



armor in Heaven?
insignia engraved on
much like the armies
armor as a
armor is

this message from the Lord then
scribe the weapons some
e them.

plates of metal
world have worn. The
It's charged with energy! The
power of My Spirit.

Each warrior wears the
company as a statement of rank and
so that all who meet him or her
band he or she is from. It is
in recognition of their
of their training.

Each warrior
by strength
more
power

are in
warrior
much like the
Special Ops
in their training
seriously. Each one
know how to fight
through basic warrior
whom I am speak
and design

These d
training; they com
weapons of My S
angels and spirits.
limited to angels;
to enroll in the
training may. It
feel they need
to other
open to all

in He
the
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(speaking:) The spiritual
e physical, and it is diffi
ual beings and weapons

They must be
spirit, for ti

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FROM THE WORD TANK

(FZ: Answer in the next FZ edition.)

And for our next Guess-My-Title MO Letter feature ... there is a key person in relation with the two (closely related) Letters we have chosen to highlight in this issue, which were written 30 years ago. An odd character he is—burly and comical, yet a heroic figure of sorts. It might seem odd that we have associated dancing, dress, songs and even much of our Family heritage to this individual! I can easily think of countless songs that include this person's name, or simple ways we have enacted this person's way of life.

Numerous Letters tell of this animated soul, or highlight the influence we've grown accustomed to, perhaps none so detailed as these two Letters ... and to further add to the confusion (or perhaps provide a helpful hint for the studiously inclined), listed below is a treasure hunt of information. Search these five MO Letters and see if you can find the character on our hit list:

1. "Singapore Sailor" (ML #1262, Vol. 13)
2. "Lovelight" (ML #307, Vol. 3)
3. "The Spirit World" (ML #622, Vol. 5)
4. "Chinese Spirits" (ML #273, Vol. 2)



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DEAR ED

Answer to Bible Riddle (as published in Zine 36)

Sent in by Coral (21), Brazil. Answers in brackets.

When the trump of the 6th angel sounds

Out from below, from where we [four angels] are bound
(in the great river Euphrates)

Four of us [angels] lead two hundred million of ours
(horsemen)

To prey upon one-third [of men] for 23,725 hours [an hour, a day, a month and a year].

Our counterparts [horses] feast with their fronts and their
rears [their heads are as heads of lions, out of their mouths
issue fire and smoke and brimstone, and their tails are like
unto serpents, and have heads, and with them they do hurt!]

To the third part [of men] we are their worst fears!
(Rev.9:13-19)

Hats off to David Komic for his hilarious contributions to the Zine! They are really enjoyable, to the point, and get a lot of laughs!

--Ruby, Hungary



free zine, april 2000 CONTENTS

3

Introducing:

Adventure ... the African way

6

Cries

A Satanist's conversion
The monks, the skull-dancers ... and us!
Safely stored
The machete blade

9

Free Zine exclusive . . .

Family artist TAMAR tells it all

16

Scrawlathon

Final contributions!

18

Spooky stories

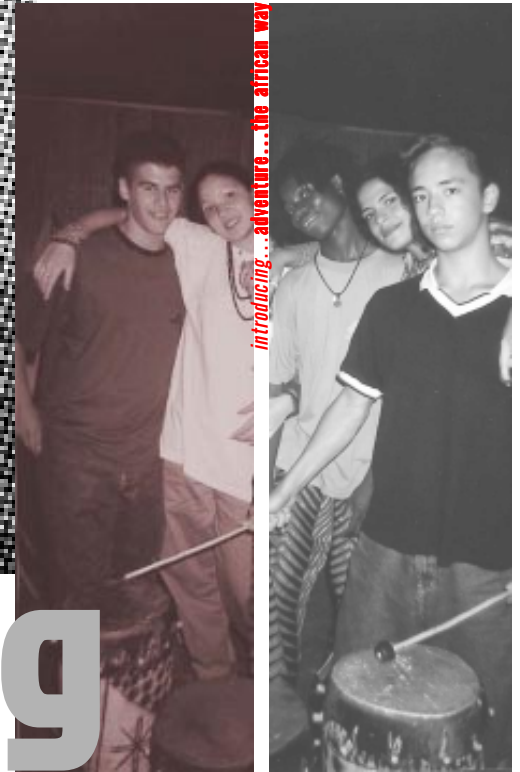
Freedom for the bound

20

Photo page



adventure ... the african way



By Eman (16), Mozambique

This is just a “little” story about a trip we made recently into the outback, jungle—whatever you want to call it. It was originally a letter but became an article for publishing when the topic of *Zine* contribution came up and someone decided that this letter was “just perfect.” Okay, from the beginning...

A church group we have been working with invited us to go with them to a small village located a ways from where we live. We prayed and agreed to go. So five of us—Sylvia (18), Nina (18), Anita (15), Simon (14) and I—went down to their church in search of a little African adventure.

We got down there and waited around for two hours while they got the last-minute details sorted out (and I thought we were the only disorganized people in the world). They read the camp rules, and we all prayed. Man, do these guys like to pray!—Long-winded is the word. It sure made me thankful for our short, direct prayers. Then we all piled into their van. Let me explain this van: It’s of normal size, except that we pack 20 or more full-grown people into it. It has four rows of seats and they just squished us all in!

We survived the trip to the docks, where we caught a ferry for a 15-minute ride to cross the harbor. Then we were back in the van, bouncing down the road. And when I say “bouncing,” I mean BOUNCING! The “road” was simply a *path* that grass stopped growing on because vehicles have driven over it so many times—just dirt and mud for miles. We drove for two hours down this dirt road, hardly seeing any other vehicles. You can just imagine how sore our bottoms were after climbin’ out of that experience. Definitely not something I’d care to repeat for some time, unless absolutely necessary!

By the time we got to the village it was getting dark. With our limited vision we saw a couple of wooden buildings surrounded by a lot of grass, and a few ducks running

around. We sat around for two hours while the team leaders decided where we would sleep that night. We found out later that we were supposed to sleep inside one of the buildings, but the owner had gone on a walkabout or something and left the buildings all locked up!

So after sitting around playing guitar and singing, this elderly guy came along and said he needed help to clean something or another. I decided cleaning was better than sitting around doing nothing, so I followed them over to this grass hut. When I say “grass hut,” I mean the *Hilton* ... NOT! I mean *grass hut*! The walls were made of straw, tied together and held in place by the large amount of mud that had been blown in-between the spaces of straw. The ceiling was a sheet of tin not more than 2 mm thick (or should I say thin?), which hung over a cemented floor.

We lit some candles and started sweeping out this hut, which is no more than 4 by 15 meters. I was wondering why I was in the middle of the jungle sweeping out some old man’s hut. Only then did the realization start sinking in that we were actually going to sleep inside this hut that had, until now, only existed for me on the *Discovery channel*! So we moved all our stuff in while the girls tried to get used to the idea of sleeping in a thatched mud house. Another factor was that we were going to be sharing this hut with another 25 people! The girls definitely weren’t thrilled with that idea, and were constantly saying, “We’re all going to sleep in the corner, and we’re going to hang on to you boys all night!” I think that’s when I started seeing the Romans 8:28 in the whole thing!



caption

cooking by
candle light



Breakfast was supposed to be at 8 o'clock but ended up being somewhere around 10, what with the charcoal stoves and all. We talked with the guys, sang songs and read verses until breakfast was ready. After a breakfast of spaghetti with tomatoes and green peppers, we had a two-and-a-half hour meeting with the villagers; from what I understood it was a discussion about AIDS.

