

T.O.C.

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Why Sanity?

Why sanity?! This world is so insane
 With all the laws and rules and dos and don'ts,
 With all fake riches worth no more than dust,
 But valued more than human life by most.

Why?! Be insane if this decrepit world
 Will call those righteous that reverence no God,
 Will waste a fortune on the tools of doom
 And can forget about a starving child.

Why sanity?! To Hell with all these rules
 That keep us lying to our own hearts,
 That make us sell our friends while looking good,
 Wreaking havoc in our loved ones' lives.

To Hell with proper ways!
 This baloney of fools,
 Enough to make God puke just at the sight!
 Learn from a child whose unpolluted mind
 Won't call a wrong what's meant to be the right.

You, Hall of Hypocrites,
 enough of blabbing vain!
 Just let God speak and listen to His voice.
 It is not us, but you who are insane.
 Get on with life! Get saved while there's a choice.

And while we live, let us be what we are,
 A simple bunch of those that are in love.
 We are God's kids: no more, no less than that.
 And if this world is sane, well, then we're mad.

— Anonymous

BLEATS FROM THE SHEEP

From R. Ferenc, prisoner in Hungary

My dear Family, I love you very much. I received your letter today. Thank you so much. Everybody really liked the posters; I distributed them all today.

I'd like to share a testimony with you: I have a friend, Sándor, who used to be closer to Satan than to the Lord. He used to be a burglar. He was also beating up people, using very foul language, and picking on everybody. We talked a lot. The result of our many conversations is that through your posters and literature, and with the help of John 3:16, he started down the road which leads to the Lord. He stopped swearing, and always asks me, "My friend, teach me more about the Lord!" He even has plans to make things right after he's released from prison.

Then there is this other inmate. His name is Mihály. He is in prison for murder. He used to worship the Prince of Darkness, and he always prayed to him. In the beginning he didn't want to accept your posters. But then he was really bored and wanted to read something. Since I don't have any criminal novels, only literature about the Lord, he was forced to take your posters and publications. Ever since then he's asking me a lot of questions about the Lord.

I could write a lot about my other fellow inmates whom I led to the Lord with the help of your publications. I'll write more testimonies in my next letter... With true brotherly love, Ferenc.



THREE ORIENTAL DREAM-BABIES

FROM ANGELINA (17), OF ANDREW AND MIRACLE, BOSNIA

While on a road trip, Crystal began telling me one morning of a bad dream she had the night before. In her dream she had a baby in her arms, and was running away from a psychopath who wanted to kill the baby. She was scared and crying out for help.

Then Aaron came into the room, and said that four days earlier, Marisa

those children, those lost souls. *(End of message from Jesus.)*

He also said that this is how things will be in the Endtime, with us seeing visions and dreaming dreams. It was all pretty exciting!

FATHER DAVID FORETOLD

FROM DAN, UKRAINE

I met a former classmate who is eager to learn about the Family, because of something his mother's friend told him. She is a Christian, and just finished writing a new book about Jesus. She said the Lord gave her a vision of a Christian organization that came from the USA and whose organizer was "FATHER DAVID." She had never heard about the Family or Dad before! The Lord indicated to her that she would meet these foreign missionaries in order to find out more truth. Cool! He is leading His sheep into our hands!

Dreams and Wonders

had had a similar dream. Marisa came and asked if it was an oriental baby in Crystal's dream. Crystal said it was! Marisa had had the *same* dream, almost down to the minute details. Both were running away from a psychopath, in apartment buildings, with an oriental baby. We sort of got spooked. We thought it must have some significance, but what?

At breakfast we continued talking about dreams. Then my dad mentioned he had had a strange dream. I jokingly said, "It wasn't about an oriental baby, was it?"

He answered, "Yes, it was about a baby." He couldn't remember the details, but he remembered that it was about a baby that was in danger. YIKES!

After we returned home, I wanted to hear what the lord had to say, so I prayed with Vix about it, and here's what He said:

(Jesus speaking:) The baby is like lost souls and lost hearts. It does not necessarily mean the oriental people; it's just lost people like here in Bosnia. And the Devil is like a psychopath who wants to kill and destroy even the babies, even the children. He wants to destroy them before they can have the light of truth.— And you are trying to save them. You have them in your arms and you feel that pain. You wonder why on earth someone would want to do such a dreadful thing.

The Devil just seeks to destroy, to harm and to hurt, and as you call upon Me and ask Me to help you when you need help, I will be there. As you call out, "Help! Help!" I will be there. Yet it is up to you to help. Don't just stand there, but do something. You have to pray. You have to really ask Me, and I will be able to save

I SAW JESUS

FROM LYDIA, RUSSIA

Lubmila is 47 years old, a close friend who comes to our Bible studies. She had always wanted to see Jesus. The following is her description of how He answered her wish:

"One night, after reading the Bible and praying for the night, I thought about what I had read, and desperately prayed and asked Jesus to come. Then, with hope and faith, I waited. Suddenly, I couldn't feel my heart beating anymore. I didn't know where I was. It seemed I was in outer space, and I saw something approaching me, growing bigger and bigger. After a while, I saw it was Jesus. He was walking fast, with His head bent, looking at me. He had very simple clothes on—a white shirt with drooping sleeves, wrapped in a loose tunic. He came up to me with beautiful, beautiful eyes that were shining with love.

"Then He smiled, with a smile that I can't describe. He was just so beautiful, with light coming from Him. I felt a shiver go down my body. I saw my arms going up, and felt myself leave my body. I had these transparent clothes on. I ran into Jesus' arms. I put my arms around His neck. He hugged me. I started crying. He was repeating, 'It's okay. Everything's okay.' I stopped crying after the first words He said. I just can't describe His voice and the words He said. I was dancing with Him. I don't know for how long. It seemed like a long time, but it may have only been a few minutes when I came back to reality, but it was an amazing experience!"

TALKING TO DAD

FROM CLARA (OF SAMUEL), COLOMBIA

Two years ago, I was on a trip in the USA. I was at a table where there was a picture of Dad, and when I looked up, there he was, smiling at me with a very loving look. It touched me so much that I started to cry. I thought, "Why shouldn't I be able to talk to him?" When I did, he immediately answered me. Since then I always make a place for him when I sit down with Jesus, and we've talked many times.

fame AND glory



DUSTIN HOFFMAN

(From Andrew, USA:)

Our Home has a support ministry of selling vegetables at the "Farmer's Markets" in California. Arriving, mid-winter, at one of our smallest and slowest markets, we were pleasantly surprised to have the famous actor, Dustin Hoffman, as one of our first customers! He and his wife, and at least some of his six children spent about an hour-and-a-half talking to various farmers. Our neighbor, a Christian farmer friend, congratulated him on his non-conventional performance in "Wag the Dog," and for his kindness to speak so courteously with anyone, and so gracefully handle his notoriety with the public.

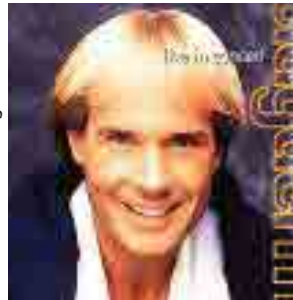
After light talk at our vending

booth, we prayed and the Lord said to go see him again. I gave him the video "Fantastic Journey" for his children, which he gratefully received, and was reading the jacket to it as we left. We had a brief chat about our work, about how real Christianity is often misrepresented, etc. He's a precious man. He said he's a reformed Jew. The video the Lord showed us to give him was the right one, as it has many of the Old Testament stories, and he is concerned for the upbringing of his children.

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN

(From Maria Swiss, Middle East:)

When Richard Clayderman and his musicians came to Bangkok, Rosita (who had met them all in Japan) contacted them. Dust, Rosita and I were invited to their concert. We had a good talk backstage with some of



the band members who were very sweet, especially Regis, the chef d'orchestre who does most of the song arrangements. The conversation went on mainly in French. They all agreed life as touring musicians can get a bit lonely, and they were looking forward to returning home.

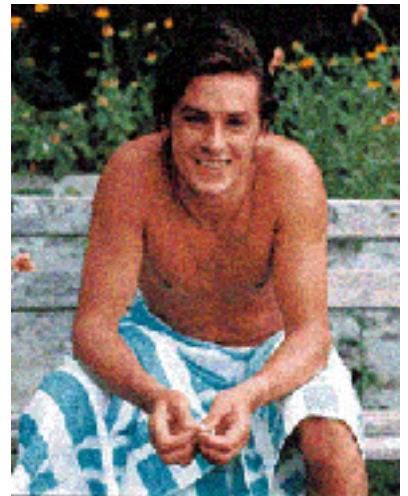
Richard also came. We chatted and told him, "Keep making heavenly music; the world needs it." We had a *Kiddie Viddie* ready for him, which he was happy to take.

ALAIN DELON

(From Maria Swiss, Middle East:)

Once when restaurant-singing, we saw Alain Delon. (He is a famous French actor; sort of a Robert Redford of France.) The waiters instructed us not to go near his table, as he was engrossed in a conversation with a charming lady. When we got home, we realized we'd really missed the boat, not having had a pack of lit ready to give him, as he has quite a bit of influence, being so famous. I felt bad for months, and prayed for another opportunity.

