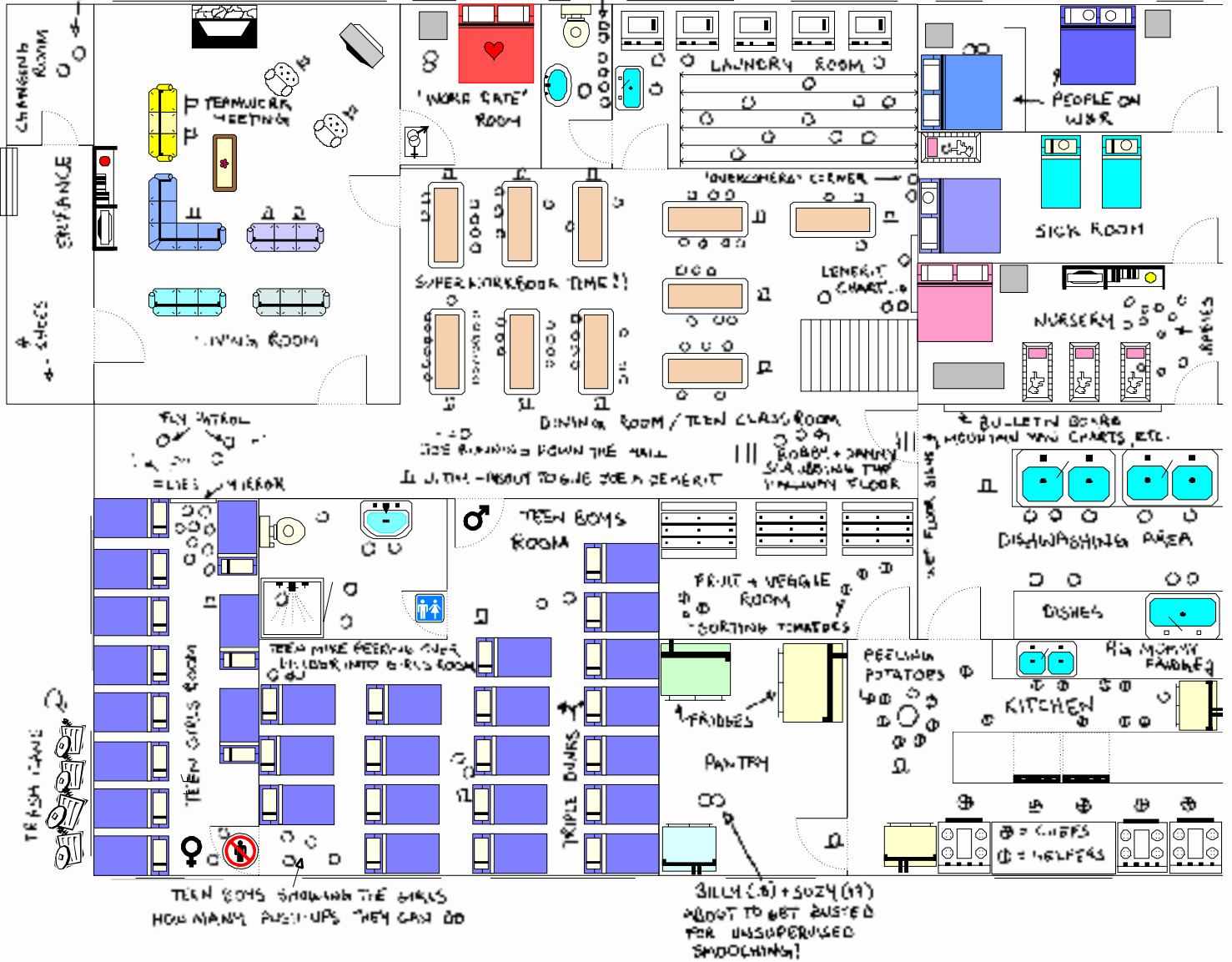


018 APRIL 1998

CELEBRATING THE 3RD ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHARTER

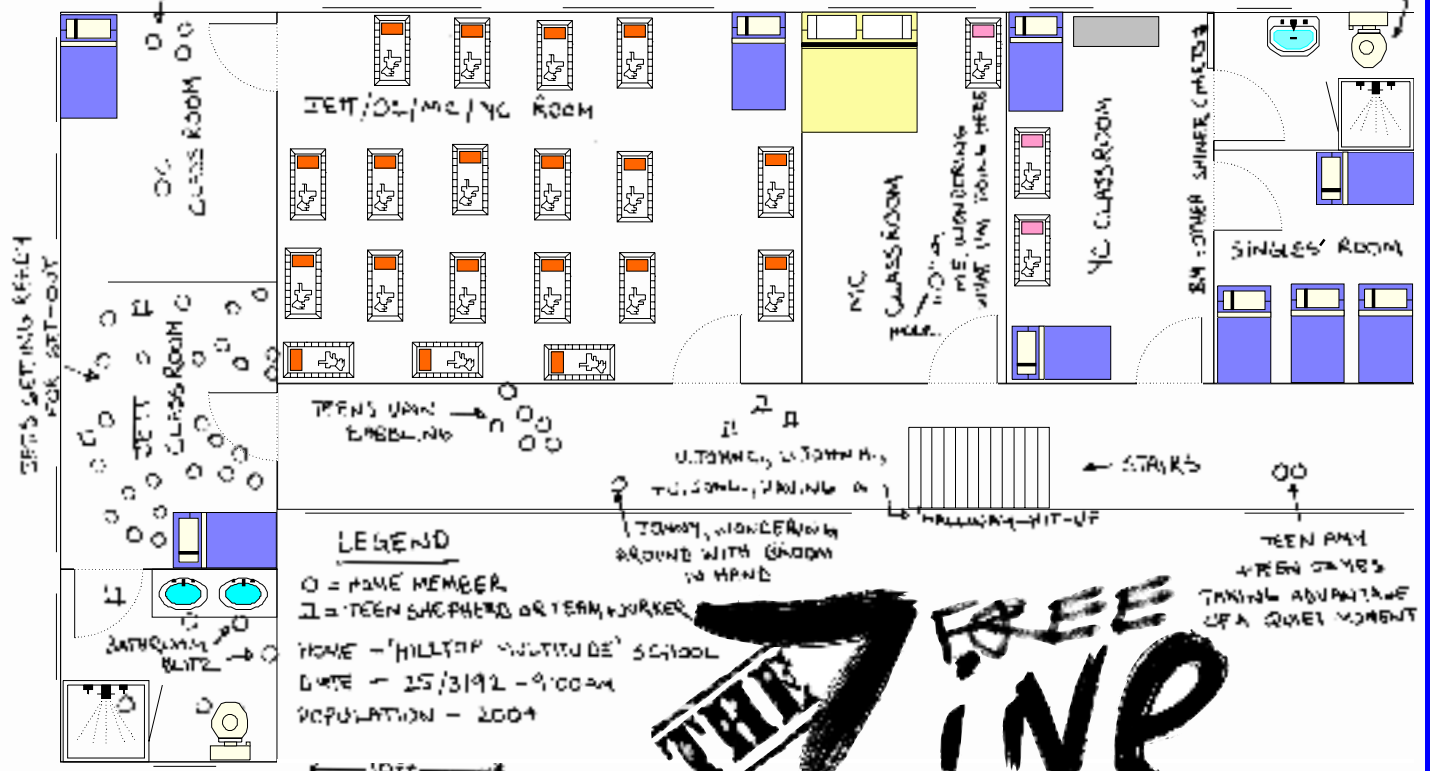
THE OUTRAGED BY CHANGING THE SYSTEM CLOTHES NO POTTY BREAK

BOTTOM FLOOR PLAN



TOP FLOOR PLAN

FINALLY, A PEACEFUL MOMENT



LEGEND

- O = HOME MEMBER
- I = TEEN SHEPHERD OR TEAM WORKER
- HOME - 'HILLTOP MULTITUDE' SCHOOL
- DATE - 25/3/92 - 9:00AM
- POPULATION - 200+



Cover design by Spiro

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Bible Riddle:

Who Am I?

Many times throughout the day,
The hypocrites, they love to pray.
In synagogues and streets they yen
To be admired and seen of men.
But be ye not like unto them,
Who with vain repetitions haw and hem.
But rather use the spiritual key
That makes my door swing openly.
Then close me softly once inside
Where faith and hope and love abide.
Here pray and thy Father who in secret be
Will thus reward thee openly.

