



Recommended age: 16+ (see back page)

MEMORIES OF A MORAVIAN

Good evening, dear ones. My name is Brinka and I lived in the land of Moravia in the mid-1800s. I always loved the evenings, when the stars would come out and shine down their comfort on me, so I often create that impression around my house up Here. The soft light relaxes me, and it is at times like these that I often commune with the Lord. He speaks to me of things He wishes me to learn and do, and we laugh and talk and fellowship.

This evening, however, it's just you and me. I'm sitting in my living room, reclining in a deep sofa. My ceiling is special; there is a large opening above the circle of sofas, through which magical stars shine their soft light. During these evenings everything in my special room is colored in soft shades of blue, pink and gray. There isn't a lot of light, so the starlight doesn't have much competition. Mood music fills the air at this time, although if you

heard it you might not call it music, for it consists of what seems like a single note, softly breaking the silence like the tender hum of a mother soothing her babe to sleep, or a chorus of angels whose voices are blending in perfect unity. This sound is barely audible. It merely serves to embrace the atmosphere around me, like a gentle

cloak, containing the wonderful ambience that I so love when I am alone.

I do not often sit and reminisce about my Earthlife any more; it was so long ago. I have been so many places, learned so many languages, and had so many more loves since then. However, the things I learned on Earth, and the experiences I had did affect me, and those things I experienced on Earth were

put to good use in this life. It's like when our precious Lord was made flesh and dwelt among us on Earth that He might better understand and plead for us in the Royal Courts of Heaven. Even so, when we finish our lives on Earth, many of us are privileged to join Him in the Royal Courts, pleading the cause of human flesh on Earth.

I do not often sit and reminisce about my Earthlife any more.

This has been my delight and honor.

But you want to hear my story. Very well. My father was a watchmaker, and our lives centered around his trade in Brno. Life was simple. We worked hard, but family ties were strong and we were content. Our little country was beautiful. There were strong social ties and we were proud of our land. When the revolution of 1848 took place, I

Moravia: historic region of the Czech Republic, between Bohemia and Slovakia. Settled by the Moravians, a Slavic people, at the end of the 6th century AD, it later became a tributary to Charlemagne's Frankish Empire, but was united with Bohemia and Slovakia under Svatopluk (reigned 870-94), during whose reign Christianity triumphed. After a defeat by the Magyars in 906, Moravia was contested by neighboring kingdoms. From the 11th century it was attached to Bohemia and passed with it under Habsburg rule in 1526. A separate crown land of Austria after the revolution of 1848, it became part of Czechoslovakia when that country was formed in 1918. In January 1993, Czechoslovakia was dissolved and Slovakia and the Czech Republic emerged as independent nations. Moravia's principal city is Brno (*Microsoft Encarta 98 Encyclopedia*).

was 24 years old and engaged to a handsome young man named Franz, who had been my father's apprentice for three years.

News drifted through our lovely hills that the emperor of Austria, Ferdinand I, rumored to be insane, had fled from Vienna due to student and worker uprisings. Before the year ended, he had abdicated and his nephew had become the new emperor, Franz Joseph I. Despite the fact that Moravia was a crown land of Austria, this news had little immediate effect on our lives. That is, until that fateful day.

I was out walking with my little sister, and we stopped in the park by the town center to feed the ducks. There was an arched stone bridge over the pond, which we stood upon. Water lilies and rushes framed the water's edge,

and graceful weeping willows dipped the tips of their boughs into the cool liquid. I was leaning over the stone wall on one side of the bridge, intent on making sure every one of the little ducks and fair swans received its share of bread, when I was startled by a man's voice quite close to my ear.

I straightened and found myself staring into the face

of a nobleman or man of office. I glanced behind him and noticed another man on a horse. Beside him was a horse without a rider, and I deduced that the man before me had just alighted from that fair white beast.

"What is your name, child?" the nobleman with the curled moustache, smart suit and cloak asked me in German.

I gathered my wits about me and told him, my little sister shyly clutching at my hand and burying her face into my dress. The man had a curious smile upon his face as he looked intently into mine, and he asked me who my father

I was 24 years old and engaged to a handsome young man named Franz.

was and where I lived. I told him my father's name and raised my hand toward the street, telling him we lived above the watchmaker's store. The man bowed low, turned on his heel and walked back to his horse, his heels clicking smartly as



he went. I watched the two men leave, in vain trying to imagine what their business with my father could be, and what in the world it might have to do with me.