Then one day when I was standing in the pharmacy queue, he came and stood right beside my 10-year-old daughter and I. My heart was pounding with surprise, so I got her to pass him a "Life in the 32nd Century" poster, which we had just been distributing on the street. He warmly thanked her in surprise. PTL!

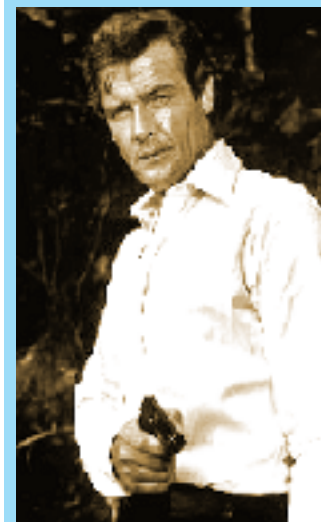


ROBERTO BAGGIO

(From Lily Iteen, of Davide and Maria Clara, Italy:)

We met Roberto Baggio (famous Italian soccer player) in Torino about three-and-a-half years ago, when I was 13. He was shopping with his wife and cute little daughter. As soon as my mom told me she saw him, I went running up to him with my sister and a friend and gave him a poster—the one of Jesus with the children.

He smiled and thanked me, saying he would put it up in his kids' room (he has a little boy too). He was real sweet and took his time to answer my questions. He's a Buddhist, so when I asked him if he wanted to receive Jesus he looked like he didn't know what to say, but just said, "Now I have to go." I'm glad the Lord made it possible for us to meet him and give him the message.



ROGER MOORE

(From Maria, of Paul, Nigeria:): In 1982 a sister and I met Roger Moore (played James Bond in some of the earlier versions of the 007 James Bond movies) and another man in a hotel bar. I arrived first and we started talking, me not recognizing him. The other sister arrived, and realized right away who I was talking with. Later other people started to recognize him in the bar too, and he asked me to swap seats with him, so he would have his back towards them and not be on the hot seat.

He was a very sweet man, very fatherly and concerned. We talked about God and I told him that I was about to leave for India with my husband and two kids. He was very concerned about our health and safe keeping.



MICHAEL JACKSON

(From Philip and Meekness, Namibia:)

We passed on a CD and poster to Michael Jackson, who was "unofficially" visiting Namibia for a few days. In the hotel where he was staying, we met his personal bodyguard, from Hungary, and he was very helpful. Please pray that the Lord will use this CD to touch Jackson's heart!

PRIME MINISTER OF NORWAY

(From John and Angel, Brazil:)

We received an invitation from the Norwegian embassy here to meet the prime minister, who would be visiting in early December. The first secretary, who is a friend of ours, told us that he was particularly interested in Norwegian missionary activities (Angel is from Oslo, Norway), especially CTP works, as he is a Christian. We felt a little nervous and at a loss for what to say or do, so we stopped to hear from the Lord about it. He said to ask for help for our CTP work here with youth who are at risk, convalescent children, and teaching slum children.

So Dec. 8th we drove to the embassy. The prime minister was delayed for over an hour, so the Lord led us to witness to his staff. When he came in, he greeted each person individually, and the chief of staff called him over to take some photos with us, GBH! We gave him a large envelope with an appeal letter in Norwegian, a Christmas CD in English, and our Family CTP newsletter in Portuguese, including photos of our children involved in the CTP.

Angel was able to witness in depth to the chief of staff, who was very attentive. It turns out he knows Angel's cousin, who entered the Foreign Ministry about the same time Angel joined the Family! (Small world in Norway!) When it was time to go, the chief told us, "I'm very impressed with your work. I promise you I'll make sure the PM gets a good look at all the contents of the envelope!" TYJ! Please pray for these dear men, especially the chief of staff.

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS

(From Andrew, NACRO)

I met her in New York City in 1974, very briefly talked with her and gave her a "Money Explodes," asking her to pass it on to her husband, Aristotle Onassis.



PRINCE CHARLES

Matthew (formerly Shem of Zeal) and I (Andrew) met him near Sydney, Australia, in 1976—much to the dismay of the Archbishop of Australia—when Prince Charles was on tour there. At one point while Matthew was talking with him, I stepped back

and took a pic of him and Matthew talking together. He was very receptive and open to the witness and lit.

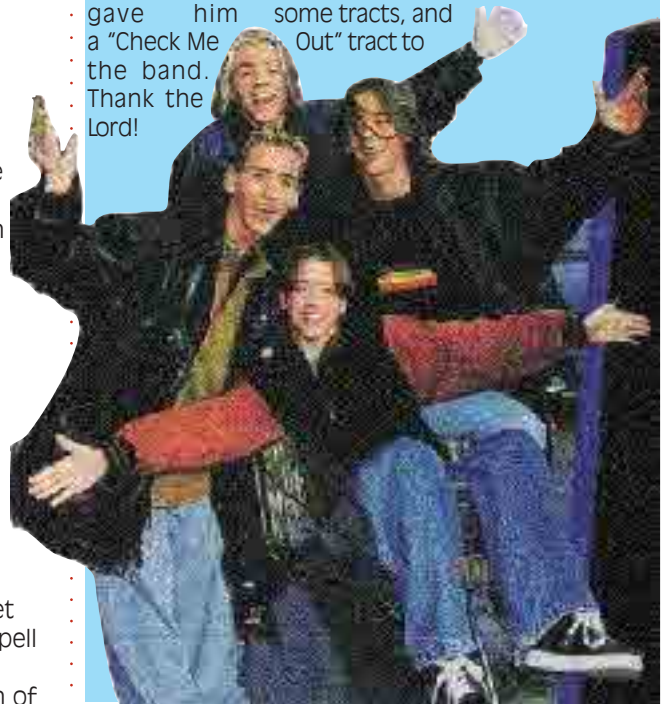


HENRY FONDA

Nathanael, Ira and I met him in Chicago in 1975. He was quite cold and very much like the description Dad gave of him in the Letters. We tried to talk with him and give him some lit, but he refused it vehemently.

GODSPELL ACTING TROUPE

Ezekiel and I met the traveling Godspell troupe (who did a musical adaptation of the life of Jesus in the 1960s) backstage in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1974, after one of their stage performances we had attended. The person who played Judas was much more receptive than the one who played Jesus—a real sinner saved by grace. Ha!



THE MOFFATS

(From Conny, Germany:) Some of us here in Germany have met "The Moffats," a Canadian band. Their production manager told me that they are quite famous and they're doing a world tour right now. Most of their fans are girls between 9 and 15 years old.

David C. met them in Frankfurt, with Christiana and Micha. They witnessed to Mrs. Maffett, the mother of the boys. Two days later my daughter, Jana, and I were able to talk with their manager. We showed him pictures of our last trip to the Ukraine to help the poor children in the orphanages there. He is a real sweet man and really wants to help. We gave him some tracts, and a "Check Me Out" tract to the band. Thank the Lord!

DON MCLEAN

(Author of "Bye-Bye Miss American Pie"): After one of his concerts in Auckland, New Zealand, in 1979, Faithy, Juan, Jan and I went backstage and talked with him. He'd met the Family several times before, and by this time wasn't so receptive.



FORGIVER AND FORGIVEN

One evening, after somebody made a sarcastic remark to me, I felt very hurt and bitter. As time passed, I started to feel more and more bitter. The Devil was reminding me of all the other negative interactions that I had had with that person. I knew that I was going the wrong direction, but I couldn't stop. I wanted to stop the flood of negative thoughts, but the Devil was telling me that I was right in feeling the way I did.

I took "*From Jesus—With Love #2*" and started to read the prophecies about bitterness. This showed me the seriousness and made me desperate to get the victory. I started to pray and review verses, and I forgave the person in my heart. As I clung to the Lord, He answered my prayer and gave me peace. I'd never felt like this before, but the Lord delivered me as He promised. "When the Enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him" (Isaiah 59:19b). TTL!

Angela Victory, Romania

CAUGHT!

I was having a rough day. I wasn't that in tune—rather the opposite of prayerfulness—and the day was so busy that I had sped through most of it waiting for it to be over. At the end of it, I felt terrible—like really out of it—because I knew I hadn't walked with the Lord that day and hadn't found sufficient time to read before I crashed out in bed.

That night I had a dream that I was moving somewhere with all my stuff. I was waiting at a bus stop and an older-looking woman came up and asked me, "Would you have a little of that to give?"

I looked at this scruffy lady and said, "What would your life be like with it?"

She answered, "What's your life worth without it?" I woke up right after that,



HAIRLESS BUT NOT PRAYERLESS

Some months ago my hair began to fall out really bad, apparently due to a sickness I'd had before. By the time I came before the Home a few times for prayer, I had lost a lot of my hair. I asked another Home to also please pray for me. I never really wanted to trust the doctors too much, but I prayed about it and the Lord said it'd be OK to take the medicine they offered.

