



*Handwritten signature: Vad*

# LIVEPoets Society

LIVEPoets

You stand at a crossroad  
That points different ways;  
Various scattered paths  
Of progress to take.  
The year ahead beckons  
That you make the decision:  
Which road to follow?  
Where lies your vision?

The Spirit will guide you  
One day at a time;  
One step after another,  
Keeping your heart in line.

Trust for the faith  
That you need to endure;  
Walk in that faith,  
Keeping your heart pure.  
At the end of the journey  
You'll look back with a smile,  
For Jesus was walking  
With you all the while!

Waters deep are for swimmers,  
Far from where the tide rolls in;  
To surf the waves that tower  
Amid the crashing, noisy din.  
Shallow parts are for beginners,  
Where danger wreaks no ill;  
'Tis there that lazy rocks take slumber,  
And seashells find a bed so still.

But for the brave and daring stronghearts,  
Out further is the sea to claim,  
Where the bottom lies far below  
And challenge is not sought in vain.  
Farther out, the wind blows roughly;  
Waves chop and foam, their billows deep.  
Creatures gather in the blackness;  
Out from under, shadows leap.

So why endure the rising danger?  
Why leave the comfort of the shore?  
Why dare sail out to horizons  
None has ever dared before?  
Because the heart grows stronger  
In surrounding ocean scenes;  
Because spirits fly the torrent's wind  
To find what courage means.

They'll follow yonder and ride the waves,  
Despite what others say!  
Some shrink in fear of the unknown,  
But those braves will face the day.  
Dangerous depths have no real meaning  
For those who find cause to pursue,  
And even if they sink a bit,  
They'll surface ... and keep swimming, too!

By Nikki (18),  
Philippines

A Challenge for the  
New Year

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Bleats from the Sheep

3

Jesus Scrawlathon

4

Dead Men Talking

6

*Introducing...* The Camp at  
Miraflores de la Sierra

8

Free Zine Exclusive...

Interview with Vas

13

Jet Plane

14

Cries in the Wilderness

15

Blast from the Past

18

Zinatoon

21

## TAKE NOTE:

Readers ahoy! *For what?* Do not despair so quickly—the answer is yet to come. Often, we on the Zine crew wish to receive more input on what you like or dislike about the mag. We want your ideas, opinions, preferences, thoughts, and input to broaden our sphere of layout and content.

The rally is on and we ask all those of you from the age of 12-17 (other contributions will be accepted as well) to gather your thoughts and let us in on the brewing. In return we will contemplate all suggestions to improve the Zine and make it as reader friendly as possible. The ball is now in your court. Inform us today by answering the following questions:

- 1) What is your favorite section of the Free Zine?
- 2) Is there anything you'd like to see more or less of?
- 3) What stands out the most to you?
- 4) When you pick up a Zine, what is the first thing you look at?

E-MAIL: [wspubs@ibm.net](mailto:wspubs@ibm.net)

SNAIL-MAIL: Grapevine, Attn: Free Zine, P.O. Box 4938,  
Orange, CA 92863, U.S.A.

# BLEATS FROM THE SHEEP

## From Sara M. (29), Hungary

I have been doing the Hungarian Mail Ministry for years now, and I receive terrific responses to the Word and our letters. This is a testimony of a young girl who went through somewhat similar things to some young folks in the Family, and she is the better for it. It's neat how the Lord is even tightening up outside friends and other Christians as the End approaches.

Gabriella is 17 years old. We started corresponding with her in 1990, but after writing regularly for six years, she stopped. (Here we answer every letter we get, but if someone stops writing, we stop too, since we can't keep up otherwise.) Then just recently she wrote again. She used to send donations, and was a faithful witnesser and distributor of our lit, and even received persecution from her classmates for witnessing. And then something happened. I'll let her tell you in her own words:

My dear friends,

Please forgive me for not writing to you for so long. A lot of things have happened in my life since I last wrote, but now I would like to correspond with you regularly again.

I haven't been writing you because I have slowly distanced myself from God. I even stopped believing altogether, and I considered religion a big hoax. Can you imagine? It all started like this: I began reading different books—science fiction, adventure novels, etc. Slowly I started to believe their theories about life. I joined an impersonation-game group called "Fantasy," where I played a warrior. I spent all my free time and money playing this game. I got into all sorts of Eastern religions, karate, yoga, and other stuff, too. My behavior slowly changed. I became aggressive, self-righteous, and I thought the world revolved around me. I hurt everyone with my attitudes, and all my friends slowly left me. My grades in school got worse



and I was always getting into trouble.

Last summer I came to the end of my rope. Suddenly I realized I was alone. I had made a mess of my life, and I had nothing. I was searching for a solution, but God didn't even enter my mind. Then the Lord tricked me. My attention was drawn to a poster advertising a summer camp. I was interested, and I went. When I arrived, I realized that it was a religious sort of camp. They had seminars every morning and a group session every afternoon about all sorts of subjects, from relationships to dinosaurs. The people were real sweet and understanding.

All the things I heard there made me realize how far I have gotten from God. I got scared about what



would happen if the Lord came back right there and then, or if I suddenly died. I just broke down. After one hard night of facing reality and my stupid self, in the morning I was able to stand before God. I confessed all my sins. I asked Him to forgive and help me. First I cried because of my sins, then because of joy, knowing the Lord had forgiven me

and given me a new life.

Since then, my life has totally changed! I am happy because I know that Jesus is always with me and I never have to be afraid of anything anymore. I still have trials and tests, but it's much easier to take them, since I have Jesus by my side. Now I just want to tell others about Jesus, so they can get to know Him and receive Him, too.

Please, write me as soon as possible. I can hardly wait.

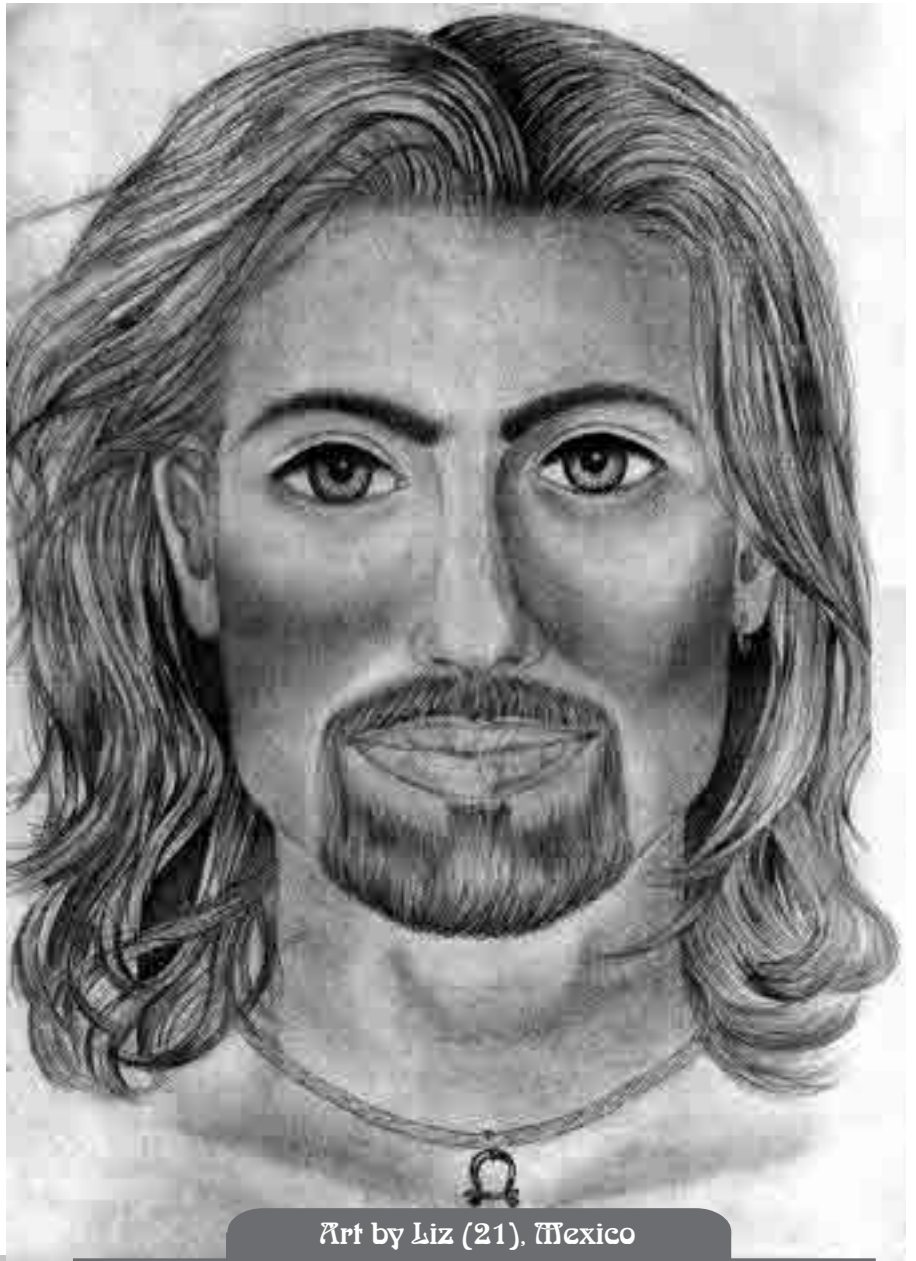
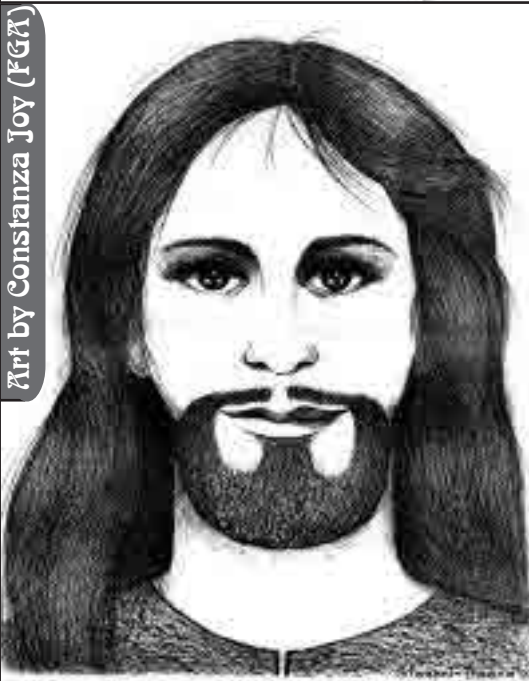
With much love, your forever friend in Jesus,  
Gabi



Art by Eman



Art by Constanza Joy (FGA)



Art by Liz (21), Mexico

Art by  
Triya (15),  
Australia



## Notice to all Ziney Artists:

God bless you! We want to tell you how thankful we are for the terrific pictures you have contributed to the Jesus Scrawlathon. We greatly appreciate the many gifted people out there and enjoy hearing from you as well.

