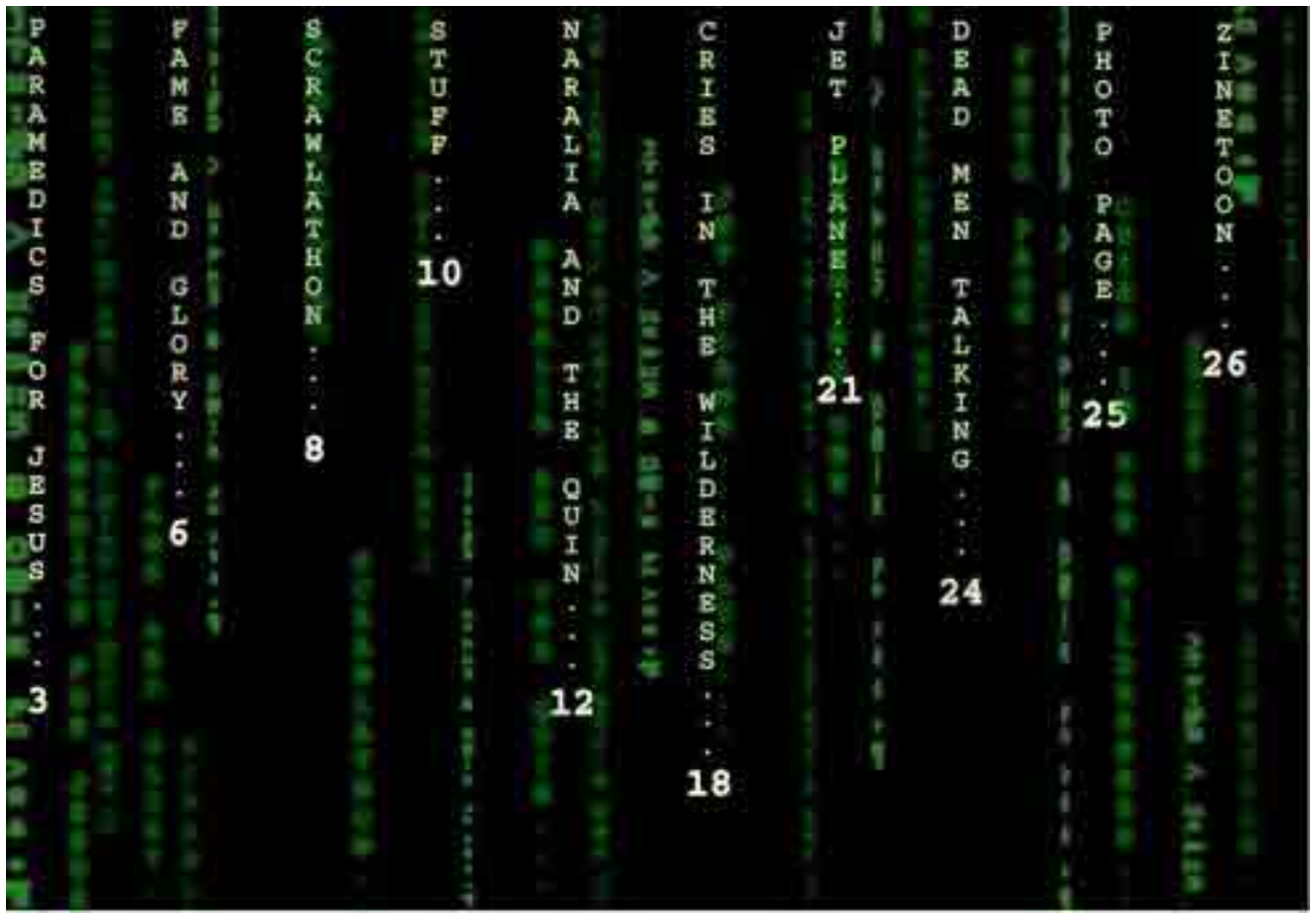




Advanced—Clockwise from top left: From Zine 12, page 10; Zine 9, page 6; <Center Image> Zine 11, page 16 (picture); cover: Zine 12, page 10; Zine 9, page 6; Zine 21, page 61; Zine 21, page 41; Zine 21, page 17.



1>Zine 25, page 13; 8>Zine 1, page 17; 9>Zine 26, front cover; 10>Zine 11, page 24; 11>Zine 2, page 17; 11 eged; 15>Zine 22, page 13; 13, page 13; 14>Zine 41; 01 eged; 13; 5 eged; 26 eged; 21; 2 eged.

DEAR ED: REGARDING _____
 NUMBERISMS IN FZ #019: I
 FOUND ANOTHER INTERESTING
 WORD THAT GOES RIGHT ALONG
 WITH THAT ARTICLE. TRY
 USING WITCHCRAFT!

FROM
 SOME
 ONE
 IN
 HUN
 GARY

The Free Zine: Trivia Time



Daniella (12), Brazil

Q: Who's the oldest TGK (Third Generation Kid) in the Family?
 — From Timothy (17), China

A: We did a little investigation on this, but couldn't ascertain the fact for sure. We did come up with one candidate: Daniella (of Kristy and Zeb), was born on May 25, 1987.

From Daniella: "I think it's great being in the Family and having my parents, grandparents, and relatives in the Family. One of my grandmas is in China (Peace Jubilee), my grandpa is in WS, and my other grandparents (Arthur and Becky) are in India. I have uncles and aunts all over the place—USA, Russia, Vietnam, EE, China, India, etc.! As soon as I get old enough I want to be a missionary to India! I love you all!"

DO YOU readers know of any TGKs who were born sooner than that? (Any children still in the Family who were born to young people who were born-and-raised in the Family?) Write in if so, and we will print for all!

Date _____

Dear Ed:
 [Re: Zine #32: "A Radical Finds A Home"] I really enjoy reading about other young people who are forsaking all and joining the Family. It encourages me to be more faithful to pass out posters and tracts, because it helps you realize that even if you don't see immediate results, God's Word will never return void.

From Gracie (15, of Meek), USA

Dear Ed:
 I greatly enjoyed the latest Zine with all the pictures of Jesus. I think we need to have more artists' contributions from around the world published, and this is a tremendous theme.

From Chloe, South Africa

+ Introducing...

+ PARAMEDICS FOR JESUS

+ From Jason (of Cedar), Mexico

In mid-April, 13 Family young people from the three Homes in Morelia, Mexico joined a Red Cross paramedic certification program. (See also GV #65, "CVC in Morelia.") The basic class schedule consists of a couple of hours of theoretical classes in the mornings or evenings throughout the week, then a hands-on type practice every Saturday morning.

Before we signed up, the Lord gave many encouraging prophecies about what He wanted us to get out of this course. He said we would not only learn new technical skills, but that it would also teach us more about loving and caring for others as Family missionaries. Joining the course was an added challenge for some, as they were required to listen, answer questions, take tests, and have discussions with the other paramedic students—all in Spanish!

In the introductory classes when everyone had to tell the rest of the class their reason for joining the paramedic course, our Family young people were able to witness about their lives as missionaries, and explain their desire to bring love and encouragement to others. The other students were all quite amazed at the testimonies of our Family young people, and every day between classes they would ask questions about our life and how it worked.

Over the last few months since joining this course, we have been able to invite all of the other 25 students over to our Home to play volleyball and eat hot dogs, and we've gotten to sing and witness to them.

We still have some months to go before finishing the course, when there will be a final exam before we become accredited as basic level paramedics. The course also includes in-hospital/nurse-type training, as well as volunteering for a number of activities, including going as observers and



Heidi, Jessica and Renee practice taking blood pressure with a sphygmomanometer.



"All happy children are the children of David." Our Morelia paramedic team pose for the Zine.

Military discipline and marching is also part of the course, to reinforce unity and efficiency.



Renee YA practices giving mouth-to-mouth breathing on a mannequin during CPR class.



helpers in ambulance calls.

This paramedic course has inspired us that there are so many exciting things that young people can plug into to learn useful skills and be a witness and testimony at the same time, if they have the burden for it. Of course, in our lives for the Lord things are always busy, and we all still get out witnessing, teach the kids, cook, clean—you name it! But it just takes stopping and asking the Lord for new ideas, and then being faithful to do it! In "Hold on to Your Crown" (Vol.24; ML #3186: 166-207), there were many ideas along these lines, so we just wanted to share a testimony of how one of these vocational-type classes has been great fun and we've been learning a lot.—As Dad always said, the training we get here and now is going to be used by the Lord there and then. PTL!

We are also all reading through the "Home Safety and First Aid" reading list in the CVC as part of the course, so that we can get our CVC certificate this year as well.

Comments from some of the young people involved:

Heidi (17, of Costa Rican Josue and Aby. She is a great secretary and translator, and has been a super blessing helping with provisioning at the Morelia VS Home.)

"The paramedic course has been super inspiring and fun and we're learning a lot of very neat stuff. It's been challenging and I'm sure it's gonna be really useful."

Pedro (19, of Costa Rican Josue and Aby. After having been out of the Family for a number of years, sweet Pedro recently rejoined and is now going strong for Jesus.)

"I bet this training can be a real help in disasters 'cause I was in Hurricane Mitch in Central America, and I think the things we're learning could've come in handy in that type of situation"

Michael (19, of Servant and Seek, also a great business teamworker, singer, guitar player, and a pretty good basketball player, too.)

"One way this paramedic course, which we are also tying into CVC, has helped me is that it's made me manage my time with my studies, and I've had to apply myself, concentrate and take notes."

Paula (19, of Josiah and Jewel in Nepal. This is the first time that she

Prophecy received when asking the Lord about taking the Mexican Red Cross Paramedic course

(Jesus speaking:) The greatest preparation for the paramedic course is not just preparing to put in some hours in a course of study, it is a preparation of the heart, which comes only from Me; it is preparing to lay down your life that others may live; it is living your life waiting for My call telling you what to do, where to go, who to help, who to be a savior and a blessing to. So in choosing to be a paramedic, do not choose to simply occupy your mind, but occupy your heart with the needs of others. Be ready and willing to always answer the call and be a help and a blessing to others.

This is the call of the paramedic in the Family, and this is the call of those who are called in the Family to be saviors to the world. This is how you must live each day: knowing that it might be your last, as you live to run to the aid of others. Let this call fall deeply in your heart, and if you do you will find the high calling in Christ, to run to their aid and be of assistance anytime, anywhere, whether it is running to do relief work in an earthquake or running to the aid of someone in your own Home who is overloaded and needs a helping hand. It is a life which is found in giving, and will be greatly blessed as you ask not what others can do for you but what you can do for others. (End of prophecy.)

Our young people performing for a National Red Cross convention which was held here in Morelia.



Here is our whole "gth Generation of Red Cross Morelia Paramedics" after having successfully erected two large, military-style tents which were later used for a temporary clinic.





Jessica practices descending a slope during a practice. (Note: Jessica was firmly secured by a safety rope which was anchored to a tree, to eliminate the possibility of her slipping.)



Seby YA stands in as an injured accident victim during a simulated "Vehicle Extraction" practice.



Michael YA practices giving chest compressions on a mannequin.

has ever been on a Spanish-speaking field, but she is already a great witness with the little Spanish she knows. She also keeps our whole team in stitches with the new and unique way she pronounces many Spanish words!

"Things are going great with the paramedic class. It's a really good program 'cause you can help people, especially because in the Family we do a lot of "people work," and if they ever need initial medical help, we'll know what to do with them."



(Q: Paula, how have you been doing in the paramedic classes, since they are all given in Spanish? Is it difficult?)

