

Endtime Volcano
NO T ME VOJG NO

The Palm of My Hand
T E A M E Y N D O

24



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Notable Quote:

(Vision:) Suddenly I hear [the spirit being's] voice in my head, "This is the 'Pavilion of Renewal.'" Around me are many ministering spirits; others weary like me are being renewed by them. The atmosphere is so peaceful and uplifting.

Looking at the many beings that surround my bed, I realize that they're all female. It's hard to exactly describe some of these as female, for they resemble creations that I've never imagined before.

"Rest now," [the spirit being] says, "for this is your time of renewal. We have taken your spirit to know completion. Within this chamber, your soul will be refreshed. These many beings have come to minister peace and comfort to your heart. We welcome you to this chamber of your renewal. All has been prepared for the revitalizing of your soul. So rest now, that your spirit may be renewed."

("Issues, Part 11: More on The Pavilion of Renewal," ML #3413:170,183,187)

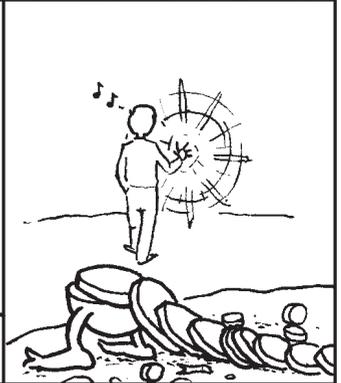
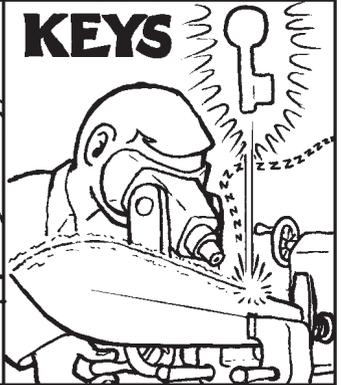
Keys Promise: The keys have creative power; through their power you can have a clean heart and a renewed spirit.

SNAPSHOTS: RECAP OF SHARPEN YOUR SWORD

PART 1



ART BY TANC





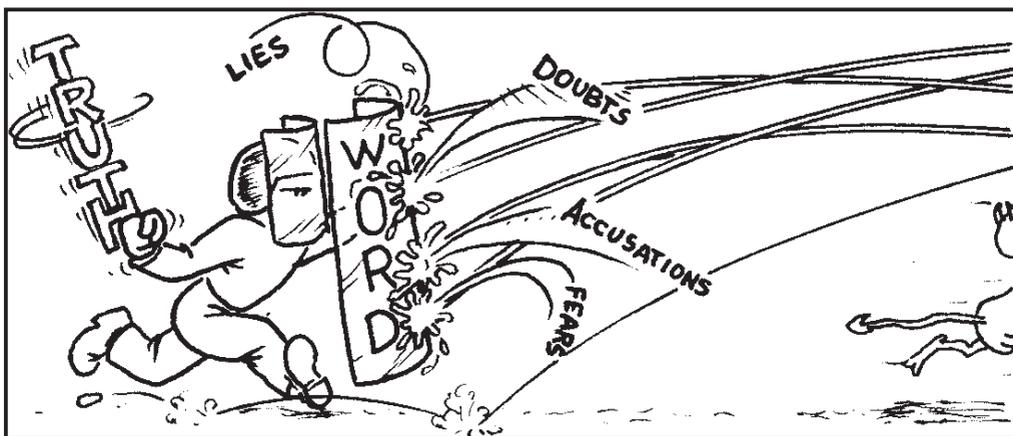
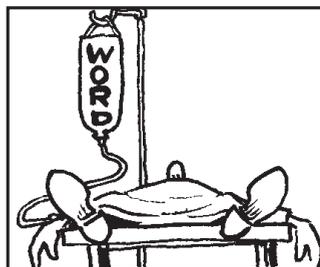
(JESUS:) THE STUDY MONTH FOR MY BRIDES TO REVIEW AND BE STRENGTHENED IN THE BASICS OF THE UNIQUE WORD I HAVE GIVEN TO THE FAMILY IS A MAJOR EVENT. THIS IS NOT A LIGHT MATTER.

"STRENGTHEN YOUR FAITH THROUGH DILIGENT STUDY OF THE WORD"



(MAMA:) WE ALL NEED TO BE WELL FOUNDED IN THE BASIC BELIEFS OF THE FAMILY IN ORDER TO BE EFFECTIVE WITNESSES. WE NEED TO KNOW WHAT WE AS MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY BELIEVE AND WHY. WE NEED TO BE FULLY CONVINCED THAT OUR BELIEFS, LIFESTYLE AND GOALS ARE SCRIPTURAL. WE NEED TO BE PREPARED TO GIVE POWERFUL ANSWERS TO THOSE WHO INQUIRE ABOUT OUR FAITH, SO THAT WE CAN DO WHAT THE LORD HAS COMMANDED US—FEED THE SHEEP, WIN DISCIPLES, AND BUILD A STRONG CHURCH OF DEDICATED OUTSIDE MEMBERS.

IN ADDITION TO HELPING US TO BE THE WITNESSES AND FRUITFUL MISSIONARIES WE NEED TO BE, BEING STRONG IN OUR FOUNDATION OF FAITH IS CRUCIAL WHEN WE EXPERIENCE PERSECUTION AND HEAR THE ACCUSATIONS OF APOSTATES. WHEN YOU FACE BAD PUBLICITY, INQUIRIES FROM AUTHORITIES, OR HEAR THE TALES OF THOSE WHO ARE NO LONGER WITH US AND HAVE CHOSEN TO FIGHT US, IT'S NATURAL THAT YOU'LL GET HIT WITH DOUBT, FEAR, DISCOURAGEMENT, ETC. THE ONLY THING THAT WILL HELP YOU TO STAND STRONG IN THE FACE OF SUCH CHALLENGES TO YOUR FAITH AND LIFESTYLE IS BEING STRONG IN THE WORD.



(CONDENSATION OF THE SERIES FOUND IN ML #3420 TO #3427, AUGUST 2002)



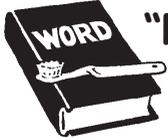
(MAMA:) THIS IS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE NOT VERY FAMILIAR WITH THE FULL EXPLANATION OF OUR BASIC BELIEFS THAT IS FOUND IN THE LETTERS. THIS IS A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO STRENGTHEN THE FOUNDATION OF YOUR FAITH.



(XN: FOR THIS XN RECAP OF THE SHARPEN YOUR SWORD SERIES, WE'VE ALSO ADDED THE DATE THAT EACH LETTER WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED OR COMPILED.)



THE SCRIPTURAL FOUNDATION OF THE FAMILY'S LIFESTYLE!



"REVOLUTIONARY DISCIPLESHIP!"

(ML #1965, FEBRUARY 1984)



(DAD:) WHEN JESUS WALKED BY THE SEASHORE, HE CALLED TO THE FISHERMEN WHO HAD JUST CAUGHT THE BIGGEST, MOST MIRACULOUS CATCH OF THEIR LIVES,

COME FOLLOW ME!

AND THEY IMMEDIATELY LEFT THE SHIP AND THEIR FATHER, AND FOLLOWED HIM!" (MAT.4: 18-22).



HOW COULD THEY FORSAKE THEIR JOBS AND THEIR OWN FAMILY AND FRIENDS, WITHOUT NOTICE, TO FOLLOW THIS STRANGE STRANGER AND HIS MOTLEY CREW?

BECAUSE HE SPOKE THE TRUTH AND THEY FELT IT WAS THE VERY VOICE OF GOD!

