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DEAR ED

TRIVIA TIME

T'was soooooo cool to read the testimony in *FZ* #24 about Keanu Reeves. I have been praying for him for about two years and I was so glad to hear he got the message. God bless you, Clare and Amber, for obeying the Lord's voice in prophecy! And many thanks to the Zine team for all their labors of love.

— From Esther (15), Pacific

I really enjoyed *Zine* #30, especially the testimonies of persecution in Argentina. They helped wake me up and reminded me to memorize.

— From Mark, (11, of Peter and Praise), Denmark

[Reaction to article in *FZ* #30, "Pray for Bruce," pg.23:] Just after reading the prophecies Liz in Mexico got about Bruce Willis, I came across an article about famous people in a weekly magazine that really confirmed the prophecies that Liz got. The article described how miserable Bruce is. The article was about how Bruce had messed around with some top prostitutes at the Planet Hollywood restaurant in Paris. It stated that Bruce is a desperate, destitute, lonely and fading man who is very unhappy, and he had made a real fool out of himself with these top prostitutes that were disgusted with him. I thought this confirmed what the prophecies said, that "he has drunk of every cup of pleasure and quaffed every cup of fame, but still dies of thirst," and how we really need to pray for him.

— From Steven (of Christina), Sweden

Q: Is the Chris that sings "Go Slow" the same Chris in the *Kiddie Viddies*? If not, where is that Chris now?

— Pete, Cameroon

A: No, they are different. Chris of the KVs is the son of Ezra and Ginny, now 14 years old, and recently moved to the States as part of the IVM move. Chris of "Go Slow" is the son of Thad and Cherish, 19 years old, and lives with his parents at the Gateway Home in Japan where they produce music in their home studio.

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BLEATS FROM THE SHEEP

From Asan Seila, 13 years old, Romania:

Hello, dear friends! Please allow me to start my letter with few questions. Do you know what it means to go to sleep hungry? Do you know how it feels to live for days on nothing else but water? Do you know what it means to always feel cold? I'm 13 years old, and things like this are just part of my normal life.

When I was five, my father died in an accident. My mom was very sick in a hospital, so the authorities put me in an orphanage. Two years ago my mom managed to take me out. She's very sick and has no job, and we live on the little money the government pays for my schooling. Though I often am hungry and cold, I'm happy because I'm not alone in this world. I'm with my mother who loves and cares for me.

I know that this will help you understand why when I read the story of the "Newspaper Boy" [Mr. Gladstone's witness] I cried and cried for hours on end. Will Jesus really come and take all of us to Heaven, even if we're so poor? I can't even dream of a day when I'll be hungry no more. But I believe what you say. I believe Jesus loves me. Thank you for telling me about His love. I could not have gone on living without this hope. Thank you for being my friends!

Tomorrow

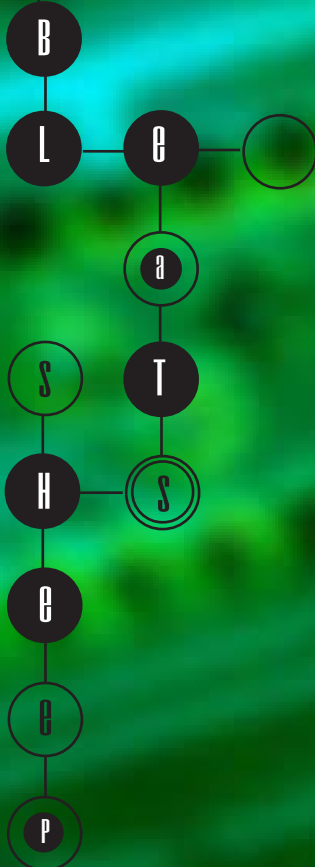
If I could see the vast unknown,
With mystery revealed;
If I could know what will be shown,
When reason is appealed;
If I could feel the future's touch,
And paint a picture of its face;
If I could see tomorrow's world,
Tomorrow would erase.

If I could hear the unborn song,
And sing it loud and clear;
If I could see where I belong,
And travel there from here;
If I could sense within my soul
The quest of future hearts;
If I could reach tomorrow's goal,
Tomorrow would depart.

If I could live a thousand lives
And capture every breath;
If I could see with endless eyes,
And never confront death;
If I could turn the world around,
And bury pain and sorrow;
If I could stand on unseen ground,
It would not be tomorrow.

The hidden passages of time,
The secret, silent realm;
The rhythm in the endless chime,
And resonating bells;
The magic of the world concealed
Will someday shout aloud;
But till tomorrow is revealed,
Its veil remains a cloud.

—by Erika, Europe





INTRODUCING ZZZAMBIA

The first week of March, Ben VS and a team of young people

from around South Africa headed out on a three-week witnessing trip to Zambia and Zimbabwe, in a donated converted army missile launcher. Not knowing what to expect, packed with boxes of tracts, pots, bedding and a sense of adventure, the eight set off!

JENNIFER (18)

Before going on this trip, I guess I thought we were going to rough it, as I'd heard some wild stories about Zambia. But the Lord did miracle after miracle. Throughout the whole trip we always had beautiful campgrounds and hotels to stay in, and we never missed a meal (well, hardly ever). A lot of the people we met there were well educated and had studied in England or the US. Even though our stay in Zambia was brief, we managed to get a lot done. This country has a lot of potential and the people were receptive to the message. In the few days we were there we got about 30,000 tracts out, and we only found ONE tract on the ground—NOT BAD!!! Many people would ask for a stack of tracts and start tracting with us, or take them to give out in their work places or villages. I loved being part of the team, and I had an unforgettable time.

DIAMOND (SGA)

Upon arrival in Lusaka late at night, we were ravenously hungry and sent a team in search of dinner. After listening to our request, the owner of one of the nicer restaurants in town offered to donate all his leftover bread and pastries every morning during our stay.—Good news for our future CTPs—and we ended up with very nice dinner from another nearby restaurant.

The next day, we met with a radio personality who we approached to ask if he knew any needy orphanages or institutions in the area (since we didn't have a clue of where to go). He responded by making a call to a friend of his, Miss Zambia 1997, who had been working with children's homes since she was crowned. She personally took us to a home for abandoned children with AIDS, and she turned out to be fun, down-to-earth, and a big asset to our team.

LINDA (19)

We tried to enjoy ourselves and had FUN everywhere we went. We were able to provision white-water rafting down the great Zambezi River rapids!! (If we had paid it would have cost our team US\$800!) We provisioned cruises and cool activities all along the way. Also we got to experience a lot of the wild side of Africa; just from driving along the highway we had our own little "safari," seeing elephants, zebras, monkeys, baboons, buffalo, hippos, etc.!

I think that it is worth mentioning that when we left home we had the equivalent of US\$5 on us, so it was no less than a miracle that we made it there and back (4,000 km!). I'm so glad that I was able to go and experience all these things; "becoming one" with the people here is an AWESOME experience!!!

TUCHI (19)

Africa's diverse effect on people leaves us all pondering. Africa has its

BECOMING ONE WITH THE PEOPLE HERE IS AN AWESOME EXPERIENCE

wild landscapes, majestic superiority, mysterious pride, colors in nature unseen in the cold North, and an untouched heritage of combined struggle and relief. Yet to most, it is simply Africa.

I once was part of the crowd who gave puzzled faces or uninterested stares as the prime response to such topics as Africa. Africa was often compared to a "black hole," a problem I wasn't sure I'd ever attempt to do anything about. That was all until a little while back, when a spark was kindled in me (adventure is a motivator beyond reckoning): Surely this was the ultimate challenge!

For a long time I was unexposed to the real heart of the continent. Sheltered in the white communities of suburban South Africa, I was simply another face in the multitudes—an appealing thought at times, but it's easy to lose your sense of direction, and that's where I was.

