

... Incoming!  
... Moon to earth, do you read Me?

Cover art by Evey

The article by Gary ("Through Dumpster and Dungeon") in FZ #027 should get 1st prize! It was so good! Any more of these great oldie goldies? Only the Family has stories like this to tell!

— From Mark, Marianne, John and Maria, Slovakia

(FZ: Know anyone with an exciting tale of yore to tell?—Or maybe you've got one yourself? Write in, one and all—we'll print as many as we can!)

Question: When you draw, what do you use? I mean, it looks like you shade; what do you do?

— From Bright (13, of John and Pearl), Thailand

(Evye: Hi Bright! Well, I'm not really professional or anything. In fact, I've never done much in the art department before, so I can't speak for every piece of artwork that you may be referring to. But since at the moment I am the Zine's resident artist, I'll give a shot at answering—speaking for my art in particular. When I draw, the art that you are seeing in the Zine is first done as a pencil sketch. Then I go over that with a paintbrush and black ink so that it comes out as clearly as possible. Then I scan the picture and bring it into Photoshop where I shade it [on computer]. Then, of course, sometimes I'll just do it all in pencil and leave it at that, shading and all. Hope that answers your question!)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE

You may have noticed that there was no Zine issue for the month of July. Nope, you didn't miss something. For various reasons we were unable to publish July's issue. However we're back...bigger??? and hopefully better??? We'll see about that! But have no fear, the Zine continues on, despite a short blip in the continuum.

OOPS OOPS OOPS

FZ #30, pg. 3 in the "Dear Ed" section featured a question listed as from Liefke. Our apologies—this question actually came from Stephanie in the Middle East. Our apologies, Liefke and Stephanie! Sigh.

COVER STORY

APHID UNDERCOVER

UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED

WE FALL

12

8



CROs

FIND OUT MORE ABOUT SOME OF THE CROs

21



'TOON

FEATURING "THE BIG LIE"

DEPARTMENTS

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Our 4- to 6-year-olds love variety and spontaneity. They really enjoy it when I come up with something completely new to do with them. For example, one day I was going to cook dinner, so in the morning, instead of doing their regular schoolwork, I brought them down to the kitchen and they helped me peel carrots and wash cabbages for dinner. Then we got rice and they measured the amount of rice we needed for dinner and filled up the rice cooker. They were in total bliss and very well behaved, ha!

I feel that routine and a schedule is definitely a must; kids feel secure that way—but there's always room for a sprinkle of sudden inspiration, which keeps them surprised. And then they're usually more wholehearted about doing their standard scholastics.

Something that's super cool is just talking with them. They each have characteristics that are unique, and when I show them that I'm interested in them as individuals and want to hear what they have to say, then they're usually ready to listen to what I have to tell them. I've found that when I do this frequently, it helps them to respond more naturally and tell me what they're really feeling. It also increases their communication skills.

For example, after reading a *Heaven's Library* story I'll ask them what they would have done if they were in the person's situation. Or I'll ask them which of the characters they liked best, and why. Every once in awhile one of them will pop up with a question or make a comment that stands out to me (for example—John, age 6: "Why do we have to do school?"), so we'll talk about it. I'll ask them their opinion, then I'll explain what I think, and we usually come to a conclusion that everyone agrees with.

Every so often we'll have "open forums"—on a YC level. We'll pick a subject of interest to them, and they'll all share their views and ideas, and we'll have a blast. It's very cute and funny, 'cuz they're all so different! They're so simple

and sincere, and it's fun and easy to talk with them and motivate them. When they're having a trial about something, if I talk with them (one on one), things are easier to solve, and they get to share their little hearts, which is quite special! It helps to form a neat bond with each of them, and brings us closer.

I think that when you show that you care about them and consider their feelings, they try their best to obey, which makes it easier for all. Of course they have their problems, and their moments of naughtiness, and they often get corrected. But their response to the correction is contingent on the way they're corrected. When I get frustrated and raise my voice, they raise their voices. But when I'm calm, I've found that they are too. They're fun and lively and they can't get enough input.—It seems the more that's poured in, the more they want! PTL!

## THOSE...

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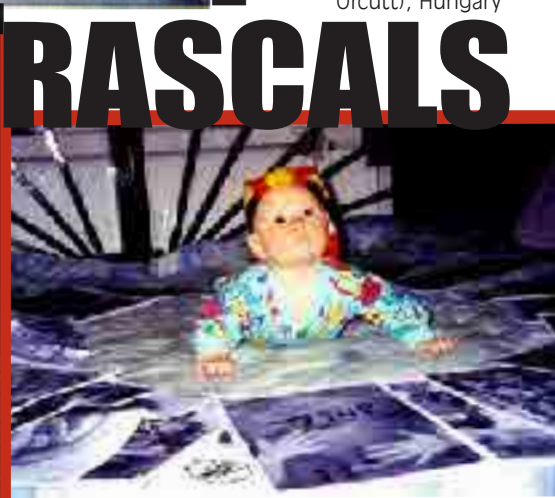


**FROM LIBBY (16), ASCRO**

Left: Lisa (3) and Christie (2). Yeah, it's the Zine! ASCRO

Below Left: Nicky (2), of Lydia C. Relaxing in the sun with my favorite magazine—the Zine.

Below: Sammy Lee (4 mos. of John and Abi Orcutt), Hungary



## RASCALS

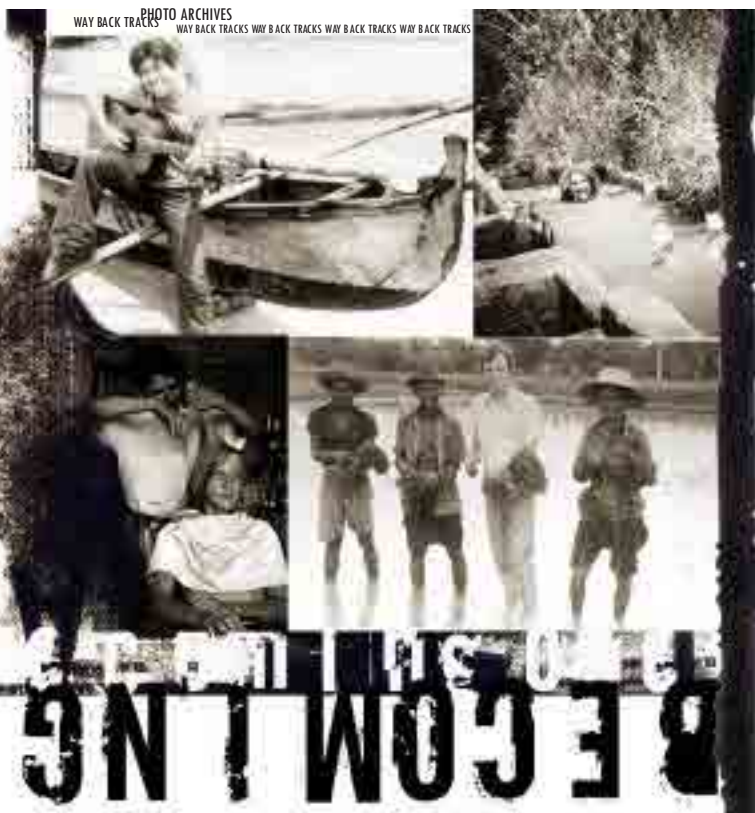
### OH NO, NOT ANOTHER...???? OH YES, ANOTHER PHOTO PLUG, YOU BETCHA!

Some people dress up, a few must dress down;  
Some go sans-makeup, or frolic like clowns;  
Some eat with chopsticks, or dig in with hands;  
Some learn to whisper, or boogie in bands;  
Some learn a language, or maybe to sign;  
Some go without frills, like chocolate and wine.  
His love constrains us, in all that we do,  
Show us in photo how *becoming one* becomes you!

Yes, people of both sexes, we know there are oodles of you out there who are becoming one with the exotic-or-whatever natives of your fruitful field and *liking it*, so share the joy with us! Show via photo something that you do to be one with the people you're trying to reach. If you've become *so* one with your beloved field and can't send a photo for security reasons, then write up some description of how you've chameleon-ed into your fascinating corner of the world. Can't wait to soak it up!

#### SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

e-mail: [wspubs@ibm.net](mailto:wspubs@ibm.net)  
snail-mail: Grapevine, Attn: Free Zine,  
P.O. Box 4938, Orange, CA 92863, USA



## BECOMING ONE

# HELLO, MR. COOL!

## A being with an opinion, Bombay

You see this guy walking down the street, who is dripping with “coolness,” loaded with “togetherness” and absolutely oozing with “attitude.” You just finished witnessing to a few sweet, simpler souls. They were pretty easy to witness to, and receptive too. So you pray for some more sweet and simple souls to witness to, and carefully avoid any attitude. Ever done that?

As a painfully shy teenager, I would stay away from witnessing to the more “together” specimens of mankind. After all, “What if that guy thinks I’m Girl number Zillion—and-one approaching him, merely attracted by his riveting, magnetic personality?” (And you can add a couple more what-ifs to that!)