A lot of this was because I wasn't so healthy, so I learned a lot of lessons about staying clean and tidy, and also spiritual lessons on laziness, etc. It was really a good time for me, and TTL my hair is starting to grow back. It had gotten to where I looked like I was bald, but now it's getting much better. I'm still praying that it will continue growing and stops falling out altogether. It's a real miracle, and I just wanted to testify about how the Lord healed me. So anyone out there whose hair is falling out—keep the faith!

David (16), India

but it left me thinking more of the treasures Above and the true values of the spirit, as well as where I was at in life and where I was supposed to be. I sure want my life to count for all it's worth before the Lord returns!

The next day was a far better one—easier and happier—at peace with God and at least more at peace with man. I learned two lessons pretty quick: One, to make sure my life for the Lord is worth what He gave me, and two, that if you think that you can run away from staying in check with the Lord you'd better watch out!—He might catch you in your sleep!

Angel (15), Thailand

INVESTING IN FOREVER

A point that impressed me from "Trash Your Trinkets" was where Grandpa said we're going to weep when we get to Heaven, to realize how selfish we've been and how reluctant to give our all or make little sacrifices when the Lord had so much in store for us. Even now I feel bad, remembering little jobs I weaseled out of; arguments I had to get the last word in; cakes I was sure to get the biggest piece of, and being left feeling like I was getting the best out of life. Now I see how temporary those things were, and the things that really mean something to me now are the times I gave up a few moments of relaxation to help someone out or volunteer for a job, the times I let a mean comment pass without answering again, let someone else save face, or saved the nicest piece for someone else who needed it.—In short, the times I gave when I could have taken, and made the day a little better for those I live and work with, are the things I'm better off for today. I realize how much more I could have given up of these inconsequential things, and invested into things I will keep forever.

Michael (SGA), France



P
front

Sahara

Sahara

Intro

SaHaRa

ducing



Upon landing in the Algerian city of Tinduf, picking our luggage off of the "baggage claim" (in this case the airport floor), and going through customs, we still had no idea what to do or where to go. We asked the Saharan organizer who had come on the plane with us. He told us that the Saharan Ministry of Culture had arranged our shows for us, as well as a place for us to stay, and that he would come back to us after he had everything else worked out.

After waiting what seemed like an eternity and watching everyone else leave the airport, we were told to put our luggage on a truck, and that we would take a bus to the reception where we would spend the night.

We piled on the bus with some of the other passengers from the plane, and took the one paved road in all Sahara, from the Algerian airport to the reception. After passing the police control, which marked the border from Algeria to Sahara, we arrived at the reception camp, where we spent the

night with five other Spanish people in one of the large donated army tents they had pitched there.

We awoke early the next morning, since the other Spanish people in our tent were too excited to keep sleeping. After a small breakfast (stale bread and coffee, given to all in the main dining hall of the reception camp) we, along with all the others who had come on our flight, were then given a welcoming speech by the minister of protocols.

Our next task was to try to find out where we would perform. After much inquiring, at about mid-morning we were given a guide, and the use of a new Land Rover and driver. The guide took us to the biggest school in Sahara called "The 12th of October" (one of their national liberation days), which is a boarding school for kids aged 11-14. We ate a nice lunch (including tasty camel meat), and were shown all the children's classrooms before our performance.

At 5 PM, the school's generator was started up, and we had electricity (including light) to set up our equipment. At 6 PM all the kids crowded into the main school theater to

demand by people that wanted to go there. About a year ago we were able to donate two pallets of school needs—notebooks, pencils, erasers, playdough, etc.

After a lot of prayer and persistence, we got the funds for the trip, toys and presents for the kids, and the okay from the ministry of protocol to perform in many different camps and schools.

From Victor F. and Pilar:

It all started about two years ago when we got in contact with the president of an association of friends for the people of Western Sahara, in Malaga, Spain. We told them our burden to go to Sahara and perform for the kids in the schools and camps there. But it was very difficult to get room on the flights, as they were charter flights and there was a great

Sahara Sahara from Pedro (16), Spain



Here we are giving balloons to all the kids who live in this house (a mud shack where we spent one night).

watch our show. Since we could only carry a tiny tape player on the plane, we had to use the school's sound system. Although it didn't seem to work at first, we got it working right before we started. TTL!

The show went extremely well. Since it was the first time anybody had done a show like that in their school, all the kids participated and always wanted to come up when we asked for volunteers. We were also able to donate some toys to the school, as well as some tapes and a set of *Treasure Attic* videos, which the kids enjoyed watching. After the generator got switched off, we decided it was time to hit the sack, and we took a good night's rest.

At the crack of dawn, it was time for us to be up and out again. After eating breakfast, our driver and jeep arrived. We set out to the camp of Esmara (where about 60,000 people live). There, our guide took us to his friend's (the mayor) house for lunch. Since we were guests, they treated us to traditional camel meat (yum yum!).

Now when I say "house," you may get a picture of a nice brick house, or some nice white painted house. But most of the houses in the Sahara are made of mud, with a tent pitched in "the backyard"

(more like a little walled-in plot of sand), and the bricks are just compressed mud. Our guide said that if it ever rained for more than the usual half-hour a few times a year, the houses would collapse.

Afterwards we did a show at another school, which also went very well. We then donated 50 pairs of sunglasses to the only Optic in Sahara, and they really liked 'em.

The next morning we went to another big boarding school called "The 27th of February." There they teach women different professions, and we also found out later that the president lives there with his wife and children. We were able to perform to a large crowd of kids, and gave them some videos and tapes. In the afternoon we went to another large boarding school called "The 9th of June," where we were able to perform for over a thousand kids, as well as donate the videos and tapes, plus some toys.

And of course there was time for some desert shots. Armed with our camera, we went into the deep desert and took some cool photos and some camels, and all the



The vast desert wastelands make up the background of this picture. This is the terrain we drove through to go anywhere.



Here I am sitting on our means of transport. It's not a camel, but hey, it's the '90s!

Here I am with my dad and sister, I'm in full traditional clothing...



Performing for 2,000 students in one of the biggest boarding schools there.



type of stuff you'd imagine in a desert like that. Then our guide took us to see this museum of national history. Although it was the biggest in the country, it consisted of four small rooms showing different artifacts, etc. Unfortunately, none of the rooms had lighting, so no photos could be taken.



On our last day in the Sahara, we went with a friend of our guide to his family's house in the camp of Ausert (where there are 50,000 people staying). They had four of their 14 kids staying with them, and most of the others were abroad, either studying or working as representatives of the Saharan people. They said that back home,

in what they call the "occupied territories," they have a large three-story house and some shops, and that their aunt who couldn't escape is taking care of it for them. Everyone in Sahara is very anxious for the referendum they will have to determine their future. We were able to pass out lots of *Reflections*, tracts and posters.

Well, that's all for now, folks. Our flight back to Spain was quite an adventure in itself. The plane was two hours late (which, according to the people there, was pretty punctual for Algerian Airways), and the flight back was like riding in an old bus down a bumpy road ... ■

Here I am outside of the reception's tents, where we spent many a night.



Western Sahara Facts

- * A former Spanish colony on the northwest African coast. After the Spanish left around 20 years ago, the Moroccans invaded it. Those that could, fled to the desert, and have fought to get their homes back ever since.
- * They've rebuilt a nation in the Algerian part of the Sahara desert. They have it divided into camps.
- * Their religion is Islam, although they are very liberal and tolerant of other religions.
- * They have three main boarding schools.
- * Their food consists of foreign aid and the few potatoes and onions they can grow on the desert soil.
- * Their vehicles are either foreign donations or captured from the Moroccans.
- * There is only one main road in the country, and it goes from the Airport in Tinduf to the reception, and then on down to another Algerian military base. Most driving is done directly through the desert with no road markers or signs. Everyone just uses their "sense of direction."

Courtesy of our guide

CRIES

IN

WELCOME TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN '98!



IN THE MIDDLE OF A STRIPTease

FROM CLAIRE, EMLINE, AND GABRIELE M., TURKEY

Where was I? Was this dream or reality? Standing on a stage with all these major hunks in their birthday suits (save their "fig leaves")?

let's backtrack for a moment ...

"Hello! May I please speak with Mr. Gabriele?" a soft voice cooed over the phone at a very inopportune time.

(Emy:) "Hey, Gabe! There's someone on the line for you."

(Gabe:) "At this time of night?" I cleared my throat, trying my best to sound awake for this dubious encounter. "Hello?"

"Good morning. This is the Grand Hotel Ephesus. The head of the Albanian sport team is here and would like to speak with you."

My mind raced. This man has been a long-time friend of my family, but what could he be doing here? Unbeknownst to us, that very hotel was hosting this

year's 52nd International Bodybuilding Championship.

Later that day, our adventure started as we went to visit him there. I entered the hotel room to find myself in front of two modern-day Samsons, as well as my friend the professor (who had been a top European Weightlifting Champion for several years), reclining in their beds, half-dressed.

I yelled, "Claire, stay where you are! Don't move an inch."

(Claire:) All I can see is a gigantic naked leg hanging in mid-nowhere.

(Professor:) "Who is out there?"

(Gabe:) "My babe."

(Three dudes:) "Eeeiii!"

In a few less-than-quiet seconds, everyone is looking halfway dressed ... oops, a couple

more zippers, then "the babe" is escorted in.