After the morning meeting, we returned to the hut and talked with the guys from the Bible society. They have a little show—well, we'll get to that later—and they dress in these tribal pants and shirts, millions of beads and necklaces—all this stuff they make themselves. One of them, Lindo, is now coming over to the house almost every day to have classes. Even at the camp he was totally wrapped up with the idea of joining the Family. He plays these African bongo things—a percussionist, you could say. He's very good and had contracts to perform, but he canceled all his shows as soon as he got back and he's reading all the stuff you have to read before you can join.

When the girls got through fussing, the camp organizers decided dinner would be in order. By now it was 8:00 p.m. They pulled out their stoves, which required an actual fire built with charcoal. It took so long for even the water to warm up that nobody ended up eating till 12:30 that night! The girls helped prepare the food, and the only lighting they had was candles. After our meager meal of canned fish and bread with some warm milk (condensed milk poured into a cup with scalding water added and stirred), we all went to bed.

Thankfully the ground was cemented, but there was no bedding except a very thin piece of straw matting with a sheet for a cover. I had brought a sleeping bag which I laid open for three people to sleep on top of. So there we were in a semi-conscious state, with mosquitoes and other previously undiscovered insects buzzing around our ears.— And just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, it started raining! At first it was just a light sprinkle, but as it got heavier, the noise on our tin can roof grew as well. And as chance would have it, there was a hole in the roof directly above my forehead. I lay there dreaming about some ferocious jungle beast that was trying to tear our shack down, then suddenly I started dreaming of an overflowing Amazon River and Niagara Falls as well. When I finally came to and realized what was happening, I found I couldn't roll anywhere 'cuz I was shoulder-to-shoulder with two other people. I rolled onto my stomach only to feel the steady patter of raindrops on the back of my neck. Somehow we all mercifully survived the night and woke at 6 a.m. the next day.



caption

Anita and
Selah
cooking on
an open
fire

guided them in the wilderness like a flock
Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness
I am like a pelican of the wilderness so he led them through the depths, as through the wilderness
They wandered in the wilderness
Can God furnish a table in the wilderness

Back to my story: In the afternoon they did their show for the whole village. At least 80-100 people were crowded around this piece of cloth that was thrown on the floor to represent the stage. Their show is the story of a girl who has a rough time at home; a rich friend of hers gets her hooked up with some snobby guy, who ends up getting her pregnant and giving her AIDS. It's a sad story, but they act their parts well, which really adds to the effect. Then they did this tribal dance, jumping around every which way, super energetic with only the percussionist, Lindo, playing in the background. It's so cool the way they dance around with just these tribal pants on, guys with no shirts, and tons of beads and stuff hangin' all over themselves.

One funny thing was that the girls had to take a shower out in the open—well, it wasn't exactly in the open. There was this little hut made of thatch, but there was no roof, the walls were only seven feet high, and there were tons of spaces in the thatching so anyone could see right through. The little hut was right next to the only road in the village that everyone used. It must have been quite the experience, 'cuz the girls didn't stop talking about it for the next 48 hours!

We had another class that night in our candle-lit hut, where the pastor asked everyone what their goals in life were and why. We finally settled down at about 2 a.m., and there was semi-peace till about 4 a.m., when the girl sleeping next to me started screaming about a frog on her nose. She sat up suddenly and must have thrown the poor little frog clear across the room! Then this guy across the room started gagging and choking real loud, and the girl was like, "He swallowed it!"

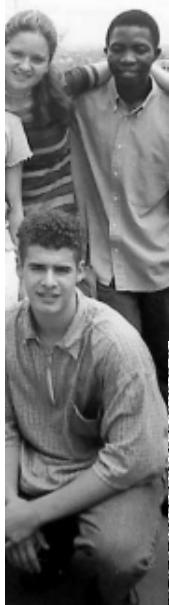
At 6 o'clock the reveille guy woke us up. I was later

told that I sat up and immediately fell back down into a deep slumber, all I know is that I woke up over two hours later when someone came in talking about breakfast. Afterwards, we all went to church! Yes, I can say that I have been to a Baptist church in the middle of the Mozambican jungle.

This church is a large grass hut. When we tried to find it we got lost driving down these footpaths. When we arrived the pastor and his wife greeted us warmly. They had about 60 kids sitting on straw mats on the dirt floor, and about 10 chairs for the remaining adult members of the congregation and us. They started singing songs, and man, they *all* sing—very loudly in fact—songs in Zulu, Shangana, and Ronga (all African tribal dialects). They asked us to sing for them, which we did, and they enjoyed it. It's quite cool to see these guys who live out in the middle of nowhere, yet they are so on-fire, singing and very inspired.

We started the trip home after lunch. It was a very cool experience and I'm very thankful to have been a participant. On the way home our van slid off the muddy dirt road, nearly flipping over and about an hour later we had a flat tire, but we made it safely home to recount this exciting tale, and hopefully many others in the future.

Raising financial support on this field is very difficult (as much as I want to say "impossible" I won't). So this is where you all come into the picture. Anything you can do to send support to our fledgling Home in Mozambique would be greatly appreciated. Every little thing you send in counts, as here, money actually goes quite far! We hope you enjoyed this and we will try and supply you with more "African Adventures" in the near future. Until then, keep us in your prayers and thoughts (especially around your Finance Meeting time, ha!). Bye!



caption

the girls
on our
team

It is better to dwell in the wilderness
The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness
They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him
who is this that cometh out of the wilderness
remain in the wilderness

A wooden gavel is shown at the top left, pouring a stream of water into a volcano. The water falls from the gavel's head, creating a large, turbulent waterfall that plunges into the crater of a dark, rocky volcano. The volcano is set against a bright blue sky. The background of the entire page is a light blue gradient.

CRIES IN THE WILDERNESS

A SATANIST'S CONVERSION

From German Daniella, Turkey

When we first came to Istanbul, Zac and I went to the Asian side for our first outreach effort. After meeting a few friendly people, we came to a music shop where there was this longhaired, wild-looking guy. He was quite sweet and invited us to sit down and explain our work. After a short time he stated that he was not interested in the material, as he was a Satanist. But he was very interested in what we had to say, saying that we were very different from other Christians he had met. We hadn't mentioned Christianity, but I guess he had sensed it.

While talking with him he asked, "What can I do for you?" I told him I needed a guitar to use in our CTPs. He then went to the back, got a guitar, put strings on it and gave it to me.

We had mixed feelings about him, being a Satanist and all, but we kept thinking of him and so we would pray for him. The next time I called him, he had been very, very sick. He helped us with different things, but it was difficult to talk with him, as sometimes he was quiet, and other times he would blatantly make fun of God, so much that we thought maybe it was a waste of time.