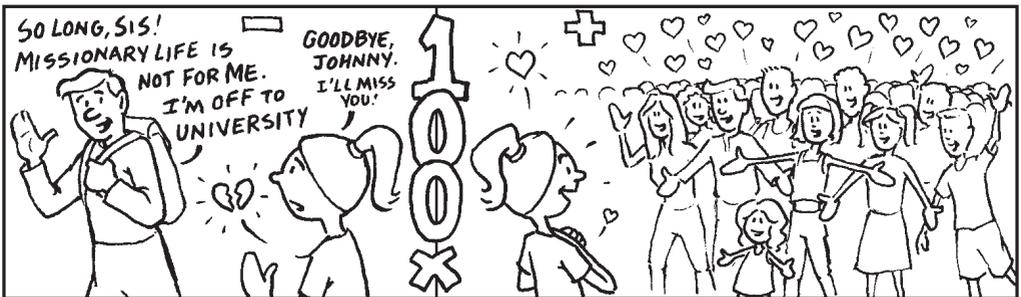
ONE OF THE FIRST TESTS FOR NEWLY CALLED DISCIPLES IS OFTEN THE OPPOSITION OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS. GOD ALLOWS THIS TO TEST YOUR FAITH TO SEE IF YOU REALLY MEAN BUSINESS.



JESUS DOESN'T WANT TO DIVIDE FAMILIES; HE WOULD RATHER THEY ALL BE UNITED IN FAITH AND SERVICE TO HIM.

BUT QUITE OBVIOUSLY THE FISHERMEN'S FATHER WAS UNWILLING TO LEAVE HIS BOAT AND THE BUSINESS AND ALL THOSE NICE NEW FISH AND FOLLOW JESUS ALONG WITH THEM, AND WE NEVER REALLY HEAR OF HIM AGAIN!

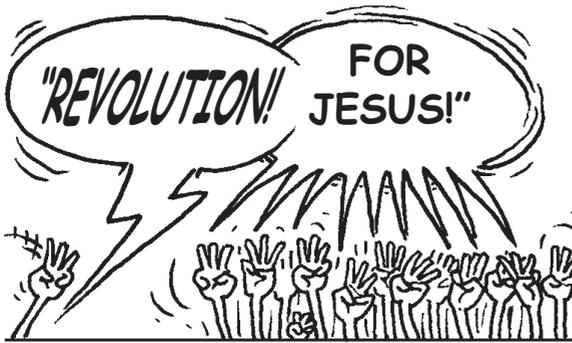
ISN'T IT RIDICULOUS NOW TO COMPARE THOSE FEW FISH, A BOAT, A BUSINESS, AND EVEN ONE FATHER AND FAMILY, WHICH ALL SOON PERISHED, WITH THE MILLIONS OF IMMORTAL SOULS WHO HAVE BEEN SAVED FOR ETERNITY THROUGH THE DECISION OF THOSE SIMPLE FISHERMEN TO PUT GOD FIRST THAT DAY, DROP EVERYTHING, FORSAKE ALL AND FOLLOW JESUS?



IT COSTS SOMETHING TO SERVE THE LORD, AND ONCE YOU HAVE CHOSEN GOD AND HIS WAY, HE REFUSES TO TAKE SECOND PLACE TO ANYTHING OR ANYBODY.

TAKE CARE OF GOD'S BUSINESS AND HE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU! HE'LL MAKE YOU A HUNDRED TIMES HAPPIER, HE'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED TIMES MORE FRIENDS, A HUNDRED TIMES MORE LOVE, A HUNDRED TIMES MORE JOY, A HUNDRED TIMES MORE EVERYTHING, PRAISE GOD!—JESUS SAID SO!

"AND EVERY ONE THAT HATH FORSAKEN HOUSES, OR BRETHREN, OR SISTERS, OR FATHER, OR MOTHER, OR WIFE, OR CHILDREN, OR LANDS, FOR MY NAME'S SAKE, SHALL RECEIVE AN HUNDREDFOLD, AND SHALL INHERIT EVERLASTING LIFE!" (MAT.19:29).



(ML #1963, FEBRUARY 1984)



(DAD:) JESUS CHRIST WAS A REVOLUTIONARY! HE WAS NOT A REFORMIST! (SEE MAT.23!)

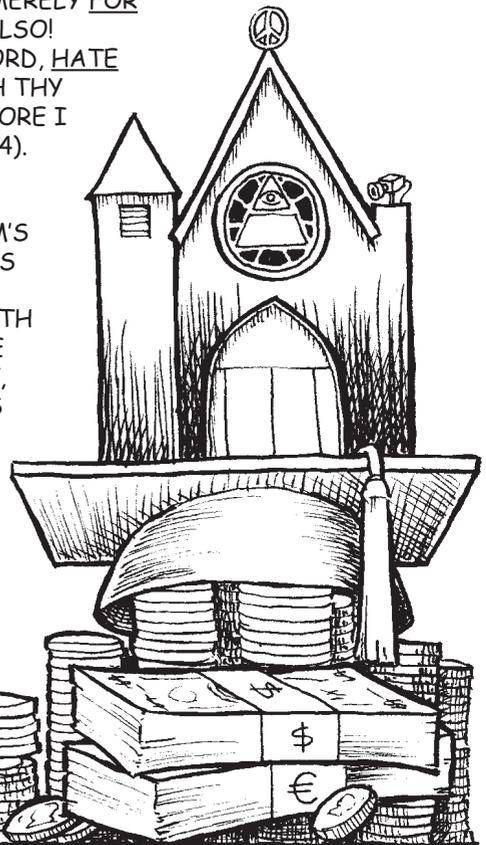
LIKewise, WE TODAY ARE NOT MERE REFORMISTS TRYING TO IMPROVE OR PATCH UP THE OLD, DECRETIT, FALSE SYSTEMS OF MAN!

WE ARE A REVOLUTION!—FOR JESUS! AND A REAL, RED-HOT, GENUINE REVOLUTION IS NOT MERELY FOR SOMETHING, BUT AGAINST SOMETHING ALSO!

THE BIBLE SAYS, "YE THAT LOVE THE LORD, HATE EVIL!" AND KING DAVID PRAYED, "THROUGH THY PRECEPTS I GET UNDERSTANDING, THEREFORE I HATE EVERY FALSE WAY!" (PSA.97:10; 119:104).

THEREFORE, WE IN OUR WORLDWIDE REVOLUTION FOR JESUS HAVE DECLARED WAR OF THE SPIRIT AGAINST THE SYSTEM'S GODLESS SCHOOLS, CHRISTLESS CHURCHES AND HEARTLESS MAMMON!

NOW, WHEN WE SAY WE'RE AT WAR WITH THE SYSTEM, WHAT DO WE MEAN? WE ARE NOT AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT. IN FACT, GOD'S WORD TELLS US THAT "THE POWERS THAT BE" ARE ALLOWED TO RULE BY GOD (ROMANS 13; MAT.22:21).



