of the bank to find myself surrounded by a bunch of heavily armed policemen. Relief was restored to me when I saw the other brother happily showing a crowd of fascinated policemen our tapes.

A moment later, I was face to face with the "guy in charge," who proceeded to explain the mystery of this completely bizarre situation. What happened was that a guard of the bank thought the tapes we left in the bank were a BOMB (!?) that would probably explode any minute, and he had urgently called the police. Of course, after examining our tapes the police soon realized that we were not terrorists, but rather two dear, innocent, absent-minded missionaries, and that the tapes we had were not any type of bomb (Though they are kind of like bombs, in a way, you know—Heavenly music bombs! Of course, I didn't mention that just in case he misunderstood and ... well ... know what I mean?) but they were, in fact, authentic cassettes.

I explained our missionary work to this man and he sadly told me that the country has come to a state where you can't even leave your briefcase in an office without people getting scared. I talked to him some more and, PTL, everything got worked out. Realizing I had a pretty good crowd (you know—young, handsome guys—no kidding!), I introduced the salvation prayer, and the officer and the others around me readily prayed to receive Jesus in their hearts. Then they gratefully shook my hand and said they really needed the prayer as their job as policemen is dangerous and risky.

So, TTL, Ro.8:28 was once again fulfilled! Who knows: Maybe the Lord set the whole thing up so we could witness to and pray with those needy men! We've got a non-conformist, radical Boss up There so what can you expect? ■

Approximately how much time does it take for the Zine team to write and put the Zine together (not including the time spent on printing and shipping)?

— From Jo (17), Japan

From start to finish, the whole process generally takes around six weeks, although we're usually working on two—and sometimes three—Zines at once (in different stages), as well as other work and pubs assignments. So it's not like it takes us six weeks to put a Zine together, but that's how long the whole process takes from "conception" to "birth." Take for example a June issue: Around the middle of April we get together to talk about what we want to have in this issue. Then Jaz compiles and edits the text and articles (while the others are working on the previous Zine), those who have writing assignments do them, and then everyone reads over the text that will go in the issue. Around the first week of May, us layout folks get going on our stuff, and Shan starts doing the art. That takes about two weeks. Then in the last week of the month all the finishing touches are done, and it's sent out to the NPCs around the first of June. If we start the whole process later than schedule though—which happens—then it might be a little later. —**Bethy**



I'm an adult, 41 years old, 22 years in the Family and the last five years as an JMer. When I saw the first issue of the Zine it looked a little difficult to digest and I thought it was OK for the teens but not so much for the adults. Recently I had to spend some time at home due to an operation and decided to catch up on my reading and so began reading the first Zine. I liked it so much that I read all nine issues to date, one after the other. It's incredible what you young people are doing! The testimonies, opinions, etc., in the Zine show that you are each different, but you have the same revolutionary heart that loves Jesus, the Word, the Lost, and have the same Spirit that motivated your parents to follow the Lord and to keep the revolution for Jesus alive. GBY!

— From Daniel Snowflake, Brazil

DON'T DELAY ... WRITE TODAY ... RIGHT AWAY ... ANY DAY ... WHATCHA SAY? ... BY THE WAY ... SEIZE THE DAY ... THE GRAPEVINE / ATTN: FREE ZINE / PO BOX 4938 / ORANGE, CA 92863 USA ---- WSPUBS@IBM.NET

There once was a fellow named Dude
Who had a unique attitude.
He called out "Hey lasses,
Put on your glasses,
Cuz I'm goin' for a swim in
the nude!"

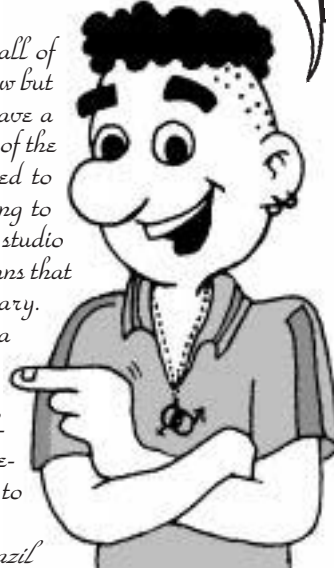


I was so touched by the article about the 11-year-old that took the MC under his wing. I hope you can publish more of these testimonies! It is really "right on" to do this, and the most avant-garde thing to do in the Family because it is a great sacrifice, which is our bag. Let's hear more about it!

Now Felix was the quieter sort,
But with the ladies had quite a rapport.
Well, rumors did fly
And it was found by and by
That he had one in every port!

Another thing that I really liked was Francesco's invitation to all of us to write more songs. I have written a few but the local musicians (here on the field) have a hard time recording them to send in. One of the hang-ups is that they think that they need to have a real professional-sounding recording to send in, but I know from living in a few studio homes and around musicians that that really isn't necessary. Also, one boy who wrote a really catchy melody to a song I wrote, said that he thought that the studio boys already had lots of songs so ours really weren't needed. Well, thanks to Francesco, we know better now!

— From Catherine (JGA), Brazil



Hi Spiro! In Zine #12 you drew this little pic, and it says, "Don't worry, you don't have to understand this." Well, because it says that we just had to try and figure it out, I mean it looks really deep. So here goes with our interpretation: In the middle is the temple in Jerusalem rebuilt, with the pyramid and the eye and the candlestick being the Jews, the cross for Christianity and the crescent moon and star for the Muslims. Then it seems like something is holding the sickle and hammer (of communism) over a fire. We figured the fire to be a sacrifice. But maybe it's supposed to be burning the sickle and hammer—we aren't too sure. Around the pic is a clock of time, probably showing that time is ticking away. Then there are a few planets around, one of them the Earth and the others??? That's what we came up with, but hey, Spiro, do enlighten us. I don't think I'll be able to sleep until I figure it out or you tell us what it means. (Don't worry, I'm just joking about the sleeping part.)

PS: How about more deep and muddled pics for us to figure out?

— From Beth, Becky and Florence, Brazil

Dear Beth, Becky and Florence, WOW! That's sure deeper than my interpretation! Um, actually, the reason I put "you don't have to understand this" was because it doesn't really have any specific intended meaning. I mean, it does have meaning, but everyone can interpret it differently.

When I originally drew it, it was along the lines of the theme of the article it was under—"The Midnight Hour," as in the Endtime. I didn't really have a rebuilt temple in mind, but more like the box (including the eye, of course, and that thing coming off the box is a nose) being the AC, who has brought together the three religions, holding in one hand the sickle and hammer (communism, or Russia—whatever), and in the other some lightning bolts (symbolizing the Tribulation or something). The three planets is just Earth getting closer (or moving through space—the passage of time), and of course the clock, whose hands are approaching midnight, symbolizes the shortage of time.—I think that's what I meant anyway. Hope that's a help.

— **Spiro**



Nicole 18

Abner 18

France



Slovenia:

Aaron

Sara

Andy

Ivan

Virginia

Jasmine

David



Croatia:

Berny

Jennifer

Joy

Chris

Maria

Tanya



Fem 16
[England]

Carrie 18
[Romania]

Benedict 17
twins!
[France]

Anna 17

The differences add up to many,
But some things remain always steady:
The need to be loved,
For sweet kisses and hugs,
And for "something" ... we're both always ready!
From Gabriela (17)



EUROPEAN MEETINGS '97

page, Photo

May 18 [Switzerland]

David 18 [France]



Linda 18
[Switzerland]

Pedro 18
[Belgium]

May 18



Brian 17

Petra 17
[Russia]

Phebe 19

[[Kenya]

Lisa 18
[Russia]

There was a young fellow named Willig
Whose touch drove his girlfriend silly,
She said in her bliss
As he gave her a kiss:
"Turn the heat up, baby ... I'm chilly!"

From
Gabriela (17)



Name: Emmanuel
 Age: 23 (going on 16)
 Sunsign: Pisces
 Studio: RAD (Formerly BAS)
 Status: Taken, with 3 kids.
 Time you've worked in Family recording: A year and a half.

Emmanuel

I've been making recordings for many years, but I would be very embarrassed if anyone heard the first ones I made. I used to try to make any type of multi-track recording possible, using two tape recorders. The most successful early ones I did were when I was in Macau. I was 15 at the time. There were a lot of boys at the farm there and some were also aspiring to be musicians. Jeremy had left a couple guitars there—an electric guitar and a Dobro. So we used to funk around on those, and someone had left an old Roland synth there too. We dug up a little four-track tape recorder, left over from the old Chinese MWM, and we put together a little band with some of Ho's boys.

We set our studio up in the kitchen and did a couple of BMTs;



"Hey Dad, this sounds great!"

Father and son auditioning.

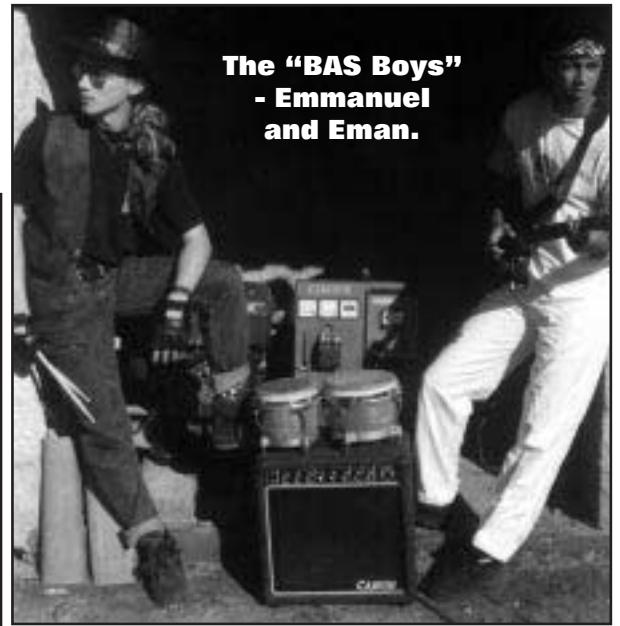
we made "Now Is Your Hour," and "Oe'r Uncharted Seas" which was, funny enough, the first song I was involved in recording here at RAD.

When I was 17, I came to Europe and there worked with

Jonas a lot, singing live. It was very inspiring working with him; we used to busk together. I wasn't so interested in singing before that, more into music and guitars and stuff. Then I went to Russia, and we used music a lot there in seminars and personal witnessing: Jonas, Julia and myself. I also worked with Benji there too.