When praying about it, I got the story of John Todd when he tells of the priest who came and laid hands on him and prayed for him (See ML # 948, Vol. 8). I wasn't sure how to go about it, so the next time we went to see him I said, "You've been telling us how your life is so empty, even though you've had almost everything. Can I pray for you?" He agreed, so I laid hands on him and prayed against his evil spirits.

The next time I saw him, I asked if he wanted to pray himself. He received Jesus, and asked to be cleansed from anything that was not of the Lord. He said, "I don't hear those evil voices anymore! What do I do now?" I gave him a Bible, and he started reading it. He began to change—being more sweet to his girlfriend, more

helpful, and much calmer and peaceful. He even commented that his fears were disappearing. Just the other day he said, "I'm not the same anymore. I'm a completely different person!"

One time we went to his shop to minister to him and to pick up some things he was helping us with. He knew we didn't have much money to buy meat, so he said, "Oh, let me go buy some chicken for you." When he came back with the chicken, he told us, "Something incredible happened! I know exactly where I stand with my money situation. Today only one of my guitar students paid me, and that was all the money I had, here in this pocket. When I went to buy your chicken, I did some shopping, I paid for it, and I looked in my pocket, and there was the whole amount of what I just spent on you. I don't know where it came from! I haven't gone anywhere. Nobody has put any money in my pocket. It must be God Who gave it to me, because I'm helping you." Despite the bad economic situation here, his business has been going quite well. He has lots of students, and often comments that it's a real blessing.

Last week he was in a very bad mood for a few days, and he admitted, "It's because I didn't read my Bible. After a few days when my mood was real bad I was reading some silly comics, and suddenly a voice said, 'Read your Bible!' I started reading and a peace came over me. It was real clear in my mind. I had been so selfish. It's changing me. I'm gonna read the Bible every day from now on."

It's wonderful to see how somebody can change so much! If I had reasoned it out with my mind, I probably would've given up on him a long time ago, but thank the Lord for prophecy which gave us the faith and the instruction on how to help him. Please pray that he will get closer!

THE MONKS, THE SKULL-DANCERS ... AND US!

From Willing, Marc and Love, Taiwan

We had a great witnessing opportunity this month that actually started about four years ago, when the Taipei singing group performed at a Buddhist function. It was a big deal with government officials, TV cameras and thousands of people attending.

Three weeks ago, our Home received a call from this Buddhist organization, asking us to attend their function again. The trouble was that the kids in our former group had all gone to other places, and we didn't have a singing group of such high caliber. Despite our attempts at telling them we weren't professional, they wouldn't be dissuaded. The thing is, our kids are *really* not professional—most of them are boys who don't like being in a singing group. They do it at Christmas for the old folks and sick people, but neither the kids nor us ever pictured them on a big stage.

So, this is the scene: (So typically "Family"!) We had less than two weeks to prepare for the show, and I won't even bother telling you how busy we were with other things at the time. The

mummies put together four Chinese songs, choreographed them, taught the kids the words in Chinese (they sang along with the tape), and provisioned eleven costumes so each of the kids were dressed in the native costume of a different country. (All the kids were already prepared with the varied complexions needed, ha!). Well, practice, practice, practice it was!

As we were driving to the stadium where the show was to be held, we noticed signs saying that it was a Buddhist prayer meeting of sorts. Wow, were we ever going to break the spirit! They had decorated the sports stadium like a temple. There was a huge, golden statue of Buddha, incense burning, some people were bowing and chanting; but it also had a concert-type atmosphere. People were very sweet and excited to see us.

The show before us were some monks from Tibet, two of them apparently world-class chanters. When they finished, a couple Tibetan monks started blowing these long horns. They had three dancers with skulls on their hats do a slow, circular dance. It was all pretty dark, and it sure didn't move anyone; the audience watched quietly, mainly unimpressed.

When our file of cute little kids came on stage, a shot of the Spirit entered the crowd. As they performed, everyone was watching with faces full of joy. They finished with none other than "Jesus Come

into My Heart." It was great to see some of the most devout Buddhists in the country singing along. Even the Lama himself was rocking to the music with a big smile. After the songs the Lama called the kids to come take some photos with him. As they gathered around him, he smiled, looked at the cameras and said loudly, "Hallelujah!"

It was such a witnessing opportunity! "A light in the midst of gross darkness."

(Jesus speaking:) I can shine My light through you in any situation! Take care, though, when venturing into the strongholds of darkness, to ensure that this is My perfect will for you. I give you, My children, boldness to enter where angels fear to tread, and I would that you do not fear to stand up and proclaim My truth, even when surrounded by those who do not believe and who you would think might reject your message and not welcome My Spirit in you. Yet I would also that you walk in wisdom and seek Me in each case. I will show you when to stand up and be counted, and when to lie low and wait for a better open door. *(End of message.)*

CRIES IN THE WILDERNESS

SAFELY STORED

From Eman Albanian (20), Albania

Mira, one of our outside witnesses, works in a shop; although she loves witnessing, her boss only lets her distribute tracts. One day she gave a tract to a young boy, and was surprised to see him come back the next day holding the tract. The boy had thought that the tract was only lent to him and he was supposed to return it! So Mira told him, "It's okay, you can keep the tract. I have other ones to distribute. You can read it whenever you are faced with times of trials!"

"Thank you!" replied the boy. "But I don't need it anymore; I memorized it last night, and now I'm going to tell all my friends about it!"

THE MACHETE BLADE

From SGA Rejoice (of John M.), Thailand

Last Family Day we went with our three-year-old daughter, Suzy, to the office of one of our friends, the manager of a large amusement park who lets us take our kids on free rides. When he saw me, he came running over to the door, saying how happy he was to see me. He was noticeably shaking and sweating. Right away he told me what had happened.

About two hours earlier he was

alone in the bathroom, when a guy came in, desperate for money, holding a huge machete-style knife. The thief verbally threatened our friend's life three times. Our friend had no money on him, so he told the robber that. There was no one around to help him or anything, because the guy had locked the door. He was on the ground, at the guy's feet, begging for his life, and finally managed to talk the thief into giving him ten minutes to get the money and bring it back to him. In the meantime he was able to call the police and security.

He was shaking while he was telling me about the incident. I told him about God's protection and our prayers for him, and that it was definitely because of God's protection that his life was spared. He then called me in to talk to his staff about God's protection, and why he's still alive. About 20 of his staff members were there and they had just seen the singing team on TV, so they knew who The Family was.

This was a good reminder not to get too complacent, even while out in populated places. We were so thankful for this opportunity to be able to witness to these people about God's protection and His answers to prayer! ■



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INTERVIEW WITH

Tamar

Q QUESTION: How long have you been doing art? Is it something you were interested in before joining the Family? Or rather something you developed since?

A ANSWER: I've been drawing since I was quite young, and recall really getting into it as far back as when I was five years old when I got my first set of super-duper coloring pencils. From there I pursued art all through high school, and was actually doing a graphic design course when I joined the Family. However, I've learned more from other artists in the Family as far as developing my talent than I ever did through taking that course.

Q QUESTION: Has art been your main ministry in the Family?

