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HAPPY BIRTHDAY ZINE!

Yes, people—one and all! It's that special time of the year again! Imagine—we've been around for the big three! On this momentous occasion we'd like to extend our thanks to you, our contributors and the ones who fill this mag with tales of all types and tastes; to our wonderful Queen for all of her help and patience with us as we learn to do that thing we do; and most of all to our wonderful Lord and Lover, Who is the reason we're here to begin with!

In the true nature of the Ziney Zine, we are willing to offer you a tri-annual 'Zine Quiz' for your benefit and reading pleasure. The following questions are comprised of various text articles, graphics, and photos from the many editions of Free Zine that lie waiting for your proper placement. Simply (or not so simply) identify the object's number with its corresponding Zine number and page number.

Answers will be posted in the next Zine, and if the quiz is looking too hard for you, turn to page 20 and we'll list the numbers of the Zine issues that we gleaned all the bits and pieces from. This should cut down on the amount of papers you'll have going through your hands.

You'll notice an advanced quiz that we've made for all you Zine-aholics (you who probably know the Zine better than we, the mappers!) which should provide you with hours of excitement and research! There are a lot of brilliant minds out there, and this should provide an opportunity to put them on overdrive.

So here's to another smashing year together! And a Happy Birthday to you all, who help to make the Zine what it is! Keep your testimonies, pictures, and other contributions coming! We can't do it without you!



Ted felt a presence behind him. But before he could turn around or mount any sort of defense, he was issued a slap on the back, forcing a little piece of scrambled egg out of his mouth and onto the table.



Not as it appears in original publication.

“Who subdued mission fields, thought righteousness, obtained promises to stop the mouths of their own hunger”



“It's the end of the Hope as we know it...”



Hands reaching out over oceans and mountains, helping press onward when I was afraid.

6



Here are the names of those brave folks that tackled and figured out the "Krypted Quote" in zine 31. Please accept our apologies, if due to our disorganization, your name isn't listed here! We love you.

- Joyce (14)
- Charity (20)
- Stef
- Michael
- Etienne
- Oliver
- David
- Brothers Dominic (22) and David (13)
- Doug A.
- Douglas Andrew Jr., Ken (17)
- Martina (26, of Pavel)



bug-eyed.

8



9

Tell it to
all, in
every tongue

10

I left my apartment and moved to my mother's place out in the country, and sat for days just thinking and praying. After some time I decided that I would try to pass my final exams, and went in to school to check the exam schedule. It was at this time I met the Family. I first met Jesse Huntington, who was quite "out there," but he answered my questions with verses, which no one had ever done before. I was trying to close an elevator door and he kept preaching at me, quietly but firmly, never letting the door close. When he finally let the door close, I went upstairs to the main hangout hall on campus to check my exam schedule. But I couldn't get Jesse off my mind! I decided I'd go back downstairs and "straighten" this dude out.

7

11



Met by Family in California at carwash. Got a copy of the testimony sheet by the team in Croatia ("Healing Hearts in the War-torn Former Yugoslavia"). [FUN #25]

12

Not as it appears in original publication.

"Being a Childcare Worker Is Vogue!"

14

FOR ADVANCED USERS ONLY

CO(gas)? Domestic Mites? Did people actually go by these names?

WHERE IS THE REST OF THIS IMAGE?



"Outnumbered! -
--Saving the
Free Zine: The
mission is the
mag" Find the
artwork.



WHERE IS THE REST OF THIS IMAGE?

Find this sentence: SFMTABAHARDIVADREHTSESETAPILATAHTRNS

Not as it appears in original publication.

"Rotoscopy"

15



I raise my hands and I give Him praise, for breaking those traditional chains off me.



DANISH SOCCER TEAM

(From Sarina, Esther, Alicia and Maria, Spain:)

While out restaurant singing, we sang for the Danish soccer team, who happened to be here after a week of playing in Spain. We personally witnessed to some of them for quite a few hours, as we bumped into them again after we had finished singing. TTL!



BOB DYLAN

(From Ruth Davidson, Brazil:)

In 1973 I had a surprise encounter with folk/rock star Bob Dylan, well-known for his protest songs against the "wrongs of society." Some of his earliest songs, "Blowin' in the Wind" and "The Times they are a Changin'," gave him a big following during a time of radicals and revolution! Many who were lost and searching looked to Dylan for direction.

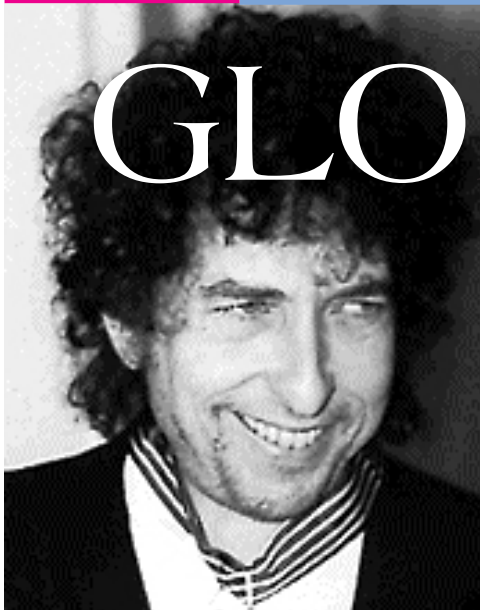
One cool October night while witnessing at the Los Angeles airport, we were passing out the Letter "Bye Bye, Miss American Pie" (ML #232). Dad wrote this



Letter explaining its prophetic message revealing the death of America and its music. The Letter was inspired by Don McLean's song by the same name.

I soon saw that I was being watched from a distance by a mysterious observer, who was leaning on the door of his Rolls Royce, apparently waiting for someone. As I drew closer, he snatched the Letter out of my hand and quickly pushed me into the front seat of his car saying, "There's McLean; there's McLean!" He was pointing to the back seat, trying to convince me that the person in the back seat was Don McLean!

It all happened so fast that I was a little alarmed, wondering what this character was up to! I saw at once that the guy in the back seat was not Don McLean at all, and was not at all interested in what was going on. However, I was quite taken aback to discover that the aggressive bystander was none other than Bob Dylan! Being face to face with him I didn't know what to do or say. "Why me?" was my first thought. Dozens of



Family members had tried to meet him over the years, but it had never worked out. Now here I was! I shot up a quick prayer and asked the Lord what I should say.

I knew about Dylan's Jewish background (his original name was Bob



FAME

Zimmerman) and that he had been quite involved with the Zionist movement (a worldwide Jewish movement for the establishment and development of the state of Israel). So right away I mentioned that we had just sent a little team to Israel, thinking that for sure we would be on common ground. To my surprise he told me that he was no longer involved with the Zionists. I quickly changed the subject mentioning that I had been in show business before but that it didn't satisfy as I was only living for myself, but that now I had found something exciting and worthwhile and that it could be shared with others.

I asked him if I could say a little prayer for him and he said yes. He was respectful, bowed his head and closed his eyes as I prayed that he would come to know Jesus in a personal way. At the end of the prayer he kissed my hand and thanked me.

A few months later, it became known that Dylan had a salvation experience and had a backup of Black gospel singers working with him. His next album was "Slow Train

Coming" in which he makes reference to the Bible. Another heartfelt song from the same album is called, "I Believe in You," which is a love song to Jesus!

For quite some time, Bob uncompromisingly stood up for his spiritual convictions and professed that he was a born-again Christian. He lost lots of his friends and his fans criticized him, but in recent years, he became disillusioned with the church system and his conviction seems to have cooled off. At present, he's disillusioned with just about everything and is quite confused and doesn't believe in much of anything. He's a lost sheep caught in the brambles. Please pray that by a miracle, he'll hear the Lord's voice once again, that he may have life once again.

JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER

(From Paul, Dorcas, Jun and Tina, Japan:)

While out witnessing with the children we saw a crowd and there was Obuchi, the Prime Minister of Japan. Dorcas and the kids

went up, shook his hand and gave him a tract. In the morning Paul had gotten a witness to take a "Dew of Love" [local booklet] for someone we would meet that day, but in the rush to get out the door we forgot. Lord forgive us! Well, we hope to mail it to him anyway and hope that he will be able to get the message.



G o w e

Maputo

From Barz (of Sara), Portugal

The Beach Rads Home in sunny Portugal is getting ready to move to Africa! It takes a lot to make me move—it almost takes a miracle. And that's what has happened! When the opportunity first arose for me to go on an exploratory trip to Maputo, I didn't give it much thought, as it seemed a waste of money and time. But the Lord worked in my heart and finally gave me the desire to go. A long-time friend of the Family was scheduled to go to Maputo to represent a humanitarian organization. I was to join him in Johannesburg, and we would go together to Maputo for about a week. The Lord provided extra funds for the plane ticket, and a dear live-out member had contributed funds for the stay.

Maputo, capital of Mozambique, was a city full of splendor in times past, but is in need of a lot of cleaning up and building up at present. The people are very friendly. The atmosphere reminds me of Brazil. One time, while Z. was busy with some appointments, I went around town to get acquainted with the people. I stopped by a restaurant to have something to eat, and as I sat at a table outside, the street vendors were passing by offering their merchandise. My first reaction was to just try minding my own business and see if they would leave me alone. But then the Lord touched my heart and I started talking with all that approached. I would tell them that I was a missionary and didn't have much money to buy things. As soon as they'd hear the word missionary, they would kneel down, as if I were a priest. Praying with them to receive Jesus was the easiest thing. Right there and then I prayed with seven. The other customers were starting to look at me suspiciously, maybe thinking, "Who is this guy that all the vendors go and kneel down to? Is he their boss or something?" Ha!