Then an opportunity surfaced to go further into Africa. A determined nod was my best attempt at answering, yet inside, my heartbeat had quadrupled in speed and my mind was already preparing. I realized that as I came to Africa, so Africa would have to come to me.

Our hearts are torn at the pitiful faces of suffering children on the news; Africa and its source of problems have always been daunting prospects that eat at men's souls. Yet given the opportunity, we *can* make a difference.

The smiling faces of ecstatic children, eager to sing along and hear the story of Jesus—their desire hides their dirty faces, running noses and faded clothes; their faith keeps them above these things. In our time spent with them, from arrival to departure we were showered with affection, and we saw songs sung with such gusto many of us were put to shame. Whether in their native tongue or in English, they sang of Jesus with boldness unequaled today.

There are many scoffers who shrug, "What difference is a song to these struggling lives?" To those I will say that the smile I was able to bring to that person or child's face will remain imprinted on my heart forever. Whether they were a street child or orphan, an old man or a lawyer, I know I made a difference in their lives. I read it in their eyes, I heard it from their lips, and that is all the reassurance I need.

Africa, I assure you, is not all heartache and struggle. There is fun to be had, and this trip gave a taste of that which I won't forget. And it's just an added bonus when you've got a great team of people to work with. To Ben, Diamond, Linda, Chloe, Jenny, Michael and Seth ... thanks! It was worth the squashed quarters and interesting food combinations, 'cuz you were there!

Hey, I figure if you're here doing the Lord's work, He's got room to spoil; I'll accept and enjoy!





From Aaron SGA,
Somewhere in Asia

I'm flat on my back, shivering from cold, and my eyes are burning so I can't read anything. If any of you have had one of these Asian flus, you'll most likely agree with me that they're no fun at all. Physically, my body has all but shut down. At this point in time it would be wonderful if I could hear some refreshing, strengthening quotes from "Mama's Victory Quotes" tape—or any Word for that matter—but as coincidence would have it, the electricity to our compound residential area has been turned off for the day. There goes the Word tape idea.

Every time I close my eyes, it's like a TV has been turned on in my head, with non-stop programming of documentaries and low-budget movies. At one point I dreamt I was in someone else's house watching the Discovery Channel. When the person walked in, seeming surprised by the interest I was paying to this program, I quickly made the excuse, "At home I hardly ever get time to watch these programs." Pretty lame, huh? Well, I woke up in a partially delirious state, and my eyes faintly scanned the room searching for a TV. After all, I couldn't possibly have dreamt all of that. But sure enough, just as before, I still had no TV in my room.

It was so real, and non-stop; it was as though I'd sat in front of the TV the *entire* time I was sick, with no control whatsoever to turn it off. I tried to quote my memory Psalms, but I regret to say that these were in memory banks which were far less activated than their counterparts, and in my weakened state I was unable to "brain strain" more than a couple complete Psalms with bits and pieces thrown in. It was like my mind was under siege. I was living the verse, "There is no rest for the wicked!"

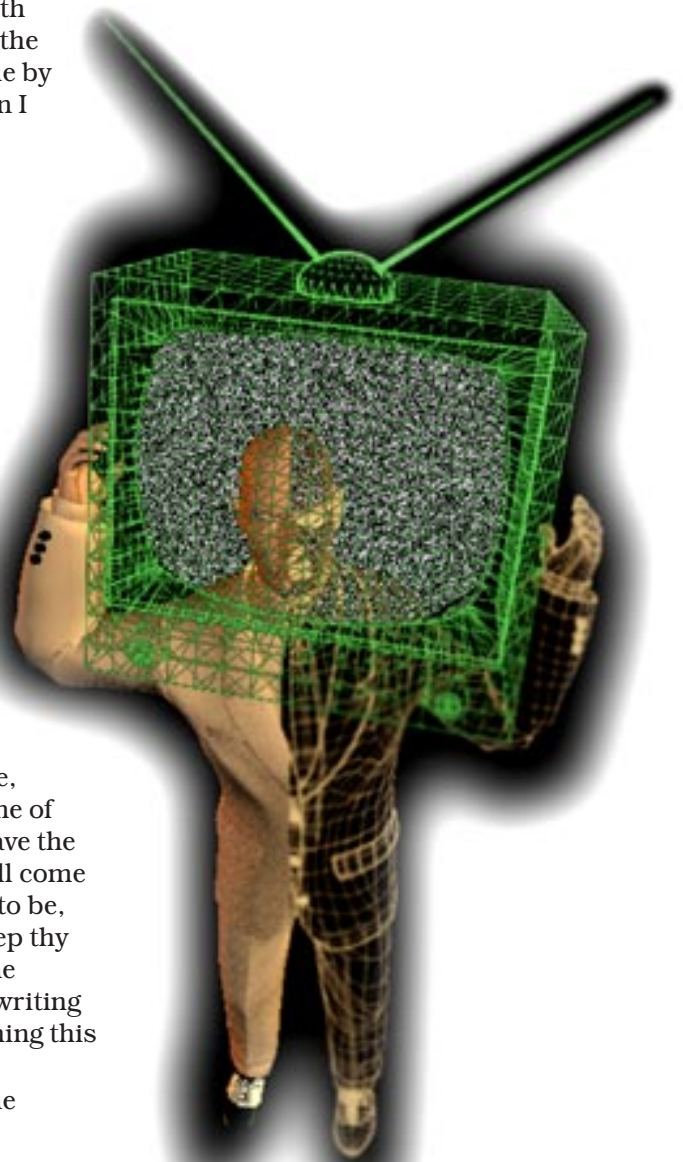
The main thing that I came to realize through this experience was that when I was forced to spend two days mostly alone, with only my mind to keep me company, I was not at all happy with the company it gave me. The simple fact of the matter was that little by little, day by day, I'd unwittingly been programmed so that when I was shut off, my inner TV flicked on.

I generally stick to watching rated movies, except for the occasional "experiment" from the video store. However, when I

was in bed it wasn't the inspiring and uplifting movies I'd seen, but rather the lousy, low budget or "light entertainment only" movies that began their auto-replay in my head. This puzzled me at first, but then the Lord broke through and I realized that once these things have gone in and taken up memory space, there is nothing you can do to "wipe brain files." In English that means that once the info has gone in, it's there to stay, and you never know just when it will poke up its ugly head. As I found out, it'll probably happen when you're too weak to do anything about it.

I'm not suggesting that we all throw our TVs out the window or we'll backslide, but know this and be forewarned: In a time of need or in a time of crisis, whatever we have the most of in our heart and mind is what will come out. If we are to be all that God needs us to be, then, as the scripture so wisely says, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life!" The good news is that I'm writing this on the day after my ordeal, and claiming this testimony as my ticket to recovery.

Oh, and the other good news is that the electricity is back on.





From Nichole,
South Africa

The END had an article about how a pharmaceutical plant in Sudan had been attacked. The day after that occurred, I had met a representative from Sudan here in Durban, at the non-aligned conference, which was attended by 40 third world countries. When this man saw the "Watch Out for 666" poster, he told me about the bombing, and said that it had happened as a result of Sudan standing up at the meeting in opposition to the one-world order, and refusing to join it. When he saw the poster he said, "This is it!—This is what we are standing against."



Go music go!

From Meekness, Middle East

While on outreach, I was talking with a man who used to be in the military. He was in the armed forces on the Arab side during the 1973 war with Israel. He told me that during the war, the Israelis would get on to the Arab soldiers' radio frequency and play soft classical music. This would have a soothing, relaxing effect on the soldiers so that they would no longer be in a "fighting mood"! I was amazed to hear that this is an actual military tactic, showing how effective music can be!

Lord help us to be as aware as we should be of the influence of any music we choose to listen to! We're in a war too, and the Enemy would love to get onto our frequency if we allow him. Thank God for all the good, wholesome music the Lord is cascading down, to help us fight on!

PS: This is not to say that we should never listen to soft classical music. Ha!