A ANSWER: Well, for the most part I would say it hasn't. I joined the Family in '76 when I was 17, happily forsaking my art to be a disciple, and then for quite a few years I was a litnesser, witnesser, FFer and mother to my daughter. It was only when Dad sent out the call for artists to illustrate the *True Comics* that I started doing art in the Family. Then in '84, while on the mission field, I was invited to help the other artists illustrating *Life with Grandpa*, and ended up staying behind the scenes. Since then I've always been involved with the publications side of things, whether it be doing layout or whatever, and also during my 1½ years spent at the GPU I was able to work on the computer colorization of the GP booklets *Trudge and Zippy* and the *Praisin' U* series, which was a lot of fun for me. But I've only recently started to do art again, just a little over a year ago.

Q QUESTION: Can you tell us a little bit about yourself?

A ANSWER: Oh my, this is a toughie! You know how it is, you often tend to see yourself so differently from how others see you. So, maybe I should have someone here answer that question for you, one of the SGA girls:

"There's so much to love and like about Tamar, but I'll keep this short by mentioning a couple of the things that stand out the most to me. Physically speaking, I'd say that she's very beautiful—and if you asked the guys they'd probably say she's sexy! She's a new bottle and young at heart. She has many of the qualities of a good friend—she's easy to talk to (also honest and isn't afraid to tell you what she thinks and feels), likes to listen, enjoys having a



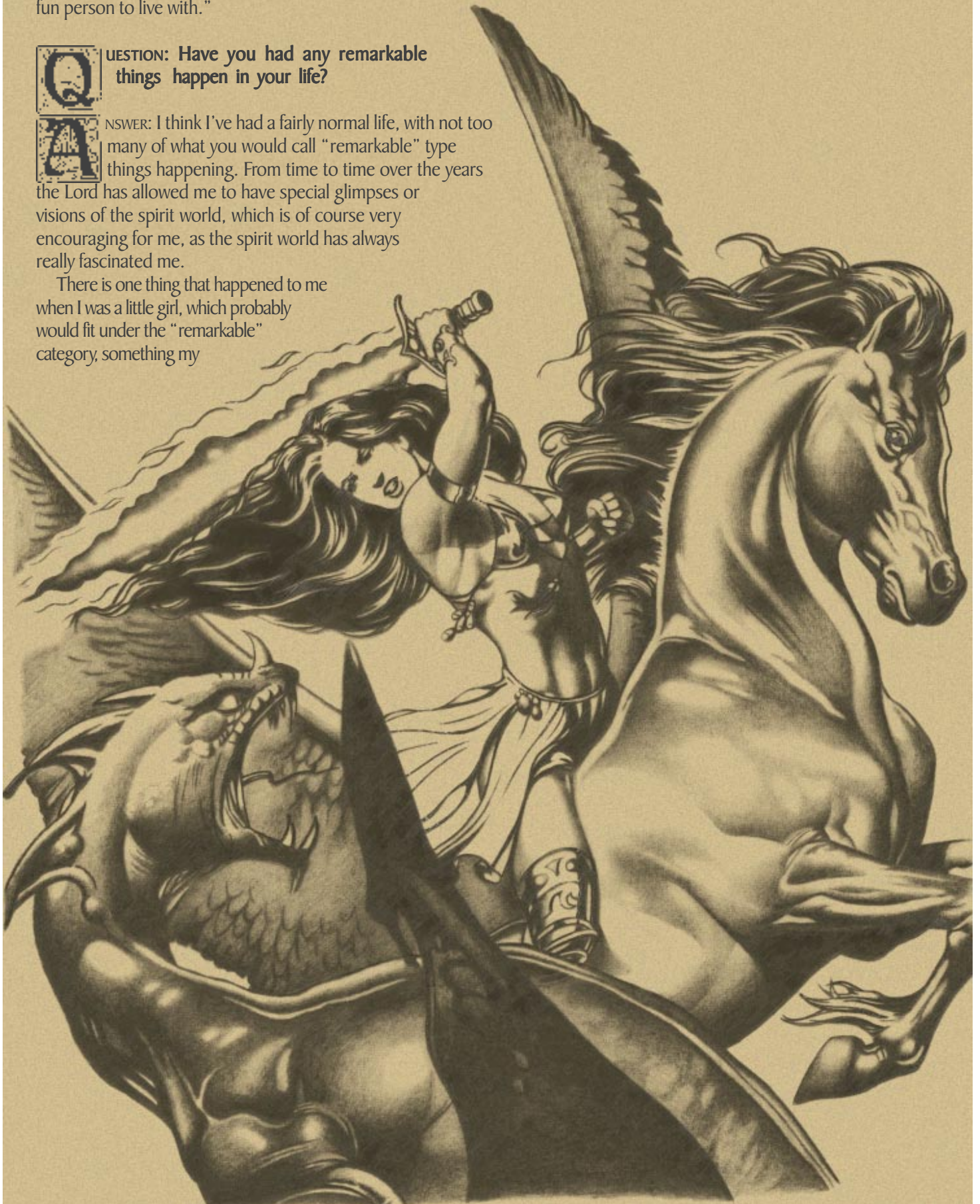
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good time, and knows how to have fun. She works hard and puts in the hours when it's time to work, but she's not afraid to let her hair down and enjoy herself, which makes her a very fun person to live with."

Q **UESTION:** Have you had any remarkable things happen in your life?

A **NSWER:** I think I've had a fairly normal life, with not too many of what you would call "remarkable" type things happening. From time to time over the years the Lord has allowed me to have special glimpses or visions of the spirit world, which is of course very encouraging for me, as the spirit world has always really fascinated me.

There is one thing that happened to me when I was a little girl, which probably would fit under the "remarkable" category, something my



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relatives have coined “the duck pond episode.” Lord help me as I relay this story, as it is quite “unexplainable,” and it might not make sense in the beginning till you realize what obviously happened in the spirit.

I grew up on a farm, and I was five years old at the time of this incident; my younger sister was about 2½ years old. The sequence of events is that I was down at the back of the farm with my father and younger sister. He left us by the duck pond, while he went up into a nearby paddock to tend to the sheep. He instructed my younger sister not to go near the marshy pond’s edge, but to stay put. The pond had no bank, you could simply walk into its marshy borders, then out into its deep waters.

I remember standing there with my sister and she started moving toward the pond and out into its waters. I remember trying to stop her, but I couldn’t seem to move for some reason, my arms and legs seemed frozen. All I could do was watch in horror as she walked quietly out into the water, till all you could see was her little red hat bobbing above the water! Still to this day I remember how frightened I was, but all of a sudden I managed by some miracle to let out a scream, calling out to my father as loud as I could to get his attention.

Thankfully my father heard me, because he turned around and ran as fast as he could down to the pond. I’d never seen my father run so fast before, leaping over fences till he reached the pond and dived in. Thank God he was able to get her out of the water, but just in the nick of time, as she was nearly gone.

The next thing I remember is that we were gathered in the living room talking to my parents, and my father was telling us all that had happened. He started relaying the events and I piped in as well, filling my mother in on what happened next and so forth. It was then that my mother and father just looked at each other in bewilderment, and my father asked me why I was saying all this when at the time it was happening I was at home fast asleep taking a nap!

