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Top Row - Left to Right: Peter S. (18, of Tito & Christina), Cherish (17, of Steven & Peace), Nick (16, of Mark & Mercy), Daniel (21, of Paloma), Sara M. (28, Hungarian), Marcus (20), Stella (21), David (14, of Apollos & Dawn), Naomi (21, Romanian - ON COVER)

Bottom Row - Left to Right: Lisa (20), Teresa (24, of Carl), Peter BP (21, of Claire), Claire (25, of Peter BP Bulgarian), Sara S. (23, Ukrainian), Nehemiah (28), Maresha (24, of Aaron)

ANSWERS TO THE WEIRD WORD SEARCH IN THE LAST ZINE

From David and Michael, France

- 1: REVOLUTIONARY WOMEN
- 2: WENTING
- 3: NEW WINE
- 4: MOUNTAIN MEN
- 5: ALL THINGS
- 6: GET OUT
- 7: PROPHECY
- 8: TELEPHONE TRAITORS
- 9: LITNESSING
- 10: FORSAKE ALL
- 11: KEY OF DAVID
- 12: FELLOW MEMBERS
- 13: PERSECUTION
- 14: INSPIRATION
- 15: CATACOMBERS
- 16: GO FOR THE GOLD
- 17: HUMILITY
- 18: DISCIPLESHIP
- 19: BOTTLE BREAKER
- 20: JESUS JOB TIME
- 21: JERICHO MARCH
- 22: BACKSLIDERS
- 23: ENDTIME
- 24: OLD BOTTLES
- 25: NEW DISCIPLE
- 26: SUBMISSION
- 27: TRIALS AND TESTS
- 28: UNGUARDED MOMENT
- 29: LOVE CHARTER
- 30: NO LETTER
- 31: PROVISIONING
- 32: QUIET TIME
- 33: VIDEOING
- 34: BRAVE PIONEER
- 35: YIELDEDNESS

And the sentence hidden inside the crossword that is described by the picture is:

WELL DONE THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.

bleats from the sheep

A letter received from Manuela, a 17-year-old sheep in Romania. Sent in by Joy Praise.

Since I met the Family, my life has radically changed, because Jesus came into my heart and I received the Holy Ghost! I have had two major experiences that showed me that Jesus loves me, and that I have to have faith in Him!

The first was after I had known the Family for two weeks. I had been very happy and laughing all the time, so much so that everybody asked if I was crazy. They knew me as always being serious and sad, so they couldn't explain the change in me. All of a sudden I felt that something was going to happen. I felt sick. So I went to the hospital to find out what was wrong with me. The doctor who examined me told me to lie down, as I'd had a heart attack, and that I'd probably die within 5-10 minutes. (This was my third heart attack.)

I lay down on the bed and closed my eyes, but I remember feeling very happy. I felt like I was moving upwards, but my body was still on the bed. I was looking around at the doctor and the nurses. They were talking about me, saying that I was dead, and that they had to put me with the other dead bodies. Then my spirit left the room and went into a dark tunnel. At the end of that tunnel I saw a very powerful light, and I was going into that light.

But at that moment I heard a very sweet voice telling me to go back and do what I had to do. As I came back, someone was guiding me. It was like a friend or a person whom I trusted very much. Then the doctor and the nurses realized that I wasn't dead anymore. I was alive.—Very much alive!

When I went home, I thought a lot about this experience, but didn't tell anybody about it, because I knew they would think I was even crazier. I only told the Family.

Then two weeks later, I was with my friend and her boyfriend in his jeep. I was in the back seat of the car and my girlfriend was in the front. All of a sudden I started to feel very dizzy, so I asked if I could please sit up front. Only five minutes later, the jeep crashed. My girlfriend was badly hurt and unconscious, and we didn't know what to do with her. There were no houses, no cars, and no one around. The only thing that came to my mind was to pray for her and ask for God's help. I think I was praying for 10 or 15 minutes. Her boyfriend was crying and telling me that it was no good, and that it wouldn't help. But I had faith and said, "If Jesus helps me when I have difficult moments in my life, He can help her too!"

After a few more minutes a car came, and a man got out and asked us if we needed help. He let us use his mobile phone to call the hospital, and soon the ambulance came to get her. The doctors examined her and told us that she should have been dead by that time! "She is in a very serious condition! Her injuries are fatal," they said. I started to pray for her again.

Two days later she was walking again and got out of the hospital! The doctors told me that this was an absolute miracle! Usually people in a condition like hers die within eight hours.

After all this I know for sure that when you have a problem, you can ask Jesus to help you, and He will! And when you ask Jesus into your heart, He will always be with you, wherever you are! ■

Memories of Mama

--By *Bethy*



Happy birthday to our Queen Maria! Since it's that time of the year, we thought you might enjoy a couple interesting tidbits from some of us who lived with her ... so here you go!

MY MOM

When I was a kid, my big responsibility was to circle the number of the next day on this calendar that Grandpa had, cuz it was far away from his bed, and he told me he would always get mixed up about the date. So if I circled it, it was much easier to tell which day it was. I suppose it was mainly to make me feel important. So it was July, and I decided to circle Mom's birthday at the end of the month while I was there circling the day's date. I was just about to show Grandpa, but Mom saw it first and quickly shushed me up so he wouldn't remember, and I guess drag her down to another birthday talk before it was absolutely necessary! I remember thinking she was really quite displeased with me, which was an unusual reaction! Guess she's sure changed about the birthday thing.

One thing I remember really well is that Mom bought a whole series of storybooks for us, there were about six of them I think. And every night she'd come into David's and my room and read us one story a night, for a long time. Either that or selected poems from this big book she had. They were cool. I'm just real glad I got to have my mom read to me as a kid; it's pretty special, especially since she can't read anymore. Somehow, years later I even found a photo of her and me reading those books on our bed, so I won't ever forget that.

--By *Keana*

The first time I met Mama, I was six years old. My dad had just started working with the Folks, but he wasn't yet living with them full-time. Sometimes he would visit them and spend the day at their house. One day he brought me along. I played with David all day and didn't realize that I was in "Grandpa's" house till Daddy finished his meetings, came downstairs and told me someone upstairs wanted to see me. I marched up the stairs to find Mama waiting at the top. She was about seven months pregnant with Tech. She gave me a great big hug. I was all interested in the fact that she was going to have a baby and she spent quite a while talking with me, explaining how far along she was, answering all my questions, and letting me feel the baby kick. It made a big impression on me. Then she asked me if I wanted a surprise, and told me that Grandpa wanted to see me. She took me into the next room to meet him. I sat on his lap and talked for a while, as Mama snapped pictures.