It was real difficult. At first I got discouraged 'cause I couldn't understand anything, but I've been going to Spanish classes, and little by little, the more you hear the more you learn. I still have a translator most of the time, but I'm catching a lot more than when I first started.

(Q: Do you think it's helped improve your Spanish vocabulary?)

Yes! For sure! It's good to know all that stuff 'cause if I'm ever on a rescue-type job, I'll have to know those words in Spanish 'cause there won't always be a translator there.

(Q: Have you ever taken any first aid courses before?)

Yes. I took a few video courses, and when I was in the States I took an American Red Cross course, but it wasn't as extensive as this one. This one goes through all the different body systems, and you really learn a lot.

Elaina (21, from England. Singer of "Travelin'" on the FTT, and a great performer and witnesser.)

"I came all the way from England to do the paramedic course. It's a good course, although it can be pretty tough at times."

(Q: What have you been learning in the course?)

A little bit of everything! A lot about the human body and about picking people up without moving their spine, keeping their head straight and everything.

(Q: Do you think it's something that you'll be able to use in the Family?)

Yeah, because we always have Family volunteers going to disaster sites, so it's neat to know how to offer more physical support and care to people, along with bringing them food, etc.

(Q: What has been the reaction of the local students in the course to having foreign Family missionary students in their class?)

They really like it! They think we're really funny, especially Paula (who is just learning Spanish), and they are very interested in what we are doing here and who we are.

Jessica (19, a national of Mexico. A wonderful witnesser, provisioner, singer and just an all-around super girl to have around.)

"It's been really good and we are learning a lot of medical type stuff."

Renee (19, daughter of Jay and Nina. Renee is a terrific teacher, mother, cook, witnesser, teamworker—you name it!)

"I'm learning a lot of stuff I never knew. The main obstacle I'm faced with is the language barrier, and it is a bit of a fight sometimes to catch everything, understanding the different names of things, but it's okay."

(Q: Have you ever been in a Spanish-speaking country before?)

Yes, when I was real little.

(Q: How do you think you can use what you're learning in the Family?)

It could be a real help in disaster-type situations. Also any time we are around someone who is hurt or sick we can give them first aid medical help, and we'll have a license to do so. ■

FAME AND

JESSE SPENCER

(From Michelle, Thailand:) About a year ago I found Jesse Spencer's address in a magazine, and I wrote him. Then about 4 months ago I got a postcard from him. I wrote him back and told him about the Family and the different things we are doing here. Then just yesterday I got a handwritten letter from him. Here are excerpts of the letter he wrote me:

"Your life sounds fascinating!! 'The Family' sounds like a really nice thing to do. You have a good heart. You give and give and give. After Neighbors [the soap opera TV series he is doing] finishes, perhaps I'll do something like that. I feel I need to. Anyway, I hope all is well. Good luck with all you do, JC (Jesus Christ) is with you. Love Jesse."

CLAUDIA SCHIFFER

(From Dave [of Ana], Dawn [20] and Annie [3 mos.] Pilgrim, Colombia:) We recently heard that Claudia Schiffer was visiting Bogota, and was introducing a new perfume in one of the shopping centers here. Seeing this as an opportunity to witness to her, we got a CD, got the baby ready and went to the mall. In order to be able to get to meet Claudia, people had to buy her perfume—one bottle for an autograph, and two for a photo with her. By the time we got there, the lines were long, especially the non-payers line. Thank the Lord, the baby was very well behaved. Then Dave went to the guard that was standing at the foot of the stairs that led to where Claudia was, and explained that we had a CD to give her but we hadn't bought the perfume, and asked if there was anything he could do.

The guard went and talked to one of the girls attending, and when she saw that Dawn had a baby she let them through. Dawn then went up and gave Claudia the CD. She explained a bit about our work, and Claudia thanked her for it and gave her an autograph, and also let her take a photo. There wasn't enough time to try and pray with Claudia as there were more people waiting to meet her, so we prayed that she will see the Web address on the back of the CD jacket, and visit the site—and also that someone will translate the words of the songs for her as since it was a Latin CD (Ritmo Sin Fronteras), all the songs were in Spanish.

CROWN PRINCE FELIPE, OF SPAIN

(From Joseph, Japan:) While at a Spanish Trade Show in Tokyo in March 1998, I noticed that there were quite a lot of security people around. I found out that King Juan Carlos I of Spain's son, Felipe, was there. I realized I didn't have any Spanish lit, so I prayed that the other team that was coming would bring some. When I met the other team (Peter and Daniel YA), they didn't have any. Daniel (YA) said that they did have "Somebody Loves You" in the van, but two minutes later the Crown Prince walked right by us. Peter and myself weren't sure if we would be able to give him a tract even if we had it. But Daniel decided to give it a try, and went to get a tract. Soon he came back with big smile on his face and said, "I got the tract to him!"

Me: "You got the tracts?"

Daniel: "Yes, and I gave one to the Prince!"

Me: "How did you do that?"

Daniel: "I found out they were having a reception for him in another part of the center, and I walked past the security and right up to him, and said I had something for him. He asked what organization I was with and I said the Family!"

God bless Daniel for sticking to it and getting the job done!

POPE JOHN PAUL II

(From Nehemiah, Italy:) On a Prayer Day in 1992, I received the Letter



GLORY



"Arrivederci Roma." I didn't understand what Jesus wanted to show me, so I prayed with the Home for the Lord to show me clearly His will. In a dream, Jesus gave us a plan of a project that He wanted us to do near Rome.

After a few months we moved to a place shown us by the Lord in a dream. I continued to have dreams about a great spiritual communion with Pope John Paul II, and during Easter 1995, the Lord in a vision showed us to bring a live lamb to the Vatican as a gift for the Pope.

We obeyed and after three days the Lord miraculously fulfilled that vision by sending us an angel to open the way. Then Jesus showed me to go again to the Vatican on the 13th of May, 1995, with bare feet, and give the letter to the Pope that J. received in prayer, in which J. exhorted the Pope to publish the third secret of Fatima, to announce the near Second Coming of Jesus.

Before I went to the Vatican I asked the Lord to send me an angel to confirm His will (like He had when I joined the Family in 1980). Suddenly a strong wind opened the pages of the book I had with me. It was the page of May 13, and the topic was the same. So without doubts I went to Rome on May 12th, and on the 13th, with bare feet and the letter, I went to the Vatican. I was questioning with the Lord if I should go barefoot, since I would have been easier to be received with a pair of shoes. Jesus told me, "They have to receive you as I send you."

Of course, the guards wouldn't let me pass, so I told the Lord I'd done my part, and now if He wanted me to go in He had to do the rest. After patiently waiting about an hour, I felt the touch of the Holy Spirit in my heart: "Now phone the Monsignor." After speaking on the phone with the Monsignor, I felt right away that he was like a brother. He told me I could go in. TYJ!

The Lord showed me to give him the letter for the Pope. He told me that I would have a meeting with the Pope in God's time, and it happened on the 13th of May 1998—exactly three years later. We became good friends with this priest, we have good communion with him through Jesus, and he often comes to visit us, and passes on different messages for us to the Pope.

The meeting I had with the Pope was really touching. I exchanged a few words with him and we looked each other in the eyes. There was a real communion in the Spirit of Jesus. I gave him a letter and invited him to come visit us. I pray the Lord will fulfill this too, for His glory and His kingdom.

SHIVAMANI

(From Philip, of Praise, India:) A very famous percussionist, Shivamani, lives across the street from us with his girlfriend. We invited them over one evening, but kind of chickened out before the subject turned to Jesus. I felt really bad about this, as Shivamani was about to go to the US for a two-month tour. Finally, one hour before he was due to leave, my wife and I visited to give him some mail for the States. He was very busy preparing, but I was convicted to take the plunge, so I asked him and his girlfriend to sit down for a minute. I told them I felt bad that I had neglected to share something very important with them, that we were Christian missionaries. I told them briefly my testimony and asked them both if they'd like to ask Jesus into their hearts. They both said "sure" and prayed very readily on the spot. He even mentioned that maybe I could give him classes about Jesus when he got back, as he knew very little about Him. TTL!

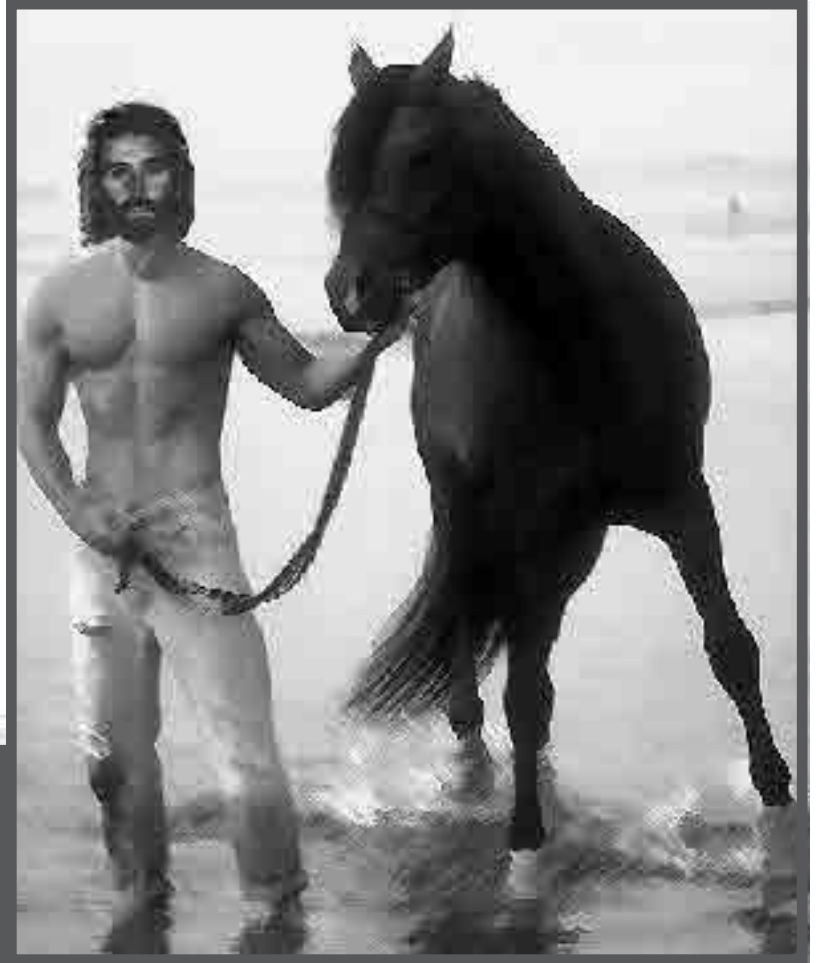
BARRY MCGUIRE

(From Gideon, Pakistan:) Gideon once met and witnessed to Barry McGuire, writer and singer of the old hit song "Eve of Destruction." When Gideon met him in Sweden in 1976, he had become a Christian and was giving a concert. Gideon met him after the concert backstage and talked with him for nearly an hour, singing him the song "All I Want to Do Is Serve Him," and telling him about the Family. Barry said he'd heard about and respected our work.



'AYE' TO THE CAPTAIN,
HIS WILL BE
OUR WORK,
AND TRUE TO
OUR DUTY,
WE NE'ER WILL
SHIRK.
WITH FAITH IN
HIS PROMISE,
AND TRUSTING
COMMAND,
AS DAYLIGHT
BREAKS IN THE
DISTANCE
WE'LL DIS-
COVER THAT
LAND!