Another day I contacted the head of an association who is helping a fishing community by building and maintaining a school for its 300 children. The school is located on the outskirts of Maputo, in the remote jungle. The place is full of stagnated ponds, home to malaria mosquitoes.

We saw the children. Poor, yes! Illiterate, yes! But very polite and sweet! I was touched right away by their faces and warm smiles. They need school

The school that I visited and that we are now helping by sending schoolbooks and other things.



Cries in the wilderness

Downtown Maputo. The aura of protection the Lord put around me for this trip!



and He sent

them to...



I saw that in my hands I was holding the most powerful force in the whole world.



supplies, uniforms, shoes and more building materials to finish the school, which we are working on getting sent to them. My earnest desire right now is to send myself!

After prayer, counsel and prophecy, we are in the process of opening an association here in Portugal, and then will apply to open a branch in Maputo. We ask for your prayers on this.

After those beautiful days in Maputo, I went back to South Africa, where I stayed at Ben and Tirzah's Home, and then at Gideon and Rachel's, before flying back to Portugal. Days of Heaven, I'd say!

Three months have gone by since I made this trip. But the experience I went through will always be in my heart, and I count on being able to be there soon. I can feel my roots being pulled out, ever so strongly!—See you there!?



Final check-up on the vehicle that will take the brave pioneers to Zambia.

TWO SEPARATE GROUPS, SO WE WERE NOT EXPECTING THIS! AFTER CHANGE OF PLANS AND A "LORD HELP US!" PRAYER, OFF WE WENT INTO TWO HOURS OF EN-

goes!" From my toilet cubicle, I start shouting out English and Thai translations.

Finally I made it out and, to make a long story short, was able to help get four of them saved. PTL! That was the end of our bathroom witnessing adventure, but the day had only just begun!

The rest of our team, who'd been out witnessing in the meantime, arrived to pick us up. And off we went to a housing area where we split up into two teams and went DTD with the tools for an hour and a half. One team did real well, the other not quite as good, but hey, witnessing is never wasted, and altogether we got out three videos, two CDs, four tapes, and won five more souls! At the same time a third team was out posterizing and tracting, so we got out a lot of witnessing in a short time, TYJ!

After that we went for lunch—filet mignon steak! Mmmm! (Provisioned, of course.) We also got to follow-up and witness to the girl at the check-out (she'd already gotten saved before).

Then, we were off to do more posterizing and tracting, and got out about 500 tracts and 100 posters! Before we left we provisioned some snacks (some up-country delights) and drinks, then we were ready for the long ride home. Wow! Whatta day! We were very tired, and definitely ready for *home sweet home*. But if you'd ask me, I'd say there's no place like the mission field! See you there!

All in a mission field day

From Christy, (20) Thailand

One weekend I was lying in bed, peacefully resting and thinking about all the things I would do and all the things I wouldn't have to do. It was my WNR and only 7:20 AM; maybe I could get some more sleep.

"Hey, we're going out on a CTP and one of the girls who was supposed to come along has a fever. Wanna come? Of course pray about it first, but we're leaving at 7:30," someone told me.

"Yes, Lord, I'm going!" I thought. I dove out of bed, threw on some clothes, grabbed my shoes and dashed out the door and into the van

Off we went for our Home's monthly CTP in Saraburi (that's up-country, Thailand). We were going to teach English at a home for orphans and abandoned kids. We arrived at 10:00, just in time for our classes. Usually the classes were separated, as some of the kids are a bit mentally challenged. But today—fun, fun, fun—they were all in the same class!

We had prepared classes for

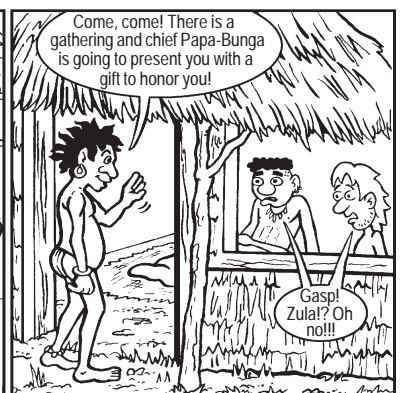
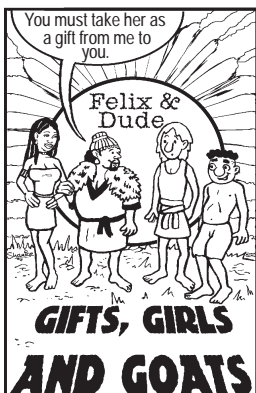
GLISH TEACHING, GAMES, DANCING, SONGS AND Q&A, ALL IMPROMPTU! TTL, HE KEPT PULLING IDEAS OUT OF HIS SLEEVE FOR US AS WE WENT ALONG, AND THE KIDS LOVED IT.

LATER ON, DURING A QUICK BATHROOM BREAK, ONE OF THE GIRLS (WHO DOESN'T SPEAK THAI FLUENTLY), WHILE WASHING HER HANDS, STARTS UP A CONVERSATION WITH SOME OF THE TEEN GIRLS FROM THE ORPHANAGE. "UM, CAN SOMEONE HELP WITH TRANSLATING? IT'S GETTING TOO DEEP AS FAR AS MY THAI

Specific ask: specific get

From Ruth Elan (19), Lithuania

Lily and I were out fundraising and entered a lawyer's office, only to find that people had left for their lunch break. We came back in the afternoon, but left soon afterwards as they were very busy. The next week we went back to that same street to give clothes to a lady who had asked for some for her little boy. As we passed by the office again we decided to give it another try, but they were again busy. So we made an appointment for



the afternoon.

Our morning had been going well, but it was still sort of slow, and it was quite cold. We felt like we needed a little boost of energy from somewhere. While we were still at the office Lily had sighed, "Oh Lord...," and I had added in a sort of jest "300." She said, "What was that?" I answered, "Well, I thought you were going to pray, so I claimed 300 lts (\$75)."

So we went on our merry way and continued outreach. It was raining, and we met some quite unfriendly types, and everything was looking more discouraging than ever. Finally, Lily said, "Come on, let's go pick up our 300." So we went to that office for the fourth time. After waiting awhile a little smiling lady took us to her office. We explained our work and showed her the tools. She picked up a video and said, "I'll take this one." (Great! It was worth it all!) We repacked the rest of our videos when she said, "Wait! What about that other one?" So we took them all out again, and after looking over them she decided to take two more. (Fantastic! That's even better!) She pulled out a 200 bill, and just as she was about to sign our stamp sheet she suddenly pulled out another 100 and gives it to us. This time we were surprised! What a specific answer to prayer! Home sweet home. But if you'd ask me, I'd say there's no place like the mission field! See you there!

Plain old outreach ... not!

From Daniela SGA, Croatia

"It can't be done!!" Yes, folks, we just proved it can! Plain old outreach *does* work in this day and age! Chris (17), Lena (18), Maggie (21) and I just came back from a super inspiring trip to the island of Krk,

where it WAS "impossible" to do anything.

Having provisioned a hotel by the beach, we were quite happy getting settled in our rooms, getting ready to go out singing, when we decided to take some time to hear from



THE LORD. THE LORD SURPRISED US WITH THE WORDS, "BE NOT YOKED WITH UNBELIEVERS..." AND VERSES OF THAT KIND. WE COULDN'T FIGURE

only impression we got is that we should pray, and we did.

Well, when we approached the reception desk to turn in our keys and go out for our evening witnessing, the hotel manager had changed his mind and decided not to help us anymore! We were stranded, and it was already dusk. When we prayed desperately about what to do and why the

Lord had allowed all this to happen, He sweetly reminded us that "the Son of man had nowhere to lay His head," and that He wanted us to understand others who might find themselves in similar situations. He also told us to "proceed as if nothing had happened."

So us four girls, all ready to go out singing, "hit the road," lugging all our heavy bags. And guess what? As soon as we stuck out our thumbs, the first car that stopped "just happened" to be one of our contacts from Italy, who gladly gave us a ride. After explaining

our ordeal to him, he proceeded to hide us in his hotel room, ha!

The next day, after trying every possibility for a place to stay on the island, we were a bit discouraged and sat down in the park to pray for a miracle. After a while a guy came up and asked us if we needed a place to stay. We were quite shocked at this, and, GHM, I wasn't so sweet at first. I blurted out: "We don't have any money!" He sweetly replied, "Please, all I want to do is help you. You can stay in my house!" TTL! What a miracle!

We had a witnessing explosion while there. Sheep were approaching us everywhere we went, and the tools went out like hotcakes! The Lord led us along step by step and helped us carry through till the end. A funny thing that happened is that people were giving us so much food, that we almost started to feel a bit funny about it. Then one morning we received, "If ye be

willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land," ha! The Lord never failed us and we're so happy to be serving Him!



OUT WHAT THE LORD WAS REFERRING TO, AND HE DIDN'T SEEM TO WANT TO TELL US EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT. THE



The Singing Spirits



From Bruny, Moldova

On Priscilla's birthday, we got together and asked the Lord to give a message for her. Afterwards, somebody asked her if she could sing in tongues, as she had done before. She did, and it was really inspiring. Then somebody else said, "Why don't we all try to sing in tongues?" I thought, "That sounds exciting!" So here we were, trying to sing in tongues.