I visited again with my mom for a few weeks when I was about 10. I stayed in the same room as David, Davida and Tech. I was going through jetlag, and so would wake up real early in the morning. Every morning, really early, Mama would come into the room and cover up all the kids, and check on them. And since for the first little while I was always awake, she'd come over to my bed and sit down and talk to me for a few minutes and pray for me that I'd be able to sleep well. At the time the KTKs and LWGs were just being published, and every morning when she came, she started to bring me advance copies of the new stories to read. I always enjoyed seeing Mama each morning like that, and was sorry when I finally got on schedule and would sleep through her visit. Sometimes I would wake up as she was covering me, and she'd give me a kiss on my forehead and apologize for waking me, although I never minded.

In the famous "Teen Training" days, recorded in the BTH (I was Ruth, the one always getting in the most trouble), us four girls spent six months at the Folks' house. I was 12 at the time and the youngest of all the girls. We didn't have a whole lot of contact with Mama, as she was busy doing her work and we were having teen training, but one incident I remember very well. At dinner Grandpa would often come and talk. He would sit at the head of the table with Mama, then David, Davida and Tech. I would sit next to them, and then Grandpa

had us girls sit the next closest to them. So we were right up close at the head of the table, right in "firing range," ha! We all considered it a real honor to be seated up so close to them, because it was a long table and those at the very end were pretty far away. Grandpa was always so encouraging and full of faith about teens and about us girls in particular. He would go on and on about how we were going to be leaders in the Endtime and were going to do wonderful things for the Lord. It was encouraging, but sometimes you'd think, "You're talking about me? Are you sure you have the right person?"

One day, another girl and I had gotten a big correction and had been punished for constantly bickering and arguing. We'd also had a real heavy class that morning; it was just kind of a "major" day. That night at dinner Dad was being real encouraging to us, and he said something like, "You're probably wondering how I can say such things about you, when you know the kinds of problems you have, and how much you blow it." Meanwhile I'm sitting there thinking, "Oh no! He knows! They told him!!!" We must have all looked really worried, because Grandpa quickly said, "Well, don't worry, I don't know all the details. Nobody tells me the bad things, I just know the good things. You know, Sara may tell Mama ..." And then Mama piped up and said, "But Mama doesn't tell Papa!" And everyone laughed. We breathed a great sigh of relief! I remember being so thankful that Mama didn't tell Grandpa all our problems. ■



What a load of great responses we've been getting from you, about celebrities past and present who have been touched by the Lord's love and Words! There's been an impressive turnout so far, with undoubtedly more to come, so rather than attempting to print them all in one shot, we thought to perhaps prolong the experience over a few Zines.

So here is the first of however-many-there-end-up-to-be, in all their glorious fame!



Boris Becker

(From Renee, 17, Croatia:) Recently, Tina (a friend), Sam (of Joy), John B. and I went to the city of Split, a town along the Croatian coast, to participate in the ATP Croatia indoor tennis competition—mind you, not to challenge Boris Becker, Goran Ivanisevic or Greg Rusedski to a game of tennis, but to help with a program known as "Kids' Tennis Week."

A friend of ours



Sam, Goran Ivanisevic (ranked 13 in the world) and me (Renee).

fame & glory

(From Kento, Japan:) I had taken a part-time job for fund-raising purposes. When my boss heard that Coolio was in town doing a concert, he bought some tickets and invited a few of us teens to go with him.

The place was packed with people. About halfway through the concert, Coolio started to call people up to the stage to rap with him.—Let's just say that they didn't know how to rap! Anyway, he wasn't too happy with the results. On top of that, none of the audience knew a word of English, so they couldn't understand him. Then he noticed Dan and I talking in English up on the front row, and called us up on stage with him. We were up there for a few minutes, then left.

After the concert we hung around the backstage where we met one of his personal bodyguards, and when we asked him if there was a chance to meet Coolio, he said he would go check. We waited a while, then he came back and took us to see him. I got a chance to talk with him, and told him about our volunteer work in Kobe and our missionary lifestyle, to which he re-

plied, "Right on, brotha! Right on!" He seemed quite impressed by our sample of being missionaries here in Japan, and was very friendly. I also got my T-shirt autographed by him and the members of the 40Thevez, and took a few pictures with them. (Don't forget your tracts when going to see famous folks!)



Coolio

helps organize this program here in Croatia, set up to let school-aged kids try their hand at tennis. He had asked if we could help him with some programs connected with the ATP tournament and about 1,000 kids from different schools in Split. After seeking the Lord on the subject, He showed us that this was an opportunity to not only help a friend and receive some help for the Home, but also would be a golden chance to meet and witness to some of the world's best known tennis players.

Our part of the program was to interact with the kids, dressed as clowns and mascots. I got dressed up as a big bunny rabbit. Unbeknownst to us at the time, the winner of this particular ATP tournament, Goran Ivanisevic, is nicknamed "the rabbit." This gave me the opportunity to cheer him on when he'd play a match.—This wasn't hard as he's a superb-looking player, ha!

On the final day of the match, I also got to go on the players' court to personally hug and congratulate Goran when he won the match. At first he didn't know if the rabbit with the mask on was a girl or boy, but after removing my headpiece, his somewhat startled face broke out with a smile. — Ha! This all was broadcast live on TV, and via newspapers.

That evening, we were invited to the tennis players' party, and were able to give Boris Becker, Greg Rusedski and a number of other players some lit and tell them a bit about our work. Also on one of the days Goran Ivanisevic came to play some tennis with the kids. We took this opportunity to give him some lit and also talk.

Greg Rusedski



Goran Ivanisevic

(From Noel, 17, USA:) While out canning one day, I was

able to give a brief witness and a poster to Andruw Jones. (For those who don't follow baseball, Andruw Jones is a player on the Atlanta Braves, the 1995 World Champions. He's broken numerous records, including Mickey Mantle's record for the youngest player to hit a home run in a World Series game. He was nineteen at the time.) Andruw waved and motioned for me to come over to his car—mind you, the light was green—so I made my way across the street. He rolled down the window, smiling, and as I explained our work he dropped a twenty-dollar bill into my can. I gave him a "Lion, Dragon and



Andruw Jones

the Beast" poster as he drove off. He seemed to be a sweet and humble guy, and I was glad for the opportunity to give him the message.

(From *Abe Deliverance, USA:*) In the early days, our ministry to the movie stars was always a sideline to the real reason we were out there witnessing the wonder working Words. We made a conscious effort to hit movie sites and trailers before the days of high security, and made a lot of progress in surprising movie stars, ha! The place was L.A. and specifically Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Brentwood and Century City. Here are some of the people we met.

Needless to say, these are quick encounters that usually require a quick witness and ML or tract, so always be prepared.—Especially in these days of high security since the assassination of John Lennon, and so many "stalking cases" by weird fans and followers.

We would also pray our way into rock concerts as youth counselors or drug counselors, and try to get lit packs to various stars, such as DONOVAN, NEIL YOUNG, MOODY BLUES, and others. Your influence via the Word goes a long, long way in their empty lives. Read the Letter "Kings" and you'll see that the folks who minister to the rich and famous are few and far between, so be a brave volunteer to reach 'em! GBY!



Mae West

Famous movie actress from the 30s and 40s who played opposite W.C.