Perplexing PROVERBS

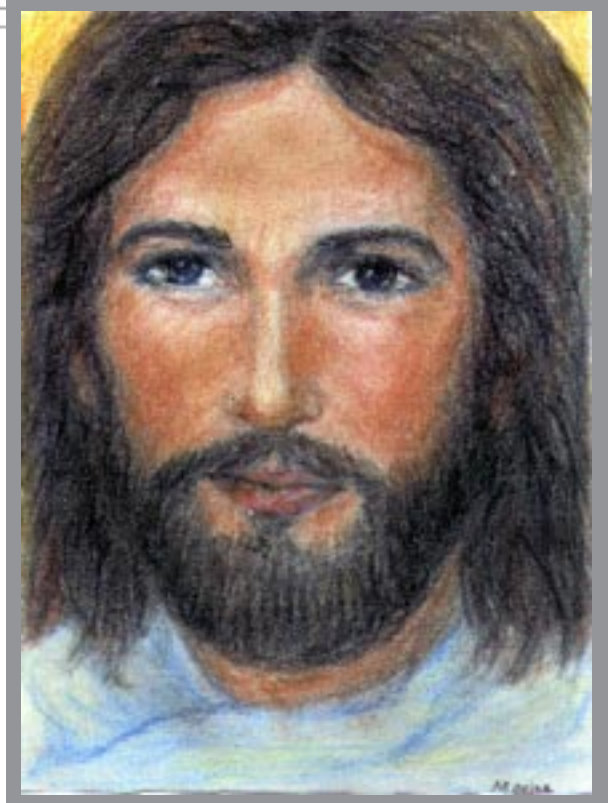
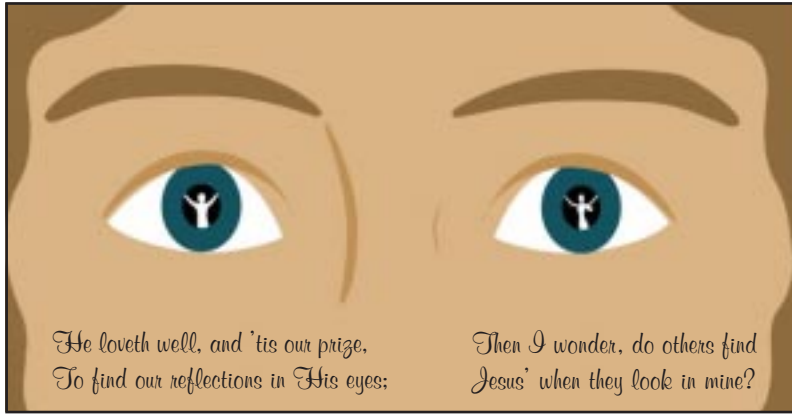
TRY TO "DECODE" THE FOLLOWING INTO SIMPLER EVERYDAY TERMS OR EXPRESSIONS THAT WE KNOW OR HAVE HEARD AT SOME TIME.

- (A) Hemoglobin is more viscous than H₂O.
- (B) A ferrous alloy rope fashioned of interlocking loops is only as hearty as its least potent section.
- (C) There's no sense demanding attention by loud screeches over fallen white liquid derived from the lactic glands of a female bovine.
- (D) Monetary endearment is the source of everything sinful.
- (E) If primary failure is imminent, new attempts should be made repetitiously.
- (F) Adventure avoided institutes riddance of valued effects.

ANSWERS:
 (A) BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.
 (B) A CHAIN IS ONLY AS STRONG AS ITS WEAKEST LINK.
 (C) DON'T CRY OVER SPILLED MILK.
 (D) THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.
 (E) IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN.
 (F) NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING GAINED.

Scrawlathon

Created in Illustrator by Mika, 23



Art by Marina, (FGA), Japan.

Art by John B. (20), Thailand.



WALKIN' WITH MY KINDA GUY

DAY BY DAY I'M WALKIN',
A-STEPPIN' FOR'D EACH DAY,
WITH MY LOVER LOVING ME
IN EVERY THOUGHT-UP WAY.

SOMETIMES THE TIMES GET ROUGH;
THE WAY'S TOO DARK TO SEE,
BUT I'M STICKIN' WITH MY JESUS:
HE'S THE WAY COOL GUY FOR ME.

GROOVING DOWN GOD'S PATHWAY,
I'VE NOW NO NEED TO ROAM.
I GOT NO BETTER ROADMATE;
GUESS I'LL NEVER BE ALONE.

EACH DAY WE'RE GETTING CLOSER,
HE'S DIGGIN' ME—EVERY PLACE!
MORE THAN GREAT ONCE YOU KNOW 'IM,
'N' KISS HIS SATISFYIN' FACE.

MAN, IT'S COOL TO LOVE MY JESUS.
SURE, HE AIN'T TOO FAR ABOVE.
I FEEL HIM DEEP INSIDE ME,
AND I'M RAVISHED WITH HIS LOVE.

—ANISA (16), MIDDLE EAST

OH JESUS

I WANT YOU MORE THAN I COULD EVER SHOW
I DESIRE YOU MORE THAN WORDS EXPRESS
I CRAVE YOU MORE THAN YOU COULD KNOW
I NEED YOU MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER GUESS
I WANT YOUR BODY NEXT TO MINE
I CRAVE THE FEELING OF YOUR SOFT CARESS
I DESIRE YOU ALONE BY MY SIDE,
I NEED TO LIE UPON YOUR CHEST
I WANT TO HEAR YOU BREATHE
I WANT TO FEEL THE BEAT OF YOUR HEART
I WANT TO YOU ALONE PLEASE
I WANT TO KNOW WE'LL NEVER PART
I LONG TO BE YOUR ONLY SATISFACTION
I DESIRE TO PLEASE YOU ALL NIGHT LONG
I WANT TO FILL YOU WITH ALL THIS PASSION
I LONG TO THRILL YOU ON AND ON!

By Cher Eden, Brazil



MY SAVIOR'S LOVE

BY IKE AND ANGIE (PACIFIC)

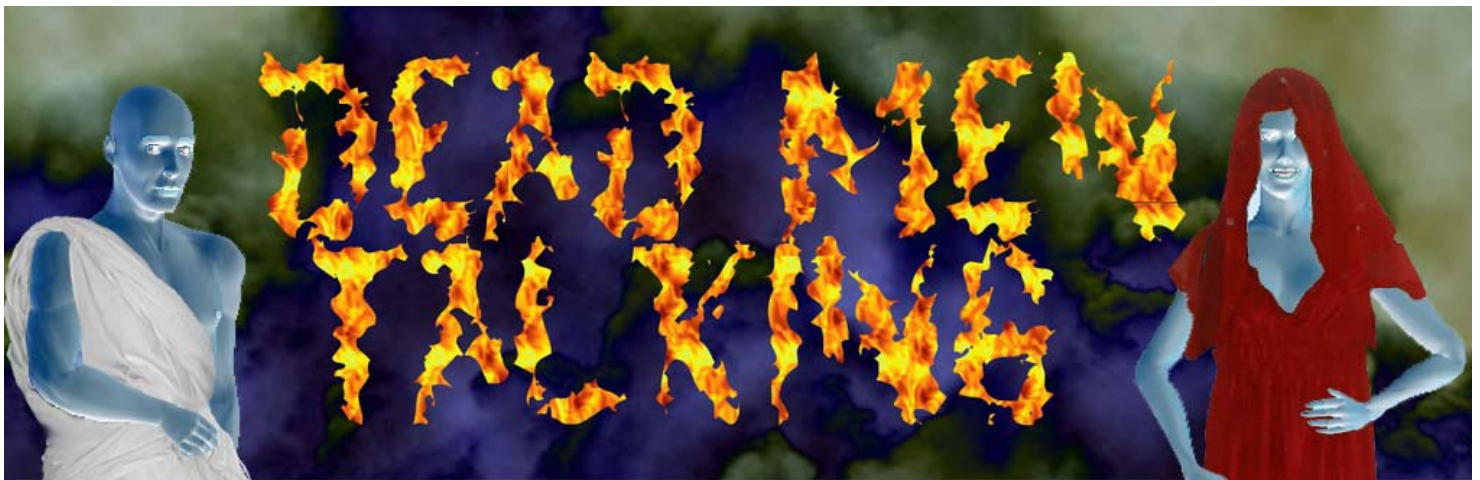
IT IS BEYOND ANY WORD OR THOUGHT,
WORTH MORE THAN ANYTHING ONE COULD HAVE BOUGHT.
THE TONGUES OF THIS EARTH COULD NOT EXPRESS
THE LOVE IN MY HEART THE SAVIOR HAS PRESSED.
HIS LOVE IS SO VAST, IN MY SOUL COULD NOT FIT,
YET I LONG TO RECEIVE EVEN JUST ONE DROP OF IT.
MY HEART LONGS FOR HIS LOVE IN ANY FORM, ANY WAY,
BUT ALL HE GIVES ME, I CAN NEVER REPAY.
DEAR JESUS, I LOVE YOU FOREVER AND A DAY!