In this issue, we are giving a last call to any who may still have unsent works of our wonderful Lover. Please send them in right away so we can publish them in the next and final Jesus Scrawlathon. Any unused or incoming pictures we receive after that will be made available for all on the Members Only Web site.

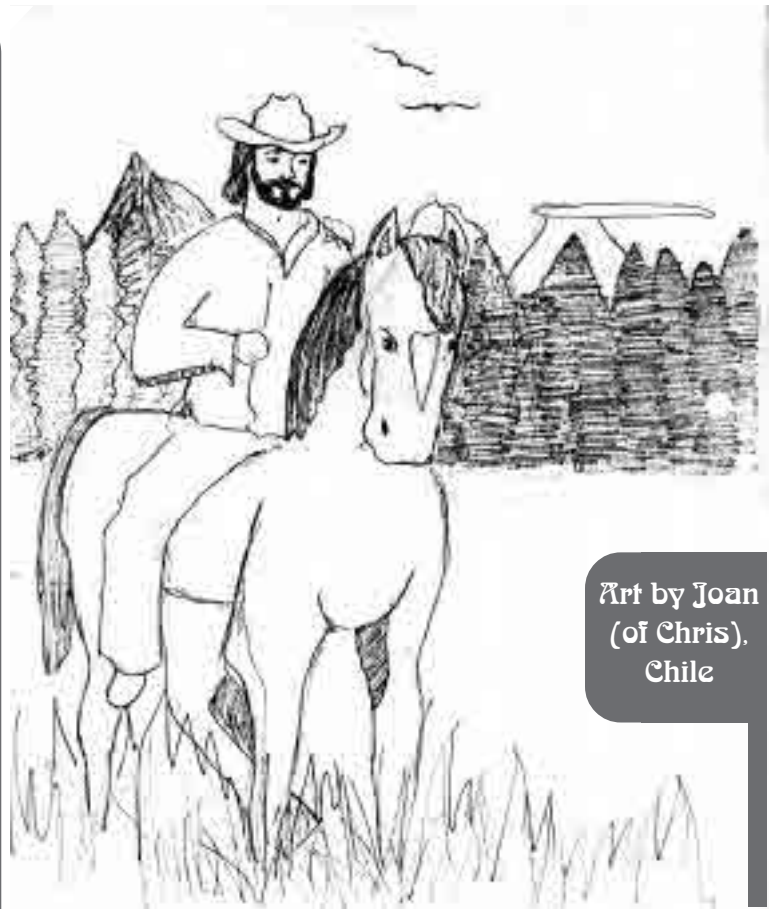
Lord willing, in the near future we will be hosting some new Scrawlathon themes that you will be able to contribute to. Stay tuned for the next exciting Scrawlathon! We love you!

Yours faithfully,

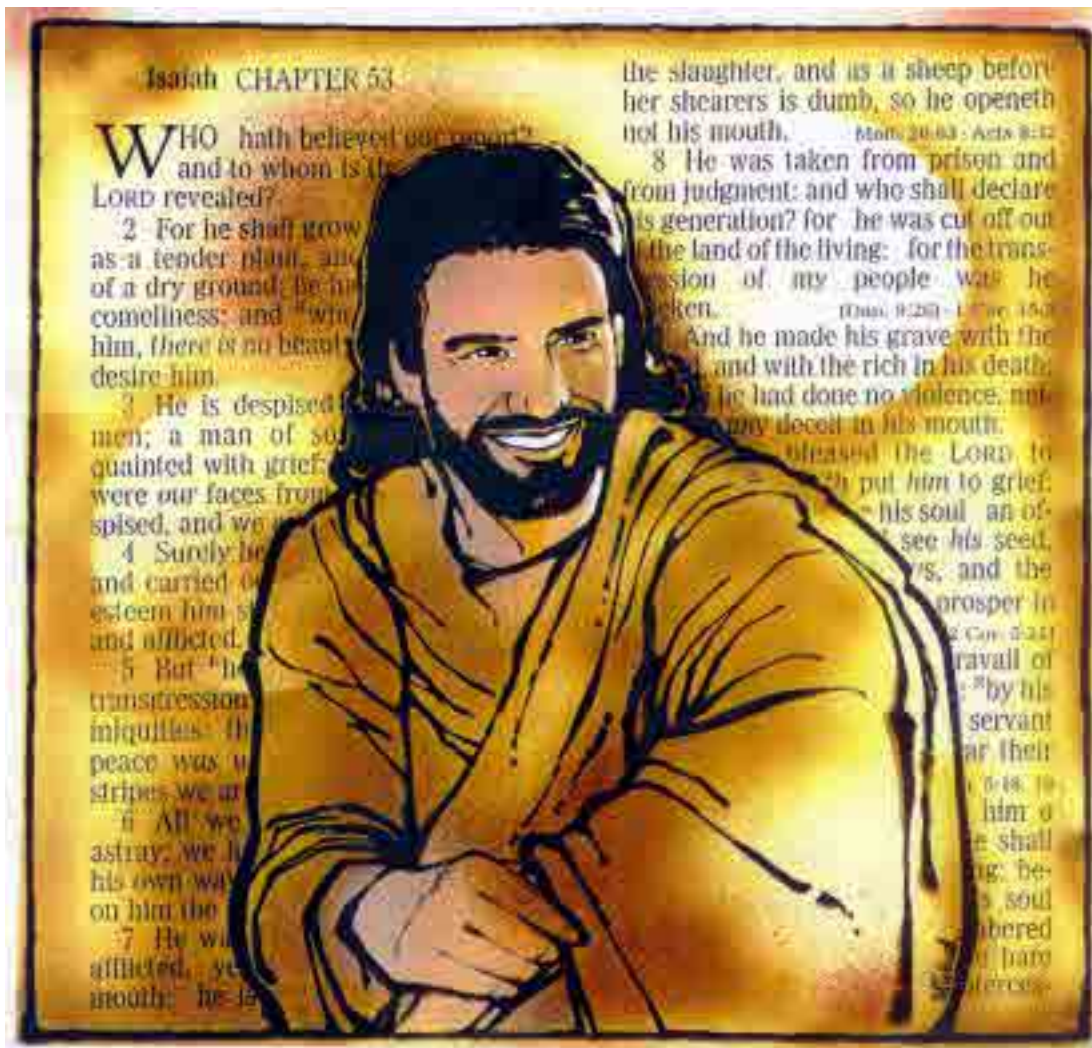
Your (much appreciative) **Zine Team**



Anonymous



Art by Joan (of Chris), Chile



Art by Michael Christian, Japan

# Jesus Scrawlathon



I WAS ACTUALLY A SCULPTOR, NOT A PAINTER, AND MY PAINTING SKILLS WERE SOMEWHAT LIMITED. (2) WE NEEDED TWO LARGE PAINTINGS BY THE FOLLOWING LUNCHTIME—FAR TOO LITTLE TIME FOR NORMAL METHODS. (3) WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY WHITE CARD OR PAPER (THE SHOPS WERE CLOSED, IT BEING EVENING), AND THE ONLY PAINT WE HAD WAS A BOX OF CHILDREN'S BLOCK PAINT IN SIX COLORS (YOU CAN'T MIX THIS KIND OF PAINT TO GET THE RIGHT COLOR, SO YOU HAVE TO KIND OF MIX IT BY BUILDING IT UP IN LAYERS ON THE PAPER).

We needed some nice paintings as prizes for a treasure hunt Simon had planned for the live-outs, and he asked me to help, as I had been an artist before joining the Family. There were just a few hitches: (1) I was actually a sculptor, not a painter, and my painting skills were somewhat limited. (2) We needed two large paintings by the following lunchtime—far too little time for normal methods. (3) We didn't have any white card or paper (the shops were closed, it being evening), and the only paint we had was a box of children's block paint in six colors (you can't mix this kind of paint to get the right color, so you have to kind of mix it by building it up in layers on the paper).

Impossible? That's just what I thought, so I asked the Lord for a painter to help me! I figured, "Well, with God all things are possible, so why couldn't He send a spirit painter down?" Was I in for a surprise! We did have some old black card, so He led me to some very dramatic drawings in *Daily Might 1*.

The painting went like a dream; it was almost like a "paint by numbers." Everyone kept admiring the work, and I kept trying to explain, "It's really not me painting this, I'm not nearly this good!" By the time we were ready to go the next morning, the two paintings were all framed and wrapped, ready for the treasure hunt. The live-outs were delighted not only at the beautiful paintings, but also the heavy, dramatic spirit they carried.

## The ghost painter From Claire, Italy

Now when I was painting them I couldn't help but think, "Boy, this reminds me of one of my favorite artists..." But I just brushed it off, thinking, "That's ridiculous! Why would he be helping me?" But the next morning I got a beautiful message from that very artist, including a vision of what he looked like (I'd never seen a picture of him), which turned out to be amazingly accurate. Here is the message I got:

(Caravaggio speaking:)

*Did you think me too proud, too great a painter to help? No, my child, we all serve Jesus and I guided your hand. I came to know Him in my time on Earth. Now I paint in Heaven. On Earth my paintings were dark, but now I paint with light. I paint the sunrise and the rose. I paint in all the colors of the rainbow. When you come I will show you the rose garden I have painted—it's a real place, not a picture. Damask roses of softest hues, my garden is full of them.*

*You can't imagine the joy it is to paint as the Lord does! He taught me when I came to Heaven. He took me in His arms and we talked awhile, then He smiled.—You know that smile He has! He took me to this garden, and all the roses were pale and white. He showed me how to paint them. It's like you just think and they change hue. It's like good thoughts make the flowers wonderful colors, but if you think bad things the colors turn ugly. In my garden are all the colors of the rainbow.*

**NOTE: Caravaggio (1573-1610) was an Italian painter famous for his dramatic style; also one of the first to paint Jesus and His disciples as they really looked—poor, etc. He uses lots of dark areas to contrast the lighted subject, giving a very unique lighted effect.**

I loved to paint Jesus, to picture Him as He really was, without all the trimmings—the real Man that walked among us. I wanted to show Him to the common people so they could understand Him and love Him as I did, in His simplicity. St. Francis of Assisi—he understood this also. He and I are friends, we thought alike. Christ, the real Man, Who loved us enough to die for our sins, the light amidst the darkness, that's what I wanted to portray.

I was there when you pondered my pictures long ago. You felt something, right? That was me, and that was my message that's spoken to everyone that sees my work—the Light in the darkness: Jesus. I could not come till the spirits were released; now I come to help the children of David, to help the artists picture Heaven and the things to come, to put pictures in their heads, wonderful pictures to inspire many hearts. Tell them to ask me and I will come. How I love to come and help, to paint once more, that men may see and come to know their Savior. (End of Message)

# THEY ARE NOT MISSING

WHY DID THIS HAPPEN?