Fields. She loved stopping her limousine to get another MO Letter. She would have her chauffeur give us a donation every week.



Burt Lancaster

Always took a MO Letter but never gave a donation. He would tell us, "Giving is a virtue and I'm not virtuous!" Ha!



Donald Sutherland & Elliot Gould

Both were "hit" on the sets of a movie while in their dressing rooms. With Donald Sutherland I simply opened the door and caught him dressing between scenes. He offered me his wallet, thinking I was a thief, ha! They both got "Don Quixote" and gave a donation.



We were provisioning in Hollywood and were turned down by the manager, but Mickey came to the rescue and gave us a meal and his testimony. He lived a wild life in his youth and was witnessed to by a waitress in Tahoe, California, at a low point in his career. Very interesting guy with a lot of stories about "Hollyweird." Ha!

Mickey Rooney



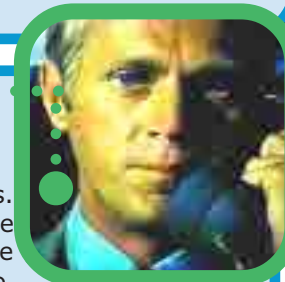
Bill Cosby

Very disappointing, as he rejected us at every encounter and always refused to give us the time of day. He's had a lot of personal misery in his life lately—maybe to make him desperate!



Steve McQueen

From "The Great Escape" and other old movies. He was very down-to-earth and would always give us a donation, whether in or out of his vehicle. He died of cancer with a Bible on his chest in Mexico. While trying to find a herbal cure he found the best cure of all: Jesus.



Jay North

Of "Dennis the Menace" of TV fame. He got saved with us and took us to a Hollywood party to witness to his other friends.



Patrick McGoochan

(the evil king of England, Edward Longshanks, in "Braveheart") – It was a chance encounter where we ran into him in a motel lobby. I told him that Jesus loved him and gave him "Don Quixote." He stopped to talk and was very hungry, and started to pour out to us. Then some weirdo walked up and started saying, "Don't listen to them!—They're the Children of God!"—A lost moment!

Eman



Name: Eman

Age: 23

Sunsign: Sagittarius

Status: Taken by my beautiful wife Katrina, and I have 4 kids!

Time you've worked in Family recording: Six years

In studio work full-time or part-time: Full-time

Your musical specialty: Guitar

Your favorite Family song: It would be hard to name one song as my favorite, since there are so many good Family songs. So I'll just name a few of my favorites: "The Famine," "Your Love Takes Me Higher," "World Without End," "Lady Maria" and most of Simon Black's songs. (GBY Simon!) Also "Whispers," "Far Country," "Battleground Years," "Love Is the Answer," "I Am Your Bride," "Fifth Dimension," "Lost in Your Love," and the list goes on. Basically I like songs that have a good hook line and melody that sticks with you.

Song that you worked on which you're most happy with and why:

Personally the determining factor on how happy I am with a song depends on how much others like it; so far the song I've gotten the most response for has been "Close Your Eyes."

Song you've recorded which you're the least happy with and why: From

Eman- Don't get me wrong - this (BM) stands for "Blues Man"

Katrina during filming of "Marriage Supper" at the botanical gardens, 5-1/2 mos PG with #3.



Katrina

a producer's point of view, when listening to a song a few weeks after I've completed it, there's always something I wish I had done—mix-wise or arrangement-wise. Of course there are some songs I could redo from scratch, but I'd rather not name those.

Inspiration/vision/styles for the future: Upbeat, pop, R&B, dance, ethnic, etc.

Comment: I would like to express my thanks to Mama and Peter for having the faith and vision to let us young "upstarts" integrate into the music ministry and the many other ministries in the Family. I hope we have proven ourselves worthy of your faith in us. And to all of you Zine readers, GBY! ILYA!

Name: Katrina

Age: 23

Sunsign: (Clue: Vol. 2, ML #293, pg. 2340. Initials of the Letter: FF)

Status: Five gorgeous guyz (one big and four small) are what fill my days and nights and keep me hoppin', poppin', bouncin', and the big guy ... well, I'll leave the rest to your imagination.—I just capsualized your daydreams into one little nutshell, didn't I, girls? You ask yourselves, "How did she do that?" Sounds dreamy, huh? Well, this isn't a misprint, but an everyday, awesome reality! I've got five equally charming knock-outs with great personalities (altho' I must

admit, the tall-dark-and-handsome one definitely takes the cake) who take up all my time, so I guess, getting back to the "status" question, you could say I'm taken.—Although, hey, one or two more couldn't take up any more right? Variety is the spice of life!

Time you've worked in Family recording:

My first actual "professional" singing experience was when I was eight and Singing Sam got 72 of us kids together from the Brazil Combo and determined to make a choir out of us (that took a lot of faith!). "The Rotunda" (a sort of small circus tent in the middle of the campground) was where Sam took all us clowns to get set up to roll ... the four-track (or was it a half-track?!). Needless to say, it was quite a feat to get us rambunctious kids singing together well enough to be able produce something other than racket, but, amazingly enough, we ended up churning out a tape of traditional Brazilian Christmas songs! That's where I got my first shot at a solo!

A little further on down the line, if any of you old-timers noticed squeaking in the Spanish/Portuguese DTD backups, well, that was me trying to "help out" (at 10 and 11 yrs.) with the adult back-up vocals during the adult-female-vocalist-shortage time. Of course, I was on cloud nine, and thought "Wow, this is major!—I get to sing with the adults!"

I must say I had a few delusions of grandeur which I'll let you in on just for a good laugh's sake: Altho' I did lots of back-ups, my dream during OC/JETT age was to "attain" to doing some adult leads. This is embarrassing, but

it wasn't an uncommon occurrence to pass by the kitchen, clotheslines ... or, the shower, and hear an 11-year-old singing "Mother Let Me Live," "Appreciation" (you know, the one about " ... a lady in the courthouse..."), "I'm Glad to Be a Woman," etc., with gusto! Unknown to the bewildered passerby, I was off "somewhere else"—recording in a fancy studio or singing before a crowd of thousands. All too often my fantasizing would be interrupted by, "Ahem, could you turn the decibels down a few notches?!"

You see, I have quite a loud voice when singing, and unfortunately don't usually realize how loud until nudged. That reminds me of a time, doing back-ups for the "Marriage Supper of the Lamb" when everyone was huddled around the mike. I kept being asked to, "Please move back a little, Kat," until finally I was all the way in the next room. Then the technician finally said, "Oh yeah, I've got a good level and blend now; stay there!"

When at the Mexico TTC and I'd just turned 12 (my nickname was Katrina BB—literal translation: "Big Boobs"), altho' my body was developed, my voice wasn't, and I embarrassed myself by trying to imitate a professional opera singer! I got up in front of the entire crowd of more than 100 people and sang (or I should say tried to sing) one of Quito's songs that goes real high at the end: "Let Me Be with the King and the Queen." Anyone who remembers this song will know how silly I must have looked, but I'm learning to "put my behind in the past." So, enough of my "shrinking" episodes for now.