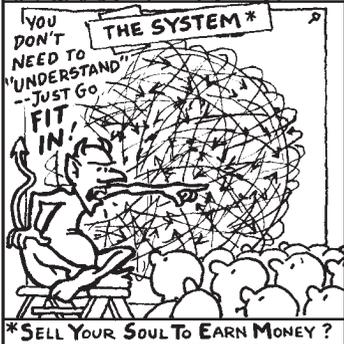
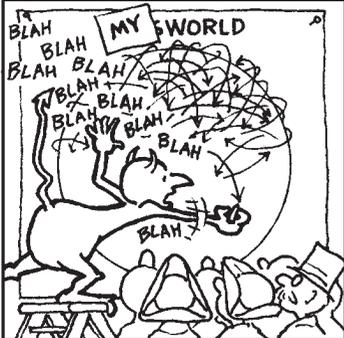
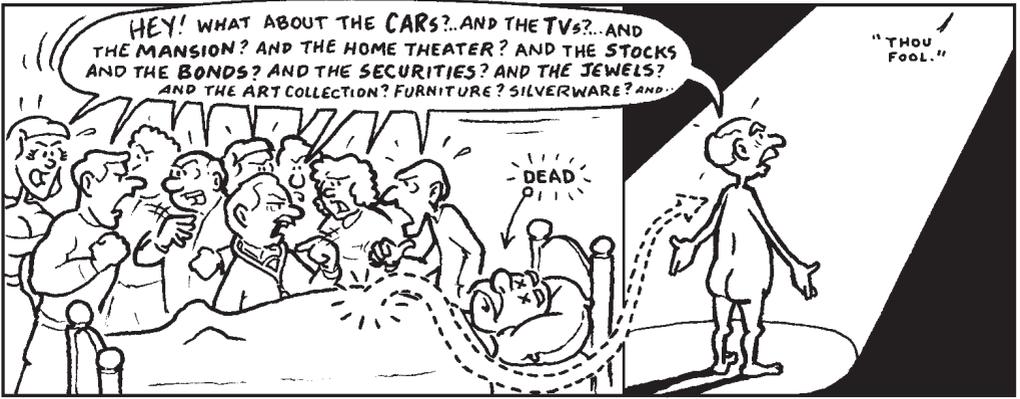
BUT THE BIBLE SPEAKS A LOT ABOUT THE REST OF THE SYSTEM—AGAINST THE SYSTEM! IT JUST DOESN'T HAPPEN TO USE THAT WORD, BUT INSTEAD IT CALLS IT "THE WORLD" (1JOHN 2:15-16).

10...9...8...7...



WORD





HE EVEN ADMONISHES HIS CHILDREN, "KNOW YE NOT THAT THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD IS ENMITY WITH GOD? WHOSEVER THEREFORE WILL BE A FRIEND OF THE WORLD IS THE ENEMY OF GOD!" (JAMES 4:4).

WHY IS GOD SO AGAINST THIS WORLD AND ITS SYSTEMS?—BECAUSE THEY ARE AGAINST HIM! SATAN HIMSELF, THE REBELLIOUS, DEFIANT, FALLEN ARCHANGEL AND ARCHENEMY OF GOD AND OF ALL THAT IS TRUE AND GOOD, IS THE LORD AND THE FATHER AND THE GOD OF THIS WORLD!

BEING AS SUBTLE AND AS DIABOLICALLY CLEVER AS HE IS, THE DEVIL HAS DESIGNED AND HELPED MAN TO CREATE AN ELABORATE SYSTEM WHEREBY HE DECEIVES, SEDUCES AND ENSLAVES THE SOULS OF MEN!

HE HAS SO TWISTED AND WARPED MOST PEOPLE'S SENSE OF VALUES THAT THEIR ENTIRE IDEA OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND GOALS WORTH ATTAINING IN THIS LIFE IS TOTALLY THE OPPOSITE OF GOD'S IDEA!

JESUS WARNED, "TAKE HEED, AND BEWARE OF COVETOUSNESS. FOR A MAN'S LIFE IS NOT MADE UP OF THE ABUNDANCE OF THE THINGS WHICH HE POSSESSES!" (LUKE 12:15).

SO THE DEVIL'S ENTIRE MESSAGE AND APPROACH IS JUST THE OPPOSITE: "STORE UP FOR YOURSELF RICHES ON EARTH! FORGET ABOUT AN AFTERLIFE! STRIVE TO MAKE MONEY AND GET RICH!—FOR WITHOUT 'THINGS' YOU'LL NEVER BE HAPPY!"

THE LUST OF THE FLESH



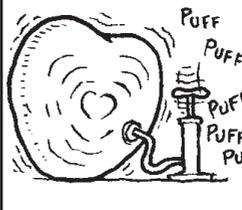
FEEL IT ALL!

THE LUST OF THE EYES



SEE IT ALL!

THE PRIDE OF LIFE

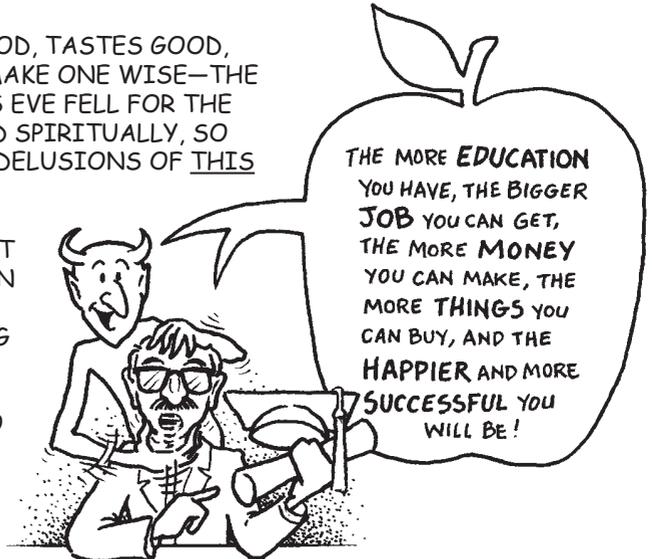


KNOW IT ALL!

JOHN OUTLINED THESE SAME THREE TEMPTATIONS WHEN HE TOLD US TO "LOVE NOT THE WORLD: FOR ALL THAT IS IN THE WORLD, THE LUST OF THE FLESH, AND THE LUST OF THE EYES, AND THE PRIDE OF LIFE, IS NOT OF THE FATHER, BUT IS OF THE WORLD!" (1JOHN 2:15-16). AND SO IT IS WITH THE DEVIL'S MATERIALISTIC, ANTI-CHRIST SYSTEM!

MATERIALISM LOOKS GOOD, TASTES GOOD, AND IS TO BE DESIRED TO MAKE ONE WISE—THE PRIDE OF LIFE! AND JUST AS EVE FELL FOR THE BAIT, BIT INTO IT AND DIED SPIRITUALLY, SO PARTAKING OF THE DEVIL'S DELUSIONS OF THIS WORLD WILL KILL YOU!

AND JUST AS THE "TREE OF KNOWLEDGE" WAS THE FIRST TEMPTATION IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN, SO TODAY IT IS STILL ONE OF THE FIRST BIG TEMPTATIONS THE DEVIL USES AND THAT'S WHAT MAN STILL STRIVES FOR: TO "KNOW IT ALL!"



THE MORE **EDUCATION** YOU HAVE, THE BIGGER **JOB** YOU CAN GET, THE MORE **MONEY** YOU CAN MAKE, THE MORE **THINGS** YOU CAN BUY, AND THE **HAPPIER** AND MORE **SUCCESSFUL** YOU WILL BE!

MOST UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES, AND EVEN SEMINARIES AND BIBLE SCHOOLS, ARE RUN BY MEN WHO DON'T KNOW THE ANSWERS ANY MORE THAN THE POOR STUDENTS THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TEACHING.

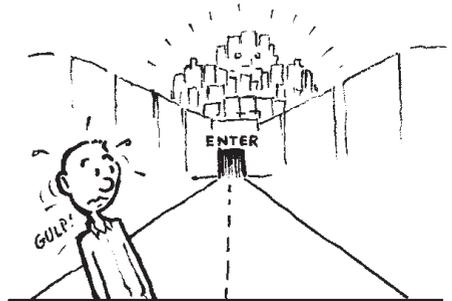


THEY, AS JESUS SAID, ARE "BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND," AND HE SAID THEY'RE BOTH GOING TO FALL INTO THE DITCH! (MAT.15:14). THAT'S WHY THE WORLD IS IN THE DITCH TODAY.

THEY HAVE ABANDONED GOD AND FORSAKEN THE LORD, WHO IS THE SOURCE OF ALL WISDOM AND ALL KNOWLEDGE THAT IS GOOD, HELPFUL AND USEFUL.