After a few cordial exchanges and a little small talk, we went out to take one of them to do some last-minute shopping. (He is the Greek National kickboxing champion, with three black belts, although of Albanian nationality.) Here's the scene: We're in a pharmacy and this guy says something to Gabe in Albanian, Gabe talks to Claire in English, and Claire to the clerk in Turkish, leaving everyone around slightly bewildered!

After taking him around, he thanked us for translating for him and making it possible for him to accomplish his business. He assured us that if we ever had any problem during the time he was in Turkey, he would "sort it out" for us. Ha! It was getting late and

we were quite thankful the ordeal was over. But, to our surprise, we were hurriedly escorted through this door as VIPs.

(Claire:) Sympathize with me. I was absolutely immobilized when without warning I found myself on stage in the middle of all the top bodybuilding champions from a wide scope of nationalities, and a whole auditorium staring down at me.

Gabe screamed, "Pretty baby, hold on to me and let's go sit down." Relieved, I thought I had finally escaped the worst of it, as I clung tightly to Gabe's muscular (?!) arm. Suddenly, he had to go translate for one of our friends, who in the hurried frazzle had forgotten his underwear. So I was again alone, surrounded by "interested" celebrities and famous characters.



--THE INTERNATIONAL BODY-BUILDING CHAMPIONSHIP!

THE WILDERNESS

Imagine you're just landing in this luxurious auditorium trying to look "collected" when on both sides of you people are casually either undressing or dressing. In front of you they're in their, might I say, G-strings. Behind you there's this black Goliath in underwear the same color as his skin, and if you didn't take a second look you might have mistaken him for Adam reincarnated.

(Emy:) Well, after this major striptease, which turned out to be the weighing and classifying of the champions, the professor and the Albanian champion, Rando, happily spent the evening at our home, thankful that someone was there to listen to their hearts, and assuring us that it was the highlight of their trip. We immediately felt a real closeness in spirit and hunger in Rando.

The day of the championship was an entirely novel experience, which kept us literally on the edge of our seats. Our friends waited outside to escort us in so that we could sit with them as guests of honor. After the finals, in which Turkey won, we went backstage to take pictures.

The Lord led us to Armando, a real sweet and humble Spanish champion, who made us promise we'd stay in touch before letting go of our hands. Well, these days were pretty action-packed, but the Lord used this situation to reach down and touch a precious heart that may have never felt His love otherwise. Here's good news for all you female readership out there: Rando received and accepted the most coveted invitation to the greatest Finals, and will be waiting for you on the other side in the only true garden of Eden. ■



One day we went downtown to do some business. Because we had a large amount of money on us, we thought it better to take a taxi. As I looked at the taxi driver, I was a little alarmed. He looked like a wild Taiwanese beetle-nut-chewer, and had a bushy beard. But as we entered the car, we found "Jesus loves you" signs all over the inside. It turned out he's

an Aborigine preacher, and he's driving a taxi to meet people and witness to them. We visited him later, and here is his personal testimony:

"I grew up in one of the Aborigine tribes in southern Taiwan. I received Jesus when I was five or six years old, and have gotten to know the Word real well since then. When I was fourteen, a rattlesnake bit me on my right hand. I was rushed to the hospital and the doctors expected I would die in a few hours.

I lay there, praying, 'Lord, if You heal me, I'll dedicate my life to preaching the Gospel.'

"I didn't die as the doctors expected, but went in and out of a coma for about a week. Then the doctors mentioned I would survive the snakebite, but they'd need to cut off my right arm.

I took it to the Lord: 'Lord, if You heal me, then please

heal me completely. I don't want to be healed with one arm amputated, and become a burden to my mother. If You won't heal me completely, then I'd much rather die and be with You.'

"Then, while I was lying there, I heard a voice behind my head. Someone was telling me, 'They won't need to amputate your arm. You'll be okay, but there'll be a sign left on your right hand, to show where the Lord has healed you.' Because of the effect of the poison of the snakebite in my body, I was not strong enough to turn my head to see who was talking with me. Sure enough, the Lord healed me, and the doctors didn't need to amputate my arm. Instead, a big lump of flesh stayed there.

"A few days later, when I was stronger, I asked my mom who had visited me, as I had heard someone talking to me from behind my head. To my amazement, my mother said no visitors had come. I realized the voice I had heard was the Lord's voice. Since then, I dedicated my life to the Lord's service, and became a minister of the Lord.

THE WILD AND BUSHY TAXI-PREACHER

FROM JOHNNY, SUNNY, MARCUS AND CHRISTINA, TAIWAN

"I was pastor of different churches, but I was disillusioned by disunity in one of the churches, and broke off from them. Now I have started a little local church myself. My goal is to reach the unsaved. I've tried door to door, shop to shop, but I found I got the best results in driving a taxi, as I have a captive audience. Many people pray and get saved with me." ■



Scrawlathon

WELCOME ONE AND ALL TO SCRAWLATHON 3!

ON SHOWCASE IN THE NEXT FEW PAGES ARE THE CONTRIBUTIONS THAT HAVE STARTED TO POUR IN. AREN'T THEY STUPENDOUS?! WE SURE THINK SO! ACCOLADES AND MANY HEARTFELT THANKS TO ALL YOU GREAT MAESTROS AND PICASSO-SURPASSERS OUT THERE WHO'VE SENT IN YOUR VERSION OF "THE MAN MADE OF THE RIGHT STUFF."

WE'RE SURE THAT THERE ARE **EVEN MORE** JESUS ILLUSTRATIONS OUT THERE! SO WE'RE HOLDIN' ON TO OUR HATS (AND SAVING ZINE PAGES) TO SEE THEM AND TO BE ABLE TO PUT THEM IN PRINT FOR ALL THOSE IN AND OUT OF ZINELAND. SO JANES AND JOHNS, MARYS AND BENS—ALL OF YOU, IF YOU GET INSPIRED TO SEND IN THAT LITTLE (OR GINORMOUS) PICTURE YOU DREW OF HOW YOU SEE JESUS, IT'S REALLY NOT TOO LATE!

NOW, IN CASE YOU JUST HAVE TO HAVE ONE OF THESE PICTURES ON YOUR WALL, NEVER FEAR, YOU WON'T NEED TO CUT UP YOUR ZINE. IF YOU CHECK THE MEMBERS ONLY WEBSITE, YOU'LL FIND DOWNLOADABLE VERSIONS OF EACH PICTURE OF JESUS, NOT ONLY ALL THE CONTRIBUTIONS HERE, BUT ALSO ANY AND ALL OLDER, OR AS YET UNPRINTED, PICTURES OF JESUS THAT WE CAN RUSTLE UP. YOU CAN DOWNLOAD ANY FAVORITES FROM THE M.O. SITE, PRINT, FRAME OR DO WITH AS YOU'D LIKE. SO, GET TO YOUR DRAWING BOARDS YOU ZINESTS, YOU! LET'S SEE SOME MORE MASTERPIECES!

Check out the No.1 supermodel!

Art by Lianna



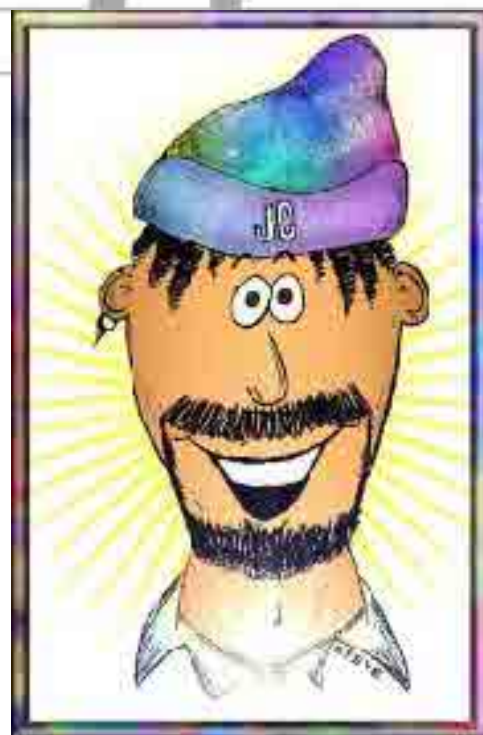
Art by Tiago, Thailand





Make My heart your Home,
Take it as your own.
Give it time and tender care.
Far beyond compare,
Rare and so divine
Is this perfect heart of Mine.
Embrace Me, loves,
Make My heart your Home.

Art by Evye, 19



Art by Steven, 14, Japan

Let all things fade,
but Jesus grow
brighter.