In the next few years, my singing experiences consisted of being off and on in the studio, mainly doing stuff in Portuguese, some shows and an occasional English project like "All the World Shall Wonder" when 17. (Altho' I got filmed for this song much later, when almost 6 months PG with my third kid!)

Soon afterwards, Eman and I got it together (a whole story in itself) but to make a long story short, after a little "getting to know each other,"

"Since you've got it, flaunt it; and if you want'm, make'm!"



Eman and Katrina



The three musketeers: Deryk (3), Steve (2) and Felix (1), riding their "Black Stallion" during that favorite time of the day: "Wild time" ... Oops!—I meant to say "Family time."

I think I've got a good level now!—Deryk or Eman and Kat.



Sometimes a guy's just got to be alone. —Stevie 2 1/2 or Eman and Kat.



I bet you can't guess ... Yep, I got pregnant! We got married when I was about to pop (8 months)!—Now almost four years later, we have four kids! Let me boil that down for you: In the 48 months that we've been married, I have been pregnant for 36, and the other 12 months out of the 48, I was nursing babies full-time!—You see, I'm part of the chosen few 5% of women who get pregnant while still nursing (and I mean full-time, without so much as even a water bottle!). So I'd say we've made a pretty good average, huh?

After getting PG, I'd still do big shows right up until I had the baby! Afterwards, the System young people often said, "Wow, that's really cool!—You're young and up there singing on stage at eight, going on nine months PG and you're not ashamed of it!" Eman and I moved to BAS when our first son was 1-1/2 mos. old and, three kids later, we're still here!

Gosh, I really milked that question for all it was worth ... and more! Seems I have a slight problem with pontification, so getting back to answering the original question: I've been involved in Family recordings from age eight to 23, so 15 years!

In studio work full-time or part-time? Judging from the above-reported average, I suppose you've surmised that most of my hours are spent doing what I do best: granting (to the best of my ability) the wishes and ever-increasing demands of those cute guyz I told you about and ... on to the greatest part of all, making more with the tall-dark-and-handsome one! After getting my head out of the clouds and back down to



It feels pretty good to have so many cute guyz after me who think I'm "the sunshine in their universe," or who, when I pass by look at me with those adoring eyes and sing their theme song: "Close to You ..."

earth, I also try to manage some work in the studio, helping as a typist and childcare.

Musical Speciality: Vocalizing

Song that you worked on which you're most happy with and why: "All the World Shall Wonder," because it's when we first started expanding our horizons into being a bit more modern and I got my first stab at some ad-libs. "Heaven Beyond Tomorrow," because it felt good to be able to belt it out and sing at full throttle, especially towards the end of the song.

Hey, my loud voice finally came in handy, as opposed to being the cause of embarrassment! Lastly, "Golden Seeds."—It's fun to vent sexy feelings into vocals, besides the fact that it spices up recording sessions and adds a bit of extra "excitement" to both!

Inspiration/vision/styles for the future: VARIETY, with a capital V! I'm what you could call pretty active and have a small attention span, so I guess that carried right on through to my taste in music. I pray we can keep invading new territories of styles, beats and vocal as well as musical variety!

Comments: To all you despairing ladies out there who now think I'm the most blessed woman alive and are watering at the mouth to hear I've got FIVE terrific guyz when all you get is an occasional, once-in-a-blue-moon glimpse of such rare specimens, my advice to you is: Since you've got it, flaunt it; and if you want'm, make'm! ■

STUFF

An **UNUSUAL** visa application

(News reprint from DAWN Fridayfax)

Mustafa is a Christian Iranian, and is currently studying in India. He is married to Andrea, an Indian woman. As his visa expired, he went several times to renew it, but the officials just made him wait and told him to come back another time. Finally, he took Andrea with him, to prove that he really was married to an Indian woman. That didn't help either, because the official told him that "the marriage certificate has vanished from your file." He told Mustafa to return to Iran and apply for another visa from there, and even wrote a letter to the university telling them to nullify Mustafa's enrollment. The official was simply obstructive, and Mustafa decided that it was time to leave.

"As I stood up," he says, "God gave me a prophetic word. I asked the official whether he had a three-year-old grandson who needed prayer. He was astonished, and told me that his twin brother had an almost three-year-old grandson who was in definite need of prayer. His whole attitude changed, and he allowed us to pray for the boy.

"As we were on the way out, he called us back, and started speaking more politely with us. He told Andrea that she looked very similar to his daughter, then told me to throw away the letter to the university and come back the next day with my copy of our marriage certificate, where he would grant me a five-year visa."

Just **BETWEEN** the two of us ...

From Kylie Rain, Australia:

One night, I was in bed snuggling up with my best friend. We had just been talking—or rather, I'd been talking while He listened. I was telling Him about some huge trials I was going through, and He was catching my tears, kissing away the pain and reassuring me that there was a light at the end of my tunnel, and that He was going to see me through. He got me so cheered up that we ended up laughing together.

Then, in the restful stillness, I said, "Baby?"

"Yeah," He murmured.

"I'm so glad I can tell you anything in the world, without having to worry about how You'll take it."

"Me too," He said.

"You know what?" I told Him. "You can tell me anything you like, as well."

He raised His eyebrows a touch. "Anything?"

"Sure! There must be times when You feel like unloading just like the rest of us. I'm a good listener. Go ahead."

He ran His finger down the back of His neck. "Well, there is one little thing, but I feel kind of funny about telling you because I don't know what you'll think."

"Tell me!"

"It's just that ... Well, you know that tattoo you were thinking of getting?"

Now I'm a little wary of what's coming. "You mean the real cool one I was going to put on my ankle, with 'Faith, Hope, Love' entwined as a tribute to You, my Boyfriend?"

"Um, yeah, that one. I know it's a great symbol and all, but wouldn't it be kind of like buying a Christian Dior dress and writing 'Christian Dior' on the outside just so everyone knows what it is?"

"You've lost me."

"Kylie, to me you're like a rare, exquisite flower. The luster and glimmer of the colors in it are magnificent. It is perfect and elegant in its simplicity. Now what would you think if that flower allowed some amateur, pen-happy mortal to draw pictures on its delicate petals?"

"Yeah, I see what You mean."

"Or, I could compare you to a valuable gem, although to me you are more valuable than all precious stones put together. But let's say you're a rare emerald. Because of your unusual brilliance and beauty, you're a rare find, and extremely precious. I decide to take you to the top jewelers and see what would be the best thing we could do with you. As we look at different jewelry settings, someone comes up with the bright idea: 'Let's take a marker and write, "precious emerald" on it.' How dumb is that?"

He's got me giggling once again. Then I grow more serious. "But I'm just Kylie. I'm not so beautiful and rare."