Art by David J. (16)



Art by Phoebe, Canada





THE SPIRITS' NIGHT OUT

--FROM A WS HOME

So it's time for our monthly party ... and the idea came up—how about a Spook Night? No, it wasn't actually called that at the time, but when you think of the thousands (millions?) of beings, saints and spirit helpers that fill the Halls up There—what better theme could we choose?

This was the deal: Come to the evening dressed up like any passed-on person—anyone at all. The only stipulation was that you had to bring a prophecy from them, which everyone would take turns reading a little excerpt of once all were gathered. This could be fresh from the tubes, or could be a reprint of something already printed.

What a collection we ended up with! And since we had such a variety of colorful characters coming along for the show—we thought we'd share some of the spirit-speak with you! Read on and see ...

CHARLES BABBAGE (1792-1871), British mathematician and inventor, designed the world's first general-purpose digital computer capable of storing 1,000 numbers, assisted by 18-year-old Ada Byron, daughter of poet Lord Byron, one of the few women mathematicians of that time, and regarded by historians as the world's first computer programmer. (Only a part of this machine was ever constructed, because the technology did not exist at that time to translate their ideas into practical use.)

"Don't be surprised! I've had my share of heartaches, and my preoccupation with my work. A disciplined mind, a methodical approach to problem-solving, perseverance, and faith in God. I know what you're going through,

and I help provide a steadying hand and attention to details, how each cog will fit into the machinery of logic you're building with our help. That's all. I'll keep it short! Bye for now."

MATA HARI Professional name of Gertrud Margarete Zelle (1876-1917), Dutch courtesan and world-famous spy during World War I. Through her liaisons with high-ranking Allied officers she was able to obtain important military information. She was executed in October 1917 by the French.

"Peace ... rest and tranquility. Perfect peace at last—the peace that I sought in vain throughout my lifetime. At last I have that peace. I sought for love; I sought for joy in this world. I looked for it in every way that I could, but nothing satisfied. I was glad to go—glad to be released, free at last. I was not sure exactly what awaited me on the other side, but I knew there was something, and I knew that that something was my only hope. I had been let down and forsaken by all that I held dear, and I

had nothing more to live for, so I was glad that my time had come. And then I came Here, and found the answer to all of my questions, the fulfilling of all my desires.

The pleasures of earth will pass. They will float through your lives and be gone again. So always remember that the only true pleasure that will last and give never-ending joy are the pleasures of the eternal life beyond.—That land of pleasure, where nothing but pure joy awaits you."

THE SINGAPORE SAILOR See ML #1262 for the full, exciting story of his life—and his spiritual encounter with Grandpa!

"My tale of life on earth was a sorrowful one, especially the tale of my death. But those things are passed. The grief, the troubles, the disappointments that I faced

without the knowledge or hope of a better place, weighed heavy on my poor, sick heart. But I no longer know what it means to have a heavy and weighted-down heart. That

DEAD MEN TALKING ☹ DEAD MEN TALKING ☹ DEAD MEN TALKING ☹ DEAD MEN TALKING ☹ DEAD MEN TALKING ☹ DEAD MEN TALKING ☹ DEAD MEN TALKING ☹



moment that the prayers of your David unloosed the spiritual chains that had me bound to this earth, I flew as a bird straight into the Lord's arms, and remember those things of the past no more.

"Now I live a life of service, of love, and of joy! Never in my wildest imaginations did I think that this realm could bring as much pleasure as it does, to all who live within its gates. And never would I trade a single fleshly pleasure of sin for all that I have been offered.

"My life as a sailor was sinful, and never a day passed when I wondered if the life I knew was really as good as it would get—and there was very little good about it. The things I did were not entirely sinful, but because they went against all that I thought was right, it was sin. But those sins have been washed away, and I am free at last! I have been free for so long now that I have forgotten the

sadness that used very life. All I know within me a passion of my kind who are without hope.

"Yes, I travel the seas, the oceans, preparing the hearts of my fellow seamen so that when the chance of a lifetime appears at their feet—the chance to change their future forever—they will not turn it down. And as you might imagine, each time one receives that precious gift I would have so loved to have had received while still on earth, it's as if I have been freed again. For the joy that I have been honored to help them find is something that none can appreciate greater than those who have had to live without it."

to pervade my is that there is to free any of those enslaved as I was and

SERGEANT YORK (1887-1964) See *ML #849* for the life story of *Sergeant Alvin York*.

"It is indeed a great honor to speak with you all: David's Endtime Army, the ones with the guts to see this war through to the end. You are the anointed ones. You are handpicked and chosen very carefully, and you must believe this, live up to this, and know that the Lord's plan will be perfected in and through you all!

"Please don't ever get weary or faint in your minds. For though this battle may seem hard for some of you, I say take courage and know that there is always a light at the end of every dark tunnel. The victory is on its way and you shall overcome!"

LIBBY *Libby, who passed away in 1994 and about whom the G.N "Libby's Homegoing" was written, was one of our very first Yugoslavian Family disciples.*

"I have a message for you and your precious Home there, and that is, love one another while you have each other! You don't have to envy me or all of us who've already come into our Heavenly Jesus' presence, for you are just as much in His presence there, only in a different dimension. If only you could realize how close you are to us here, how present you are to

us, and how we are constantly engaged in the battle of the spirit for you!

"I was a simple disciple and Family member just like you! There are so many of us from our Family here now, and we know what it's like to be in your shoes, and we're rooting for you and cheering you on, as you keep on fighting the good fight of faith! I love you!"

MOTHER TERESA (1919-1997) "Well, my dears, my little children, I was not much for parties, you know. I gave my life helping the poor, and spending time with them in the streets of Calcutta. But since I've been here in Heaven, I've learned to relax a little, and I've enjoyed so much fellowship with the dear ones who have gone on before. It's been a wonderful time of sitting and listening to them, and getting to know them. All that makes me more able to be a help and a good influence on those still on Earth.

"And I want to send my love and my prayers to you, those of the Family of David and Maria and Peter. I love you and I see your efforts and they are very good! If you would like help in your life or ministry, don't be afraid to ask me to help you! I had my own specialized ministry, but I learned much that can help you too. And I do pray you have a wonderful time at your party tonight. Good night."



Leonardo da Vinci

BARBARELLA

Background: *About a year ago I received a prophecy from someone where the Lord told me He was giving me a new spirit helper to help me do my job for Him. Some time later, I was having get-out and my mind was lost in other thoughts, when the name "Barbarella" came to me out of the blue. I asked the Lord, "Who is Barbarella?" and He said, "That's your new spirit helper!"*

I was quite befuddled, because I knew that Barbarella was the name of a movie from the late sixties, starring Jane Fonda, about a 41st century troubleshooting space adventuress who traveled around in her spaceship and made love to lots of people, ha! I did a little research and found out that the movie Barbarella is actually based on a French comic strip from the early sixties by Jean-Claude Forrest.