"WHAT WISDOM IS IN THEM?"—NONE!—NOTHING!—BECAUSE IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT GOD AND YOU DON'T HAVE HIS WORD, THERE'S NO PURPOSE IN LIVING, NO REASON FOR EXISTENCE, NO GOAL, NO SOLUTION, AND LIFE ISN'T EVEN WORTH LIVING!

THE LORD WARNS HIS CHILDREN NOT TO GET TANGLED UP WITH BABYLON, THIS GREAT WHORE OF MAMMON WORSHIP AND MATERIALISM, CALLING THEM TO, "COME OUT OF HER, MY PEOPLE, THAT YE BE NOT PARTAKERS OF HER SINS, AND THAT YE RECEIVE NOT OF HER PLAGUES!" (REV.18:4).



BUT HER HOLD IS SO STRONG ON THE SOULS OF MEN, AND "THE DECEITFULNESS OF RICHES," AS JESUS CALLED IT, IS SUCH A STRONG, ADDICTIVE DELUSION, THAT EVEN MOST SO-CALLED "CHRISTIANS" TODAY, THOSE WHO CLAIM TO BELIEVE

IN JESUS AND HIS WORDS, STILL SLAVE AWAY EIGHT HOURS A DAY OR MORE FOR THE GREAT GOD MAMMON AND NOT FOR GOD! (MAT.13:22).

HAVE YOU "COME OUT OF HER"? OR ARE YOU A SLAVE TO THE FALSE GODS OF THIS WORLD? "WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS, THERE WILL YOUR HEART BE ALSO!" (MAT.6:21).



"BE YE SEPARATE!"

(ML #3363, AUGUST 2001)



(MAMA:) THE FAMILY TODAY LOOKS VERY DIFFERENT THAN THE BAND OF RADICAL, FULL-TIME, DEDICATED DISCIPLES WE WERE IN THE PAST, AND THAT'S A PROBLEM.

OF COURSE, IF YOU WANT TO BE JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER CHRISTIANS IN THE WORLD, IT'S NOT A PROBLEM.



(DAD SPEAKING:) DOES THAT JOB YOU'RE HOLDING HAVE YOU UNEQUALLY YOKED

WITH UNBELIEVERS?

IS IT GIVING YOU FELLOWSHIP WITH UNRIGHTEOUS PEOPLE WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN THE LORD AND WHO DON'T FOLLOW HIM OR WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH HIM?

GO YE INTO ALL...
OOPS! MY CELL! BACK IN A MINUTE.



DO YOU HAVE TO COMPROMISE YOUR FAITH TO KEEP YOUR JOB? WHEN YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORNING AND GET READY TO GO TO THAT JOB, ARE YOU FULFILLING YOUR COMMISSION OF GOING INTO ALL THE WORLD TO PREACH THE GOSPEL?

IF YOU'RE NOT, THEN IT'S TIME TO CHECK IN WITH THE LORD AND SEE IF YOUR JOB IS BEGINNING TO USE YOU, INSTEAD OF YOU USING IT FOR GOD'S GLORY!

WE, AS GOD'S CALLED-OUT CHILDREN, WILL NEVER BE AT PEACE WITH THE SYSTEM; WE'LL NEVER DO IT THE SYSTEM WAY.



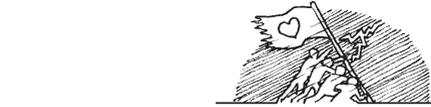
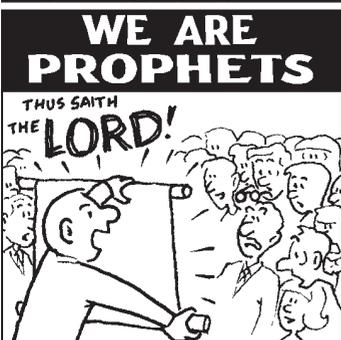
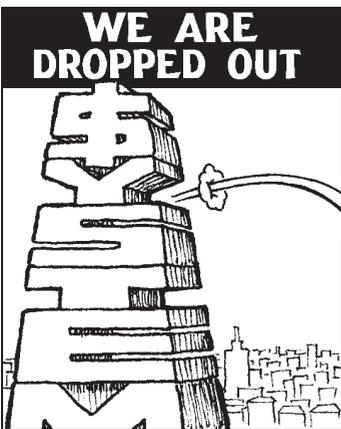


YOU WALK A FINE LINE WHEN YOU TAKE ON A SYSTEM JOB OR ARE EVEN SELF-EMPLOYED WITH NON-WITNESSING FUNDRAISING. IT'S VERY EASY TO GET INTO SERVING MAMMON, TO DEVELOP A FALSE BALANCE.



(JESUS:) YOU CANNOT SERVE BOTH ME AND MAMMON! YOU CANNOT WORK FOR MAMMON WITHOUT GETTING DIRTY, WITHOUT WEAKENING, WITHOUT PAYING THE CONSEQUENCES.

THE PRICE FOR SERVING TWO MASTERS IS STEEP, FOR YOU STAND TO LOSE YOUR ONLY HOPE OF SURVIVAL IN THE COMING DAYS.



"BE TRUE TO THE REVOLUTION!"

(ML #3364, SEPTEMBER 2001)



(MAMA:) ONE THING PETER AND I WILL NOT DO, AND WHAT DAD NEVER DID, IS TO LET OTHERS CONVINCE US THAT WE NEED TO COMPROMISE OR CONFORM FOR THE SAKE OF SUPPORT, COMFORT, OR TO LOOK GOOD IN THE EYES OF MAN.

WE ARE REVOLUTIONARIES. WE ARE DROPPED OUT. WE ARE PROPHETS. SINCE WHEN DID THE PROPHETS OF GOD GIVE A CONVENIENT MESSAGE THAT WAS ACCEPTED, SO THEY COULD AVOID RATTLING THE MASSES OR PRESERVE

THE STATUS QUO? THEY DIDN'T! AND NEITHER WILL PETER AND I.

IT'S NOT LIKE WE CAN BLEND INTO SOCIETY AND BE JUST LIKE EV-

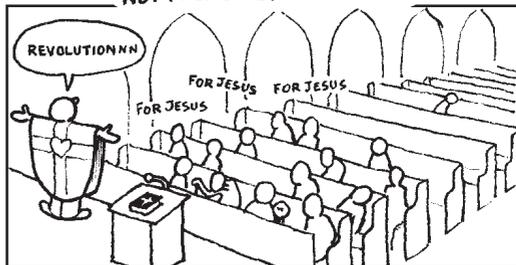
ERYONE ELSE FOR NOW, FOR THE NEXT X NUMBER OF YEARS, AND THEN WHEN THINGS GET HOT IN THE ENDTIME WE'LL JUST MORPH INTO A RADICAL, DISCIPLINED, UNITED ARMY OF DISCIPLES. IT DOESN'T WORK LIKE THAT.





WE'RE STILL A REVOLUTION FOR JESUS!

NOT A REFORMATION
NOT A REVIVAL
NOT A CHURCH SERVICE !!!



(DAD SPEAKING:) SO WE'RE STILL A REVOLUTION FOR JESUS—NOT

SOME SORT OF REFORMATION OR REVIVAL, MUCH LESS A CHURCH SERVICE FOR JESUS! WE'RE DIFFERENT, AND THAT'S WHY WE CAN ACCOMPLISH SO MUCH, AND WHY PEOPLE ARE ATTRACTED TO OUR MESSAGE.

NOW I KNOW IT'S HARD BEING DIFFER-

ENT SOMETIMES, AND WE GET SOME BAD PUBLICITY AND PERSECUTION FOR IT. BUT IF WE DIDN'T, I'D BE WORRIED! AFTER ALL, JESUS SAID HE'S CHOSEN YOU OUT OF THE WORLD, SO THE WORLD OFTEN HATES YOU, JUST AS IT HATED HIM.