"Oh, Baby! If you only knew," He whispered. Then He caught me in His arms and kissed every part of my body, describing it to me as He went, telling me how He made it, how He loves watching me grow and how everything He created is perfect in His eyes. Some of this is a little x-rated, so I'll leave you now, but let me tell you this.—If my Love thinks me so perfect in every way, there's no way I'm gonna go scribbling on His work of art! ■

ANSWER TO BIBLE RIDDLE
IN ZINE 020:

JUDAH



(SEE GENESIS 38.)

Here are the results of the great-and-glorious Zine Music Survey #3! Please note that this includes all tapes up to and including *In the House*, but none after. Also, many of the early respondents did not include the later tapes in their voting, as they had not received them yet. So songs on *In the House* and other late tapes are not represented in this survey.

the Zine's ...
OPEN

1. HEAVEN IS
2. THE DANCER
3. FIFTH DIMENSION
4. I FEEL IT
5. YOU ARE THE ONE
6. LADY MARIA
7. ALL I WANNA BE
ESSENCE OF LIFE
HERE IN SHANGRI-LA
8. WAKE WITH THE MORNING SUN
9. RADICAL TEENS
10. TILL THE END OF TIME



HEAVENLY ANSWERS FROM OUR COOL KING

and SHAKESPEARE SPEAKS

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER TO MAMA FROM A YOUNG MALE

Q&A

the "cool" question — ... and answer

wanted to ask about the use of the word "cool." A lot of young folks are starting to pick up on this "teen lingo," which I feel is perfectly fine,

as long as it isn't crude or harmful to others in any way. However, the usage of the word "cool" has never quite made it into my everyday vocabulary, as I feel sort of uneasy about it.

The reason why is this. I understand that the word "cool" nowadays sort of means the "in thing" or something to that effect. Actually, it's not really the usage of the word that I am concerned about, but of the actual "cool way" many of us youth are going. For example, I heard someone in the kitchen talking:

"Boy, I can remember the days when this 'cool' thing was going around, like we'd get classes on it and we all had to be so reformed. Like the letter 'What Is Cool'—that was a joke! We were getting corrected for 'wearing a colorful shirt with the collar up' and for break-dancing. Nowadays most of us do modern styles of dancing, whereas before you always had to 'hold your partner' when you danced. And then all the teens had to write all these GNs full of reactions on how they got delivered from being 'cool.'"

I just feel that with some people, "coolness" is a sort of worldliness that is mingled with the word and these are the fruits. Please correct me if I'm wrong, 'cause perhaps I am just an old bottle that is unwilling to reform to the new day and all the changes. Personally, when I hear the word "cool" being used, I naturally connect it with the face it was given in the above-mentioned Letter. But I would like to find out what is the right thing to do about it.

Heavenly Answers from our Cool King

(Jesus speaking:) Yo! What's goin' down, My man? Come on over, and listen up. I've some stuff to rap with you about. I know that all this "cool" business can look like it's getting to be a bit much. You wonder what it's all about, and what it's coming to. It concerns you that some of your peers, and even younger brothers and sisters, are getting into these really "cool" and vain worldly attitudes, and you wonder what the standard really is and how far all this "coolness" should be taken.

Just because I use all this "cool" stuff doesn't mean that the Devil isn't going to try and get in on it, too. He uses whatever he can to try to get My children sidetracked, and sad to say, there are some who are falling for it.

You know, the Enemy is trying to get in through this subtle attack. You know what he's trying to do? If he can get you to think that, "Well, the Word

used to say that it was bad to be cool, but now it's all right," then he can get you to doubt the Words that I am pouring forth now as well. After all, if all those Letters were wrong, then maybe all this New Wine is wrong too. And that leads to, "Well, why read the Word anyway if it's going to go out of style in a few years and we'll be doing something different?"

Do you see how the Enemy is trying to get in with this message? Through all this he is trying to destroy your faith in the Word, cut off your life, and alienate you from Me. Let Me tell you, there was—and is—nothing wrong or outdated in those old Letters about coolness. The principles still apply and are still as true as ever, although the circumstances may have changed. I have given you liberty to dress in different styles, and to express yourself and your individuality.

But in all these things, what really matters is your heart. Man looks on the outward appearance, the outward show, the things which are seen—which are temporal. I look upon the heart, where the true nature of man lies, often unseen to the eyes of the flesh.

There are many meanings to the word cool, but even the definitions do not matter as much as the spirit. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty—but the Enemy tries to get in to this liberty as well, and where grace does abound, sin seeks also to abide. But, while I am still greater than he that is in the world, the direction you go depends on who you choose to yield to. Are you yielding to the temptations of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life? Or are you seeking to revel in the freedoms of My Spirit? Are you choosing the cool spirit of Satan, of materialism, of Mammon, over My cool wild wind of the freedoms of the spirit? The choice is yours to make.

Again, these things of the flesh—wearing flashy



THE "COOL" QUESTION CONTINUED

clothes, earrings, bandanas—are not wrong in themselves. The things of the Spirit are the most important. Are you manifesting the fruits of the Spirit or the fruits of rebellion? Are you manifesting love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance? Or are you manifesting selfishness, sadness, worry, impatience, criticalness, haughtiness and indifference?

Those who are cool in the flesh, while they may appear to be accepted and lauded by the world, are but worms when compared to the coolness that I give unto those who have learned the ways of My Spirit. So set your affections on things above, for the things which are seen are temporal, but that which is not seen—My type of coolness—is eternal. *(End of message from Jesus.)*

(Shakespeare speaking:) To be or not to be cool; that is the question. Interesting, isn't it, how one word can have many different meanings. To be cool can mean to be far-out, to be new, original, different. It can mean something that is really neat. But it can also be something that is lukewarm—not hot, not cold, just plain cool.

I loved words. I loved to write, and I studied a lot about the meanings of words. I'm still very interested in languages, words, forms of speech, etc. But that's beside the point. I just wanted to talk to you about the word cool. You know, you guys—the Family—you're all just really cool. I mean, I've been down there to see a few of you, to help you with projects, writing assignments, getting stories, all kinds of things. And I think that you're all just a really cool bunch ("cool" in this sense meaning "out of the ordinary" or "different"). I mean, compared to what Christianity was like in my day—and still is in some places—you folks are just a way far-out bunch.

So, kid, don't be afraid to be "cool" for Jesus. You can be "cool" and "on fire" at the same time. In fact, in a sense, these can be one and the same. English is a funny language. You sit down, and also sit up—but these opposites in words are not opposites in meaning. They are actually very closely related. Isn't that cool? (Cool in this sense meaning something that is interesting, and catches your attention.)

Do you see how words can be used in many different, and sometimes even contradictory ways? That is the wonder and blunder of this English language. Words change, meanings change, fashions change, and even slang changes. What's "cool" now may not be "cool" tomorrow, and what was not "cool" yesterday may be "cool" today. But the Lord, the "coolest" of all the "cools," is really "cool!" So, go with the flow—the flow of His Spirit, wild and free. This is Shake, over and out!! *(End of message from Shakespeare.)*

DREAMS AND WONDERS

THE COBWEB LADY AND THE GREAT LIGHT

FROM LILY, ENGLAND:

Over a year ago, I had a dream which I was reminded of when reading the "Releasing the Spirits," ML #3145 in GN 753.