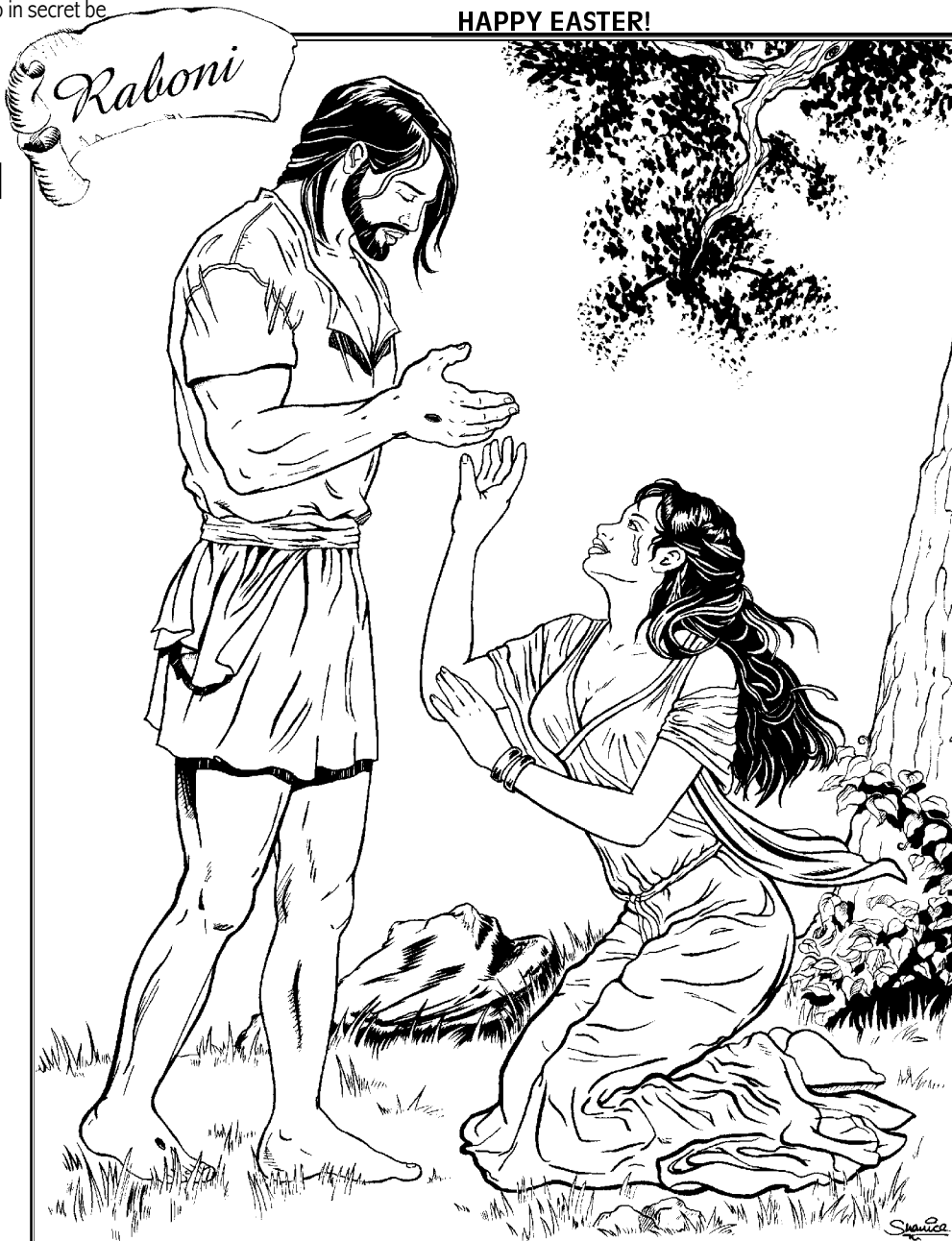
(of Miracle)

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CELEBRATING THE 3RD ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHARTER:

Yes, it was three glorious years ago, on April 1st 1995, that the Charter went into effect in each Family Home across the world, changing the lives and modus operandi of everyone involved. And in honour of this anniversary, we have devoted portions of this Zine to reliving a part of our history that we all remember well: big combos and schools. So we can look back with humor and have a good laugh at the way things used to be, and be able to appreciate how much things have changed since then.

Please understand that we are not belittling or mocking any specific individuals or situations. And though in retrospect we portray some things in a humorous light, we have to remember that, for the most part, everyone was just serving the Lord to the best of their ability. We hope that as you read through this Zine, you will laugh at the jokes, take offence at nothing, appreciate our peculiar sense of humor, and be gentle with us when you're done. Love, your **Free Zine Team**



HAPPY EASTER!



Pic caption: Hi, my name is Florence Angel and this is a pic of Michelle and me at one of the beautiful Rio De Janeiro beaches (I'm the one with the bikini). Here's a little info about myself for anyone who's interested: I'm the daughter of Jaques Elan and Faithy, French, I'm 17. My likes, well, when I'm in a quiet mood I like reading, writing letters, watching videos, sewing, but when I get more upbeat I love dancing to Techno and dance music, going out, talking, fun things like that. Right now I'm free as in not attached to anyone, but then again there isn't much of a chance as in this Home we're 3 girls (2 SGA's and 1 teen) so you know, if anyone's interested... Well, gotta go! Luv ya all! Love, Florence A. P.S. When I said "interested" I meant like to help in the work here, you know.

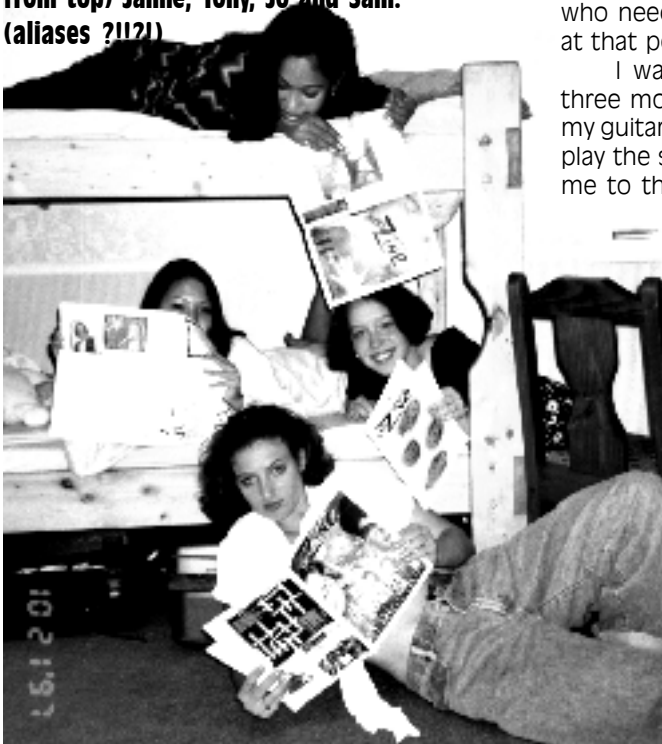
COULD IT BE OL' HAROLD?!

From Paul Praymore, Canada:

Our friend Don, who is raising funds to build an orphanage in Ghana, was preaching the sermon at a local black church last week. He asked us if we would help him by supplying the music for the service. After we had sung and the service was over, the deacon of the church came to thank us for our songs. I asked his name and when he told me, it sort of rang a bell in my memory. He said he was particularly pleased that we had so many guitars, since he was so into the guitar himself, and said he had been playing for over 30 years.

Curiously, I asked him if he had ever played in bands, to which he replied that he had. I asked him if his former band was "The Rockin' Rebels." He was surprised that I knew the name of his band from 30 years ago. I then asked him if he used to

"SAVED BY THE COLD" GIRLS: (clockwise from top) Jamie, Tony, Jo and Sam. (aliases ?!?!)



work in a Children's Hospital. By this time he was in awe that I knew so much about his past.

Excitedly, I said, "Do you remember an 11-year-old boy who had a crippling disease in that hospital 35 years ago? The boy had a guitar in his room and you used to come in when no one was looking and play the guitar for him?" He was shocked and said, "Of course, I remember! Was that you?!"

We were both really excited how the Lord had us meet again after 35 years. At that time I'd had a strange disease that the doctors didn't know much about and they thought that I was going to die within a few weeks. I had cried out to the Lord desperately to save my life and promised Him that I would serve Him if He did. While I was there, my parents had brought my guitar into the hospital as I was just learning to play it. Harold (now the church deacon) was working as a janitor in the hospital. When he was on cleaning duty he would stop by my room and look up and down the hall to make sure nobody was coming, and then he would close the door and pick up my guitar and put on a show for me. He would often take the time to teach me some guitar parts. He made a very big impression on me as a young boy who needed a lot of encouragement at that point in my life.

I was in the hospital for about three months and I would often take my guitar around in my wheelchair and play the songs that Harold had taught me to the other kids in the hospital.

So 35 years later, having been serving the Lord for almost 25 years and just recently returning to the city where I grew up, it was really inspiring for me to meet this man. It also encouraged him to hear what a big impression he had made on me, and how a little bit of caring had had such a good effect on an 11-year-old. It was a miracle and truly one of God's set-ups, as this church was sort of in the boonies and there were only a handful of people there besides us. TTL!

SAVED BY THE COLD

By "Tony," USA:

One day a bunch of us teens went out canning, but as soon as we arrived at our spot, we realized to our dismay that none of us were dressed appropriately for the cold front that had just set in. The weather had been fairly nice up until then, so we were not prepared for the chilling winds that were suddenly engulfing us. But we decided to endure hardness as good soldiers, and went ahead anyway.

After about 45 minutes, some of us were too cold for comfort, so we all drove home to slip on some heavy-duty warmth in the form of winter coats.

Thus bundled up, we went back out to face the cold, and upon arriving at our designated place, we were shocked to find an accident involving three cars right in the exact spot where we had been previously canning! We then realized the Lord's hand in the nasty weather, as if it would have been a beautiful day, we would have been in between those cars and could have been seriously injured, or by now be looking up River Phoenix in the Heavenly residence directory! Thank the Lord for His protection and intervention. ■

DEAD MEN TALKING



B e y o n d "C a s a b l a n c a" T h e H o u r o f A v e n g i n g !



BEYOND "CAS A BLANC A"

I was receiving a message in prophecy from the Lord that was of a personal nature, and towards the end I started to feel like someone else wanted to speak. The Lord then introduced him to me, saying: "Now I want to give you a message from Humphrey Bogart, since you are interested in him. Here he is."

(Humphrey Bogart speaking:) "Hi ya kid! I've come to talk to you because I feel like you understand about me, how at times I was a lonely guy and was misunderstood while on Earth. They put me in certain movies which gave me a 'tough guy' character, but that's not how I really was. I was a sensitive guy and easily hurt, but at the same time I had a great capacity to love and help people. Most people wouldn't know about this side of me, because they think of movie stars as the characters they portray, instead of how they really are."

"Your idea of writing to Mickey Rooney is a good one. [Note from Esther: I had been thinking of writing Mickey Rooney after I saw his address in a magazine.] Those stars need to hear a friendly voice once in a while, and you've got something you can offer them, that if they'll receive, will help them a lot and give them peace, plus get their priorities straightened out. You should tell all your friends this message also."