## NOR ALIVE IN HEAVEN

### IT WILL SEND RIPPLES AROUND THE WORLD

## Kennedy, Tragedy, Foretold

On Saturday night, July 17, 1999, the Lord spoke to my heart, saying, "There is going to be another tragedy, similar to that of [Princess] Diana. It will send ripples around the world!"

Then, late on Sunday morning, I heard the news flash that a light plane that John F. Kennedy, Jr. was piloting went missing off the radar screen! It has since been confirmed that JFK, Jr., his wife and her sister had been killed in that crash.

News Confirmed by Heaven!—And the reasons why—July 19, 1999.

(Jesus speaking:) They are not missing, but they are with Me, for they are Mine—true believers! They stand away from the tragedy I allowed them to be put through. They will find the body, but they will not find the spirit, because all has been returned to Me, that which is

Mine.

When they consider why the tragedy happened, they will put the blame here and there, and not understand that it was My doing. For I control the rains, and I control the weather, and I control the destiny of man when he is one of Mine—and they of his household, too! Nothing happens to the children of God by accident. If I have allowed it, it is

well within My hands, and for a purpose.

Remember My servant Job? Satan was allowed to test Job through trial and affliction, but he was not allowed to kill him. My restrictions are fine and definite, and Satan cannot cross the boundaries. The control of both life and death is within My hands. Satan just performs what I allow him to perform. But My judgment is true and correct, and cannot be judged from man's point of view. I do all things well, and I see things from the

From Daniel Taxi-Driver, Australia

eternal viewpoint—from the beginning to the end.

I have removed John to complete a cycle—what looks like a string of tragedies to the world. In so doing, I have judged righteous judgment upon a wicked nation that forgets God and His loving commands. I have chosen to do it in a way that will affect the hearts of many, someone who they all know, someone they all admire, and someone that connects them to their most impressed memories—that of a little boy standing in front of his father's coffin and saluting the nation, and the father that led them.

I have done this at a time and in a way so as to have greater impact upon the hearts of My people when they ask, "Why did this happen?" That will be the bell toll for Me to answer all individually, as My Spirit of truth speaks to their very souls—individually, as they ask! If they receive what My Spirit says to them in truth and individually, then they will have a chance to believe and understand. But if they shrug off My Spirit of truth as I speak to them, then they will believe a lie, and will be none the wiser for it. And to them this tragedy will have no bearing of truth—the bearing that would set their sights in the right direction, upon Me. (End of message from Jesus)

# INTRODUCING...

## The Camp at Miraflores de la Sierra

Here we have been tucked away in beautiful sunny Portugal, minding our own business and hoping some day we could also have the bliss of experiencing what we often read and see photos of in the Zine!—A JETT/Teen camp!!! ... And then we did!—And it was also a “Mommy and Daddy camp”!

So, one rainy morning off we went on the road: direction España. Well, the rain didn't last (remember, we are in sunny Portugal) and the near 800-km trip was smooth ... and bumpy sometimes.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:  
SIMON DAVID (14),  
JOÃO GABRIEL (14),  
VICTOR ANGELO (13),  
FELIPE (15),  
VIRGINIA JOY (13),  
TIAGO (14), JOHNNY  
CHRISTIAN (12) AND  
AUNTIE MARIA. UNCLE  
BARZ BEHIND THE  
CAMERA.



After some usual detours and distractions, the team from the Beach Rads Home arrived at 1 AM, to be greeted by Crystal, Sam and Uncle Gabe.

////////////////////  
(Z = sleep.)

UHA! GOOD MORNING EVERYBODY! We looked around the dormitory with 40+ guys, and the first idea that came to mind was ... I'd better plan ahead for my trips to the bathroom. Ha! No seriously, it wasn't that bad.

The next five days were filled with inspirations, power-packed classes, get-out, dances ... the whole thing. Above all, a feeling of Heavenly days!

And because pictures are worth a thousand words, here they are:



## From Barz, Portugal





# More pictures? Okay!

Dear Mary Mom took care of the mommies and daddies, sharing heavy prophecies from Jesus about how to relate to our children, while dear Gabe inspired and convicted the young folks.

The practical effects of this camp in the hearts and minds of young and less young folks I cannot tell, but I will share what it did to me. To be very honest, when I heard from dear Miguel and Esther that we were going to have a camp in the middle of summer, although glad, I couldn't help but think that it would be kind of a cut on the summer push, a big unexpected expense, blah, blah, blah. Please bear in mind that this was then!

But I wouldn't miss it, if only for the kids' sakes! Little did I know that the gathering was going to be a string of answers to several prayers I had been shooting up for quite some time. For me, Jesus was there! And He loved me like I haven't been loved before. It's hard to explain, but it was like I underwent a rewiring. The old saying "a sample is better than a sermon" really came alive. It's not that the place or people were so extraordinary—full of love and the Spirit, yes, but normal folks, with even the greatest serving all ... like it should be!

But my miracle came afterwards. You see, I've been in other get-togethers where everything is so special while there, I make commitments, set my mind to change and when coming back, the feeling and purposes last for ... say ... a week, or maybe two. Then the old routine takes its toll again and back I go to the old ways. Not that I do such awful things that will make others stumble, but I do have NWOs that are setbacks in my walk with the Lord.

This time, He granted me full grace. He loved me till it hurt! He made me want to not go back to my old ways so bad that I've been literally crying several times a day asking Him to keep me in the right way. I am reading *Raise 'em Right*, enjoying and learning from it. I'm being loving and considerate to my wife and children throughout the day. I am being loving and considerate to my neighbors, and that's a plus! My Bible is being so used that I'm afraid I'll have to get a new one soon. I want to say; "I love you!" to my YA daughters who heard it from me so little before. And the list goes on and on.



GETTING THINGS  
READY FOR  
INSPIRATION FIRST  
THING IN THE  
MORNING.



Again, I praise Jesus for His wonderful love, and my Family that is so closely following Him!  
Barz Holy Hole, sunny Portugal

THE PLACE

A FREE ZINE EXCLUSIVE...

# INTERVIEW

WITH VAS



**Q: CAN YOU TELL US A LITTLE BIT ABOUT YOUR LIFE THESE DAYS?**

**A:** Well, having a family has changed my life! So, to tell you about my life, I would have to tell you about my family. I love my family dearly. In fact, I can't imagine my life without them. My baby, Rowen, has just brought tons of joy and fun to both Joni and me. (LNF: Number two, Chadwick William, was born to Vas and Joni in October 1999.)

I'll just explain my daily/weekly routine, which is as follows: Devotions, JJT, studio work, strive to get some get-out, studio work, parent time, and of course, the three meals.— And also time with the Lord, which I'm trying to make more a habit of. And time with my wife—which is pretty easy to make a habit of. On the weekends I usually do one to two days of outreach, and now also a weekly Family Day, since we're having a second child.

**Q: WHAT ARE YOUR GOALS FOR THE FUTURE? WE HEAR THAT THE DC TROUPE IS MOVING ON TO MEXICO—HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS?**

**A:** Yes, our Home is planning to move to Mexico and I'm quite excited about it, as I've spent about ten years there already. I speak Spanish, and it's a field that I feel particularly called to. I feel that as missionaries, it's good to find what field the Lord is calling us to and then stick with it, because once the momentum has started, you can accomplish a lot more. And I feel that field for me is Mexico!

**Q: HOW DO YOU GET MOST OF YOUR SONGS?—ARE THEY INSPIRED BY PEOPLE OR A CERTAIN EVENT? HAVE YOU EVER GOTTEN SONGS IN PROPHECY?**

**A:** Yes, people and events inspire the songs. I've also gotten songs in prophecy. But I would have to take this time to give the glory to the Lord first of all, if anyone has been touched in any way by these songs. Actually, I have to be honest with you: I never really considered myself a songwriter, and neither did anyone around me! I tried to write a couple songs a while back; I think it was more a work of the flesh and they never really stuck with me. But during Summit '96, the Lord started inspiring me to write songs. So I prayed and asked the Lord about these songs, and He specifically spoke to me saying that He would continue to give me songs, but the second I started taking the credit for them He would withdraw His anointing. So it's a constant thing for me to keep in mind, and whenever I don't, the Lord has His ways of keeping His Word and seriously reminding me.

During the Music Seminar in Japan, the idea was brought up about receiving songs in prophecy. And since then, I actually haven't been able to write a song unless I'm in desperate prayer, and then I usually get it in prophecy.

**Q: CAN YOU SHARE WITH US AN OUTSTANDING TESTIMONY ABOUT ONE OF THE SONGS THAT YOU WROTE THAT WAS A PARTICULARLY INTERESTING OR MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE?**

**A:** Actually, the song "Let's Make Love" was the one I received during the Music Seminar. Peter had asked everybody if they could try out this new revelation of receiving songs in

prophecy, and ask the Lord to give them a Loving Jesus song for one of the new Loving Jesus tapes. So I went back to my room and I initially started to do the same thing I always do when I feel a song coming on, except this time, maybe a little extra prayer. But it wasn't really working.

So, I decided to just step out by faith and put down my guitar, grab the micro, lay there and wait, as I primed the pump a little with some prayer. Then all of a sudden I started getting these tongues, and I felt like I was being spoken through by a Russian man who loved the Lord dearly, but who didn't have the priceless knowledge of the Loving Jesus revelation while on Earth. The feeling I was getting was one of desperation, almost like he was telling me how desperate I should be for this new revelation. But he wasn't telling me; he was giving me the feeling. He was giving me a taste of his desperation for Jesus.

It started with these tongues that sounded like they were Russian. And then the song started coming in English with the tune in its entirety, without a guitar present. It was quite a miracle and a moving situation, orchestrated by the hand of God. Another little miracle is that I shared the tongues with Ben G. who spoke a little Russian, and it seemed like the word Jesus was in there in Russian.

### **Q: WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE SONG?**

**A:** I can't say I have a favorite song, because at different times songs stick out to me. But ever since I was little the song "Traditional Chains" (by Simon Black) has turned my key.

### **Q: GIVE US A LITTLE SYNOPSIS OF YOUR MUSICAL HISTORY.**

**A:** Before I even knew how to play guitar I would strum away on a little ukulele. I'm guessing my parents gave it to me, but I don't know for sure where I got it. We would sing in orphanages and schools in the Philippines. I remember it being Cherish (of Mary Mom) and myself. I remember having a lot of fun.

My dad started to teach me the guitar when I was 9, and then a friend of mine, Steven (of Seek and Servant), taught me a bar chord. From then on, I just started picking it up. As a kid I was always attracted to the Rockin' Reggie songs by Jeremy Spencer on MWM, so I would play all of those on my guitar. I was always inspired and moved to jump around when music was playing.

### **Q: DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE FOR SOMEONE WHO IS JUST STARTING OUT IN LEARNING MUSIC OR LEARNING TO PLAY AN INSTRUMENT?**

**A:** Two hours of practice a day. I wish I myself abided by this rule. If you can, it's great! But if the Lord has other things for you to do, then trust Him that He'll help you make up for lost time when you do get a chance to practice. I feel the Lord has enabled me to do what I need to do, and even though I can't do a lot of technically astonishing guitar work (which is probably better for me), the Lord comes through despite my lack of what I consider the ideal amount of practice. Whenever I do put Him first, He comes through stronger. And at least what's done is more inspired.