I hadn't begun singing yet, when all of a sudden I saw an American Indian coming towards me, dancing one of their dances. I thought, "This must just be my imagination! I can't sing in tongues." But the feeling of singing was so strong. I started laughing. Everybody else was encouraging me to try, but it was a real battle. I wanted to sing so badly, but it was so hard for my pride!

After awhile the Indian said to me, "If you don't want to do it I am going to somebody else."

I said, "No way, I want to sing! Please give me one more chance."

"But this time," he said, "you have to dance also." Ouch, that was a little too much for my pride! But there I went, dancing and singing an Indian song.

It was humbling, but so liberating, and I hadn't felt such inspiration for a long time. Afterwards we had such holy laughter! It's so nice to laugh really hard once in awhile. Ces got a song from a guy from Burma. It was quite humbling to start doing it, but so liberating and so inspiring. These songs are our praises to the Lord, but we get so much more back from Him.

We also received a prophecy of explanation, something to get us serious again and to give us the burden for the lost sheep. Here it is:

(Jesus speaking:) "I give you these songs, with strange tunes from faraway lands, songs through which people were reaching Me, songs through which they were trying to reach Heaven. They were trying to feel, they were trying to imagine, they were trying to meditate on Heaven by strange tunes, by funny sounds, deep voices, unearthly tunes, tunes that were not usual, tunes that come from afar, tunes that push you into another world, that squeeze you out of the physical, tunes that are long, deep, like wailing sometimes, sometimes like little songs of joy of some funny spirits that leap with joy, sometimes deep voices of sorrow, an excruciating pain that brings you to the end of your resistance, that flip you over in the spirit.

Those are the tunes that are from the spirit."

Two of us got visions of beautiful mountain peaks, covered with snow, with the impression that it was coming from Myanmar. So if you want fun new ideas for birthday parties and for activity nights, why not try this one?



We'll still have You, Jesus, when all else fails; Your loving hands will mend our sails.

The Self-Help Reading List

Ever sat down for your Word time and thought, "I haven't got a clue what to read today"? Well, if so, you've come to the right place. In just about every Word book printed, you'll find a nifty little index at the back, categorized by topic. But how to apply that to everyday life? Try this.

Use the chart below and go down the list of subjects on the left till you find a feeling that matches the one you have right now. Then look in the opposite box to find suggestions of topics to look up. Pull out your Daily Breads, Cat Books, ML Volumes, etc., and dig away!

Please note that the lists below are not exhaustive—we're sure there are many more topics that would also be helpful. But it's something, and it's a start! Also, because the indexes are not completely standardized, try experimenting with different wordings. For example, if you're searching for "Thankfulness and Murmuring" under 'T' and it's not there, perhaps in that particular book it's listed simply under "Murmuring"; or a topic may be "Love of Jesus" in one book and "Jesus, Love of" in another. The more you dig, the more skillful you get, so get out those shovels and picks, and go for it! Have fun!

If you're feeling...

Search the indexes on...

ANGRY	Anger Forgiveness Love Patience
BITTER	Bitterness Thankfulness and Murmuring
CRITICAL	Criticism and Gossip Kindness Speech Love
EMBATTLED	Trials and Tests Fighting the Devil Faith
DISCOURAGED	Discouragement Encouragement Positiveness
HAPPY	Happiness and Joy Blessings of God
IMPATIENT	Patience Meekness Anger Love
INFERIOR	Comparing Positiveness Discouragement
LIKE LOVING JESUS	Love of Jesus Relationship with Jesus Prayer
LONELY	Loneliness Positiveness Love for others
NOT CLOSE TO JESUS	Doubts Feelings Relationship with Jesus
PEACEFUL	Peace Happiness and Joy
SAD	Comfort Happiness Trials and Tests
SUPERIOR TO OTHERS	Humility and Pride Relations w/ Others Love



From Aurora (19), Spain

My sister gave me a tape with music and songs from the Incas of Peru. I only listened to half a song, and I had a check not to keep the tape, so I threw it away. Then I went to bed, but I soon woke up hearing the music of the song "Beyond Compare," from *Embrace*. It seemed to be filling the room. Then the music stopped and I began to hear sounds and music like the ones on the Incas' tape. I asked the Lord what was happening, quoted Psalm 4:8, then again heard the song "Beyond Compare" playing. It gave me a lot of peace. I looked at the tape recorder, but it was not on. I was falling back to sleep, and again I started to hear the Incas' music, even stronger. I saw a vision of a hill with natives from South America dancing to that music.

I tried to call my mother, but nothing came out of my mouth. It was starting to get quite scary. I looked around the room and I saw a man looking at me. I felt he was a native from Peru. I was wondering what he was doing and what he wanted. I asked him to leave, but he was still there. So I rebuked him in Jesus' name, and when I looked he wasn't there.

Then I heard the song



Presence of the Incas

from *Embrace* again. This time, near the tape recorder I saw a girl. She was facing away from me and a little bent down as if she was going to put a tape in the machine. She had long blond hair and a loose dress that covered all her body. Suddenly I felt the spirit and the presence of this girl melting into mine for a moment. I can't explain it, but it was the most amazing thing. When she came out of me it was as if I had just had an electric shock; it gave me shivers.

In the morning I could remember the whole experience. I had just been reading the book *Journey to Tricon*, and it had caught my attention—the part where the spirit of Travis joins with Jamal's. I was wondering how could that be? Now I know! Later I knew that the girl was my spirit helper. She told me she had chosen that song because she knew how much I liked it. I also received the following message from Grandpa.

(Dad speaking:) Spirits are real. They are real stuff. And we are not only up Here. They are everywhere! As you read in *Journey to Tricon*, the earth is the last refuge of many for them. In these Last Days, there may be spirits that are in bondage, that go to and fro but never get anywhere, never reach freedom. They don't come to know the Lord, and His love, and thus they remain in darkness. Therefore, it is always good when something like this happens, to pray for the spirit, that they may come to know the Lord. Because some are not evil (like in the case of this one, the Inca man), it's just that they find themselves trapped in the spirit world because they didn't receive the Lord.

Many of these people of Peru and South America are highly spiritual, but sad to say their religion with all their rites and ceremonies fails to give them Jesus, which of course is the most important. So when they get here [to the spirit world] they find themselves quite lost. So pray for them, My children; pray for these spirits, and pray also for all those who are trapped in those false religions, just plain lies. Pray that they can find the love of the Lord. Many don't know any better, so let's give them freedom! Let's give them Jesus! They need it! It may be their last chance! Are you with me?

(End of message from Dad.)



One hand makes a helper, but two hands can make a friend.

Feruza's miracle

From Vica, Uzbekistan



One day Angela and I were going witnessing and we prayed for the Lord to do something special and unusual that we would never forget! While in the park we saw an Uzbek girl, sitting on the bench reading a book. We both got a check to talk to her. When we gave her a poster and explained it was about Jesus, she exclaimed, "Oh, I also love Jesus and read some books about Him!" I was surprised at her reaction, as usually Muslims here react differently when we witness to them about Jesus.

Soon we knew the reason for that happy reaction. Feruza (that is her name) told us that one time her entire family was bedridden for two months with a terrible flu. They thought they'd never recover. To add to their sorrow, her father had left them; they were without any support or hope.

Just then, one of their neighbors came to them, a sincere Christian. She told them that Jesus could heal them if they would only believe. They said yes. Then she brought a cross and water (which she believed was holy) and sprinkled it on them. That night Feruza felt as if something warm had overwhelmed her whole body, and she slept peacefully for the first time in a long while.

The very next day her entire family was healed! They were amazed, leaping for joy and praising Jesus for such miracle! That event was a turning point for Feruza's family. They started believing in Jesus more than ordinary Muslims do, and reading the Bible!

After hearing this amazing story, we witnessed more deeply to her and she accepted Jesus in her heart! We ended up talking to her for two hours, and at the end she looked at us with shining eyes and said, "I found something I was looking for my whole life, and the emptiness I always felt before is filled now. I am so happy!" PTL!—It always pays to pray specifically!

& DREAMS & WONDERS

My own hovering rose

From Faithy (of Stephano), Italy

I'd like to share a spiritual experience I had about a year before I met the Family, which may relate to the "Heavenly Birthdays" GN that talks about the white and red roses.

(Jesus speaking:) I first presented this idea to you when we were walking through the palace gardens. I picked a white rose and I said, "My love, you are as a pure white fragrant rose, and I want to tell the whole world about you! I want all of My children on the Earth to be able to partake of your beauty, your purity, your strength, your fragrance, and your love! You are a delicate one, My love, but I want to send you as a magic rose that has power to touch and to heal and to bring life."

You then reached over and picked a red rose from a bush directly behind you and said, "My dearest Lover, I will do as You bid because my love for You is as strong as the deep red of this rose. I know that I am nothing and am not worthy of what You are asking of me, just like the white rose has not a drop of red in its petals. Yet I will say yes,

because I know that Your love is strong enough to pass through the realm of time and space. I know that we will be one, even though we will be apart." You then gently placed the rose in My hand ("Heavenly Birthdays" ML #3193:72-73, GN798).