Art by Evvy

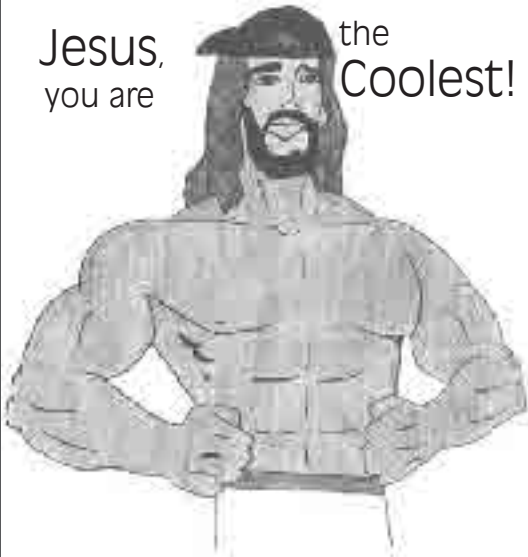


Graphic
Design by
K.F.

Scrawlathon

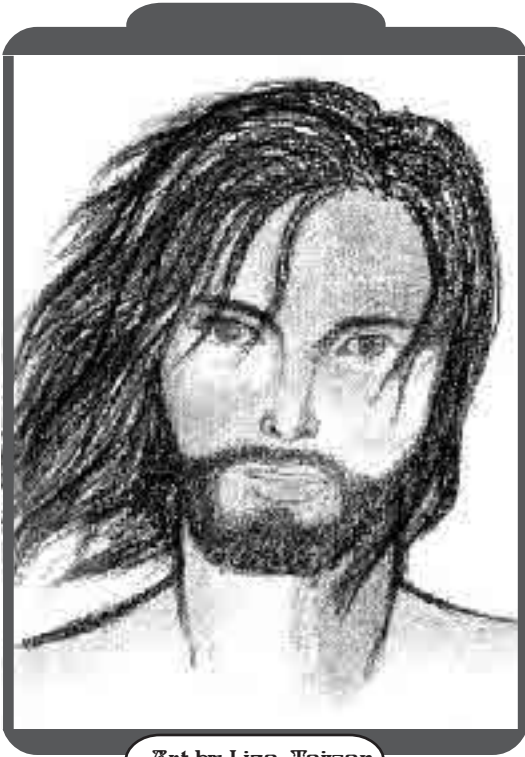
Drawn by John, Brazil

Jesus,
you are the
Coolest!



Art by David (10)





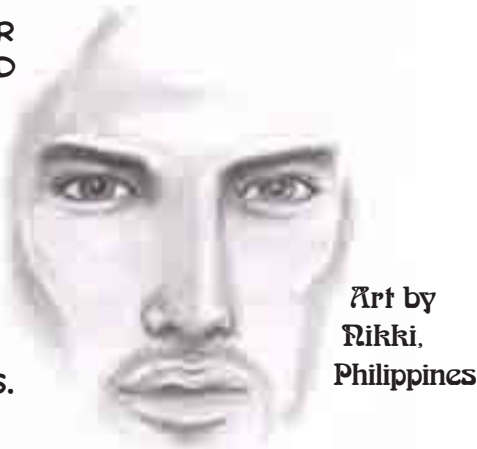
Art by Liza, Taiwan



MASTER OF
COLOR
AND HUES
SUBLIME,
ENTER INTO
THIS
HEART
OF
MINE.

Art by
Matthew FGA,
Japan

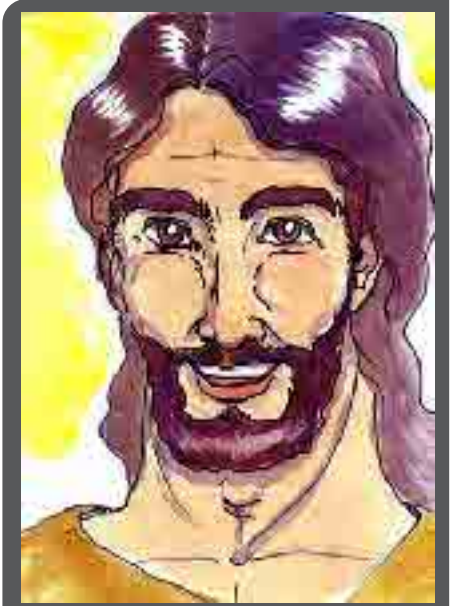
MYSTERIOUS LOVER
'NEATH SHROUDED
VEIL,
YOUR REALITIES
ARE FAR FROM
PALE;
FOR IN GAZING
INTO YOUR LOVE-
LIT EYES,
THE FEAR I HOLD
WITHIN ME DIES.



Art by
Rikki,
Philippines



Mercy (13, of Mark and Charity), Japan



"I LOVE YOU---JUST YOU!
FOR ONLY YOU CAN FILL THIS
PLACE DEEP WITHIN MY HEART!"

Art by Matthew FGA, Japan



(News article reprint)

Teenagers held a praise service during a traffic jam. Thirty-nine members of a youth group and eight chaperones from Northside United Methodist Church in Jackson, Tennessee, were returning wet and tired from a rafting trip when their chartered bus became stuck in a traffic jam because of an accident a mile ahead. The teens invited other motorists to use the bathroom in their bus, played with children in nearby cars, and obtained permission from the driver of a flatbed truck nearby to use his trailer for a praise service, United Methodist News Service said.

All 47 climbed onto the flatbed, pulling out several guitars and a harmonica. People gathered around to listen as they sang lively songs.

Before long, 25 more teens arrived and climbed aboard the truck, including those from a Church of Christ in Nashville.

The bus was filled with lines of people waiting for the bathroom, and the flatbed was surrounded by an audience. People with food began to pass it out to those who didn't have any. Some motorists on the other side of the interstate, where the traffic was moving, pulled over to take photographs.

The praise service lasted two hours, ending when the students got word that the wreck was about to be cleared and they should return to the bus. "What a witness it was," one participant said.

**in
season**

(Jesus speaking:)

Isn't it convicting to read about others who are also on-fire and letting their lights so shine for Me? I can inspire you with all kinds of far-out ways to shine My light—ways you might never have even thought of or imagined. So don't miss those golden opportunities that I will bring before you at the most unexpected times.

And the way that you will be "instant, in season and out of season" is by constantly checking in with Me. I can lead you to the very best thing to do at the moment, that will make the greatest use of your time, and turn even seeming

defeats into great victories. *(End of message from Jesus.)*



**out of
season**

B
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When the trump of the 6th angel sounds
Out from below, from where we are bound,
Four of us lead two million of ours
To prey upon one third for 23,725 hours.
Our counterparts feast with their fronts
and their rears,
To the third part we are their worst fears!

From Pete, Cameroon

Saved by the Lord's instructions

*From E. C.,
China*

You might have heard from the news that not long ago the sentiment towards foreigners here (especially Americans) was less than friendly. Things were starting to look bad, as they shouted: "Kill Americans!" and put up anti-American signs. Where we live, other foreigners didn't leave their homes for a couple days, and the international schools in the city closed down as well. There were protests and violent demonstrations against the US embassy in the capital and in many other major cities across the country.

We prayed and asked the Lord how serious it was, and whether or not we should go out (this all started on a Saturday—a day we normally go out on outings, etc.). The Lord very specifically told us not to worry, that He would care for us and keep us safe, but that we shouldn't go out and expose ourselves. As you can imagine, it's hard to blend in, being a mini-blob of foreigners moving in unison, smiling and looking amused at everything that goes on around us! Ha!

We usually buy take-out Chinese food on the weekend, as it's cheap, delicious, and a change for the cooks. We decided to pray about going out to buy that, as the shop is very close to where we live. The Lord again said to not go out of our compound. So instead we decided to purchase the food in a little shop within our compound.

As I was standing in line to pick up the order I had placed, a foreign Asian lady that lives near us walked by and said, "It's a good thing you didn't go outside to buy your food as you usually do. There's a demonstration right outside the compound in front of the food store, and they're not a friendly crowd!"

just for fun...

Thoughts on spelling

If GH stands for P as in Hiccough;
If OUGH stands for O as in Dough;
If PHTH stands for T as in Phthisis;
If EIGH stands for A as in Neighbor;
If TTE stands for T as in Gazette;
If EAU stands for O as in Plateau...
Then the right way to spell POTATO
should be:

If GH stands for F as in Rough;
If O stands for I as in Women;
If TIO stands for SH as in Solution...
Then the right way to spell FISH
should be:

GHOTIO.

GHOUGHPTHTEIGHTTEEAU.

*But who is
Amina?*

From Patrick, Joab and Christina, USA

We have been passing out a shortened edition of "The Crystal Pyramid," and the kids really like it. Here is a response that we got this month in the mail:

To Whom It May Concern:

I was recently in Portland when I met a girl named Amina in Pioneer Square. She was explaining the "Crystal Pyramid" to me, when I noticed that she seemed to be radiating this strange energy to everyone around her. I was immediately pulled in by this force, and I ended up spending the rest of that night with her and my friends. The next day, however, I could not find her, and we had to return home to Tacoma that day. I was left feeling like I wanted to know more, but I couldn't quite understand it all. I wanted to have the same "light" inside of myself. I wanted to go back and talk with Amina, but I couldn't. Then I found the piece of paper that she had given me, and here I am writing this letter. When you receive this, please send me any/all information you can on the "Crystal Pyramid," and I would be extremely grateful.

Very truly yours, Ryan.

We do not know who Amina is, though we have asked all of our street friends. Is she a sweet sheep that received the Lord's message via paper power but whom we have yet to find? Or ... could she have been an angel, trying to lead this sheep to us? We have written back to Ryan and are awaiting his reply!

Whew! It sent chills down my spine and made me so thankful that we checked with the Lord about a seemingly small detail. In my natural reasoning, I'd thought it wouldn't be a problem to zip outside the compound and get the food as we always did, especially being a girl and not very American-looking, etc.—Actually, I'm sorry to say I almost did, because when I first went to order the food from the "safe" place, there was nobody there. I waited and decided maybe I would go out and get it after all, since we were having a birthday party and were expecting guests. I didn't want dinner to be late.

But just as I was about to leave the compound, the cook returned and asked me what I needed.... Close call! And that's when the foreign woman confirmed what the Lord knew all along. Yikes! After that we all agreed to stay inside and out of sight for the next couple of days. The Lord sure knows best, and we were glad we'd obeyed His counsel!

It's made me very thankful for prophecy power. Even if we don't know what to do or we get cut off from the outside world, the Lord is able to instruct us and guide us. It's been pretty exciting and the Lord has used these "war issues" to open our friends up to the Endtime message. As a result we have been able to pray with several of our friends in the last few days! Ha! Rom.8:28 once more! Now, things appear to be calming down and the government is asking all citizens to not vent their anger on expatriates living in China, but to return to their work and to studying.

We have been getting quite close to our precious sheep, and have been able to pray with a number of them already. We have started Bible classes, and one friend even came to visit us from another part of the country where he lives. He stayed with us for a couple of days and really became one—having praise time, devotions, JJT, prayer time, etc. Very precious guy! He calls us his family and thanks the Lord for us every time he gets a chance to pray, sweet! This makes everything worth it all!

Naralia

AND

THE Quin

Feature

A SPIRIT STORY

A young alien woman landed her ship on the planet Quin, a world thousands of light years from her own. She was met with stares from the inhabitants of that planet, who had heard of but had never seen members of her race. Her near-translucent skin of a violet hue, thick white hair down to her waist, and thick, skin-tight coverings of purple, were quite a sight to see for these people, whose glassy ebony skin, rope-like silver hair and deep green eyes were trademarks of their race. They nevertheless received her, according to the universal rules of conduct, with the manners befitting any alien visitor.