The dream began in a big, old, three-story English manor house where we had lived (Dunton Basset, the former BI Media Home). It was nighttime and I was on the top floor, but it was as if I could see with X-ray eyes through the floors. Downstairs, an ugly, evil old woman, clothed with cobwebs and seemingly quite ancient, was coming out of the basement in a challenging manner towards us, trying to scare us out. I could feel other friendly people around me, like Family members, and we automatically rebuked her. We were much more powerful than her, and she vanished.

She obviously had power to suppress others while she was there, because her disappearance seemed to enable other spirits to come out of the cracks and crevices and make their appearance. They were all very thankful that she had gone. It seemed that her evil was stronger than their goodness, and therefore as long as this had been her domain she had held them all down

under her control. The feeling I got was that all these people had lived here at some time or another down through the centuries and were bound here in their spiritual state, and that probably this scene had happened when we had first moved into the Manor, when we had made our traditional cleansing prayer over the house.

The next scene of the dream moved to Vietnam. I don't know how I knew it was Vietnam but I just knew it was. I saw the Family moving into the country, like re-pioneering and opening it up. I could see they were bathed in a glow of light, like they were bringing with them the light. I saw spirits reaching up out of their graves or out of the ground like they had been held captive there until this light appeared. They were reaching out for the light that the Family was bringing with them, like they had never beheld such a light, they were desperate for it and were being freed by it.

The dream reminded me that the power that God gives us is tremendous! We don't at all think of ourselves like that, but if we could see ourselves in the spirit as we really are, we have tremendous power.—Like Dad said once, it's as if we're holding in our hands a huge electric cable of God's tremendous power. ■

JIMI HENDRIX



One day when I was fooling around on my guitar, I was not trying to write any songs or anything, but all of a sudden words and music came to me with a rhythm and all, pretty much in one shot. I just wrote it down.—Then I forgot about it for about six months. One day I remembered the song and recorded it on a tape and sent it to BAS. A little while later I got a note from Jerry telling me it sounded like a Jimi Hendrix song. He asked if I, or someone in my Home, would have the faith to ask Jimi Hendrix to speak, as they could use more lyrics for the song. That was quite amazing to me, as I'd never actually listened to many of his songs.

So I was quite shocked, but I thought, "Could it be that Jimi Hendrix gave me the words and the song?" (I just don't understand why he would choose a stupid and poor quality "musician" like me—of all people!—That's the only reservation I have in thinking that this could have happened....) But the song is about "Who said we're dead?" and is this guy speaking from Heaven and explaining about it.

So I decided just to pray about it. I actually didn't expect to receive anything, because I had never heard any "dead man talking," but ... to my surprise, when I prayed, my mouth just opened and started speaking ... and I got a message from Jimi Hendrix. To me it was quite shocking—and a little spooky!!

Here it is:

(Jimi Hendrix speaking:) Yes, it's a haze; not just purple haze [purple haze was the name of one of his famous songs], it's gray haze, and a big and deep and strong haze, because you just don't see things that clear. Oh man, when you're on drugs you don't see things clearly. You think you're the center of the universe, and you become so apathetic to the world and all that you make a mess out of everything.

Oh yes, you rebel—you rebel against the ways of the world, and you question things, but have no answers. When you don't know what the truth is and you rebel, you just end up making a bigger mess. Yeah, man, such a mess! So many times I didn't even know what I was doing; I was just rebelling. So many times I was amazed that people started following me! But when you rebel and you just don't know what you're doing you are going nowhere and end up taking people nowhere also.

I know many of my things were nonsense. Nonsense in the sense that it didn't mean anything—dig it? It was just made to fill their ears. I liked to rebel

FROM PAULO TRANSLATOR, BRALIM sent in shortly before his Homegoing

in my guitar, because I loved music, I could feel music. It would pulsate with my being, my heart would pulsate with it, it would go up and down and I could feel the rhythm of my heartbeat inside my body.

Oh, I hated the system, the system was so bad, so mean, and even wanted to make money out of me. I just wanted to play guitar, to play my things, my music. I didn't care about money. I was so frustrated. Nothing could stop my frustration. I didn't know how to stop it either, so I wanted to end it all. And the more drugs I would take, the more it would take me away from the frustration, but it would lead me to a stronger frustration! There was no way out.

Music is a voice, a channel of the heavenly world. It can be used so much for good. Oh, what power music has when it's good. Makes you feel good, and, yes, I'm so glad we can communicate and speak from Heaven. You know, all you guys, you'll be surprised when you get up Here in Heaven, it's not just full of all the straight and most saintly people you thought were going to be Here for sure. Most of us were just

DEAD MEN TALKING





junky men, some were gutter people down there, and we are all in Heaven because of Jesus, because Here the values are different. Inside every man there is a being, and that's what counts in Heaven. It's not the body, the face, the nose, the way you're shaped, or the color of your skin, the things you have, but it's that core of the heart of man, the way every man is, that's what's coming to Heaven, your being.

Now I belong to the religion of people who do things, not of the people who don't do anything and just rebel. My religion now

That's what makes sense! Make a list of the good things you can do—not a list of your jobs and tasks, but good things that you can do for somebody during the day, extra things!—Not what you do already, but extra things, and do them! Be of the religion of people who do things—now!



And, man, if you want to rebel and do things, make sure you are doing the right thing and what the Supervisor wants. Don't follow my sample of just rebelling because I wanted to rebel, but rebel for the right cause. Get that rebelling feeling you have and put it on the Lord's side; He is the only good side, all the other sides are only factions of the one other side, the evil one.

Cool, man, dig it? Catch my drift? Oh, by the way, no more haze!—All crystal golden and blue and all colors, but all clear colors. Boy, I'm amazed, I said a lot. I'm not a man of many words, but I guess He gave me the words because I spoke from my inner being, the being that lives inside my heart. I love you and wish you all the best in life and in your work. I want to help you. No more haze, no more haze, no more haze. (End of prophecy.)

Jimi Hendrix was quoted in the Christian Digest "Hell's Bells", and when I went to look him up afterwards, my eyes fell on something I thought was interesting, on page 5: "One aspect of rock is a beat pattern that is incessant and repetitive, achieved by pulsating the rhythm line. Pulsation is the rhythmic, driving sound most easily associated with rock ... heavy metal and hard rock are built from a hard, straight up-and-down pounding rhythm that produces frustrated energy." I thought it was interesting because in the message received, that's how Jimi described how he felt music and even used some of these very same words like "pulsate," "up-and-down" and "frustration."



JIMI HENDRIX

FACT BOX

Famous rock guitarist and icon of the sixties who died of a drug overdose.

1942 - 1970

does things—good things, no more bad things and drugs and trips and nonsense. I want things that make sense. And I'll tell you what makes sense, it can be summed up in one word: Love!