"You in the Family have a lot to offer. It may be hard to reach some of the stars because of their fear of being exposed to the public. They already get so much attention and a lot of it is negative, and they wish that they wouldn't get it. But the Lord will help you to get in contact with them when it's time. Like your father David said, 'The rich and influential are the most Gospel-neglected,' and they

sure do need it. So try to reach them, huh?

"So here's looking at you, kid. I hope you don't mind me using this little line from 'Casablanca.' So long, and don't forget about this message. It's important. You

can send it to the Free Zine. I love ya. You're all doing a tremendous job." (End of message.)

Right after receiving this message I watched a movie with Humphrey Bogart, after which was a short interview with his son Stephen. In describing his father, Stephen mentioned that his father always said that just because you're a star and make lots of money and have more glory doesn't mean that you're any better than anyone else. And that the most important thing is how you treat people and that you do your job well, no matter what it is.



THE HOUR OF AVENGING!

On our Family Birthday last year, we all decided to celebrate by dressing up like spirit helpers. When I prayed about what to do, I received a message from a Cathar spirit helper, and even got a little story regarding a particular girl. I'll include the prophecy below:

(Spirit helper speaking:) *I am Hilda. I am French, but I can speak English to make it easier for you to pass on my message to your household. I am a Cathar. My father was a prince who became a Cathar, and he taught us about Jesus, about true love, true brotherhood, about the life of faith.*

*First he kept it hidden, but with his witness and his love, many started following and joining us. We were happy loving Jesus until we got persecuted and we went to be with our precious King in His beautiful Kingdom. **We promised to come back, and here we are!** As we watched your king David from the Heavens, our hearts were beating so fast as we could feel the same spirit in you. **You were the embodiment of what we wanted to live 700 years ago.***

*We are many—from France, from Italy—we are many and we are here to help. We love this final hour, which shall be a victorious one, which shall be our day of victory! No more crying, no more sorrow, no more massacre; it shall be our final hour when our souls shall be avenged, when you shall shine as the stars of the firmament. For the Evil One is not yet come into full power, **but though he will try to persecute and kill and massacre you, even as he did us, you shall have a greater anointing,** you*

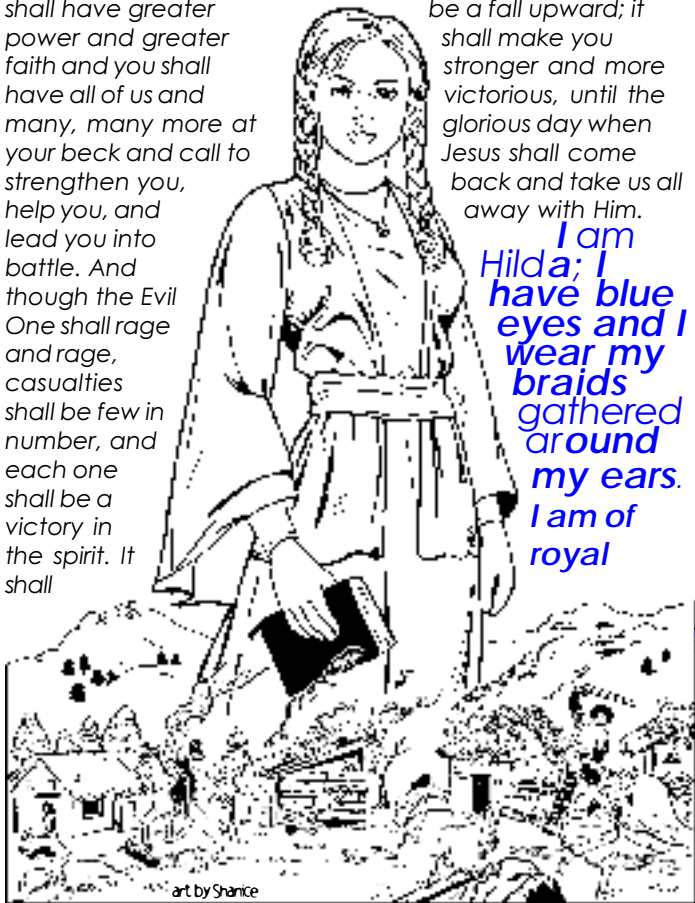


FROM ESTHER (OF TOM), UKRAINE

shall have greater power and greater faith and you shall have all of us and many, many more at your beck and call to strengthen you, help you, and lead you into battle. And though the Evil One shall rage and rage, casualties shall be few in number, and each one shall be a victory in the spirit. It shall

be a fall upward; it shall make you stronger and more victorious, until the glorious day when Jesus shall come back and take us all away with Him.

I am Hilda; I have blue eyes and I wear my braids gathered around my ears. I am of royal



Note: This prophecy was received & sent in before the Hilda character appeared in the *Perfect Ones* story.

descent, but since we became Cathars we lived very simply, as we shared our wealth with our brethren. So I am not dressed in noble apparel, I am dressed simply, and I love my Jesus so much.

I was 22 years old when I was taken up to be with Jesus and become His bride. My father had gone to negotiate with the [Catholic] church, and while he was gone, they took him and killed him. Our house and our whole neighborhood got burned to the ground. We tried to flee but there was nowhere to go. They burned and pillaged everything. They killed me as I was trying to run with my younger brother, and they killed him too. But the pain was brief and we knew we were going to our Savior. He received us with such great honor; He wiped away all our tears and gave us so much love that it made it worth it all.

We witnessed to so many in the land that even today they can still remember us. There are places in Southern France they still talk about us; they know we were there and they will know when we come back today. They will remember the prophecy and they will know our spirit. And even when they are persecuting you, they will remember how they have persecuted us and how we have come back. **(End of prophecy.)**

FROM MARIE FIGHTER, KAZAKHSTAN

in asking me to write to them the day before to assure them of our safety and happiness! I pray I can learn this lesson, that it's worth it to take time to "listen to the whispers"! PTL!

MY DREAMS OF PROPHECY

from Chinese Maria, France.

For some reason I hadn't yet asked the Lord to give me the gift of prophecy, but one night after we watched the Summit video on "The Gift of Prophecy," we took some time to love Jesus together. That night I dreamt that I was speaking in prophecy about the JETTs and teens. I saw the JETTs and teens as warriors coming down like shooting stars from the sky, and I felt a very strong power behind my back that pushed my mouth open, and floods of words came pouring out of my mouth. I saw each of our JETTs and teens popping up from different seeds and standing strong like mighty soldiers!

The next morning Mary MOM had a beautiful prophecy class with all the JETTs and teens. Wow! I speak prophecies in my dreams!!



THE HEAVEN-INSPIRED LETTER

from Meekness, Middle East.

Sometimes I wake up before reveille and pray, read, or prepare for the day ahead. Recently, I woke up an hour early, and instead of following my own ideas of what to do, I chose to pray and ask the Lord for His plan. Surprisingly, He asked me to write a letter to my relatives—something I don't usually do at the start of the day. I was very encouraged that, as I obeyed, He helped it to flow easier than usual, it seemed. By the time reveille came around, I had written four pages of inspiring news for them! I got it posted right away.

The very next day in the news, it was reported that a very sad massacre had happened in a nearby country to the one where I am, involving a number of citizens from my home country. I immediately realized that my relatives could be worried for our well being. I then understood the Lord's wisdom



Photo Page



Clair (15), and Victor (1), Brazil

"Hey! I found a pic! This is Sam (17), Paola (17), and me (Mieves, 18) and we're ZINED OUT!" - Chile



It's a cool life serving the Lord in Lahore - Pakland Teen Esther

Philip and daughter, USA



Teen Ruby, helping in Bethesda handicapped centre and orphanage, Taiwan



SEARCHING

SEARCHING

ESP

FOR ELOQUENCE
FROM JACE

(16)

RUSSIA

It's really inspiring to get new mailings!

I owe my life to it, and no one can take away that which it has printed on the tablets of my soul, the words that will live forever, and will always be alive in my being.

It's really inspiring to get new mailings! I flip out every time the team returns from the mail with the envelope. Then it's like opening a present: We all stand around, and as soon as it's opened, it's first come no, more like first grab, first served. Ha! Everybody is then out of commission for the next half-day, and our Home is turned into a study hall, with people reading everywhere!

It's hard to express in words what the Word does to me, as our vocabulary is too limited to fitly describe my thoughts and feelings toward it. But one thing that I can say is this: If it weren't for the Word, I'd be a total mess and spiritually dead, man, complete with the vegetation of my soul.

What more can I say? It gives me life and hope, a reason to be more than I feel I can be, love enough to overlook others' faults, and to give love to those who need it.

It makes me want to join together with the generation that bore us, and form an unbreakable team, and put aside the differences of nationality to embrace the nationals, without whom we would never make it.

It gives me love that I don't otherwise possess, to go out and tell the lost about Jesus, and love them with His love, no matter how they look or act.

It gives me strength enough to stand strong on its foundation, despite the Punk's attacks to destroy my usefulness for the Love of my life.

It gives me a chance to get to know the One who is now my wonderful Husband, and secret yet public Lover. It tells me how I can be a better wife for Him, who out of true love

proposed to me through it, and whereby I can continue to learn the arts of spiritual lovemaking with my Creator.

I owe my life to it, and no one can take away that which it has printed on the tablets of my soul, the words that will live forever, and will always be alive in my being.

It is my life and soul; my state of being depends on it. It has left its mark on my life, and though it may one day be forced away from me, it has left an impression on me that no one can deprive me of, one that I have the honor of passing on to all those whom I come in contact with.

It has taught me right from wrong, and has given me the strength to uphold that standard, and to teach others, to the best of my ability, to do likewise.

I owe my discernment to it, and since it has come into my life, I have been like a blind

man whose eyes have been made whole; a deaf man whose hearing has been returned.

Oh, how I wish that all men might have the pleasure, strength, help, friendship, fun, yieldedness, desperation, fight, might, bravery, encouragement, love, truth, wisdom and guidance that I have from putting it as a priority in my life!