My sister and I lingered long at the park. It was my favorite place, with its beautiful lawns and flowerbeds, graceful trees and peaceful pond. I was lost in thought all the way home, and so it was that I was more than a little surprised at the agitation I found my household in when I returned to our cramped sitting room above the shop. My mother was weeping and my father looked somber. My brothers and sisters had wide-eyed and puzzled expressions, as they tried to grasp the complexity of the dilemma our family was facing.

It did not take long for Father to explain the situation to me. The nobleman who had accosted me served in the new emperor's court, and he was seeking ladies-in-waiting to fill various positions at the palace. It was this nobleman's request that I serve our new emperor in such a manner, that brought my family to such a state of vexation and sadness.

I groped for a chair to sit in as the blood drained from my face and dizziness

So that was it. We had been blackmailed and there was no way out.

overcame me. My world was spinning and I felt lost in a nightmare that surely God would wake me from at any moment.

My eyes blankly followed my father's gaze to the bulging leather bag, drawn at the top with a string, which lay on the coffee table. My father wearily told me that it was filled with gold, and offered as a "gift," in exchange for my presence in Vienna. As my father finished these words, my weeping mother cast her arms around me and wailed that she could never let me go away from them. Her hysteria caused my father to try to appeal to reason. The usually quiet man raised his voice now in

frustration, stating that the nobleman had made it very clear that if we did not yield to the emperor's wishes and accept this generous offer, ruin would befall our whole family.

So that was it. We had been blackmailed and there was no way out. This might have been joyful news to someone else. After all, serving in the emperor's court was an honor. But in our family, nothing meant more than the strong bond we shared. Our lives had been perfect, for we had everything we needed and more. I knew that all the money in the world would not have persuaded my parents to send me so very far away, to live in a foreign



land among strangers.

Dark despair encircled me as I closed my eyes and pictured my beautiful town, a town that I would perhaps never see again, and all my loved ones, my father and mother and family. My eyes flew open. "Franz!!" The full impact of how my life would change hit me as I realized we would have to postpone our wedding, if not cancel it altogether. I had already chosen our children's names. We had made all those plans together, woven so many dreams. The tears began to flow down my face as my sad brothers and sisters knelt around me, some laying their faces on

my palms, others touching my arm or knee, all willing me to stay.

Two agonizingly short days later I was in a carriage bound for the emperor's palace in Vienna. I felt as though I had not slept for the previous two nights. Franz' youthful rage at the news had compelled even me to try to calm him. As I tried to encourage him, a tiny particle of faith was sparked in my own bosom, the faith in God that seemed to have died at the first news of my fate. "God must have some purpose, obscured though it may be from our view right now," I had told him softly. As the

lovely countryside of Moravia melted behind me, I pulled out a fresh handkerchief to wipe away the tears that flowed as I remembered once again the face of my love. He had put his warm hand upon my cheek, and we had both etched the form of one another upon

our memories.

After the journey, I was shown to the women's quarters. There I met other young and educated women who had been chosen to serve in a similar capacity to mine. Although some, like myself, were in varying states of confusion at being so suddenly wrenched from the lives they had led, most seemed optimistic and hopeful. And why not, for life in the service of an emperor was certain to assure one of plenty of food and clothing, perhaps even the prospect of sending sustenance to one's family back home. Such thoughts, however, did not comfort me. I had been content with my simple life.

I was, however, determined to make the best of my situation. I threw myself into court life, learning the etiquette and dress required. The ladies-in-waiting had separate quarters on the palace grounds and were bidden to the court on many occasions. Some of us lived with and attended to certain high-ranking ladies in the emperor's court, while others of us performed unimportant duties, designed to hide the fact that we were simply on call to beautify his gardens or court at any time our



presence should be required. There were times when certain of my co-workers would be absent from their quarters after a day in the royal courts, and it was not long before I discovered for myself the secret for their absence.

One fine day, like any other, I caught the eye of the emperor himself. I was pulled aside privately, by the same nobleman who had first obtained me for the courts, and he informed me that my presence was required that evening in the royal chambers. He added, in hushed and somber tones, that no one was to know of my whereabouts or activities. The nobleman seemed pleased, and there

Francis Joseph I (1830-1916), emperor of Austria (1848-1916) and king of Hungary (1867-1916), the last important ruler of the Habsburg dynasty. Francis Joseph was born in Vienna, the eldest son of Archduke Francis Charles, the heir of Austrian emperor Ferdinand I. Because Francis Charles renounced his right to the throne, Francis Joseph became emperor when Ferdinand abdicated during the Revolutions of 1848 (*Encarta*).