Obviously, that’s not the end of the story. The Lord did a few things to help me be open to witness to everybody, regardless of their outward appearance. Once the Lord gave me a specific leading to witness to “Mr. Cool” at a particular college. I didn’t want to and normally I wouldn’t have approached him at all. But I had a feeling I should go to a specific corner of the campus and that he would come by, so I reluctantly did. Sure enough, Mr. Cool came along. I passed him a poster and gave a brief witness, which was a bit of an ego pulverizer for me. He didn’t seem very interested, and when I later bumped into him, he was more interested in his girlfriend than in any more Word. But the victory is that I started learning not to be afraid of their faces.

Recently, a visiting outreach, who has a very special gift of connecting to people of all walks of life, encouraged me to pray with a beggar that she felt a burden for, which I did. Even more recently, when on a short vacation at a small resort, I ended up witnessing to somebody who initially came across as the epitome of coolness. Instead of running away, he ended up getting saved beautifully.—After all, everybody is supposed to get the message, right? So ... be not afraid of their faces!

## MY DESIRES AND HIS DESIRES

### From Steve (teen), Mexico

For a long time I’ve been praying for a music ministry. The Lord has blessed me with a gift and the liking for it, and now I really wanted to use it for Him. I didn’t want a big position in the music ministry, I just wanted to work with a singing group and lead people to the Lord through music.

When I was 11 years old, I was asked to help play keyboard for a weekly program we held. A friend of ours let us use his building to invite people for songs and Bible study. But two weeks later, the time was up on the contract. So we closed that up and started doing other ministries.

When I was 14, the Lord called us to Mexico. We were thrilled about the call and started looking for Homes to join. We found a Home that was preparing a music ministry, and they said they would love to have us. However, we had also written another Home and they had *also* said they would love to have us. Everyone else seemed to prefer the second Home, but there would be no music ministry, and that’s all that mattered to me. In

spite of my disappointment, I was excited about moving to the mission field.

After I’d been there the first few months, the test came. It seemed as if things were turning out totally contrary to the way I had been hoping. The Home was very big, and I felt a bit lost, since I didn’t have much of a job or ministry. To top it off, there was no music ministry. I had already been listening to the Enemy for quite a while by this time, and as a result I became very bitter.

Later, we started doing more outreach, but as time went by I got bored of that too, and once again, my bitterness grew within me. Finally I got to see the videos of the meetings that Peter held about bitterness. I also read Mama’s Letter on having desperate prayer against it. So I asked for prayer, and the Lord delivered me! But my story does not end there.

I still didn’t have a music ministry. It turned out that the Lord was trying to teach me to be yielded, no matter what He let me do. He said to me one day, “You’re not in the Family for music, you’re in it to serve Me.” So I left my de-



**“I GAVE MR. COOL A BRIEF WITNESS, WHICH WAS A BIT OF AN EGO PULVERIZER FOR ME.”**

sires to the Lord, and determined to serve Him no matter what. About a month after making that commitment, I was invited to help play guitar for a show at a festival here in Mexico. Then I was asked to help a singing group out in a nearby Home that needed an extra guitar player. Then most recently I was asked to help the DC Band with the shows they were coming to do in Mexico.

All of this helped me to be yielded, and even be a better kind of musician and servant for Him. I hope this will be an encouragement to all you who may be feeling a bit frustrated or unchallenged, if you’re not able to use your gifts and talents as much as you’d like to. God bless you all!

# This story took place 17 years ago during the Cyprus war,

but many of the accounts of the miracles the Lord did have not been shared before. The whole situation, which occurred in Cyprus, was actually a miraculous answer to Dad's prayers in the letter, "The Sword of the Lord" (see ML #309A), and the Lord continued to do miracles and have His hand upon us, His children!

The war started with a right-wing coup against the government, and led to the country being invaded by Turkey. At the beginning of the war, we were experiencing air raids almost every day. Some mornings, as we stood on our balcony at dawn, we could see the bombs being dropped from planes not far away. But even though buildings as close as one block away were being hit and destroyed, our house was not touched! We knew we owed our full protection to the Lord, and we thanked Him for the miraculous peace He gave us during the whole time.

We were four adults and one baby, and we definitely knew that we were in the Lord's will being there; one of our sisters had not been allowed to leave the country, and we had decided to stick it out together. Psalm 4 came especially alive to us during this time: "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still. ... I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." This promise helped us to sleep peacefully each night. Verse 7 was also so true for us, as we felt the Lord's miraculous love and care so closely during this time: "Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased." PTL!

Following the air raids, there was a ground invasion of our city, Famagusta, and we were forced to flee the home with only 10 minutes' notice! We spent our first night with some other refugees in a crowded farmhouse, where they gave us one of the only beds, since we had a baby. The next day we arrived at a makeshift refugee camp, which had been set up on the British base there. This ended up being our home for the next couple of months.

It was a real miracle how the money at all. We also had a very fruitful who were very broken over what had happened, their losses. At first we stayed in a cramped little tent, comfortable, but before long the Lord provided a much large bedroom and had electricity, beds and furniture!

The meals that were served were pretty skimpy, the soldiers who would get extra rations for us. We that was a blessing! Other people in the camp would ping, like fresh fruit and disposable diapers. It was midst of their own hardship.

After awhile, we were able to get some lit from which was located in an area of the city that was still every day people came to us for things to read. We'd out a lot of lit there before the war—about America. In those early witnessing things like "Green Paper Pig," etc., and

When we were witnessing before message as they thought of America as it had become pretty common knowledge which had led to the country being in-losing their homes. So many people felt that the U.S. was pretty much to blame for the situation, and it turned out that "America the Whore" was actually our most popular piece of lit. The people now realized that we had been true prophets, and what we had warned them about had in fact happened!

We were burning free and witnessing full time in the camp there, and made quite a few friends and catcombers. We also found that a lot of our family training came in very useful there. For example, one day we visited the camp's army kitchen, and found out that they didn't know how to set up their dishwashing properly, and so we were able to help them do so. Also with my baby, who was only about four months old at the time, we were able to continue in all our regular cleanliness routines as normal, as there was a facility set up in the camp clinic for bathing and sterilizing, etc. The nurses at the clinic commented when we were leaving that we were never sick, and that we must have been some of the healthiest people in the camp. So many other people were getting sicknesses and had stomach troubles, etc., due to lack of good cleanliness habits. People just didn't know how to operate once they were away from their former comfortable homes and familiar surroundings!

The next miracle was getting a passport for baby Faith, as we were beginning to see the handwriting on the wall that we'd probably need to leave the country (as we didn't feel we should stay in the camp during the winter). I went to the American embassy to get her put on my passport (since we didn't have money to get a new passport at the time), only to be told by the clerk there that her birth certificate was not acceptable, and that I would need to return to City Hall in the city where she was born and get it reworded! I protested that the city was occupied by the Turkish Army, and that even if I could go there myself, there would certainly be no one in City Hall to do such a thing for me! (The city had been totally evacuated.) The clerk insisted that that was what I had to do. Just then, a man passing by, who turned out to be the Consul, inquired about my situation. He was very understanding, and very upset with the clerk for giving me a hard time.

## WITNESSERS IN WARTIME

Lord provided for us at the refugee camp, as we had no ministry witnessing to the people in the camp, many of and were coming to realize the true values in life, through which we shared with another family. It was quite un-bigger and nicer tent for us, which was the size of a

but through our witnessing, we soon made friends among would get canned milk, cheese, fruit and fruitcake, so also often bring back things for us when they'd go shop-really touching how helpful the people were, even in the

where it was stored in an unoccupied former family home, open. So we had this box of MO letters in our tent, and made quite an impression on this country, as we'd gotten and a lot of it was warning the people days we'd just print up the latest letters, get them out to the general public.

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He told the clerk, "Look, we have so many real problems to worry about!" (The American ambassador had been assassinated a few days earlier!) "For goodness' sake, give this lady her passport!"

Once we had our needed passport, we began praying about the possibility of visiting our former home to retrieve the few funds we had left there, and some of our belongings, in order to be able to travel, as we'd heard that the Turkish Army was allowing some foreigners access to our city. When we mentioned this idea to our friends, they were totally freaked out, and told us how it was so dangerous and we'd be raped for sure, etc. But we prayed about it, and it just seemed we were going to have to take that route anyway, as one of our sisters was Turkish and virtually the only way for her to be able to leave the country was to go via Turkey. So the Lord gave us the faith to try it.

The next day, we visited the Turkish Cypriot police station near the camp, to ask about traveling to Famagusta. The police were quite sympathetic, and offered to drive us themselves! They also did a very smart thing: They sealed our passports in an envelope, and wrote on it that we were VIP visitors and if anyone wanted to open the envelope to see our passports, they would have to sign for it. The police explained that the occupied side of the island was not really under their control, and that many of the Turkish soldiers had set up their own roadblocks and checkpoints, and they didn't really trust those soldiers to check our passports. So they did that to protect us.

It really worked, as there were roadblocks about every 10 minutes, but no one wanted to have to sign their names in order to see our passports! At one time in the car the baby needed to nurse, and I was kind of worried about doing so, since I'd heard all these rape stories.

They were even a little bit embarrassed and go back to Famagusta and the authorities there house. It was a bit of a weird feeling going through this overnight, and to see our house just as we'd left it, even laundry still our funds and a few belongings in the limited time we had, and then

We only had about \$50, barely enough for all of us to take we said goodbye to all of our friends in the camp, and went to the tion for our departure. TTL we met some sweet Turkish sol- and food for the next few days! They also drove us around in rowed" and hot-wired! We sort of felt like we were living care of by the "conquerors" of the country!