THE WORDS THE LORD HAS GIVEN US OVER THE YEARS ARE HIS WORDS, AND THEY'RE WHAT MAKE US

THE FAMILY WE ARE. IN YOUR EFFORTS TO MAKE US LOOK MORE PRESENTABLE OR ATTRACTIVE OR TO SORT OF MODERNIZE THE FAMILY, WATCH OUT THAT YOU DON'T WEAKEN THE STRUCTURE. REMEMBER "BUILDERS BEWARE!"

YOU'RE WONDERING WHY WE CAN'T BE A LITTLE MORE CONVENTIONAL AND "NORMAL" IN OUR LIFE AND OUT-REACH?

WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU READ "DID GOD MAKE A MISTAKE?" OR "JESUS PEOPLE?—OR REVOLUTION!" OR DOZENS OF OTHER LETTERS ALONG THE SAME LINES!

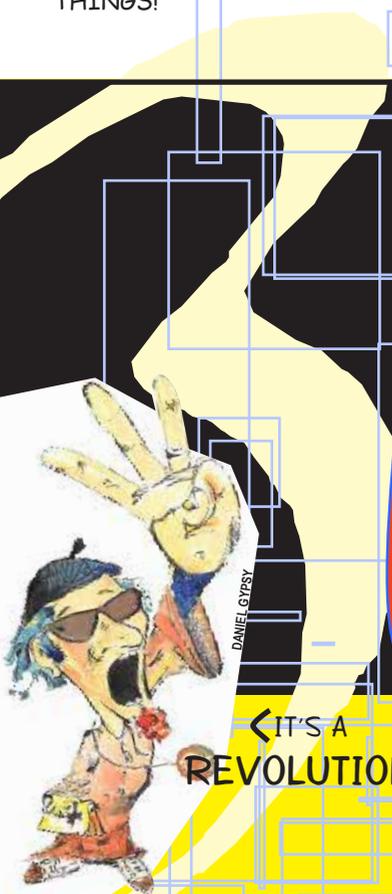
THOSE LETTERS HAVE NOT BEEN SUPERSEDED BY THE CHARTER.

THE CHARTER IS BUILT ON THE WORD,

AND THEY'RE THE WORD TOO!

AND YOU KNOW WHAT? MOST OF THE LETTERS I JUST MENTIONED ARE GP, ALONG WITH HUNDREDS OF OTHER EARLY LETTERS. I NOT ONLY TOLD THE FAMILY WHAT GOD HAD SHOWN US, BUT I TOLD THE WORLD, AND THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD LOVED IT, AND SO DID MANY OF THE PUBLIC!

THE LETTERS WENT LIKE HOT-CAKES, AND YOU STILL MEET PEOPLE WHO REMEMBER YOU AND YOUR MESSAGE FROM THOSE DAYS. THEY WRITE YOU AT YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS; THEY SEE YOUR WEB SITE, AND THEY'RE JUST THRILLED THAT THE FAMILY IS STILL AROUND, STILL GOING, STILL WITNESSING THE SAME THINGS!



◀ IT'S A REVOLUTION!!! ▶

I DON'T MEAN FOR YOU TO GIVE UP EVERYTHING THAT I'VE SUPPLIED FOR YOU. I DON'T MEAN FOR YOU TO FORSAKE WATCHING MOVIES, EATING DECENT FOOD, HAVING SHOWERS, OR LISTENING TO MUSIC. BUT THE QUESTION YOU HAVE TO ASK YOURSELF IS, "WOULD I BE WILLING TO GIVE ALL OF THAT UP IF THE LORD ASKED ME TO?"

IF YOUR ANSWER IS YES, IF YOU WOULD DROP EVERYTHING IF I ASKED IT OF YOU, THEN THAT'S A SAFE ATTITUDE TO HAVE, A GODLY ATTITUDE. IF THERE COMES A TIME WHEN YOU REALIZE THAT SOMETHING IN YOUR LIFE IS MORE IMPORTANT TO YOU THAN ME, THEN YOU SHOULD RIGHT AWAY, WITHOUT DELAY, FORSAKE IT. ONLY BY PUTTING ME

FIRST AND KEEPING ME IN FIRST PLACE ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE—YOUR DESIRES, YOUR AMBITIONS, YOUR WORK, YOUR RELATIONSHIPS, YOUR FUN AND ENTERTAINMENT—WILL YOU KEEP THAT REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT, THAT I COULD-LOSE-THE-WHOLE-WORLD-CAUSE-I-HAVE-JESUS HEART, SOUL, AND SPIRIT.

—JESUS



("MORE ON THE SHAKEUP" ML #3262:255,264, GN 863)

THAT REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT!

story feature

SCALE UP

Chapter Ten: Missing

"I tried to get in contact with you," said Hector Fuentes, his face haggard with worry. "I've been on this phone non-stop for the last hour."

"The batteries in the cell phone you lent us ran out on the way over," Clay said apologetically.

"Oh, I'm sorry. This is my wife, Dominga, by the way," said Hector, introducing them to a tall, middle-aged woman with graying black hair and a regal bearing, who offered her hand and tried to smile.

It was late afternoon, coming to the end of what had been a very strenuous and taxing day for Hector Fuentes.



"It's unlike Dany to miss something like this," said Hector. "He was so looking forward to getting together and jamming with you downstairs. He hasn't shown up for eighteen hours. That's very unlike him."

"Oh, gosh," said Mer.

"You know he's been hanging out with the wrong

crowd. Drug pushers and the like," said Dominga.

The team nodded gravely.

"I've called friends and associates of his. Not a word," continued Hector, wringing his hands. The team stood silent and contemplative in the hallway until Hector ushered them into the living room.

"I'm sorry to have laid this on you, my friends. I know there's not much you can do. Although..." He motioned to the maid who was standing nearby, indicating that a round of drinks would be in order.

"Mango juice okay with you all?"

His offer was met with more solemn nods.

"Although," Hector went on, "I believe in prayer and I have a feeling that you all pull some special strings with"—He pointed his finger upward—"Him."

"You want us to pray for this situation," said Clay.

Hector nodded.

Clay reached for the hands of Mer and Justin who were sitting on either side of him. "We can do that right now," he said.

The maid, astonished at the sight of her boss, his wife, and a circle of visitors all with their eyes closed and bowing their heads, tiptoed gingerly across the carpet and set the tray of drinks on the coffee table.

"Now, please speak to us, Lord," Kyra was saying. "Show us if there's anything we can do. You can reveal what has happened to Dany, if he is in any trouble. Please speak to us. We're open channels."

After a couple of messages were given by Mer and Javier,

in which Jesus assured them that it was all a part of His plan and that Dany would be returned, there was a period of silence. Then Mer spoke.

"I'm getting the words *el hoyo* and the name 'Spiro Reynoso.'"

The maid, who had been looking on, rooted to the spot, gasped.

"*O, mio Dios!*" she exclaimed, and put her hand to her mouth apologetically.

The team opened their eyes and looked at each other. Clay took the lead. "Does that name mean something to you?" he inquired in Spanish.

"Si, señor," replied the maid. "I just remembered he phoned Dany a couple of nights ago. He was calling from a public telephone."

"Isn't that the name you said we should remember at Luis' house that night?" asked Mer.

"Come to think of it, it was," said Clay. "I'd completely forgotten it."

"Do you think he has something to do with Dany's disappearance?" asked Dominga. "Spiro is a friend of Dany's."

Hector frowned and shook his head. "I wouldn't be too sure of that. We've got no way of contacting him. No phone number that I know of. He's a slippery character."

"But what has *el hoyo* got to do with all this? The pit?" said Justin.