### **Q: HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR TEEN YEARS? HOW HAVE YOU CHANGED SINCE THAT TIME?**

**A:** I think the main realizations I've come to between my teen years and now are: (1) I had to calm down. I was and am still a very hyper person, which in my case gets me into a lot of unnecessary problems—arguments, overreacting, and basically a lack of prayerfulness. I consider myself now to be less hyper than I was as a teen. (2) I was very hard to please. Once one fun thing was over, I immediately went to seek another extremely fun thing, without any remembrance for what I'd just experienced. But now I feel I enjoy life as a whole and everything in it a lot more, because I give things a little more time.

Another side of my teen life is that I was constantly falling in love and constantly getting dumped.—And, sad to say, dumping girls. It seems when you're a teen it doesn't quite match up. The girl that likes the guy never gets the attention returned, and vice versa. But aside from the mental side of girl/boy action, I also had an extreme awareness of the physical girl/boy action. And I don't really think I've strayed too far from that attraction! Anyway, all that to say, I'm sure this is all part of the Lord's plan of eventually realizing that in order to truly enjoy any relationship, you need to have the Lord in it.

**“The goal is the true wild and crazy, which is to forget myself and be crazy enough to be willing to make a fool of myself for Jesus and His cause.”**



### **Q: HOW HAS BEING A HUSBAND AND FATHER CHANGED YOU? ARE YOU ANY LESS WILD AND CRAZY? DO YOU FEEL IT'S MADE YOU MORE RESPONSIBLE OR MATURE?**

**A:** Yes, being a husband and a father has made me count the cost of my actions, knowing that my wife and my child will also be affected by them. It also has changed my idea of "wild and crazy" to two categories: "true wild and crazy" and "false wild and crazy." Although sometimes I'm a bit of both, the goal is the true wild and crazy, which is to forget myself and be crazy enough to be willing to make a fool of myself for Jesus and His cause.

**Q: WE HEARD THAT YOU WERE ON PARTIAL EXCOM IN EARLY 1998. CAN YOU TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT HOW IT AFFECTED YOUR LIFE, AND WHAT YOU LEARNED?**

**A:** The way it affected me most was that it forced me to read the list of 90 Letters that you have to read, which did a very good thing for me: it showed me how much Word I'd been missing. And it felt great! I felt so much happier and closer to God. My little nagging human battles seemed to affect me a lot less. In case you're wondering what it was for, I smoked marijuana. I guess I always wanted to smoke marijuana because I heard it was a neat sensation. And in the past, I basically lived my life trying to find neat sensations. And when I finally tried marijuana, I realized that it wasn't even that neat of a sensation considering the fact that its effect is counter to the whole reason I feel I even exist.

I had to ask myself, "If I'm here to be a witness for Jesus, does being high on marijuana help me to do that better? Or does it even help me to relax and get refilled with the Lord's Spirit in order to overflow onto others?" And the answer is no. It didn't. What it did do is bring about extreme laziness, and it opened a door to go easily back down that road again when I felt like I needed a high. And in all honesty, it's a false high, a temporary high! It goes away and it leaves you just as empty as before, nothing gained. I see now that experiencing Jesus is the only true high, and although I've been told this my whole life, I felt I had to discover it for myself. I



have found it true throughout my life, but as human beings, it seems we stray, so different things happen in our lives to bring us back to our closeness and love for Jesus.

I hope that through this whole situation I have learned the importance of keeping this closeness to Jesus. Not only is He the One that can give us fulfillment and fill the emptiness that we feel without Him, but He also knows what's best for us and what will make us happy. And I don't think He's told anybody that smoking marijuana will. Trying marijuana was a mistake!

**Q: HAS ANY OF THE NEW WINE BEEN DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO INITIALLY RECEIVE? IF SO, WHAT DID YOU DO TO GET COMFORTABLE WITH IT?**

**A:** It hasn't been really hard to receive, but it's been hard to implement. It's a constant battle to form the counsel in the New Wine into habits.

**Q: DO YOU HAVE THE GIFT OF PROPHECY, AND IF SO, DO YOU USE IT MUCH PERSONALLY? HAVE YOU**



## EXPERIENCED ANY MEAT MIRACLES OR FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY IN YOUR OWN LIFE?

**A:** Yes, I have the gift and I use it. But I definitely know that there's a need to use it more. One fulfillment of prophecy has to do with Joni's and my marriage. You see, even though I chased Joni and fell in love with her two-and-a-half years ago, and initiated our whole love affair, she actually didn't like me that much at first. But we became good friends, and slowly but surely, it grew into romance and passion.

Long before this, when Joni was 13 and I was 18, it was the other way around; Joni was in love with me. Of course, we were totally out of age range, but she prayed and the Lord told her, "Cast your bread on the water and it will return after many days." And this was fulfilled! Thank the Lord! And I'm very happy for the fulfillment of this.—Although back then, because of her age, I never would have dreamed of this happening.

## Q: ANY CLOSING WORDS FOR OUR READERS?

**A:** I just wanna say that I'm very happy to be a part of a Family with so many brothers and sisters and friends with the same goal. I'm especially touched when I hear of people in harder mission fields serving the Lord and laboring in love to reach that goal.

(From Vas:) Once upon a time, I was wandering aimlessly through life. Though I knew that the only way to truly enjoy life was to follow my Husband, Jesus, I was blinded by my desire to be a "different, cool, and extraordinary person." I somehow lost sight of following Him, and instead, leaned to my own understanding to become the above.

So ... I partied hard, took marijuana and eventually ended up on partial excommunication! I know, it doesn't sound so original, but that's pretty much all there was to it. Thoughts would cross my mind like, "Wait a minute, I was happy before and I wasn't stoked on booze!" But I still didn't pull myself back to close fellowship with the Lord. Instead, thoughts started coming to me, like, "How did I ever have fun without alcohol?" and, "There's gotta be something that can get me feeling this drunk and not make me barf uncontrollably afterwards." So when given the chance to smoke weed, I did.

By the time it got to that, the whole partying thing was getting very unsatisfying, and I was able to see a little deeper than just the surface. I think the Lord in His love forced my eyes open and showed me that this gimmick of partying is used by Satan to keep people from finding the truth. He not only promotes the use of dope and alcohol to make people feel better, but this same crowd chronically uses the popular phrase, "Whatever's good for you, man." I saw that I was standing in the middle of a bunch of lost people who felt they had to do this to cope with life. There I was, someone who had actually experienced the Lord for real but who was not doing anything for these lost sheep. And I didn't even realize it.

After being partially excomm, I realized why: I had lost my connection with the Word, so I was blinded. I lost the vision. I was backsliding, and in already in a backslidden state. It's funny, because it seemed like not too long before that I was loving Jesus, hearing from the Lord and receiving many blessings from following the New Wine and using the New Weapons. But I gradually started letting the Word, prophecy and Loving Jesus times get pushed out of my life and replaced with system entertainment, to the neglect of my Husband, Jesus.

When I compare the highs that I got in the Spirit to the highs pot or alcohol gave me, it's so obviously clear that being high in the Spirit is a way better feeling. And I'm not just saying that. Because of a lack of the Word, I lost this



Joni with sister Lisa

**"Though I knew that the only way to truly enjoy life was to follow my Husband, Jesus, I was blinded by my desire to be a 'different, cool, and extraordinary person.'"**

vision and drifted away from Jesus. That's why babes' status was such a Godsend to my spiritual life, because it made me have to read all those Letters, which fed my soul tremendously. I felt it right away, and things were so much clearer. I can't say it enough: "The Word is what helped me." Every time I have problems, it's because I am weak in the Word.

To tell you the truth, I'm going through some problems with my lack of love, criticalness and self-righteousness right now, and it's because I'm weak in the Word again, Lord help me. This is a big lesson I need to learn, and I really want to because I know for a fact it's the answer. The Word is Jesus. I need the Word. I cannot make it without it. It seems so simple, but I feel the Devil fighting me hard. It seems so hard to do, but at the same time from past experience I know that if I even just start going in the right direction, God will take two steps for me.

I pray I can regain close fellowship with the Lord and with my loving brothers and sisters. I love you all.

Much Love, Vas

**(Editor's note: Do be those loving brothers and sisters and pray, with Vas, that he can keep moving forward and stay on the Lord's high ground. We're sure that you'll also be more than happy to pray that the Lord will anoint Vas to pull down yet more terrific songs from the spiritual realm!)**

I'd been planning for almost a year to join the team I'm currently with, who are on their way to Equatorial Guinea in Africa. Our contact had been through e-mail, so I didn't know even one person on the team when I came to Switzerland, where they were fundraising and staying till the time came to leave. This was my first time ever to live without my parents, which in itself brought quite a few trials.

# The Land of Testing

From Angelina  
(17, of Andrew and  
Miracle), on the way to  
Equatorial Guinea

The first pioneer team left a few days after I arrived, and the original plan was that the rest of us would leave in three or four months. There were a few problems to tackle before leaving, however. Since the apartment we were staying in had a contract going for almost a full year still, we would have to find some new tenants before leaving. We also wanted to organize a shipment down to Equatorial Guinea.

One day I was sitting in my room (a few weeks after arriving), feeling very lonely. I lived

with only three others (all girls) and had a room to myself, so I ended up with a lot of time alone, which I was not used to and which would get me very down. I also felt like I wasn't altogether clicking with someone in the Home. So I was feeling pretty distraught and homesick, and being temporarily on this western field I felt quite unfulfilled.

So I got out my dictaphone and decided to hear from the Lord. I had an old tape in it, though, and it had some prophecy sessions from

The future is yours for  
the taking if you will PUT YOUR

ALL IN MINE, TRUST  
FULLY IN MY PROMISES,  
AND OBEY MY LEADING  
AT EVERY STEP.

You have no need of fear in  
My purpose, for My love will  
cast out all your fear. Sim-  
ply strap in,  
power on, and

take  
flight to

the land I have promised  
you.



when I was still in Bosnia. Hearing the voices of my parents and friends got me crying because I missed them, and I felt pretty miserable.

But then the tape came to something I had gotten from the Lord, which I had never transcribed. In my prayer I had told the Lord that it was difficult for me to leave my Home and I wondered if I'd be happy there. And what the Lord had said to me even before leaving was amazingly right on! Some of the things He said were: "Just remember, like the footsteps in the sand, in your hardest times I will carry you and you need not fear you will ever be alone. Of course, I'm with you now, more than ever, as you go through these things. I am holding your hand as you clasp eagerly to Mine. You are excited to see what new things I have in store for you, but are afraid at the same time, thinking of leaving what has been your Heavenly Home. I will love you just as much there, and will have people that love you just as much there too. But it takes time for Me to work. It takes time for your and others' spirits to blend together into a union. So do not fret and do not worry, but cast these things aside, knowing that I will provide for you."