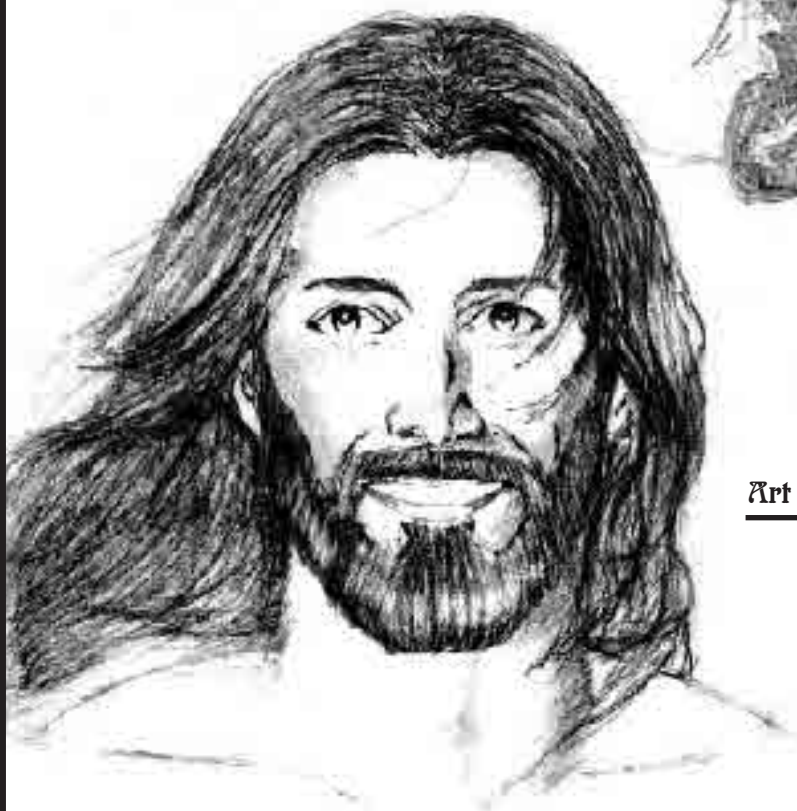
Art by Leila, 22, Thailand

Art by Esther, 19, Thailand

"I know your every thought. I feel your every feeling and am touched with every sorrow and grief and tribulation of your heart, as if it were My Own" (FJWL2:433).



Art by Fransesco, P.J.



"Focus your mind's eye on a mental picture of Me as you love to see Me—ravishing, majestic, awesome, strong, caring, fatherly, playful, dream-like, your fantasy, kingly, royal. However you like, I will be that for you" (FJWL1:207).

Art by Leila, 22, Thailand



The question down through the years has always been His features and the colour of His skin. Is there any purpose for these arguments over what image He bears? Indeed He has, and always will be, the perfection of our dreams.

You may argue what stature He bears, the slant of His eyes, the color of His skin—the drawings that portray this Man of Whom sages spoke. Beyond those calculating theories, one thing I know is true, His love for everyone.

So dream of all He is to you. I may hold my dream in variance to your specified measurements. The truth is, He is perfect for everyone, to suit each taste; every dream. One day we will know this true, as His eyes caress our souls, with a smile to contrast our astonishment, "You see, I knew it all!"

--By Tuchi, South Africa

Art by Jennifer, 18,
South Africa



Dad: "All things pass away, except for Jesus, of course. He never passes away. He'll never leave nor forsake you. He'll hold you tight and you and He will weather the storm together. He'll cover you with His love and with His strong arms and shield you from the storm. You might get a little wet from the rain pouring down all around you, but Jesus will bring you through safe and sound, if you'll let Him. You've got to let Him carry you" (FJWL2:251).

Art by K.F., 23

DEAD MEN TALKING

ONE DAY, while drying in front of the mirror after a shower, I habitually started to criticize my shape, thinking I was too bony and that my breasts were too small. Since the very convicting and beautiful message in the "Year of the Bottom Line" GN, I had asked the Lord to help and check me on this. He sure did! The Lord said that without a real solid victory in this area I would never be

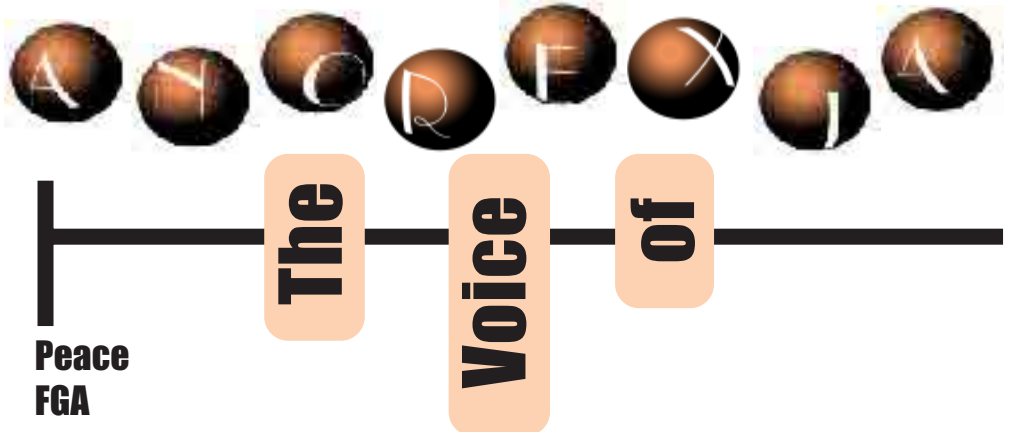
content. He said this attitude saddened Him, and reminded me that we are living in the very Last Days. There is so much to do and so many who need our prayers and attention, that there's no time for things like that.

I want to share a bit about my background. I was one of many young girls in the world suffering from anorexia, a condition well covered in one of the latest Hope TKs. I was a young teen with very low self-esteem. For one, I didn't have Jesus in my heart, and had to go to school in a country that didn't speak my mother tongue.

In a short time, I was behind in almost every subject. On top of that, I was left out and gossiped about by the other kids. My sister was "in with the crowd," pretty and a fast learner.

I came from a wealthy family and had everything the world could offer. I had pocket money, and all my needs met—or so it seemed. I had stereos and went on fancy holidays. None of these things made me happy or filled my real needs. I was lonely and confused, and searching for sincerity, warmth, love, and a purpose for life. After a while I fell in with the wrong crowd and started taking drugs.

As I started to develop, I gained a little weight, but was by no means overweight. This is a very normal and a natural thing that happens. If good healthy eating habits are established, and good exercise, there's no need to worry about a little extra weight. But I didn't have the support growing up as we have in the Family, and many ungodly ideas and attitudes were passed on to me.



After a while my mother and sister started getting on my case every time I ate. At first this did not get to me, but one day I looked in the mirror and started believing that I was fat. This was far from true. I was just fine, but as I started entertaining this fear of getting fat, I soon believed it and stopped eating almost entirely.

After two months I was a walking skeleton—an awful sight, and very weak. I could hardly walk. By this time my mom started realizing what their emphasis on my weight had resulted in. She started to tell me that I was too skinny and that my health was endangered, but I was so deceived by the Enemy's lying vanities that I couldn't pull out of it. Even though I realized that I was very thin, the fear of gaining weight again was so strong that it totally clouded my common sense.

Shortly after this I met the Family, got saved and delivered, and joined. After just a few months of happy, healthy Family living, I regained my normal weight. TYJ!

This should have been the happy ending of my story, but sad to say, I still have victories to gain in this area of being unhappy with myself. In my youth I had worried that I was too fat, and now I thought that I was too skinny. LFM!

As I was reflecting on all this, I asked the Lord to please forgive me and help me to keep my eyes on Him. Suddenly I had a clear vision of a girl's face in the upper left corner of the mirror. The next moment she was gone, but I couldn't shake that vision. When I returned to my room, the Lord told me to get out my dictaphone, that the girl wanted to speak to me. Sure enough, she did. I felt that it was Karen Carpenter (famous singer who died of anorexia-related complications), which she confirmed:

WHIZ TV!

DOWN COVER

Karen Carpenter

SPEAKING



I HAD A SHORT LIFE, WITH SOME DEEP, BEAUTIFUL MOMENTS. MUSIC MEANT A LOT TO ME, AND SO DID THE TEAM I WORKED WITH—MY BROTHER AND A SPECIAL, GOOD FRIEND. I CALLED MYSELF A CHRISTIAN, AND HAD SOME BASIC CHRISTIAN IDEALS.

THEN ONE DAY I ANALYZED MY REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR AND WAS UNHAPPY WITH WHAT I SAW. AT THAT TIME WE HAD STARTED BECOMING FAMOUS, AND MORE AND MORE OF OUR RECORDS WERE COMING OUT. EVERY TIME A PICTURE OF US WAS PUBLISHED I WOULD LOOK CRITICALLY AT MYSELF. DEEP IN MY HEART I HAD A LONGING FOR MY SAVIOR, BUT I DIDN'T FEEL I WAS GOOD ENOUGH. I DIDN'T LIKE MYSELF. I HAD TIMES OF DEPRESSION. SOMETIMES I EVEN THOUGHT OF ENDING MY LIFE.

NOW I KNOW SO DIFFERENTLY. I KNOW DEEPLY AND CLEARLY THE LORD'S UNDYING, UNCONDITIONAL LOVE FOR ME.

OH, HOW IT SADDENED JESUS TO SEE MY DISDAIN FOR MYSELF, THE WORK OF HIS OWN HANDS, THE WAY HE HAD PLANNED AND PROGRAMMED ME!