The majority of the populace went about their business as usual, digging the underground springs of calicia, a medicinal liquid which they used for their own purposes of health and longevity, as well as bottling and shipping it to other planets in return for other produce necessary for their survival.

Naralia (for this was the alien woman's name) behaved in a very odd way almost immediately, for the night after she had arrived and was given lodging by an elder of the Quin people, she emerged from her room looking strangely different. Her skin was the same hue, as was her hair, but she had traded her thick, cover-all purple clothing with the elder's son for other garb.

The young man now grinned despite himself, for Naralia was dressed in the outfit he had provided her with. Made of the large silvery scales of a native animal of the Quin planet, the outfit greatly complemented the outstanding features of the Quin people. It looked very different on the violet-skinned Naralia, though not uncomely. The costume allowed the Quin people great freedom of movement for their work of digging springs, covering only the essential body organs in order to protect them from the radioactive elements this planet was so well known for. These elements also, strangely, infused the deep springs of the Quin's planet with the medicinal properties that caused it to be so sought after amongst the planets.

"What is it that you wish to do here on our planet?" It was Aztar, the elder and Naralia's host, speaking in the frank manner so characteristic of the Quin people.

"I wish only to observe and to learn your customs, to see the world through your eyes..."

"And to dress like us," finished Altar, Aztar's son, with an admiring smile.

Antar, Altar's sister, looked less enchanted, and she surveyed Naralia's appearance and words with suspicion. There had been other visitors from Naralia's people, recorded generations before in the annals of the planet Quin. Their only interest had been to plunder the precious calicia springs, and then be on their way. Indeed, the fact that Naralia had taken the Quins' attire so quickly was even more suspicious to Antar; she reckoned that Naralia was more cunning than her predecessors, and simply wished to stay longer by wearing the protective Quin clothing so necessary for life on this planet.

Antar's wary ponderings were interrupted by her father's voice. "Very well then, Naralia, you are welcome to stay with our people for as long as you like. My son Altar will be at your disposal to take you anywhere you wish. You may taste, touch, and listen to anything you like on our planet. I only ask that you do not afflict my children with tales of your planet without first telling me."

Altar was grinning now, very pleased at the idea of escorting the charming and mysterious Naralia.

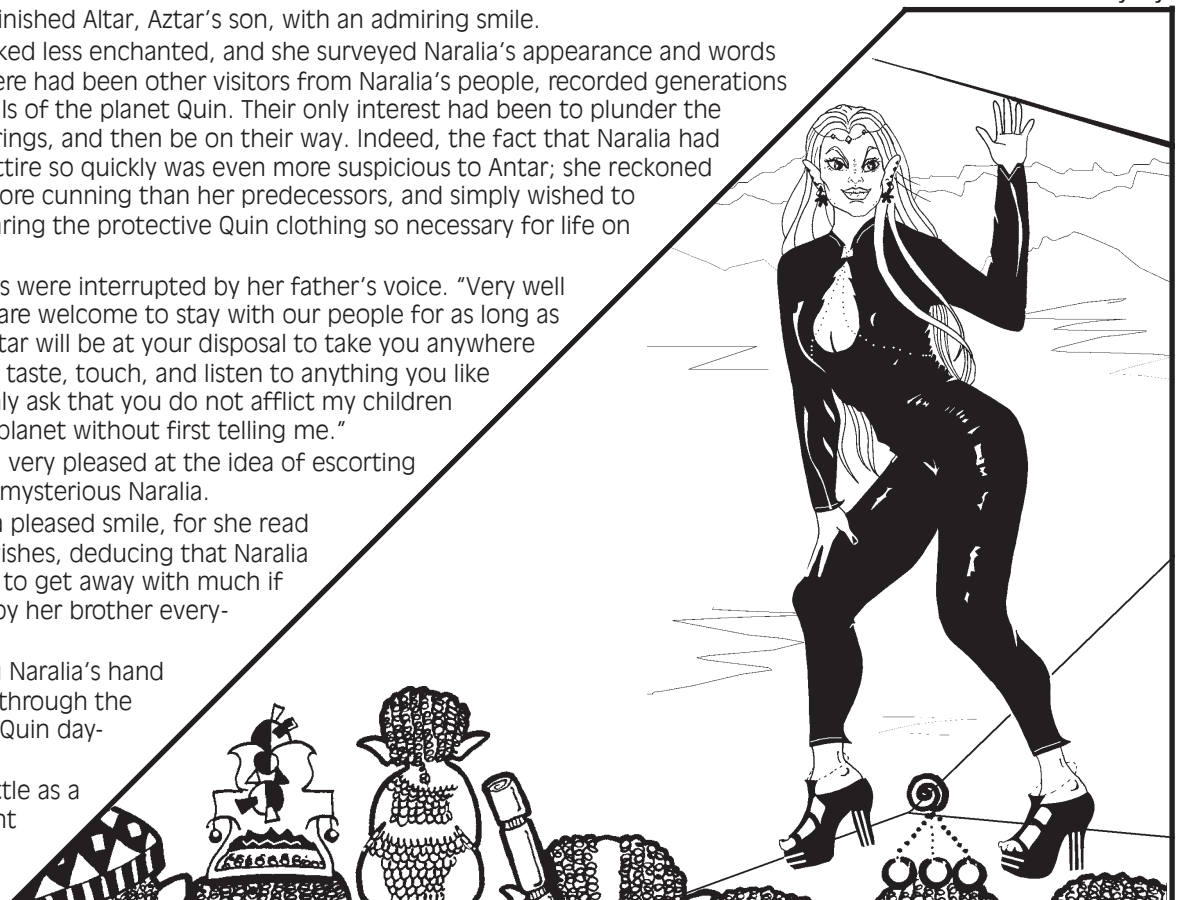
Antar was also smiling a pleased smile, for she read into her father's wishes, deducing that Naralia would not be able to get away with much if she was escorted by her brother everywhere she went.

Altar was already taking Naralia's hand and escorting her through the door and out into Quin daylight.

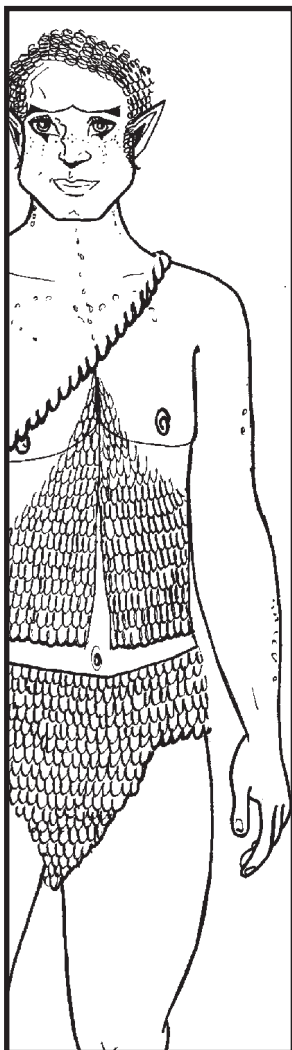
Antar's smile faded a little as a foreboding thought crossed her mind.

"What if Naralia

Art by Evey



seduces my brother to leave with her, back to her own planet?" Antar shuddered. She well knew that her people could not survive elsewhere, for their bodies had developed to be sustained and protected by the Quin environment. Ghastly tales had reached their people—tales no doubt altered by the course of time and distance, but nevertheless alarming—of Quin people who had been drawn away by aliens traveling through to collect the treasure of their precious springs. They had never been seen or heard from again, and other aliens passing through would relate casually of horrific changes that had taken place in Quin features: the

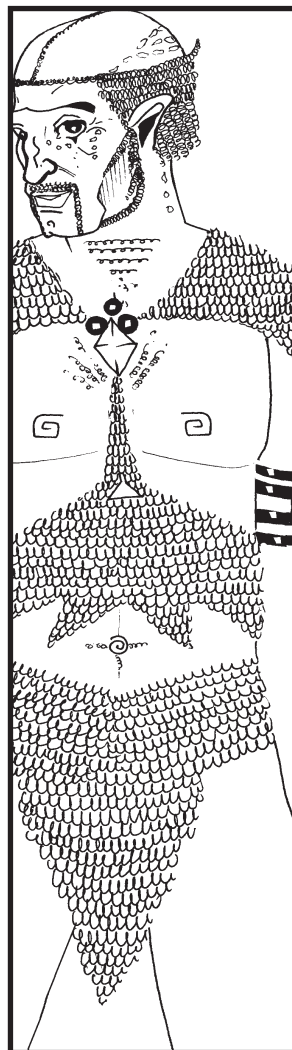


delicate vines and flowers and trees unique to the Quin planet.

Altar was enjoying himself immensely, and always smiled with bashful joy when Naralia would express wonder and joy at the beauties of the Quin planet and people.

"Tell me," Altar asked her one day, in the direct manner he was accustomed to, "do you prefer the color of your skin and hair, and the customs of your people to ours?"

Naralia stopped her playful skipping and slowed to a walk beside Altar. She looked out over the magnificent canyons they were now upon, and into the twinkling blackness that had begun stretching over the



her, and she remembered with affection her relations and friends who had bid her farewell.

Altar sensed her homesickness and stated, "You must miss your people terribly."

Naralia pulled herself from her nostalgic reverie and looked Altar squarely in the eyes. "You misread my thoughtfulness, friend. Naturally there are times my body craves the peculiar comforts and colors of my home-world, as well as the kinship of my people."

Altar shifted uncomfortably from foot to foot as he looked out over the canyons. He was becoming very fond of Naralia, and this kind of talk made him feel strangely sad inside.

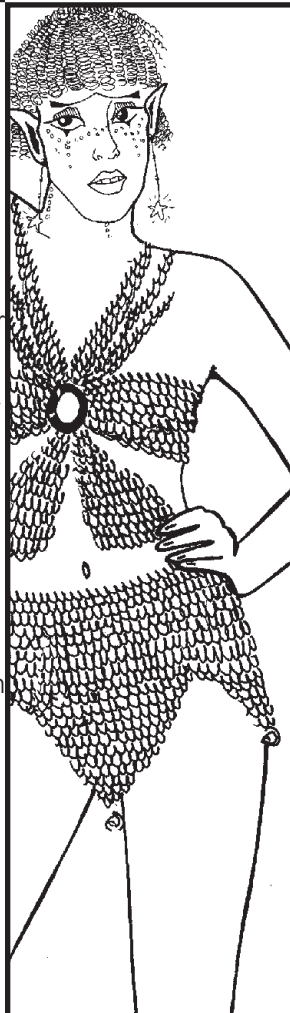
"But," she added, with a faint smile, "I have



lightening of their skin and the falling out of their rope-like silvery hair, to be replaced by strange wisps of grotesque colors.

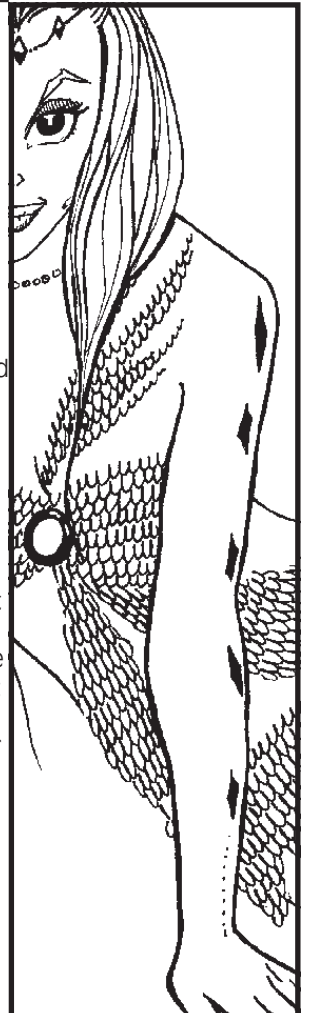
Antar shook her head to dispel those thoughts, comforting herself that Altar was strong, and would—hopefully—not succumb to any wicked designs this stranger might have.