Finally, the day of departure! As we boarded dear national sister started getting a little bit port city with a reputation for being a pretty room for all of us! However, on the ship, our ing that of one man who invited us to stay at

He took care of us from the time we his house resting up and praying about what the middle of nowhere, days away from the us to cross Turkey (we were in the south- east, where we had some friends and contacts of that journey was to go to the capital city we were able to buy our tickets, and then would do once we got to Ankara, but it was really the only thing we could do, so we just had to go by faith!

When it was time to stop for lunch, we didn't have any money, so we just had a glass of water in the restaurant. Back in the bus, the family across from us offered us some apples, as they noticed we hadn't eaten and they liked our baby. We got to talking to them, and they were really inspired when they heard our story and that we were refugees from Cyprus. (Cyprus was the first war that the Turks had won since the fall of the Ottoman Empire, so it was a big thing for them, and war refugees were regarded with honor!) So these sweet people invited us to stay with them in their very nice home during our time in Ankara, and their teenage son took us around in his car wherever we needed to go. We had decided to see about taking a loan from the American embassy, and though the tough lady Consul was quite skeptical of my story (such a contrast to the way the sweet Turkish family had received us), she agreed to loan me \$75. That was just enough to take the train to Istanbul!

Arriving in Istanbul, we were able to find some former friends, Catholic priests, who helped to support us for the next few weeks. We had moved into a hotel in the hippie district and just started witnessing full time, and soon we met a Lebanese hippie who had gotten saved, delivered from hard drugs and cigarettes, and started witnessing with us—and joined the family! We also met a man who let us use his phone to call long distance to London, so that we could get back in contact with the family and our leadership. More brethren were sent down to help us start a home there, and shortly afterwards I moved on to a home in Iran. PTL!

This whole experience was such a miracle—how we were protected from harm, and how we were able to live by faith without any money and carry on a fruitful ministry witnessing and winning souls during a war and under emergency conditions.—And then how we were able to travel all the way across Turkey with a little baby, and again with virtually no money and not knowing anyone! The Lord is so faithful to care for His own and make us a witness and a testimony in any circumstances, TTL!

But when the soldiers saw I was nursing a baby, just waved us right past! So we were able to allowed us about 45 minutes to visit our empty city, which had become a ghost town on the line! Anyway, we were able to get went back to the camp that night.

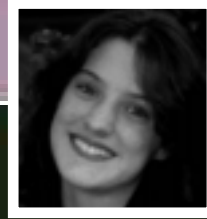
the ferry to Turkey. So shortly afterwards, Turkish side of the island again in prepara- diers who befriended us and paid for our hotel their very nice sports car, which they had "bor- Jeremiah 40, as we were being pretty well taken

the boat, we only had about \$10 of landing funds. Our worried, as she knew we would be landing in the evening at a rough place, and with hardly enough money to even rent a hotel blonde, blue-eyed baby attracted quite a lot of attention, includ- his house!

left the ship, and we spent a few days at to do next. We were pretty much out in nearest family home. So the Lord showed west), and go to Istanbul in the north- from a former home there. The first leg of Ankara, which cost \$9 on the bus, so had \$1 left over! We had no idea what we

## FROM ROSE, THAILAND

**NAME: JASON PIONEER**  
**AREA: NACRO/MEXICO**



# COUNTING

For a little more “getting to know you” time, we thought we’d do a little focus-in on some folks that some of you maybe don’t know a whole lot of personal details about.

### Personal Particulars:

I’m 26, married to Cedar, the most wonderful wife in the whole world and we have five beautiful children—four boys and the last addition was our girl—Precious Angeline! It took a lot of lovin’ to get her! Ha! *(LNF Cedar is now expecting #6!—Please pray for her health and strength!)*

### How long have you been a CRO?

A little over 2 years.

### How would you describe your job?

I feel that being a CRO in the Family does not take any more or less faithfulness or dedication than it does to be a faithful provisioner, witnesser, teacher, office person, secretary, etc., because no matter what ministry the Lord has called us to do, it takes a lot of love, dedication, and saying yes to Jesus every day. But having this responsibility has also made me very desperate to “stay on track” and close to the Word new and old in my own personal life.

One of the best things about my job is the feeling of being able to be a blessing and help to my dear, sweet Family. I’m quite certain that the Family is the best place to serve the Lord in the whole world. Every time in my life when I would begin to question the Lord’s love, or if the Family was the place for me, the Lord was always so faithful to touch my life, or speak to me in a special way and I just couldn’t shake the feeling or deny the fact that the Family was and still is “top of the pops”!

### What was it like becoming a CRO, both in your adjustment to it, as well as how you are perceived by your peers?

At first it was a bit of a surprise, and I wondered if I was going to go from being one of the “first SGA CROs” to setting the record for “holding the CRO office shorter than anyone to date”! Ha! But I felt a lot of love and trust from Mama and Peter and those on the NACRO teamwork through their invitation for Cedar and me to join their CRO team.

On the question of how I feel I have been received by my peers, I feel that sometimes they may be checking me out, so to break down the walls I like to dispel any proverbial images that they may have that “CROs are super-spiritual giants” that are on some kind of other level or something. This was always a big worry that I had when I was younger, that was whether I measured up to what I thought my shepherds were expecting of

me. But after getting to know Peter and seeing how humbly he carries his job as our king, I feel that the least I can do is help others not feel funny around “little ol’ me,” ha! The Lord just wants us to be ourselves because that is how He sees us anyway!

I like to dance, have parties, listen to loud music (when I can get away with it, ha!), go on fun witnessing excursions, have rock’m sock’m inspirations where you really cut loose. I think it is nice to know that serving Jesus, although peppered with battles and trials, can also be a lot of fun, and really neat, too!

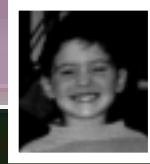
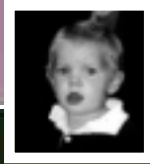
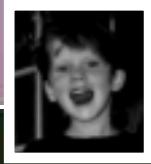
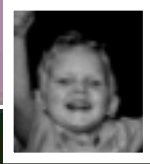
### Any other comments?

I guess one thing that I wanted to share was the big role that witnessing still plays in my life. Before coming onto the NACRO teamwork I had always been really involved in witnessing in every Home that I was in. I always really enjoyed it!

Many think that once you become a CRO, your other ministries cease, but this has not been the case at all for me. Many of our Family CROs do handle a lot of administrative type duties, but in my personal situation







# THE CROs

Name: Magda  
Area: EURCRO

**I just couldn't shake the feeling or deny the fact that the Family was and still is "top of the pops"!**

I am able to continue witnessing a fair bit, and this has given me more zest and inspiration for my other work of visitation, helping to answer messages and communicating with our field, etc. Witnessing is really the lifeblood of what our Family was and still is built on, so I never want to get too far away from that. And in closing I just wanted to say that besides being a CRO, being a daddy is just the best! The Lord has given me such wonderful kids; each one is so special in their own unique way, and my heartfelt prayer is that I can pour into my kids the love for the Lord and the Word that my dear parents were so faithful to pour into me. There is no one who can influence a child like a mom or dad who lays down their life for their kids, and by God's grace I want to be that dad.

Name: Magda /Area: EURCRO

### Personal Particulars:

I'm not exactly an FGA or SGA ... I'll explain later! And no, I'm not married yet, and no children yet. However, I'm truly and fully married to Jesus. He really is the BEST One!

### How long have you been a CRO?

Almost a whole year—seems like the longest year of my life and definitely the most full.—Many tests and trials, but also many victories!

### How would you describe your job? What are the best and worst things about it?

As it is a job given by God, there is not really a "worst" to it, because He, with His magic hands of love, can even turn the worst into best, TYJ! It's a job you might be doing today, but then tomorrow you may find the Lord telling you that He needs you now as a outreach, or teacher, or maybe a "cockroach man." (You definitely can't live without cockroach men in Russia, as we have plenty of cockroaches, ha!) So the real trick is to enjoy your job, take it one day at a time and see it as an assignment from Heaven.

You can't do it without the special inside scoop from Heaven, and to have that you have to keep yourself clean inside. So the bigger the job the better, and the more problems you face the cleaner you stay, for only then you realize how small you are without God and how little you know.

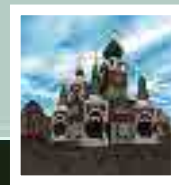
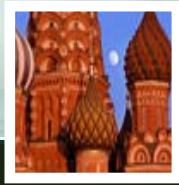
However in those circumstances you also quickly realize that "the day of miracles has not passed," and prayer is even more powerful than you thought. You realize that although Praise Time is only a five-minute stopover as you travel through your day, it's those five minutes that give you enough oxygen at times to carry on for the next few hours. The Loving Jesus time you have—though a joy and pleasure in itself—suddenly becomes your lifesaver, a time of jumping higher and higher till you jump into the heavenlies and become one with the lovely views of Heaven that carry you through when walking through the mud and rocks and puddles of daily life here on earth.