NOW THINGS ARE SO DIFFERENT. I LOVE TO SING AND DANCE BEFORE HIM. I SEE HIS PLEASURE AND DESIRE FOR ME. ABOVE ALL, I HAVE EXPERIENCED, AND WILL ALWAYS KNOW HIS EVERLASTING MERCY AND FORGIVENESS OF MY SELFISH WAYS, MY LACK OF THANKFULNESS FOR THE WAY HE MADE ME, MY WAY-OFF SENSE OF WORTH. I HAD MESSED UP HIS PLAN WITH MY WRONG WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS AND MY DISTORTED PICTURE OF HOW I THOUGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AND LOOK LIKE.

I DIED MORE OUT OF DISCOURAGEMENT AND A DESIRE TO LET GO THAN FROM STARVING MYSELF TO DEATH. I DIED FROM GIVING UP AND GIVING IN TO THE ENEMY, FROM LISTENING TO HIS CHANTING THAT I WASN'T WORTH IT, THAT I WAS



UGLY, DUMB AND HOPELESS. LORD FORGIVE ME.— AND HE DID. NOW I KNOW BETTER.

MY BELOVED JESUS SAW THROUGH MY SINS. HE SAW THROUGH TO MY HEART. HE HEALED AND HE TOOK ME BACK. SLOWLY I REGAINED MY LOST IDENTITY AS HIS BELOVED BRIDE, HIS BEGGAR PRINCESS, HIS CREATION AND HIS PLEASURE. JESUS HELPED ME LET GO OF THE ENEMY'S IMAGE, AND ALLOW HIM TO LOVE ME BACK TO HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND BEAUTY.

HE SEES THROUGH ALL OUR MISCONCEPTIONS. AND, REMEMBER, HE CHOSE YOU FOR THIS SPECIAL TIME. NO WONDER THE ENEMY IS SO BUSY TRYING TO GET YOUR EYES OFF THE REAL BATTLE! HE KNOWS THAT HIS DAYS ARE COUNTED, AND HE IS MAD.

SO LEAVE THOSE LYING VANITIES BEHIND. GO FORTH IN THE POWER AND MIGHT OF HIS SPIRIT. I LOOK FORWARD TO HELPING YOU, AND HAVE BEEN GRANTED THE WONDERFUL PRIVILEGE OF FIGHTING ALONGSIDE THE CHILDREN OF DAVID



DURING THESE LAST DAYS. (END OF MESSAGE.)

LATER THAT WEEK, KAREN CAME BACK WITH ANOTHER MESSAGE. HERE IT IS:

I WANT TO TRY TO EXPLAIN HOW DIFFERENT THINGS ARE LOOKED UPON FROM UP HERE. IT'S BEAUTIFUL. WHEN WE LOOK AT ALL OF YOU THERE, WE SEE ONLY THE BEAUTY. THIS IS BECAUSE OF THE CELESTIAL EYES THAT WE HAVE BEEN GIFTED WITH HERE. THIS IS THE WAY THE LORD ALWAYS LOOKS AT US.

HERE IN HEAVEN IT'S SO WONDERFUL, BECAUSE BEAUTY COMES FROM WITHIN AND FROM WITHOUT AND FROM ALL OVER THE PLACE. HEAVEN IS ALL BEAUTY. IT'S JUST THAT ATMOSPHERE OF BEAUTY. YOU BREATHE IT, YOU SEE IT, YOU HEAR IT, YOU FEEL IT.



WHILE YOU'RE STILL THERE ON EARTH, IT HAS TO COME LARGELY FROM WITHIN. LIKE SO MANY THINGS, IT'S A MATTER OF CHOICE. YOU CAN CHOOSE TO TAKE UP THAT BEAUTY. YOU CAN CHOOSE TO LET IT THROUGH. IT HAS TO BE YOUR CHOICE TO LET JESUS SHINE THROUGH, AND LET HIM USE YOU AS A CHANNEL.— NOT ONLY OF HIS BEAUTY, BUT OF LOVE AND WARMTH.

WHEN YOU GO TO YOUR CLOSET TO GET YOUR CLOTHES, IT'S COOL TO ASK JESUS. ASK HIM TO HELP YOU HAVE THE RIGHT MOTIVE FOR WHAT YOU CHOOSE. ASK HIM HOW HE WANTS YOU TO LOOK, WHAT YOUR STANDARD SHOULD BE LIKE. DON'T GET ME WRONG, YOU ARE NOT GOING TO LOOK BORING OR GRAY. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHEN YOU ASK JESUS WHAT YOU SHOULD WEAR, OR WHAT HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU IN. IT IS REALLY UP TO YOU, BUT HE KNOWS WHAT IS COOLEST, BECAUSE HE IS THE COOLEST GUY AROUND.



AND, GIRLS, WHEN YOU STEP ON THE WEIGHT SCALES, AND YOU THINK, "MY GOD. I SHOULD DEFINITELY LOSE WEIGHT," WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM? ISN'T HE THE GUY YOU MARRIED? ISN'T HE THE GUY YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH? WELL, WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM, "HOW DO YOU LIKE ME, JESUS?" HE WILL GIVE YOU THE STANDARD HE WOULD WANT YOU TO GO AFTER. HE WILL TELL YOU EXACTLY HOW HE WOULD LIKE YOU AND HE IS GOING TO HELP MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU. HE MIGHT TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE JUST RIGHT.

PLEASE TAKE THIS ADVICE FROM SOMEONE WHO HAD TO LEARN THE HARD WAY. DON'T WORRY IF YOU HAVE A BIT OF A BATTLE; HE'LL HELP YOU. HE PULLED ME THROUGH, AND I WAS A SORRY CASE. IT IS MY EARNEST PRAYER THAT NONE OF YOU WILL EVER GET AS MESSED UP, OR SO CLOUDED WITH THE ENEMY'S LYING VANITIES, AS I WAS. PLEASE DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU! (END OF MESSAGE.)





Despite my upbringing, the Lord has chosen me as a child of David. As I was pushed along through the System—attending high school, partaking in drugs of all kinds, and finally university—I was not satisfied. I did not want to become entrenched in the bounds of society, working for something I did not believe in.

My mother always told me that I would have to settle down with a good-paying job—in other words, drag myself to work every day to endure a cold, mechanical life of earning and spending. She thought I was just a crazy idealist, as from a young age I told her I would never do that. I said I would rather be a homeless wanderer than jump on the treadmill she and others were on.

I was born in the Family, but before my first birthday was separated from my father and

FROM NICOLE
(21), SAN
FRANCISCO

sisters. I grew up in Oregon with little contact with my long-lost missionary family, save a few phone calls.

I met my father and sisters for the first time since we'd left them, upon their return from Japan, when I was sixteen. It was a very sad time, as I wanted nothing to do with them because of the bitterness in my heart. My father tried to relate to me, but I didn't understand his calling from God, and blamed him for the separation of our family. I figured I was better off without them.

My only understanding of Family life came from my mother and aunt who had left the COG. They shared with me their "grim experiences" as an example of what not to do with your life. In fact, the one thing that I was *forbidden* by them to do was join the Family!

My life seemed hopeless. I was not close to anyone, nor did I want what society had to offer me. I tried all the alternatives, like perception-altering drugs, strange philosophies, and meaningless music. There was a void in me that was unfillable. I was "ever learning but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." I would drop acid and see right through the facade of this world. It's like I could see what people's true intentions were. I knew the establishment was leading people around like dumb sheep. I could see the evil, but I just couldn't find the good.

God bless my father! He

was persistent in trying to reach me, even though I was unresponsive. He sent me a letter, just before I left home at age 17, delivering his soul with apologies and his own personal testimony of getting saved. I pretended not to care, and argued with him and my sisters about their faith. Yet I carried that letter wherever I went, because I could not deny that he was living for something he believed in. My father and his family couldn't physically do anything to help me, but their faithful and loving prayers eventually led me to the Lord and His service.

After leaving home for university, the Lord really began to work in my life. I found that university was just a bigger, more intense version of high school. I sat in those lecture halls, soaking up a waterfall of stale culture. My soul became increasingly hungry.—So many windowless rooms, without a glimpse of light. I saw that university could only supply me with the skills to make money, and that was not my intention. I knew this was not the way to live, but could find no alternative.

I decided to travel to England, where I sought for enlightenment through reading about all the great thinkers, profound writers and accomplishees. They only had answers that changed with the wind. I worked at a bar, where I drowned my confusion in drink after drink. During this time the Lord brought me to my knees. One day, alone in a field, I cried out desperately, asking for

A RADICAL

forgiveness and begging the Lord to reveal Himself to me. In my desperation, our precious Lord was faithful to answer my heartcry. He immediately filled me to overflowing with His love. I felt His presence, although I could not describe the serenity I felt.

I started receiving answers to questions I always wondered about—like the difference between the carnal mind and the spirit. I realized how blind I was without the Holy Spirit. Suddenly there was meaning and a purpose to everything around me. It was the only thing in my life that was real—although intangible, invisible, and unprovable.

A couple of weeks later, I left with a friend to Kenya. We stayed with her aunt in Nairobi, who witnessed to me and gave me the video *Jesus of Nazareth* to watch. I had virtually no knowledge of the Bible, but when I heard the Words of Jesus I knew that it was He Who lived inside of me.