At the SER meetings in Western Europe, we did that "Count Me In" project. That

SOUND

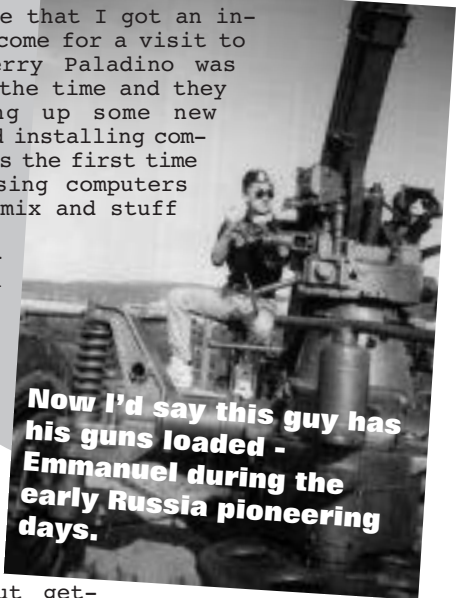


The "BAS Boys" - Emmanuel and Eman.

was like a 3-4 day thing. We did a few songs there and then after that we were supposed to set up a studio in Europe with Benji, which didn't materialize until just recently. But we traveled around Europe, helping shepherd teens. During that time we made a few demos. We then went back to Russia and to the Ukraine for a year, where Julia and I had our own Home. We got to record a bit of local language stuff there for some shows.

To backtrack a little bit, I also spent a little bit of time in England, as I was involved a bit in the court case there. I lived in the same Home as Andrew V. (now one of the main FTT producers in JAS). He had a little keyboard about 12 inches long, with little tiny keys that you could hardly fit your fingers on and a karaoke machine that we used to put guitars and vocals on. We used to make BMTs there in the evenings and stuff like that. We've come a long way since then! But it was from Kiev, Ukraine that I got an invitation to come for a visit to the BAS. Jerry Paladino was visiting at the time and they were setting up some new equipment and installing computers; it was the first time they were using computers and the pro-mix and stuff like that.

It was supposed to be a kind of training program so we could then get set up in Europe. At the same time I was visiting the BAS, the message came with the FTT



Now I'd say this guy has his guns loaded - Emmanuel during the early Russia pioneering days.

vision, about getting a tape out every one or two months. We had a deadline to get out the first two tapes, and it was a very rushed project. Most of the songs that were already considered finished actually needed a re-mix, or needed more vocals. I think on that visit I recorded five lead vocals or something; it went very fast.

Then we got invited to move to BAS, all of us. We had two kids at the time. So I went back to the Ukraine. (All these tickets were provisioned, the first round-trip ticket and then for all of us to come. Julia provisioned them for free, which was a real miracle!) So within another two months we were all here and I've been working pretty much full-time since then in the studio on different projects.

...OF THE REVOLUTION

Check this ...

DON'T FORGET TO CHECK OUT THE ZINE ON THE WEB IN PDF FORMAT ON THE MEMBERS ONLY SITE!!

- IT ROCKS!!

THE FREE ZINE DOES THE WEB -- AGAIN!

In studio work full-time or part-time: Full-time
Your musical specialty: Mainly full production of songs, from start to finish!

Your favorite Family song (and why): My favorites change all the time, but I've always liked the "Bible Album" - I guess because it's associated with my childhood, but I like the style too. I'd also have to throw in Zech and Shelly, the LA band, and the old Jonas songs.

Song that you worked on which you're most happy with: I always hope it's the one I'm working on that's not out yet! Seriously ... if I had to choose one I'd say "Battleground Years," because in both playing the music and singing it, it felt very real. The message came from personal experience and I had a lot of fun working with some more "real," down-to-earth-sounding instruments. A close second would be "Breaking Down the Walls."

Song you've recorded which you're the least happy with: The older the recordings get, the more I see things that could have been done better, and of course I feel bad about maybe not doing some songs justice on the technical side. But in looking back on some of the Family's greatest recordings, it's some of the roughest and rawest ones that we still enjoy so much, because they capture the spirit of the time they were written. Time is the greatest tester, as people start to focus not so much on the technique, but on the song itself. If I had the chance, I'd like to do 'em all over again, but I'm thankful to have had a shot. If it hits the bull's-eye for some people I can definitely pass on all credit to the main Man!

Inspiration/vision/styles for the future: That we keep our music relatable to the youth of today. Also that we can expand our music to all styles and always be trying new things.

Name: Julia
Age: Classified info!
Sunsign: Capricorn
Studio: RAD
Status: Sorry guyz, but yes, I am "taken," and I have three GREAT kids!
Time you've worked in Family recording: About a year.
Where did I first get involved with recording? Well, like everyone else probably, as kids we'd hover over a micro that had a record button and dramatize our own versions of the TK stories, and make up our own songs etc. The first time I ever recorded was with Chris Mountain (known to most of the Family as Peepers). He had a couple of songs that he asked me to redo the vocals on (this was in the PI). That was a lot of fun; I was 15! A few of us girls recorded a couple of songs with Zech and Shelley, who were there at the time. Those songs never went anywhere, but it was fun to be involved in a bit of recording.



In studio work full-time or part-time: I work in the studio as the RAD secretary part-time, and do some vocal work here and there, as well as song writing. I also do camp managing here and am the teen/JETT shepherd.
Your musical specialty: Yodeling in Irish - ha! - Just kidding!
Song that you worked on which you're most happy with and why: That's tough! I don't think I could answer that one; I've had a lot of fun working on each of the songs that I've helped out on here. I enjoyed working on "The Dancer." - It was neat to work with Emmanuel, putting the lyrics and different ideas together, and I really like how it turned out. "Whispers" with Nat, that was a barrel of laughs. I had this horrible cold at the time and asthma on top of it, so besides being barely able to breathe and managing to last about 60 seconds without coughing, we made it through the song. I also really like "The Helmet;" being a Scot myself, I especially liked the Celtic music, bagpipes and the whole arrangement ... reminds me of when I was a "wee lassie" ... but the main reason I like it is because it really moves me. I think the message of the song is particularly good and combined with the music I get the "chills" when I hear it. I have brothers and a sister who have left the Family, so the words were especially heartfelt for me to sing!

Song you've recorded which you're the least happy with and why: For me they could *always* be done "better!" Whenever I listen to myself, it's usually "under scrutiny."

Inspiration/vision/styles for the future: I hope our music keeps improving. I'm very excited by how far Family music has come in such a short period of time. I like beaty dance songs, which I think we can *always* use more of - the kind where you pop the tape in the recorder and just can't sit still. Also more "live" sounding stuff, for listening to - songs that aren't so packed out musically with all the "latest sounds" but more just real *quality* songs, lyrically and with simpler but raw kind of music. I enjoy those "real" type songs and think we could use more of them! - And lastly, more *variety*.

Comment: Hi, Mom and Dad!
You're the best and I love you! XXXXX 7





Hello! My name is Anastasia. I was a lost princess, but now I'm a princess in Heaven, where I have been found. It was a long time ago in the woods that I met my fate, when the Lord took me Home. Many come in my name, but I have been in Heaven. When I arrived, I was surprised by so many of my family members there waiting for me. They were able to teach and train me and show me God's love, and now I am here to teach you. For you, too, can be princes and princesses of your people—not in a worldly way, but in a Godly way. I have a tale to tell you which you know not about. Only I can tell you, for I have been given this commission; it is my commission of love.

When I was young, my father used to put me on his knee and let me play with his beard (he seemed so big), and tell me stories about the Russian Navy and all its men. He'd tell me how they'd sail for the destiny of Russia and I was to continue this destiny. Now I am continuing the destiny of my people through these words, these words of love.

My father loved his people and would weep for them. He knew their needs, but was entrapped within the confines and limitations of his palace and his title. Because of those around him, he could not escape. He was not a free bird; he was caged in this respect. He wanted to be an ordinary man. He just wanted to be a simple man, a man who went about everywhere doing good, like Jesus.

He was intrigued, praying that they'd find Noah's Ark, and this he put his whole strength into. He sent the men to prove that the Bible was a real book. He was fascinated by the find, then this became his passion till the Revolution came and wiped away his dreams. He still weeps for the people, but now he weeps from this side. He wants to renew in them that love that he had in his youth, which came from above, the love of the Man Who went everywhere doing good—Jesus.

PRINCESS Lost and Found

Message received through Isaac BI

People came to my father with their plans and ideas and grandeur about Russia, but he could see through them all. He knew the people were after their own gain and this is why the dynasty fell, because they did not love the people. Only he became a brunt for the people's disillusionment, and so did my family suffer. But we stayed together through it all, and it was his love that strengthened us through the hard times.

He gathered wood for the fire to keep us warm [after being dethroned and sent to Siberia by the Bolsheviks]. We were unused to this, but his love united us as a family, a simple family, which is something that my father wanted. He wanted to let go of the trappings and just be a father to his children, a husband to his wife, and they had that short time of Heavenly bliss on Earth, though they knew it was just for a short time before he was to go to see the Lord.

And then the awful day came. It was a day of fear, but also a day of rejoicing, as we left our earthly bodies to meet Jesus. Now we're free of the pain, free to reach our children.—Of course, particularly those in Russia, whom my father and I always had a broken heart for. We will minister to you in the spirit and lead you to His sheep. We'll guide you in the right paths, for they're preparing the way before the finger comes out of the dike, the dike of the red wall of communism, which your Father David and Jesus know so well and have told you will appear.

So many doors will be closed ... you must reach my people now. They hunger! They thirst! Their tongues are slaked for the Words. Just put a drop of water on their tongues and they will be satisfied; just give out the tracts, give them out in abundance. They hunger, they thirst so much after your words—the words of David, the Words of Jesus. Pour out in abundance; the time is so short! ■

F A C T B O X :
Anastasia was the youngest daughter of Czar Nicholas II (1868-1918), the last Czar of Russia before the Russian Revolution in 1917. Her entire family was killed by the Bolsheviks on July 16, 1918. For many years there was speculation as to whether she survived or was killed along with her family, although recently scientific tests on the remains determined that she was killed with them.

Four-Letter Words

The four-letter Word has always Been "in" —
On "Thee" and "Thou" the Bible is Keen!
And years ago if things Were "Nice" or "Good,"
We'd Call Them That — Even the Food!

VERY

But now they're "Wild," "Cool" or "Okay,"
As we Read the Word or Work or Play!
They describe the Very Best things in Life,
With these great Four-letter words our lingo
is Rife!

Just Take a Look at the Free Zine Team,
Get the Hang of What I Mean?
And half our names are Mark, Luke or John
Or Mary or Anna or Ruth or Dawn.

SOC

(These special Ones the Lord Must please,
And Thus He Made so Many of these!)
And When we Need Food for our Mind and Soul
We Read the Word to Make us Bold!

And Thru' the Word you can Open Your Eyes
And Read the Word to Make you Wise!
And we Look and Laff and Love and Live,
And Race and Swim and Take and Give!

LET'S

We go for the Gold, and Many a Baby Make,
And Pray and Obey for His Name's Sake!
We Lend a Hand to Help and Heal,
As we do our Best to Seek His Will!

We Help win the Lost Into His Fold,
And on His Word and Love we Sure are Sold!
We Sing Many a Song to Woo and Winn
And Love the Lord as we Lean on Him!

PO

The System's hung on "Shit" and "Coke" and "Damn"
But we've got the Word—Cool, huh, man?
And our Lord helps Dear Mama to Lead
And our King too, His Fold to Feed!