Listening to those Words that I totally had forgotten about brought so many tears, and I cried uncontrollably. It was so beautiful, and at just the perfect timing.

The days and weeks flew by and I had many ups and downs. Thank the Lord I was able to be of some use; the Lord inspired me and I began helping Sally make provisioning calls to get some of the goods we were planning to ship down to Africa. It was lots of fun phoning companies and having them say they can help left and right. The Lord was totally the One Who did this through me, as in the beginning, phoning someone took a lot of courage, but I found that as I started speaking it all just flowed. I had a special prayer that the Lord would make my voice like Sandra Bullock's in "Love Potion #9" where once the girl took a drop of this potion, all the guys would fall in love with her. I asked the Lord instead that they wouldn't be able to say no to our requests. Ha! It worked pretty well.

Later on, the Lord also worked it out for me to attend a big fellowship meeting for senior teens and YAs, and to visit my parents one last time as well. Afterwards I was able to visit my brother's Home for a week. The whole month was such a love-gift from the Lord to me, and I can't



thank Him enough for it.

Then things hit bottom getting used to life without so much movement, boredom at home and getting discouraged because it was taking so long to get to the field. After I'd been back in Switzerland for one month, our one-and-only single guy on the team who had gone down with David and Lauren also decided this wasn't the place for him. We were even less people.

When some visitors came over one day, I realized what a difference it made to have more people, and how happy I was when surrounded

with others. Going to Equatorial Guinea and living there with only four others in the Home I began to wonder if I would be happy there. Then I got a message from Lauren in Africa saying that I should make sure I really wanted to come, and that they wouldn't blame me if I decided not to. Most of all, she said I should be honest with myself.

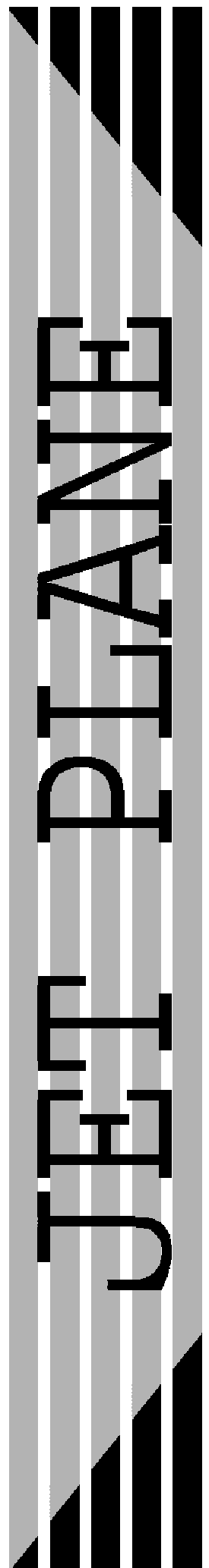
I prayed and asked the Lord for guidance. He didn't tell me what to do, but spoke about trusting Him and said that everything would work together for good. I decided I'd write to another, bigger team on their way to Africa, just to see if there was a possibility for me to join up with them. But most of all I wanted whatever the Lord's plan was. I wasn't biased, as there were pros and cons to both sides. I can't take decision-making very well, so I asked the Lord to just do it and to make things real clear. The other team answered that there wasn't a possibility at this time, so I decided to continue on in the direction the Lord had been leading me thus far.

Once I made that decision, I again had peace, knowing that He was working it all out to grow me up. I know that every difficult circumstance I find myself in, or decisions I have to make, that the Lord always has a purpose even though it's not obvious at the time. If I just trust, He'll take care of it all.

Now I'm three days away from leaving to Africa, after waiting a year since I first got the burden, and four months since arriving in Switzerland. I know my troubles are not over, but all I've experienced here will only help me in future battles. The last few days have been a super inspiration to me as I booked my ticket (which I got by a miracle), got the visas we applied for a whole week early, and the Lord also supplied 25 kilos of overweight for free.

Man, I sure jumped around the house after all those little miracles! Knowing that the Lord is paving the way gives me the courage to go on to the little island of Equatorial Guinea, which has the biggest snakes in the world, rampant malaria, humid heat, and the list goes on. So my bags are packed and I'm ready. But I could never have gotten this far without the One Who means the most to me. He was there when I felt I had no one else; He spoke to friends and family, and they sent me those precious Words to comfort me when I was depressed. And even though things have been rough, He has never failed to give me plenty of fun and fellowship amidst it all.

One thing I know and believe more firmly now than ever is "He's there all the time." And in your darkest hour, if you'll just reach out to Him He'll NEVER fail to pull you through. ■



# That blazing Dutch carpet

From Petra and the Summer-Youth-Outreach in Holland team

Witnessing? Sure, we know what that is!—Well ... fundraising and CTPs, anyway. Yeah, long ago we even used to be able to hand someone a poster and bring up the subject of salvation on the spot ... but in Holland now, man, you can't just do that! It's been reached! The youth are into their own thing and will probably scoff you outta their sight anyway. I just don't think this generation could handle like a real "message"; we should approach



**If you're "lost," you can always find our carpet in the street, as we play that revolutionary music or are ready to give YOU a Bible study!**

slyly, conform a little ... maybe, just maybe, our "sample" could show them there's a way out of their "System rut" ... maybe?

Well, a couple of first-generation "mountain folk" saw differently and sent out a call, giving us the chance to make a statement to our own generation. A Gideon's band surfaced, consisting of the original visionary family, Cephas, Sapphire and their kids, as well as five added youth. We didn't sound like a team who could get things done? Well, with Cephas' drive and God's will, anything was possible. So we got prepared with the Endtime streetplay and the box skit, the musicians got their riffs down, we brushed up on our Endtime—or frankly all—witnessing techniques, and set out to travel to the major cities of Holland and show 'em what we had!

Jesus—through yielded individuals—supplied campgrounds all along the way, as well as the use of tents, camping equipment, food, etc. Dear Mary VS was able to be with us off and on, an added asset, and also helped us move from place to



**Free meals for the team on average of five days out of the week. Praise God!**

place with her vehicle.

We thought we'd try something new and made erasable scrolls where we wrote catchy quotes, such as, "I'm a fool for Christ; whose fool are you?"; "Did you know God has a car?"; "Did you know Alexander the



**Our street play team, with Marcello (bottom) as Tommy's apprentice to man the boom box.**

Great was predicted in the Bible?" etc. These proved to be quite the attention-getters! Passersby would pause to read them, giving us the chance to pass them a "Count-down to 2000" or



**Our Dutch-Summer-Youth-Outreach Gideon's band! (L2R): Cephas, Angelo (8), Marcello (17), Rose (13), Tara (15), Fleur (17), Chris (10), Petra (19), Vladi (14), Sapphire and Pierre (15), as well as Tommy (15) who unfortunately missed out on this photo!**

"Y2K" tract, making conversation with the interested, unavoidable. We could then invite the extra-interested to a carpet we used as our base on the street, where we gave Bible classes and played all that good revolutionary music! (\* See Ezekiel 1.)

Interesting things occurred when, after doing our streetplay and box skit, a few of the brave kids who were part of our "punk/outcast" audience decided to join us on our readily available carpet, hear what we had to say and listen to our music. One such soul who was trying to leave kept forgetting things of importance on our carpet, until finally the chain fell off his bike, rendering him unable to go anywhere! He exclaimed that perhaps God wanted him to listen in after all. He and his pals all got saved in the end, and we've been able to follow up on them since.

It worked out for one guy to visit us regularly at our different campsites, to partake of our wonderful life of faith. He'd start days with the comment, "So, what do you have for me today?" Then,

# Cries



*in*

when the day was through and we'd thrown many a fascinating thing his way, he'd be like, "Whoa, information overload!" and have to take a breather!

We met so many fascinating young people, and it surprised me that there still are so many youth who are searching for a new and radical way of belief, or the simple and knowledge that there still is a great love to be found ... and we have it! We were able to pass out nearly 16,000 tracts, pray personally with 50 people, and generally regain the vision of personal witnessing to a desperate generation! Praise God!

# In search of Sasha *the*

From DJ, Ukraine

We arrive at 5 AM. I'm with Lilian, a 27-year-old Moldavian Outside Witnesser. Everything is quiet and frozen. There is not a soul on the premises of the vast Kalininskii Bazaar outside town. We still can't see a thing and so, not knowing the city, we wait in the frozen cargo bus until daybreak.

With the rising of the sun, people appear from every direction—opening shops, pulling out tables, spreading out merchandise. Our bus is in a great company of other cargo vehicles from all over Ukraine, Moldova and Romania, all parked in one long line, here, where all the trading routes in Eastern Europe meet.

Taking our load of lit, we set out to find our Mail Ministry member. Sasha, in his thirties, turns out to be a fiery Adventist—all for the Sabbath, but also all-out for witnessing and preaching. We quickly find common ground and are drowned in his stories of witnessing and reaching others for God. Hospitals, streets, his own home church in a little two-room flat—those are his mission fields.

One minor fact seems to fade in light of all his testimonies: Sasha is handicapped for life, with an advanced form of some kind of terminal illness (too complicated for me to pronounce here), which is steadily shortening his days.

Our first day is fun and exhausting. We traipse around every part of the city. Four thousand posters go out—more than we'd expected!—and the people are sweet and thankful. We have to modify our vocabulary a bit to make it sound a little more Ukrainian, as some of the nationalists here have quite a problem accepting other tongues, even Russian or Romanian.

Knowing that the city is sitting on a nuclear missile base left over from the Soviet Union makes our task even more meaningful. Even now, the leukemia-related death rate here is one of the highest in Europe. One night in 1996, a truck carrying nuclear waste material overturned on the steep, narrow street downtown, and the radioactive mass spilled out. The government said it was all cleaned up, but some people still walk around the city with the radiation detectors, trying to avoid the places where the indicator goes berserk.

The city is a colorful mixture. Belonging to Austro-Hungarians for 150 years, under the Polish Empire for another 100, about 70 under Romania, and now another 50 under the Soviet Union, it bears marks of them all. The population is mixed Ukrainian-Russian-Romanian-Jewish.

We spend the evening among the folks from Sasha's home church, sharing testimonies and digging into our Bibles. They are preparing for the End, keeping in touch with other little churches like themselves, and clearly realizing that the days of their bigger congregations and houses of prayer with hundreds of seats and members are just about over. They take 3,000 posters, saying it's just what they need for their hospital ministry to the dying and the terminally ill. (There are many of those—radiation and hunger are the two main causes).

The next day we give out our last 1,000 posters in no time, despite quite a frost attack. Then we are off, hitchhiking to the nearest Home across the Romanian border, which is another story in itself.

But as for Sasha and this town, we'll see them again!—With more posters and more trips and, hopefully, more folks on our team.

We love you all!