Francis Joseph was a young man for having so much power, and along with the heavy crown he wore came a much heavier burden of pride and arrogance. Life was full of challenges, and as I fell into favor with the emperor, I had to stay very close to God in order to maintain my faith and sanity. Court life was stressful, and at any

you the purpose of my fate as I understood it after I came to Heaven, for while on Earth I merely tried my best to live as I imagined God would wish me to live under the circumstances He placed me in. Now I see more clearly the small but necessary role God wished me to play, and I can only thank Him for the grace He provided so that I could fill it sufficiently.

Men of great power are men of great faults, as you well know, but for every man of royal influence in the annals of history, God provided messengers of peace and love, little people around them who communicated God's ways.

God gives men choices, and in His love for the meek of the earth, He sends many opportunities for men in power to do good toward their people, and not evil. God used an obscure Moravian woman, among others, to deliver her soul time and again on the benefits of living peaceably

Court life was stressful ... at any time one could be suspected of treason.

was no doubt that his part in my presence at court would gain him some sort of favor in the emperor's eyes, now that I had been noticed.

The emperor seemed to take an immediate liking to me, and I soon became accustomed to Francis Joseph's bedchambers, which were large and roomy, filled with libraries and exotic furnishings of every kind.

time one could be found out of favor with the emperor, or suspected of treason. But God kept me and prospered me, and I enjoyed an enduring relationship of intimacy and trust with the emperor that not many were aware existed. My simple background seemed to have the effect of softening Francis, as he bid me call him when we were alone.

It is easier to explain to



with all men. Having been raised in a peace-loving and God-fearing nation, these godly ways were ingrained in my being, and I risked my life several times to speak out when the emperor was fully persuaded to

use the force of violence which was ever at his disposal. As a secret, favored mistress who had his ear in the inner chambers of his bedroom after his court had been dismissed, it was my God-

given duty to speak my feelings, and I did my best each time I felt compelled to do so.

I did what I could, and God blessed and rewarded me for it. He also judged Emperor Francis Joseph by

Q: The emperor was a Catholic, and known to be a devoted husband when he married only a few years after his ascension to the throne. Is it really possible that he had secret mistresses like Brinka?

the opportunities, among others, that He had presented before him in the casing of a frail foreign woman. Many times the emperor failed to heed God's messages, as is evidenced by wars fought during his reign, including the final and Great War. He was judged accordingly.

My message to you is a simple one. Just be the voice that God ordained you to be. Speak the words He places in your heart to speak. If you can do so regardless of ridicule or other negative consequences, I promise, your reward shall be great in Heaven.

(Jesus:) There is no history book which you can believe as pure fact, except Mine, which I give you from Heaven. Why should you believe the words of man, which have been twisted by politics and for gain, above My Words which were given freely, with no ulterior motive except to feed and strengthen My children?

This story is Brinka's account of what happened. Granted, if you saw it, you might describe the scenario slightly differently—because everyone sees things a bit differently. But she was there, she lived it, and this is her description of her life. The history books don't mention the courtesans.— They were kept quiet, and it was not as flamboyant or obvious an affair as it sounds to you from her portrayal. To her, that was her whole life. But to others, it was a very small, nearly unnoticeable portion of the king's life, that only few knew about. Those who knew were heavily bribed and kept quiet, and those who wrote history chose to overlook it for their own motives.

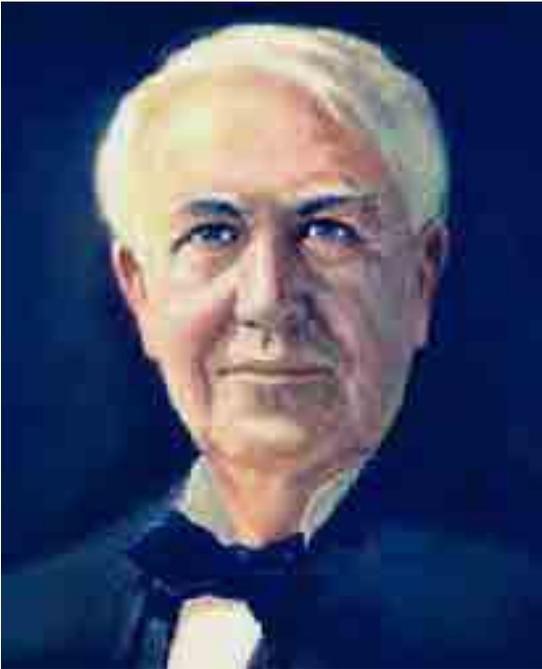
My children, you cannot always believe the history books, for many accounts are twisted for the sake of gain or selfish motives. Remem-