I dreamt I was resting on a sofa, on the huge balcony of a very beautiful mansion. A man came with a handful of roses, and asked me to smell them. The intensity of the fragrance woke me up, and as I could still smell it, I franti-

And I felt His hands upon my head to confirm what He wanted from me.



cally searched all over the room for the roses. My sister, who I was rooming with, woke up and told me it was just my imagination. Finally I gave up the search and tried to go back to sleep, with the fragrance of roses still filling the whole bedroom.

Suddenly my sister jumped up and exclaimed: "I smell it too!"

We both started searching all over, but no sign of roses. We went back to sleep with the Heavenly fragrance all around us.



A few days later, I was out one evening enjoying the full moon. As I came back inside, I opened the door of our bedroom, and I saw my sister looking intently at me with a strange look on her face.

I was about to ask her, "Why that look?" when the intense fragrance hit me. I exclaimed, "There it is again—the roses!" As I sat down on my bed, she started telling me what happened just before I entered the room. She was reading a book on her bed, when she heard the sound of tiny bells and the smell of roses at the same time.

She looked up and saw a gigantic white rose floating about half a meter above my bed. It was bigger than my



bed in height and diameter. It was very beautiful, like it had just opened up, with morning dew and a ray of light shining on it from the ceiling. My sister rubbed her eyes to make sure she wasn't imagining it, and when she looked again it was a red rose! It was deep red, the same size as the white rose, with dew and a ray of light as well. Just then I came in, but she couldn't see my face because a white veil was covering my head. That's why she had that unusual expression on her face. The veil disappeared as I came closer to her.

From time to time we experienced the fragrance of roses, but not as intense as those nights, and not very often. This experience stopped when we moved to our new house. All these years I didn't know what it meant, and often wondered about it. Reading about the roses in this GN made me remember and wonder if the white and red roses meant the Lord's commission for us to serve Him, and our acceptance to His commission as the vision or prophecy indicated.

(Jesus speaking:) How marvelous are the mysteries of My Spirit, and how sweet are they when they are revealed to the earnestly desiring hearts! Even as you yearned in your youth to draw nigh unto Me, those were tokens of My love



for you, and a sign to you even then that I had a special calling and mission mapped out for your life. I love to do things such as these, both big and little, in the lives of My children, for though at the time they may cause you to question and wonder, even as in your heart you glorify Me; yet in the end when the mystery is revealed it brings with it an even greater sense of closeness and completeness to My heart, a knowledge that I have been there all along, guiding you by My hand and preparing your place for you.

I dream of Adam

From Grace, Poland

I have a special connection with Adam, one of our sheep. He lives far away and travels a lot. Mostly we communicate through phone or mail, and, of course, in prayer. One day I felt a strong burden to pray for him, and I felt that I was supposed to call him. I tried a few times, but I couldn't reach him. The next two nights I dreamt about him, heavy dreams. I saw him climbing the wall of the building in which we were living and I gave him my hand through the window to help him in. When he entered my room, I saw in his eyes that he needed help and was missing me. The second dream was similar.

The very next day, Adam called me. He said that he had had a lot of problems recently and he passed through hard times. I was astonished—and so was he when I told him that I already knew, because the Lord had shown me. This experience with spiritual communications was just as Dad wrote about it in the Letter by that name. (See ML #341, Vol. 3.)

I know for sure that if this happens to me in the future, I will be even more desperate and prayerful, and never neglect the dreams, thoughts or burdens the Lord gives. Jesus, help us to be Your operators!



As she dances, in her hands sweet comfort is resting.

SOMEWHERE

TESTIMONIES FROM
THE U.S. "RAINBOW
GATHERING"
JULY '99



OVER THE RAINBOW



somewhere...over the rainbow

Q: Some of you went to the Rainbow Gathering last year as well. Did you find it to be quite similar this year, or different?

Eva: The conditions at the Rainbow Gathering this year were very different than last year. Last year it was held in an Indian reservation, in a national forest. The place was beautiful, with pine trees and a lot of clear open spaces, which made it easy to gypsy dance and do Holy Ghost samples. This year the location had very dense foliage. We were going up mountains, down mountains, across rivers, etc. The area flooded the first night we got there, so the next day we had to walk five miles through mud! Finally we were like, "Just get dirty, let it flow! Enjoy it!" In some ways, the whole thing was a lot more of a battle on the overall than last time.

Gina: Last year there was a lot more hugs, happiness, "I love you" and "Welcome home" stuff—like people were one big family.

Eva: This year everyone seemed much more distressed.

Q: What's the purpose of the Rainbow Gathering?

Nic: Basically the Rainbow Gathering is a bunch of old hippies—yuppies, now—and a bunch of young hippies, young kids who have run away or dropped out of the System but have dropped into this other "peace and love" type of thing. They all get together around the forth of July and pray for peace. There are all types of trips—New Age, Wicca, etc. It's just a big hippie hang-out. They try to relive the hippie days, and go "back to nature" all together.

Eva: They always hold them in national forests and places where the land is open for everyone to camp out on during the gathering, so there are no nearby facilities at all. They almost always have it near a body of water, but the water ends up getting very contaminated.—This time they had warnings that there was dysentery in the water, so you couldn't swim in it, etc. There were 20,000 people, all just in the forest!

Q: Is there any sort of organization, with all those people there?

Gina: A little. There are kitchens and camps set up all over. There's the Hara Krishna kitchen, the Jesus People kitchen, and they have kids' camps, coffee camps, etc.



Eva: A lot of people who are trying to promote their religion will have a food give-away, so while people are waiting in line for their food, they get witnessed to. They also have a trading center; they don't use money, they trade. You're supposed to only trade for things you need, but they trade all kinds of things. There're people covered in mud, people walking around naked, all kinds of things, all kinds of dress codes—just everything! It's funny, the people who are walking around naked act like they're nervous. They won't give hugs; they're not comfortable, it's like, why do it? I guess it's to show they're free, but they're not.

Gina: Some people think that's like the ultimate freedom—to run around naked.

Eva: Anyway, we tried different methods of witnessing. Since the camp itself was a lot different than last year, our methods had to be different too. Last year we went through the entire camp, singing, hugging, passing out tracts and inviting people to our camp for a big inspiration. This year the camps were all along the side of a cliff and it was quite a climb, so there was no way we could sing and dance at the same time we were going through the camps. There was a big main circle in a meadow. Around dusk they have big Krishna circles, drum circles, etc., but in the afternoon it was empty so we started big gypsy dancing and did the box skit. It was very fruitful. We attracted quite a few people who watched it, and as soon as it was over, we broke up and witnessed to everyone in the crowd individually.

We won over 100 souls at the whole Rainbow gathering; in a way it doesn't seem like a lot, but each soul was difficult. It was such a fight to get them to pray!

Sherry: By the time Darren did the box skit, we had sung and there was a big crowd, so we got everyone to sit down while he did the skit. When I looked around, almost everyone was crying; it was so heavy.

Eva: After the box skit we sang "Gonna Live in a Golden City." We all held hands in a circle. Patrick, who was in the middle, asked who wanted to live in the golden city and everyone prayed. When we were praying it was really neat 'cause all of us were hugging everyone we were praying with.

Sherry: And the first day was when we met Brandon.

Marianne: Brandon first came over to our circle. Simon Black was witnessing to this other girl, asking her if she wanted to pray. She said she already had Jesus in her heart and then took off. So Simon Black looked at Brandon and said, "Well, do you have Jesus in your heart?" He shook his head that he didn't know, so Simon continued witnessing and sang him a song. Brandon was talking to me about it later and said he really liked the songs, and was dying to hear another song, so Simon sang him another song. Simon asked him if he wanted to come up to our camp, which was kind of away from everything, so he came back with us all. He stayed the whole day with us and did the Holy Ghost sample with us.

Nic: It's just like the verse, "My sheep hear My voice, and they follow." He literally "heard the voice" and he followed us. He was there all day long for the next few days.

Darren: He had friends that he'd come to the gathering with, who were on a tight schedule. He told us if he wasn't at their meeting place at a certain time, they would leave without him. So all he had was the clothes on his back, but he stayed with us the rest of the time.

Sherry: He's not a super outgoing guy. He's more reserved and quiet; at the beginning he was just sort of watching, but the more he listened to the singing, towards the end he was raising his hands saying, "I'm free! This is so



wonderful!" He had such a beaming face; you could tell he was saved. It was so cool!

Marianne: When I talked to him later, he was telling me how only once in his life had he actually felt real love in his heart—one time with a girl. The only other time was when came to our camp and everyone was shouting, "We love you, Brandon!" He said he just felt this sensation inside; he was overwhelmed. He couldn't explain it. He didn't know what to say. He was so happy to be with us!

Darren: At the Rainbow Gathering it's not an unusual thing to say "I love you." Everyone says "Welcome home, I love you"! So I guess he must have not only heard the "I love you," but felt the Spirit too.

Eva: We did one other Holy Ghost sample, but the next day instead of basing out of the main circle where there's a lot of traffic and people passing through, we based a little higher on the mountain. We pitched a tent with a little area to sit, and we laid out Heaven posters all over the ground so when people walked by they saw this huge collage of Heaven posters and would stop and look at it. For most of the time, we had musicians sitting there singing. So people would walk by, hear the music, see the Heaven posters, and then all along the pathway we had witnesses who would approach the people that would stop, and they'd personal witness to them. It was really neat. As you'd walk by our camp there were guys singing, posters, and then all along the pathway was just groups of people getting witnessed to, and praying.



on earth, but it's not.