Dad counsels us to go Slow, it's True,
Take Time for a Walk, a Talk, a Ride, a View!
And Look at these words That Have a connection
With a certain Word that I won't mention:

ME

Kiss and Soft, Send, High and Love,
And Hand and Seed and Bite and Rubbl!
(I said "Bite" but I actually meant "nibble" —
But that's six letters, so that I couldn't scribble!)

These are connected to a certain Word,
That's not four-lettered and hence won't be heard!
(It's got three letters, just a clarification
I thought you'd be curious, so I just made a mention.)

H

"Thou art Wise That Thou art simple," He's Said before.
(How come "simple" has six letters, and not Four?)
And words like "Home" and "Kids" and "Food"
Often Make us Feel Just oh-so-good!

Well, Most Good words Come in letters Four;
I've said enough and shall say no More!

By Rachel (considering changing it to Rach YFGA), Bombay, India

(Note the profundity of the four-letteredness of the above abbreviation. If actually means Young(er) First Generation Adult!)

From Ariana (17), Colombia:

Here's a cipeer to all our boys and girls!

Get out the music! Let's dance and twirl!

Cuz' we're one Family,

We're learnin' harmony,

So together, come on, we'll set this world a-whirl!

LIMERICK ALBERT

DREAMS AND WONDERS

Premonition of Death From Erastus and Esperanza, Chile:

A week before Princess
Diana's death, Emanuel Peter (9)
had a deep pain his heart and
started crying. We asked him what
was happening and he said he
didn't know, so we prayed for him
and rebuked the pain in his
heart. Then he said that he felt
that someone important, like a
ruler of England or a president
of some country might die. So we
prayed all the more.

Some time later, Emanuel
had a vision of the gates of
Heaven with the angel on top of
the giant pearl and another angel
with a big book inside of the
Heavenly City checking out the
people going through. After we
heard that Diana had died, we
knew what the Lord had been
trying to show us!

Who Has Seen His Face? From Michael Newman, England:

While out witnessing, I
met a sweet sheep who had never
read the Bible but believed in
Jesus and God the Father, as he
had had an incredible vision. He
began by asking me certain ques-
tions which I answered from the
Word: "Is Jesus God, or are they
two separate spiritual beings and
are they 'somehow one'?"

After I gave him the
Scriptures answering these ques-
tions, he said, "Wow! That's
exactly what I got from my vi-
sion!" He then described having
seen the face of Jesus clearly
and distinctly in the clouds.
After a short while, Jesus turned
his head 90 degrees to the right
and there appeared the face of
God the Father, looking like the
description in Daniel 7! Next,
the two faces turned to face this
man and They began to merge until
They became one (John 10:30). He
said that he now realized that
the Bible must be true (after
hearing the confirming Scrip-
tures). PTL! ■

ADD MEN TALKING

Poetry from Beyond

From Happy, Canada:

After receiving a second poem in less than 10 minutes (about as fast as I could write them down), I realized something incredible was happening. I'd already known the first one was a miracle because I'm no writer and have a very hard time expressing myself, but this was wild!

I desperately asked who was helping me. The name "Fanny Crosby" came to me. She said, "Yes." I excitedly wrote down her name, and as I struggled for the spelling, she said, "It doesn't matter, darling. He's given me a new name."

I thought, "I wonder if she has more poems?"

She said, "I've got dozens. I never stopped writing poetry. I've just been waiting for someone to give them to." She went on, "Your grandfather is a great man." He was blind and a great influence on my childhood — NOW dead. "We who lived in the dark [down on Earth] saw things that people with seeing eyes couldn't see. They are so busy with their hectic lives; they miss so much. If I could give a message to people, I would say to slow down."

I said, "Is there anything else?"
 "Yes, I would say to love each other, like the poem says. You are missing so much; **so many are missing the point.** It takes time to love. If you don't take that time, you'll be sorry for all eternity that you failed them. I think having been blind, we were blessed with not being so material; physical things didn't matter so much because we couldn't see them. You have so many more temptations to deal with, but you must close your eyes sometimes and take time to love."

GAVE YOUR LOVE
 Love is like the flowers, growing everywhere,
 But if you neglect to pick them,
 How can you with others share?
 For just like the flowers,
 full of bright and cheer one day,
 If you neglect to give them,
 They're soon to fade away.

So give your love, my darling;
 My heart is aching for your love.
 For now is when we need it,
 Before we're taken up Above.
 For There the flowers ne'er fade,
 And we'll never shed a tear.
 Give your love, my precious darling,
 We need it while we're here.

(The kids wake up and start coming into the room.)

She says, "You need to go now; the children need you." I argue for her to stay. She says, "I'll be back. There will be another time; don't worry. See you, my love."

It is a super battle to send this in, but I know Jesus wants me to and I told Fanny I would. It's really true; all Heaven wants to give their

story and help in these Last Days, if they'll even talk to me. Ha!

The Lord gave me this poem through Fanny Crosby. (See box.)

Dead Girls Talkin' Too!

From Abner, Japan:

An intellectual long-time Japanese friend who is fluent in several languages got a very special surprise when he came to visit us this month.

The first day he came I was disappointed that he didn't seem to have changed at all, and was continuing his destructive lifestyle, despite a lot of witness and Word. He was kind of pushy in his ways. I had really wanted to share more with him, but he just wanted to leave God out of the picture.

That night he slipped and fell down some stairs and broke his glasses and cut his face. It was quite shocking. After praying for him the Lord raised him up, despite his having gotten hurt badly. The next day we had desperate prayer for him, and he was quite changed; more childlike and open and sweet. I wanted to share with him some of the Words of David that I knew would turn his key, but he seemed to not want me to.

Then while on the "throne" that day, I had a very clear vision of a girl with brown hair, about 25, and her message was clear! She spoke to my mind: "Don't be afraid to give him the Words and what you have experienced."

When I asked him if he had any friends who had died, that were close to him he said yes: **Janet.** When he had studied in America, this girl had really loved him and she had died in an accident. He was really broken about it. — That was 25 years ago and he is still single. I told him that the same girl had appeared to me and gave me a message. Amazingly, he accepted it and was quite surprised. He took the envelope of Letters that I had photocopied, read the first one and said, "These Words are for me!" He opened up and changed, allowing us to pray over him and get a few words of prophecy. **The Words of David** work their wonders in hearts as we give in love! ■

Limericks by:

Isabel (16), Colombia (top)

10 Olivia (16), Middle East (bottom)

Here rings a melody
 We—boys and girls—can live in unity!
 If we go throughout the day
 Showing our love in every way;
 Let's do it to the best of our ability!

There was a sexy young miss.
 Who said to her boyfriend Chris:
 "To be apart
 Would break my heart!"
 So they settled for marital bliss.



WHEN THINGS SEEM TOTALLY STUFFED UP

From Mame (15), New Zealand:

The Lord miraculously provided my fare to go overseas and this is how the story goes. After having lived in a real boonies situation for a few years, I was totally grateful when asked to help my sister with her kids in Taiwan. But then a major problem arose: **MONEY.**

Let's go back a bit. I'd been dying to go to another field for years, and last Christmas decided to raise my fare, as it was an ideal time. But my parents really wanted me to help my brothers and sisters with their Christmas singing show and be in it as well. I was so against this, and had already made up my mind that I would say NO! After prayer, the Lord told me to help and that He'd supply my fare through our friends. So after begrudgingly telling my parents, and them flipping out of their tree in excitement, I did the Christmas shows.

I had complete faith the

Lord would do it, even though some thought me stupid. So I got my newsletter together. After many weeks my faith was a little low, but I was OK. Some teen meetings came up, and I decided to go, even though I knew it would delay me a few months. Then when I came home, things seemed to be going all wrong. The people who I thought would help didn't give much and I reached a major low for the first time in ages.

I cried and cried, blaming myself and thinking God wanted me to become a shriveled old prune and stay with my parents forever. Then,

From David (17), Taiwan
So I went to talk to her for a little while,
But as I lingered, my emotions started running wild!
Then, just a little kiss,
And a little bit of this;
Now I'm the father of a child!



reaching into my bag, I saw the personal prophecies I had been given at the meetings. It was so amazing, saying all the right things and it really pulled me through.

The next morning I was woken by my dad banging on my window telling me how the people who teach me Chinese wanted to pay my whole fare!!! Cool, huh? Thank the Lord! He continued to do miracles, and within a week I had my fare and \$1,000 more for visa trips, etc. So I'm leaving in a week, and my mom just came begging me to write in my testimony. I hope it's an encouragement to others. And when things seem totally stuffed up, don't worry, 'cause He knows what He's doing.

SURFERS BEWARE!

From Dave (18), Russia:

Recently the subject of surfing the Internet came up in our Home. Here in Russia the news is hard to come by, and so some of us came up with the bright idea of checking CNN's Web site for the latest news. Then, as we were talking more and more about Internet, someone thought that we should get together and read Mama's counsel on the Internet in "Mama's News and Views, Part 3." So we read that one morning for devotions.

I myself personally like surfing, and I used to log onto the Internet quite often. When the GN was saying how all the evil can affect you, I was thinking, "It doesn't affect me! I've done it before, and it was fine!" However, after checking my heart, I realized that some ideas that I have about things, and life, I know come from some things I've read on the Internet, and I saw that it is true. I thought it wasn't affecting me, but the Enemy uses all sorts of subtle ways to try and

get in, and as Jesus says in the GN, if I'm not being prayerful and having had a strong dose of the Word first, then I'm more vulnerable to the Enemy's attacks. ■ 11





The latch was rusted and difficult to lift, but the door creaked and opened slowly, stiffly. What was I to discover behind these moss-covered walls? They looked so decadent and forsaken. Old stones stacked one upon another—I wonder how they could stand so long! They looked as if they'd been here for eternity.

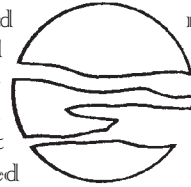
The moon was bright overhead. It seemed as if it was scintillating just for me, inviting me to step into its private haunting ground. The night was dark except for the moon; I could see nothing but the ghostly shadows of the tall pines scattered here and there in the garden.

This was new for me. I had explored all the surrounding haunts, but this garden had always been beckoning me.— And now I entered. It was slightly misty as I gazed over the garden, and there was a chill in the air. I drew my cloak tight around my neck, and released my skirt that had been captured by the inquisitive little fingers of the many brambles and thorns that surrounded me. It did feel mysterious—a little frightening—but I had to go on. Something was pulling me, calling me deeper into the garden.

I suddenly drew back in fear as an owl barely missed my head on its way to capture some helpless prey who was oblivious to the danger lurking overhead. The chill that I felt in spite of my cloak went now to my heart as I heard the squeal of terror released from the body of the victim as it now dangled from its captor's talons. It was over in an instant; an unguarded moment and life was finished. This thought greatly disturbed me, but then all was put to ease as my heart was flooded by the sweet memories I remembered so vividly from the night before ...

We had met in our secret place—our hidden cavern, and only He and I knew the intimacy that we shared there. My heart and His are entwined as one. He knows my innermost desires and can always satisfy me. I have given my heart to Him—my life! Ours was a night of passion—sweet memories! May these never pass from me!