I kept insisting, “No, Daddy, I was there!” and he kept telling me to stop telling fibs, that it was impossible. Then, bit by bit I started relaying details that I couldn’t possibly have known otherwise and finally ended by asking him if he remembered me calling out to him for help.

I remember my father’s face slowly turning pale, and he just stared dumbfounded at my mother and said that he *did* hear a child’s voice calling out to him for help, and that’s what made him turn around and see what was happening. I remember everyone was just very quiet after that and no one said anything, as it was one of those “unexplainable” things.

Now of course, I know what happened: The Lord allowed me to take a spirit trip while I was sleeping in order to be there to help my little sister in her time of need. That was pretty remarkable and showed me that really anything is possible in the world of the spirit, even that which seems “impossible” in the natural.

Q **UESTION:** Have you ever had anything spiritual happen with your art?

A **NSWER:** This is a fun one to answer, because yes, I’ve had some really spiritual experiences happen over the last year with my art!—The sort of things that give you goose bumps all over!

First of all, before I start, I have to give credit where credit is due, and that is that I didn’t really start feeling or becoming aware of my art spirit helpers until I started working with pencil, as opposed to brush and line work. But the only reason I started working with pencil is due to the bleats of one of the SGA girls here. It was due to her (and then others’)



persistent pleas for me to draw some pictures in pencil that finally persuaded me to do so, God bless her!

Prior to this, I was pretty much of the mindset (not a good one): “Well, I know I can’t use pencil, because I’ve never tried it before.” So, lo and behold, I was truly amazed that I could actually use pencil and the pictures were coming out better than my previous line work! I felt that I’d found my “medium” so to speak, at least for the time being, as the Lord leads. And not only did it seem to be my medium in the physical sense, but it seemed to be a spiritual medium in a way also, because it was at that point that my physical senses became more aware of spiritual help in different little ways (which was also confirmed by prophecy) and I felt more of the Lord’s anointing being upon my work.

Also, it was at this particular time in my life that I took some pretty big steps of yieldedness, forsaking things in my heart and life which were holding me back from being and doing all that the Lord wanted me to. I know that yielding and surrendering and forsaking also opened a window within my spirit and heart for more of Jesus and consequently more of His anointing upon my artwork.

Anyway, back to my story: My first “spiritual experience” with my art was when I was doing the cover for the Cathar GN. I was drawing the

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Cathar girl at the top of the picture, and using some reference to help me in the drawing of her hair. I was working away, when very clearly I heard a girl's voice say, "Let go, let go, don't use the reference." I thought to myself, "Mmmm, that's funny," and silly me, I just continued using the reference. Again I heard this same voice, "Let go, Tamar, let go. Don't use the reference." It was at this point I literally got goose bumps all over, it was as if I could feel her leaning over my shoulder directing me. So I proceeded to draw the hair without using the reference, and it was as if someone else was working through my fingers. It's difficult to describe, but it was like I was in a detached sense almost watching my own hand draw, but I wasn't controlling my hand. I was simply "letting go" and watching it draw. (I had the same thing happen recently when drawing the cover for the Feast "Consecration Ceremony" GN. I was shading the boys' jeans, and for about 30 seconds, I had that same amazing experience of losing control of my hand.)

So anyway, the Cathar GN went out to the Family, and it must have been a couple of weeks later that someone here (unbeknownst to me) noticed something peculiar about the girl at the top of the picture: She had six fingers on one of her hands instead of five! When it was first discovered, it wasn't brought to my attention. I think people were wondering *how* to tell me, ha! I was oblivious to this "mistake."

However, during this time, someone who knew about the six fingers

received some amazing messages from the Lord about it early one morning. I'll include excerpts below of these messages:

(Jesus speaking:) It may seem at first that the woman with the extra finger was a simple blunder. But I say that I allowed this to happen for a specific purpose. The most important is that this was the characteristic of one of those who delivered the message to you. Of course, there was no physical way to know that and I chose not to reveal this earlier through the initial prophecy of direction about this picture. This was a work of My Spirit.

When I gathered this dear Cathar spirit helper into My arms many years ago, she was given the choice to have a normal five-finger hand or to keep the six fingers, which on Earth was considered a deformity. Her decision was to keep the extra finger, because it was a reminder to her of what I had brought her through while on Earth. This extra finger is not considered a deformity at all in My Heavenly kingdom, because it is part of the beautiful person I made her.

It is My desire to show My dear Tamar that her hands are indeed guided by the spirit world. Sometimes she senses it, but most of the time it happens unbeknownst to her. My spirit helpers not only put ideas and pictures into her mind, but also sometimes actually physically move her hands. She certainly did not put the extra finger there on purpose, and it is unlikely that she would make such a mistake. However, I allowed this peculiar feature to be drawn both to humble her and in order to show her and everyone else that it is not you that speak, write, create, draw, cook, clean, teach, but My Spirit that does all of these things through you.

If she had consciously received in the Spirit that this spirit helper had six fingers, then she may have given credit to her own channel and talent. But I chose to move her hands in the spirit and literally draw for her, causing her to lose control and put that extra finger on. I know that this will be humbling for her, but this humbling process is part of My will for her.

* * *

(Jesus speaking:) I haven't failed you, even in this picture, even in this hand with the six



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fingers—this is not the “mistake” that you think it is. I’ve used this to show you something that you didn’t know. Your spirit helpers are working very closely with you, very very closely, so much so that sometimes you’ve felt their presence, their anointing. This is partly what happened at the time of drawing this picture. Your spirit helper was working so closely with you, that you even felt her hand upon your hand, to the point that you even drew part of her hand—thus the sixth finger.

This is one of My Cathar spirit helpers who now helps you from the spirit world. You’ve drawn her spirit, her beauty, and she is truly beautiful, isn’t she?

She was not perfect in body, but she is perfect in spirit, in love and faith. She will help you to portray the weakness that manifests the beauty of My Spirit. I allowed it to encourage you with your new spirit helper, to encourage you that even though this looks like a mistake, it’s going to bear good fruit in your life and in your art work. She will help you and anoint you with the simplicity of My Spirit, the beauty of weakness. (End of excerpts of messages from Jesus.)

So thank You Jesus, because of that experience and the messages received, the Cathar GN has a very special place in my heart. I know the Lord also used it to encourage me and give me an extra boost of faith that He and His helpers are going to do it through me, even though I often feel like I just don’t have the capability or talent myself.

Q **UESTION:** Do you have a specific spirit helper who helps you with art?

A **NSWER:** Well, I probably have a few I don’t know about yet, but apart from Elena, my Cathar spirit helper mentioned above, I also have another young female spirit helper called “Ink Courage.” As well as being an artist herself, her particular mission with me is as an encourager, hence her name. Also, someone received a message for me a while back from my personal heavenly tutor, Lucidian. He said that in the Heavenlies each gift or talent that is given to man, whether it is music or art or dance or writing, has an angel who is over that particular talent or gift. Lucidian is over the gift of art and beauty and illustrating, and he has been assigned to guide my hand and thoughts as I work. I must say it’s quite awesome to think that I have spirit helpers like Lucidian and Elena, but that’s where faith comes in, and I definitely know and can actually feel at times that I have spirit helpers working through me, because in the natural I know that my talent is small and relatively undeveloped. I think that’s why the Lord has compensated for that by giving me quite a few helpers in the spirit.