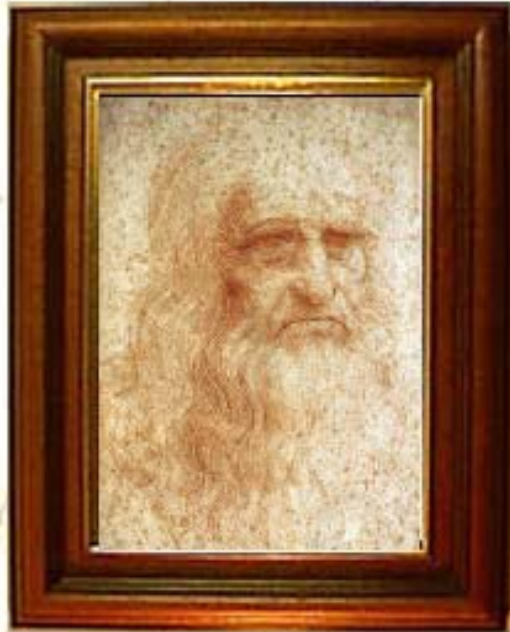
As I was musing and praying about how my spirit helper could be a French comic strip character and movie heroine (and going through a bit of a battle to boot, thinking I must be totally off my rocker!), the thing that came to me was that Barbarella did actually exist in the spirit world, but that she had never been flesh, and that the Lord had inspired Forrest to base his comic strip character on an actual spirit being.

I figured the easiest way to find out if this was true or not was to ask the Lord to have Barbarella come and speak to me. Here is what she said:

"It is true! I am a spirit being. I was there in the beginning. I was there with God when He created the world. It was spectacular! Words cannot describe how inspiring it was. It was a new thing that was happening, and we were all so excited. We knew that we would have assignments on this new planet that was being created, and we were very much looking forward to it.

"I am known to be a warrior, a fighter, and that is why I was assigned to you, to help you to be a fighter in some of these areas that you desire to fight in, but you lack the strength. You know how to fight in certain areas, but there are other areas that you need strengthening in, the ways of fighting to stir yourself up, to not be lethargic in spirit.

"One of my strong points is that I detest apathy, I detest lethargy, I am constantly on the move and on



the go and striving to grow and progress and learn, and yes, we do have to do that as well! We who were never human, we who never had to take on the mantle of the flesh, we also grow, we also learn.

I love to learn! I love to stretch myself in areas where I have not gone before, to push myself a little further, just as you do in your get-outs. You have goals and even if you're only halfway there and you feel tired, you push yourself to make your goal. That's the way I am, and that's what I'm teaching you.

"I am passionate and whole-hearted, I'm one hundred percent and I know that you desire to be these things as well. You desire to be

passionate, to be stirred up, to be excited, to be inspired, to be thrilled in the spirit. I've been sent to you to teach you these things, to show you, to lead you, to guide you, to help you."

ISA AWA

Isa Awa, Queen Awa, favorite wife of Taurug, dressed in skins. Mother of Otano. Otano was born to Isa Awa and Taurug in a Guanche tribe in Tenerife. He became a great prophet of God. (See "The Mystery of Otano, ML #796.")

"It is because of the love of your Father David that you came to know of me and my people and of my husband, Chief Taurug of the Guanchen people. Now that your father is here in Heaven, we have had the pleasure to meet and commune with one another in sweet fellowship.

"Be encouraged, my children, for your Father David stands with Taurug to proclaim the Words of the Lord

to the people, the message that some have heard from the rumblings of Mount Teide. That which was hidden and not understood shall be understood and shall be proclaimed. The Words of our dear Husband shall be proclaimed throughout all the Earth. And, you, my dear ones, are a chosen people upon whom the ends of the Earth have come and to whom have been given the ultimate blessing of

POCAHONTAS

Far across the big sea waters,
Pocahontas comes to thank you,
Thank you for your loving party.
Thank you for the party greeting,
Thank you for inviting spirits,
Spirits who will come and be here.

I am she, your Pocahontas,
You can call and I will be there.
Will be there to love and guide you,
Help you have a happy party,
Help you have a happy work time,
Help you have a happy playtime.
Come to me, your Pocahontas,
Ask me now to love and help you.
I am not so far away now,
I am she, your Pocahontas.

Ask and see if I don't come now,
If I won't come close to help you.
You are all beloved dear ones,
Ones who Jesus loves to speak to.
Come to me or Jesus, and He
Will send helpers for your lives now.
He it is who gives you party;

Happy times and love and laughter.
I am she, your Pocahontas,
Sent by Jesus to love and help you.

Let's have party, happy, fun times!
How I love to love together!
How I love the happy fun times!
Jesus sent them, we can know
that.
He it is Who makes us happy.
He it is Who gives us laughter,
Happy Holy Spirit does too.
We are happy, 'cause He loves us.

I am she, your Pocahontas,
Sent by Jesus to your party.
Let's have party, happy time now.
Let's enjoy this time together.
Time will come when not together.
Love and like the brother near you.
I your Pocahontas help you,
Love the one who's near and
farther.
Come to me and I will help you.
I'm your happy Pocahontas.

glorifying their Lord.

"So look up, my children, for your redemption draweth
nigh. Cease not to spread the Words of our Savior, to
speak the Truth, to live the Truth, that you may bring
many to the Truth. We are with you. We fight by your
side in this mighty battle.

"O ta va, O ta va.
O ta la ca
ca ca va.
O ta va, O ta va,
O ta va a
ba la ca va."

FANNY CROSBY

"Yes, I loved the children, and I love you and what you are doing with them, and helping them to
love and be nearer to dear Jesus. He really loves you, dear, and so He sent me to be near you in
this time when you need help. He will flow through your life as you let Him.

*"I will be near you when you need a helping hand.
I will care for you when you just need someone to understand.
It's really quite simple, all you need is faith,
And I will reach down to you, of My comfort let you take.*

*"It's God's little rule to keep you in line
When you don't know what to do, and you're stuck up a bluff;
When all seems lost, and you're bewildered, my dear.
Call unto your Jesus, you know His help will be enough."*

**Some other guests who attended and read previously pubbed messages included
William Branham, Catherine the Great, Gandhi, Geronimo and Leonardo da Vinci.
Other notable guests delivered one- or two-word addresses: Quacky the duck,
and the first frog ("Quitter" to his friends) from the "Two Frogs" song!**



Pocahontas

IN THE WILDERNESS

CRIES

The Words of David and the misinformed pastor

FROM PATRICK, JOAB AND CHRISTINA, USA

One of our sweet sheep had gotten heavily into drugs. He finally came over and asked for help and counsel in an attempt to stop. We were sharing a prophecy with him that the Lord had given because he was in really bad shape and even looked close to death. He very sweetly looked up at us and said, "Uh, do you think that ... uh ... maybe you all could donate some of the Words of David to me? What I have read is so good. I really think it will help me." It really touched my heart. He was so hungry for Dad's Words, like most of the street kids we have met. The Words of David are just what the kids need today! They hunger after them.

We had heard from several of the street kids about a Christian pastor who was also doing a street ministry. He seemed to be pretty "cool" and had

a disco downtown where he played contemporary Christian music and was open late at night. Lots of our friends told us that they were sure he would just love us! (We didn't think so, but anyway...)

Well, at one of our Monday night meetings, we noticed that the crowd was extremely dead and the spirit just wasn't there at all. Then I found out that this pastor was actually there, and he had brought some of his congregation! Yikes! Too late!—Amongst our other Word and witness, we had already sung "Sex in Heaven" and done the belt skit (remember "Mine's longer...")?