As we had communed together, He had told me about the garden. We had traversed many places together, discovering the woods, enchanted by springs awakening. We had seen the fields fall into silent slumber as the sky covered them with her white blanket. We had seen the daisies dance with the yellow ears of corn, rejoicing in the golden shimmers. And now we talked of the garden. He told me how it was, the mysteries it held, and how it would be a difficult and arduous task. Yet throughout this description He assured me again and again that He had walked the very steps before, and my passing through this destitute place would bond our love closer together. His strong arms held me tight and I knew that even though through this place I had to pass, I would not walk alone. As I felt His soft lips pressed against mine, I thought with anticipation about my journey through the garden, and much more so about the moment of great love that awaited me at the finish.



MIDNIGHT

in the Garden

An Allegory





My thoughts returned to the present, as I turned quickly, thinking I had seen a shadow dart among the trees, but I reassured myself that it was just the dark pines, swaying in the breeze. I picked my way slowly along the tiny path, stumbling on the many rocks strewn across it. I began to feel uneasy. I felt so alone!

I drew my cloak even nearer, as if it could protect me from this sense of foreboding that was creeping across my being. Suddenly I felt my body being flung to the ground. I was too frightened to utter a cry. Who or what had made me fall?

The sound of a voice made my blood freeze with fear. "Ah, my pretty one," it whispered hoarsely. "I see you are all alone. Did He not promise that He would be with you until the end of the Earth? Yet He has sent you into this dark, desolate place alone."

No! I thought. *No, no! I am not alone! I am not ...*

"Then you can feel His arms surrounding you? You can feel His tender kisses? Ha! All you can feel is fear, the sharp stones beneath your cheek, the thorns tugging at your hair. You are alone!"

I kept my eyes tightly shut. I did not want to see the hideous owner of the frightening voice. I felt bewildered; I had not thought it would be like this. I felt at the gates of death ... alone.

I knew I had to get up, to try to escape the sense of anguish that possessed every portion of my body. I stumbled, half-blinded by tears, along the path. Running, then falling, then crawling.—I had to escape!

The sneers followed me, always coming from the dark form darting amongst the pines. "You are alone, alone, alone ..." This word pierced my heart.—At that moment I knew I was in the clutches of fear.

The words kept hurtling at me: "Give up!" He screamed, ranting and raving like a madman. Each word whispered or shouted was like a fast and furious rock thrown.

With all my remaining strength I ran, not looking where I was going—not caring. I felt my body falling, rolling lower and lower, physically into the thick mud, and spiritually into the sinking sand of deepest despair.

I lay there, not feeling, not caring, on the verge of giving up. I could not look at the figure standing in triumph at the top of the hill. Words were pouring down upon me like torrents of ice-cold water, rushing over me and swallowing me up in their volume, draining every last drop of life that I possessed. They came again: "You are alone. Where is He now? You are forsaken, forgotten. Right now He is in the arms of another, and you are left here to die, to perish."

I was stung. The fatal blow had been struck.—It seemed finished. Was I to die in this desolate wilderness? Thoughts raced across my mind. How had this happened? We possessed such a strong love for one another; we had sworn to be with each other for eternity, and here I lay in the thick, dark mud—destitute, forsaken.

I had tried so hard to block out the evil words being flung at me. I had run, fallen, but I had stood up again. I was bruised, my feet ached, and my warm, protective cloak in shreds. Oh, how I had tried! But now I was down, and I had sunk to the lowest point of

existence, barely living.

In my agony and desperation, a weak and barely audible cry ripped free from my heart: "Help me ..."

The sweet sensation of my body being lifted out of the mud overwhelmed me. The mud was gently wiped from my face and I was carried to the top of the hill. Two strong arms supported me, arms that I knew so well. The Voice that I had so longed to hear whispered tenderly in my ear, "I could not help you until you called, until you cried out to Me. But you must fight, still carry on. Always remember, My darling, you have never been—and shall never be—alone."

These words revitalized every part of my being. I was given the strength to carry on.

"You shall never be alone! You shall never be alone."

I clung to these words as a drowning man would to a lifeboat. This was my source of life and strength: I am never alone. I could now see the path to follow, and with these words forever ringing in my heart, I continued my journey. The sneers and shouts that had so penetrated me just a few moments earlier, now fell aimlessly to my side as they bounced off my force-field of love.

Never had a moss-covered wall and a rusty old gate looked so welcoming and beautiful! When I had only a short way to go, I heard a petrified shriek pierce the air about me—like that of a wild boar who knows that the hunter's knife is raised to slaughter, but is still resisting its fate. Following the scream was a loud, shrill cackle—a laugh that would have chilled my blood had it not been so warmed by





changed into a look of terror as he turned and ran, stumbling in his haste, looking so ridiculous in his retreat, and running with all his might to find shelter among the pines.

As I stood watching him run, I felt two arms encircle my waist, and a soft kiss caressed my neck. I knew whose arms and lips they were. He had come to meet me. He comforted my weary feet and kissed away my bruises and hurts. All was made well by one touch, one kiss, one caress. Our love knew no boundaries as we melted into each other. All the past vanished as He took me as His. I was lifted into His strong arms and carried through the tall, gray walls, which represented the boundaries of the garden.

As I lay in His arms, I realized that the garden was my Gethsemane. He read my thoughts and filled my heart with the sound of His wonderful Voice.

“My darling, Gethsemanes are gateways. They are not deaths; they are doorways to new beginnings.”

I was only beginning to realize the depth of His love. We had never loved each other the way that we loved now, and a thousand Gethsemanes could not overshadow the love we shared. I shall never forget His words: “You are never alone!” And truly, our hearts are bonded ever more tightly, as one.



(Ed.Note: This story was written before the "spirit stories" project.)

the intimations of love that I held so dear in my heart.

“Look at you!” The fiendish voice cried. “You actually believe that He still loves you? You are caked in mud, bruised, cut, and your clothes are in tatters. How could he love a pathetic little creature like you? You have fallen, you have not walked unaffected—why would He still love you?”

I turned slowly, soberly, to face this foe that I had dreaded for so long. I was surprised that this little, pitiful creature now before me was the one that had tormented me so! I stared into his dark, hideous eyes and spoke: “He will never leave me nor forsake me, for I am His and He is mine. Ours is a love that will last for eternity, and I belong to Him forever.” His sneering glare



We would like
foreign
our lowly
she under-
was THE
tude for
WITH LOVE
FROM,

**Natasha,
Martin,
Julianna
and Jasmine
(JETT)s,
Thailand**

LIMERICK BY ANGEL

(15, OF MARK AND BECKY), INDIA

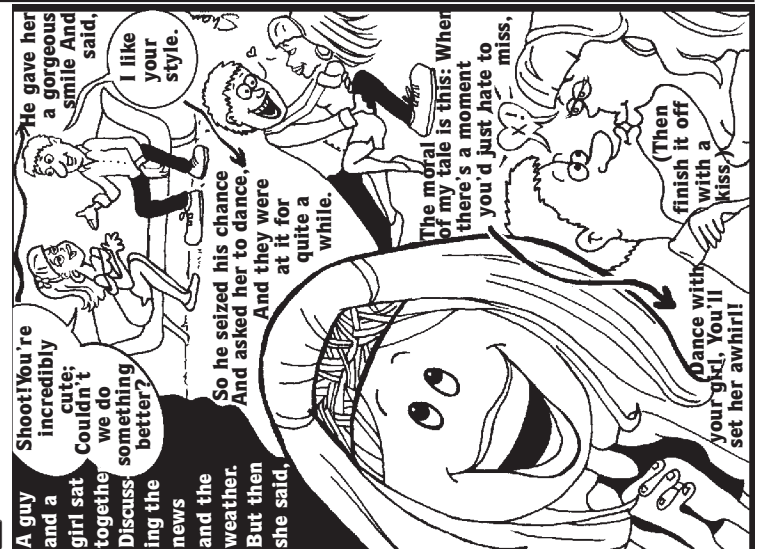
**One day a carpenter called Ted
Decided to complete a bed.
Along came Sally,
Who paid him the tally,
And shortly after they wed.**

LIMERICK ALERT



From Kylie (18), Australia

to shine the lights on a sweet YA who once upon a time lived in a land called Siam (now known as Thailand). She stooped down to level in order to pull us up to hers. She was everything we needed, stood us, helped us and challenged us for Jesus. In general she BEST! We want to congratulate her and express to her our gratitude all she did. Thank you, **Emmy!** Come back to us soon.



INTERVIEW WITH APOLLOS



Q: We all think it's pretty neat how you know the Word so well and can quote so much of it. How did you get to be like that?

A: It's a miracle and it's all to the glory of God. Before I joined the Family, my mind was pretty mushy. I had taken a lot more acid than I should have, and was a proverbial

From Dulce (18), Spain:
There was a lady fat and wide,
Who always had guys on every side.
For them she was a darling in disguise;
They did not mind about her size,
'Cause on the bright side she would always abide.



“pot-head” who smoked grass every day and was very spacey. I sniffed glue and did stuff that science has proven wrecks your brain cells. My brain was literally pretty messed up.

I had also gotten very fearful, from taking bad acid trips and having experiences that were terrifying. When I was sixteen years old, one of my close friends blew his brains out on Thanksgiving Day, and it deeply affected me. When I would get stoned afterwards I would sometimes think about him, and I could see his spirit reflected in the rain water on the streets under the fluorescent lights. It was very freaky and very weird. I became very aware of the spirit world and spiritual powers, yet without knowing Jesus I didn't know how to deal or cope with it. So I was a real fearful person, and was desperate for something that would give me an anchor and help me get a grip on my mind, because my mind would slip and trip out quite easily without drugs.

So I entered the Family as a very desperate and wobbly person, and I went to the Word for stability.

Q: How did you change once you joined the Family?

A: How I got saved, again, was just a miracle. I was cruising down a freeway at 60 miles an hour, stoned in the back of a van with some of my friends going to the beach. A schoolbus of Christians was going along at 60 miles an hour next to us. A window rolled down and this hand reached from high up on this bus, down to me, sitting in the back seat of this van. I reached



From Aaron P., Siberia (adapted)
On a train to an unknown destination,
Fred meets Mary; they have a sensational!
Though Mary was HOT,
Joined she had NOT:
Fred now faces excommunication!

From John M. (24), Thailand
I know a jewel that's lovely and nice
That warms my heart and brightens my life.
Its beauty is rare,
And for it I care:
For that lovely jewel is my wife!

out and grabbed this Gospel tract. The guy smiled at me and I looked at him like, “Wow, this is weird!”

The tract was all about God loves you and Jesus died for you and if you want Jesus, sign your name here. So I went home and signed my name, but I wasn't really sure what I'd done. Then alone in the woods—I used to go out in the woods alone to get quiet time and get away from my family and friends and all the weirdnesses—I prayed one day. I wasn't much of a praying person. I was raised Catholic and didn't know anything about salvation and grace and all that. But I prayed and felt bad for the wrongs I had done and I said, “Jesus, I'm sorry.” It was all I said. But I felt like one of those toilets they have in England.—The water is up in the container above and the pipe goes down to the toilet bowl. The water swishes down and goes around the toilet and makes it clean. It felt like that to me.—I had this big feeling of “zap,” washing everything away!