Gina: It was really neat, I think, how every question people asked, we just answered by showing them things from the Bible, or read them a MO Letter. It was such deep witnessing, a definite sword-sharpening.

Eva: Another testimony is about a guy who lost his leg in an accident not long before the Rainbow. He was pretty messed up and could just get around on crutches. I started witnessing to him and he said, "I'm searching for an energy that could put me back together and make me whole again." I was like, "Yeah, I know one!" He got really excited, and asked how, so I told him, "Well, after the Lord comes back—which is gonna be soon—He's gonna give us all brand new bodies, but not just walking around; you'll be able to fly, go through walls...." He was so excited! He was like, "Tell me more...." So I pulled out the poster about Heaven and the new bodies, and read verses from Revelations. He was so excited and prayed and received the Lord.

Sherry: Tell about Josh and how you met him...

Eva: I was walking through the trading center, waiting for a girl I promised a poster to, but she wasn't there. It was the last day. The folks from DC had left that morning, but we'd decided to stay another afternoon and witness. So I was walking in the trading circle, not sure what to do. I had one Heaven poster left, and I saw this blond guy sitting there smoking, so I said, "Here's a Heaven poster for you!" I was gonna walk away, but the poor guy was like, "Wait, wait! Tell me about it!" So I sat down and witnessed and prayed with him, then I got up and was gonna go, 'cause I was so tired. But he was like, "Wait! Take me with you! Where are you going?"

I told him I was going back to my camp 'cause that's where everyone else was singing and all, and he was like, "How can I join you guys? Is there an entrance fee, or an exam?" I was like, Oh no! He's getting way too close! I said, "Listen, you have to give your whole life! You have to give up all your ideas, everything you want to do, everything you own, your loved ones, everything!" And he just looked at me and said, "Is that all?"

So I took him back to the camp and he just loved everyone. I told everyone, "This is Josh," and everyone was saying, "We love you, Josh," and hugging him, and he looks at me and said, "There really is no exam."

Q: How old is he?

Eva: He's 19, and he's such a funny guy! He was tripping a bit. Then he said, "I'm gonna stay with you guys and do what you do." So I said, "I have something to read with you." I pulled out the Basic 144 book, and I thought, "I'm just gonna shock this guy out of here." I started reading everything radical I could find, just portions—not even whole Letters, just the radical parts. But he was like, "Wow, who wrote this? Tell me about David Berg, this is incredible!"

I went to Rain and told her to just drill him, and she was like, "He's such a sheep!" When I was giving him an Endtime class I asked him if he had a Bible, and he said, "No, I barely have anything with me." I said, "No, but at home do you have a Bible?" And he answered, "But remember, I'm not going home!" Ha! So we'll see how he does, but he stayed with us throughout the whole camp.

Sherry: Oh, I have a funny story! The first day, Brandon was with us, he said he wanted to join, so Tim kept him back at our camp all day and read "Revolutionary Discipleship," and parts of the Charter and explained our beliefs and everything. So when Brandon and Josh first met, Josh looks at Brandon and says, "Hey man, are you a part of this wonderful group?" Brandon's like, "Well, not yet, but I'm working on it! I'm going to be. I'm not officially part of them yet."



Sherry: It was so neat witnessing to these types of people. It gave me the vision of the type of culture our parents came from. These people are already semi-dropped out, they already don't like the System, but they're so full of their own trips. When you tell them some of our radical beliefs it really shocks them and kinda shows them they're not radical at all, ha!

Abner: Often they'd say, "This is Heaven!" We'd be showing them the posters of Heaven, and they'd often say, "No, this [the Rainbow gathering] is Heaven!" And we'd be like, "This isn't Heaven! There's all this sickness, diseases, drugs, people unhappy, bugs and pollution, etc." It kind of bursts their bubble a little; they want it to be Heaven



FZ: Dear Ziners, please pray for these dear ones, that the Lord will continue to work in their lives and bring them along in the path to His service in His perfect time. On this subject, the Lord said in prophecy: "Ask the Family to pray for these ones, that I may work in their lives, and also in the lives of the Family's new disciples. The Family should be praying for new disciples. Pray and beseech Me that I will raise up laborers, 100%, dedicated, sold-out labor leaders. I have many more that could be reached, that could be helped, that could be given that extra umph through the force and power of your prayers." So let's blast 'em all out of the System with our atomic prayer-power bombs, shall we?

Josh is like, "That's amazing, man, I was officially initiated two hours ago!" And the look on Brandon's face was like, "What?"

Eva: Josh was getting it mixed up with getting saved, 'cause Rain asked Josh if he was saved and Josh was like, "Huh?" and I was like, "Josh, remember you asked Jesus in your heart? Remember I prayed with you?" And he said, "Oh, that was getting saved? I'm saved! You got me saved!" He thought that was joining the group!

Sherry: I have a testimony about another guy. The whole time I'd been witnessing like crazy but always running into the real "trippy" guys—you know, the ones you just can't get through to. I'd get so frustrated, thinking, "How come I attract all the goats?" So I said, "Lord, You have to help me find a sheep!" Angie gave a poster to a guy and walked away, and I was like, "Angie, let's go back and talk to him! He's gonna get saved!"

So I went with her and it was so neat 'cause the way they've heard about Christianity is through the churches and they hate it. So I asked him, "Have you ever heard about the real Jesus?" He was like, "What?" I told him, "You know, Jesus isn't in church build-

ings! That's not what He came to earth for." This guy was almost laughing, and crying; he was like, "Really? I always wanted a God that loved me!" I asked him if he wanted to pray and he threw everything on the ground and grabbed my hands. He was beaming! It was beautiful.

Nic: You know that quote about when you go over the top the Enemy starts shooting? Well, it's always encouraging when you get persecution! We don't preach sex, but of course we sing real radical songs, and there's always church groups that gather at these camps—they're part of the same group that used to persecute us in San Francisco on Haight Street. So we gathered all the sheep and we were singing "Sex in Heaven." Everyone loved it, they started tripping out, but of course the church guys jumped on us right after that.

Sherry: They challenged us in front of everyone, "Tell me where it says that in the Bible." Patrick was like, "I'll talk to you afterwards." The guy said, "No, I think you owe it to the whole crowd to talk to me now." And he was like, "No one else in the crowd has this question; it's your question. I'll talk to you later." I was standing by two guys who couldn't believe this guy was asking this question. I looked at them and said, "It doesn't say anything's wrong with sex in the Bible." They were like, "You guys are great! You're different; you're so neat!" And those two guys got saved.

Eva: One old lady came up to Dust and asked, "Where in the Bible does it say there's sex in Heaven?" And Dust was like, "Where in the Bible does it talk about no sex in Heaven?" Ha!

Sherry: It was just so cool that we were just so different, right in front of the sheep; there were the church people, and then there we were.

Eva: There was a Jesus People camp not far away from us; they didn't go out and do anything active! They had a huge tent full of supplies, and they all sat in lawn chairs waiting for someone to come and say, "Please witness to me!" They'd spend all their time talking together about how we were wrong.

Nic: This is a little testimony on the power of music and the spirit in our songs. On the second night, most of the people had gone back to the camp, and the last of us were coming out from the forest up the trail to our tent. It was pitch dark and we were walking with our guitars. When we came up to the road, as we were waiting for the shuttle to come, Joab, Jonas and myself started playing in the dark. We couldn't see anyone around, we could barely see each other, so we just started singing songs like "Step Out on the Water," and "Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled," all these nice, soft, heart-touching songs.

Little did we know that behind us in the dark, sitting on this truck, was a young girl. As we finished one song we heard this weeping and crying in the background. She said, "That song was so beautiful, it really touched my heart!" And she started telling us some words of the song that she especially liked. So we stopped and held her hands and prayed for her. She was already saved, but she was feeling down, and it was neat how the Word came spoke to her. It was really beautiful! ■

A brand new revelation for me!

From Peter (19, of Jason and Christy), Thailand

I don't think there's been a time in my life when the Word has meant more to me, or when I've been more desperate about my walk with the Lord. The Word is so alive to me now, and for some reason it's so much easier to apply it to my own life.

I'm so thankful for the Weakness Revolution, too! From earlier Letters like "Flesh or Spirit," "Glamour or Glory," "I'm a Toilet," "The Lamp," etc., I understood that the Lord wanted us to be weak vessels, fit for His use. But I must admit, I thought it was quite radical when the Lord said that He didn't care if we didn't have any talents or gifts, or if I felt like I couldn't be of any use to the Lord's work. I think I finally understand what the Lord said when He told us to be diamonds of dust who just reflected His light. For some reason I thought I had to try to reflect the Lord's light on my own, or that I first had to become something on my own and attain some kind of level of goodness before the Lord could trust me to be used by Him to reflect His light.

You won't believe how much of a relief it was when I discovered that the Lord didn't expect *any* kind of goodness from me—He just wanted me to fall into His arms and be in love with Him, and trust Him to do everything through me. Praise the Lord!

Just one big happy house

From a JETT, India

While following up on some college students who have a real hunger for the Word, I was convicted of all of the many privileges that I have been taking for granted. We have so many blessings and privileges in the Family. Even just the simplest thing of having so many people in one house. At times I might not consider that a blessing, as it takes more effort to work together in unity. But overall we all basically believe in the same things.