The next day this pastor held a big meeting to tell everyone how

"evil" and doctrinally off we were. **ONE OF THE GIRLS HE HAD BROUGHT OVER WE FOUND OUT LATER WAS ACTUALLY A MAN!**

But he even stood up for us, saying that the lesson in the belt skit was "not to jump to conclusions!" Ha! Anyway, a couple of our friends were there and they went to bat for us, but the pastor wouldn't listen, and even walked out on them. They were amazed at his viciousness! We didn't see anyone for a couple of days; the sheep were scattered. We just

prayed. We felt that if the sheep feel good with that churchy guy, then they would never be happy with us anyway.

But slowly our close friends came back to us. They couldn't deny the love, and that was a show of the Lord's Spirit for them. A couple days later we heard that the pastor made an apology for his hurtful attitude to his congregation. We are being very sweet and friendly to this pastor, and because we have a couple of disciples who have changed and come off drugs, it has been a real testimony that no one can deny. PTL!



Ewe



The long, cheap trip home

FROM CLARE (18), UKRAINE

Josh and I went on the road for a couple of days, and the Lord did so many miracles. On our way home, we were told that there was a cheap train, called an *electrishka*, which stopped at the tiny town where we were. So we went to the station at 1:30, only to find that the times we'd been given were wrong and our train had left a half-hour before. There wasn't another *electrishka* until 6:30!

Another train left at 4:30, but it was very expensive—12 *grivna* each. (The *electrishka* would cost about 4 *grivna* each for the same trip!) It's really uncomfortable though, with these hard wooden benches and no loo—or at least not one you'd ever want to use! The

one was out of the question.

Josh was starting to get mad at the crazy inefficiency of everything, and we were both praying desperately! He went and asked at all the different ticket kiosks (as often one will tell you about a train the others didn't!), but no joy. Did I mention that you have to pay for info here? Seriously, you have to give them 20 *kopecks* before they'll tell you anything!

So Josh decided that he was going to go and talk to the director. I must admit, I didn't really have the faith that any good was going to come from it, but I sure prayed! He came back and said that he'd told the director that there was an English girl with him, and the director wanted to see me! (When I say "director," that's the word they use, but actually he was more like the station

manager.) So we went to see this guy, and after talking to him and showing him pictures of our work, he said that he'd talk to the guy in charge of the 4:30 train when it came in, and see what he could do. We spent

the entire waiting time with him and this younger guy who was some kind of assistant or under-manager. We sang for them (Josh takes his guitar everywhere!), and ended up giving him a tape for his two-year-old.

When the train pulled in, we went to talk to the guy in charge who travels

with the train. The station manager asked if he could take us on to our destination, and explained that we could only pay 15 *grivna*. The guy was like, "Sure, no problem. Hop on!" He was a real "red-faced and genial" kind of guy.

So we got on, and I'm wondering how much he's going to ask, as we didn't know for sure. We were only in our compartment for about 20 minutes before he comes in and invites us to share a drink with him. (Josh and me were thinking, "Oh, no, the 'v' word!") Because here it's never one drink; they'll keep pouring vodka into your cup until the bottle's empty—and sometimes beyond that!) But we went into his compartment and met his wife and their friend. They were all really sweet Christians! The friend didn't drink at all, and the guy's wife (she was 29) didn't drink much, so it wasn't as bad as I thought it'd be. I actually managed to say, "No, thank you," without offending him. A miracle!

The guy turned out to be from the same area as Josh, the Caucasus region. So they're going on about how everything the Caucasus produces is better than anything anywhere else, and generally having a great time. We sang for them too, and they loved it! We spent the whole 3-1/2 hour trip with them, and he never once mentioned the money. Hallelujah! He even said that he could help with transport at other times. If it pans out, it could save us a whole lot of money on road trips. The guy was

...WE WENT TO THE STATION AT 1:30, ONLY TO FIND THAT THE TIMES WE'D BEEN GIVEN WERE WRONG AND OUR TRAIN HAD LEFT A HALF-HOUR BEFORE. THERE WASN'T ANOTHER ELECTRISHKA UNTIL 6:30!

just so sweet. In fact, all the Ukrainians are so sweet and hospitable (if you catch them at the right time, that is!). It's just gorgeous!

When we got off the train, we were on cloud 99! We were just so flipped at what the Lord had done. Then we had to find some way of getting from the train station to home, as the bus we usually take stops running at 8, and it was 8:45. So we took a train to the center, and then Josh wanted to try hitchhiking. We were standing there for a little while, and I thought we should quit and take a tram. But we would have had to walk about 15 minutes to get to the tram, and it was raining! God bless Josh, he had the faith to try just a little longer. Sure enough, a guy stopped for us. Josh leaned in and explained something of our predicament, and the guy said,

"Get in!"

So we're bouncing along our wonderful cobblestone roads, and Josh in the front seat started witnessing to the guy. I didn't understand it, not being a Russian speaker, but when we got to our street Josh gave the guy a tract, and we asked him how much he wanted. [Note: In Eastern European countries it's



12-*grivna* train is really nice, with comfortable seats that you can lie down on, a loo that doesn't stink and actually has toilet paper, rather than a book that you're supposed to tear pages out of! They provide pillows and duvets as well. But we only had 15 *grivna* total, so the fancy

customary to pay when people give you a lift.] The dude hemmed and hawed, “Er, um, well, nothing!” Miracle upon miracle! This guy looked like the picture of the stereotypical Mafia hit man—bashed up face, big guy. I was a bit worried, but he turned out to be a cop! So that’s just beside all the other things the Lord did for us on our trip. PTL!

Even to a Muslim

FROM MIKE (14, OF CATHERINE JANE), SOUTH AFRICA

I’ve had a hard time ever since I’ve started personal witnessing, with how to relate to Muslims. So **when the time came that I met a Muslim guy I was so nervous.** But I just shot up a prayer and asked the Lord to give me the words to say, and instead of trying to back out of the conversation, I continued to witness to him, and ended up getting into a deep conversation about Jesus and the Bible. In the end, **he prayed** with me to receive Jesus!

Traipsing thru China

FROM M. AND T., CHINA

We had a fei-chang-hao (pronounced: “werry goo”) road trip up to the northern regions. It’s always been a dream and great desire of ours to visit Beijing and Shanghai, and thanks to the donation that you, our sweet, loving, kind, sacrificial, **FORGIVING**, understanding shepherds, sent us, it was finally possible. (Breaks into song:) “We couldn’t have made it without you...”

The Lord really did a lot of miracles before and along the way. We are totally awed at all of them! We were able to witness to a lot of sweet people that we

wouldn’t have otherwise been able to, and lots of souls were won and tracts distributed. While on the train (since we had 30 hours on our hands and a captive audience who were all gathered around to watch us as if we were a rare commodity on display), we were able to witness to folks easily since they all wanted to talk to us and practice their “English.”

One of the miraculous setups that we found pretty inspiring happened while we were in Shanghai. We were trying to get to a certain hotel across the city and were clueless on the how’s to get there. Then out of the blue this young businessman came up and asked if we needed help. (We must’ve looked pretty despondent, eh?) He ended up leading us through a network of transportation all the way to the doorstep of our destination. And even to the counter when we encountered a major situation (LESSON ALERT: ALWAYS BRING YOUR PASSPORT WHEN TRAVELING!!!), but thankfully he was there to help out and everything worked out fine.

Before parting we slipped him a tract and told him we were very thankful for all his help. After he realized that it was Christian, his eyes lit up and he said, “Yu ar my seesters!” Then he told us that two years ago an American missionary had witnessed to him and he had gotten saved. Since then he had been looking for fellow Christians or someone that will teach him the Bible. Then he said that he felt God had set this meeting up and we couldn’t help but agree—seeing that we severely needed help and he needed the fellowship. Thank the Lord!