From that time on, my fears were greatly diminished, but I would still kind of trip out in my head. So when I joined the Family, they said, “You've got to get in the Word, brother, and memorize the Word.” I said, “All right, fine! I'll do it!” And I found it worked. I memorized verses on fear. I memorized Psalm 27 and Psalm 91—stuff that would help me. And I'd really pray, “Lord, help me remember this stuff!” And the Lord just made it stick, miraculously!

Q: Who won you to the Family?

A: Like I said, I found the Lord out in the woods and had this experience. I started reading my Bible; I just opened in the middle to Psalms.—I called it P-salms, because I'd never heard the word before. Then I went back a little and started reading Job. I didn't understand a thing I read. Then, thank God, I stumbled upon the New Testament and started reading Matthew. I thought it was far out because I could understand some of it. Then I read Mark, the next book, and it freaked me out that it was saying a lot of the same stuff.

I was so spacey, like I said my mind was kinda mushy, and I thought maybe I was having premonitions, like, “Oh, now He's going to heal this blind guy.” I'd never read a book that kept repeating the same story in my life! And I was real spacey, my memory was real bad. So I didn't remember that I'd already read the same story; I just figured if I knew what was going to happen I must be so close to God; that I was getting premonitions about what was going to happen. Then when it would happen I would think it was really cool.

The way I joined the Family is that I had this girlfriend who was very much like me. She had quit taking drugs because she was freaking out.—She was even more desperate than I was; she had tried to kill herself a couple of times. She was my best friend. She went from Houston to Fort Worth, Texas, and there she ran into the Family, and was flipped out.

I was 17 years old at the time and my parents were really pressuring me to enroll in school (it was August, just before school was to begin). My father said, “Son if you don't enroll in school you're going to get out of my house. I'm not going to have a bum and a



dropout in my house."

I really didn't want to go back to school, I hated school—it was so phony. So I was in the yard praying and talking to the Lord and said, "Lord, what do I do? I hate church people; I don't want to go to church. And I don't want to go to school. I certainly don't want to join the army and go to Vietnam. And I don't just want to be a hippie any more because I'm not into drugs. So what do I do?"

Just then, my mother called out to me, "Telephone's for you!" It was this girlfriend of mine, and she said, "You won't believe it; I met these people who are called Revolutionaries for Jesus and they live like the apostles and they speak in tongues, listen to this, sha da ba da ba da ba." She kept going on and on because she'd gotten filled with the Spirit and received the gift of tongues. She said, "They live by faith and don't work at jobs and they hate the System." Boy, it sounded so neat, and I got that same feeling—you know the "toilet being flushed" feeling of the water running through you? I was so spaced out that the Lord had to speak to me in feelings because I didn't know the Word.

I got this big rush like, "Yes, that's what I'm supposed to do!" So she gave me their address and I said, "Okay, I'm going to join." So I told my parents, "I'm going to follow after righteousness and God." I didn't really know what I was doing. They thought, "Man, this guy's gone cuckoo." In fact, I waited till my father was gone to work to tell my mother because she freaked out and started crying, then she called my father and my father said, "God damn it son, you stay there till I get home." I know that he would have committed me to a mental institution, because in Texas your parents can do that to you until you're a certain age—21 or something—and I was only 17. So I called one of my friends and said, "Get me out of here!" So they picked me up and I jumped on a bus and went to Fort Worth, and joined the Family.

Q: When you joined the Family there wasn't a whole lot of stuff written, so you mostly read the Bible and the early Letters, right?


A: There was nothing written! There were no Mo Letters.—it was August 1969. Warning tracts were the only lit there was. So I'd read the Bible. There wasn't even a set card! But anything that



From John M. (24), Thailand:
C'mon boys, let's get out of the den;
Wash up, dress nice, and flowers send!
Let's do it right,
And be polite.
And all strive to be gentlemen.

I'M NOT A POET BUT I'M IN LOVE! HERE'S A FUNNY LITTLE POEM I WROTE FOR MY BOYFRIEND DANIEL

From Clara (25), Russia:
Who could resist cupid if he's aiming at you?
Seems the whole world should be in love with you too!
I'll be ever thankful
And keep your love-tank full.
I think that you love me is a miracle—whew!



was really cool, I'd learn it. People had lists of verses written in their Bible and they'd say, "Learn these verses!" So I'd learn them. Then when I'd read something that really flipped me out—like John 15—I'd memorize it. I would pray, "Lord, help me be able to memorize this. And the Lord somehow made me able to memorize it.

My memory was always terrible! In school I could never remember anything. Even now I'm still pretty bad. Now that I've gone more GP and I meet people, it's super embarrassing. I'll be talking to someone, and then 30 minutes later after I've met all these other new folks, I'll walk up to the same guy again and say, "Oh hi! Did I meet you?" And he says, "Yes, I just told you my testimony an hour ago!"

So my memory isn't so great, so I know having the amount of Word memorized that I do is a gift. I really knew I needed the Word, because I saw it worked. When I was fearful and I'd learn the verses on fear, then if I began getting fearful I would just quote those verses and wouldn't be fearful anymore. Or in witnessing if I'd meet people who'd ask me heavy questions I couldn't answer, I'd find the answer in the Word—either by asking someone who knew or by studying. Then when I'd memorize it and use it witnessing, I just clung to it. I was like a sponge, I'd just suck it in, and the Lord kept it. I'd learn at least three new verses a day, and five on a good day.—On a super good day I'd learn like half a chapter, if I was really into it and had a lot of time.

People say, "How do you review all those verses?"—Because I can still quote a lot of verses and their references, probably a couple of thousand verses or more. So they say, "How do you review them all?" I say, "I don't!" I wish I did, but I don't have time. The Lord just made it all stick, because I was desperate when I memorized it.

Q: You seem to be a pretty bold guy and sort of exuberant when you give testimonies and all. Were you always like that? Did you feel that you fit in and clicked when you joined the Family?

A: No, I didn't. I was very reticent and withdrawn. I had some really bad experiences on drugs that made me sort of paranoid and fearful about what people thought about me, and also of trusting people, because there were people that I trusted and who were my friends, yet when I would weird out on drugs, I'd see them look sort of demonic. Or I would hear what the music was saying and it was real demonic.





After I joined the Family, I understood that, "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness," and that all that I had been into was really bad. So I was a very cautious sort of withdrawn person. When brothers and sisters would get together and be talking about stuff or be real rah-rah about stuff, I was not a real exuberant person who would get into it and talk with them.

An example is that I played guitar in the System. I started when I was about 12 years old and I'd figure out every little Beatles and Rolling Stones song, and if I could manage I'd even try to figure out the Hendrix songs. I had my electric guitar and my amplifier and all that. I didn't play super good but I was decent. But when I joined the Family I saw that the people who played guitar had to go up on stage to sing to others and lead inspirations. And it scared the daylights out of me. And so I never told anybody I played guitar, because I didn't want to get put on stage. I never picked up a guitar for like a year and a half—which is weird, because I played better than a lot of guys who were up on the stage.

When we did our move from TSC, though, we started getting so many new disciples every day. The need was so great that suddenly there weren't that many guitar players and so I thought, "Lord forgive me, I've got to do it!" I'd gotten bolder because of the Word and witnessing, so I picked up the guitar and started doing inspirations and all.—I still sang like a frog, but I could make everybody jump up and down and clap their hands. It was fun and the Lord inspired it, so it was neat. But it illustrates how fearful I was that I wouldn't even tell anybody that I played guitar!

But the Lord used my being reticent and withdrawn, because when people were having a big rah-rah talk together and I couldn't get into it with them or I felt inadequate or that I didn't have much to say, I'd go to the Lord and the Word. So now looking back, I'm glad I was that way, because if I had been Mr. Rah-Rah, I would have spent my time yakkling to people and not praying, reading the Word and memorizing and getting built up spiritually in that way. The Lord knew that down the road I would use all that Word in doing compilations, editing, classes, posters and whatnot. And if I hadn't had it all in my heart I wouldn't have been able to put it out on paper.

So it's neat that after a few years you can look back and see things differently! All that time I felt like Mr. Nerd, Mr. Round-Peg-in-a-Square-Hole.—I didn't feel like I fit or that I was up to snuff with the other people. I had a bit of an inferiority complex. We weren't into OHRs or sharing hearts, so I just kept it to myself and kind of felt crummy. But the Lord used it and I'm very thankful for that.

**From Steven (10), Middle East:
There was a young lady named Flor.
Who met a young man on a moor.
She grabbed his hand
And wrote LOVE in the sand.
And he soon found himself 'hind her door.**



Q: How did you start working on the Words?

A: The Letter "Colonies, Conferences, Bands and Buses," is about me. I was in India with Samson of Ara (now Steven Ascribe) and Lois (Dawn) and Emmanuel, our first son, and Samson's first son. We were looking for housing to start up a great big colony. Then we got a brilliant idea to go to Europe and have a huge conference and invite all the leaders of the Homes in Europe and give 'em the vision for India and recruit people to go to India, and then we'd all go back there.

We didn't have e-mail in those days and didn't make phone calls, because in India the phones were crazy.—Maybe they still are, I don't know! And it cost a lot of money, which we didn't have. So we wrote Faithy about this idea, and she said, "Great!" But in the meantime, they told Dad about it, and he said, "These guys are supposed to be missionaries, and they're leaving their mission field to come all the way back to England to have a conference?! My God!" And he gave that Letter. But because everything was snail mail in those days, we didn't hear about it in time. So we bought our tickets, got on the plane and showed up in England: "Here we are! Let's have our conference." And they said, "Well, Dad gave a little talk ..."

That was my first major blow-it with Dad, where I got it in a ML! I'd been this big leader overseeing Germany and Holland, and telling Peter Amsterdam what to do, and being a real mucky-muck. Then we'd gone off to pioneer this new country and I blew it, and I wound up in England in the dog-house.

So I wound up in a Home shepherding new babes. Three new guys join this week so you start teaching them the basic Letters and classes. They're basically on the same level of reading, memorizing, etc. Then two weeks later, you get three more guys. They need the same stuff, but the first guys already went through it. So either they repeat, or the new guys miss the most basic stuff and jump on where the others are. Then two weeks later you get five more guys who are four weeks behind the first guys, two weeks behind the second group ... So what do you do? At the time, we didn't know what to do, except we would drag the first guys through everything ten times. They really knew those first classes, but they never progressed.

So we realized we needed some kind of a course. So I got to work on what we called the Basic Babes Course of MLs. Big Josh was in London at the time and he really liked the idea. He sent them to Dad and Dad said, "Yes! This is needed yesterday—let's do it!" I thought Dad hated me from "Colonies, Conferences, Bands and Buses," yet now I was getting little notes from Dad in his red ink encouraging me and it was like, "Wow, this is really cool!"