I could go on all day, and still not be able to do the subject justice. But if you want to really see what I am trying to say, delve in yourself - you'll get swept into a world that you never knew existed!

I will go as far as to say: It is my LIFE! ■

ESP

FROM JOY DIAMOND, CANADA:

PRAYER

A fun way to pray with a small group is called an "ESP" prayer. Everyone sits in a circle, and one person prays. At the end of the prayer, he/she silently picks the next prayer warrior and concentrates on "sending" that person the hint to pray mind to mind!! Of course, if there is a long gap with no one "getting the message," someone can just launch out. The neat part is after everyone has prayed, they inform each other who was "calling" who. It's fun to see the direct hits, as well as the misses!

SEARCHING



Name: Nat Spencer

Studio: EAS

Status: I am kept very occupied with a wife and two daughters.

In case you were wondering how it all happened, Lara and I met in Brazil about three years ago. I had gone there to learn about music production and all that it entails, under the close guidance of my dad. She was one of the main singers who would come in every now and then to sing a song or two. Studios being as they are tend to heat up, especially when three or more people are in there doing vocal work such as oohs and aahs and even the occasional groan. In order to be able to concentrate more fully on the work at hand, skimpy attire was suggested in preference to the standard day-to-day dress (which was already pretty sparse, Brazil being as hot as it is). This, however, made it even harder for the poor technician at the board pushing the buttons; you just had to make sure you hit the right ones, if not you could end up having a real mess on your hands which only led to frustration.

Anyhow, with these sort of circumstances surrounding our courting days, how could one possibly escape without being "noosed," sooner or later?—Ha!

Time you've worked in family recording: Three years

In the studio full-time or part-time? Pretty much full-time except for the occasional road trip, fund-raising trip, scheduled childcare slot, provisioning pick-up, English class, downtown postering with the kids, dishes, meal prep, handyman jobs, video night—did I miss anything? Oh yes! Sleep, which is pretty important and does take up quite a bit of my time, not to speak of what else happens around the same time.

Your favourite type of music: I really like the new type of alternative music that is coming out these days, where you get the real up front, dry-as-a-bone vocals—meaning no sloshy dripping reverb all over the place, just their voices as they really are, and none of that vocal acrobatic stuff to drive you crazy to the point where you don't even know what the melody of the song is.

I'll take the good ol' four-piece band any day, where you listen to them and can't help but think, "Boy, what interesting words! What a good melody they've

pumping through the sound system for dance night when I feel like dancing.

Your musical speciality: I don't know; I'm a jack of all trades and master of none, sob! I don't know which is better. Drums are my new passion. I just love rhythm and you'll probably notice in my sequences that the rhythm section is always stuffed, ha! So I guess that's my speciality. I love programming the drum grooves; if I don't get it to where I feel it moving, really rolling, then I'll chuck it out and start again, because there's nothing worse than a half-baked groove with weak drum sounds to ruin a song.—At least this is the way I feel; even slow songs have to have a good groove. We plan on using more real drums in our

w r a p p e d
around them!
Listen to that
d r u m m e r
play—or bass-
ist, or guitar
player ... The
lead singer may
not have the
best voice, but
man, does he
have style!"
This is the type
of music that
moves me and I
really enjoy. Of
course I'll also
take a good
hour of Techno



tion sound revolution sound revolution sound revolution sound revolution sound revolution sound revolution sound revolution sound revolution



the instruments are real—drums, bass, and all. David (our Hungarian guitar player and new disciple) did some excellent guitar work on them, with his driving sort of contemporary style, rather different than the usual big ballad sound of the '80s. We've also got a friend who is a professional bass player who did the bass. Inspiration/vision/styles for future Family music: I would really like to see the Family put out CDs where the different styles are separated—Techno, Rock, Grunge, Alternative, Rap, etc.

productions here, as opposed to the sequencing or sampling method.

Favorite Family song: I really like the song "Flee," from the old *Flee* album; actually that whole album still is at the top of my list. I also really like the song "War Horse"—the old version that is, although the guitar that my dad played on the new one is nothing short of blinding.

Song you worked on that you were the most happy with and why: I was pretty happy with "Golden Seeds," and "Outlaw," but I recently finished working on two songs called "World of Uncertainties," which Jonathan Harper wrote the words to and I wrote the music, and "Feel It," which Michael SGA (of Anthony and Talitha) wrote. I really like these ones because they are my favorite style, sort of Grunge rock, although "Feel It" is a bit on the funky side. Besides that, all of

Christy—with brother and sister, Angie and Paul.

Name: Christy (of Isaac and Ruth—the Burma pioneers!)

Studio: TAS

Age: 18

Status: Available. The best ability is availability!

Time you've worked in Family recording: My first experience in recording was for *Fantastic Friends #1* in Thai. I guess that was about four years ago or so, and I've done it off and on from time to time since then. No FTTs yet; some English GP stuff; but mostly just local productions in Thai.

In studio full-time or part-time? Oh, very part-time! Most of my singing is done on stage with all the other wonderful people on the singing team here. (That's easier because we have all these good dancers and so people can watch them instead of just listening to me.) But occasionally I go into the studio for recording.

Your musical specialty: "Jack of all trades but master of none!" No, I'm not even that. I'm a Jack without a trade! I can play guitar ... minimally. I can play piano ... not at all, and that goes for every other instrument as well. I do, however, love vocals, harmonies, learning vocal arrangements, etc. Basically, I'd say my specialty is music in general—I could listen to it all day!

Your favorite Family song: I find that a rather impossible question to answer as there's so many to choose from and at least half of them are my favorites! But I could tell you a few of my favorite FTT songs (this is just off the top of my head [like most other things I say] as I don't have my tapes here with me): "Behold," "Charlie," "They Got The Money," "Revolutionary Children of God," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Please Call Home," and of course, "When Will The War Be Ended." I didn't have anything to do with the recording of that one (which is probably why it came out so good), but I'm a real Angelina, Joyful, and Paul fan, and I think Michael P. did a terrific job on producing it and I hope you all agree—or at least some of you!

Inspiration/vision/styles for the future: I'd really like to get some good vocal training, as it's something I haven't had much of and I desperately need it. My vision is to stay here in Thailand and continue on in my ministry on the *Heart to Heart* team. I'm real inspired with the witnessing and the miracles that the Lord is doing here in this field. I've been in Thailand for 13 years and on the singing team for five years, and I can testify that sticking to



something when it's the Lord's will for you is certainly the way to go—or rather, the way to stay! TYJ!

Comment: I just wanted to say a great big THANK YOU to all of our Family musicians for doing such a terrific job of the music that's been coming out on the FTTs. I'm sure you've probably heard lots of thank you's already and this may just be another "drop in the bucket," but consider it a very thankful

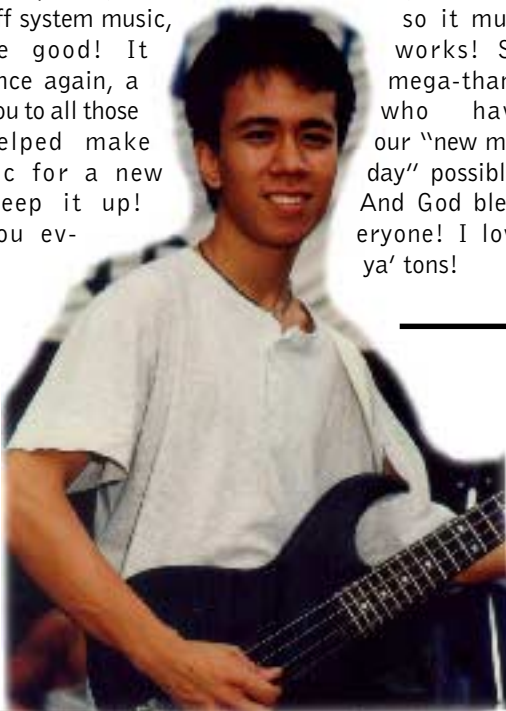
drop!

I know that many of us young people—or maybe I should just be speaking for myself here; I know I often get into

soundrevolutionsoundrevolutionsoundrevolutionsoundrevoluti

thinking that I'm some sort of a professional music critic (or at least I like to appear that way to my peers), and I go around giving my opinions to anyone who will listen (which is usually a lot of people since they are all waiting for the chance to give their opinions as well). But really I don't know the first thing about music or whether Shaashgaz Singer's vibrato is too fast, or the rap in that song is too aggressive or not aggressive enough, or that sax note is held out too long, or whether there was one too many drum beats in the chorus, or if Vophsi Vocalist went to a high note where it should've been low, or whether or not the guitarist was left-handed! Anyhow, it doesn't matter!

It's great music with great musicians and we've got a great Family! I'm not talking here about loving critiquing or giving suggestions or ideas. Those are always appreciated, I'm sure. I guess it's just how to say things and who we say them to. Anyhow, this new music that all these guys have been putting out has gotten me so it must be good! It works! So once again, a mega-thank you to all those who have helped make our "new music for a new day" possible! Keep it up! And God bless everyone! I love you ev-



Name: Josh
Studio: Japan
Age: 19

In studio work full-time or part-time? I live in a small Home in Tokyo and am part of a band, which we use for youth outreach. I record for JAS whenever there's a need. Besides that, I participate in normal Home ministries: witnessing, fund-raising, basketball ... to name the essentials.

Your musical specialty: Live bass

Your favorite Family song: "Thank You Jesus for This Food"

The song that you worked on which you're most happy with: I think so far I'm most happy with "The World Hasn't Got That Much Time;" #1 because it's quite a unique style, one that we don't have so much in the Family and #2, because I get a kick out of the way Hopie sings it.

Inspiration/vision/styles for the future: I'd like to see some instrumentals produced by the Family.

Comments: BELLWETHERS RULE!!!