ber that the prince of this world opposes the truth with all that is in him, and will do anything to confuse the truth, to cover it up, to twist it and make it nearly unrecognizable. So when you read secular history, remember that it has most likely been written with ulterior motives, and that the truth of the way things really happened is often not portrayed correctly. Large pieces are missing, while others are carefully distorted to give an incorrect impression.

As you read these accounts which were given from those who have gone on before you, you may find things that seem inconsistent with the way man has written history. I leave the choice with you—whether to believe those who have written history in a way that suited their personal interests at the time, or those who come to tell their story that you might know the truth and be strengthened with it. The choice is yours. When you get Here to My Heavenly Kingdom you will be surprised how different reality looks in comparison with the way the fleeting and fickle powers of the world have portrayed themselves in the history books.

What makes genius?

—By Thomas Edison



People said I was a genius. People said I was inspired. I guess I was, because it was only with God's help that I actually did invent the electric light! But, God also expected some sweat from me! I couldn't just sit there and wait for God to make an electric light right in front of my eyes! If I'd done that, believe me, I wouldn't have gotten anywhere!

There, in that building at Menlo Park, my companions and I worked hard to make that electric light! We learned to persevere and stick, and never ever, ever give up! Talk about pressure—everyone was against me! No one believed that the electric light was possible. Only my companions and I, who worked until the end and made it work, believed it! Even the men who were paying me were still uncertain about whether it was possible or not. It was very hard for them to believe it. But I stood up to them and didn't care what they said! I followed God, whether they were coming or not!

Let me tell you something: If you really want to accomplish a task, then first of all, ask the Lord to help you and then—work at it! And I mean *really* work!

I call myself a perspired genius! Like I said when I was alive, genius is made up of 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration! To get somewhere in life, you gotta stand your ground and stand up for what you believe, no matter what the world says! Stand up for what you know is right and, believe me, the Lord will greatly reward you. Have conviction and keep up the good work 'till we meet in Heaven.

The hardest decision I ever made in my entire life was the day I said no to my dear friend and his invitation. Deep down in my heart, I knew what I had to do. I knew that Jesus wanted me to keep up my sidewalk witnessing ministry, but the decision was still a tough one. Not only because the invitation was mighty tempting, but because I often was tempted to think that my meager efforts to spread the message via those little papers were not accomplishing much. I sometimes got discouraged and was tempted to feel frustrated that I wasn't doing enough, that I wasn't making a difference.

From time to time the Lord did allow me to see the fruit of my labors while I was on Earth, but it wasn't until I arrived Home to Heaven that I realized I had no idea how far my witness went. I know better now, though, and that's why I want to tell you this: Never underestimate the power of a small piece of paper bearing the Word of God, and what it can do or how far it can go!

You want to know what happened to me when I arrived Home to Heaven? Jesus assigned two angels to take me on a Heavenly tour. The purpose of the

tour was not to familiarize me with the neighborhood, but so that I could see firsthand all the lives that were changed through receiving the little pieces of paper that I so laboriously scratched out with my own

quences of my little ministry are indescribable!

The angels showed me that, though I appeared helpless and isolated during my lifetime, I had traveled around the world many times over. They took me to



Reflections of Tommy

hand and dropped out that tiny window to the street below. Boy, was I awestruck, absolutely flabbergasted! Even now, I cannot put into human words the astonishing results of those papers I passed out—it's awesome! The far-reaching conse-

see the results—the souls that were won, the lives that were changed, the conditions and circumstances of people's lives that were made better through my witness. I met folks from countless nationalities and every walk of life that had

somehow, in some way, been touched as a result of my papers.