Daniel Jeremiah and the Blossom Home, Moldova



# Cool conversion

From Christina Newbottle (18, new disciple), USA

We meet a lot of interesting characters on our daily witnessing trips. One day we saw this typical "cool dude," and the Lord gave me the leading

to approach him. We offered him a "Lion, Dragon, and Beast" poster, and he said, "Oh yeah! I got one of these when someone was doing intersections."

I said, "Hey, neat! Did you read it?"

"Well, I only read half of it," he said, sheepishly.

So I explained to him what it was all about, and then asked him if he was saved.

"No," he said. "You see, I never really understood how to get saved. I've been to practically every church and they were so critical and hypocritical. I just didn't like them."

I showed him how to get saved. He thought it was so neat, how simple it all was, and said, "I guess it's my fault for not reading the entire poster I received earlier." So he prayed with us, and afterward he was all smiles, saying how happy he was and that he would read the poster for sure. He also said he was going to try to hear from Jesus himself instead of getting into his "cool trips." ■

# Wilderness

# BLAST FROM THE PAST

THE PIONEER'S DIRECTIVE: FOLLOW THAT POEM!

STARRING:

GIDEON SHONDO

LOCATION:

PAKISTAN

PRODUCED BY:

WORLD SERVICES, INC.

SPECIAL EFFECTS:

THE FREE ZINE



In 1974, our team of four and newborn baby (Zion Deaf of Gideon, formerly Uriah, and Sharai) were pioneering in southern Spain. We had been litnessing daily for two months in the streets of Algeiras, a small city on the southern tip of Spain across from Morocco, and things were getting a bit dry. We took some time to pray and we received a vision of a ripe and ready vineyard, with grapes bursting with fresh juice. The Lord told us that this was the city of Malaga, not far to the north, and that it was now time to “thrust in our sickles and reap.” Based on that prophecy, our team got on a bus with all our earthly goods (which fit in two backpacks, ha!), and took off for Malaga.

We found the cheapest hotel in the center of the city, which cost \$1 a night per room. Our neighbors were the “drunks and the harlots”—many of whom got saved and were touched by our sample, as we ended up staying in that little hotel for nearly three months!

On our first day out litnessing, we were overwhelmed by the receptivity and response of the people. I believe we were the first team to ever go there, and the lit was literally grabbed out of our hands and donations thrust in. Within the space of a few short

hours, we had gotten out more than our quota for a whole day! This went on day after day, and we flooded the city with the Words of David and the *New Nation News*, which is what we gave out back then. The city was a summer tourist resort for all of Europe, and we had a blast witnessing to them all. We had lots of sheep to follow up on, and we arranged catacomb meetings in the park, etc., all the while still basing out of this little cheap hotel.

When our area shepherds came to visit, they were quite impressed with the fruit that was borne and the potential of the work, but not at all impressed with our living standard and place of habitation! They strongly suggested that we immediately make it a priority to get a decent place to set up a Home. This was especially important as Zion was nearly 1½ years old by that time, and Sharai was expecting her second in about one month!

It was the middle of summer, and Malaga being a tourist resort area, it was next to impossible to find any kind of housing. Literally every available flat, hotel, house or whatever was filled, or booked for the summer season. Every single thing we tried was met with the answer, “Not now! Come back in the winter!” We had been given an ultimatum by our overshepherds, so we

knew that we had to put God on the spot. Summer or not, He'd have to supply.

Our next free day, we all gathered in our little hotel room, got out our pen and paper, and had desperate prayer, then got quiet and asked the Lord to speak. He gave one little poem that was so clear and precise that I remember it exactly to this day, 25 years later:

**In the north by the river  
That is where I will deliver,  
And that is where I'll fill your quiver!**

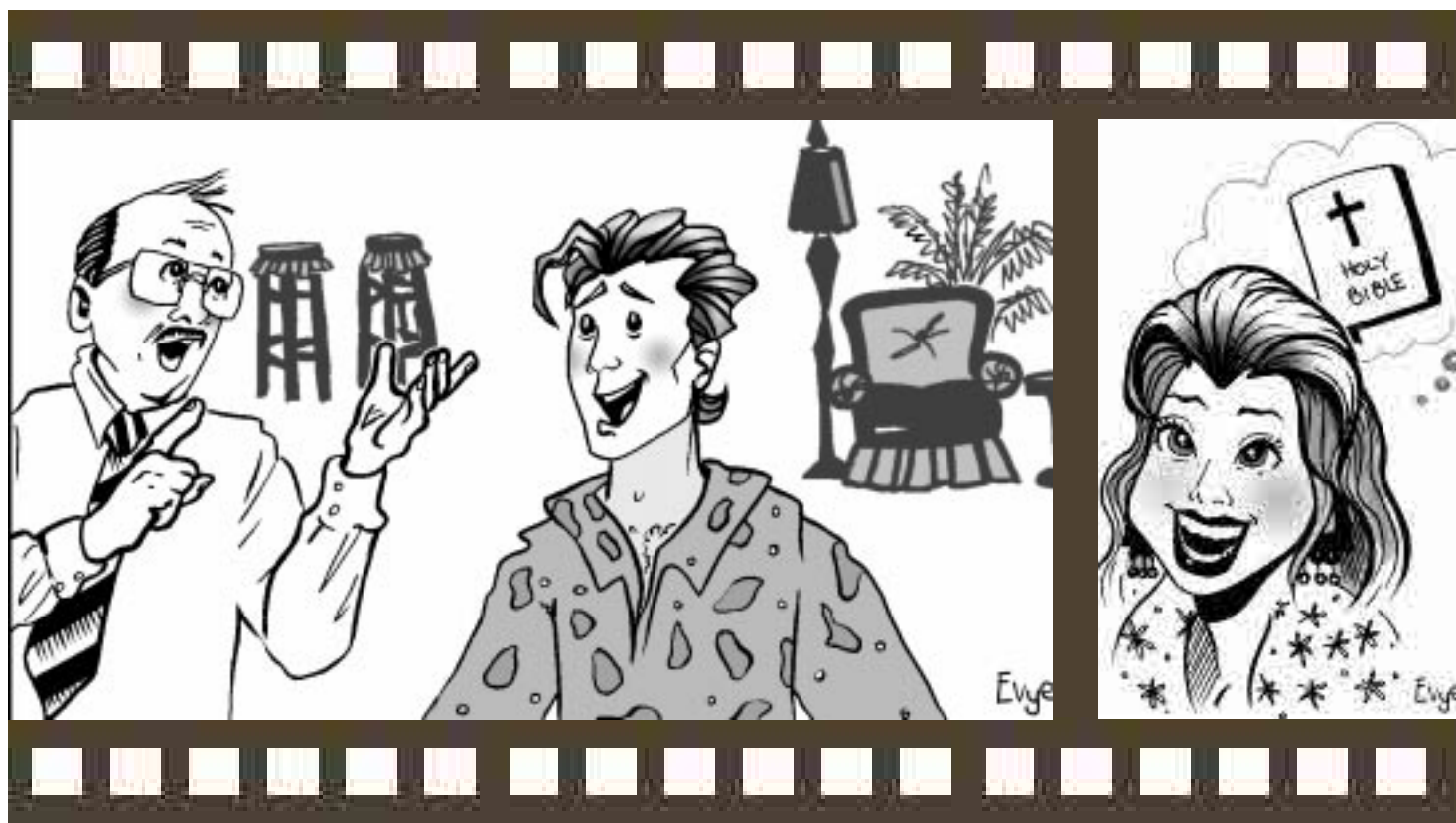
I told the others to go ahead and enjoy the beach for the day, and that I would go out and continue our house hunting based on what the Lord had said. (Not that I was so sacrificial, but part of our overshepherds' encouragement to find a suitable house was that I stood to lose my job if we didn't, so I was personally motivated in the matter, ha!)

ideal. He told me that it had only become available today, and that I would need to give him the deposit by that evening, otherwise it would easily be gone by tomorrow.

I thanked him profusely and rushed back home to find the others, who had just returned from the beach. We gathered all the savings that we had been setting aside from our fruitful litnessing of the past few months, and rushed over to make the arrangements. By that evening, we had moved into our new Heavenly Home. Our whole team was so flipped at how nice a place it was, and how wonderfully the Lord had worked.

But that's only the fulfillment of the first part of that little prophecy. The completion of the 2<sup>nd</sup> part is equally, if not more, exciting.

After moving in, we had a nice "shell," but literally nothing inside to make the house a home. It had beds and simple furnishings, but absolutely nothing at all to live on. The first few days



I first bought a map of the city. To my surprise, running east to west across the top of the city was a large river. I drew a line from the city center straight north, and then took a bus to the place on the map where the line intersected the river.

I got off the bus right at the bridge that crossed the river, and began my house hunting. In those days, there were no real estate agents there to help find housing. The process was simply that one walked into every little milk shop, bar, restaurant, café, etc., and inquired, "Any rooms or flats available?" I'd been doing this for the past three months so I was familiar with the routine and the usual "not available," but today I was determined that something was going to happen. I spent the entire morning canvassing the area, but to my dismay, I didn't meet with one single positive response! I stopped to pray again, and the Lord showed me to cross to the other side of the bridge and try there. After all, "In the north by the river" could have meant either side, no?!

I crossed over, and you can imagine my gleeful surprise when in the very first milk shop, my inquiry was met with, "Si, Señor. I have a flat available. Would you like to see it?" The man took me to see a lovely, three-bedroom flat in a quiet area that was simply

there, we bought a pan and some silverware, and shared our meals caveman-style on the floor! We again prayed for miracles.

Then while out litnessing one day, we came across the only department store in town. It was larger than the normal simple shops of those days, and it had a wide assortment of goods and household items. After inquiring, within a few minutes we were sitting inside the owner's office. Before we could explain even who we were or why we were there, he launched into telling us his life story, which went something like this:

"I grew up in a business family, and became very successful on my own. At one point, I really wanted to serve God, so I went and talked to a Sister Superior about joining a monastery. She told me that I could do more to help people from my position of success if I would use my riches to help others, rather than just giving it all up. From that point, I decided that I would do just that, and God has helped me to continue to be successful and to help others. Now, why are you here and what can I do for you?"

Ha! How many of God's children would enjoy being in a meeting that started like that?! We explained to him, in our broken Spanish, how we had recently come to his city to be missionaries,

and had just now found a little flat but there was nothing in it, and would he be able to help us furnish it. He told us to make a list of the items we needed, and he would see what he could do.