There are problems, of course, but overall things are definitely better in the Family. At times it just is easy to forget about the many blessings that we have in the Family, and I especially tend to look at the hole instead of the great big doughnut that is set before me.

But going on youth outreach has kinda changed my outlook on life a bit, as the youth here in India are so appreciative of anything that you give them. Even if you only spend a little bit of time witnessing to them, they are so thankful

for your friendship. Many have commented that we are the only ones that have visited them in the last week or so.

It really makes me count my many blessings of having so many people

living together. If I would make the effort of talking and being sweet to everyone in my Home, it would really make a difference in my life as well as theirs. I can do a lot more to go out of my way to make the Home that I am living in a happy Home, and to take the initiative to go that extra mile for people. It not only makes the other person feel inspired and happy, but it really adds a boost to your spiritual life and physical life as well. It automatically makes you think about others first instead of your problems.

Windy rings true

From Christina (YA), Brazil

I lived with Windy [of GN 830] for quite some time in Florida, and was shocked to read that she had passed on—even worse, that she'd committed suicide. I love her a whole lot, and we were good friends and co-workers. It shook me up to hear that she's gone now, and how much she's having to go through due to her actions (or decision).

I've never thought much about or even considered suicide, but at times of great despair and discouragement I did wish the Lord would just come back real soon and relieve me from the pain. Thank the Lord I have a lot to live for, especially now with my goal of going back to Russia. It's been a challenge, and something I'm thoroughly thankful for!

I was amazed to see how much the message from Windy sounded like her! I truly believe that was indeed a prophecy from Beyond, and it's encouraging to once again get the conviction that we have this special link with the spirit world.



In temples of praise my hands I will raise and shout liberty.

DEAD MEN TALKING



Freddie Mercury

From Francis Musician, England

One day I happened upon a song being sung by Freddie Mercury (ex-singer of the group "Queen," who died of AIDS), where he was asking what was the true meaning of life. I felt very moved for him, and felt the words of the following song/poem coming, so I grabbed my pen to write them down*:

Later the following message came through:

(Freddie Mercury speaking:) I'm not in Heaven, for I am not yet purged of my sin. Your father [David] looks upon me now with great tenderness and sadness, for your father had a great love for the lost, and that is why he yielded to the Lord and gave His Words and tried to share the love of Jesus with the world.

You may think that when we come over Here our troubles are over, that we simply see the error of our ways and, "hey, presto"—we are happy. You may think that this is the easy way, but I can tell you that when you have lived a life as evil as mine was, where day by day I yielded and gave in to the pressures that an evil lifestyle demands, when you reach Here it's not easy. There is so much that has to be faced—the many souls that were led astray.

In a way our sin, the sin of a superstar, is more dangerous than that of the Maos and the Lenins. To any open and rational mind it is obvious that these kinds of people (Mao, etc.) are wrong in their actions and thus evil. Even people who wholeheartedly follow them, in time when they see the results of their evil systems and ways, come face to face with the facts. They have to make a choice, a decision as to whether or not to continue following them. The vast majority do so out of pride or fear, as is evidenced by the resultant joy of the people when these systems collapse.



But our world, the world of music, knows no political boundary. People of

all cultures and persuasions are spiritually captivated—deadened—by our music, by the notes and combinations of notes that reach deep down into their souls and excite their emotions by their subtle tune. There is no intellectual decision to be made as to whether or not to follow. The only real inkling of a decision comes when people hear the truth as spoken by your Father David in Letters such as "Musical Key."

But such truth is unpopular. There is no positive peer pressure. Whereas in the case of evil political leaders, the peer pressure born of fear and nationalistic pride is monumental. Such a rejection of evil music is very, very difficult indeed. Not only is such a rejection socially unpopular, but because of the excitement and emotional pull and the sheer enjoyment that our music gives, it goes against the very fiber of one's being to have to, once and for all, unequivocally reject it. It takes great conviction and a thorough indoctrination and embracing of the truth and yieldedness to do so, which the world just does not have.

I suppose you could liken it to getting out of a comfortable and warm bed, when you're desperate for sleep and rest, into a cold and hostile environment. And of course with such power as music wields, we are received into people's hearts as gods in a very deep and personal way—though the individual would never see it this way.

Our power to lead astray by our words and our lifestyle and our bad example is almost absolute. We don't have to oppress or repress people to keep them in line, we just have to open our mouths to the music and they (the world) wholeheartedly dance to our tune, willingly and gladly. There are no dissidents but those very, very insignificant few who are largely ignored as madmen by a world who unheedingly and blindly follow their emotions. And so you see the magnitude of our power, and so the undoing of our sin is also great.

In the revelations of those such as Mao and Nixon they honestly and somewhat dishonestly tried to do what they believed was right for their people and their coun-



I lived a life of vain glory
Where reality didn't exist.
My only thoughts were those of lust;
A lust that made me sick. [He was a homosexual.]
For now I know what true love is,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
For all the wrongs and confusions of life,
And my sins He did redeem.

I lived in a world of anguish
Where my only religion was greed;
Where my friends were equally blinded
By a cruel and mocking sea
Of twisted minds and businessmen
Whose only god was gold,
And the only god that they would obey
Was the god that riches decreed.

I lived until my hour came,
And I went where I would not go.
I left for the death of the heathen,
But I left for a greater show.
For before my eyes I saw my life
The misery that held me in.
I had it all, yet had nothing at all
As I went to face my sin.

And face my sin I did that day,
And fell straight down to my knees,
As the full awareness then hit me,
Of where my mistake had been.
I'd held my values up as a god,
And many were led astray,
And now they carry my turmoil on,
And to others they give it away.

(Chorus:)

Oh how I long to tell the world
Of my lonely and dark mistakes;
Of the bitterness and jealousies
That my short, sad life gave.
And hopefully they'll take my word,
And seek the God of love,
Who reaches down with such tender hands,
And the healing balm of His touch.

He'll take a lonely life that's lived in vain, and with His loving hands use what remains.

tries. But we musicians and singers and superstars often had no such scruples whatsoever. We were usually only concerned with personal fame and fortune and record sales, etc. We had no moral convictions, or very few, and were only usually trying to do what was right by us and by what the pressures of the businessmen and the ungodly world of music, the industry was demanding. And so, in a sense, our sin was greater. Right or wrong is considered irrelevant where music is concerned. (After all, we can tell ourselves, "It's only music, it's only show-biz!")

Of course, now I wish I had taken the easy way when I had my chance there on Earth. The easy way would have been to have bucked convention and the System and the expectations of others, be they those of the business community or the fans. What a witness that would have been, as it was in the case of Bob Dylan, who eventually weakened and compromised in order to stay in the only world he ever really knew.

The easy way would have been not to have done the damage in the first place, or to have undone, somewhat, the damage there, while we had the chance, though it may have appeared hard or even ridiculous to have received the love of the truth. But not only were we deceived by a rejection of the truth, but we also led many others into delusion by our rejection. Everybody believes something, and what we believed others believed, because of our position and influence.

[Francis: What comes to me at this point is that Freddy couldn't see all of this then. He was blind to it. He knew something was wrong, but because at some point or

another he didn't take Jesus, then he couldn't get His explanation on things. Also, where Freddy refers to "we" instead of "I," I suppose he's referring to the other band

members, though I would imagine this could also be applicable to other deceased stars.]

It would have been so much easier there than it is here to undo the damage, as there is now so much more to undo, and our influence usually lives on long after we die. We have to continue to watch the horror story and see the results and fruits of our decisions and actions, and that is so much harder.

Yes, so many of my troubles are over now. Now I see truth and can receive forgiveness. But my Hell was to see and feel in the lives of others the damage that I have done. Unto whom much hath been given of the same is required much. I was given much power by Satan, and now my bill had come due. Now I must pay the price of seeing others fail because of me.

I was desperate and searching in my life for answers. I sang also about my search, and so the God of love, Jesus, and His Father forgave me my sins. They are helping me put them behind me with the help of the Holy Spirit of Love. They are applying the healing balm onto my damaged soul, but the process must be fully complete before I can be permitted to enter into the Holy City of Love, Space City, New Jerusalem.

Please take heed to my words and give them to people, to those I knew and who knew me. May my tears of confession and repentance help to wash the way clear for their Salvation and repentance. Our God is mighty in love and great in mercy in allowing my confession and repentance. Truly His love is beyond all imagining. The world would do well to take heed. *(End of message.)*

In the first paragraph, Freddy mentions how Dad was watching him with tenderness and sadness. I kind of wondered why Dad would be so interested. When I asked the Lord about it, He told me it was partly because of the influence of System music on some Family members, particularly the young people, and also because this message is being given for the Family and through a Family member.

I also asked the Lord, "Why is Dad sad when there is no sadness in Heaven?" The Lord answered, "Even I am sad at your sadness and the world's sadness, and so is your Father David sad at times, because of his great love for My children. Such sadness is pure sadness, and not a sadness because of discomfort or pain or a selfish sadness. Such sadness in no way blemishes the great joy that your father enjoys now that he is in Heaven."

Later on I felt that there was more. I started praying in tongues and this little

**For the dawn has come,
I'm free at last;
For Love has come,
And wiped away my past.
For the truth being told
Brought my grief to an end.
Free from evil's hold,
Now my heart can mend.
I'm free, I'm free!
I'm free at last!**

poem came.