It was apparent that Hector was onto something, and none of the team felt it appropriate to ask him what he was doing as he walked over to the desk in the corner, tapped numbers into his phone and switched on the talkback.

"Hello? El Hoyo Club? Can I speak to Spiro Reynoso? ... Hector Fuentes."

"Oh ... uh ... what's up?" an audibly unsettled response finally came through the small speaker. "H ... how did you find me?"

"Never mind. It's about Dany."

"Dany? I ... I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about."

"Come, come, Spiro. You and I know that I could have you and your ring and their dirty little dive busted in no time, along with your political schemes. Where's my son?"

Hector Fuentes rose from his seat, lifted his finger as if to say "be back in a minute" and walked into his study.

"Let's pray," Javier suggested.

It was a few minutes later when Hector returned. "We could be on to something," he said gravely. "We just need to wait."

After a tense and interminable hour, with the Luna team praying quietly and Hector and Dominga Fuentes sitting anxiously silent, the phone rang. It was the Clinica el Avila with news that a Dany Fuentes had been admitted to the emergency ward, badly beaten up and unconscious from a drug overdose.

"Apparently," said Hector, returning from the phone, "the hospital was notified by an unnamed source that a young man had been found lying naked and unconscious by the highway."

Hector sat down on the couch and put his face in his hands. "B ... but, *gracias a Dios*, they say he's going to be okay, and he should be out within a few days. I'm paying for the best medical assistance possible and for the humiliating circumstances to be kept quiet."

Chapter Eleven: Enclosing Darkness

In a bare room with paint peeling off the walls, a naked bulb hanging from its ceiling cast a harsh light on the hunched figure of a young man tied to a chair. He was surrounded by uncouth bearded men dressed in dirty white tee shirts and combat fatigues, shouting in Spanish. The scenario was reminiscent of a Hollywood movie.

One of the men stepped forward and took another strike at the already swollen, bruised and bloody face of the captive.

"You lie! Dany Fuentes promised *you* a cut of that drug money to turn Reynoso in!"

"I didn't! I *swear!* Why would I turn in my friend?"

"How else would he have found out? You were the only other person who knew."

"It could have been one of our higher-ups."

"Well it doesn't matter now," says another. "We'll get just as much, if not more out of your father than any drug deal."

"You won't get a peso out of him," the prisoner responded.

"Luis Estrada hates you that much?"

With his wire-rimmed spectacles lying crushed on the floor, Rafael Estrada could only squint up through myopic eyes at the menacing blurred ghosts of his captors. "My father hates what I'm doing."

"Well you can tell him that one way or another you won't be doing it for long," one of the men said with a laugh as he stood guard at the door. "We don't want you or Spiro Reynoso. Cesar Hurtado's taking over. He's come up from the ranks. He's been down there with us. Time's up for our would-be Che Guevara."

"The leopard doesn't change its spots," added another. "What else could we expect from the spawn of the rich."

Rafael tried to imagine the reins of his country's power in the hands of such brutes, and was disgusted with himself.

"*My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, 'Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause: we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil: cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse.'*"

Rafael knew his Bible, but only because his father had crammed it down his throat after having gotten mixed up with that Christian-sex-cult woman, Rafael surmised. As

soon as Luis became aware of his son's political intentions, he had quoted those passages laced with his own dire warnings.

My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path: for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood.

"They that live by the sword shall die by the sword," his father had said grimly, after tearfully pleading with Rafael to change his ways. "I cannot stand by my son and see innocent blood shed;



whether it's of the rich or poor. And believe me there will be much shed on both sides. I cannot be party to blood-guiltiness on my house. From here on, I disown you."

Now the consequences of those warnings were coming to pass.

Rafael could hardly remember the last time he had prayed, but now he prayed, silently. There was another blow to his face, followed by cruel laughter. There was no reason for it. These men were simply taking out the frustrations of their squalid lives on him, just as they would on anybody who would oppose them once they were in power. He heard them making more jokes about being under the incompetent command of a "pseudo Che Guevara" and Rafael remembered as a child staring up at a poster of his idol on his bedroom wall and dressing up as him, along with his delight at getting his first pair of miniature combat boots as a Christmas present in his cozy, sumptuously rich home. Had he still been playing dress up? Were his unseen money boys still buying him Christmas presents in the form of real army outfits, weapons and even a real live army?—An army that had now turned on him?



Did the people supporting him know of his present plight? And if they did, would they even *care*, let alone do anything about it? Or were they hailing Cesar Hurtado as the new king who would infuse new life into the guerrilla faction? And what about Spiro Reynoso, his one-time Venezuelan friend? Sure, he was into the drug business, but he'd always shown support for Rafael's political ideals; a support that was proven by

the funneling of considerable amounts of drug money into the cause.

Now Rafael found out that Spiro was jealously vying for his position. His ideals had blinded him from seeing the corrupt side of it all. He was just a puppet.

It seemed as though he didn't have a friend he could trust.

A thought of Justin crossed his mind—his face vividly etched in his mind's eye. He had only spoken to him for a few minutes in his father's study, but now it felt as if he had known him all his life. He'd seen the sincerity in his eyes—his half brother whom he had hated without a cause before ever meeting.

"You can't change the world without changing men's hearts," Justin had said.

"Love," he had replied to Raphael's challenge.

Jesus, he had implied.

Did Justin himself realize what courage it had taken to say such things in the face of a hardened radical? Rafael wondered if he had such courage within himself. Such statements would have drawn contempt and ridicule from his cohorts and certainly would not have inspired the adulation of the mob—the adulation that Rafael was now realizing he had secretly craved—the now-admitted dreams he'd had of posters of himself in hip boutiques and CD stores, a paltry statue in Rafael Estrada Square following a martyr's death. A monument and possibly even an airport named after Rafael Estrada, liberator and champion

of the rights of the people! He felt sickened and ashamed. He needed to see Justin again and talk to him.

No, this time he'd let *him* do the talking.

Chapter Twelve: Release

The drive of the music was intensifying and its electric energy was escalating along with the tempo. Dany, bending and trilling on his electric guitar, looked around in elation at the circle of smiling faces that emoted with each inflection of their own musical contribution. Kyra's eyes were closed as she swayed from side to side at the keyboard, Mer bobbed up and down, rocking her hips back and forth against her guitar with a flirtatious twinkle in her eye, while Justin plucked stolidly at his bass that rumbled along underneath. Even Abner, proudly wearing a midnight blue, chalk-striped two-piece suit—the result of a provisioning spree with Kyra the day before—was smiling as he complemented Javier's bongos by shaking a pair of maracas with his useable hand.

"A cool piece," shouted Dany above the rising volume of the music. "What is it?"

"It's called 'Scaling Up!'"

Justin was interrupted with a tap on the shoulder from Clay who handed him the cell phone. The music subsided as the bass dropped out and Justin stepped out of the room.

"Time for a smoke break," said Dany with a mischievous gleam as he pulled cigarette papers and a small plastic bag filled with dried green leaves out of a pocket of his jeans. "A little *Mary Jane!* Want some?"

"No, thank you," Kyra answered.

"Okay, give me a few minutes," Dany said as he headed up the stairs which led out of the basement. "I'll be back."

"What do we do now?" Mer asked. "We're just jamming and not really following up on our earlier witness to him the other night. He's not even that shaken up anymore about what just happened to him."

It seemed that Dany, as initially grateful as he was for his recovery from the drug overdose, had been quite content to return to the beggarly elements of popping pills, burning dried green leaves and tiny rocks, and snorting or shooting white crystalline powder. The memory of the night of that heroin deal: a good sale after having just shot up a sample, then picking up that *chiquita* and taking her to a motel that charged by the hour, seemed to have faded. The anger of the "ring" who, when they finally found him in the motel room, naked and in a stupor, with the *chiquita* and the money gone, beat him

story feature

up and left him by the side of the highway intersection, was now forgotten like a bad dream. The resulting humiliation that could have been made public, if his father had not stepped in and paid big bucks to keep quiet, had worn off quickly, along with any remorse.