So as you can see, the CRO job is not outstanding—or that impossible. Hey, let's be honest—all it really takes is to be a real Don Quixote, totally crazy about Jesus and totally in love with Him and His Word. And there is never a moment that you can say: "Hey, I think I learned it all!" because all it takes is receiving another message from a needy Home or discouraged soul, and you feel like you are just starting to learn how to be a shepherd all over again, and you're so thankful that it is He Who is in control and not you, and so thankful that He knows it all and all you have to do is follow.

### What was it like becoming a CRO?

I joined the CRO teamwork as a junior teamworker; I'm an EE National. EE (Eastern Europe) has not existed for the last few years, as this part of the world is now known as CE (Central Europe). As far as the term "national" ... let's see, how could we define that word? Some people say you are national only when you are in your home country; some say it's only when you are a new disciple. Some take pride in the fact that there are so many nationals that became labor leaders on their field, but many think that it's just nice to be a Family member like everyone else.

So, you see I still don't know where I fit in, but one thing I know and I can answer to you right now: I am a citizen of God's Kingdom, I'm the wife of the Best Guy I know, and young or old I will always remain His chosen one. I have good days and bad days; sometimes it's easy to do the job He requires of me and sometimes it is tough, but He is always there to show me how to face those days, and whether "good" or "bad," it's always great to be able to walk on the path that He has prepared for me. And that's what I enjoy the most in my life.



**Name: Magda**  
**Area: EURCRO**

# CROs

**Tell us an interesting, funny or otherwise outstanding memory that stands out to you in your time as a CRO.**

When we were visiting, one day a new person arrived to join this Home. As he came from a different area, he didn't know who was who on the field and who did what, etc. So a few of us were in the kitchen, having afternoon tea, talking for few minutes, laughing away, ended up having a water fight, etc. (It was a YA Home.)

The newcomer was there too and he was listening and telling some stories as well. Then someone asked him about his previous Home and what he was doing before, and then we heard it all! He really gave us the inside scoop of the "underground" activities that no one knew about which were going on in his previous Home, and how they would cover things up on their reports, etc. I really felt bad for him as he was the only one who didn't know who was listening, ha!

After a few minutes, one of the YA girls mentioned, "Oh, you probably didn't meet Magda, she is a ...." Ha! I don't know who felt worse at this point, him or me, but you should have heard how quickly his stories changed from the "inside scoop" into testimonies of how the Lord brought him through many miracles to his new field, ha! It was good though; later we talked one-on-one and worked out the other things as well. I had always wanted to be in a situation such as this one where no one knows who you are!

Another time I got to a Home where no one knew me well, and after being there for a couple of days I found out that the young people of the Home had made out a checklist and were observing me to see if I fulfilled their requirements.—And if I hadn't, then they would not have talked to me honestly! That was enough to keep me desperate during that visit, and how thankful I was for the gift of prophecy, as the Lord showed me what to do step by step, and with-

out even knowing about the list I fulfilled it, and I ended up having a good talk with each one of them. They then opened up their hearts and it was easy to talk about the things we had to talk about. Isn't Jesus incredible? He definitely cares for us in the best way! TYJ!

**Any other comments?**

This is a definitely a challenge!—There are so many things that I've always wanted to say, so here is my chance and I'm blank, ha! Let's me see, I think I got it ... yes, okay. Listen to this:

I've learned in my life that you make out of your life what you want



it to be. We can even make our Family what we want it to be.—If we want to be full of dissatisfaction, unhappiness and grouchiness, the recipe is quite easy: Don't listen to God, just do your own thing. Or we can have the BEST Family in the world; happy, challenged, maybe not without problems but at least strong enough to know how to face them and how to enjoy the fight. And the recipe for that is also very simple: Yield to the Word, let go of yourself and cling to God and His love and His Word each day.

I love our Family to pieces and would never imagine my life alone. I've experienced all kind of things in the Family—living with the best of the shepherds and with the worst of them, in fruitful Homes and just the opposite, working with good kids and with rotten apples too, doing ministries that were like second nature to me and others that I wished I'd never been asked to do, having bad days and good days, living with my friends and being forsaken by my friends when I thought I needed them the most. But in all that, having Jesus and His Word I learned that you can go through it all and become deeper, happier and more aware of the needs of others. It's not fun to go through crashes in your life, but how wonderful it is to be collecting medals and blessings and rewards from Jesus when He pours down His rewards when you persevere, when you yield to Him, or when you say the famous words of Job, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him" or "You have the Words of truth—where shall we go?"



## Tongue Twister

SENT IN BY RUFF (16), CAMEROON

I'm not the pleasant pheasant plucker, but the pheasant pluckers' pleasant son. I'm only plucking pheasants till the pleasant pheasant plucker comes.

## Wizard of Odd

What's better than God, worse than the Devil, and if you eat it you'll die?

Answer: Nothing.

## Roots

If you were around before July 1979—*over twenty years ago*—you would have no idea what the term “get out” was! Can you imagine that? Yes, that was the month this word was coined, the product of a whooping roar from Dad that was originally intended as a sentence: “Get *out!*”—In the fresh air that is.

ML #805 was a 92-paragraph, heart-pumping, fresh-air breathing mandate. Its two sequels, “Get Out 2” and “Get Out 3,” came out in 1980 and 1982 respectively. But this famous month was the first chance for Family members to pull up their socks, lace up their shoes and *lift those legs!* I hear this Letter was originally written for a die-hard office worker, but there's lots of precious little tittles in there that can still put quite a few of us to shame on a daily basis.

What is it that keeps us housebound when we could be chasing a ball, kicking up turf or pulling those chins up? These are the days of fresh air and exercise; let's live it up!

And so, twenty years have passed and some of us are none the wiser. As we sit and reminisce on our roots, let's close with this stirring thought from our fun-loving exerciser himself: “I just *insist* that our whole local Family stop and go somewhere, at least once a day, for an hour or two, vigorous walks, swim, play ball with the kids, whatever, to get some good, healthful fresh air & sunshine and exercise” (ML #805:10b). Wanna real earful? Check out ML #805—*if you dare!*

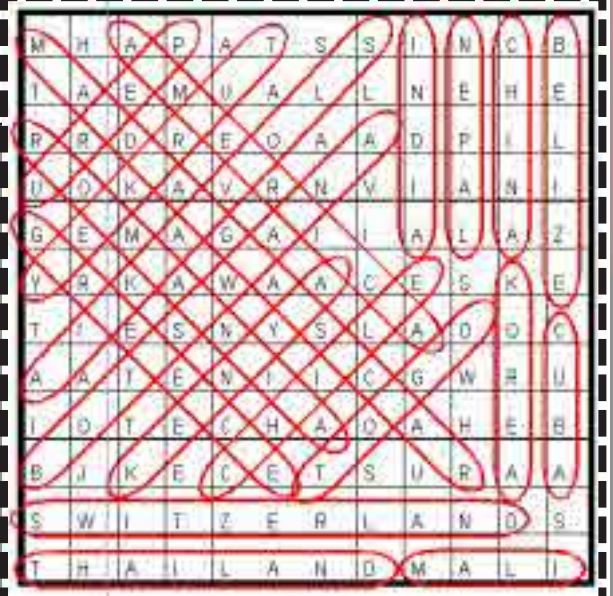


### Answers to the clues to the Word Search in FZ #32

From Avital, India

- (1) MADAGASCAR — What Ford did.
- (2) ROMANIA — Crazy about kangaroos in Eastern Europe.
- (3) GREECE — Oils 'n' fats for the elbow.
- (4) AMERICA — A cheerful automobile.
- (5) INDIA — The “in” place to be. (Partly 'cause I'm here and I'm loyal, and partly 'cuz it's true.)
- (6) CHINA — Tread prayerfully in this land, as a bull in a shop should.
- (7) NEPAL — No, buddy! (Sorry, it's a goofy clue, I just couldn't think of anything else!)
- (8) KOREA — Send parcel quick to Eastern Asia.
- (9) BELIZE — A musical instrument leads to comfort.
- (10) CUBA — Line-up of sheeepy noises.
- (11) PERU — Land of the “pure,” all mixed up.
- (12) TURKEY — A bird that can be cold or alive.
- (13) SLOVAKIA — A spellable Central European country that was part of an unspellable one.
- (14) BOTSWANA — Land where “Setswana” is spoken. (This is supposed to be an honest clue.)
- (15) KENYA — Or can't ya?
- (16) CHILE — Something is hot!
- (17) TOGO — Way — — !
- (18) MALI — Mail needs to get sorted out here.
- (19) SWITZERLAND — I've never been here. (Perhaps that's not much of a clue.)
- (20) THAILAND — Mini-skirt country.

And the message formed by the remaining letters is: “Hasta la vista with Jesus!”



# APHID UNDERCOVER

~By Jasmine



Art by Euye

a silly-story-with-meaning, inspired by GN 835 "Citizens of the Kingdom"

~ dedicated to all of you aphids who have traveled to foreign lands



Then it all came back to him—of course! The new hyper-diggers! It was an invention that his father aphid had patented, and he was sure that it would revolutionize the lives of ants worldwide, by helping them to dig their tunnels faster and more efficiently. He had even brought a sample with him to the dance.

"Say, what are you?" cooed a female ant with long lashes and a black scarf tied around her waist.