Days melted into weeks for Naralia, as her mind and heart imbibed the wonders of the Quin people. She learnt of their music, their dance, their language and customs. She watched the birth of a Quin child and visited the sites of extinct Quin cities, long since overgrown with the



horizon in the Quin dusk. The three Quin moons hung high in the sky, and to the right of the panorama, a delicately braided cluster of stars called Alstor was becoming brighter every minute. Colors of burgundy and purple and gold mingled on the horizon, in an atmospheric dance that could be seen every evening to bid the bright day farewell.

Naralia wistfully thought of the sunsets on her own planet, the bright stardust that reflected from the cliffs quite near her old home. The lighter, more pastel colors of her world that delicately rested upon everything and everyone were becoming but a faint memory to



come to know the joy of broadening my definition of beauty that my husband always told me of, and now regard your planet and people, complete with all their mysteries and wonders and puzzles, as being extremely beautiful."

Altar suddenly felt faint in his head, and reaching for the flat top of a resting asteroid fragment which had long ago fallen upon the cliff, he sat down.

Naralia sat down beside him. Tucking her legs up and wrapping her arms around them, she rested her head on Altar's shoulder affectionately, oblivious to his discomfort.

"Forgive me for not hearing you correctly, lovely Naralia, but did I hear you mention a husband? And why have you never told me of this attachment?"

Naralia jerked her head up, suddenly realizing that she had revealed something she had thus far seen fit not to reveal to her friend and his people. Seeing that concealment was futile now, Naralia looked down at her knees and said softly to the waiting Altar, "Yes, I do have a husband." Looking up at Altar, whose green eyes seemed to pierce through her delicate being, Naralia continued, "It is a long story, for though I have a husband, I have never seen him."

Altar raised his brow in surprise. There was not much hidden for the Quin people, save the magical springs which they sought beneath the ground, so this concept of being so attached to one Naralia had never even seen was completely foreign to Altar. He perched an elbow on one knee and leaned a hand on his head, and said, "I am ready to hear the tale, however long it might be."

And so Naralia told him, as best she could, the mysterious tale of her childhood and her adolescence. Altar did not relate to age in the same way as Naralia, for it seemed she had gained the knowledge of a hundred years in only a handful of years that to the Quin represented no more than childhood. Nevertheless he tried his best to have an open mind, and to grasp the affection and adoration Naralia displayed when she spoke of a husband so dear that she would do whatever he asked of her.

"Is that why you came to Quin? Only because your husband asked you to?" Altar asked, realizing now that he had been foolish in fancying that her study of his planet and peoples was a result of simple desires springing from her own heart, or that the apparent affection she held for him was the result of her own will.

His eyes narrowed as he stared into the deepening shadows of the canyon. It seemed more and more likely that all of his sister's pessimistic whisperings to him were true, and that Naralia must have some secret, selfish agenda. She must be intent on using them all. Altar felt anger filling his heart as he realized the shame he would bring on his own house for having accepted her into his life so unquestioningly.

Naralia was struggling with the words to say, and how she could possibly explain her presence in terms that Altar would understand, when he abruptly rose and walked away, not looking back at her. She burst into tears, which poured down the smooth, waxy surface of the fallen asteroid in a delicate stream, forming a small pool on the ground.

In the deep of the night, the people of Quin took advantage of the darkness and subsequent coolness to enter the deep caverns beneath the surface of Quin. These caverns were too hot during the day due to the combination of harsh atmospheric light as well as gases in the center, which responded to this light by rising in temperature.

This evening Altar begged his father Aztar to let him off working early, confiding that he was troubled in mind and spirit and needed to meditate on his life.

Aztar gave leave, his green eyes filled with concern for his eldest and wisest son, who showed so much potential for being an elder to the Quin some day.

Altar emerged from the deep cavern his family had worked for decades, and strode through the silver light that the three





naralia and the quin

moons of Quin cast upon everything. These hours were truly the most beautiful on Quin, and Altar felt his anxieties lessen as he took a moon bath. He remembered the several times he had taken Naralia deep into the forests, running with her through the thick vines that decorated the forest floor, showing her the many glowing creatures that came out at night to feed off the light of the three moons. In a special clearing in the forest, he had introduced her to the soothing and powerful effects of bathing in that light. Altar remembered with tenderness the ecstatic expression upon her face as she exposed every part of her delicately colored body to the life-giving silvery rays, and the energy with which she glowed when they emerged from the forest.

Naralia had joyously accompanied him on numerous occasions after that, and it was in the same place Altar had felt his heart glow with love for Naralia, a feeling he had kept hidden from her since, for he did not know what response she might have. Indeed, he did not regard his people with the same admiration which Naralia seemed to possess, and wished for all the world that his skin might be the hue of Naralia's, and his hair as white as hers.

On one occasion but a week before, Antar had confided in her brother that she felt the same, and all in a moment he had understood the reason for her resentment of Naralia. The seeming superiority of her race, the knowledge and technology they possessed, seemed to set the standard of beauty, like some shimmering, priceless cloak, about her lovely shoulders, and Antar could not bear to see a constant reminder of the supposed ugliness of her own appearance.

Naralia's curious adoption of their own attire had puzzled Antar, for it was plain that the garb she wore upon her arrival flattered her unique features much more than the clothing of the Quin. Yet Naralia insisted that she had no desire for her old clothing, despite the fact that her clothing had given her more comfort, and had inbuilt conveniences specially designed to protect the exterior of her people. Indeed, her body had suffered not a little in adjusting to the climate and conditions of the planet Quin. Subsequently her skin of delicate violet hue had darkened considerably, and she was restricted to the shelter of either forests or houses in the heat of each Quin day as a result. The reason for Naralia's determination to remain on his planet truly escaped Altar, and as these thoughts raced through his mind now, he wondered what her husband was really like.

Altar stumbled on toward his house, seeing nothing but the lovely image of Naralia before his eyes. As he approached the hexagonal construction from the back, he detected a figure emerging from the front of the house and melting through the silvery light toward the path that led to the forest. There was no mistaking the reflection of that long hair, though silver it appeared in this light, for the people of Quin had no more hair than what covered their heads. It was Naralia.

And what was this? She appeared to have retrieved her old garb, which Altar had stowed in a public area should Naralia require it for her return to her home someday. Her body reflected none of the moon's silvery light, and was but a silhouette of blackness.

Altar tried now to follow the elusive figure without being detected. Indeed, had it not been for the silvery reflection of her long hair, Altar would have all but lost her among the thick undergrowth of the forest. Altar struggled to recall to which area of the forest she might be going, and suddenly remembered her ship. So, he thought bitterly, the beautiful creature has at last tired of us—of me—and is returning to from where she came.

Naralia made much noise, being unfamiliar with the plants of Quin's forests, and many of the glowing night creatures of Quin turned their large eyes to watch her progress from their vantage points high in the trees. Altar, however, was able to follow her noiselessly, and they soon came upon a small clearing where Naralia's ship had landed, not long before. The plants of Quin grew quickly, their roots being fed by the life-

giving properties of Quin's springs, and Naralia had quite a job removing the large vines that had grown over the entrance to her ship.

Altar stopped hesitantly on the outskirts of the clearing, and leaned upon a thick and resilient vine that had twisted into an arch from the ground. If Naralia meant to take off he must say goodbye to her at least. But she would first have to come out of her ship and remove the other growing obstructions that entwined themselves about her ship, and so Altar waited for her to do just that.

There was no movement at the door of the ship for some time, and Altar wondered what Naralia was doing. Then he heard the sound of her voice, musical and low, and stole to the bow of the ship. Edging as close to the door as he dared, he slid down to the ground to listen to what she was saying and whom she was talking to.

"...The Quin are a marvelous people, and their world is full of mystery and beauty, but I do not belong here. You are my husband and I know you would never do anything to harm me. Your heart is filled with nothing but the most tender love toward me, which you have manifested to me again and again, yet your reasoning escapes me in this matter, for I am an alien to these people. I took upon myself the customs of their lands, befriended their people, wore their clothing and learnt to speak their language, yet I cannot change where I come from or the customs with which I was raised. I feel I have failed miserably in the mission you sent me upon, for I have used up all my resources and am no nearer to our goal than the day that I first arrived."

Naralia made noises as if to say something else, but Altar realized that she was crying softly, and could not make out the words that she was whispering.

So! Naralia's husband was there, in her ship! Anger and curiosity and suspicion overcame Altar all at once. He felt inclined to rush into the ship and expose Naralia's deceit, but fear held him back, for he remembered how Naralia had described the power and strength which her husband possessed, and feared what her husband might do to him should his presence be discovered. Altar edged away from the ship and back to his vantage point on the vine, to see if he might catch a glimpse of her husband through the door of her ship.

He saw nothing in the next hour, save a red glow emanating from the inside of the ship, which Altar presumed to be the artificial light Naralia had shown him on the first day when she had given him a tour of her small ship. She had had no need of it in all her time upon Quin, since the use of artificial light was rendered unnecessary due to the adequate light of the great star by day, and of their three moons by night.

The hour passed with no noise. Then in a moment, Naralia's form was filling the doorway of her ship, stepping slowly down the stairs, lost in thought. The beauty with which she radiated captivated Altar. She glowed as if she had just taken a hundred moon baths, and for a few moments he was unable to think of anything but the picture before him.

Naralia looked back at the ship, and suddenly Altar had collected his wits. He stepped into the clearing, purposely stepping upon a branch that cracked under his foot. Naralia turned around, startled to see that she had company. Before she could say anything, Altar spoke.

"You told me, and I believed you, that you



had a husband whom you had never met. Yet deny it if you can, that you have been communing with the very husband you spoke of, for more than an hour this night." Altar's words were spoken in short bursts, for the pain in his heart at losing the object of his love was all but overcoming him, and he expected any moment for Naralia's husband to appear in the door of her ship and to do something terrible to him. "Altar, please forgive me for not explaining more fully the nature and presence of my husband, for I never meant to deceive you, yet was at a loss for words as to how I might explain my situation fully."

Altar stood before Naralia, tall and strong, his feet spread apart, his whole stature demanding a full explanation.

"It is true that I have been communing for the past hour with my husband, the one dearest to my being. But I did not deceive you when I told you that I have never seen my husband."

Altar could not believe his ears, that Naralia was standing before him and expressing these words with such confidence, as if she believed herself that she could know and yet not know her husband.

Naralia read the disbelief in his green eyes, which shone as bright in the silvery moonlight as in the light of any day. She held out her hand to him, beckoning him to follow her into her ship, which he did hesitantly.

All at once the curiosity which he had squelched for over an hour overcame him, and he bounded up the stairs behind her to look around. The red glow of the artificial light in her ship cast soft shadows over everything. Altar scanned the whole interior, the pilot controls and seat, the gadgets along the walls, the neatly made bed in the stern, but saw no one. It looked the same as the day she had arrived, save an open book upon her bed.