So Dawn and I were really turned on about it, and she was very instrumental in helping me to get into it, because she had faith in me. She'd say, "This is very needed! You can do it!" So I came up with this list of Letters, and then once we had the list and everybody was happy with it, I decided to

**From Clair (15), Middle East:
Hers red 'n' his black.
He way smart 'n' her slack.
But gatherin' their wits,
These strange opposites
Found nothing there 'tween them did lack.**



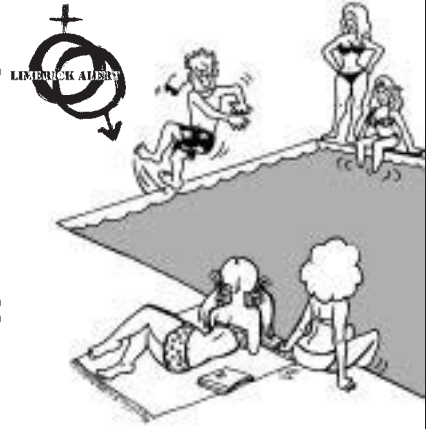
start doing test questions. So I'd do them and send them to Dad, and they were like 20-25 questions, with all these hard questions and trick questions. Dad said, "Son, this is too complicated! When I was in school I tried to pass everybody. The idea is to teach them the main points. So don't have more than three questions." So I got the tests down to three questions—but I wanted to do four questions at least sometimes, so I'd put 1, 2, 3 and a "bonus" question!—I couldn't put four, because Dad said to do three!

Then I got together with Josiah Shepherdson, who is now a faithful missionary in Nepal, God bless him!—He has tons of kids and he's a saint! And also Sam Warner was there. We were the Mo Ed department, and we put together this list of Letters—mainly me and Josiah, because Sam was doing Endtime classes. We finalized the list and called it "the basic 144 for the 144,000"! Then on those ones I did the 3-question tests.

Then we started getting the main quotes from the Letters and boiling them down to a page, and that became "Thoughts from Chairman Mo." Dad said, "Well, Mao's got his little quote book that's gone around the world and won people to communism; let's have our little quote book.—Call it *Thoughts from Chairman Mo* instead of 'Mao'!" God bless Dad.

Sam was doing compilations, the basic ones on the Early Church, the Endtime, etc. So I thought, "If Sam can do that, I can do it too!" So I did a couple of comps and it was real exciting. There were only 3-400 MLs at the time—not 3,000 like we have now! But it would take weeks of reading. There weren't ML volumes either; we just had loose Letters. I would read through them

From Francie (16), Middle East
At get-out a young man named Yule,
Was tryin' to act really cool.
Donned his shades, slicked his curls
As he walked past the girls,
Till he slipped and fell in the pool.



basis for the *CAT Book* and many other pubs.)

Finally, Arthur (of Becky), who was working with Dad and Mama, phoned up from Europe. He said, "Praise the Lord, Apollos! What are you guys doing? We haven't heard anything from you, haven't seen any new projects or compilations. What are you doing?" I said, "Oh, I just finished reading all the MLs and pulling out every quote that's really neat." "Oh, that's very inspiring. Dad was asking what you're doing, and we told him that we're sure you're working hard, but do you have anything to show for it?" I said, "I'll have a new compilation to you in a week!"

Before that, it would take months to do one compilation, because I always wanted to be very thorough, so I would read every Letter in print to make sure I had every neat quote. The research took months. But now I'd spent three months doing nothing but research. This was when Dad was really revving up on FFing. So I thought, "We need a pub that Dad will really like and the Family will use to explain FFing. If that flies, then I've still got a job!"

So I did a little 2-3 page thing called "Our Declaration of Love," and it took 4-5 days to do the whole thing—instead of 6-8 weeks! Because I already had all the quotes on love, God, Jesus, salvation—and I just read a couple of dozen quote sheets instead of all MLs. Dad really liked it and encouraged us. Then I did "Out of This World" which was very extensive, all about ghosts, etc. And that became my job!—I became "Compiled By" Apollos!

Q: What was it like working with Dad?

A: When I was working on *Heaven's Girl*, Dad's bedroom was up on the second floor of the house. My room was across the courtyard and the pool. So Dad strung a wire from the railing in his window, all the way down to this post outside my door. He had a bell or something attached at the end, and when he had finished going over the print-outs of the HG stuff that I'd done the initial work on, he'd put them in a little tube thing with a clamp and a weight on it. He'd let it go and it would slide down and hit the bell and I'd come running out to get it, and

From Marie, China—"He Said, She Said"

"Be patient and gentle," said she.
"Be loving, clean, honest," said he.

They aired their views;
It really made news!
And helped the whole Family!



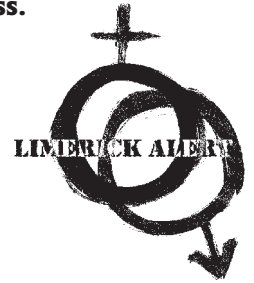
all and when I found a good quote I'd mark it on the printed copy of the Letter and give it to Lois (Dawn) and she'd type out the quote. Then I'd take all the quotes and cut them out and glue them in the order I wanted them, then type it, edit it, type it again, edit it, type it again—from scratch each time, because there were no computers! Very different than the way we do it now.

I just did a couple of compilations. But it took so much time, and there were a lot of things we needed quotes on. So instead of reading all the Letters every time I had to do a compilation, I thought, "Why not sit down and read all the Letters once, and pull every quote that's really neat on every subject that is needed?" And so we got the idea of doing Quote Sheets, and that's when Lois and I moved to Hong Kong. By then we had two kids and lived in a tiny apartment out in the New Territories in HK, and all I did all day long for about three months was read the MLs and mark the Letters—we had the first volumes by then. I'd write next to each quote "America," or "Materialism," "Prayer," etc. I was categorizing every neat quote in the Letters. Then poor Lois would type it all on the electric typewriter. (The "Quote Sheets" are what later became the



From Andrea (13, of Mark and Becky), India
 There once was a pretty miss,
 Who was always in bliss.
 Then she met a boy named Andy,
 Who proved quite a dandy,
 And it finally ended in a kiss.

From Simon, Somewhere
 I am a boy you see,
 Once a girl said to me;
 Come tonight
 Hold me tight.
 Now we're a family of 3!



From Marie (17), Russia:
 The contrast between boys and girls, you may say
 Is as much as the night is to day.
 Ironically, though,
 When separate we're so
 Desperate to be together—in every way!

he'd talk to me from his window. Then I'd take it in and work on it.

Working with Dad was very exciting and challenging, and kept you close to the Lord. Dad was a heavy-duty man of action, and he would get very excited about a project and would expect you to be very excited about it too. You couldn't say, "Praise the Lord, Dad, but I'm having a rough day. I don't really feel like working today." Or, "I'm into myself, so I'm not really up to it." You were there, all the way. And it was exciting.

Dad was always encouraging me to dictate. That's the way Dad operated—he'd turn on the dictaphone and let it roll. But he was God's prophet; I was just a little compiler guy. But he said, "Son, I know you can do it!" When I did the text for the posters, I wasn't living with Dad, so he didn't know how I wrote them.—Thank the Lord, because he wouldn't have let me do it that way—I wrote them all out by hand!

The pictures were all done before the text. Dad would have the photo guy send me the poster, and then I'd have to look at this picture and say, "Lord, what am I supposed to say about this?" And I'd get a story about Mei-Ling going to the grocery store and suddenly the Mark of the Beast came, or So-and-so was flying around on their white horse one day and put a healing leaf on this person's head.—Whatever story, idea or trip the Lord inspired me with, that's what I would do.

With *Heaven's Girl*, he found out that I was writing the first chapter or two by hand and he couldn't believe it. I got word: "What in the world are you doing? You'd better get a dictaphone and just let it roll!" I thought, "Oh, Lord, I can't do that!" So I immediately got a little computer and I learned to type. Because I figured, if it had to get transcribed anyway, I'd just learn to type. I'd never known before, but I practiced all night long, memorizing the keyboard. Day one I learned the middle keys, day two I learned the top keys and day three I learned the bottom keys. Day four I did all the keys together and that was it. So I could say, "I am no longer writing the posters by hand!" And I got away with typing the first few chapters myself.

But then—this was in the Philippines—Dad called me over to his house to live there and work on *HG* for a while. I told Mama, "I just pray that Dad doesn't find out that I'm typing these, because I know he told me to dictate, but I just don't have the faith to do it. I can't do it! I get stage fright in front of a microphone, I can't articulate." She said, "Trust the Lord; the Lord will have His way."

On my second day there, Dad invited me to play birdie with him, so someone and I were playing birdie with Dad and Mama. It's all going well. Right after the game, Dad said, "Sit down, son!" We were sitting up on the roof of this house, and he said, "Look at the birds! They just let it go! They just do what they're supposed to do. And

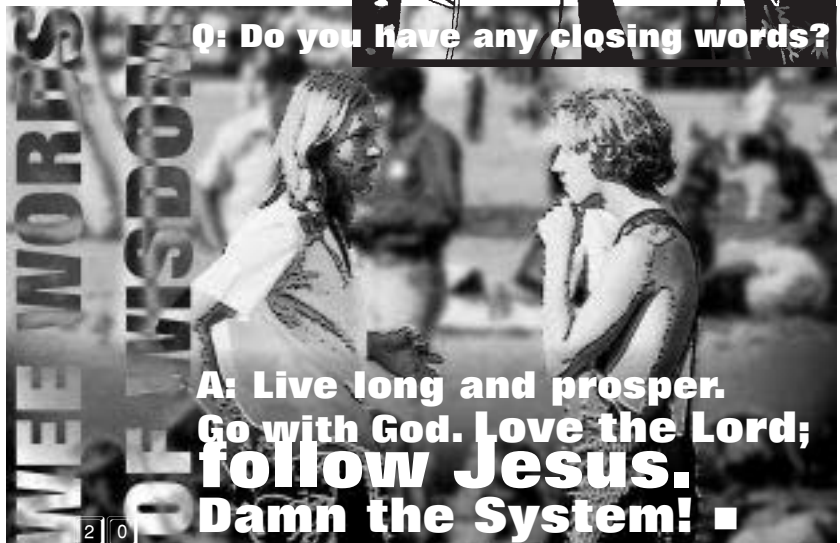
that's what I want you to do. I don't want you to type!—I want you to just let it go. Just turn on that dictaphone and trust the Lord." Then Gabe came up and said, "Here's a gift from Dad and Mama!—It's a new dictaphone."

I thought, "Oh great!" It was really a trial. I just had this mental block about doing it. I came to lunch and they said, "We're going to pray for you, Apollos! Dad said we need to pray that you'll be able to 'open thy mouth wide and God will fill it.'" They all prayed for me and I had to do it, and the Lord did it and came through.

So working with Dad was exciting!



Q: Do you have any closing words?