It was on the small island of Lamu, off the east coast of Kenya, that the Lord showed me what being a missionary was all about. My friend and I took a ferry—which was precarious, with infrequent trips—to a small Muslim island. There were no cars on the island, just donkeys and a lot of cats. (It was strangely dark and dirty.) The physical surroundings were disturbing, yet it just made Jesus radiate all the more.

We stayed in a hostel with six other travellers. There were two men from Israel, and the others were

law and medical students—all atheists. For the first time I had the overwhelming but beautiful burden of a disciple. We spent many nights sitting around together in heated conversation. My friend and I had no Bible, only prayer and the Spirit. The Lord was testing our faith.

After many nights of sharing our faith and fighting the Devil, we tried to leave, but a storm broke out and the ferry would not be in service for quite some time. We were trapped on the island with no way off. We prayed for the Lord to tell us why He wanted us there. I guess we'd grown weary in our well doing and tried everything to get off that island, but the Lord kept us there because our job was not finished.

The Lord led us to focus on the two Israeli men. The Lord had more love to give them—through us. We knew virtually nothing about the Bible; nevertheless, God wanted us to testify of Him and His mercy in our simple way.

I knew from then on that this was what God meant for me to do. I was literally overflowing with love and peace, and I just had to share it with others. When I returned to the UK, my friend and I prayed for the Lord to supply us with a Bible, as we had no money. He showed us to go up to a certain house and ask, and sure enough, they gave us one! The Holy Spirit taught us things through many revelations before we even got hold of a

Bible. When we read the Bible it was just proof that our experiences were real.

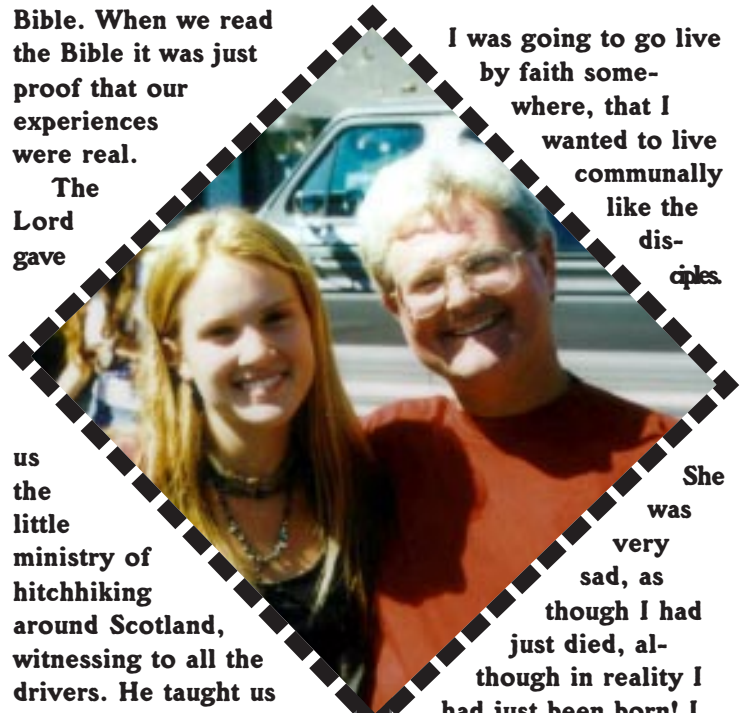
The Lord gave

us the little ministry of hitchhiking around Scotland, witnessing to all the drivers. He taught us to depend on Him for supply and safety. He taught us how to live by faith alone. He taught us how to praise Him, when everything else was failing. When I read Mat. 19:29, the Lord showed me that my father had had to forsake me, and leave me in the Lord's hands at a young age, in order to preach the Gospel. The Lord was whispering in my ear. I could see clearly for the first time in my life. My questions were being answered.

God also gave me a vision of my father and I walking together, talking and crying. I knew I had to return to the States to find him and his little missionary family. And that was the direction I proceeded in.

When I returned to the States and my mother picked me up at the airport, she said she felt like I was someone else. I told her that I wasn't going back to school, that

I was going to go live by faith somewhere, that I wanted to live communally like the disciples.



Nicole (21) with her Dad, Rufus

She was very sad, as though I had just died, although in reality I had just been born! I did not have much to forsake, except my old life and ideas, but I knew they had to go.

I felt like a fanatic, and everyone told me I was, but I didn't care. I was ready to die for Jesus rather than live for nothing! I prayed desperately that the Lord would show me where to serve Him.

I immediately went down to visit my dad in San Diego. The Lord had many spiritual strongholds to break down, because of my upbringing, so that I could see the beautiful fruit of the Family. I had a lot of catching up to do, as far as my knowledge of the Word. People who are raised in the Family sometimes don't realise how important and special their upbringing in the Word is. They are truly blessed to have all that training.

Grandpa's old Letters really spoke to me, and I

FINDS A HOME

GEOGRAPHICAL WORD SEARCH

By Avital, India
 This word search has names of twenty countries and hidden in it. Eighteen of these have a Family Home (as far as I know), and two have been visited by road teams sometime. Wacky clues have been given. Words appear horizontally, vertically, diagonally and backwards. Happy hunting! (The leftover letters form a bilingual message.)

CLUES

(WARNING: THE FOLLOWING CLUES MAY BE MORE OF A HINDRANCE THAN A HELP. ANSWERS WILL BE IN NEXT ZINE.)

- 1 What Ford did.
- 2 Crazy about kangaroos in Eastern Europe.
- 3 Oils 'n' fats for the elbow.
- 4 A cheerful automobile.
- 5 The "in" place to be. (Partly 'cause I'm here and I'm loyal, and partly 'cuz it's true.)
- 6 Tread prayerfully in this land, as a bull in a shop should.
- 7 No, buddy!
- 8 Send parcel quick to Eastern Asia.
- 9 A musical instrument leads to comfort.
- 10 Line-up of sheepy noises.
- 11 Land of the "pure," all mixed up.
- 12 A bird that can be cold or alive.
- 13 A spellable Central European country that was part of an unspellable one.
- 14 Land where "Setswana" is spoken. (This is supposed to be an honest clue.)
- 15 — Or can't ya?
- 16 Something is hot!
- 17 Way — —!
- 18 Mail needs to get sorted out here.
- 19 I've never been here.
- 20 Mini-skirt country.

M	H	A	P	A	T	S	S	I	N	C	B
T	A	E	M	U	A	L	L	N	E	H	E
R	R	D	R	E	O	A	A	D	P	I	L
U	O	K	A	V	R	N	V	I	A	N	I
G	E	M	A	G	A	I	I	A	L	A	Z
Y	R	K	A	W	A	A	C	E	S	K	E
T	I	E	S	N	Y	S	L	A	O	O	C
A	A	T	E	N	I	I	C	G	W	R	U
I	O	T	E	C	H	A	O	A	H	E	B
B	J	K	E	C	E	T	S	U	R	A	A
S	W	I	T	Z	E	R	L	A	N	D	S
T	H	A	I	L	A	N	D	M	A	L	I

knew immediately that his radical, revolutionary language and message was the key to reach the youth. Most of my old friends had already dropped out of the System, but didn't know why. They just needed to know that God really does want us to live by faith and drop out, and live by spiritual values rather than worshipping system idols.

The Lord has done a miracle in my life. I know He

has a purpose in my not being raised in the Family, although sometimes I wish I had been raised a missionary. I am just so thankful that I have an answer to give to the people of my generation. I am now involved in a Family ministry in San Francisco where the Lord is allowing us to do some reaping for the Endtime.

The Family was just what I was always looking for, but

never thought existed! I have grown so much closer to Jesus through the New Wine, and I am so happy I can turn around and set the captives of my generation free with God's brilliant love.

I just want to thank my father and his family for all their loving prayers. And thank God, as He gives us what we sometimes least expect, but what we need the most!

NOT MERELY SISTERS AND DEAREST OF FRIENDS, BUT BEAUTEOUS MISSIONARIES TO INDIA...



+ joany (14)
+ sara (19)



+ david (18), USA

SECRET LIAISON? PERHAPS . MYSTERY? YOU'LL NEVER FULLY UNDERSTAND UNLESS YOU'RE A DISCIPLE OF THE ONE HE

+
WHAT'S THE SECRET OF HIS SMILE?—THE KNOWING CONTENTMENT IN IT? A TRYST OR S E R V E S .

+ Photopage

ON SPECIAL MISSION TO COPENHAGEN, DENMARK ARE...

GUEST APPEARANCES:

- + maria (17)
- + mari (13)
- + emily (15)



THREE ENCHANTING LADIES

TECHNOLOGICAL MUSINGS

FROM ANGELO AND COMFORT, CANADA

I never really understood why the AC would need to put a mark in people's foreheads, when they could just put their hand into a scanner. But a while ago, when I was walking into a supermarket, I noticed the little scanner that automatically opens the door when someone walks toward it. I realized that forehead scanners would be more convenient for scanning people going in or out of buildings, because it would be done automatically.