"I'm an aphid," Zarig said proudly. "My name's Zarig."

"Well, hi, Zarig," the girl replied. "I didn't know we were supposed to take names. Are we?"

"Sure," he replied.



Zarig felt his heart rising in his throat. His heart began to pound faster and faster with every step he took towards the great double-doors of the school gym. He finally came to the outer confines and looked at the two great warrior ants that stood blocking his way.

"Who are you?" asked one, in a deep baritone voice.

"I'm Zarig, aphid warrior," he squeaked.

"This gathering is for ants only," returned the guard.

"Not true," Zarig returned. "I'm within my rights, check out the invitation."

The guard scrutinized the leaflet that Zarig stuck in his face, and finally let him pass. "All right," he grunted. "But don't expect a lot of attention in there—you'll stick out like a sore thumb."

Zarig took a deep breath. Of course, Zarig was not his real name—his real name was Tommy Fisher, and he wasn't sure just why he had chosen to dress up as an aphid for his class' "ant colony" science-project inspired dance. But still, here he was, and it was too late to wonder about the path that he had chosen.



"All right then," she smiled. "I'll be Tula. Why aren't you an ant?"

"Never mind that—mind this!" Zarig said, pulling out his hyper-digger. "What do you think? As an ant, it will revolutionize your digging process! No more hours upon hours buried under the mud, slaving away—you'll have time to relax and watch videos at night!"

"Cool!" Tula returned, then called out to a couple of her friends. "Hey, come look at this!"

Zarig's product was going over like an ice-cream sundae. He already had a list of ten orders for his dad's great new product and he was feeling pretty good about himself. He retired to the bar and sipped a tall fizzy drink while he contemplated what to do next.

As he did so, he started looking closely at the sea of ants. They all looked so dark and dingy—quite ridiculous, actually, with their spiky feelers sticking high up over their heads. And that silly little ant-dance they were doing! He



looked at the mirror behind the bar and smiled at his sleek, lime-colored self. "Now that is the way a creature is supposed to look", he purred.

Suddenly he jumped off his bar stool, and grabbed the ant nearest him. "Look at you!" he said, shaking his head frantically. "Look at you, man! You're an ant!"

"Yes, and?" the ant asked, with an "am I missing something" look.

"Well, look at me! I'm an aphid! I am infinitely more cool than you are!"

The ant looked at Zarig seriously. It was a lot to take in all in one moment. "You really think so?" he finally asked.

"Oh yeah!" Zarig said. "Black outfits are totally out! Lime green is the only color nowadays. And those feelers—we've got to do something about them!"

The ant looked at himself in the mirror. "You're right!" he said. He pulled

off his feelers and threw them on the ground. "Is that any better?" he asked.

"A little," Zarig sighed. "Here, I just happened to bring a pile of green clothes. Put something on—it'll give you a whole new look. You may not really be an aphid, but you can at least act like one, talk like one."

The little ant stepped into a bright green jumpsuit.

"Here, have some chewing gum, that really helps the whole image."

"Gee thanks, Zarig! I feel a lot better. I'm gonna have to go spread the word!"

A few minutes later, two ants came running up to Zarig. "Is it true? Is it true the rumor that's going around, that ants are not cool?"

"I'm afraid it is!" Zarig replied. "Aphid is the look of choice right now. Lucky for you I've got a great big aphid dress-up box right here, so you don't need to worry."

And so the evening went. Pretty soon, nearly half of the dance floor was covered in aphid wannabes. But there were a few die-hard ants that held proudly to their heritage and were none



too pleased at this falling away that was taking place. Among them was Tula.

At last she could take it no more. Steam rising from her ant-ears, she stormed over to the bar stool where Zarig was sitting, smugly surveying the largely lime green dance floor.

"Tommy Fisher, what do you think you're doing?" she shouted.

"You mean Zarig?" he said coolly.

"Yeah, whatever. What is this new aphid uprising thing you're leading?"

"I don't know," he shrugged. "It's just so much more cool to be an aphid, and I wanted to spread the joy."

"You are so deceived!" she fumed, jumping up on the bar stool next to him.

"What makes you think that your outfit is so much better than ours? You came in



here with this really good product that was going to make our lives easier, the answer to all our problems and so on. But then when that started going over good, you started thinking that everything else about you was the answer to our lifelong dreams as well!"

Zarig looked surprised. He hadn't thought of it this way before. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"We are ANTS!" she said. "And putting on some silly aphid costume is not going to make us any cooler. I think it would be much cooler for you, coming into an ant party, to have the decency to dress up like us instead of trying to switch us over to your wardrobe. And who's to say that your sickly lime green is better anyway? I'll take my good old self any day!" Tula jumped off the bar stool and started walking back towards the dance floor.

Immediately Zarig ran after her and grabbed her by the hand. "I'm sorry!" he said. "You're right—of course you're right! I didn't mean it, and I'm glad you told me that. Let's just be ourselves, what do you say? I'll be an aphid and you be an ant." He lifted up his voice to all the others who by now had gathered around. "It's not cooler to be an aphid! Let's just be the way we're made—that's the coolest of all! And now ... how about somebody teach me that clever ant-dance that you were all doing not long ago?"

"Okay man, let the music begin!" someone shouted.

Zarig spun Tula onto the dance floor, and the great double-doors of the gym swung shut. It was time to boogie!



# The Throne-Room Vision

The morning after the Feast, I prayed and asked if Jesus had something special for me. He answered some of my personal questions and then gave me a beautiful vision about unity in our Home.

I saw a beautiful hall, and everything was clean and full of light. Then I saw Jesus on a throne. Behind Him were two angels. Each of them had a sword, holding it with both hands in the front of them. The points of the swords were touching the floor. The angels were tall and very strong, with shining eyes. On Jesus' left was God, and on the right the Holy Spirit.

Jesus was holding a heart in His hands and He said: "What you see is a heart, broken in pieces. Each piece symbolizes one of you and each crack on each piece symbolizes your battles, trials, worries, and all the desperate prayers with which you come before Me."

Then Jesus looked at the heart and it began to float before His eyes. He looked at each piece so lovingly, then He began crying. The tears were rolling down His cheeks; it broke my heart to see Him like that. He said: "I cry because of the pain that you each have in your hearts; I feel that with you."

Then He took each of the pieces and said: "Look, these muddy parts are doubts, fears, bad habits, jealousy, bitterness, bad attitudes, and all kinds of things which are not of Me. I want to heal this heart."

He looked again on the heart a little bit longer, until it became super clean, shining and so sparkling. There were no more muddy parts. Then He said: "You see? If all of you want to start a new year again, you must forget the past, forgive one another, and just clean up everything."

Then the Holy Spirit came before Jesus, and She laid hands on the heart with a loving smile. Then it was like a waterfall was washing and filling the heart until it was filled and overflowing with the Holy Spirit and love.

The Lord said: "You see what's gonna happen if you will keep renewing and cleaning the heart of your Home? You will be filled with the Holy Spirit, and the love will overflow on others. Then all the pieces will work together in love and harmony. It will be difficult, but if you all forgive, trust each other, and look at what each person has in their heart, you can be strengthened and work in unity." ■



**From  
Jana Czech,  
Germany**

# Photo Page

1



2

4

3



5



**1** "Behold the beauties that will await you if you come to India"  
Sammy, Nicky, Mike, Peter & Johnny; Chennai, India.

**3** Love is the key! Lauren in a  
handicapped center bordering  
Yugoslavia.

**2** Terry (13), Karen (14), Ruby (15);  
Whitewaves Home, Taiwan.

**4** Anonymous (for security/safety reasons), passing the  
ring during a teen dance night; Chennai, India.

**5** Celebrating a birthday Indian-style. Eating a massive "massala dosa!"  
L2R: Deepa, Rahul, Michael, Kylie, Maria, Vijay, Ravi, Asha; India.

# Scrawlathon

#3 Continues

(JESUS SPEAKING): I HOLD YOU THROUGH THE NIGHT, I KISS YOU AWAKE IN THE MORNING. I LOVE IT WHEN YOU SPEND TIME WITH ME BEFORE YOU WAKE. EVEN THE TIMES OF MOMENTARY WAKEFULNESS, WHEN YOU WAKE AND PRAY AND FALL BACK ASLEEP AGAIN. IT'S MY SPECIAL TIME WITH YOU."

Art by Bethy, 26



## TILL THE STARS TURN COLD

WHY AM I FEELING THIS WAY?  
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY,  
BUT MY HEART BEATS REAL FAST  
WHEN I JUST HEAR YOUR NAME.

CAN THIS BE LOVE, OR FANTASY?  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME!  
AM I IN LOVE, OR AM I DREAMING?  
I JUST CAN'T GET RID OF THIS FEELING.

I GET THE CHILLS WHEN I THINK OF YOU.  
I FEEL LIKE FLYING WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU.  
I GET ALL EXCITED BY YOUR TENDER TOUCH;  
I GOTTA TELL YOU: I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH!

IS IT LOVE? I'M A SLAVE TO THIS FEELING.  
CAN SOMEONE WAKE ME? I MUST BE DREAMING.  
WHY DO I GET SO MOVED DEEP INSIDE?  
I GUESS IT'S REAL LOVE; THERE'S NOTHING TO HIDE.