Just for Fun

FROM A HOME IN RUSSIA

The real names and identities of the characters have been changed in order to protect images and reputations

We got into a conversation one day, discussing some of the Russian leaders. Ivan, a national, and some of us girls, were trying to teach Bob the difference between Stalin and Lenin. For some reason, every time he passes by a statue of Lenin he thinks it’s Stalin. Because they are Russian, they look the same to him. We also had to explain briefly which part they each played in the history of Russia.

All was going well till Kathy, who had been keeping track of the conversation from the kitchen, got involved. She said, “Yes, of course, Bob, don’t you know that? I’ve only been here a short while

compared to you but it’s real obvious to me. There are pictures of Lenin in the States too. He’s the guy with glasses.”

Rosie piped in, “Oh, that’s right! He has glasses.”

Ivan was a little surprised, **“THEY SHOW LENIN WITH GLASSES IN THE STATES?”**

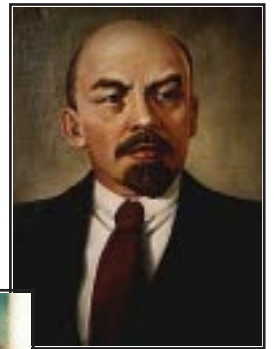
“Oh, yes,” says Kathy. “He even wears sunglasses.”

Now even Rosie was confused. This conversation continued on for a while as we argued the point.

“Well, I don’t know about the sunglasses.”

“What do you mean?” Kathy said. **“OF COURSE HE DOES! JOHN LENNON OFTEN WORE SUNGLASSES!”**

The education of some of us Westerners! ■



CRIMES IN THE WILDERNESS

Blast From the Past:

SILVER SPACE II TO THE PROPHET

More Tales from Christiania
From Valour Dane, Ukraine

The year was 1971, in Christiania, a former army base in Copenhagen which had been turned into a hippie heaven for a few thousand colorful squatters. Every trip in the book was represented: environmentalists, Zen Buddhists, astrologers, kid power, long hairs, short hairs, no hairs, henna-colored hairs, flippers and freaks, communists and anarchists, hot heads, acid heads—and a very few level heads.

In the multimedia house, a pseudo-intellectual socialist architect student attended a loud concert with some weird English group. The lead singer was dancing up and down screaming, "Fire! Fire!" The walls of the place were covered with paintings of demonic African masks, the air was heavy with hashish and pot. Two or three hundred hippies were sprawled on the floor or standing, swaying along the edges in various stages of high.

During intermission, a small girl in overalls stepped up and grabbed the mike. She told everybody they were going to show a movie on the back wall, "Please, everybody, turn around and look that way. I'm not going to say much about it," she beamed. "Just give it a chance, okay? Just give it a chance!" That was my first encounter with Faithy. And the movie was "The Ultimate Trip" documentary about the early COG.

There was an old dope-smoking Christian sinner named Leonard in Christiania. He had been praying for some Christian light on the place, and somehow Faithy had met him. So she borrowed a movie projector from a church and brought it to the multimedia house that night.

I was distinctly impressed by Simon Black. I still remember his round green sunglasses! It was not so much what he said, as the way he said it. That guy had found something! But as a tough, material-minded socialist who had made up his mind that God didn't exist, I left afterwards and didn't think much more about it.

Then a while later, one morning I bumped into Cloe on my way out of the milk store.

Normally, everybody in Christiania was asleep early in the morning, but I had to get up and call the school where I worked as a substitute teacher to see if they needed me that day. If a teacher was sick, I would jump on my motorbike and race across town to make

it in time for the first class.

What I remember most distinctly from that morning were the two big candlelights shining in that girl's eyes. "Hello," she said. "God bless you!"

That was unusual, to say the least. First of all, nobody talked to each other that early in the morning. Life in Christiania didn't really start until around noon; most people were still sleeping. Secondly, she spoke in English, which I prided myself at being proficient in.

The oddest thing was the "GBY" part; however, it was presented with a disarming smile, so how could I not be polite enough to respond?

She invited me to come for dinner at "New Jerusalem," one of the small buildings in "Psyak." By now Leonard had become "Nehemiah," and the Family was living in his house. The invitation for dinner sounded okay to me, since the girls in our commune were into health food—yin yang, micro macro and stuff. The healthier it was supposed to be, the more awful it tasted, and also we were always arguing about who should do the dishes.

"And bring your friend!" she called after me as I left.

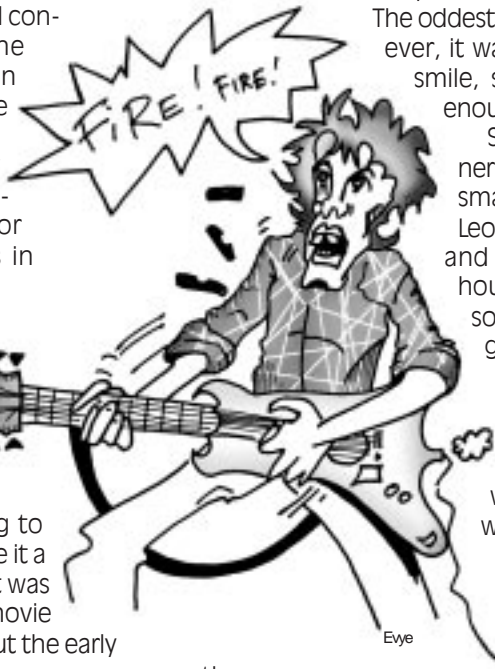
We were living in one of the six factory buildings in middle of the area, and had

the dubbed our building "the Sun Carriage," after an old pagan Viking idol. I had arrived in Christiania early and got to choose my dwelling, so together with two other architect students and a couple of girls, we occupied the top floor with some far-out wooden roof constructions. My room was dubbed "Silver Space II," since the walls were covered with silver paper (to help keep it warm).

The bottom floor was a big hall with pillars, and had been used as some sort of workshop in the days when the military had occupied the area. We had an idea to make a movie theater out of it. We had a lot of plans in those days! The in-between floor was claimed by five guys and a girl who had made a commune there. We were often invited down to partake of their centerpiece pride and joy: the dope water pipe!

So that night I visited "New Jerusalem" with one of the guys from the commune downstairs. I got my meal and sneaked out before they could preach too much at me.

Three weeks later, however, "disaster" struck! The friend I had brought with me for that first meal got saved! He



became the first Danish disciple, magically changed from a lazy hippie to "Nahum"! Then, one by one, the downstairs commune started getting converted and changed into new creatures like "Valiant" and "Rose," consorting with such zany personalities like "Zabud" and "Ahimas" and "Schekaniah."

As the downstairs commune gradually disintegrated due to its members being ripped off by the Jesus Freaks, we got increasingly worried. Was it something they put in the food? Did they hypnotize them? What was causing them to act so weird? Before, they were "normal," dope-smoking, make-love-not-war, peace-peace-man, you've-got-your-trip-I've-got-mine hippies, but now they were running wild all over the place with Bible in hand, pushing Jesus on everybody!

One morning, my fellow upstairs dwellers and the remainder of the guys from downstairs came barging into my room: "Wake up! The Jesus Freaks are downstairs trying to rip off our cinema hall! Let's go throw them out!"

So we barreled down to try and claim what was ours. But since some of the Jesus Freaks were former occupants of the house, they tried to claim a share to that empty, unused space. Finally diplomacy, common sense, and a compromise solution prevailed—one reason being the impressive array of able-bodied brethren lined up, headed by a burly, bushy bearded fellow they called "Big Josh"! So we wisely concluded, "Why not let them do the hard work and clean up the place, then we can use it when we need it!"

It was about six months after my first encounter with that rare species that I met Jesus. When I finally yielded, it was like a volcanic eruption. This is what I remember:

It was my first LSD trip, and this normally level-headed, down-to-earth Virgo had been catapulted into the spirit world—through the wrong door! I saw energy and aura from people and things; the spiral tower of the nearby "Church of Our Savior" was wiggling like a serpent's tail—stuff like that! We ended up in a room in "the Sun Carriage" with some of the guys downstairs.