**A: Live long and prosper.
 Go with God. Love the Lord;
 follow Jesus.
 Damn the System! ■**

From Victor (14, of Asher and Joan), France:

I am writing because my little sister, Anne (15 months old), had a serious accident in which she nearly died. Since my family and I have learned many lessons through this experience, and as it was a miracle that my sister survived, I thought it would be nice to send an article to share with the Family. These are details of what happened from my point of view:

It was Monday the 5th of May, 6 o'clock in the afternoon, when my younger brothers and sisters finished school and went to play outside. My older sister, Meekness (16), my father and I, were finishing our studies upstairs in the schoolroom. Downstairs, my mother was preparing a hot drink for us and at the same time keeping an eye on the children who were playing in the garden, including little Anne. There was a small door connecting our garden to the neighbors' garden, where there is a swimming pool. Usually this door was kept shut, but recently they had opened it due to some repairs that were being done. My mother did not know this, and so thought that it was safe to leave Anne with the other children for a few minutes, while she brought us the hot drinks upstairs. She was upstairs no more than five minutes.

My brothers and sisters finished playing and were coming in the house, but my little brother Emanuel (7) saw Anne wandering towards the adjoining garden. He quickly saw the danger and brought her back. As he tried to open the door, he found that his brothers had locked the back door. A little frustrated, he went around to the front of the house and rang the bell, hoping that someone would open the door so that he could bring Anne inside. Meanwhile, Anne must have crawled through the garden and seeing that the connecting door was not very well shut, she pushed it open and went into our neighbors' garden.

From Sofie, Belgium

**There was a small-breasted girl
Just as precious she was as a pearl.
She prayed for a lift,
And things did shift:
God gave her a baby girl!**

From Jazzmyn (17) Puerto Rico (adapted)

**When boys and girls are young,
They think "hide and seek" is fun.
But when they get older,
They start getting bolder,
And they realize the adult stuff is fun.**

Shortly after, someone let Emanuel in and he quickly went to get his sister, while Mother asked, "Where is Anne?"

Emanuel answered that she might be in the neighbors' yard.

Quickly, my brothers and sisters and my father ran out to look for her.

I went to the window where I saw my brother, Michael (11), rushing towards the neighbors' pool and fishing out Anne's limp body. I rushed downstairs where my father had brought Anne. We were all crying and praying desperately. Anne wasn't breathing. I remembered reading in the *Heavenly Helpers* how to do artificial resuscitation, so I started breathing in her mouth and alternately pressing on her stomach. She vomited twice, greenish water. I ran out to get the village doctor, while my father continued the artificial resuscitation, and Anne vomited some more. My father listened to her heart; it was beating, showing that she was still alive.

I ran the few blocks that separated our house from the doctor's, all the while praying that the Lord would save her, promising that I would completely give myself to Him if He would spare her life. I was getting out of breath when I saw one of my friends coming on his bike. I quickly sputtered a request to borrow the bike, telling him that my sister had drowned and that I needed to get to the doctor's house.

At home, my mother was phoning the firemen and emergency services, while my brother Michael gathered the rest of my brothers and sisters to pray for her life.

Shortly after that, I arrived in the doctor's car. The doctor rushed in and asked a few questions about how it happened and examined Anne. "She is alive," he said, and asked if we had called the emergency services. My mother answered that she had, and phoned for the second time. The firemen arrived a few minutes later and my father took us children upstairs in my room to pray for Anne, while he rushed downstairs to get some

We prayed

quoting verses with the Lord to on us. Minutes later that Anne unconscious breathing help of an tube, and were transported to a distant helicopter.

When the news that she live, we continued verses from our promise came upstairs and joined picked up the verse Jude 1:3b faith," and we all rebuked the fight in the spirit. At that moment, started to pour down. We all felt that were fighting. My father called some of could start a prayer chain for Anne.

The next morning we got a call from the hospital saying that Anne was going to make it, although she was still in a coma. My dad drove to the hospital to be with her. A few days later we got the good news that Anne was breathing on her own and started to respond and wake up. We thanked the Lord for this, because when we had last seen her she seemed ready to go and see Jesus. Later we received really positive reports from the doctors



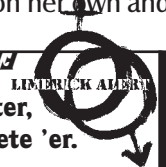
desperately, and pleading have mercy later, my father was still but with the oxygen that they porting her hospital by

couraged by was going to to pray, claiming isie box. My father us in prayer. He

- "Contend for the Devil and continued to lightning lit up the sky and rain the Devil was really mad that we the brethren in France and asked if they

DELIVERED the FROM GATES OF DEATH

From Flame (16), Middle East



**When Mama got married to Peter,
He seemed to so sweetly complete 'er.
They both were so sweet,
But the thing that's so neat,
Is they're both getting sweeter and sweeter.**

who said that they had made tests on her brain, her heart and her internal organs, and that there was no damage at all to them, and only minimal damage to her lungs. Knowing this was a real miracle, we thanked the Lord for healing her every time we'd take praise time!

A few days later, Anne returned home healed. The only signs of the accident were two missing teeth, which thank the Lord will grow back again. She also has no fear of the water and she is still the bubbly little girl she was before the accident.

I am now determined to devote my whole life to the Lord since I promised Him I would do so if He would spare my sister, and He has.

Ten days after the accident we received a prophecy from the CROs, and the Lord clearly outlined that all things work together for good and that He has a purpose for this, giving us the promise of Romans 8:28. He encouraged us not to get under condemnation and that He had been fighting for Anne all along.

This incident has really changed, sobered and strengthened my life and that of my parents' for the better, so we are already seeing the benefits of this. Special thanks to all who prayed for us during the ordeal. God bless you!

From Asher (of Joan): Anne has completely recovered from nearly drowning, without any side effects whatsoever. Jesus has really healed her, kept her, and comforted her as He had promised us in prophecies at home, confirmed by the prophecies received by the European shepherds. The Lord has used this accident to increase our receptivity and every single Word of prophecy has so much more effect and is much more personal to all of us. Previously we have believed the prophecies but now we are really drinking them in, taking them much deeper in our hearts. We are really absorbing them and they are applying much more to our heartcries, longings, questions. We're so thankful for them and we've found Jesus to be so much more loving, merciful, tender, understanding, and human than we ever had previously discovered. He's really wonderful!

In a few prophecies we got here at home the Lord told us that He was personally taking care of Anne, holding her and comforting her. I saw Jesus walking in the hallway of the clinic in His earthly clothing, barefoot, going towards Anne's bed. Also, Tim, another brother, saw Jesus holding her in His arms and comforting her. It resembles a lot the prophecies sent us by EURCRO! What a confirmation of His omnipresent help in time of trouble!

From Joan (of Asher): At first, of course, I felt very responsible, as I was the one who was supposed to be watching over Anne and failed to do so properly for a few minutes. Right after the accident, I was really going through it, asking the Lord why He would allow such a thing to happen. Then I heard the Lord's voice, like a firm but loving rebuke: "Do you think that I would do anything to you with the purpose to do you evil, to hurt you purposely? How can you doubt My love?" The Lord was sad that I would doubt His perfect, infinite, unconditional, never-failing love. This gave me faith and peace to fight the battle.

The event has really broken me and I can say that I will never be the same again. I appreciate so much more the gift of life and all my children. I have much more love, compassion, concern for them and for others too. I see my children differently, maybe more like Jesus sees them — each one so special and priceless. I am not as bothered or worried about all their little misbehaviors, but I value them more and their little lives. The bond of love we have for each other surpasses everything, just like the Lord's love surpasses all our failings, mistakes and shortcomings. My job of caring and raising them up has taken on a greater responsibility and I am very thankful for that.

I can only praise Him deeply in my heart every day of my life for His mighty power and hand, Who stooped down to save my little girl. ■

Roots

20 YEARS

January 1978

By Jasmine

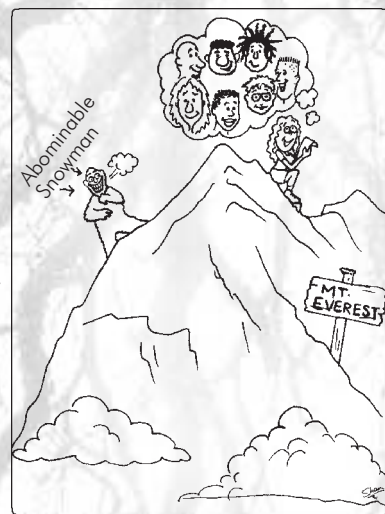
We've been thinking about having a "Roots" column for quite some time now. But we've had a bit of a challenge coming up with something to write about. Some of the interviews we do are Root-ish, but as far as column-type stuff ...

Well, this month we came across a unique opportunity: It happens to be the 20-year anniversary of the occurrence of the event known as the RNR. What a perfect opportunity to write something about it, I thought.

But as I delved deeper into my consciousness, I came to the abrupt realization that when it came down to it, I didn't really know much more than the bare facts about it. What exactly was the "RNR"? Why wasn't it called the "NRN"? — Or the "ZNZ"? And why do so many of the first generationers display such a peculiar mixture of relief/satisfaction, while at the same time shuddering and rolling their eyes when that three-letter acronym is mentioned?

My dissatisfaction grew into restlessness, and then I knew that the challenge was set before me: I needed to discover the truth behind this event. (Of course this is not to deny the knowledge of those of you who know everything there is to know about the RNR, due to your own zealous personal searches of time past. Rest calmly in your personal assurances, and perhaps you can go ahead and read my article anyway, just to make me feel good.)

I would say that the RNR is probably the period in Family history that conjures up the greatest variety of mixed emotions. To quote Charles Dickens, "It was the best of times; it was the worst of times," and so on. I guess it was kind