When the tour was ended I was escorted into a Heavenly banquet hall and the most amazing thing I have ever experienced took place. Jesus Himself stood at the head of the table, and the souls that were saved and the lives that were changed as a result of those little papers were present, as the crowds toasted to my faithfulness. In that moment as quick as a flash of lightning, an intense light filled the heavens with a mighty surge of the power of God. The very voice of God Himself, gentle and loving yet strong and powerful, thundered out all around us saying, "Well done, My good and faithful servant. Enter into your reward."

All I could do was fall to my knees. All I could do was lay down my crown at the feet of Him Who had carried me through those years of my earthly life.

Only one thought raced through my mind: How could I have ever battled over thinking I was not making a difference while I was on Earth? How could I have ever hesitated in making my decision between moving to a nice location in suburbia, or staying faithful to pass on

the Word of God to those who passed under my window? How could I have wavered even a moment, wondering if my simple little ministry on Earth was worth whatever mere sacrifice it seemed to imply? In that moment there was no doubting.

This I can tell you for certain: Don't ever think that if all you can do is



stand on the street corner and pass out a piece of lit, that that lit is not making much difference in the world. Don't believe it! Don't fall for that trick if Satan tries to discourage you, because there is nothing farther from the truth! I see your rewards stacking up day after day, every time you pass out a piece of lit, every time you do what Jesus has called you to do, every time you obey when

He says to come, every little task you do for Him. Every time you "open your window" and you are a witness to others, your rewards in Heaven multiply!

You want to know why the human eye hasn't seen or the ear heard about the things that Jesus has in store for those who are faithful and who do His will and His work? For one, the riches of Heaven don't exist on Earth and do you want to know why? Because the riches of Heaven are too big! Earth cannot hold them all! They cannot be contained down there on Earth! There simply is not room enough to hold them! That's how vast they are! How spectacular they are! How enormous they are!

Here's a thought to ponder: The rewards the Lord gave me alone far surpassed all the riches that have ever existed on Earth since the beginning of time! Just think, all the riches of Earth—that's some hunk of riches! But all those riches put together are not even a drop in the bucket compared to my rewards in Heaven!

So keep stacking up those rewards in Heaven. Be faithful to share Jesus' love with all those who pass your way, and you'll make friends for eternity, like I did.

The UNKNOWN sister

I was born in a quaint little village. My eldest sister's name was Jeanne, and of course you have heard of her. She went on to become the great Joan of Arc—Saint Joan, in fact!

She is a blessed woman, and we are the best of friends, but I can't say things were always like this. She always seemed much older than me, and in fact, I was still very young at the time that she left home.

My dear Jeanne! How I looked upon her with envy! She could ride a horse as well as any man, and could

**We are the best of friends,
but I can't say things were
always like this.**

cook and clean and sew. She was responsible and had a good thinking head on her shoulders. In my eyes, she had it all!

Alongside her I never felt like I amounted to much. My brothers, they never really cared, and I never would have admitted it for

Hello! My name is Aurelie, and I come from Domrémy, a little village in eastern France. Even the name of the village is more famous and well known than I am, for who's ever heard of me? I was just a nobody—just the little sister of someone who went on to become world-famous down through history.

the world. But I compared myself a lot with her. I was short and not nearly as well built as she was. Of course, I was much younger at the time. I had some talents, of course, and folks would always tell me I was the "sweetest petite fille they

Virgin Mary. But I somehow came away with a misconception about the way God works in the lives of His children who love Him. I guess I was looking for full equality.

That's why I was a bit distraught when Jeanne began to receive her visions and hear the voices. Well, it turned out she'd been seeing and hearing them for a while, but I didn't hear about them until everything started to happen. It seemed like she had been chosen for this great mission of saving France, and I just could not believe it. In my picture of fairness, it would seem that it was my turn to receive some favors from the Almighty.

My, this all sounds rather conceited, doesn't it? I am

ever did see." But I couldn't do the things that she did.—Or get away with the things it seemed that she could! All along things were sort of okay because I figured it was just because I was younger.

My parents taught us a deep love for God and the

ashamed to be telling you this, but to be honest, it does my soul good! And at least now I can get famous, eh? Or infamous, maybe, ha! But I think we are all men and women of like passions, and some of these thoughts and feelings may not sound uncommon to some of you who are reading this.

So it was with mixed emotions that I saw my sister off on that fateful day when she finally set forth. She was going to give a message, in person, to none other than the king of

France! I loved her dearly, but envy and jealousy had made my heart heavy and sore, so much so that I could hardly give forth the love that I still felt. Sad to say, it took me a while longer before things got better.