Q **UESTION:** How does it normally work for you when you get a new GN to do art for? Do you read it first? Pray? Or do you normally get suggestions about what should be drawn?

A **NSWER:** When I first started doing GN art about a year ago, I didn’t really need to read the GN first, because someone else would usually pray and hear from the Lord on the art. Then I would simply follow through on the Lord’s instructions. Just illustrating the GN was all very new to me, so I was very thankful that I didn’t have the added responsibility of also praying and hearing from the Lord on exactly what the picture should be and all the details. Of course, Mama is the one who approves the art idea, but still, even to pray and receive the ideas from the Lord is quite an awesome responsibility.

At the time I know I wasn’t quite ready for this responsibility, but the Lord slowly eased me into it, and after awhile I was asked if I’d



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like to try to hear from the Lord on the idea for the art, so I began first reading the GNs, then praying about the art idea. Sometimes someone else will hear from the Lord for the GN art idea, but for the most part nowadays I hear from the Lord regarding the art ideas. I must admit, this new step was pretty daunting for me at first, but our wonderful Husband is always so faithful, and as I stepped out by faith and asked Him for the specifics of the picture, He never failed me.

Of course, praying about the art idea is just the first step. I then send the prophecy and idea around to my co-workers for their approval, in case they have any further questions or clarifications on the picture that they feel we should ask the Lord about. Then it is submitted for Mama's approval, after which I take it from there, continuing to ask the Lord on any details needed as I go. It's been a wonderful learning experience for me, because even though it's been hard on my pride and sensitivity at times, and hard on my

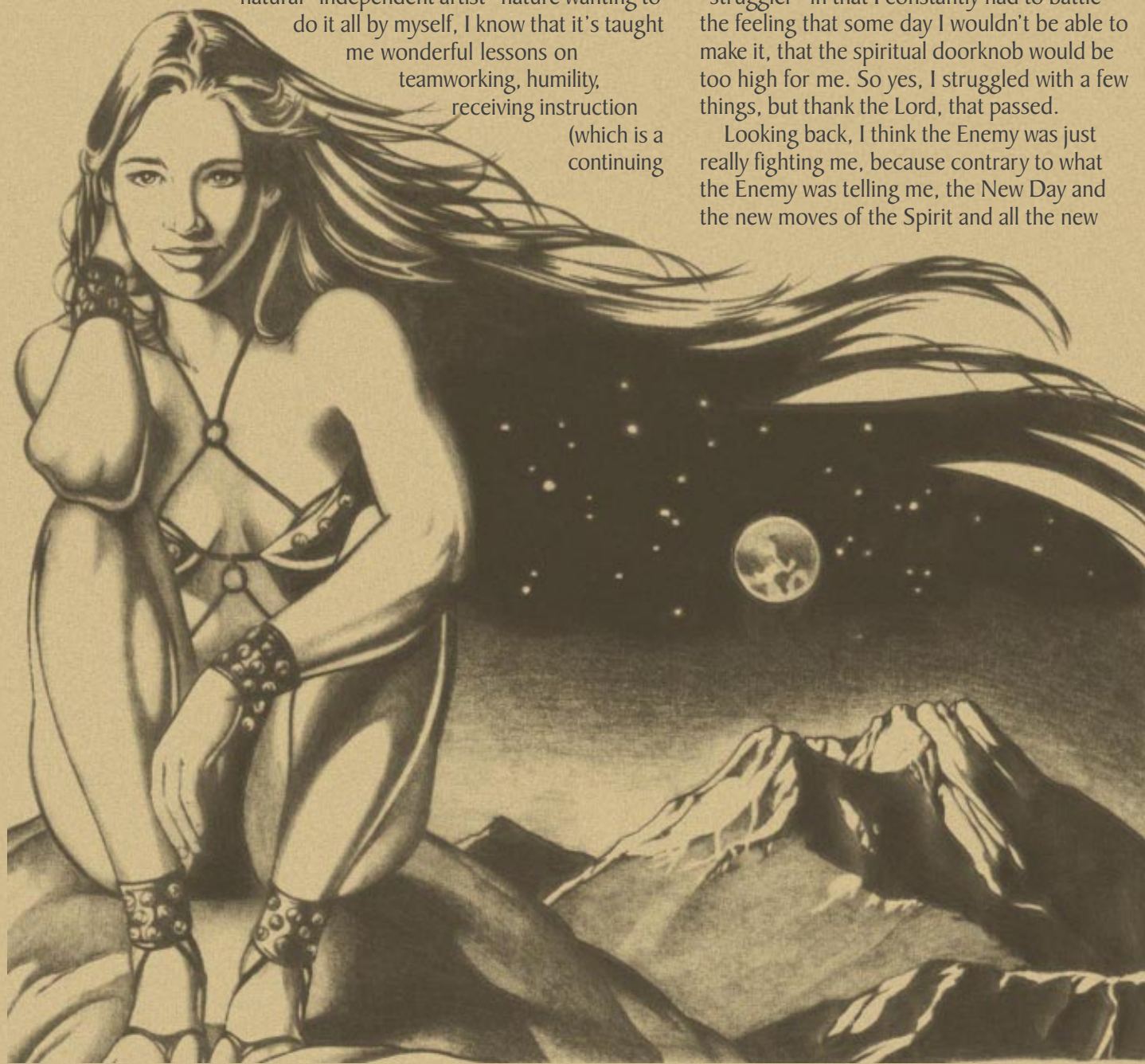
natural "independent artist" nature wanting to do it all by myself, I know that it's taught me wonderful lessons on teamworking, humility, receiving instruction (which is a continuing

process by the Lord's grace!), and great dependence on the Lord and others. I know, and can testify beyond a shadow of a doubt, that all the credit goes to the Lord and my wonderful teammates (here and in the spirit world!) for each and every GN picture.—It's a real teamwork effort.

Q **UESTION:** In your personal life do you find it easy to flow with the new moves and all the New Wine that is coming out? How does it affect you?

A **NSWER:** At the very beginning of the New Day and new moves of the Spirit, to be honest I was a "struggler" in that I constantly had to battle the feeling that some day I wouldn't be able to make it, that the spiritual doorknob would be too high for me. So yes, I struggled with a few things, but thank the Lord, that passed.

Looking back, I think the Enemy was just really fighting me, because contrary to what the Enemy was telling me, the New Day and the new moves of the Spirit and all the new



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weapons have actually been my salvation spiritually. My relationship with the Lord has skyrocketed as far as intimacy, deepness, and having that solid assurance deep inside of His unconditional and abiding love for me. So apart from that initial struggle and accompanying fears and worries, yes, I've found it easy to flow with the new moves of the Spirit. With each new move, each new weapon Jesus gives us, I've found it has helped me fall more deeply in love with Him, and with it has come a desire to know and love Him more and more. I know that this is just a work of His grace.