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LIGHTS

I think my sister **TERESA** (13), in Japan, deserves her name in lights! She is the fifth child of ten, and all of us older ones have left home now, so she is the oldest one remaining, and takes responsibility for the rest of the kids. On top of that she took care of my one-and-a-half year old daughter for two months, while I was in another Home raising funds to move to Mexico. I couldn't have done it without her. She was such a good little mother and a great help. Thank you, Teresa, you're a great sister!!!!
From Leina, (23) Mexico

In our Home is someone who came all the way from the mission field of Uzbekistan to Germany, to help a single brother with his kids. She is making it possible for the other YAs in the Home to eventually move on to other fields. She is doing all the little jobs and never complains. We're so thankful that she decided to come here! Thanks so much, **MARIA**, for doing this—we couldn't have made it without you!
From the teens in Ulm, Germany

DETER (12) is a blessing in everything we ask him to do. He helps cook, teaches three YCs, gives devotions to the children and helps Mom with the baby. He is also a witnesser, helps in the yard, does dishes, helps the adults on the computer when they get stuck and helps his mom at parent time and on parent days with his six younger brothers, besides of course keeping up with his own school and Word time. To top it off, recently when his toddler brother Brian (2) got sick with a fever, guess who took care of him for three loooong days?! Sweet Peter—and without even so much as a slight murmur. So here's to our cool Peter! We love and appreciate you!

From Jenny, Charity, Daniel, Benjamin, Brazil



Beautiful, on-fire, go-getter, terrific teacher, witnesser, hard worker, understanding, sweet, good sense of humor—those are just a few characteristics that describe our wonderful mother, **JOanna**. All seven of us kids want to give credit where credit is due and praise our mom for all of the love & care she's faithfully poured into us all these years. She truly is a super mom and wonder woman! She's seen us through the tough times in our lives and been there to wipe away our tears. Happy birthday, Mom! We love you so much! The Lord couldn't have blessed us with a more terrific mom!

Much love from all of your children,
Joy (23), Julie (19), Christia (17), Mark (14)
Michael (9), Claire (6), Aimee (4).

PS: Just in case you were wondering, this wonderful lady is SINGLE, so all men take note!

A DAY



By Spiro

DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER

We preface this story with a disclaimer. All of the characters or situations portrayed from a bygone age are purely fictional, and no resemblance to real life people or specific situations is intended. You may safely assume that this epic saga, though somewhat based on events that could have happened in the distant past, has been deliberately exaggerated to bring out the humor.

Sounds of deep sleep filled the room as 17 teen boys reposed in angelic-like slumber in their bunks. However, on the top of the triple bunk in the fifth row from the window, someone was awake. It is upon this solitary soul that we base our little story.

It was customary for 16-year-old James (AKA Beltashazzareth, AKA Nebucadnizzior, AKA Hezperumidethe, etc.) to set his alarm to 6:30, half an hour before the official reveille. Whenever asked, he invariably explains that the reason for this is because just as his alarm goes off and the harsh realization that the dreaded moment has come is dawning on him, he is overwhelmingly relieved with joy unspeakable that he has a half hour left of blissful sleep. This exercise, he claims, helps to ease his nerves and calm his spirit. He sometimes also takes advantage of this time to get prayed up and ask the Lord's blessing before the affairs of the day begin, knowing that he's gonna need it.

The day started with a bang as Uncle Corny 5:19 appeared on the scene, guitar in hand. James rolled wearily to one side and peeked over the edge of the bunk. Spying the intruder with his one open eye, he thought, "God bless Uncle Corny! He's got a lotta pizzazz. Who cares if he's missing four strings off his guitar and he can't sing for beans — at least he's got spirit!"

After a rousing rendition of what James finally identified as "It's a New Morning" (Uncle Corny always sang "It's a New Morning," but each time it was still a challenge for James to recognize it) the room started to shuffle and get ready for the day ahead.

Fifteen minutes later (seven of those minutes spent waiting in line to use the bathroom which they shared with the 30 MC/OC boys from the room next door), in the food line, James neared the serving table and scanned it for instructional signs.

The "One Scoop Each!!!!!!!" sign was there, as usual, but added to it this morning was the "1/4 piece each!!" sign on the crackers, and a "If you're still hungry you can have some of this" on a bowl of leftover fish and potatoes. Carefully following the instructions, James served himself and made his way to the dining room.

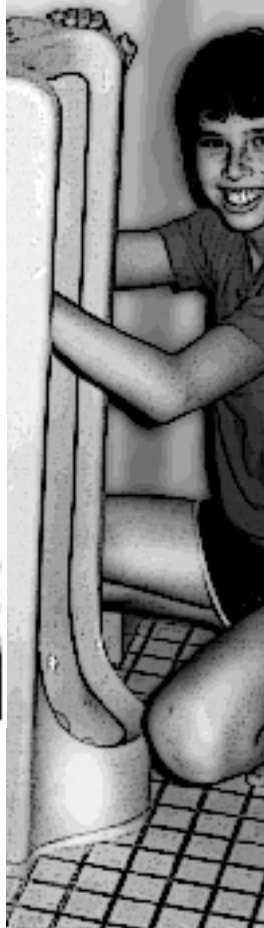
James must have been daydreaming that morning, and still can't understand how he could've been so careless as to leave his spoon in the 5th rinse dish basin when washing his plate. The offending cutlery was promptly whisked out for a "show and

tell" by the house mom, Auntie Understanding. James quickly owned up to the heinous deed (once Auntie Understanding understood it was a mistake and not a misunderstanding — being that she was a Ms. Understanding — and would have understood that a misunderstanding was understandable if it had not been understandable or understood when James first stood under the miss ... James was getting very confused and missed the point), and was presently sent on his way to chalk himself up a green demerit. Stopping to look at the list of demerit offenses, James reviewed them again — all 597 green offenses as well as the additional 231 blue ones — taking careful note



and making sure to miss none.

James already had one green demerit and knew only too well that one more would make a blue, which meant missing get-out while sorting through the provisioned fruits and veggies. It's not that he minded the sensation of overripe tomatoes squishing through his fingers and toes, it's just that today





This looks like a yummy snack! Now, I know what you're thinking, "that'll never be enough!" Well, you're right; that's why there's 10 more just like that back in the kitchen.



"staff," a ministry that he shared with the other 13 teen boys who weren't in the kitchen. The girls occupied all the rest of the many posts like laundry and childcare. Occasionally though, he was called upon to be a rider on a business trip, something he really looked forward to because it meant going off the property. He even didn't mind listening to U n c l e Zicheribidee's (the home mechanic and businessman and only driver) stories of "the



the teen group was going to the park for a big game of frisball, one of his favorite games (second only to British Bulldog), and he was determined not to miss it this time.

As James made his way back to the classroom where the teens were assembling for devotions, he ran into teen Amy in the hallway. Drawing nearer while trying not to attract suspicion, he made a few spastic hand gestures signaling a complicated set of instructions and coded messages. Loosely translated it said, "tonight is the night...1:30...the usual place..." He reached the classroom too late and found himself sitting on the floor for lack of chairs. But that didn't bother him; actually after having tried it, he thought it was kind of cool (OOPS, I mean, "neat"), and felt as if he was somehow connecting with the spirit of his hippie heritage.

During Word class, the teens were encouraged to sit on their hands; the reason for this was unknown but some claimed that it kept them out of trouble. James decided that it was best not to ask.

"There's always something new," he thought after Word class, glancing down at the OHR form in front of him. "Besides, there's no need to rush. A half-hour is plenty of time to put feelings to words." If not, he could always fall back on his collection of stock paragraphs that he kept in his notebook.

The paper was soon filled, starting with the customary "I learned that..." — although at times even James broke out of this mold and opened his reactions with a "This spoke to me because..." or some other variation.

He always commended himself at times like these for carefully noting how many bowel movements he had had the previous day, including size, frequency and other details, as this information was vital to successfully completing the form.

James' ministry was officially

good ol' days" (it was really heavy, man) when he went on these trips, as he quite liked Uncle Zik.

Today wasn't one of those days, though.

"Oh well," James thought. "I just have to be patient; someday I'll get my chance."

So James proceeded to gather the necessary equipment for the "mid-morning bathroom blitz," to be later followed by the "late morning bathroom blitz," the "noon bathroom blitz," the "early afternoon bathroom blitz," and so on.

James was considered a good boy by most adults, and he showed himself so trustworthy that eventually Auntie Comfort Able had felt that she could waive the two-by-two rule, and had allowed James the



THE SKIT TEAM Stats: 1257 skits for 522 classes in only 2 months! - WOW! GBT!

responsibility of working alone in t h e



bathroom. This was very flattering to James, who tried hard not to disappoint his overseer.

But James had one weakness – DAY-DREAMING. No matter how hard he tried, every once in a while he would let down



It's Hippie dress-up night! Everyone, quick run to the forsake-all get some real "revolutionary" looking clothing. Then maybe we can sit on the floor listen to Elvis songs or something. Oh, it's just like old times!



his guard and his mind would start to slip out of control. A smile crossed his face as he peered into the toilet basin with toilet brush in hand, a picture of Amy floating through his thoughts. He was soon engaged in an in-depth fantasy of romantic exploration, shining armor, flowing gowns, fields of white lilies and beds of roses

"DING DING DING!!!" His thoughts were interrupted by lunch roll call.

Scrambling to put things away, he raced to get first in line.

Once all the teens were assembled and quietly waiting in line, they were given the okay to march to the lunch food line.

Once in the dining room, having collected his plate James had one goal in mind: to sit as close as possible to Amy. He wasn't disappointed, for after spotting Amy sitting at the eighth table to the right, he observed that there was a vacancy next to her. Head held high, James moved in on the target, only to discover that he wasn't fast enough. Reaching the spot before he did was JETT Freddy Fighter, who also liked Amy but was oblivious to Amy's body language which, if he had had knowledge of these things, would have said, "Freddy, I like you and think you are cute, but you are 4 years younger than me and I would really like to sit next to James — if you know what I mean."