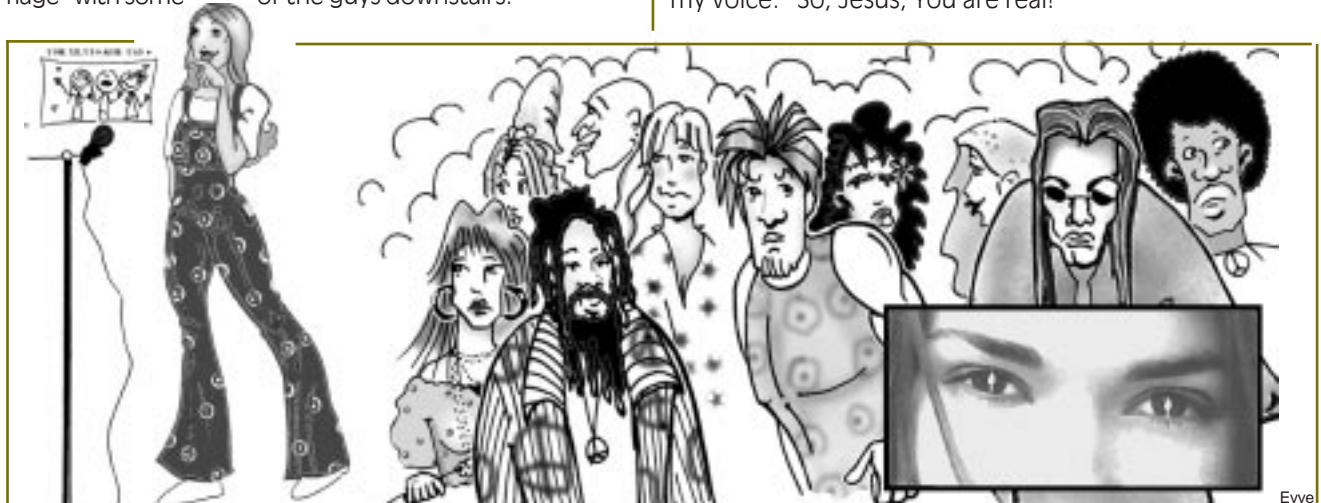
My mind was racing, and for the first time in a long while I was thinking about God and the meaning of life and the universe. At the end of my train of thoughts, I remember I came to a closed door, and a voice said, "You can't understand all that with your brain! Your little mind cannot contain the secrets of the universe!" Can you imagine saying that to a practical, down-to-earth, figure-things-out type of dude whose motto in life was, "It's all a matter of self-confidence"? I was one big question mark! If I couldn't understand it, what then?

Just then the door opened up and Valiant stepped into the room. This was two o'clock in the morning, mind you. He had been sleeping in "New Jerusalem," and had woken up and remembered he was supposed to sleep in a newly acquired piece of Family property over in the "pigpen" part of Christiania. When he passed by the place where I was, a little voice told him to go visit his old dwelling place, and thus he entered the room just when I was asking the big question.

The voice spoke again, "That's it! There's the answer!" When Valiant stepped into the room it was like somebody turned on the light. He was just shining! He emanated light and love and peace, especially in contrast to the dark spirits of the others occupying the room. At that time Valiant had long, blond hair halfway down his back, and to me he looked like Jesus. I was in shock!

Then another voice started speaking. This voice seemed to come from my mind: "Watch out! Be careful now! If you follow this guy you will lose control of your life! You will not become an architect, which has been your dream for so long, and now you've finally entered the Academy! You will not know which direction your life will be heading or where you will end up!" All very logical and persuasive.

But every time I looked at Valiant, I saw that peace and tranquility and light he had on his face. A huge battle was raging between my heart and mind. I finally decided to listen to my heart instead of my head. I didn't care; what he had was what I wanted! So I stood up, scrambled down the stairs and out into the night, and yelled at the top of my voice: "So, Jesus, You are real!"



Don't ask me where I got those words from, but I was "confessing with my mouth and believing in my heart," and the light flooded in! All the questions I had been seeking answers to upstairs were answered in one flash of revelation. It seemed like the mysteries of the universe were being unfolded before my very eyes, just like that! The reason for life! The answer why! "This is where you come from. This is where you are now! This is where you're supposed to go!" I'm sure I got filled with the Holy Spirit at the same time, because I started laughing and crying, and was hugging Valiant when he came out after me. I just knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Jesus was real and that God had reached down to save this poor, confused, miserable wretch!

To make a long story short, I floated around on a little pink cloud for the next three weeks and told everybody I could think of about Jesus, then I joined and became a Jesus Freak. The Devil was right: I lost control of my life. And I've never regretted it! It was actually a miracle they let me join. Most of the Family population was in their late teens and I was 23! That was close to the "never-trust-anyone-over-25" limit—an old saying from the sixties!

After my babe's training in Sweden, I returned to Christiania. By now it had become the main center of Family activity in Scandinavia. All the heavies were passing through there. It was awesome! Simon Black, Faithy, Abraham, Little Esther, Apollos, Gary—the lot! By now I had assumed the impressive name "Mighty Man of Valor" (by revelation!), and was rubbing shoulders with creatures like "Baruch," "Elam," "Arphaxad" and even "John the Beloved"! The "Fearsome Foursome" (Mother Eve, Aaron, Shulamite and Stephen) moved into my old room (Silver Space II) in "the Sun Carriage," which had by now been christened "The Prophet."

A stage had been erected in the hall downstairs and someone had painted the pillars red and white like giant candy canes. Man, it looked cool—though not exactly color-coordinated. But now it was getting so close to winter we had to find a way to heat up that big hall before we could have the Pied Piper

band playing, to invite unsuspecting hippies in for free food (huge slices of dark bread with lard) and music. What to do?

Well, what makes heat? Fire! "Let's make a big fireplace in the middle!" Great idea! So we erected a monstrous construction out of granite stones in the middle. There was just one small problem: What to do about the smoke? No problem! One of the youthful "elders" suggested: "Let's build a roof over it and lead the smoke out the window through a pipe."

I had a sneaking feeling it might not work. My worries increased when they told us to make the top out of wood! Well, it didn't work. So we rebuilt it out of metal. That didn't work either. For some reason the smoke decided it didn't want to go through the almost vertical long pipe. Back to the drawing board. "Okay, I got it! Let's put a fan at the end of the pipe to suck out the smoke. That will work for sure!" Somehow I still didn't feel convinced, but...

The big day finally arrived. The official opening of "The Prophet"! The band had (finally) gotten their instruments in tune. Hunks of bread with lard had been arranged on trays near the entrance. Teams had been sent out to invite bypassing hippies to join the event. The firewood lay ready; all was in place. As the band played the first number, the fire was lit. In less than ten minutes smoke had filled the hall, so everybody had to be evacuated, coughing and sputtering. Ha!

Thankfully, summer eventually came around and we continued witnessing and winning the hippies into the Kingdom, until the Lord showed us there were other people to reach and other methods to use. I guess we outgrew the place.

But guess what? Christiania is still around. It's become sort of a social experiment in Denmark, even a tourist attraction! Nehemiah is still there; I talked to him last time I was in Denmark. He's still witnessing the best he knows how, praising the Lord and being a reminder of the influence God's children had on the place. God bless him! In the meantime, the Family grew up and went into the rest of the world! ■



great and SMALL, but you sure can't get to KNOW HIM, while you HANG OUT at the MALL! (see Datz 11:32)

WAZO?

This Week
"Hangin' Out."
O.K., so it's 2 words
By David Komic



Oh... did we forget to mention that the MALL has now gone CASH-LESS?



This is NOT the kind of HANGING OUT we had in mind!...

All they that know their GOD, shall do exploits