On my desk is a little picture I've kept with me for about five years now. I keep it, because Jesus told me a few years ago that this is a picture of Him and me. It's a picture of a mountain stream lined with big rocks on both sides, and Jesus is there alongside a young girl, His hand outstretched to her below Him, holding on to her tightly, pulling her up and over the rocks. I feel very much like that young girl, and that I make it over the hurdles and rocks only by His grace and His outstretched hand, which is always there for me, if only I continue to reach up by faith to receive His unfailing help and don't give up.

Q **UESTION: Do you have the gift of prophecy? Do you use it in your work?**

A **NSWER:** Yes, I have the gift of prophecy, and it's a very important part of my work on the GN art. The Lord continually reminds me that He wants me to seek Him on each step of the GN art and every detail of the picture. At times my flesh and pride fight against this, and I'd have to be honest and say that it's required a concentrated disciplining of myself to really do this: to ask Him step by step on every detail of the art. I would say by nature I'm quite lazy spiritually, so this was a revolution in my life, but I know the Lord has really blessed this acknowledging and seeking Him for each picture, rather than just going along on my merry way leaning to my own natural artistic leadings, as I have done in the past.

Of course, in the past, I would always pray and ask the Lord to help me before I started my artwork, but it's been a real awakening for me over the past year or so to see just how much the Lord loves, and in fact desires, to get involved with every picture and its details, because then the picture can be all that He wants it to be and portray His wonderful Words and message the way He knows best, and the Lord can get the most mileage possible out of each picture.

I'm reminded of a beautiful birthday prophecy someone received for me last year and the Lord told me that He wanted each GN picture to be like "a visual prophecy, My whispers made manifest, My virtual reality." That is my prayer and deepest heart's desire, that I can capture His Words, His Light, and His Spirit through each picture. But I know that I can only do that through desperately claiming His anointing and help, and continually, step by step seeking Him through prophecy for each picture, whether that be through asking the Lord myself, or having one of my co-workers ask the Lord for the details needed.

Q **UESTION: Do you have any tips or pointers you'd give to budding artists? Anything you can think of that might help them in their learning stage?**

A **NSWER:** Wow, another toughie. I don't quite know what to say because I have so much to learn myself and don't feel I have very much to offer people in the way of technical advice or tips. Even though I've been around for awhile, I don't consider myself one of the Family "greats" as far as artists go.

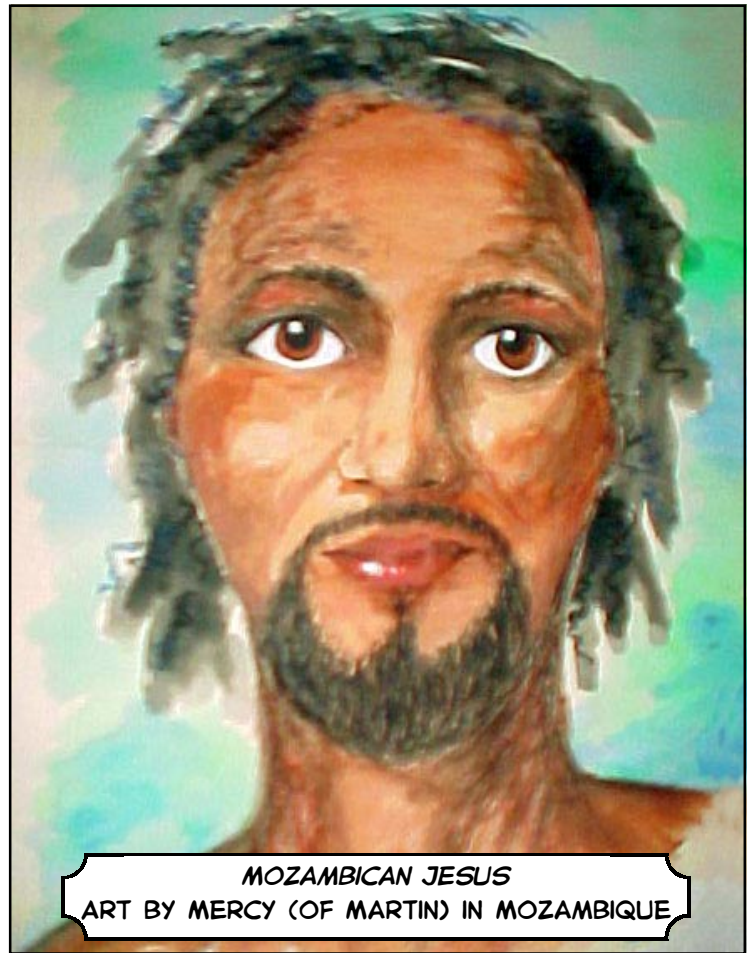
I look at the work of Eman, Philippe La Plume, Zeb, Laban, Jeremy, Jacques Elan (and you too, dear David Komic!) and I often get hit with comparing and feeling like I have such a long, long ways to go. These boys are the ones who have a lot to offer others in the way of tips and pointers and real technical know-how and expertise, and their work is a constant testament to that. (Dear Willing [Philippe]: I wanted to take this opportunity to tell you that I love you, and thank God for all the time and patience you invested in me way back in India when we worked together on the DM project. I'm forever indebted to you!)

But I know that aside from the Lord rekindling within me a very deep desire to draw for Him, like Dad said, "it's the Spirit, it's the Spirit, it's the Spirit wild and free! ... Thru' the Spirit, thru' the Spirit I can see the Other Side"; and that, more than anything, is what I really pray each one of our budding Family artists can strive for: to really suck and pull down the Lord's Spirit into their art. That's what makes a picture come to life and move people. Otherwise, even if a picture is technically good, it's just a pretty picture and lines on a page without the Lord's Spirit.

So, dear budding artists and artists-to-be: Love Jesus, our wonderful Husband and Lover with a passion!—With all of your heart, soul, mind and body! Draw close to Him, so that He can draw close to you and His Spirit can flow out through your fingers onto paper!



ART BY JONATHAN &
SIMON, BOSNIA



MOZAMBICAN JESUS
ART BY MERCY (OF MARTIN) IN MOZAMBIQUE

ART BY JOHN W.,
SLOVAKIA



Final
Jesus
Screw!athon

Spooky STORIES

ACCEPT JESUS AND
YOU WILL BE ...



Art by Eyve

FREEDOM FOR THE BOUND

From John and Mary, Sweden
(FZ: Names have been changed in the story.)

I met Stoen last summer while out witnessing, and he asked me how to get rid of evil spirits. Since 1991, Stoen's sister, Anna, had lived with her husband and five-year-old son in an old rectory. The rectory was apparently haunted by eight ghosts, who they believed were not allowed to be buried in the church cemetery between 1790-1850. These spirits were bitter, angry and hateful, and had tried to scare Anna and her family away from the house numerous times.

The spirits had attacked Anna, who was not saved yet. She has the gift of being able to see angels and lost souls. When her son had been born premature and was quite sick, every time he was critically ill, Anna could see angels around his bed.