To save face, James made one of

continued on page 14

“NOT

A CROSSWORD” PUZZLE!

GRID #1

- 1)

24	96	2	61	50	94
- 2)

59	38	4	10	49
- 3)

46	51	15	13	99	60	6
- 4)

93	5	29	37	44	98	8
- 5)

3	40	82
- 6)

12	11	27	64	18	86	28
- 7)

70	55	69	43	75	84
- 8)

35	47	21	20	77	22	79
- 9)

1	33	45	52	56	102
- 10)

34	78	81	23	71	73
- 11)

88	76	101	68	74	87	25	54
- 12)

30	95	26	83	58	97
- 13)

67	90	39	53	89	42	41	62	72	65
- 14)

48	86	31
- 15)

85	7	14	46	80	17
- 16)

92	57	100	9	103	16
- 17)

63	36	32	66	91

From Elisabeth, Mideast: I am sending you here a puzzle that my JETT son David and I prepared, based on an ML quote. As the title indicates, it is not a crossword puzzle. Some magazines call this a Telegrid.

How to play: As you fill in the words that match the definitions in Grid #1, the title of a Letter or pub will appear vertically along the first column (left). Other than that, though, the words do not affect each other. In other words, this is not a crossword. Each square in Grid #1 carries a number. Once you have found which letter belongs in a square, copy the same letter in the square with the same number in Grid #2. By and by, you will be able to read a quote taken out of the Letter or pub whose title appears in the first grid. Again—this is not a crossword. Just read the quote right through, starting at #1 and on to the end (#103). The shaded squares are spaces between words. Have fun!

- 1) Cloth with stripes crossing at right angles
- 2) Ruinous confusion
- 3) Lasting forever/without end
- 4) Can be powered by Faith and Works
- 5) Key scrambled
- 6) A society without a head
- 7) The government representative in ML #333C had one
- 8) The form in which a publication is issued.
- 9) Saying or writing further
- 10) An island in the Malay Archipelago
- 11) Could symbolise the might or power of a country (ML #333B).
- 12) The quality of being odd
- 13) The first of a train
- 14) Glue brand name
- 15) French for pipe
- 16) Whirled upstream
- 17) A mixture, often of vegetables or fruit

GRID #2

1		2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14		15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23		24	25	26	27	28		29
30	31	32	33		34	35		36		37
38	39	40		41	42		43	44	45	
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54		55
56	57		58	59	60	61		62	63	
64	65	66	67	68	69		70	71	72	73
74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82		83
84		85	86	87	88		89	90	91	92
93	94		95	96	97		98	99	100	
101	102	103								



from a strange dude - sorry, we misplaced your info.

those split second decisions, changed plans and because it was too late to turn back he casually continued on, reached past Amy, grabbed the salt, and then sat down at the opposite end of the table.

"Just as well," James thought. It was a bold move to try to sit by Amy anyway, as James knew that lunch was a favorite time for many of the teens to sit back and analyze the seating arrangements and draw wild conclusions from the proximity of people that were allegedly "together," giving them something to talk about during their 15-minute "free-time" after dinner. James didn't like being the subject of such conversations and as much as possible tried to avoid direct public contact with anyone he liked, and kept his communication with female friends to body language. He was now sitting across from Amy and decided to tell her about a conversation he had overheard between Filly and Billy who were discussing future can-

as fast as he otherwise would have, in order to make sure the other 25 people in the line also got their turn. There were usually a couple of other people in the bathroom engaged in various useful activities like drying off, or using the toilet while admiring the fresh doodles on the "THREE SHEETS ONLY!!!!!!!" "DON'T SPLATTER — AIM FOR THE WATER!!!!!" and "FLUSH TOILET AFTER USE!!!!!" signs.

Back in the room while trying to put some clothes on, James was approached by teen Willie, who discreetly whipped a tape out from his pocket, handed it to him, and wanted to know if he had anything to trade for it. It was a copy of the "Bible" album — AKA "the new Memo Book tape" which had been copied on to a tape of the same name (the former label had been conveniently left on): forbidden fruit amongst the teens because of the screeching guitar and pounding drum sounds that dominated many of the songs.

The very sight of such contraband brought new light to James' eyes, and he figured he must have something that Willie would trade for it.

"Let's see," he pondered. "How 'bout my new gray shirt I got last week ... nah, I need that. Maybe a set of

And here's our brave dishwashers going on to their third hour of dinner dishes.

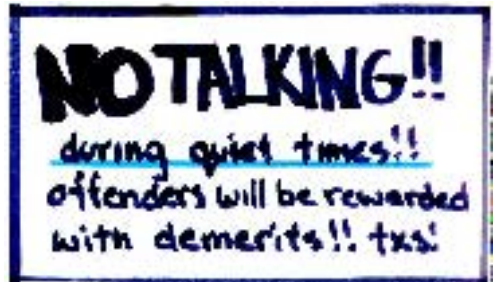


For afternoon work period, James was recruited for fly patrol. His mission was to enforce the no fly zone in every room in the house, and was given authorization to use whatever force necessary.

During times like these he'd often stop to chat with teen Jonny, who kept



Oops — he doesn't look too happy, but then again, crime doesn't pay — all those times he forgot to wash his dish — now he's on KP for the rest of the year!



didates for their affection. He decided against signaling with his hands above the table but rather opted for an under-the-table conversation. This, however, didn't turn out to be such a good idea as the frequent disappearance of Amy's head under the table started to worry Uncle Titus Teen Teacher, who after investigating further, made the connection, walked over, and discreetly whispered into James' ear that he would like to talk to him after lunch.

James went about the other affairs of the day in the usual manner.

Get-out was always a highlight, and he was happy that since the DTR it had become a requirement. When get-out once in a while ended five minutes early to allow for the walk home, he felt somewhat cheated and took it upon himself as his responsibility to assert his rights and make his shepherds aware of this failure to comply with the rule requiring a full hour of get-out. Ironically, James wasn't always as zealous about the other DTR requirements.

Shower time was still a sore spot. Despite the daily pow-wows they had about it, he still felt frustrated that he had to pick short curly hairs out of the soap bar. On top of that he had to shower ten times

batteries, or my colored pencils? I've got it!" He finally exclaimed, "Here, take my handy-man belt. I know it's pretty used, but it's got a few days left in it!"

After a convincing sales pitch the deal was done, leaving James feeling very accomplished that he'd done a good day's business.



Come on, we need you! There's always room for one more!



Then there were the names. Posted by each intercom was a list of names with their corresponding letters. For example,



A few people who stopped in the hallway to take a little praise time.

since there were 12 John's in the Home, each one was assigned a letter from the first 12 letters of the alphabet. John A., John B., John C., and so on. Then when people heard a call for John I. over the speakers, they could rush to the receiver and look at the list on the wall beside it for the name John I. and the corresponding description, like, "John I. - 5 foot 9, red hair, glasses, big smile; also answers to the name Mahalabalashazbaz," etc. This was a very efficient system because it al-

is it really realistic?"

"All things are possible," was the quote that came to mind, so James prayed, "Amen Lord, we really want to really pray, Lord, and really ask, Lord, that you really, Lord, help us, Lord, so that we can, Lord, really do a really good job, Lord, and finish up really

flying horses and drinking droplets of dew from giant roses. Commanding legions of winged warriors all the while surrounded by beautiful and totally se—...

Having forgotten to set his alarm clock, he was now jolted out of dreamland and back to reality with a familiar sound, "IT'S A NEW MORNING, A NEW MORNING,

And here we have a few of the teens taking their daily OHR time.



really quickly, Jesus Lord, in Jesus' name we pray, Lord."

YEEEEAAH"

"That always happens just as it's about to get good," he sighed.

* * *



lowed everyone to have the same name while avoiding most of the resulting confusion.

Dinnertime rolled around and James started to experience strong and sometimes violent abdominal pains. (This coincidentally occurred whenever he was scheduled to help on dinner dishes.) As hard as he tried, he failed to convince the dish overseer that he had contracted a life-threatening and highly contagious disease and needed to be rushed off to bed immediately and there remain until the nightly teen activity began, at which time he would probably have a miraculous recovery enabling him to join in on the fun.

So James was assigned the sweeping of the dining room floor, all 285 square meters of it. Tonight the dish team had made a commitment to pressing in, and

"Tonight's activity is Super Workbook correcting time," Uncle Uleysiousous announced enthusiastically.

Not quite what James had in mind; he had been thinking more along the lines of an HSV documentary video about mutant frogs and their mating habits.

"I guess the frogs will have to wait till tomorrow," he mused as he loaded his Super Workbook, with the help of Jimmy and Timmy, onto the wheelbarrow for transportation to the classroom.

After an invigorating hour of shouting out numbers at the rate of 25 a second (the answer keys), the teens were ready for night snack. Putting away their schoolbooks, getting in line and marching to the dining room helped them work up quite an appetite. This nifty little routine was instituted to insure there would be no leftovers, making it easier for the night snack clean-up team to make it to bed on time.

Lights out went off without a hitch and James thankfully collapsed into bed, falling into a deep sleep. But long before his head touched the pillow James was already a zillion miles away riding on

GET-OUT TIME! Let's see - we have just enough for a good basketball game - 20 to a team!



Time passes, moons come and go, and now six years later our very same one and only James finds himself a junior CRO, visiting Homes on a far flung mission field. Looking back on his teen years helps give James patience and understanding for today's young folks. Whenever tempted to get discouraged or frustrated with people or situations, one thought always comes to mind which never fails to bring with it a feeling of reassurance and hope: "Well, if I made it — anybody can!" ■



instead of the usual two-and-a-half hours it took to finish dishes, they decided to do it in one.