I then felt a strong feeling of joy and freedom, and strongly sensed that Freddy has been finally set free. I felt this confession on his part was the final stage or step he had to take to complete freedom. I felt he was absolutely reveling in his newfound freedom, and swimming in the all-encompassing and total love of Jesus, and enjoying the new sensations to the full.

P.S. I had a bit of a question as to how the superstars' sin could in a way be greater than the Maos and Lenins of this world, and their powers to lead astray greater—especially when you consider the millions of deaths and tortures and other horrors perpetrated by these evil political leaders. The Lord then showed me that though millions followed their political leaders, and their deeds were extremely evil, people's hearts weren't always with these leaders. Most people were red on the outside, but white under the skin, like the radish. They followed out of fear for their own lives and for the lives and well-being of their families.

Now it would appear most superstars are just dumb pawns of something more sinister behind the scenes, and probably don't even realize this or are not aware of the depth of this fact (though I'm sure some are). And though they wouldn't go around killing and bombing people, etc., spiritually speaking their sin can be greater in that more people are led astray in their deepest heart of hearts. The spiritual damage is far greater. The deception is more subtle, the evil is a lot less obvious, therefore many, many more are led away from the light and the truth, and wholeheartedly embracing evil values unaware that they are doing so. It is in the spiritual sense that the sin is greater. ■



So many hands reach from the darkness, some are reaching for the Light.



The spirits on the rooftop

From Mamta (24), India

Ours being a big Home with active kids, YA Lily and I snuck upstairs to the roof for a quiet WNR together. With a cup of cold coffee in our hands, armed with Word books and prophecy books, we were fully prepared for our day. Little did we know! We read for about three hours straight with no breaks (except for an occasional moving of the mattresses to a more shady spot to avoid the sun's direct rays).

Then Lily came up with an idea: "Hey, Mamta, should we hear from the Lord for each other? I'll give you two things I want you to hear from the Lord for, and you give me two topics—anything will do!"

I was equally excited, so we gave each other the topics. I didn't know any specific details about hers, neither she about mine. We went to two different parts of the roof and started writing. The Lord spoke clearly and with a lot of details! With my two points covered, I quietly went over to where Lily was still writing. It looked like it was going to be a long message.

While I was waiting, the temperature seemed to be shooting up by the degrees, so I decided to get some cold lemonade for the two of us. I came back up and she was *still* writing; still on the first topic! Then I thought, "Well, maybe I can hear from the Lord for some more things for her!" I closed my eyes and prayed that the Lord would reveal Lily's spirit helpers, as well as give me a message from them if possible.

A picture of Lady Diana crossed my mind, then a blurry picture of a man with ruffled hair and an old-fashioned coat. A name flashed in my mind: William D. Howells, and another name, William Keats. It was kind of mixed up. I was sure about Lady Diana, but I had never heard of this other guy. I got an impression that he was an author of some sort.

I felt that Lady Diana wanted to say something to Lily, and she did. It was about how the Lord had chosen her to be a helper during this time (as Lily was planning to move to a new field), and how she was going to help her reach key top people. It was a beautiful message, asking Lily to take more time to hear from her, to get to know her.

We exchanged prophecies and began to read them. Lily had gotten a beautiful message from my mother, who is in Heaven, about the different things she went through on Earth and how she is helping different people still on Earth. The amazing thing is that Lily didn't know much about my mother at all, and to see such intimate details about her life, which no one knew about, was really encouraging.

Lily seemed quiet for a while (kind of unusual for her personality). Then she said that one night just a few days ago she'd been going through a real trial, and she had felt somebody comforting her—a motherly figure who kind of gave the impression that she had been through the same trial. Guess who it was? Lady Diana! We were shocked. We just stared at each other for a while, not saying a word. Neither of us consider ourselves very spiritual or sensitive to Heavenly things, but this revelation left us a little shaken—in a positive way!

That is not the end of the story. That evening Lily came to me with a *World Book* encyclopedia, with her finger on one of the pages. I jumped out of my skin as I read the name *William Dean Howells*—American author, novelist, critic (1837-1920). It was the same name that I had gotten that morning. I didn't even know he existed! "The Lord hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent, but hath revealed them unto babes." We felt goosebumps all over!



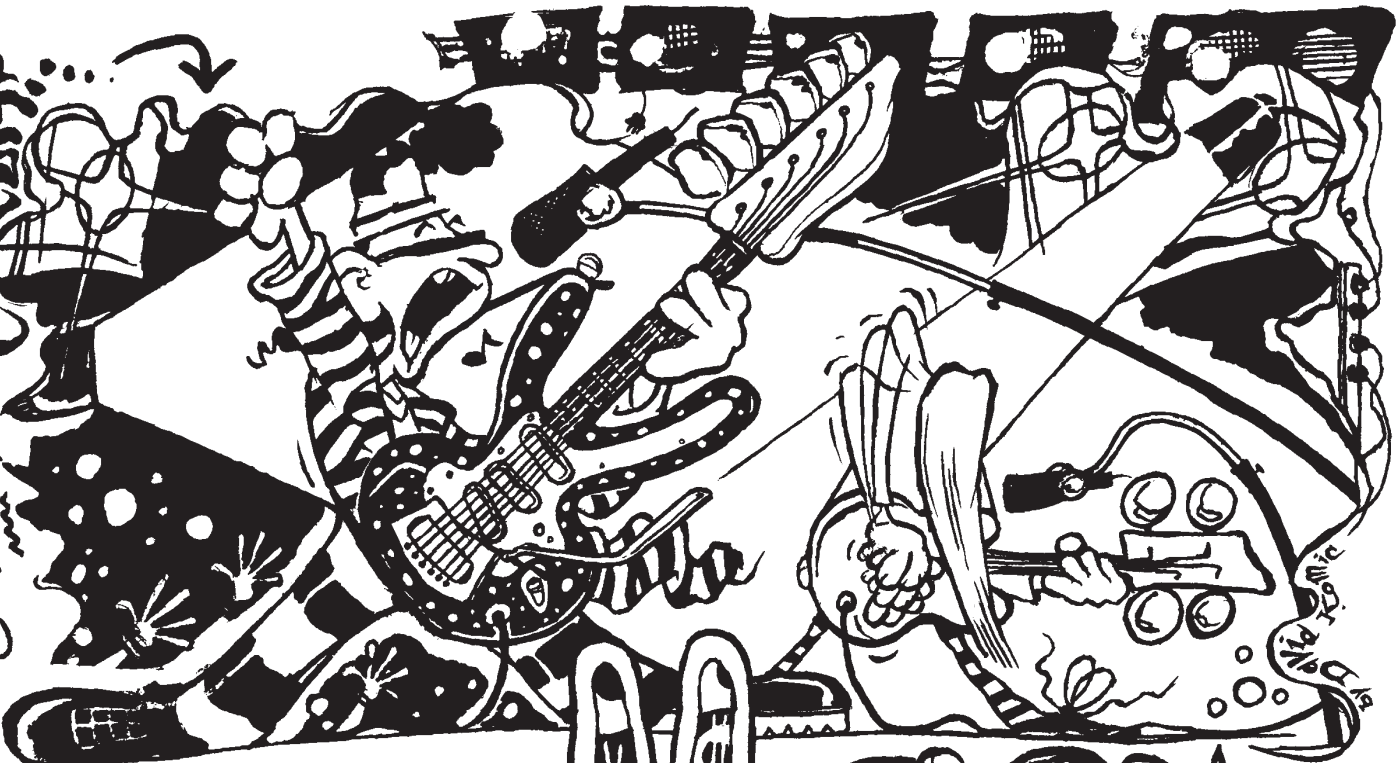
"LILY CAME TO ME WITH A WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA, WITH HER FINGER ON ONE OF THE PAGES. I JUMPED OUT OF MY SKIN AS I READ THE NAME WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS"

List of Zine Issues used in the Quiz on page 2:
Zines 001, 003, 007, 009, 010, 011, 012, 013, 014, 015, 020, 021, 022, 024, 025, 026

My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands.



Zineton Records present... Live, in Concert...



Frankie Far

Wheoody!

A Rock & Roll Phenomenon!

Yo, and double Yo, Young Zine-READING person and fellow traveller down the road of awesome adolescence. My name is Frankie Far (as in Far out!)

This, then is my story
Read on
 and be AWESOMED OUT!

Like you, I was born, raised and schooled on the mission field.

Like you, I am EXTREMELY DILIGENT in my J.J.T.s ...

... though sadly, like you, I suffer from a mysterious bowel condition that astonishingly strikes each time I'm about to start my J.J.T or do the dishes.