Naralia sat down on the bed now, and Altar noticed again the clothing she was wearing, which she had not worn since the day she had arrived so many months before. She must have noticed him looking at her clothes, for she looked at them herself, then up at Altar.

"Yes, I was intent on leaving Quin tonight, while you and your family were busy in the calicia caverns. I could not bear to say goodbye to you when I felt I had failed you so."

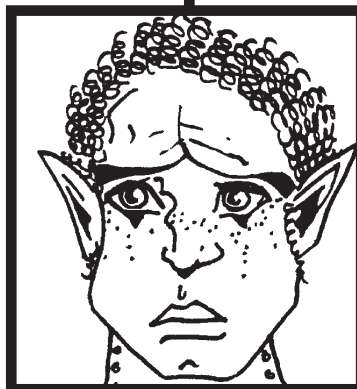
All at once angry pride welled up in Altar's chest, and he lashed out at Naralia. "Did you think you were offering our mighty people something better than what we have? Did you think that by becoming a part of our lives that you could win us over to your particular ideologies? If so, you are greatly mistaken and I cannot express the joy I feel inside that your 'mission' failed, for indeed it was destined to." The harshness of Altar's words ended abruptly as he saw tears streaming down Naralia's face. A strange pain pierced his heart and he was immediately kneeling at her feet, and touching her cheek where the tears had bathed it.

"My dear friend Altar," Naralia murmured softly, "for that is what I have come to know you as, I beg you not to think for a moment that I expected to alter the customs of your people. I was merely filled with despair that I had failed in delivering in my own body the message that my husband had bidden me bring."

"What message?" Altar demanded, wishing that once and for all the reason for Naralia's presence could be clearly represented.

Naralia made attempts to still her sobs. She wiped her tears and stated, "My husband is not an alien to your people as I am."

Altar could not contain his shock and surprise, and immediately his mind was racing. Had she



somehow been given in marriage to one of the legendary Quin who had left their planet? But how? He fixed his green eyes on Naralia, whose eyes had taken on a faraway look.

"My husband is truly supernatural in that he is the father of your people as well as mine. I do not know everything there is to know of him, but what I do know has endeared himself to me so greatly that I would never give up the honor of being known as his own. I wished only for the honor of being known as his servant, yet he has expressly wished that I would be known as his wife, and thus is the reason that I declare him to be my husband. My loyalty to him can never go astray."

Altar felt as though an invisible arrow had struck at his heart. His mind could not think straight and as he looked upon Naralia, rendered a delicate pink by the artificial light, he staggered to her side on the bed and rested his silver head in his ebony hands. Naralia placed a gentle hand upon his shoulders, as she continued,

"In the many letters my husband has written to me—for I spoke the truth when I told you that I never met him—he has expressed a deep and

undying love for all the peoples he has created. In particular, he spoke to me of the Quin, and though I did not understand his call, being that my appearance is so different from that of

your people, nevertheless I embarked on my journey to find the people he spoke of so affectionately. He gave me specific instructions to dress as you dress, and to learn all I could of his beloved Quin, which I have done."

Altar looked at Naralia, wondering at her pause, and saw once again the tears streaming down her face, all but soaking her chest and shoulders. "I have done my best to become like you," she sobbed, "but alas, I was at a loss as to how to convey the special message from my husband, for there are some things that I cannot change." With this Naralia tugged at her long white hair with a force of resentment that surprised Altar, who had always regarded her hair as a creation of exquisite beauty.

"I did not dare share the joyous news of my husband's soon-to-come visit, for I knew you would regard my message with suspicion, and I feared you would regard his soon-coming as an invasion of a hostile king, rather than the homecoming of one of your own. So I had decided to leave your planet."

"But Naralia! If what you say is true and your husband and king of our people is to visit us, we might regard his coming with great apprehension should you fail to tell us of it! For who will tell us if you will not? Others of your people have visited us, plundered our precious resources and taken them selfishly, but for all their visits we have never heard a word breathed of the coming of our long-awaited king!"

Naralia looked at Altar hopefully, her eyes wide and her face shining with the wetness of her tears. "I understand now, Altar, for I was speaking to my husband." Altar looked around the interior of the ship again with suspicion, afraid lest the elusive husband might be waiting to spring out upon him unawares.

Naralia patted him reassuringly on the shoulder. "Have no fear, for though I have never seen him, he speaks to me when I am alone and seeking his voice." Naralia put a hand upon her chest, and suddenly Altar understood.

"As I was saying, my husband soothed my despairs, for in knowing his undying love for you, his people, I despaired that my appearance could never be like yours. His people are my people, and you are the sum-total of beauty to me now."

"Perhaps your husband is powerful enough to transform your appearance to that of ours," Altar suggested hopefully.

Naralia replied with a glowing smile, "You are so very close to his very words, my dear friend, for my husband has done more than merely change my outward appearance in this short hour of communion with him; no, much more, for he has changed my heart. He has taken out

my alien heart and has given me a Quin heart."

Altar looked at Naralia with wide eyes, then gently laid his palm upon her heart. Yes! It had the same beat of the hearts of the Quin people: three beats and a pause,

unlike times past when Altar had laid his hand there in wonder, to feel the alien rhythm of only two beats and a pause. Naralia rose from the bed and reached behind herself to undo her alien clothing. "I shall never more wear these again," she spoke, tossing them in a heap as she retrieved her precious Quin outfit from a bag of keepsakes she had been meaning to take with her. Doffing it with one simple pull over her head, Naralia then approached Altar who was still sitting upon the bed.

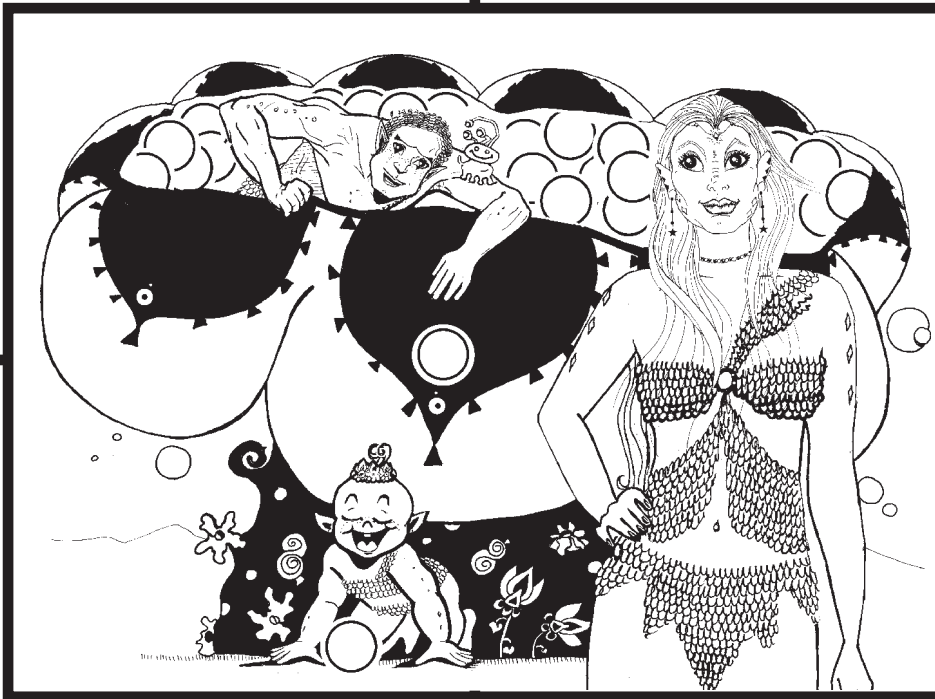
"My husband has promised," she told him in a soft whisper, taking his head in her two hands, "that when he comes, he shall transform this body also. Meanwhile, he has shared with me a great secret."

Altar looked at her in wonder. Her eyes glowed whenever she shared the words of her husband.

"I can still be a part of your race by being a part of you."

Altar laid his ebony hands on her shoulders, caressing her form through the silvery weave of scales that loosely hugged her hips. Could it be that her husband's wish was fulfilling his own deepest, wildest dream? Such a contradiction between Naralia's affection for her husband and her apparent desire to be with him made no sense to Altar, but Naralia looked deep into his eyes and, as if reading his thoughts, replied, "Nothing is more desirable to me."

~ The End ~



**LILY FIGHTER
(23), NEPAL**

CRIES IN THE WILDERNESS

FROM LILY FIGHTER (23), NEPAL

While Francesca (20) and I were eating lunch one day at a restaurant close to ours. I felt we should give him a tract, so I fished around in my little bag of international language tracts, and found a "Somebody Loves You" in French. We started up a conversation. As we began to tell him about our work, his "been-there, done-that" front completely changed. He sincerely inquired about our CTPs, and asked us if he could come to meet the children. Then he shared that one year ago his young son had died in a sudden accident; he had come here, to stay as long as it took for him to find peace. He was trying out Buddhism, to see if it could help him. I was quite shocked, to say the least, as it was not what I'd expected. All I could do was thank the Lord that He'd impressed us to talk to him.

We talked a bit more, and when we left I gave him the tract telling him it was something about God's love that I really liked and thought he might too. He said he'd like to meet us again, so we left him our GP number.

The next day we received a fax from him, asking to meet us again, so we arranged to meet him the following day. Fran and I sat with him for several hours on the rooftop of his hotel overlooking the tourist area of Katmandu, with the sun setting over the beautiful nearby hills. He said that he had intended to go stay at a monastery, but after meeting us he'd realized he needed to keep meeting people. There was so much he wanted to know about us. We shared our personal testimonies of our lives for the Lord in the Family, what we do, and our decisions to serve Jesus, which he greatly admired and respected. He also opened up further about the death of his son and all that he had learned from it, and how it had made him resume his search for spiritual truth and meaning, which he had neglected for some years due to other things crowding it out.

He has lived in Asia off and on for the last 8 or 9 years, mainly in Thailand as a photographer for AP (Associated Press). Raised with no religious background, he knew very little about Jesus, and was very interested in all we had to share about the Bible and the Lord. Usually we've found that when people are searching and looking into Buddhism, it's better just to get 'em saved rather than try to talk them out of their interest. Once they're saved, the Lord can work in their lives so much better, and get through to them with the truth as only He can. He gladly prayed with us; first in French and then in English—he wanted to be sure, ha! It was a beautiful moment for all of us.

I know it's only the Lord that has us in the right place at the right time to reach these needy people; it's just so beautiful to be at the end of the series of links and see all that the Lord has done in someone's life to bring them to Him. Many times since being here the Lord has told us not to be discouraged if people don't seem responsive—that we're the link in the middle of the chain, and the Lord's still working on them. He's told us that if we just give the witness and deliver our souls, He'll bring along the disciples; it's not something we can work up. But this guy sure was ripe and ready, PTL! I showed him Romans 8:28 in my French New Testament (you meet travelers of many nationalities here), and he was really interested in it (the New Testament)—turns out he'd never read it before. So I left it with him, showing him some good things to read, like John 14, etc. We also gave him a copy of *Glimpses of Heaven* which he was really touched by and said he would always treasure.

Well, I can't really say that's THE END, as we're still going to be following up on him, so we'll have to see what the Lord's plan for him is.

Cool
dude
at breaking point



Just an ordinary day ...

FROM MICHAEL FOR THE NUTS, RUSSIA

We set out early on the first day of our road trip for what we figured would be a pretty regular Russian traveling day. (I say Russian because when we talk about an "average day's journey" in Russia, it often entails anything and everything out of the ordinary. When we say, "It's all by faith," we really mean it!)