"Brave words," thought James, "but

...in the wilderness



COMPLIMENTS WHILE SCRUFFY

scruffy

dramatic COMPLIMENTS

ok

comedians

those girls

wilderness



THE COMEDIANS

wilderness tries

R

LOOK AT THOSE GIRLS!!

From Andy and Joy, China:

"Jesus made Himself of no reputation, and was a companion of drunks and prostitutes, publicans and sinners, the outcasts and downtrodden of society. Hey, wait a minute! What did you say?"

One very fine day we took our children witnessing to a resort area about an hour bus ride outside of our city, where many go for relaxation, entertainment and swimming. We all got off the bus and started our walk down a hill, past some karaoke bars, to the resort area for our witnessing adventure.

Wait! Look at all those girls smiling at us! How can we pass up this opportunity to witness the Lord's love to these young and lovely "ladies of the night"? So, off we went, over to their bar—as simple and primitive as it was. They were ecstatic and the children won them over. We soon told them about Jesus and His love for them, which resulted in ten of them getting wonderfully saved. PTL! Each one was given the "Key to Happiness" tract and the children gave hugs and blew kisses and waved goodbye. We left them all smiling and happy, now with the Lover of all lovers forever in their hearts.

THE COMEDIANS

From Daniel, Russia:

The place: Ural mountains, the picturesque range that divides Europe from Asia.

The event: Ilmensky festival, held annually for the last 21 years, attracting 15-25,000 people.

The mission: To save as many souls as possible.

The team: Two girls, one guy and a steel string guitar.

It was our last night; the Lord had already put the girls on main stage on the first day. Despite attempts to repeat that, the rest of the program was filled with famous Russian singers. So, PTL, we continued witnessing to small groups of about 20 people. We would ask the Lord who to witness to and we would receive a message like, "Go that way!" And it would always lead us to a group of friendly sheep.

At 11:30 PM, following the Lord's direction, we headed away from the main area. Soon we felt that it was time to go to bed, as disunity crept in and there was no one to witness to. Disheartened, we prayed together for the Lord's will and decided to go back to our tent. I had to leave for a few moments after feeling "the call of nature." Whilst on my journey I heard a group of people laughing, so I went back and told the others. We then ventured over and tried to think of an opening line. With our last bit of courage we fumbled an introduction.

From there on, things only got better, TYJ! They were flipped to meet us, were impressed by the girls' singing and loved our rendition of "Sex in Heaven." The guys really liked the idea of meeting our girls "on the other side"!—Ha! It turned out they were a comedy club. Not only that, but they were hosting the main stage the next day and insisted that the girls sing (not "Sex in Heaven"). We had a real fun time with them, and one of them is showing a lot of potential to do more for the Lord. So TYJ that we didn't quit, because our brightest hour came so late at night, and the Lord got the girls back on main stage—something that we couldn't do!



THE DRAMATIC TURNAROUND



LOOK AT THOSE GIRLS!!

art by Shanice



COMPLIMENTS WHILE SCRUFFY

From Isaac (of Joy), South Africa:

On our last road trip, we had quite an interesting encounter with a man who we met at a bar. We were traveling from South Africa to Namibia, as we often do, and we arrived in a small town. It was quite late as we had been traveling most of the day. Distances here are no small matter; however, the towns are!

We were all dirty and exhausted, and we drove up to this big hotel and asked for the owner. Since he was busy we got the food and beverage manager, a sweet young man who turned out to be a real help to us during our stay in that town. The hotel was packed full with European tour groups, so he offered to phone around for us and invited us to have a (hot) drink at the bar while he was busy with that. We hadn't been there long when a big guy with a beard walked in and, after ordering a drink, began conversing with us. He told us how he was a tour guide and was taking a group of French tourists around the country.

After we had briefly witnessed to him he went on to say that he had been a ranger in the Etosha national park and had worked closely with the native bushmen who taught him to discern the spirits of the animals. He obviously was not Christian but we could tell he had a spiritual depth, and then out of the blue he said, "I can feel you guys have an aura of compassion and genuine love that you are emitting. I've never seen this before!"

I was just mind-blown! Here we were tired and scruffy, having been in the car the last eight hours and just when you least expect it you get a compliment like that. We knew it was certainly and only Jesus and we told him so. Now I fully grasp (and have experienced) the meaning of that verse "When they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus!" PTL!

THE DRAMATIC TURNAROUND

From Peter (of Crystal), Taiwan:

In Taiwan for the past seven months

there's been a nationwide manhunt for three fugitives who were responsible for the kidnapping, rape and murder of a teenage girl, as well as other crimes. The Family here were all praying too for a speedy end to this situation, as these guys kept eluding the police time and time again.

In the last two weeks, two of the men ended up killing themselves when cornered by police. A few days later the third one, the "brains" of the gang, sneaked into the house of the S. African military attaché and held the whole family hostage. This turned into a nationwide live televised drama for the next 24 hours! As the drama unfolded and the fugitive, Chen, even got to talk live by phone on TV, many of us began to feel empathy for this man in spite of his sins, and felt that the Lord was somehow going to do something in this situation to answer our prayers. What transpired was that the S. African family were Christian, and as soon as Chen realized this, he became quite respectful and treated them very well.

The father and eldest daughter had been accidentally wounded by him when the police tried to storm the house, however he immediately allowed

the police to take them to the hospital. During the course of the next hours, according to a TV report, the 12-year-old daughter drew a picture of Jesus and a heart for Chen (as there was a language problem between them), and she indicated to him to ask Jesus in his heart. Apparently then Chen got on his knees and sincerely prayed to receive the Lord!

It all ended some hours later with Chen giving himself up without further incident, TTL. Here was a man who seemingly had no respect for human life and had planned to even kill himself up to a few hours before he surrendered, having a total change of heart—due, we believe, to the Lord's intervention through a sincere Christian family who in spite of their perilous situation were concerned for this man's soul.

During the event we were praying too that somehow this situation would be a witness to all, since it was mentioned on the news reports about the family involved being Christian. That evening there was a discussion program on the local English radio station, inviting people to call in with any comments they had on the event. As I heard people calling in airing their grievances about the police force's failings in the case, the faults in the justice system and a whole bunch of mainly negative viewpoints, I was getting convicted by the Lord to call in and somehow mention the Lord's intervention in the situation. I finally prayed that if they gave out the call-in telephone number again, that I would take it as a sign that I should do it by faith. Sure enough the number was given, so I called right away!

On the air I mentioned about the daughter getting Chen to pray, about the Lord's love and forgiveness even for someone as bad as he was, and how this family's faith in the Lord had helped them and used them to be a witness in this ordeal.

It was quite brief, just a couple of minutes, but I believe the Lord got out a little reminder to people that He was the One Who was in control, and that He loves even the worst of people and helped end this situation relatively peacefully.



Mark

Jared

and sonny

Some more NUTS



FROM HEIDI TRANSLATOR, BRAZIL

When I read the section, "Why Strive for the Charter Member Standard?" in GN 746, I was reminded of a personal testimony along this line. I'll go back in history to when I was 12. My family and I went on a trip to a historical tourist town on the coast, three to four hours away from our home. It was a fun day. We visited the little town and another nearby beach town and were on our way back home around seven or eight in the evening.

It started to rain heavily—one of the so-common summer showers we have in Rio—so much so that we could hardly see our way ahead. The Rio-Santos road is a beautiful one through the mountains that goes along the coast, passing many of the beautiful beaches between Rio and São Paulo. It is a very dangerous one also, due to its many curves on the mountains.

Some of our tires were well worn and the road became very slippery, when all of a sudden my father, who was at the wheel, lost control of the car in a split second. Below us was a steep fall to the sea. My father cried, "Oh, no!" My mother, who was beside him on the front seat cried, "Oh, my God!"—kind of pleading to God for us.

Their voices woke me up to what was happening, and in that moment something or someone told me I was going to die. I had complete peace about it, though, and somehow I was so sure of it that I looked at my sister lying half asleep on the back seat with my brother and I and thought, "Well, my brother is sitting up; he will be okay. But my sister has her head against the door and she may get injured. I'm going to die anyway, so I'll just throw myself on top of her and protect her with my body."

I then proceeded to throw myself against her and then that's when I found myself going through a pitch-black tunnel, somehow moving upward. I had no idea what was happening. When I came to a stopping place I had real peace and started to review my whole life as if I was living it all over again.—Yet at the same time I was out of the picture and watching; kind of like a 3D movie. The difference though is that I knew every thought, every intention I had, and was judging myself as to what I was doing.—Every little thing, every childish quarrel, every little disobedience. There was no one to whom to justify myself. It was kind of like my conscience, which Dad said is the presence of God in us. In that sense God was bringing my whole life before me, and at the end, a being me ... (that I didn't see but that I knew was there) asked

It's funny to say "ask," because there was no talking in the way we do; just you kind of feel or hear in your mind. Anyway, he "asked" me if I was ready to go, meaning crossing to the "other side." From all I had seen of my life I felt that I hadn't done much with it at all, and kind of "asked" him for another chance.

I was then immediately back in the car, lying on top of my sister who was screaming frantically in my face. She thought I was dead. Was I?

By a miracle, the car had stopped against some rocks after turning over just once. It was in such bad shape that we just had to leave it there; it was totally useless. And guess what? The way the car had stopped was by crashing on its side, right at the door where I was. Anyone passing by and seeing the wreckage would have assumed that we would have been seriously hurt, especially the person leaning against that door that had been completely smashed. But we did not get a single scratch.—I didn't get even a slight bruise! It was a total miracle.

I believe the Lord spared us to save me so that I would be here today, and also in answer to my mother's simple, heartfelt prayer.—A three-word prayer, but full of desperation. All this happened in this super short period of time, while the car rolled over just once. Time in the spirit world is really beyond our human comprehension.—I had gone through my whole life in an instant.