WHEN I TALK TO YOU, I FEEL I COULD EXPLODE;  
TO EXPRESS MY DEEPEST FEELINGS MAKES ME FEEL SO BOLD!  
IT'S LIKE A STORY THAT LONG AGO HAS BEEN TOLD;  
I THINK I'LL LOVE YOU TILL STARS TURN COLD.  
--BY SHARON STARLIGHT (17), BRAZIL.



Art by John Michael (15), Thailand





OH, JESUS, YOU TRULY ARE MY  
TREASURE AND MY PLEASURE.

Art by Peace (of James), Thailand

CHECK OUT THE MEMBERS'  
ONLY WEBSITE AGAIN FOR  
DOWNLOADABLE VERSIONS OF  
THESE AND OTHER PICTURES  
OF THE ONE WE LOVE MOST,  
JESUS. IF YOU HAVE AN OLD  
PERSONAL FAVORITE THAT  
DOESN'T APPEAR ON THE  
SITE, SEND IT IN AND WE'LL  
POST IT SO ALL CAN ENJOY.



Art by Andy (of Rina), Iceland

I FEEL YOUR LOVING ARMS AROUND ME, AND THEY ARE  
SO COMFORTING. I KNOW THAT I CAN RUN TO YOU AT  
ANY TIME, DAY OR NIGHT, AND YOU ARE ALWAYS THERE.  
I LOVE TO FEEL YOU BY MY SIDE. I LOVE TO LIE IN  
YOUR ARMS, FEEL YOUR GENTLE AND TENDER TOUCH,  
AND HEAR YOUR WHISPERS IN MY EAR (TJWL 2:39).

I LOVE TO GAZE UPON  
YOUR FACE AND LOOK INTO  
YOUR LOVING EYES.

The Miracle Cure

From Chandra, USA

On the last night of the Rainbow Gathering, we were coming from the "Granola Funk Theatre" where we had been invited to sing. Suddenly, the Family members behind us started running towards this tent. I ran around to the side of the tent, trying to get as close as possible to what was happening. In the tent, a man was sitting on a bunch of blankets, holding his swollen, scratched-up foot. He said the pain was unbearable and he couldn't stand on it. He believed in Jesus, but he didn't understand why when he put his hand on his foot and prayed to God, feeling that he had all this faith, the pain didn't go away.

He said that he believed that if we prayed for him, the pain would go away. There must have been like 80 of us there, plus a few hippies in the crowd. When we were done praying, the guy said that it felt better. He was trembling during the prayer. He said he felt the pain melting away.

I said, "Let's sing a song!"

After the song someone asked him, "Are you okay? Are you okay?"

He said, "Oh, yeah, GREAT! Oh, my God! Thank You, God! Thank You, God! Only God could do this. I feel so high! I feel all this energy going all through my body!" Then he said he felt that he could stand. It was like something you read about.—He walked; the pain was all gone! He told us that now that he had been healed, he had a personal experience to share with other people. He was a Christian and witnesses to people, and was so happy to now have a personal experience to share!

From Tim, Philippines

One of our friends called us up early one morning: Her sister's two daughters and their driver had been kidnapped. The kidnappers were asking for 50 million pesos (almost \$800,000). I dropped everything and went to see them, not really knowing what to say but wanting to encourage them in prayer

The Kidnapped Sisters

and while talking with her I started to realize that God really was going to do it, even though we couldn't see it. We prayed for the girls' safe return, and I also encouraged the mother to pray for their abductors to have a change of heart.

Later, every time I thought of this family, I would pray desperately for them. Then, two or

We started singing, and as we were singing the song he started trembling even more. It looked like every single muscle in his body was trembling.

I got scared. I thought, "Oh my God! He's having a seizure!" I started praying and praying and praying while we were singing, "Lord, please heal this man!"

When I arrived, everyone was in a fearful state; most kidnap victims are killed after the ransom has been paid. When I sat down with the mother, the Lord just overflowed. I shared that her kids are God's children too, and that He has promised to care for His Own, that no harm would come to them without His permission, and I didn't believe that He would allow them to be killed.

During this time I was also going through a lot of heavy battles in my Home situation,

# IN THE WILDERNESS



three weeks later, I was praying and seeking the Lord for our situation, and asking the Lord to show me a sign that He really does care for His Own. Right then the phone rang, and my friend told us that the two girls had been rescued! The driver was wounded, two of the kidnappers were killed during the rescue operation, and all the rest of the gang was arrested.

The next time I met with their family, the mother said that during the whole time her daughters were captive, she had held on to what I had shared, and had kept repeating it in her prayers. Every time she claimed the promises, she felt comforted by the Lord, and she knew in her heart that the girls would be okay.

Another amazing thing was that she did start praying for the abductors, and her two daughters said that this prayer was answered. The kidnappers really did have a change of heart in the way they were treating them! TYJ!

no means the main part of the story. After chasing the coolie who was carrying our suitcase and who seemed to be in a race against time—we weren't sure if he was trying to lose us or what—we finally settled into our seats on the train.

As we settled into our bunks—Tim on the lower bunk and I in my cozy upper bunk—I began to drift off to sleep. I woke a few minutes later to see Tim in deep conversation with someone. I thought, "Gee, that was fast. Was I asleep that long?" I went back to sleep and thought I'd ask Tim what happened in the morning. The next morning he told me what had happened:

He had been reading *From Jesus—With Love* as he lay on his bunk, slowly starting to drift off to sleep. He noticed out of the corner of his eye that the man across from him was watching him carefully, and he wondered what this guy's deal was. With the *FJWL* placed on his chest, Tim closed his eyes and fell asleep, only to be awakened by somebody grabbing the book from him. Anxious to keep this valuable book, Tim held onto it with all his might, and for a few minutes a tug-of-war followed.

"Do you want the book?" Tim finally asked the man.

"Yes," said the man (quite obviously). "What is it?"

Tim explained that it was a compilation of the Words of Jesus.

"Oh," said our new friend, "like the Old and New Testament together? I see. Jolly good! I like Jesus too!"

Tim witnessed to him for a bit and gave him some things that he could read. Yep, people here are curious, and only too anxious at times to hear what you have to say about Jesus!

We arrived in the city of Hubli at 6:00 A.M., and went to a very nice hotel that had agreed to give us free rooms and meals. This was a first for Tim and me to be on our own without outreach veterans with us, and it was like stepping out on a

limb and sawing it off. But of course—as always—that's when the Lord comes through with miracles. We had six days for this trip, and every morning we had a good hour of Word and prayer together, and heard from the Lord for His guidance for the day. All I can say is that I know that is why the Lord blessed it and made our trip so fruitful!

Every day we had so many wonderful witnessing adventures. We met a young deaf guy at an office and he was just about as precious as they get. He was so gentle! When he looked at our pictures of our work with the deaf, he just lit up (not as in a cigarette). He read over our publications and gave whatever money he could, and asked us to send him our newsletter every month. He treasured everything we gave him. Regular encounters with precious sheep like this make every effort to reach this nation truly worth it! On the day we left we had one last dinner at the hotel's restaurant (wouldn't miss it for anything), and the waiters and staff kept coming up and saying how sad they were to see us go. It was pretty hard to leave!

We spent one morning visiting a school for blind kids, and met a lady who was having problems with her own teenagers. When we would talk with her about things that would help the situation, she listened as if we were professors on the topic, ha! In the six days we got out 27 videos, did a lot of follow-up, and spent a lot of time with people.

It is so inspiring and enthralling to be in such a receptive field. Over and over we meet people whose lives miraculously change before our eyes.—It makes any effort or sacrifice to reach them worth it all! TYJ!

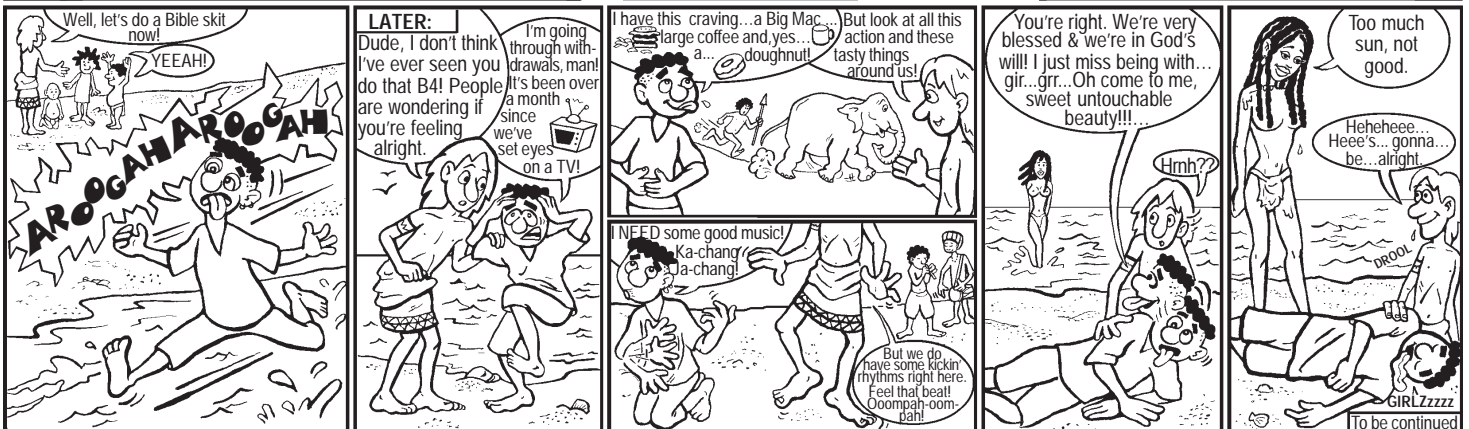
## Our Indian Adventure

### From Beth (20), India

Our adventure began with a major torrential downpour as we left to go on the road. Tim and I squished closer and closer together to keep dry from the rain that poured in the sides of our open-sided local luxury vehicle—the "auto-rickshaw." Arrival at the train station was no less comical or gripping, as we found the gates and platforms flooded with one to two feet of rainwater, and no way to reach the higher ground. (Now, this rainwater may once have been the crystal clear water of Heaven, but had gone through quite a metamorphosis since then, transforming into something quite a bit less beautiful.)