INTERVIEW WITH Robert Louis Stevenson

FROM TIMOTHY (17), FAR EAST

Late one night, finding it difficult to sleep, the Lord laid it on my heart to ask Robert Louis Stevenson to speak. Sure enough, he did. The following is an interview I had with him. At first he starts talking and then I start asking him questions.

(Robert Louis Stevenson speaking:) "Hi! It's me, Robert Louis Stevenson. It's a great pleasure to know there are fellows down there listening to us up Here. If I would have known there was a way to communicate with the spirits while down on Earth, I would have gladly used it. A lot of people are unaware that there are spirits waiting to talk to them individually. I was thrilled when I was told that I was to take part in the story writing. When I arrived up Here, I thought my writing would be forever gone, but I was amazed to see that Jesus considered this project very important. It's all very exciting since I've started working on a story, and I hope to send it down to ya via 'Heaven's Mail.'"

"What's the name of the book?"

"The name of the book is 'Treasure on Raven's Bluff.'"

"Is it long? Are you waiting for a channel to send the story down to?"

"I knew ya were gonna ask that question. Yes, it's long, but ya will look forward to it. Now don't ya think ya need to undertake it, knowing how ye're already busying yourself with receiving other stories. If anyone who reads this has a burden to receive my story, go ahead ask (or by the time this comes out I might've found someone). I'm waiting, so don't be afraid to ask! Daniel (Defoe), my good friend, was one of the ones that really inspired me to write again since I didn't think I could write as good as some of these literary geniuses that are up Here."

"Is it easy for you guys to give us stories?"

"Well, from what I've seen it's not so easy, as it's a fight for you channels, and for us. For some it's a new thing and we aren't used to it. But I've also seen it go very smoothly where the channel found a quiet place and really tuned in. Is it all right if Daniel adds something to what I'm saying?"

FACT BOX

Famous British author who lived in the late 1800s. He wrote "Kidnapped," "Treasure Island," and many other novels and short stories.

1850 - 1894

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(Daniel Defoe:) "To add to what Robert was saying: sending a story down to you can be easy at times, and at times a real struggle. I myself have experienced sending stories. Sometimes I go too fast, leaving the channel a bit behind, and other times my channel isn't tuning in. (No offense!) When I started, it was a struggle, but after getting used to it I found it easier, and so did my channel. So to all you channels—do not get discouraged if it seems you aren't doing so well, just keep on going. Send them in and many will benefit from it."

"Robert, do you think you could tell us about the other writers that are waiting to send their stories?"

"Is there anything new or different that you are doing up There?"

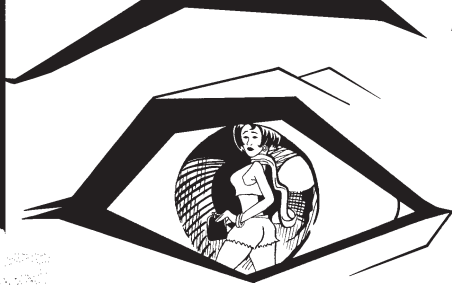
"Just a few days ago all the poets up Here got together with the Lord and we had a special poets' meeting. The Lord encouraged us to send more poems down to the Family. We all heartily agreed to send you poems. The Lord said that the poems could be used in your mailings and in your outreach. We were also told that this could be a great way to help your musicians, because poems can be put to music. So if any of you out there—I should say, down there—want to get poems from us, well, go ahead because we're waiting to give them to you. Don't ya think that there'll be only one style of poems. There will be all kinds—some for children, others for older people. Just ask for free verse and that's what ya'll get, and if ya ask for a modern-style poem with upbeat language ya'll get that. The list goes on and on. So grab yer pen and ask us for poetry and that's what ya'll get."

"In closing, would you like to add anything else?"

"Just keep on sending your stories in! There's many stories waiting to be given, including mine. I'm waiting for a channel. Are ya that channel? Don't ya think it's so difficult; I'll try my best to make it easy for you. Find some place quiet and ask, and I'll be there. All ya poets, we are waiting to send our poems. Some of ya have started getting poems from us and we are waiting to send ya more. Okay! I think I've said enough. God bless ya! Bye! Till next time."

Robert Louis Stevenson

A knockout in a micro-mini



Renee (SCA), India:

This testimony happened quite awhile back but I was reminded of it after reading Mama's GN on instant witnessing.

The setting is this:

A shy teen girl who hasn't been out witnessing in—let's see now,

almost two years. Doesn't make matters any easier as far as stepping out to actually do it! "Oh my God!! A road trip? I'm on it! Are my ears in proper working order or what?!"

The team arrives in a strange city and decides there's no better way to start the evening than to hit the local youth hangouts with the posters. Of course this wasn't exactly my idea; I'd have preferred to wait as long as possible before that fearful

moment arrived, but I kind of had to go along with it now that I was this far along. So the team lands up outside a local pub—real cool place, man! A vehicle pulls up and out steps this knock-out girl. I mean, around here in India you don't see girls decked out like that every day! The key word for this outfit was mini. The key phrase might have been "display your wares" type situation.

The dear guys on the team were sure enjoying this unfamiliar sight, when we we're all jerked back to reality by a familiar voice asking us teens to go give the girl a poster. I don't know if these symptoms ever pop up for anyone else, but with me at moments like these it sort of goes like: dizziness, sudden loss of breath, lack of ability to move or control the needed limbs, etc. Diagnosis? Pride. Cure: "Just do it!!"

Let's not prolong the agony anymore, so what happened?

By the time I got myself accustomed to the idea, she'd already walked quite far from us and was heading into the pub. "Great!" I thought, "She's gone now, they won't expect me to chase her." But they did!! Yikes!

"Here, this poster is for you! It's something about God's love for you." Before I had time to worry about what I was going to say next, I saw that she was crying!

"You must be an angel," she said haltingly. "Last night I was so high on drugs and so depressed with my life that I went into the bathroom of the guy that I was with for the night and tried to commit suicide. You see, I'm real messed up with a lot of guys right now, and my life's a wreck. This picture that you're handing me right now kept coming to my mind. It was the jacket of a tape you people had given me a year back. I couldn't end my life—something about that tape and the memory of you people wouldn't let me. Now the next day, you hand me the exact same picture! Are you for real?"

After that it sure was easy to talk! Dear Katrina prayed and got beautifully saved and came to many of our youth meetings. She was a real desperate, knock-out sheep in more ways than one, and I was so glad I obeyed the Lord and my shepherds and talked to her.

So don't let shyness hold you back! Those desperate hun-

gry souls need you!! That's right—YOU!—Even if you think you're a jerk and can't speak well or whatever. I've found that verse to be so true for me in many situations, "It is not ye that speak but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." And also, "Open thy mouth and I will fill it!" God bless you faithful witnesses around the world.