All that to say that we will be the ones judging ourselves. We know if we did our best or not for the Lord. There will be no excuses, no "But so-and-so did this and that ..." We will give account of our life. There will be no comparing with others. And to me, that makes me check my motives and "what am I doing with my life" once in a while. As full of faults and as far away from the goal as I am, I can honestly say—and sometimes, especially when the going gets tough—that the one thing that helps me keep going is to think of the moment that I'll again have to give account of my life.

...OUR TIRES WERE WELL WORN AND THE ROAD BECAME VERY SLIPPERY, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN MY FATHER, WHO WAS AT THE WHEEL, LOST CONTROL OF THE CAR IN A SPLIT SECOND. BELOW US WAS A STEEP FALL TO THE SEA...



A duck's quack doesn't echo, and no one knows why.

The "save" icon on Microsoft Word shows a floppy disk with the shutter on backwards.

The combination "ough" can be pronounced in nine different ways. The following sentence contains them all: "A rough-coated, dough-faced, thoughtful ploughman strode through the streets of Scarborough; after falling into a slough, he coughed and hiccupped."

The verb "cleave" is the only English word with two synonyms which are antonyms of each other: adhere and separate.

The only 15-letter word that can be spelled without repeating a letter is

uncopyrightable.

Facetious and abstemious contain all the vowels in the correct order, as does arsenious, meaning "containing arsenic."

Emus and kangaroos cannot walk backwards, and are on the Australian coat of arms for that reason.

Cats have over one hundred vocal sounds, while dogs only have about ten.

The word "Obedimate" in chess comes from the Persian phrase "Shah Mat," which means "the king is dead."

Pinocchio is Italian for "pine head."

Camel's milk does not curdle.

An animal epidemic is called an epizootic.

All porcupines float in water.

The reason firehouses have circular stairways is from the days of yore when the engines were pulled by horses. The horses were stabled on the ground floor and figured out how to walk up straight staircases.

The airplane Buddy Holly died in was the "American Pie." (Thus the name of the Don McLean song)

The only nation whose name begins with an "A" but doesn't end in an "A" is Afghanistan.

The Main Library at Indiana University (in the USA) sinks over an inch every year because when it was built, engineers failed to take into account the weight of all the books that would occupy the building.

Aliens from a distant galaxy (the Zine's a hit there) come searching for lost companions on planet Earth! Just kidding! Hey boys ... Yeah, you muddy-looking ones, similar interests are found in common: mud dipping!



Irene (13) Ariana (18) Isabel (16)
Colombia

NO WAY!!

From Naomi Mountain (19), Romania:

When reading in the "Problems and Solutions" series about the different problems that were highlighted, I was thinking like, "Yes, I've noticed some of these things myself. These things seem to be everywhere, at least in the area where I live." What I didn't want to admit was that I was facing battles along these same lines, and that the message was not just for the Family in general, but it's for individuals and specific situations. We're getting closer and closer to the Endtime and the Devil is fighting us like crazy.—Because in spite of all odds we are getting the job done.

I know for myself that whenever I stopped reading the Word—and by that I don't mean literally just reading it, but really absorbing it, letting it speak to me, letting it change me—those were the times when I was faced with so many doubts about things that I thought I would never doubt. In those times I had to fight discouragement all



(Left to Right) Anai (19) Esther (15) Mark (14) and Tali (15) in front of the main building of what used to be TSC. Right outside of Mingus, Texas. September, 1997.



the harder (which is one of my NWOs), and I know by now that the only cure for it is the Word.

This time when I was so discouraged I finally saw the Enemy's tricks, and at that moment I almost shouted: "NO! No way I'm gonna give in to these filthy doubts and play the game the Devil wants me to play! Forget it! I'm not gonna listen to him anymore! He might be right about some of the things but I'm not gonna let myself be deceived by his dirty tricks and I refuse to serve his purpose!" I also realize that resisting the Enemy is something we have to constantly do because everybody knows he's quite persistent.

Another thing that encouraged me was the prophecy "Crossing the Jordan—Fighting a War on Two Fronts!" It's so nice to see that the Lord knows how hard it is to fight the battle that we are in now, and that it takes a lot of faith, endurance, willingness and that the waters are deep and raging. By no means are the Lord or Mama thinking that things are pretty easy here on the field. They know how hard it is and they have great compassion and understanding, and they are proud of us for being willing to fight and not give up.



Phillip, Dawn and Cephas (CROs) at a JETT/Junior teen camp doing a macarena number called "Hearing from Heaven!"

Keeping up with the gift

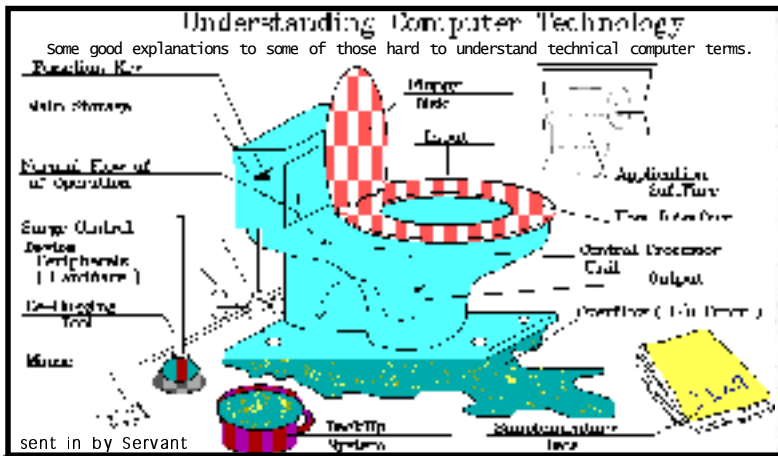
From Pandita (15), Thailand:

Recently my walk with the Lord and intimate relationship with Him had cooled off to an extent and I began to feel unhappy, unchallenged and somewhat dissatisfied with my place of service. But reading the "Mama's Surprise" series has brought to light the importance of each of us having our own weapon of prophecy and daily practicing and sharpening our swords so that we won't be caught off guard in the Endtime.

Although I had the gift of prophecy already, it was pretty non-existent at that point, LFM!



The DC show troupe in Canada



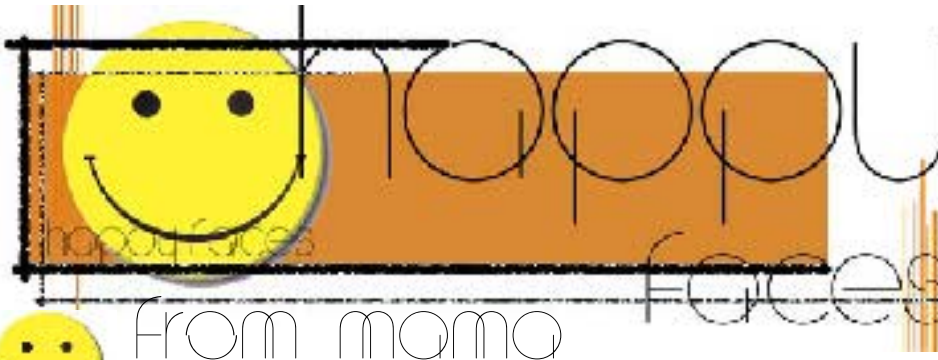
lack of faith and asked Him to renew in me the desire to receive His seeds straight, fresh for myself. Jesus answered me with some extremely beautiful words of encouragement, and I'm so thankful I took the time to stop and hear from my Husband.

It's a real battle

During our monthly prayer day, we all prayed that we'd have the faith to get the gift and if we already had it, that we could use it more. Afterward in my room I got desperate and cried out to the Lord to forgive me for my

to keep up with it; some days it comes and some days it doesn't. But I'm learning not to get discouraged if I don't get anything, and just know that it's all part of exercising my gift and preparing me for the days to come.

Felix and Dude



from mama

Hi, guys! I love you, each and every one of you! Here's my first attempt at writing something for the Zine—so please forgive me if it doesn't exactly come out sounding "Ziney." I had something on my heart to tell you, so I'll just speak frankly and shoot straight—I hope that's okay with you.

It's about the photos we receive from beautiful you—you know, the ones you send in for the Zine or other pubs. We love seeing and hearing from each of you and

the interesting and unique ways you are different and special—and it's fun when that comes out in the photos. However, one thing which we all have is Jesus, and the Lord's Spirit in our hearts. Giving and showing Him to others is our purpose for living, and our love for Him and desire to please Him is what gives us the grace to make the sacrifices that come with living for others. Well, they can't really be called sacrifices, because they are very small and only for a short moment in time compared with the great and wonderful rewards and freedom we're going to experience soon! But, without getting into all that, I'll get to the point about the photos.

Recently the "trend" of photos we've been getting seems to be more the "make as hard a face or big a frown, as proud a look as I can manage, then take the photo quick before I lose that expression" type. Are you getting the point? I don't mean that you have to put on a



cheesy grin for each and every photo, and it doesn't mean we want you to lose your individuality or "freedom of expression." But, hey, smiling and loving looks are cool—they convey the Lord's love and Spirit to others, and isn't that what we're here for?

There was a recent doc or news clip about that very subject, how recently different successful companies—like Calvin Klein and others—have had to change their "models' image" to suit the changing tastes of the people they're trying to reach, and they were finding that smiles and pleasant looks "sold" much better than the typical hard, sophisticated, unfeeling look. In the surveys they did people were finding it more appealing, more sexy, more attractive, and hence buying the product more.—And these were young people, their target audience. Interesting, isn't it? How much more im-

portant it is for us whose product is Jesus, to give the look that "sells"—because what they see on your face and your shining eyes and beautiful smiles is your product!—It's Jesus shining through you!

I love you, and I'm proud of each of you who are laying down your life that others may live. Let's show it in our photos as well, and "let your light (Jesus!) shine!" Thank you for giving Jesus to others! He's so proud of you!

Love, Mama.

Computer-enhanced images! Identities withheld to protect the innocent.