We rolled up our jeans and removed our shoes, ready to become one with the other locals carrying the bags on their heads (including our suitcase of tools and other baggage). But, lo and behold, our kind and innovative auto driver managed to find an opening, squeezed his obedient vehicle through, and brought us close to a small ledge near the wall. As delicately as ballerinas, we moved along the ledge, slowly passing the luggage from one to the other and then onto the dry ground.

But this was only the beginning, and by



Last month, the nation was subject to yet another gruesome shooting, this time in Littleton, Colo. Kids killing kids. And again, the entire nation in its uproar is trying to figure out why.

I am 18 years old. I live in a small town near Madison, Wisconsin — a small town just like the ones where these horrifying shootings always seem to take place. Every time those stories come on the television, I can't help but notice how easily it could be my small town next. And I want to know why this is happening just as badly as any parent or police chief or anchorman.

The thing is, I am right in the middle of it. I am in the same age group as all of these high school kids. So I may have some insight for the world that has been otherwise unattainable since these shootings started some years ago.

The night of the Littleton shooting, as I was flipping through the various news channels that were covering the story, I heard something that struck a chord in me.

An anchorman was interviewing the mother of a victim in the shooting. His question was: "If you look at America in the 1950s, you will find that this kind of thing never happened; whereas if you look at America today, this kind of thing is becoming more and more frequent. Why do you think this is happening?"

The woman, of course, could not answer the question. In fact, she didn't really even try. But I did. I thought about it for a long time that night. And again the next morning, when my favorite morning radio talk show asked its listeners why they thought this has been happening. Many people said it's the parents of the kids. Many people suggested television and video games. Many people even turned to popular musicians, looking to put the blame somewhere.

But I will tell you what I think it is. What I, a regular teenager riding on the coattails of Generation X, blame it on. It is not the parents or the movies or the rock stars. It is AMERICA. It is this culture of death, this culture in which liberals and feminists and activists are so anxious to let anything be "OK" that the once tightened, knotted rope of society is unraveling right beneath us. Don't you see? There can be no order without discipline. All of those things people think are causing children to run into a school and shoot their teachers and peers and even

# A TEEN'S VIEW

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## FROM INSIDE CULTURE OF DEATH

By Sarah Roney,  
WorldNetDaily.com

kids they don't know — the movies, the video games, the parents, the rap artists — they are only REFLECTIONS of our society.

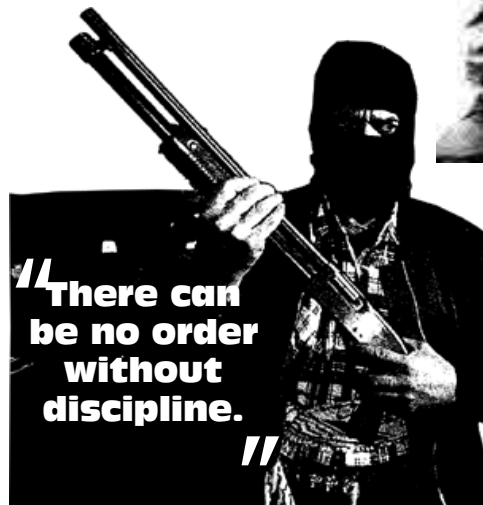
Just as that anchorman suggested, something was different about the 1950s. WE WERE CONSERVATIVE. We had boundaries; we had a definite knowledge of right and wrong throughout the entire nation. We didn't have feminists pushing women so hard to go get a job that a woman who didn't have a job was somehow "bad," thereby leaving kids at home with inadequate parental guidance and oftentimes with parents who were truly unhappy. We didn't have liberals fighting so avidly to legalize everything that it was at the point of completely blurring the line between good and bad. We didn't have a nationwide media surge dedicated to sex and violence so intense that if you weren't playing killing video games at age 14, then you were trying to choose between contraceptives beforehand or abortion afterwards. We didn't have disputes over whether or not we should help someone who is dying die sooner — over whether or not we should ASSIST them in committing SUICIDE. And we certainly didn't have a president who was in favor of NATO bombing and killing children in Serbia come on the television to grieve the loss for the families of children killed in America.

We live in a loosely tied society, a culture dedicated to death. If you don't want the kid, kill it. If you don't want to live out the rest of your God-given days, kill your-

self. Or better yet, have someone else come help you do it. I guess, no matter how horrible or gruesome or gut wrenching it may be, it was just a matter of time before someone got that killing-as-a-means-to-an-end idea stuck in their head for the part between birth and death as well. Everything that happens in families and cities and states and countries is the mirror image of the big picture. We are falling apart as a society. Am I — some random normal teenager in Farmertown, USA — the only one who sees that? It's sad and it's hard to believe, but what's worse is that it's scary.

I think it's time for our — America's — parents to ground us to say, "If you don't shape up by the time I count to three..." And then really count to three. Because we are running wild and pretty soon we're going to be too far from home to ever get back.

There was once a great saying by a famous man that continues to ring true throughout the history of mankind — in every family and in every society and in every social group and in every religion



// There can be no order without discipline. //

// We live in a loosely tied society, a culture dedicated to death. //

— it was a frighteningly true statement that cannot be disputed. I am reminded of it now, in the wake of yet another indescribably tormenting result of a nation gone haywire ... "By their fruits you shall know them."

## NEWS REPRINT

# The Zinetoon **BIG** Life Report

AT THE DAWN OF TIME,\*  
OUT OF THE PRIMORDIAL SLUDGE  
YOUR AMBITIOUS  
AMPHIBIOUS ANCESTORS  
EMERSED...



HOLD IT, GUYS...  
Looks like we're gonna  
have to do it over  
again from the  
beginning.

## In This Issue

- Page 1: The first page
- Page 2: A similar page to the first page.
- Page 3: Another page. This page is exactly the same size as Pages 1&2.
- Page 4: The last page.

THE TAIL HAS GOT TO GO! THERE'S  
NO WAY I'LL BE ELIGIBLE FOR SOCIAL  
SECURITY BENEFITS AS A LOWER PRIMATE!

ONLY IN  
**YOUR  
ZINE!**

AN EVOLUTIONARY TALE

\* I'm afraid I missed the Dawn of Time -- My alarm didn't go off.

## \* An EVOLimerick

For you personally -- At NO EXTRA COST!!



A scientist named McBall,  
Said "It's not difficult to find evidence of Man's Evolution at All,  
You'll find JAVA MANS GALORE,  
CRO MAGNONS and MORE  
Any day of the week... at the MALL!"

our apologies to any readers who may have hoped that the above  
Evolimerick was going to scan. We tried. Oh, how we tried.



JAMES  
00000  
SHOOT!  
DESTROY

## NOTICE SPEZIALE

A spokesman for the SOSFSC ('Society of Science Falsely So Called' -- see 1 Timothy 6:20) has requested that we NOT

GENESIS 1:27a which,  
by the way, is  
"So GOD created man  
in His Own image..."

as the printing of that verse could cause considerable  
embarrassment to its Members.

The  
EVOLUTION  
OF THE  
SPECIES  
—  
AND OTHER  
GREAT  
PARTY JOKES  
—  
by C. Darwin



Well, THAT SURE knocked a HOLE in the DRUM of the LADS at the SOSFSC.

(Get it? Tale. You know, like, Tail?)



Charley's Believe It Not!

# ZINETOON NewsWatch

BRING YOU THE LATEST INCREDIBLE DEVELOPMENTS  
from the ~~ZANY~~ WACKY world of EVOLUTION SCIENCE

1 Note:

This is a REPRODUCTION

of an  
**ACTUAL  
NO-JOKE**

NEWS ARTICLE  
and  
**PHOTO**

This End Up ↑



2 Below is an IRATE  
note from dr IRATE  
NEWSPAPER ARTICLE  
PROOF-READER



A man looks at a model of Homo erectus, Peking man, at Zhoukoudian, near Beijing, yesterday. Unesco yesterday launched an appeal to further excavate the site where his remains were found. — REUTERS

**ALRIGHT!** RIGHT THERE, 'HOMO RESPONSIBLE FOR THE "SIGNS ON THE 'PEKING MAN' STORY"? WHAT KIND OF SICK, SICK MIND WOULD EVEN IMPLY THAT ANYONE WOULD APPEAL FOR EXCAVATION TO SEARCH FOR LITTLE BITS OF 'HOMO ERECTUS' JUST TO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY!