On the news I heard about a new technology they now have that can identify people by scanning the features of their faces. They're all gung-ho about putting these scanners at bank machines, etc., because they say it's much better than having people typing in PINs (personal identification numbers), which other people can find out. So if that happens, they'll already have the face-scanning technology set up all over the place, ready for when the AC institutes the mark!

THE BAG-BOY PROPHET

FROM CHRISTINA MEEK (OF PATRICK), USA

I was feeling a little discouraged one day. Our finances were down, things were changing, and I didn't know how things were going to work out. I was out shopping, and as I struggled with a 50 lb. bag of dog food, one of the bag boys came up to help me. As we got out of the store, he asked me, "What church do you go to?" I thought that was a strange question, so I asked why he wanted to know. "Well," he said, "if you don't know the Lord, I would like to introduce you to Him."

I was touched, and commended the boy for being such a witness, even at the risk of losing his job. I could see that he was a simple fellow, and it was difficult to understand his speech sometimes. But as I was getting into the car to leave, he suddenly started speaking to me very clearly. I realized that he was actually prophesying, because he could never have known these things about me.

He said, "The Lord is well pleased with you. You've done a lot of traveling [we were in Europe, India and Southeast Asia before coming here], and there will be more traveling. But right now the Lord has brought you here for a special ministry [we had just won three new disciples]. All these things you've been going through lately have been good for you [our daughter had just left the Family with her boyfriend]. It has been training for you, but now He is ready to use you. Soon you will no longer need to work [we had been teaching part-time, but had just been praying about completely stopping that]."

"You've been praying for finances, and the Lord says not to worry about that. He's got it all worked out. And that place you rent [how did he know?]-well, the Lord's got an even better place for you. But He is well pleased with you, because you have been giving of your time and your money and your heart. Your husband is also a Christian and a good man, and the Lord is pleased with him too. Well," he added, "I just wanted to tell you that little message that the Lord had for you!"



WOW! I was really taken aback and was in tears. I knew the Lord was speaking right to my heart. It was so amazing how this was an answer to many of the questions that we had been having. The Lord sent a prophet to give us a special message!

A LIFESAVING PRAYER

FROM LUCAS AND SOPHIE, HUNGARY

Out driving one day, a speeding car overtook us. The Lord laid on our heart a burden to pray for the driver and his safety, so we did. About five minutes later, we passed by a car that was overturned in a ditch. Sophie turned to me and said: "Look, that's the guy that was speeding!" Wow! We decided to turn around and see if the man was all right. When we came closer we saw some other people, as well as the driver of the car, who were okay, but a bit shaken up.

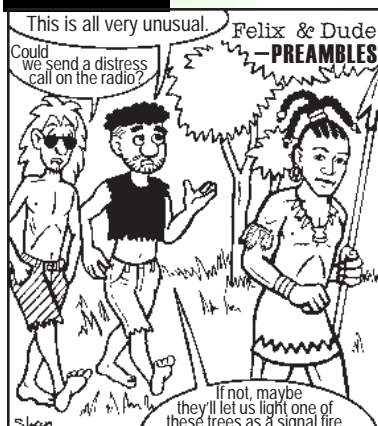
We went up to him and told him that we had prayed for him when he overtook us, and gave him a "Somebody Loves You" tract. We couldn't talk more as a bulldozer was coming to pull the car out of the ditch, but he thanked us for praying for him, and we saw him reading the tract right away. We were so happy that we were at the right place at the right time, and that we obeyed the Lord's check to pray for this man. That prayer probably saved his life.

Answer to the "WEIRD WORD SEARCH" in Zine 31:

When Christ calls me home I shall go away with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school.

(Reported mistake: The 'H' in 'CHRIST' was numbered wrong and should have been labeled with a 2 instead of a 6, sorry 'bout that)

So far Jeremy Spencer, Stef, John and Luke have written in with the correct answer. Good going!





GLUED TO THE MAN

A PRIVATE PRAYER, FROM SARA P. (16), BRAZIL

Hey, Honey! Did You know that I'm glued to You?! Yeah! That's amazing, huh? I don't know about You, but I just discovered that the other day when I decided to go somewhere and forgot all about calling You to hang around with me.

When I tried to reach over to something too high, I just felt like I grew a couple of meters at that moment. I looked down to see what was up ... and there You were, looking up at me, with

Your hands reaching up, carrying me. But how did You get there? I didn't even let You know where I was going, or even that I *was* going! And again You read my thoughts and lovingly looked into my eyes with a little smile on Your face, and said: "Ah, remember when you asked Me some time ago to always be near?! So that I would never be forgotten, I put this little piece of gum, glued between My heart and yours. All I did was give the idea. You were the one who accepted it. Remember? So, Sweetheart, we are indeed glued to each other."

We were getting ready to go clowning, and it was the first time for Nick, our new disciple, to go out with us. Kadee was putting clown makeup on him. But we had nothing to wipe her fingers with.

"Anybody have a napkin or something?" she asked, holding up her fingers.

We all looked, but there wasn't anything in the van to wipe her hands with. All of a sudden the wind picked up. A clean, white, folded napkin, flew through the air. It landed right on Kadee's thigh!

We were so thrilled to see that the Lord would supply everything that we need—even a clean napkin! Ha!

Poisoned by mushrooms!

FROM IVAN (25), RUSSIA

My father never used to have faith in Jesus so it was difficult for him to relate to me and my faith. But the Lord proved again that He can answer prayer in a miraculous way. When recently visiting my father, he told me the following account:

"I picked some mushrooms in the nearby forest and made soup with them. After tasting it a few times, I fainted. Suddenly I saw my body lying on the floor and my two dogs running out of the room, scared. Then I found myself flying through a tunnel. Hideous voices were screaming and laughing devilishly, 'Ha, ha! He was poisoned by

mushrooms! Ha, ha!'

"Then I cried out, 'Jesus, please deliver me from those devils!' The voices stopped.

"Then I found myself in a pretty meadow. From behind a tree came a friend of mine who had died a month before. He said, 'I am so glad you came to see me. Let's go.'

But I said, 'No, I can't, I'm not feeling well! I have food poisoning.' Then suddenly I came back to my body."

This amazing experience really changed my father. He is now much more receptive and acknowledges the Lord more in his life. He also started going to weekly Bible studies that the Family holds in his city. TYJ!



- On a hairdryer: "Do not use while sleeping."
- On a bar of soap: "Directions: Use like regular soap."
- On a frozen dinner: "Serving suggestion: defrost."
- On a hotel-provided shower cap in a box: "Fits one head."
- On bread pudding: "Product will be hot after heating."
- On packaging for a clothes iron: "Do not iron clothes on body."

- On children's cough medicine: "Do not drive car while using product."
- On sleeping pills: "WARNING! May cause drowsiness."
- On a kitchen knife: "WARNING! Keep out of children."
- On a string of Christmas lights: "For indoor or outdoor use only."
- On a package of peanuts: "Warning: Contains nuts."
- On an airline packet of nuts: "Instructions: Open packet. Eat nuts."



The YOUNG PEOPLE'S



*Third part of a Three-part Series. (unless there are any new developments in the world of music & we'll make sure you're the first to know!)

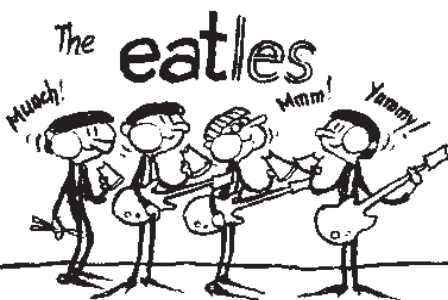


Complicated Musical Terms EXPLAINED simply.

1 Q: What is 'FEEDBACK'?

A: FEEDBACK is any MEAL, SNACK or other MUNCHIES EATEN BACKSTAGE by ONE or MORE MUSICIANS; BEFORE, DURING or AFTER a 'GIG'.

SOME WELL-KNOWN NAMES FROM THE 'ROCK & ROLL HALL OF FEEDBACK'



For another splendid example, see Zine 017, page 7

Q: Is it true that FGAs cannot understand ONE WORD of the RAP parts on FTT songs?

A: HA!! Are you KIPPING?? Can't understand THATS? A GOOD ONE!! (Come on FGAs, back me up on this.) SURE We understand ONE WORD of RAP PARTS on FTT SONGS!



Q: What is a 'GIG'?

A: Rare be it from me to pass any judgement on the... intellectual... um... ability of MUSICIANS in general. Let's just say that it's EASIER to say 'GIG' (1 syllable) than say, CONCERT (2 syllables) or PERFORMANCE (3 syllables) (a whopping 6 syllables!)



Q: Can you give an EXAMPLE?

A: SURE I can give an example. The ONE WORD we can understand from the RAP PART on the song 'WHISPERS' ('BOLD & BRAVE' FTT) is the last word (and we FGAs are about 80% agreed on this--;) which is 'WISDOM' (or POSSIBLY 'WILBUR')

Our thanks to the Special WS FT-RAP DECIPHERING Task Force for their help on this one.

So, young person you now know pretty much EVERYTHING there is to know about MUSIC at least for the time being. Oh yes. There is one more thing...

"A Chirp is better than NOTHING"



KEEP CHIRPING FOR JESUS!!!