My father was a wise man, and I think he suspected all along what my feelings were, but he did not rush me. Several times he let me know that if I ever wanted to talk, I could come to him.

Finally, one night something happened and it

was too much for me. I heard of Jeanne's capture, and the envy in my heart instantly turned to guilt. I knew that I had to get it all out.

Father and I talked the whole night. I told him everything as we sat out on the hillside under the stars. By the time the morning sun began peeping around the mountains, I felt like a new woman. As I told him all of the hurt that I had felt, he accepted and understood me. He did not condemn me, but he did explain that although he did





not understand the ways of God much better than I did, he had learned that the best thing to do was just to trust. He had found that God always knew best.

bottled up for so long. But it was not to be. As the weeks dragged on, we began to wonder if she was ever coming home.

Then Father said he was

God was being done, although that only became clear to me much later when I came Home to Heaven.

But God was good to me. He gave me a chance to talk with her, just a few days before she passed on to her reward. I sat outside her prison cell and we talked for hours. She told me that she loved me. She told me what she had been through during the previous few years. Merciful me, it wasn't all it was glamorized to be! I think I started to realize that what can seem to be a glorious calling to an onlooker can actually be a great cross for the person who is called.

It was many years before

I sat outside her prison cell and we talked for hours.

That night I forgave Jeanne. You might think that foolish, but I had to make a conscious effort to forgive her for being better than me—for being more mightily used of God.

I couldn't wait for Jeanne to come home. Now that I held my new attitude towards her, I wanted to show her the deep love that I had kept

going to journey to Paris, to visit her in prison. I begged him to allow me to come along, and he finally conceded. It took many days of hard travel before we finally arrived, but we made it. And once we arrived, we heard that she was to be executed. Oh, how I wept!—For heresy, of all things! Those blasted pompous ... well, the will of

I finally rejoined my loving sister in the Heavenly realm. She came to meet me at my crossing, and how I wept with joy to see her again, looking more lovely and radiant than ever! I must confess that upon my initial arrival in Heaven, perhaps due to being so fresh from my mortal body, I was once again struck with a twinge of comparison. Once again, here was my sister, outshining me in every way. She was beautiful, competent, and had had so long already to become adjusted to the Heavenly lifestyle, that I felt I could never measure up to her.

All of this was but a brief, passing thought, but while it still lingered on the edge of my mind, my Savior came to me. He drew me close to His throne, for He knew my thoughts and my unspoken heartache and fears. He spoke to me, comforting me, reassuring me of His love—unconditional and not dependent upon circumstances.

Then He revealed to me some of the mystery of His plan in the creation of us mortals. Every soul that comes to Earth is planned with care—the characteristics, the features, the talents, the temperament—each and all are approved

by Him personally. To every one He adds His personal special touch.