"He has to get saved," Kyra said. "Show us what to do, Lord."

The team gathered together and asked the Lord for guidance about what to do next. "Trust Me to orchestrate the situation for you to reach Dany, My poor lost sheep," Jesus gave through Javier.

Before long Dany had returned to the small basement room, followed by Justin who looked burdened, and handed the phone back to Clay.

"Hey guys," said Dany, his eyes glowing red and his face flaring into a menacing leer. "Want to do something else more *acid?*"

"No, *gracias,*" said Javier. "We don't do drugs."

"I meant musically. Instead of this *meek* stuff."

Dany picked up his guitar and unleashed a lightning fast barrage of intricate riffs at ear-splitting volume. Justin hesitatingly tried to play along, but gave up as the flailing notes ran circles around him. Javier tapped half-heartedly along while the girls sat perplexed with their hands over their ears.

The deafening sound of feedback followed as Dany and his guitar crashed into his amplifier and fell to the ground, where he lay motionless. Kyra and Clay jumped up to help him, but before they



reached him Dany sat up. His face had contorted into a hideous grimace and he let out a demonic cackle.

"Did you think that your magic could outdo *this*?" he thundered in a deep, evil voice that was obviously not his own. "Did you think that you could win him away from *me* with your meek music?"

"We rebuke the Devil!" Mer commanded.

At that moment Dany let out a scream and started jerking violently.

"Is he being electrocuted or something?" shouted Abner.

Mer shook her head, aghast. "No. This looks like a real live manifestation of the ol' Boy himself."

"Jesus," said Clay in a commanding tone. "We rebuke and cast out this devil in Your all-powerful name and in the power of the keys!"

"Deliver this dear man, Jesus!" said Kyra. "We know he's Yours and we've claimed him for You. We rebuke this last-ditch stand of the Enemy for his soul, and ask You to send this demon back to the pits of Hell from whence it came."

"No," a thick voice burbled plaintively through Dany's half open lips.

Kyra repeated, "Send this demon back to the pits of Hell from whence it came. In Jesus' name."

"Do it, Lord!" Mer said, putting a calming hand on Abner's shoulder who sat open-mouthed, ashen-faced and trembling.

After a couple of minutes, Dany opened his eyes; they were clear and sparkling. "Wh ... what happened? I was really getting off on you guys' music, and suddenly I blanked out. I think it was after that joint."

"The enemy of your soul was trying to have his last fling with you," said Kyra.

"Phew," said Dany. "And to think that he has been trying to make me think he was my *friend*." He pointed at the various amulets and books lined up on the shelves by the couch. "Through *those*. Courtesy of Pentagram. Instructions in the art and practice of witchcraft," Dany explained. "The service and worship of Lucifer, the fallen angel."

Abner looked down, shaken and sobered by the whole experience.

"Dany," said Mer. "We want you to know your true Friend. The One Who really loves you. He is greater than Lucifer. I think you know Who I mean."

Dany nodded. "Jesus. Jesus Christ." Tears filled his eyes.

"I was raised a Catholic," he said. "And I have sinned a grievously mortal sin. I can never be forgiven. At my initiation with Pentagram I broke the arms of a cross to declare my rejection of Jesus."

Mer picked up her guitar and began strumming.

"Love everlasting," she sang softly. "No matter what you've done..."

By the end of the song, Dany was in Kyra's arms, sobbing and praying to receive Jesus into his heart.

"What a *vici!*" exclaimed Mer as the Luna members were chauffeured to their hotel after a meal that was supplemented with a generous helping of profuse thanks from a grateful Hector Fuentes and his son, Dany. "It's so neat how Dany just got up from receiving the Holy Spirit and immediately burned those books, trashed that music and threw away all that drug junk!"

"This trip has turned out to be more fruitful than we could ever have imagined," said Javier.

"And as fruitful as the Lord promised," added Kyra.

"Right," said Clay. "And Hector is asking us to stay on and follow up on all those contacts. We're going to have to get the Lord's mind on that."

"And run it by the local Home," said Javier.

As soon as they arrived back at the hotel, Clay had taken time to talk with Abner about Dany's exorcism. Abner was full of questions, though it took a little prodding from Clay to get him to come out with them. Clay suggested they read in the Bible about instances when a devil or demon was cast out, and do a study about the power of the name of Jesus. Abner was intrigued by all they read, and agreed to communicate with Clay about any other questions, or worries that came to mind about the ordeal.

Later on the team gathered for prayer for the night, and Justin asked if they could take a few minutes to hear from the Lord for some initial guidance as to what to do next regarding the phone call he had received in Dany's basement.

"It was my dad," he said. "He couldn't give a lot of details, but they've taken Rafael captive."

"Who did?"

"The LPL."

"Who are they?"

"*Los Libertadores del Pueblo Latino*. The band of guerrillas who Rafael was the leader of. They are demanding ransom. For some reason, I'm feeling compelled to go and help, be a support ... I don't know. I just want to be sure that these leadings are of Him."

As tired as they were, they felt that it was an urgent enough of a situation to get something from the Lord, Who through the mouth of Abner and a few others, indicated that it was His will to send Justin and Kyra on ahead to Mexico the next day, while the others remained in Caracas to do some follow-up work in preparation for future visits.

Luis had offered to pay for the flight back. However, the prospect of securing a flight at such a short
story feature

notice seemed unlikely, but after going online, Clay discovered that there were two vacancies on a flight early the next morning. By late afternoon that same day, the tired and somewhat dazed couple were in the back of a chauffeur-driven car making its way to Luis Estrada's villa in San Angel.

They were received with a warm, thankful, but distraught welcome from Luis and Gabriela, who immediately situated them in adjacent guest rooms with a conveniently adjoining door and invited them to take a rest before accompanying them for dinner which was to be at nine o'clock that evening.

"I wasn't sure of your ... er ... agreement," said Gabriela confidentially, drawing Kyra aside. "Not being legally ... er ... married and all that. But I hope this setup is to your advantage..."

"It's perfect, Gabriela."

"By the way," continued Gabriela with a strained smile, "it's going to be a little sensitive with Papa at dinner tonight to discuss my brother. You see, Rafael is closer to our mother, and took her side after the divorce. I don't know if Papa told you, but she's Mexican and lives here as well. As you've probably noticed, my father doesn't often talk about Rafael. It's not just the issue with my mother that has pushed them apart—Rafael's political views have added to that. But I think Papa's beginning to realize how much Rafael means to him."

To be continued...

The Heavenly Man

Back to Gospel Village

Part 10

One day in 1987, the labor camp cadres told Yun he was to be transferred to 'B' city. Yun was certain much more suffering was to come. However, he had determined in his heart not to hesitate at any sacrifice.

The next morning a labor brigade truck from the PSB in 'B' city came to take him. There he faced PSB men in addition to several Party

cadres, supervisors from the United Front Department of that city, and the head of the Religious Affairs Department.

Gravely, the head of the PSB said, "You should know that your problem is very serious. You should be severely punished. However, because your stubborn head will not change even if we kill you, we have decided to allow you to return home.

Soon after Yun returned home, he was visited by the provincial PSB, and the district and county PSB officials. In the village where Yun lived, a major mass meeting was held. This was attended by all the cadres and people's militia. During the meeting they played up the religious policy of the Party and "how it was supported by the people." They stated that previously

Christianity was a tool used by foreign countries to invade China and it had poisoned the people.