We started by taking a train to a village on the main road to our destination. From that point we figured we could hitchhike the 35 km to the next station, where we could catch a train to our final destination. "It'll probably just take us 25 to 30 minutes," we thought. We were desperately wrong!

We waited ... three hours, watching a milk truck, motorcycle or car stuffed full of people pass every 15 minutes or so. Finally, after much pleading with a truck driver, he agreed to take two of us and all of our luggage. By a miracle the other three got a ride right afterwards. By the time we arrived at our final stop it was about 10:00 PM.

A friend met us at the station and brought us to an empty apartment. She told us we could stay there for the night, but there was no furniture in the flat, so basically we'd have to innovate. By this time we didn't care; we just wanted to have a shower, eat something, and sleep. One little mishap was that we discovered there was only very hot water running. Pretty "exciting" stuff! After going around begging the neighbors for mattresses, we made ourselves pretty comfortable and settled down for the night.

We awoke the next morning to sounds of the babushka (grandmother) who took care of the apartment. She was in a super bad mood, and very upset at us. Somehow in her eyes we had done everything wrong. She was ordering us around (actually more out than around) and was even trying to "help" us pack. We knew that was our cue to keep moving, and that this was not the place that the Lord had prepared for us.

When the next-door neighbors (whom we'd met the night before) saw what was happening, they sweetly offered to let us leave all our stuff in their apartment until we found a place to stay.

We then went to a nearby park and had some prayer and Word time, and asked the Lord to open up the city for us. From then on the Lord started working. That afternoon the first hotel that the girls asked for a place to stay said yes. Some of us went to the city administration and got a list of all the orphanages in the area. During our nine days there we did work in seven of them. One evening some of us went to look for a youth hostel. It turned out to be a lot of fun and super inspiring. We spent a very fruitful time with a group of ten, and ended up eating a typical Russian dinner with them and stayed until it was quite late.

We also met a very sweet businessman who sponsored a set of videos for one of the orphanages we performed at. He drove us there and worked out all the paperwork too. (Everything has to be done on paper here; it's very bureaucratic.) He then offered to pick us up at the hotel with all our stuff and bring us to the train station, since we were leaving that day. He helped carry our luggage and even put it on the train for us. GBH!

Our nine-day trip was so fruitful in every way with tons of fruit and lives changed. What began with a "rough start" ended up being a complete victory, and wonderful time for all of us.

We'd like to end this by thanking some of our most faithful supporters for their help: Francis and Lisa, Jed and Joan, David and Sarah, Lynn, Peter and Hope, Emmanuel and Felicia, Dom and Free, Thomas and Abigail, Gerard and Zeporah, Cephas and Melody, Joan, Abner and Mary, and anyone else that's helped make our lives here possible—we really appreciate you!

Willing and Mary, Paul and Sarah, Asher and

THE NUTS





Ol' Mac's turnaround

FROM FORTIFY AND RUTH, SCOTLAND

For about three years I've been continually harassed by Mac, an old man in a northern Scottish town. He had often threatened to call the police, and once actually had a sister stopped by the police. At first I always tried to be polite and witness to him, but he was so rude that I decided a cat-and-mouse game was better. Yet he was always right in our favorite witnessing spot, harassing and condemning.

Again this year, when I was super inspired, down the road Mac comes. I looked him straight in the eyes—and suddenly found myself crying! I thought, What is this? It must be the Lord letting this happen. Then I felt the Lord telling me to say, "Hey, Mac! Isn't it about time we should be friends?"

He just totally changed and said, "You know, I was thinking of asking you for a coffee!" After praying about it, we ended up having coffee. Then he bought me lunch and poured out his heart. He was really broken after his wife died and he was quite bitter, especially towards the Lord. I listened to him, and we spent over an hour together. On the way back he said, "Look, I want to give you this," and he handed me a 10 pound note. What a miracle!

Now when I meet him he's always cheerful and has totally changed his ways. It certainly was a complete and unexpected change of heart, which I'm so thankful for. Even in some of these hardest cases, the Lord's love is immeasurable.



After the morgue

FROM MARIA SWISS, MIDDLE EAST

One of our contacts had an incredible, radical change of life! After he got saved, we ministered to him through lit, follow-up letters, stories, prayer, etc., but he still seemed unwilling to pull out of his dumps and deep depression. After many sessions of trying to help him count his blessings and constantly hearing him saying he'd rather die than be alive, I told my partner that these visits were draining my spiritual batteries, and that I was just going to turn him over to the Lord completely. And this is what He did...

Our friend got some sort of illness, causing his head to accumulate liquid to where it swelled up to about five times its normal size! He was hospitalized, and finally declared dead. He was brought to the morgue and laid alongside the other bodies that were getting prepared for burial. Only his daughter refused to believe he was dead, and kept coming to check on him.

After he'd been in the morgue for 27 hours, his daughter noticed that one of his eyes seemed a bit more visible than before. She ran to tell the doctor that if something had changed in the swelling, he must still be alive. The doctor said it couldn't possibly be so. So the girl punched the doctor, and ran to call some other people. He was returned to the operating room and he gradually came around, though he had lost his memory.

Well, even his memory slowly returned, but his negative feelings seem to have left him for good, and now he just praises God for "another life." Prayer changes things ... and people!

JET PLANE

Personal accounts
from those who have
split the scene for
greener pastures.



LANDING WITH LOST LUGGAGE

From Shalisha (15), India

After much prayer, my mom, dad, younger sis and I decided to go to India. The Lord supplied over \$2,000 for us in around two months, through a series of many small miracles, which was really faith-building. With all of our papers ready, we set a date to leave.

But when checking in our luggage, we realized we were 250 kilos overweight. The Lord had already supplied us with 80 kilos, which the airline agreed to give us, but we needed more! Little did we know, that same day they had opened a new airport in Kuala Lumpur (Malaysia), and our

connecting flight went through there. Because of this our flight was delayed, and in all the confusion we were able to get all of our luggage on free of charge. PTL!

Besides the five-hour delay, everything went well with the flight and all. Upon arriving in Madras (India), going through all legal checks went well too, but when going to pick up our luggage we realized that four of our 10 bags were missing!—Two of those contained our computer, monitor, keyboard and speakers! To say the least, we were worried. (We later found out that 60% of all the luggage that went through the Kuala Lumpur airport that day went missing, because the machines that scanned the luggage tags as to where they should go weren't scanning properly.)

We prayed desperately, and called the airlines periodically as to whether our luggage had arrived. We were continually told, "We don't know, please call back in three hours," or the answering service would tell us that the lines were busy. Never once did we get an answer. Finally we decided to go to the airport by faith.—And there we finally found that three of our four missing bags had arrived, among them the two computer bags. PTL!

While going through customs, the officials told us we'd have to pay a quarter of the computer's worth as tax. We patiently tried to explain that we couldn't afford the amount they were asking for, but it didn't seem they were at all willing to budge with the price.

They wanted us to open the bags but we didn't have the keys, so we suggested that we go get them and come back in a few hours. (This would also give us time to hear from the Lord about it.)

When praying the Lord told us to witness, so we went back and opened the bags for them, all the while doing our best to witness.

When we asked the man who we should approach with our problem, he

L-R: Linda, Kat, Amber, and Crystal, India



pointed to a plain-looking man who'd just walked up behind him. Because of his outward appearance we didn't know how he could possibly help us. (We later found out that he was the Superintendent of the Customs Office in the Madras airport!) He seemed very friendly and lowered it to less than one-fifth of what they were originally asking. We were willing to pay that much, but my mom kept witnessing and in a few minutes he'd decided to waive it through!

This was a good lesson to us of how the Lord works in mysterious ways, like how we forgot our keys, which turned out to be good because we were able to be there at just the right time and get just the right answer. We also learned that the Lord always blesses any effort we make to witness.

The next day we were able to pick up our last bag without any problems.—"What He hath promised, He is able also to perform."

FROM R. (18, OF BEN AND RUTH), CHINA

I had the burden to go to a mission field, and the Lord kept indicating China. Right away I started fund-raising, witnessing, and ballooning on the weekends. To be honest, it went a lot slower than I thought it would. I kept on trying to do my best, but the funds just didn't seem to come in quickly enough. I prayed about it, and the Lord kept telling me that the funds would come. Finally my departure day came, and still I didn't have all the needed funds. I prayed desperately, and the Lord showed me to go visit my family before departing. He promised that

He would supply. I obeyed, and on my trip the Lord miraculously raised up the rest of the funds I needed through my family and different people. Thank the Lord! I can sure say that God's delays are not denials!



FROM GERSON, RUSSIA

This is not one of those supernatural experiences you read about. It's just a simple story, but it showed me the Lord's love and power. The Charter had just come out and I had decided, with three other YAs, to go on a one-year

faith trip around South America. That was going to be our project for the next year, and we had already gotten clearance to several countries and cities. We even opened our own Home, got our own Home number, etc. It really looked like it was going to happen and we were going to start fundraising for it. I was really inspired—one year of traveling around South America from north to south, seeing every possible sight in the continent, getting out posters, witnessing and having a great time.

Then the CROs came and told us that we could carry out our plan if we wanted to, but that they felt it wouldn't be so safe, and that such an adventure would not be in line with how the Lord was leading at the time, of establishing a work and investing time and energies there. They said a new GN was coming out about the work in Russia, and that maybe we could pray about going there.

The GN came out. We read it, and two of us prayed about the possibility of moving to Russia. We dropped the other idea, which was hard—dropping ideas is always hard, especially ones that you thought of, ha!—and put our efforts towards going to Russia.

We began fundraising. But it's hard to raise funds on a poor field just by getting out tapes and videos, so we knew it had to be a big miracle. There had been some recent counsel about getting desperate with the Lord and asking Him for answers, so after some time on the streets we got desperate with the Lord—on-our-hands-and-knees type desperate. We shut ourselves in a room and told the Lord that if He wanted to take us to Russia then He'd have to do it, because we could not. Then we went back to our normal fundraising and waited for the Lord to do something.

The Home we were in had classes for friends every week. I would play some songs at each meeting, and at one meeting I told everyone of our plans. At the next class after our prayer, everyone showed up and I played my routine songs. Afterwards, one of attendees, a businessman, took me aside and said that at his company a prize was given to the executive that sold the most stocks for a club they were managing. He had won the prize: two plane tickets anywhere. Now he wanted to give us these tickets. Was I surprised! After that everything seemed much easier, and we were in Russia in less than a month.

FROM KEIKO, RUSSIA

I had been in a Service Home in the States for about a year and a half. I tried to leave a couple of times, but it just never worked out. I guess it just wasn't the Lord's time. After some time I went to see my parents in England. We went on a faith trip—doing shows, winning souls, seeing the Lord do lots of miracles, and having lots of fun. After that I decided that I wanted to head out to Russia. Eliza was going on ahead, and she said she'd try to work out something for me in her Home.

When I got back to my Home with the news that I wanted

L to R: Rachel, Nina, Celeste, and then Sue, Carmel, Michelle, Indonesia



to move on to Russia, the GN "Say Not Ye There Are Yet Four Months" had come out. This really encouraged me. Eliza then called and told me that her Home in Russia was about to go on the road, and they needed me to come soon so that I could join them. Of course, I was real excited that I had a Home and that they needed me for this road trip.

I explained this to the teamwork, but it wasn't working out for me to get anyone to go fundraising with me. Every day I'd ask, "Is there anyone that can come with me on outreach? Is there a vehicle I could use?" But it was always, "No, no." I was quite discouraged. On top of that, the two childcare girls went on a three-week trip. So I was asked—and I guess I sort of volunteered because I was "available"—to take their place. Eliza was calling every week asking, "So, are you ready yet? Are you ready?"