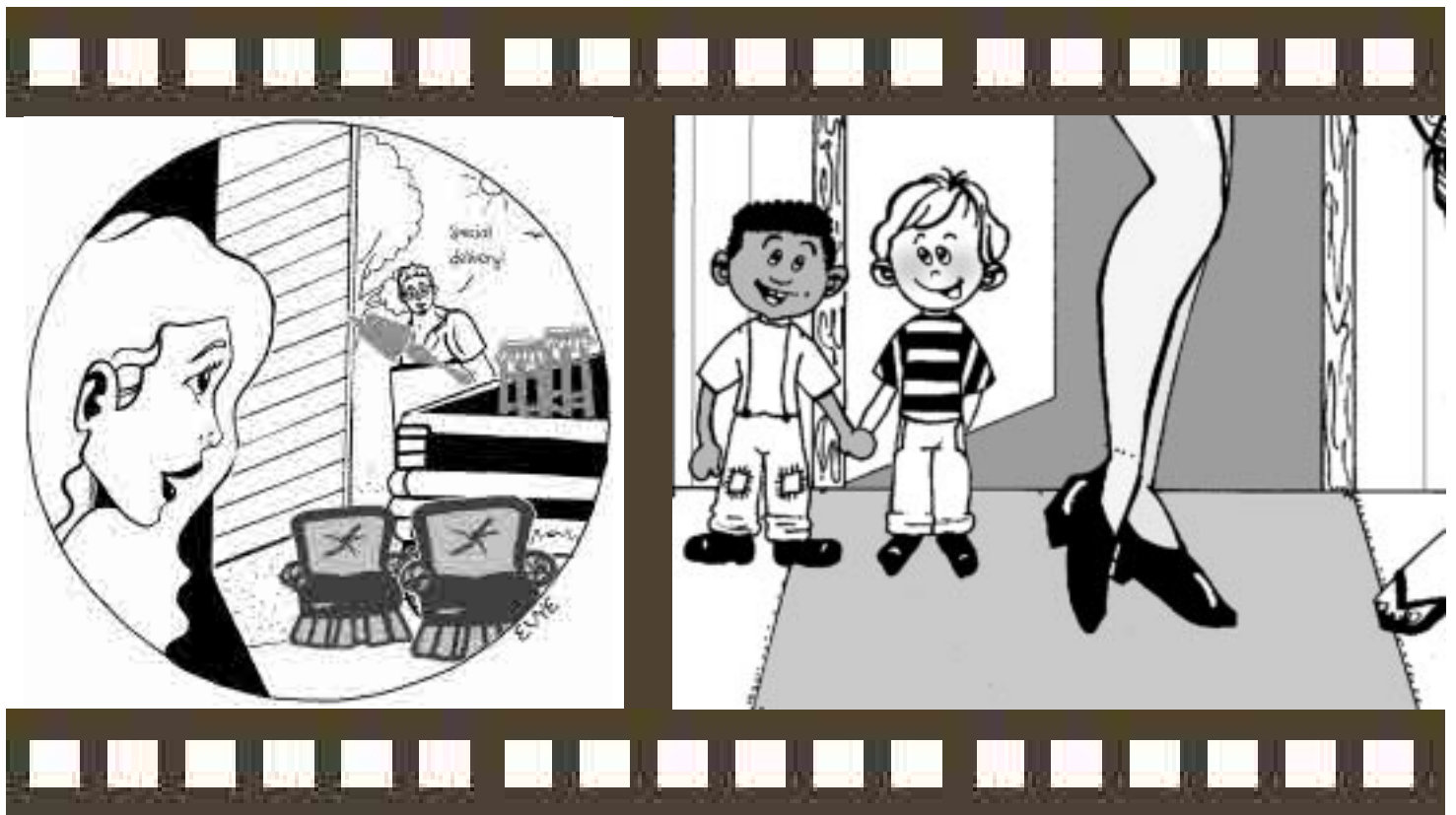
Well, we went home and made perhaps the most complete list of our lives, putting everything on paper that we could possibly think of to fill up our apartment. We took it back to him, and the very next day two large vans pulled up to our Home, literally loaded to the brim with everything that was on our list—and even more, things that we hadn't even thought of! From dishes to pots, blankets and towels, to toys and books for the kids, clothing, brooms, shower curtains ... everything and anything needed to make a house a home. We had so much stuff that we ended up sending quite a bit off to other Homes in nearby cities. God bless this dear man for being so generous.

So the Lord had said, "In the north by the river, that is where I will deliver!" and He surely had. But He had also said, "And

To make it short, Antipas and I spent the entire evening witnessing to those dear girls, who had left England to escape their "shame" of single motherhood and having an "off-color" baby. They had come to Spain hoping to find a "commune or something where people would be more open-minded and where we can do something with our lives and raise our children"! Wow, did we have the answers for them!

After spending hours witnessing to them, we challenged them to serve the Lord, and they came over the next day and forsook all! One of the first things we did was to go out and buy baby beds for their toddlers, and they were so touched and happy that they literally cried for about three days! (The redhead was English Ruth, who went to live with Dad in Tenerife later on.)

In addition to this, every afternoon for an hour or so, Antipas and I would sit in the city park and play music and sing to the sheep. There was one boy who literally was entranced by our music



that is where I'll fill your quiver!" and we didn't have long to see how He was going to do just that!

The next day, Antipas (a tall black brother who was a singer/musician and went on to pioneer Africa) and I were having our afternoon meal in a small, inexpensive working-class restaurant normally frequented only by men, when all of a sudden every head turned as two foreign hippie girls walked in, each accompanied by a one-year-old toddler. The two girls were white, and strikingly beautiful—one with flaming red hair—and one of the toddlers was black. This entry caused no small stir in then-conservative Spain!

Antipas volunteered me, so I worked up my courage to saunter over to their table to say hi and find out more about them, but was met by a rather discouraging cold shoulder. So, I did what I always would do, and left them a tract to read. As they were leaving, one of the girls asked me over her shoulder as she walked by, "Do you perhaps know where I can get a Bible?" After getting their hotel address, we assured her that we would personally bring her one.

and songs, and he came every day to listen to us and to read the Bible with us afterwards. He had just gotten out of prison and was desperately looking for a change in his life, and the very next day after the two girls joined, he also came to our Home and forsook all. He spoke no English and the girls spoke no Spanish, and in addition to Zion we now also had two other toddlers, with none of us being very child-oriented.—The Lord sure knows how to train us situationally!

So, in one week the Lord had supplied us a flat, furnished it, and then filled it with five new disciples! Then, at the end of the week after all of these events, our 2<sup>nd</sup> child, Jesse, decided to come a bit early, and was born at the Red Cross hospital. And thus did the Lord fulfill the second part of that prophecy and "fill our quiver," as He promised!

So, that is an oldie-goldie story where prophecy and hearing from the Lord was the key that opened every needed door, as we pioneered a new city. We pray it inspires you to "ask, seek, and knock" in your pioneering efforts as well. ■

Zine 101's

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Price 3p



Yo, Bertram! What's going on under that hood? Would you care to help with my 'Bumper Book of Games & Puzzles for RAD Teen Boyz & Girlz' in the FUTURE? It's **INSIDE!**

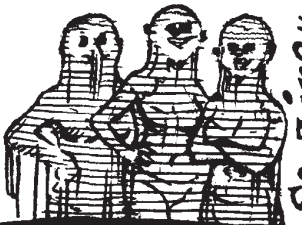
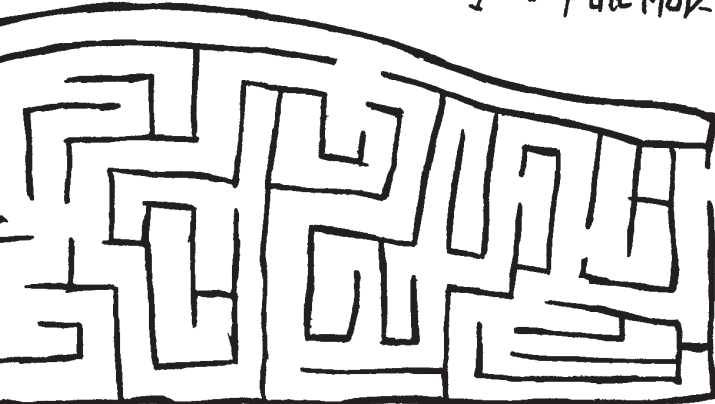
Yo, Beatrice. I think you mean **INSIDE THE HOUSE!** -- Well, **SURE!** That sounds just **DANDY!**

# COOL!

First up! It's the MUDTEENS' Fellowship. Help the MUD-GUYZ find the MUD-GALS



See Zine # 013



See Zine # 18

Mud at First Sight

A Zinetoon joint-effort by (Your Name) and (My Name) David Komic

# Dot-to-Dots!

Join the Dots to find out what's causing acute agitation to the MUDDY-BUDDIES.



## Colour by Numbers



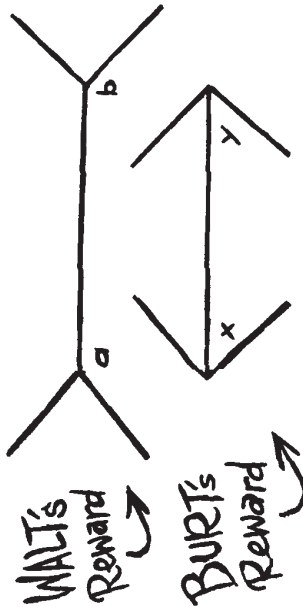
Uh-oh. Bud's hanging out with some **ACTS 17:5ers\*** at the mall. He doesn't think it's a case of **Proverbs 6:27\*\*** but man, is he in for a Big Surprise if he doesn't **Proverbs 9:6\*\*\***

# Eyeball Juggler

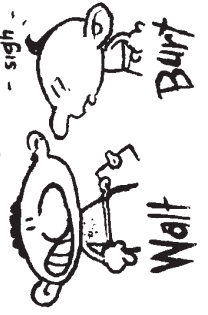


Burt is having a **HUGE COMPARING TRIAL!** Well, I don't know if it's **HUGE** if you compare it to one of your **COMPARING TRIALS**, but it's a big one, that's for sure! Burt thinks that Walt, who's a **FAITHFUL CRO-YS-IVM-BVM-WS Secretary - Media Spokesperson**, will get a **GREATER HEAVENLY REWARD** than he, Burt, a **FAITHFUL JTJLP-HGDAPPCM-FLS-FOS** [that's: JJJ Little Person - Home Garbage Deacon And PPC Man - Front Line Soldier - Father of Seven.]

Line (a-b) [BELOW] represents **FAITHFUL Walt's REWARD**  
Line (x-y) [BELOW] represents **FAITHFUL Burt's REWARD**



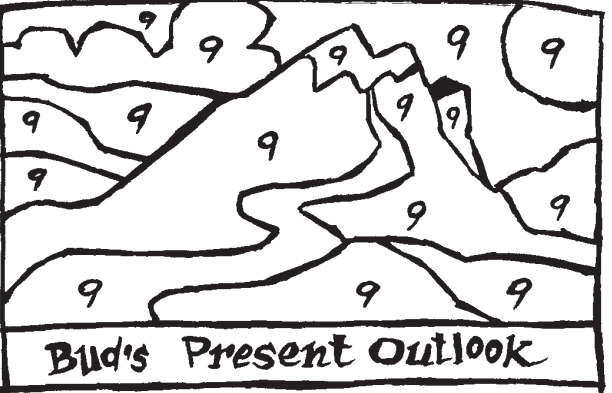
Which line do you think is longer? Who do you think will get the greatest reward? HMMMMM?!