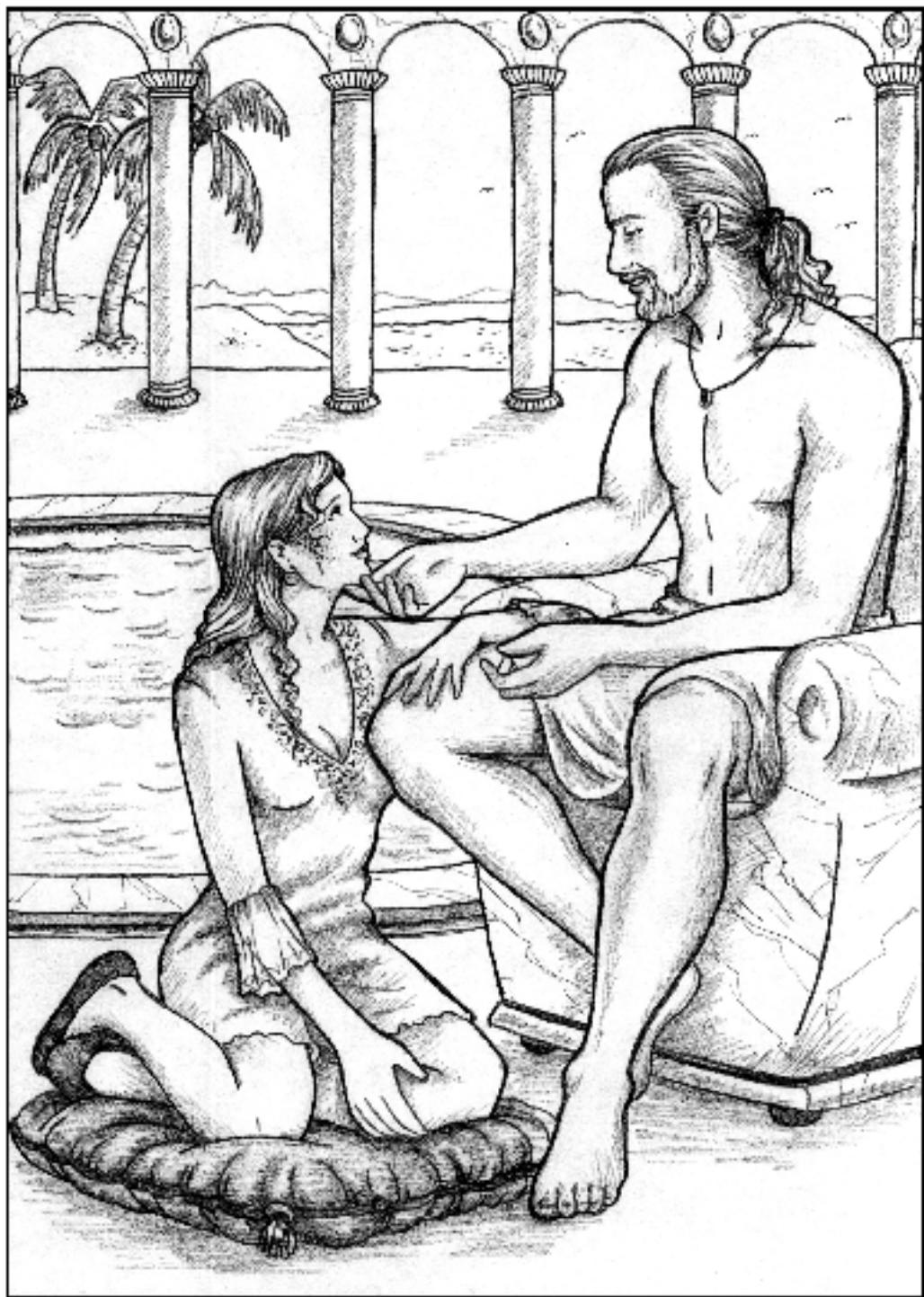
I asked Him then why it seems that some have a better deal than others. When two people love the Lord equally as much, why does one person seem to have it all? And then He asked me, “What is it to ‘have it all’? With whose eyes are you viewing that situation?” I was ashamed, but He gently lifted my drooping chin and I knew that I had done no wrong in asking. He had wanted me to ask.

He then showed me the lives of my sister and me, as seen through His eyes. Jeanne had needed a special endowment of earthly gifts because of the great task that she would have to face. But for every virtue there was a struggle; for every blessing an opposition. Her beauty was enviable to me, but it brought her great distress at times when she was desired by the undesirable, at times when she could do nothing to help herself. Her strength was counterbalanced by the great hardships that she was placed in—she needed that strength to survive. And her talents were the weapons that God had given her with which to fight that great battle that was her life.

Then I saw my life—not as flashy or dramatic; not as many outward virtues, looks or talents; but also not as many loud, outward struggles. I had had a long and peaceful life, happy overall. I bore ten healthy children, and several others who went to be with their Lord at an early age. I had a loving husband, and I accomplished my job for God, by living the life that He had ordained for me to live.

The battles that I was assigned did not require the same amount of weapons as did my sister’s. As my Lord said, if a soldier is assigned a desk job, he does not need to carry with him a full range of artillery to the office! But it does not make his job any less important than the one who drives an armored tank and has ammunition aplenty.

I had my years of trial and struggle. I faced loneliness, I faced neglect and I was even spurned by some who looked more on the outward appearance and who thought I did not fit into their crowd. At times I thought there was no place for me. But in time, all things came together for my good, and I saw that God’s plan had been right. He had created me in His image, and it was perfect in His eyes. And so it is also in mine.



HEADED FOR CERTAIN DEATH



children was a love for God.

When I was six I fell ill with a deadly strain of pneumonia. I believe it was due to my grandmother's prayers that I survived that and went on to marry and have children of my own. That's just to give you a little background on how I came to believe in prayer—and not only to believe, but to practice prayer in my own life.