The tough and the rough

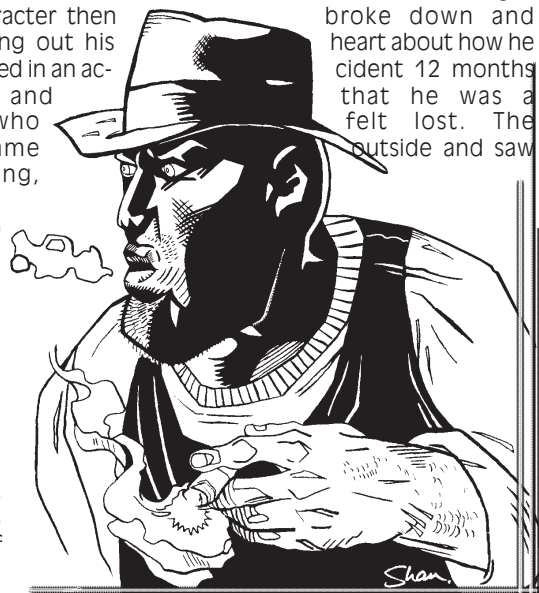
From Michael, Claire, Scott and Trust, Australia:

Scott met a rough type of character one day while out clowning. He wanted a free balloon for his little girl. Scott gave him a "Signs of the Times," poster as well as the free balloon. The next time Scott saw him, he asked the guy if he had read the poster, and he angrily replied, "If I'd have known there was a picture of Jesus on the front, I wouldn't have taken it." The next week, Scott was praying and this man came to his mind so he prayed for him. That weekend while clowning, the same man rather sheepishly approached the poster bag and while looking through it asked Scott, "What do you have for us this week? I'll put it on my little girl's wall!" Thank You Jesus!

Another time, while going out to pick up the weekly video snack, Scott walked into a local bar to get some beer. He still had his clown makeup on from the day's witnessing, and when a lady in the bar pointed it out to him, Scott used the opportunity to explain to her our outreach program. She said her husband was in prison and she wanted to ask Scott some personal questions, as she was seeing her husband's brother in his absence. This brother then walked over and was quite upset with Scott, as he thought he was making advances towards the woman. Scott went to get a tract and as he was re-



turning, he explained to the man that he was just answering some questions the woman had about Jesus. This rather tough-looking character then cried, pouring out his heart about how he had nearly died in an accident 12 months previously, and that he was a Christian who felt lost. The woman came outside and saw them talking, and Scott was able to lead her to the Lord. Then the man started speaking in tongues and interpreted his own tongues saying, "This man speaks words of truth." ■



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<article from="chris and marley">

<p>Here's the deal: we like the Zine guys. They're nice people; rather good friends of ours, really. So when we found out that a lot of people in various places were basically clueless as to what we actually have on our Members Only web site, we thought we'd ask them for some space in their Zine to do a little shameless self-promotion. They gave us a page, so here it is.</p>

Pub Downloads:

This is by far one of our most important sections, especially for all you Zine fans who would like to see your favorite pub in color. You can download the Zine way before it ever makes it to your postbox, and view at least parts of it in full, living color (with Adobe Acrobat) right on your personal computer. We also will post the *Grapevines* twice a month as soon as they come out, as well as the latest *Heaven's Library* and more. The best times to check the site for the latest pubs is around the 1st and the 15th of each month. You'll also find the *Wine Press*, *END*, and other GP pubs. More coming soon, DV.

Movies:

We list the newest (*Grapevine*) ratings as they come in, right on the movie home page. The entire movie list is organized alphabetically and by suggested age group as well. The nix list (non-recommended movies) is also available, and a search feature.
<tip> Click on the title of the newest ratings on the front page to get the movie write-up, movie photos, and prophecies if applicable.</tip>

Discussions: Go here to post comments and hold discussions with Family around the world, and don't forget to leave a profile.



feedback forms to send us your ideas and comments – that's what they're there for.

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MEMBERS ONLY

Find a Friend:

Pretty basic — just leave your name and who you're looking for.

Computers:

Our collection of computer-related stuff; it's mainly Internet links, programs to download, and helpful computer tips, the HomeARC FAQ (a list of Frequently Asked Questions and answers about the HomeARC) and a place to send your tips and links.

Songbook:

The inspirationalist's dream come true: extensive songbook with chord diagrams.

(Note: This is just a temporary feature, as we plan to send a full CD of this to each Home, complete with all the songs, and a program that will allow you to make custom songbooks, transpose songs, etc.)

Overflow:

There are mainly END-type news articles in here now, but we expect this section to grow as time goes on. We're hoping to get our hands on some good unused *Zine* material, and perhaps some from the *Grapevine* (articles that don't make it in due to lack of space); we'll see. So check back every now and then to see if anything has changed.

General Things:

A good place to see what's new is to look on the left-hand side of the main Members page. There we post what's the latest on the site. Feel free to use all the

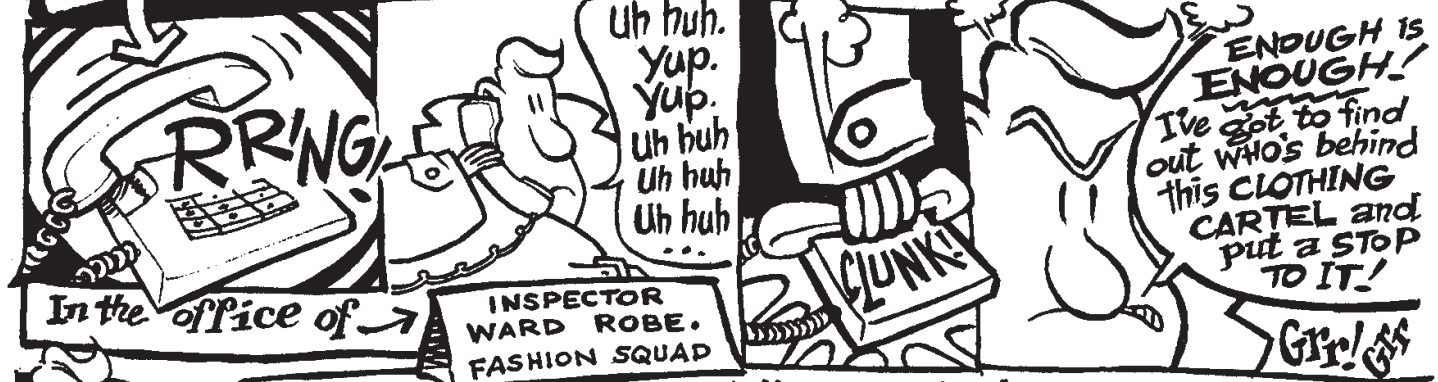
We hope it's not necessary to explain what a Chatroom is, but for any who don't know, it's a place where you can talk on-line with others around the world (they have to be on-line at the same time, of course); sort of like a long-distance phone call for the price of a local call.

Also remember, this is your site and it's gonna be what we make it, so if we all try our best to keep things nice in the posts and chatrooms, it'll be better for everyone.





The FASHION FIENDS!!



THE MANIAC MASTERMINDS of these PAINFUL PLATFORM-Shoe Plummetts