All is not as it appears!

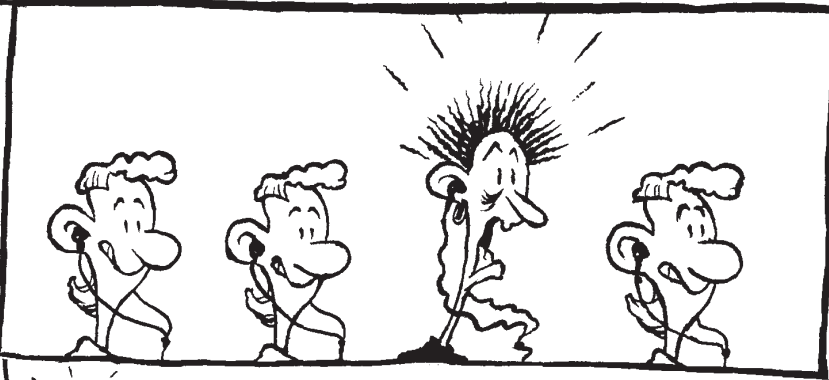
Now do this nifty 'Colour-by-Numbers' to find Bud's **PRESENT**, **PRE-proverbs 9:6 Outlook**

- Use this Handy Colour Guide:
- 1 = Blue
  - 2 = Green
  - 3 = Yellow
  - 4 = Brown
  - 5 = Orange
  - 6 = Red
  - 7 = Purple
  - 8 = White
  - 9 = Black



\* Lewd fellows of the baser sort ...  
\*\* Can a man take fire ...?  
\*\*\* Forsake the foolish ...

Can you  
**SPOT**  
the **SUBTLE**  
difference?



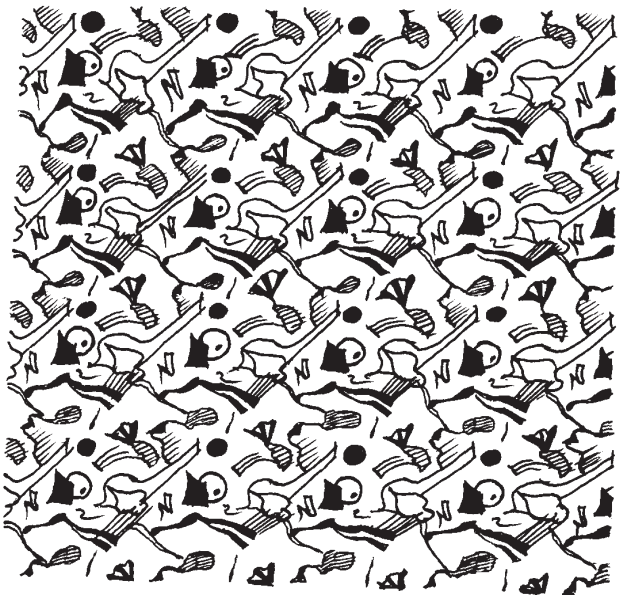
**WATCH THIS SPACE**  
I mean, you know, unless you've  
got something else to do

Clue: 3 of them are tuned in to **FTT's**; one is listening to 'SEWER-DWELLER's GREATEST HITS.'

# 3D illusion

**F U N**

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Hold the image so that it touches your nose. You will find your nose in the centre of your face just below your eye level. **RELAX** your eyes so that they do NOT focus on the image; with the idea of **OBSERVING** the IMAGE without **LOOKING AT** it. When you are **RELAXED** and **NOT CROSSING YOUR EYES**, move the page **SLOWLY** away from your face. You will find your face on the front part of your head, running from your hairline down to the tip of your chin. Move the page **SLOWLY** away... perhaps an inch every 2 or 3 seconds. Keep looking **THROUGH** the page. Stop at a comfortable reading distance and keep staring. **AMAZINGLY** an **ASTONISHING** hidden image should **APPEAR** BEFORE YOUR VERY **EYES!!**

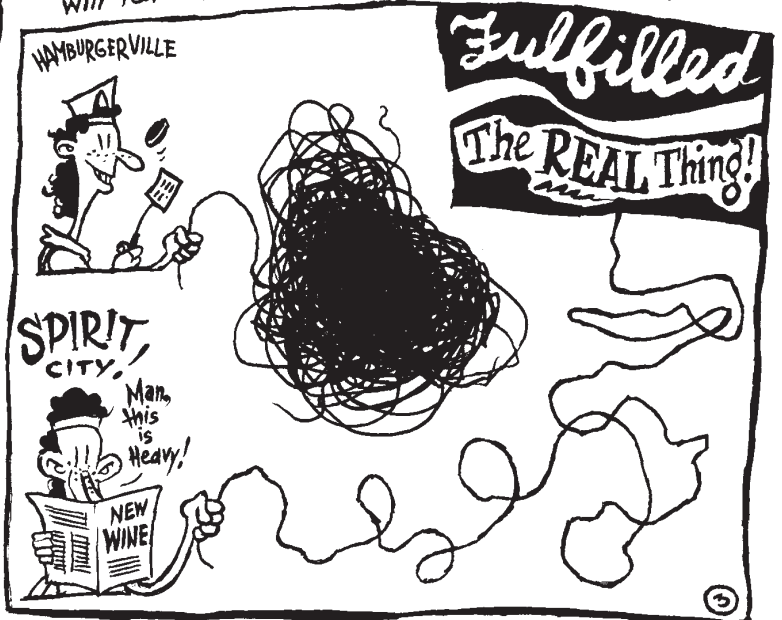


**Unscramble**  
the letters below to find the word that describes how you FEEL when you NEGLECT your time with JESUS! :

**u m m e r b**

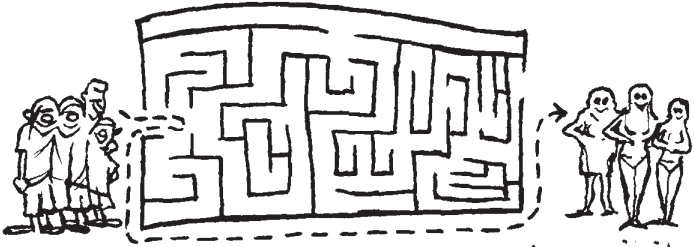


Harvey is feeling **BORED, UNCHALLENGED & PROV. 29:18 ish.** He wonders if maybe an exciting **CAREER** in **HAMBURGER-FLIPPING** might take away **ALL HIS PROBLEMS**. Follow the lines to find out which option will lead Harvey to **REAL FULFILLMENT...**



# Solutions & Answers to Puzzles

## 1. The MUD-BUDDIES' MAZE



They remembered that their Mother told them NOT to come inside the MAZE with MUDDY FEET.

## 2. DOT-TO-DOTS



A BATHTUB!

## 3 Colour by Numbers

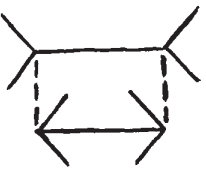


Bud's PRE-Proverbs 9:6 Outlook

## 4. eyeball Boggler

WALT and BURT will GET THE SAME REWARD BECAUSE THEY'RE BOTH FAITHFUL!!

COOL! YES!!



5. **3D Illusion** (E)(O)(N)

No, I couldn't see anything either. (Kind of like trying to make sense of the SYSTEM)

## 6. SPOT the DISPERENCE



ANSWER: The third chip from the left.

## 7. Bummer.

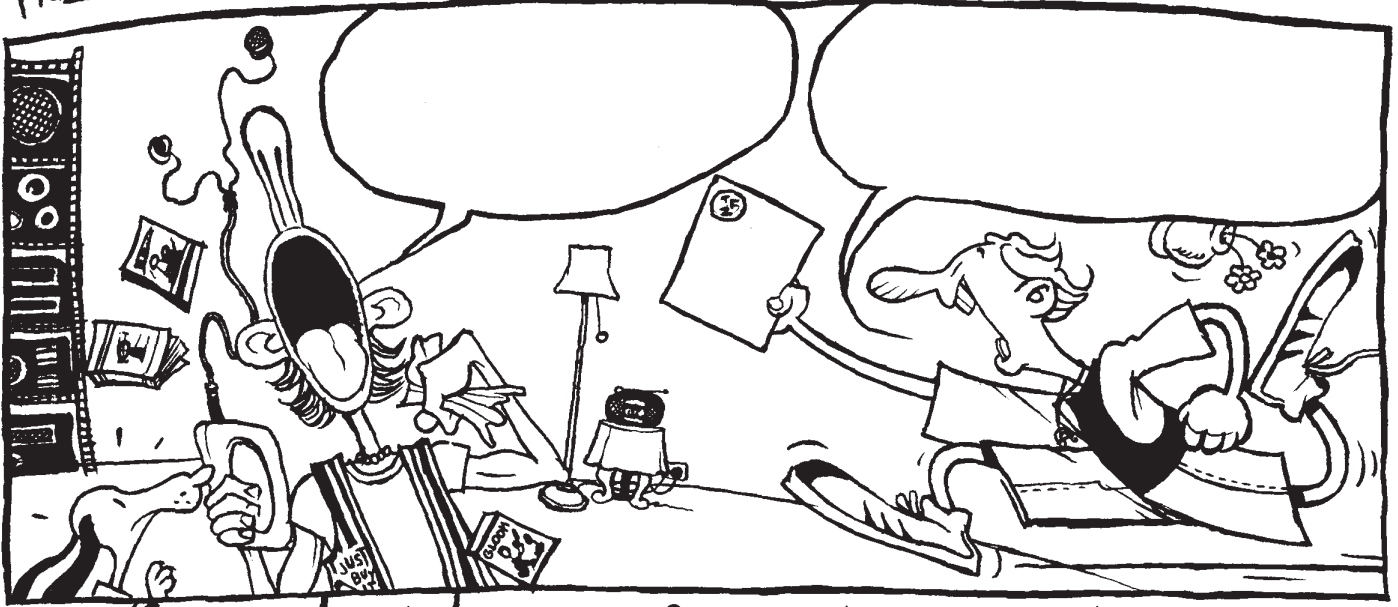
### 8. Follow the Line Right!!!



And now it's **Time** for the...

# ZineToon Comic-Caption CONTEST!

The sender of the BEST CAPTION will win a FABULOUS, FABULOUS PRIZE which is-- at the moment-- A SURPRISE because Aunty Hildegard has the key to the storeroom wherein we keep the FABULOUS ZineToon FORSAKE-ALL-- and Aunty Hildegard is on WNR, but AS SOON AS SHE GETS BACK will be able to get the FABULOUS, FABULOUS PRIZE for our OVERJOYED ZineToon Comic Caption Contest WINNER!!!



Bonus Question: Add the missing VOWELS to complete this POWER VERSE [clue: Try "o"]  
 Acts 2:17: "And y-ur s-ns and y-ur daughters shall pr-phesy."