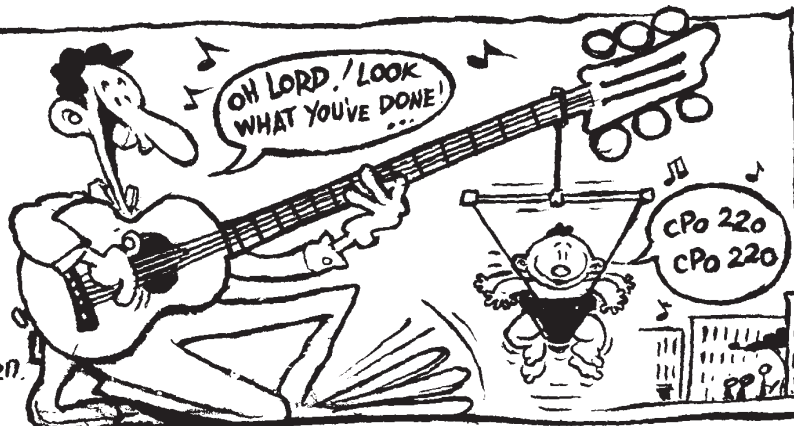
Like you, I help look after my younger brothers and sisters...

An imaginative Science activity

← CAUTION: The sound level of the MUSICAL CONTENT of this Zineton MAY exceed acceptable sound levels. As a precautionary measure, ZINE listeners are advised to use the earplugs [see EARPLUGS at left] provided for your listening convenience.

And like you, I have many happy memories of singing & bouncing with my parents and older brothers and sisters.

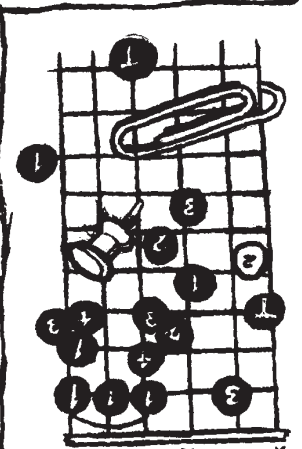
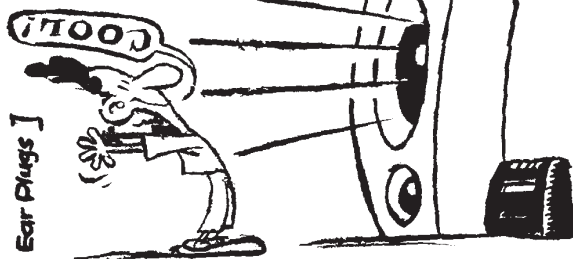
Here you can see me with my dad busking at the ~~Klatov~~ ~~Khrupf~~ ~~Khrupfkehkik~~ ~~Khrupfkehkik~~ at a well-known walking-street in Copenhagen.



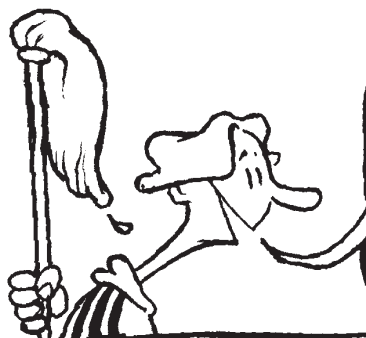
Small Wonder, then, my peers & peeresses, that I'm **CRAZY** about **MUSIC!!!** oh yeah?! I love...

1 ...listening to it...

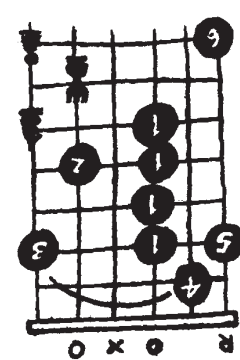
2 ...playing it...



3 ...and even talking about it! *

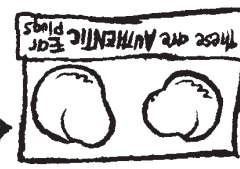


Wasn't that so cool how he played a $G\#m^7b$ with a $Bmsus^4/A + E^b7sus^4$ then a $Dsus^2/F\#$ followed by an incredible $F\#madd B$ → $F\#m7sus^4$ ending with a MASOR birdie on the 7th and an unstoppable backhand volley to take the match 6-2, 4-6, 6-4?!



*Frankie and Bud are discussing the "chords" heard in the last 15 seconds of 'Show Me' (Eagle Bleeds)

CHECK IT OUT!
As a service to our listeners we are reprinting some other useful CHORD DIAGRAMS



ANNOUNCEMENT: We extend our sincerest APOLOGIES to any zine-listeners who placed the 'EARPLUGS' from page 1 in their ears. Due to a regrettable MIX-UP on our part (and we accept FULL responsibility) those 'EARPLUGS' were in fact small edible mushrooms or 'chamignons'; Again, our APOLOGIES for the embarrassment caused, considering the great STAMA attached to having MUSHROOMS in your EARS. Listeners are directed to now use the AUTHENTIC Ear Plugs only AFTER the small edible mushrooms have been properly removed from your EARS. [See AUTHENTIC Ear Plugs]

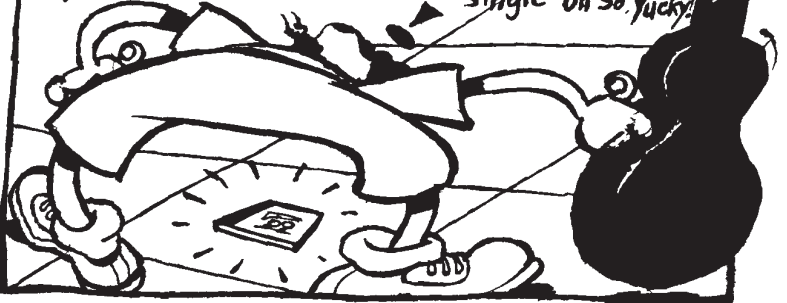
And now Back to my Story:

from Witnessing in Song at the park. I Was walking gingerly past MORT'S MUSIC MART, my gaze fixed intently ahead; turning neither to the right, nor to the left...

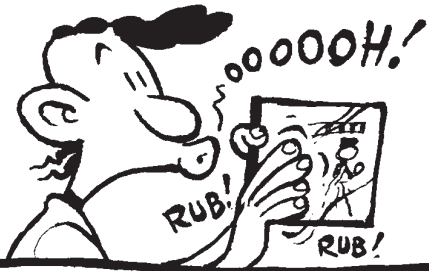


It was a fine, fine day. I was on my way back

...when suddenly I saw it!-- a sparkling, Brand New MUSIC C.D. of "The SQUASHED RASBERRIES" featuring their hit single "Oh So Yucky!"



I picked it up and reverently rubbed its sheer & shimmering plastic wrap...



SUDDENLY my eyes changed from 2 small lines into 2 circles with realistic EYEBALLS that BULGED in ASTONISHMENT as the CD began to Mysteriously, Magically



Then... FLOP!

TA-DAA!!!



DAZZLE!



Thank you for using 'GENIE-IN-A-CD!' I'll be your fast-talking, MUSIC-BIZ-AGENT GENIE for today! Your wish is my COMMAND. Just gimme the green light, o one... and I'll make you into a...

continued next page

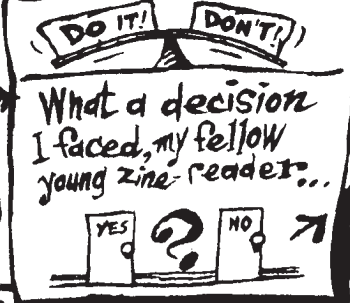
Mrs. Edwina Fungusson writes: "Thanks for your latest MUSHROOM-DISH recipes in '101 FABULOUS FUNGII RECIPES' cookbook! They're GREAT! and we just LOVED the NIFTY Ingredients HANDI-PAK, you sent -- I couldn't WAIT to start COOKIN'! When my husband, Earl, drove up the drive in his truck (LORRY) I served up a big steamin' bowl of 'DREAM SUPREME CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP for him'n'lil' Earl Junior. [lil' E.J. is 14 mos old] Earl said it was RICH'n' CREAMY'n' DEE-licious! He did mention tho (THOUGH) that the small mushrooms from the NIFT-EE Ingredients HANDI-PAK were a bit RUBBERY, CHEWY and quite BLAND and TASTELESS. [Ed: on NO!! your EARPLUGS!!!] Took a bit of CHEWIN' but my boys finally got those mushrooms down, tho right after that I had to give lil' Earl Jr a REAL FAST change of diaper (NAPPY) and poor old Earl Sr. had a really bad case of gas (PETROL)"

YES!! It's time for MUSHROOM Cookers MAIL BOX

Note: The following paragraph is written in "AMERICAN" English (See Hungarian Chinese & Swedish Italian) For the benefit of our "BRITISH" English speakers, the "BRITISH" ENGLISH vocabulary appears in parentheses AFTER the "AMERICAN" ENGLISH vocabulary word. E.g. = y'all (YOU) = sweater (JUMPER) = Burger'n' Fries (BANGERS AND MASH)



Now, I don't know if you've ever been tempted, but THIS, my individual Zine-buddy, WAS a BIG ONE for me -- a JUICY "Apple in Eden" (Gen. 3:6), a tantalizing "ALL THESE THINGS WILL I GIVE THEE" (Matt. 4:9) type situation..



"Hmm." I thought to myself "It could be a real BLESSING, like, TO THE HOME if I could be a real Rock Star, like, ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD!"



Know, like, for "FUND RAISING" / "Become One" / "Let your light so shine to you"



oh... HEY... PEANUTS!! Like just a bit of Crown and Birchright relinquishment is all I require from you

"Hmm." I thought -- That didn't seem TOO BIG a PRICE TO PAY... for what I WAS GETTING. (Besides, I didn't EXACTLY understand what he said.)

I reached for the pen.

DON'T MISS THE THRILLING SEQUEL = Frankie Far-MegaStar 2!