\*Definition of 'INCREDIBLE' from WEBSTER'S NINTH NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY (ACTUAL NO-JOKE DEFINITION): in-cred-i-ble \ (i)-in-'kred-a-bel\ adj: too extraordinary or improbable to be believed.



This page is brought to you by AUSTRALOPITHICUS MYTHICUS (or at least the very tiny little fragments of him that we were able to find → , and )

No...wait... I think it's THIS End Up ↓

David Kemic



Charley's Believe It Not!

and Zine on NewsWatch  
P R E S E N T

# The NEANDERTHAL COSSACK:

PaYid, Komic

Try to **STRETCH** your IMAGINATION around **THIS ACTUAL NO-JOKE** News Article from <sup>the</sup> New York Times News Service, written by a SCIENCE CORRESPONDENT who, to his credit, kept an absolutely **STRAIGHT FACE** the **WHOLE TIME** he was writing this ACTUAL Article.

## Whatever happened to the Neanderthals?

Many ~~issues~~ <sup>puzzled</sup> scientists since the first Neanderthal skeleton was found in a German quarry in 1856. At first the skeleton was dismissed as the remains of a Mongolian Cossack who had deserted the Russian army pursuing Napoleon in 1814.

A prominent German scientist examining the bones judged that this ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> who had a ~~bad~~ <sup>bad</sup> case of the rickets, a calcium deficiency condition.

After the skeleton's ~~greater antiquity~~ <sup>greater antiquity</sup> was recognized and similar bones were found through Europe, scientists debated the Neanderthals' relationship to modern Homo sapiens.

## Editor's Comments

What the heck is that supposed to be? A fossil? A foot?

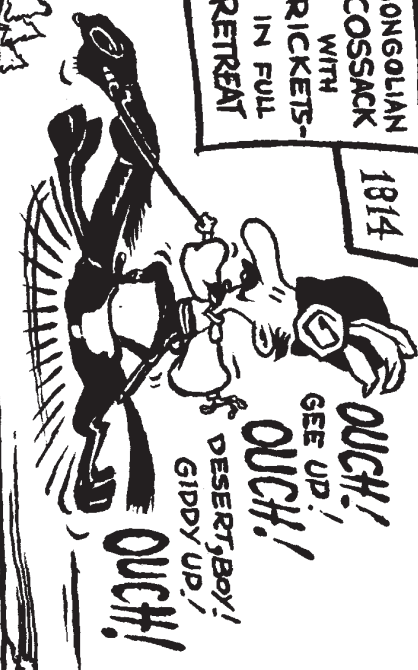
**PINGO!!!**  
Got it right the first time!!

Hello?!... **GREATER ANTIQUITY RECOGNISED?!?!?!?**  
Like... Vos you dere, Charley?!

### Here's How It May Have Happened...

MONGOLIAN COSSACK WITH RICKETS- IN FULL RETREAT

1814



**OUCH!**  
**OUCH!**  
SEE UP!  
DESBERT, BOY!  
GIDDY UP!  
**OUCH!**

COSSACK SEES GERMAN QUARRY TOO LATE



COSSACK'S SKELETON LIES EMBEDDED IN QUARRY UNTIL DISCOVERY IN 1856

1856 - A SCIENCE MUSEUM IN GERMANY



THIS IS NEANDERTHAL MAN, OUR EVOLUTIONARY ANCESTOR.

BUT THEY'VE PROVEN HE WAS A MONGOLIAN COSSACK.

AN YES, MY FRIEND / AND THIS MERELY POINTS TO ONE INDISPUTABLE FACT!

WHAT? THAT THIS WHOLE NEANDERTHAL TRIP IS JUST A HEAD OF HOGWASH?

**NO!!!**  
THAT THE NAPOLEONIC WARS OCCURED SIGNIFICANTLY EARLIER THAN WE'D PREVIOUSLY BELIEVED...  
**MILLIONS OF YEARS EARLIER!**

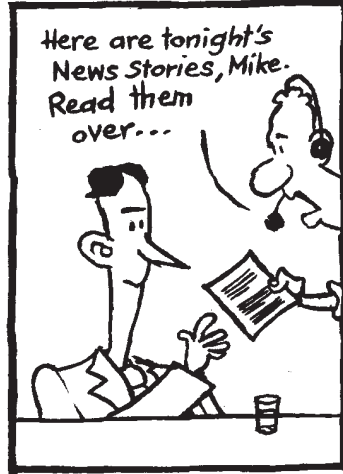




# NEWS at SIX by David Komic



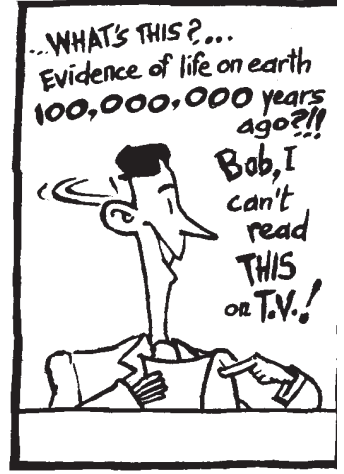
1 minute to Air Time...



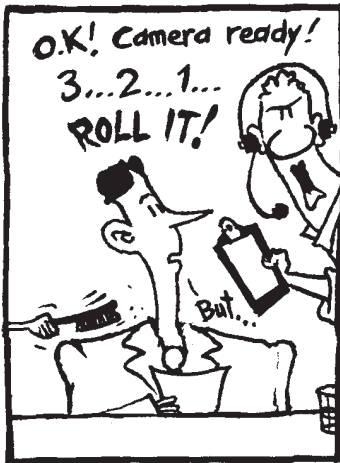
Here are tonight's News Stories, Mike. Read them over...



Hmm... let's see... Dinosaur fossil found... alrighty...



...WHAT'S THIS?... Evidence of life on earth 100,000,000 years ago??! Bob, I can't read THIS on T.V.!



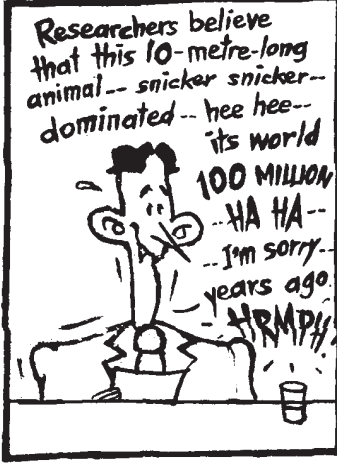
O.K! Camera ready! 3...2...1... ROLL IT!



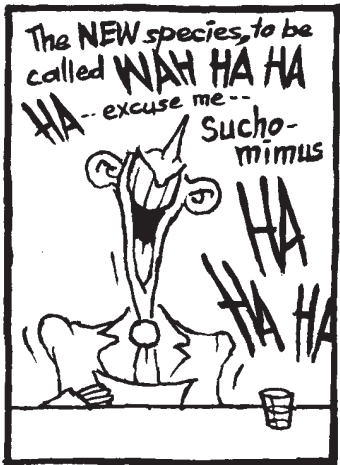
Good Evening. This is 'News at 6'. I'm Mike Rofone.



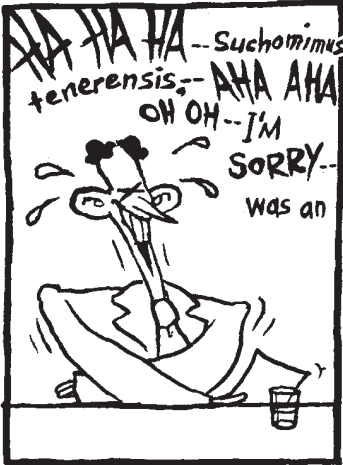
The fossil of a --hee hee-- PREHISTORIC -- heh heh-- FISH-EATING DINOSAUR was found yesterday in Africa.



Researchers believe that this 10-metre-long animal-- snicker snicker-- dominated-- hee hee-- its world 100 MILLION --HA HA-- --I'm sorry-- years ago --HRMP!



The NEW species, to be called WAH HA HA HA --excuse me-- Sucho-mimus HA HA HA



HA HA HA --Suchomimus tenerensis-- AHA AHA OH OH --I'M SORRY-- was an



AH HA HA --IMPRESSIVE SIZED BEAST-- OH AH --I.I.I.-- I'm REALLY sorry-- HA HA HA



ANA OOH OOH-- Suchomimus was a --HEE HEE-- spinosaurid that lived in --HAR HAR Africa, Europe and --AH HA HA-- South America: between --OOH AH AH --90 MILLION and



OH-AH!! OH I CAN'T STAND IT!! 120 MILLION YEARS AGO HA HA HA



MAKE-UP! --aha ahee! choke WHEEZE! titter titter GASP! GASP!



O.K. Thanks... Hee Hee... No, it's O.K now --sniff slobber-- I'll be fine... Really...



In Luxembourg gale force winds and surprise Monsoon rains caused flash-flooding and wide-spread...

And so on and so forth...

! It may or may not surprise you to know that the 'Suchomimus tenerensis' story is an actual no-joke 'news' story.