We had one of those big bathrooms; I went in one day and got down on my knees. I locked the door and started crying. I told the Lord, "This is hopeless! I can't do anything!" I just prayed. Then I left it in the Lord's hands. A little while later, one of the sisters in the Home that worked as a doctor got her yearly tax return. In the Home meeting when everybody was talking about what to do with the funds, somebody suggested using part of it to pay for my ticket to Russia. Everybody voted that that was a good idea, and the next day they gave me a partner to go and buy the ticket. I was gone in like three days. It was a dream come true!



April, India

FROM CRISTY JOY (18), UKRAINE

If we really want to be missionaries, we're gonna have to give up our mindsets that the West is the best. I usually get along with the nationals and that aspect is not a big issue for me, but it's the little things that get me into that attitude. For example, when I'm doing shopping and I can't find something I need, or I really want to get a specific thing but then I find out it doesn't exist here, or I'm making dinner and the pasta isn't the best quality so it all sticks together, etc. It's funny, but for me it's all those little things that seem to get under my skin and sometimes cause me to get into that attitude, like, "In the West this never happens," or "Things are so much easier in the West."

The recent GNs have helped me see that if I want to be a missionary, there are some attitudes I need to give up, otherwise what's the point in being here? Just so I can say I'm "on the Field"? I've seen that being a missionary is in the heart, not just in the place you are. ■

Words from El Che

DEAD



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WORDS FROM EL CHE

From Rose Newlove, Italy

Some nights ago, I had a very vivid dream about Che Guevara. In the dream I watched him doing terrible things, even killing innocent people. Then I felt I was entering into an older woman's body to persuade him to accept the child of a woman he had gotten pregnant, as he had told her to have an abortion. The most astounding thing was that while I was talking to him I felt such deep love, even though what I had seen had left me in shock. I knew it was the Lord's love; amazingly enough, in the dream he did soften up and change his ways.

When I woke up I was so intrigued! I asked the Lord if the dream was significant, and He gave me a beautiful prophecy saying that He really loves El Che, that he is a fighter and a rebel who has now found a just cause and wants to help. Then He let El Che himself speak:

(Che Guevara speaking:) Hola, mi vida! Que bueno poderte hablar! [Hello, sweetheart!

It's so nice to talk to you!] I've come to you because I've heard of your hunger to know, your curiosity that goes beyond what you find in books and what people say. You want to know the real man.

They made a hero out of me, for my fighting spirit, my dedication to my work that was quite uncommon. Yet I was no saint. Power and popularity went to my head, even though I wanted to use all this for good, in the name of freedom, in the name of revolution, in the name of the people—my gift of convincing others out of my own convictions, the talent to organize, to see things clear, the courage and boldness, my experience as a doctor and so on.

I thought I had it all. You name it: charisma, women, loyal followers, adventurous spirit, idealistic mind. Oh, I didn't see how bad I was, that my personal love and concern for people was an empty show without the Lord's mercy and forgiveness. I thought nothing could stop me, but I found out that he that brings death with sword shall find death by a sword.

I was a man of war, and I died as a prisoner of war. Yes, that made me even more important in the world's eyes, even more of a symbol. But what about the real man, the real me? I was getting what I wanted, the praise of men, the adoration of men. But oh, the emptiness I felt when I realized that this was nothing! Though I give my body to be burned and have no love, I'm nothing. Vanity of all vanities.

When I saw Dad [in Heaven], I understood what being a real revolutionary is all about. I relaxed; my eyes were opened. Yes, Dad was charismatic, but with that glorious spirit that comes from God; that simplicity to know that you're just an instrument in His hands, there's nothing of you. You're just a tool, happy to be used by Him; that peace of knowing that every good and perfect gift comes from Above. That's joy that gives happiness! I was a real leader, but what about my fruits? I brought hope, but in what? I set an example, but what for?

When I saw Jesus, it changed my heart and mind. When I saw Dad it "broke my bottle," as he loves to say. That's a revolutionary man! That's a revolution—one that changes hearts and minds! Let me say bye with a good "Revolution for Jesus!" That's the only revolution that really counts! I wonder what people would think in hearing me say "Thank You Jesus!" Ha! *(End of message.)* ■

CHE GUEVARA (1928-1967), Latin American guerrilla leader and revolutionary theorist. He played an important role in Fidel Castro's guerrilla war against Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista in the late 1950s. While leading an insurgency in Bolivia, he was captured by the Bolivian Army and shot in 1967.



Photo Page

Top Left: Josh & Rima, Nigeria. "Congratulations Josh and Rima for getting it together at last. From all of us here at the Lagos Home!"

Top right: (Top to bottom:) Zanny (17); Nina (24); Jamie (15), Philippines.

Center: Maria (16), South Africa.

Bottom left: Steven and Paul, Hungary.

Bottom right: L to R Christy(17), Maria (16), Cheryl (19), Phoebe (16), Emily, Celeste, Melody(14), South Africa.

Zine Tools

TRUE 2 LIFE

Trinket Trading Triumph Game

What you'll need for the Game

- 1 Die
- Some Markers

The Object of the Game

To Win.

How to Play

A Far-out New Game From The People Who Brought You Your Laundry.



1. Players place their MARKERS on 'START'-- The CALL to the FIELD.

2. Roll the die
 3. The highest number starts the Game (Note: If anyone rolls, like, 7 or higher, they're DEFINITELY cheating)

4. If you land on a square that says 'GO FORWARD...' if I were you, I'd just do it.
 5. Same for 'GO BACK...'

6. YOU WIN when you get to the MISSION FIELD of God's choice for YOU...
TRINKET FREE!!
Trinketless!
Sans Trinkets!
TRINKET-LADEN!
 etc.

you've just gotten Start

The CALL to the FIELD

1

2

3

YOU FORSAKE YOUR 2nd PAIR OF AIR BRAIN RUNNING SHOES

4

5 A VISITOR DROPS BY. YOU TO CHANGE INTO A MORE SUITABLE SHIRT AND YOU ACCIDENTALLY ROLL YOUR EYES AT HER. MISS A TURN

6

7

YOU MISS A CTP TO WATCH "MINDLESS CAR-CHASE SHOOT-OUT" VDO

8

9

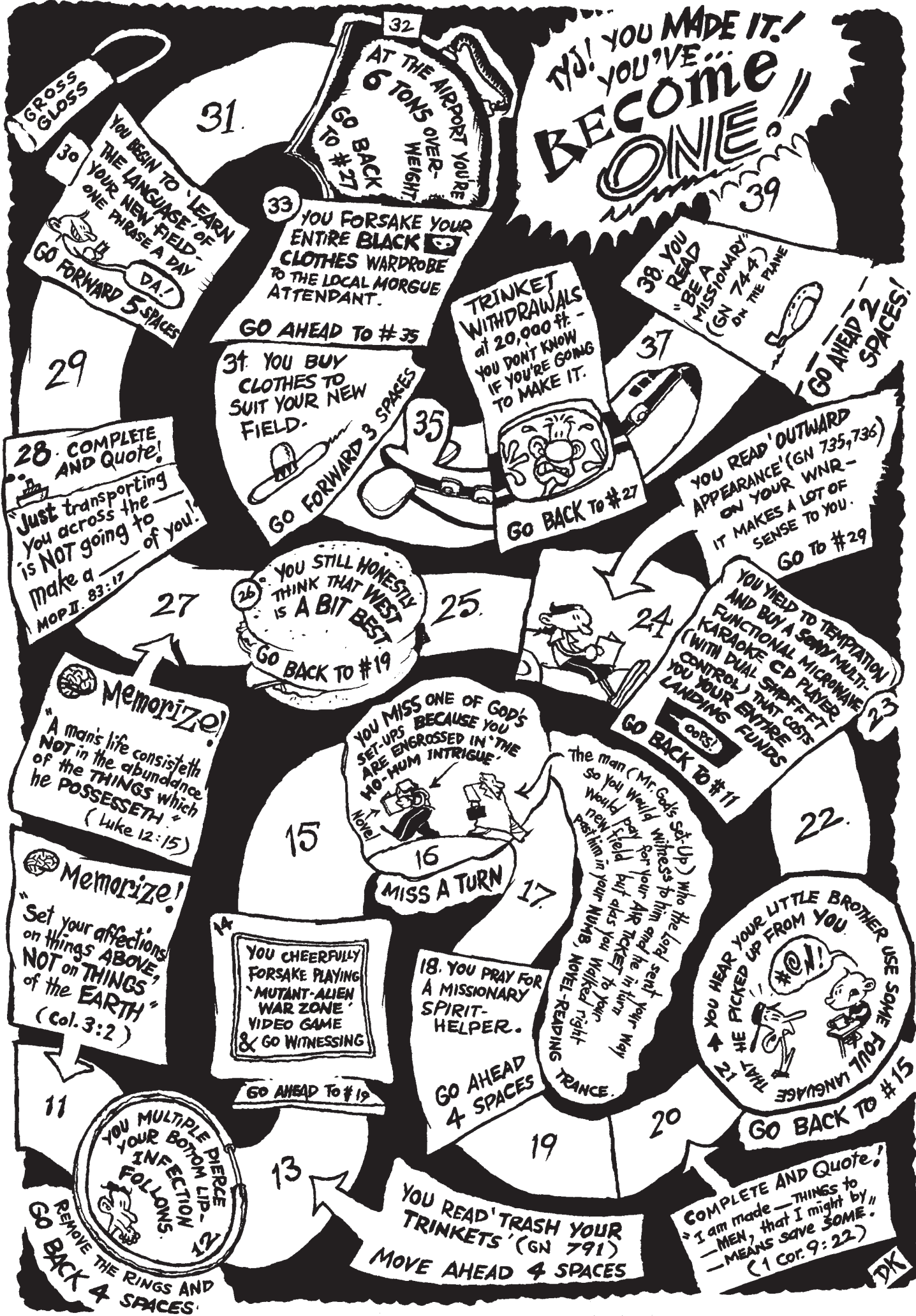
10

TALKING ABOUT MOVIES IN YOUR SLEEP

GO BACK TO #6

GO BACK TO #4

YES! YOU MADE IT!
YOU'VE...
BECOME
ONE!



ZineTons Present **NOVEMBER**

David Komic

This Week: "BECOME ONE"



Terry (left) and Tim (right) are Twins. The Two have Travelled To Timbuktu To Tell the Tremendous Truth of God's Love To the Timbuktu-ians. **HOWEVER**, whereas Tim is Turned-On To Trying To relate, Terry appears Trapped in the Temporal..

For I **SO LOVE** the **WORLD** that I give my every waking moment in the pursuit of happiness, in the electronic entertainment and the American Way, so help me God.

Please Take Note: He **DID** mention God in his witness.

UNDIES **BUY!** **HOLLYWOOD**

... MopI. 83:6

The secret of the Success of every truly fruitful missionary: A genuine endeavor with the identification of people...

For **GOD** so **LOVED** the **WORLD** that He **GAVE** His only begotten **SON**, that whoever **BELIEVETH** in Him should **NOT PERISH** but have **EVERLASTING LIFE**.

Readers are requested to pretend that the above verse is written in Timbuktu-ese and you, being Timbuktuish, understand it. *

* Geographical Note: Did you **ACTUALLY** know that **TIMBUKTU** is **ACTUALLY** in **MALI, AFRICA**?

A Missionary's Creed.

MAKE LIKE A CHAMELEON

CHANGE TO MEET THE NEED

BE ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

SO THEIR SOULS CAN BE FREED!