After my husband was forced to join the military, he was away for months at a time. I made it a priority to pray for him each day, several times a day. He was a pilot and due to his dangerous missions I felt it my duty to pray for his safety. This also kept me from going insane with fear and worry, as there were daily reports of men missing in action, of casualties, and of deaths—all the horrors of war.

One day I was putting my children down for their midday nap when I felt a strong urge to pray for my husband. I would usually pray at set times throughout my day—when I woke up, at meal times, and before going to bed—so it was unusual to feel this strong, unshakable urge to pray for him.

I hadn't heard from my husband in weeks. I had no idea what he was up to, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something was dreadfully wrong and that it was my duty and calling to change things through praying and calling on the power of the Lord to intervene when I could do nothing in the physical. So I proceeded to

My name is Gretel. I lived in Germany, was born in the early 1900s, married and had four children. It was in the early 1940s, during WWII, that this story I am about to recall, took place. By now, you may have guessed that my husband was in the military. It was during this time that I saw an irrefutable* manifestation of the Lord's power in our lives, in direct answer to my prayers. (*irrefutable*: Impossible to refute or disprove.)

I was born to a poor family. My mother had to work hard to feed us children, and there were nine of us. I don't remember my father, as he left us when I was very young. We were raised by my grandmother, as my mother was rarely ever home. Life was hard in those days, but one thing my grandmother instilled within us

pray for my husband with all of my heart, then looked at the clock. It was 2:15 P.M.

Feeling at peace, I proceeded to do my chores around the house. The days following were relatively uneventful, and never again did I have such a unique experience. In fact, I almost forgot about it—that is, until my husband returned two months later. He told me his story:

“We were assigned a very high-priority mission. It was our squadron’s assignment to bomb an Allied tanker. I was feeling nervous about our orders, as although I had been flying reconnaissance missions for awhile, this was my first combat assignment. I had no idea what sort of danger we would be facing. However, about half an hour into our flight, I noticed that one of our engines seemed to be losing fuel for no reason. Knowing that we didn’t have a chance to complete the mission with only half our fuel capacity, we had to turn back for repairs, leaving the rest of the squadron, though one plane short, to fulfill the mission.

“When we arrived back at base, we learned that one of the fuel tanks had cracked and there was no way to quickly repair the damage. At first I was a little

disappointed, as had I completed the mission that

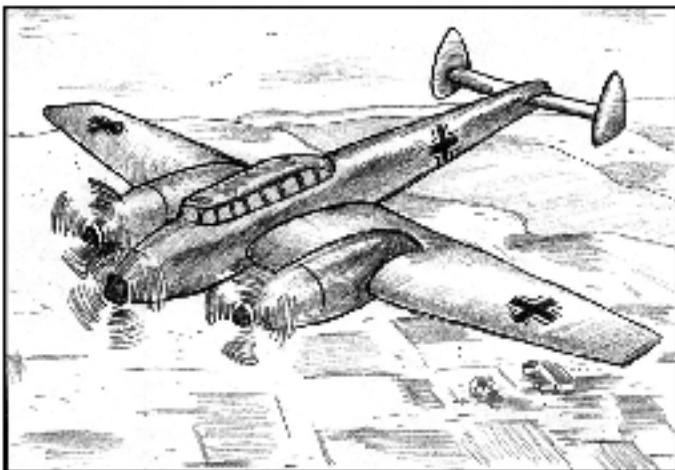
It sent shivers down my spine to realize what might have happened.

we had set out to do, I would have increased my chances for promotion and gained glory in the eyes of others. However, my perspective changed when we heard that the entire squadron went down that day when unexpectedly attacked by Allied fighter planes. This happened about two months ago.”

I then remembered the irresistible urge I had had that day to pray for my husband, although I didn’t know why. I told him my story and he was just as curious as I to find out whether these two events

coincided. We compared dates and times, and were amazed to realize that he had left the air force base at the same time that I had received the strong urge to pray for him, and had had to turn back around at 2:15—taking into account the time difference—due to out-of-the-blue engine problems, thus saving him from sure death that day.

It sent shivers down my spine to realize what might have happened had I not prayed, had I not obeyed the urge, had I brushed it off as a strange happening, a mere coincidence, or worrying thoughts of my own. We realized that day the power of that verse, “All power is given unto Him in Heaven and on Earth” and the amazing promise that lies within the words, “The effectual prayer of a righteous man [or woman] availeth much!”



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