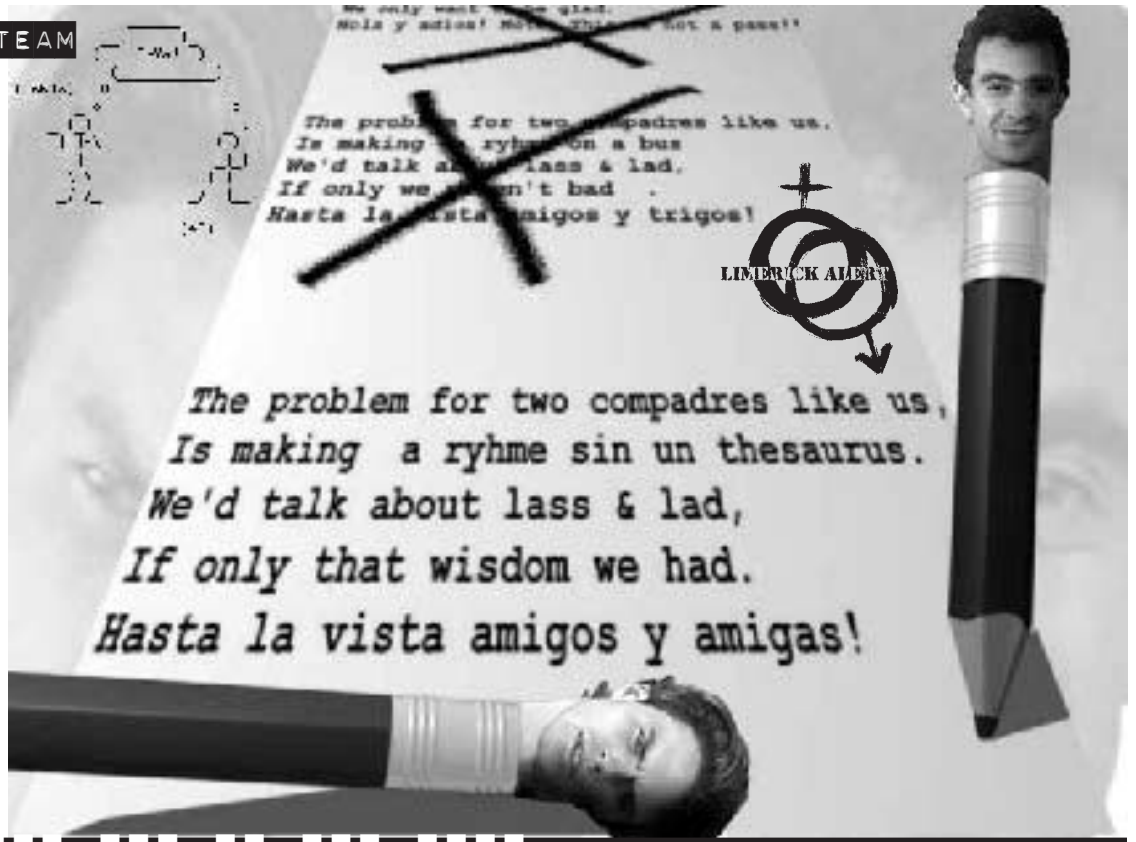


From Frannie (18), Nepal
Of the male species I have no fear;
Most of them are very dear!
They're kind, loving, and caring,
Strong, sexy, and daring—
It's just that there's none of them here!

DEAR FREE ZINE TEAM

Thanks for kicking us out of the nest & helping us take our first baby steps towards becoming poets.

Coming up with five lines that met the specifications & still carry the spirit of the underlying message, took longer than expected. We added a little Spanish to clear up the shortcomings in the English. As an extra back up, we threw in the picture in an attempt to convey how we felt about the literary greats of our time.



FROM PABLO AND 40, AT THE BVM.

of like the initiation of the Charter—people were set free, and while the faith of some “floated,” others “sank” big-time.

It really all started three years before this auspicious date that you see blazoned at the top of the article, with the setting up of a leadership structure known as the “Chain of Cooperation.” This was a pyramidal leadership structure where there were Colony Shepherds, District Shepherds (a district was a group of two or three nearby Colonies), Regional Shepherds (a region was two or three districts), etc., etc.

One of the main purposes of the “Chain” had been to try to limit top-heavy bureaucratic leadership (i.e., big cheeses), and to have shepherds who were true representatives of the little people, as well as to give some decision-making power to each member through their vote. But while the original plan of the “Chain” was a really nice setup, unfortunately it didn’t quite work out the way it was planned, and actually ended up giving more authority and power to the top leaders, rather than sharing it around, as Dad had intended. Some shepherds got to thinking more about themselves than about the sheep, and things started to go a little sour.

Little known to Dad and Mama, there was big trouble brew-

ing. Although Dad had said that each level of leadership should be chosen with the agreement of the “aboves” and “belows,” in reality very few of the Chain leadership were actually elected; most were appointed by top leaders (“you scratch my back, I’ll scratch yours”), and many of them forgot that as leaders they were supposed to be servants, not masters. Some top leaders collected more money from the Homes than they needed and were living pretty high while the guys at

of past days, it’s important to remember that not all of the “Chain” leadership was out of it. A lot of them really tried to do the right thing; others may have done the wrong thing just out of immaturity and lack of experience. How can we throw stones, right? Still, on with our story.)

The eventual big bust was inevitable. Any of you familiar with the Letters can imagine what happened once Dad caught wind of what was going on. Here was a man who had spent his life promoting and encouraging the “little people,” emphasizing how they were really the “top of the pops” in God’s eyes, only to find that many in the leadership structure were living contrary to everything he was teaching. Wow, something’s gonna blow!

Blow it did, and January ’78 was the big first outburst. Dad called it the “Reorganization Nationalization Revolution”—or, informally, the RNR. In order to show just how drastic the change really was, and to emphasize the need for loving shepherds, Dad even changed the name of the movement from “The Children of God” to “The Family of Love” (later shortened to “The Family”).

Imagine this. Here are you are, Shenekiah Leader, sitting in your favorite red leather armchair, with your feet comfortably draped over a fine teak wood footstool. Your sweet red-haired wife has just brought you

quote Charles Dickens, “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,” and so on.

the bottom of the totem pole were hoofing it with daily quotas. A lot of things were not done in love or concern for the sheep, and the top leaders often used the lower ranking leaders to carry out these decisions. It was getting to be a pretty rotten time.

A whole other problem in itself, which in actuality was just a part of the first problem, is that when any of the “little people” tried to write Dad and Mama about what was going on, their letters were usually intercepted and trashed by the supervisors.—Anything that made the overseers look bad, that is.

(Note: In respectful memory

the latest mail, and as you open the inconspicuous-looking envelope, all other peripherals fall to the ground. One meaty publication catches your eye and holds it steadfastly. A paragraph in particular stands out and hits you in the face: *"We are going to totally abolish the 'Chain of Cooperation,' which has become a chain of command in slavery because of the way it has been administered to some! ... So as of my birthday, February 18, 1978, you ['Chain' leadership] are all fired and everybody is going to be required to find a new job! Each Colony should have an immediate worldwide new election or re-election of local shepherds on February 18th!"* (ML #650).

In total, all of the Family's leadership—300 in all—were dropped from their jobs on that fateful day. When Dad saw that things were going haywire, and the Lord told him to make this incredibly drastic move, he was willing to buck all odds to do it—even when it looked for a while like it might end in disaster. As he said: *"We really wiped the whole thing out and started over again! Not many denominations or religious organizations or even companies could have fired 300 executives at one fell stroke and survived. But thanks to the Lord and the Letters ... and a few loyal ones like you guys who stuck, we made it!"* (ML #1279).

The resulting months in the

Family varied greatly from person to person, Home to Home, and country to country. People who had been tightly restricted before were starting to flap their wings and exercise their initiative. In general, it was a real back-to-the-basics time, where each person learned what his or her own faith was made of, and what it would take to keep it "floating."

In January 1978, the Family's membership was almost 5,300. By the end of the year, a little over 1,800 of those had left!—Or 34% of all full-time members. Whoa! At the same time, though, there were over 600 births and a stash of new disciples won. So the year-end total rang in at 5,000. And it hasn't stopped climbing since then. Hooray for radical methods!

After the RNR, Dad published an address where every Family member could write him directly, and the Home shepherds were elected from the ground level. For several years there was no leadership other than Home shepherds and VSs

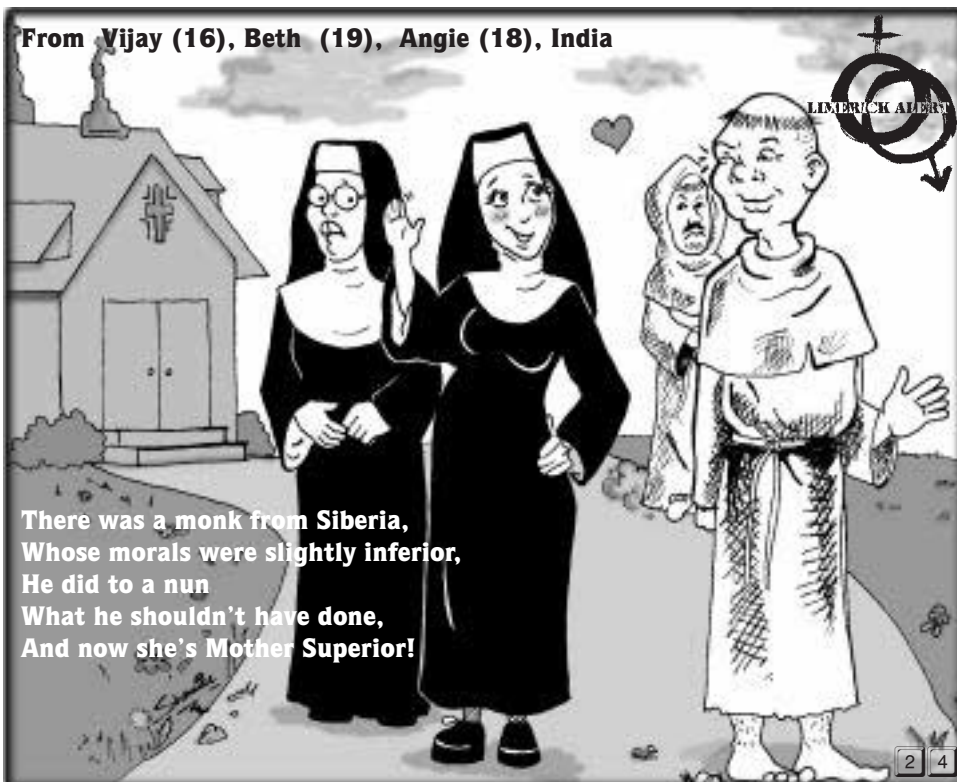
(Visiting Servants), who visited and handled administration and reports (but who didn't have authority over the Homes), as Dad began to train new leaders and retrain old ones. Dad hand-picked people for VSs who he felt would be loving samples to the flock, mainly in visiting and encouraging the Homes (which had for the most part split up into small units, without much fellowship between them).

Before the RNR, most Family members were living in communities where the "Chain" strictly controlled their day-to-day life. With the RNR—a new day of liberty and previously unknown freedom—people suddenly found themselves free to follow the Lord according to their own personal faith and convictions. With just the barest minimum of oversight, people's behavior and doings after that point were totally up to their own personal faith and conviction. Dad encouraged everyone to look to the Letters for their standard.

Of course, everyone handled these freedoms (including sexual freedoms, as sex had been pretty repressed in some places during the Chain) differently. Some continued upholding the standard found in the Word. Other people, however, were content to exploit these newly gotten freedoms, to the exclusion of most other people and things. (That might be where the "rolling of eyes" you tend to see comes in.) As someone put it, "for a time, the Family fell into virtual anarchy."

But all's well that ends well, and the Lord wasn't about to let the Family go down the tubes that easily. Dad kept writing Letters, getting folks back on track, and the Lord worked individually in people's lives. Gradually those who were just in it for themselves drifted away, and those who were wholehearted remained. And ... that brings to an end this brief examination of the saga of the RNR. ■

From Vijay (16), Beth (19), Angie (18), India



There was a monk from Siberia,
Whose morals were slightly inferior,
He did to a nun
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's Mother Superior!

Author unknown
(sent in by Andrew, 18, Brazil)
A young barmaid serving ale,
On her chest wrote the price of the sale.
And on her behind
For the sake of the blind
Was the same information in Braille!