So Stoen told me, "If you can help my sister with this, I'll be the first to ask Jesus into my heart." I told him that I was sure Jesus would clean the house.

So I called Anna, and explained to her about



receiving Jesus into her heart. She eagerly prayed on the phone and said it felt so good. She was so positive and sweet!

Three weeks later I called to tell her that I would be coming up to visit her, and to pray that Jesus would deliver those eight souls from their earthly prison. Anna said that after she had prayed with me things seemed to be much warmer and calmer in the house.

I had only done this once before in India, when an evil spirit had tried to scare us out of our Home in Madras. So I prayed desperately and read different Letters on evil spirits and exorcism before setting off.

When I got to the house I sat down with Anna to pray for Jesus to unite us for this spiritual warfare, but she wanted Stoen to be in the room, as well as an old friend of his, André. André was a skeptic when it came to anything about churches, God and Christianity, but he was interested to see from a scientific viewpoint what was about to take place.

André asked me if he could use his very sensitive tape recorder to record the sounds in the spirit world, or something like that. I told him this was no magic,

entertainment or scientific experiment, because I have no powers of my own; Jesus was going to use His power to deliver these eight souls to their Heavenly Home or bind those who reject Him to their graves until God's Great White Throne judgment.

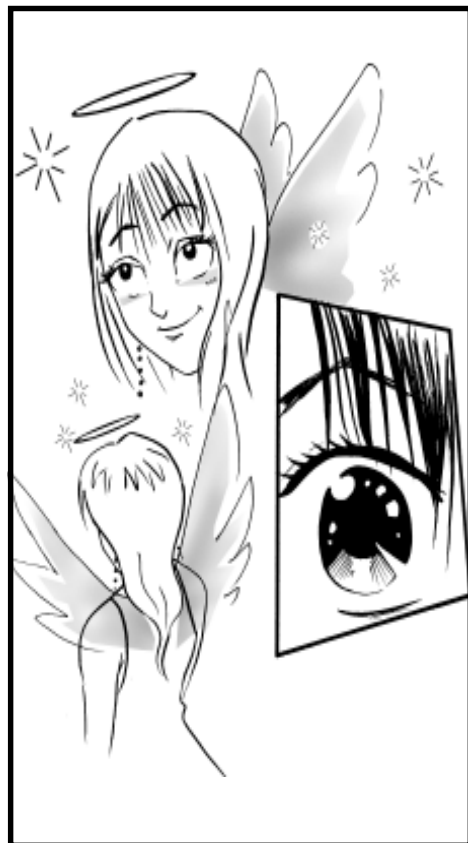
I began telling the spirits that I didn't know what they had suffered while on Earth, but that we "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and if they wanted to leave this earthly imprisonment by receiving Jesus as their Savior, they could go to a brighter, warmer, more loving place forever. I also told them that those who chose not to be delivered through Jesus' love and mercy would have to be bound in their graves till the Day of Judgment.

So I started to pray the Salvation prayer, and both Stoen and André prayed with me. Anna said she sensed that two of the lost souls received Jesus immediately, and three of them hesitated, but then received Him as well. The other three did not want to pray, so like little rebellious children they left the room while I prayed for Jesus to sanctify the room and fill it with His love, light and warmth.

An interesting thing here was that Stoen said that normally a person has an aura of one meter, but they said that whenever I started to praise the Lord, my aura grew to five or six meters! Praise the Lord for His secret weapons!

These three rejecting rebellious spirits had not been able to come close to me; Anna said they had run around in a panic. Finally we went around the house and prayed over each room, and prayed that the last three lost spirits would be sent to their graves.

The next day, Stoen took me to his house that is built



on an island. Apparently this island was a place where children had been taken to die during the 15th century, as they were stricken with a deadly plague. Stoen hadn't known this when he built his house. He had seven spirits living in his house, one of whom was an old friend of Stoen's, a friendly lady who wasn't saved. Stoen did not want her to leave the house so I told him that if she would receive Jesus, he would not lose her.

I began praying in the kitchen, and when I left there and went into the living room, it was very cold. Maybe these three rejecting spirits were more evil than the three in Anna's house. The other four, however, received Jesus and we prayed over the different parts of the house.

When I came back the next day Stoen was busy cleaning his garage, and told me that his three cats had been defecating all over the place, which was abnormal for them. The Lord showed me that we had forgotten to pray over his garage, and so the cats had messed the place up. So I prayed a cleansing prayer in his garage.

After we had been praying inside Stoen's house, I asked him to go outside and pray around the house and also find out if there were any spirits still there. He did not think so, but Anna had told him that the sounds he sometimes heard were from children inside his house. We found that there had been nineteen children between six and fourteen whose spirits had been bound on this island since the 15th century. I talked to them and they all prayed to receive Jesus.

Stoen and André needed to know that there are many spirits saved and unsaved, but the most powerful spirit is God's Spirit, the Spirit of Love Who is all-powerful and rules all other spirits. ■

Marie
and
John,
Japan



L2R: Paula (17), Ivy (16), and Mia (16), fundraising to get to the field.

—Texas



Our Teen crew a few months back :



Left to right, top to bottom:
Lizzy (17)/Peter (15), Anna (14)/
Johnny (16), Rosie (15)/John SGA,
Elaina (13)/Nicky (16), Sammy (13)/
Mike (14)

Chennai,
India

Philly and Miguel

(No location given.)

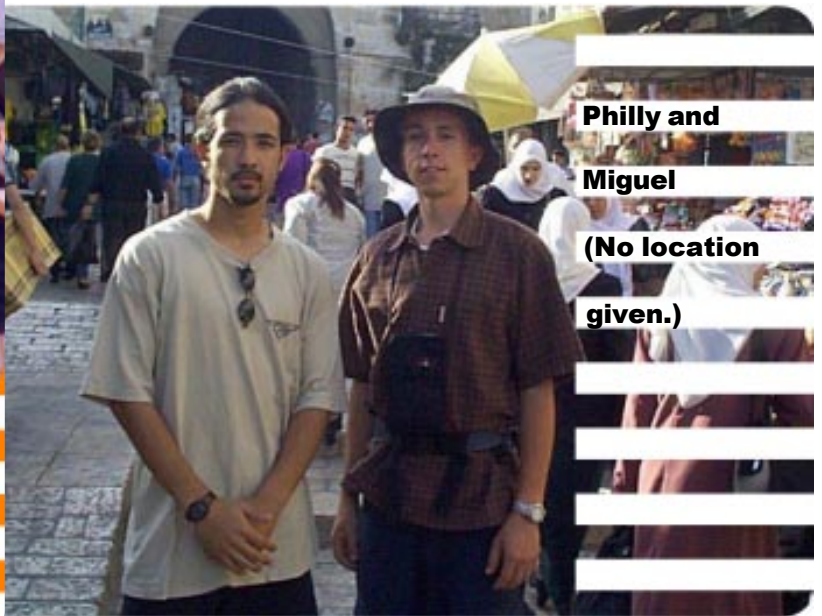


PHOTO PAGE

Hanging on for dear life! —Grand Canyon, Arizona, July '98



LtoR:Tim E. (14), Nina (16), Joan (17), Linda (16)