At the end of the meeting the PSB announced:

1. Yun is still a political prisoner and has been stripped of all his political rights.

2. The local authorities, cadres, people's militia and all the people have the authority to supervise his activities.

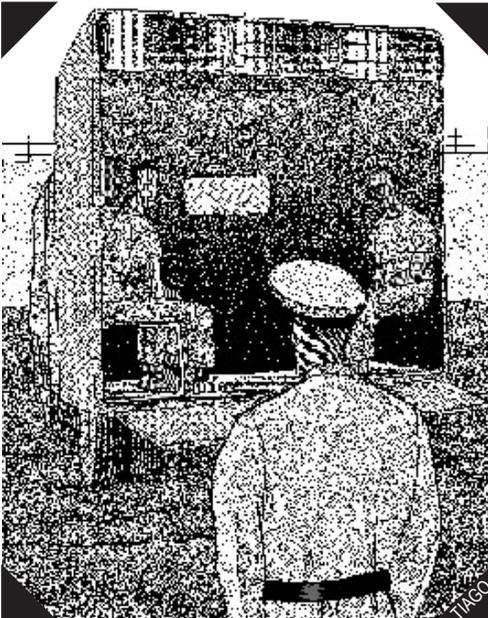
3. He must report once a month to the PSB.

4. He cannot leave his village on his own.

5. If any unknown person has contact with him, Yun must immediately be bound and taken to the police station for investigation.

Soon after Yun returned home, the work of the Gospel in his village began to prosper greatly. Yun was full of the power

(Courtesy of *Lilies Amongst Thorns* by Danyun.)





of the Holy Spirit and many miracles and signs followed him.

Those neighbors who had ridiculed Yun's wife Lingling in the past now became believers in Jesus. They deeply regretted their persecution of Yun's family. Yun's brother and sister-in-law also repented. The fire of the Gospel spread throughout the whole village. It was just as Yun had said the night he was arrested, that he lived in Gospel Village! In neighboring villages the number of believers also increased dramatically.

Yun located the family of Huang. When Huang's father radicals unlimited

and mother saw Yun they embraced him and cried out loud, "We received the letter that you helped our son to write and we know how much you loved him when he was in prison. You are the savior of our son and the savior of our whole family. Even though our son is dead, from now on you will become our son."

Yun said, "Though your son's body is dead, his spirit is alive for he has gone to rest in Jesus. Similarly, the words he has written to you in the letter are not dead. His prayers are as much alive. Today the main reason I have come is to tell you the last wish

of your son. He said you must believe in Jesus!"

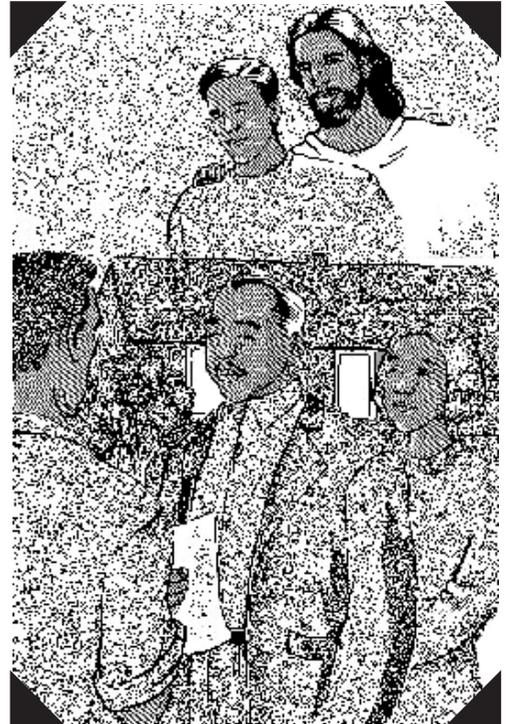
Huang's parents knew it would be very difficult for them to do so, because they were high-ranking cadres. Yun spent several hours talking with them and eventually they stuffed several hundred dollars into his pocket. Yun pulled out the money and left it on the tea tray.

He said, "I do not want your money, but your souls. Now in the holy Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth I command

you to kneel down and accept Jesus as your Savior!"

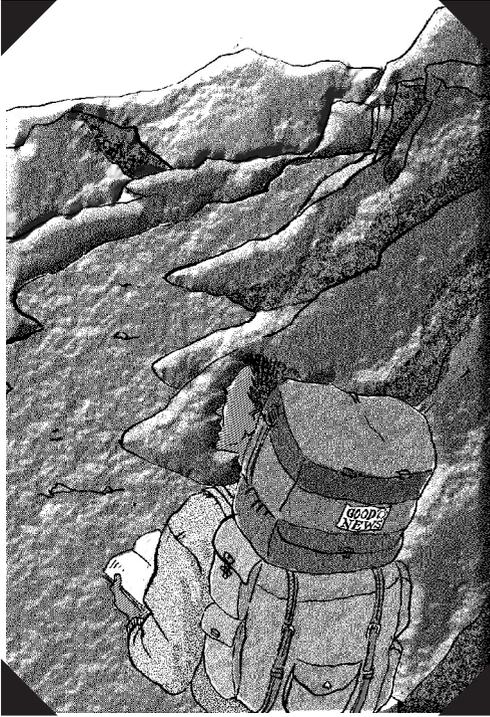
His words poured out like a mighty torrent. Huang's parents immediately dropped onto their knees, and with tears confessed their sins to the Lord. From that day on, they became the disciples of the Lord.

As he left them and was walking down the road, Yun thought he heard many voices coming from all around saying, "Come over here! Bring the torch of revival to us here!"



Yes, he had to take the abundant grace of the Lord, to bring the healing power of the resurrected Lord, to save millions of souls. He must go to each province, each district, every mountain, every island, and every race.

Yun went boldly forward for his Lord.



Message from Jesus

The story of Yun holds just a few examples of the many mighty works I will do through you, My children, in the last days. Be encouraged through his testimony and through the many miracles and signs I performed on his behalf, for the sake of his encouragement and also to bring more lost souls to the knowledge of their Savior.

You hold in your hand powerful high-beam “flash-lights” that can pierce through any darkness. These lights are powered by My Word, by My voice of prophecy, by the power of praise and loving Me, and by the keys of the kingdom. Use the light you have to win many to Me and so expedite My second coming by doing your part, My Endtime warrior brides. (End of prophecy.)

Keys Promises

Prison doors will open with the keys of the Kingdom.

I give power to the people of the keys, and there will be no impossibilities to the children of David who take up and wield the power of the keys.

Command Me through the power of the keys, and I will work miracles.

Anything you need, you can claim through the keys. There is nothing in Heaven that I would withhold from you, My Endtime children.

Keys Promises

ENDTIME VOLCANO

(JESUS:) "IT'S GONNA BLOW!"

YOU HEAR THE SHRILL VOICES ALL ABOUT AS THE MIGHTY THUNDEROUS KA-BOOM RESOUNDS THROUGH THE AIR. LOOKING BEHIND YOU SEE THE VOLCANO ERUPT HIGH INTO THE SKY. THE BILLOWING SMOKE BLOWS EVERY WHICH WAY AND ASHES SOON BECOME THE CLOUDS THAT LOOM OVER AND DARKEN THE SKY. THE LAVA THEN BEGINS ITS DETERMINED FLOW DOWN THE SIDE OF THE ONCE-DORMANT VOLCANO, REMOVING ALL THAT STANDS IN ITS PATH.

MOST PEOPLE STAND WATCHING THIS GREAT DESTRUCTION WITH MOUTH AGAPE. BUT WHY THE SHOCK? SADLY, MANY WERE NOT PREPARED, AND SOME ARE LOST IN THE GREAT DESTRUCTION.

THAT VOLCANO IS LIKE THE ENDTIME. ALL YOUR LIFE THERE'S BEEN TALK OF THIS DORMANT VOLCANO COMING TO LIFE AGAIN. BUT BECAUSE THE WARNINGS HAVE BEEN GOING ON FOR MANY YEARS, PEOPLE HAVE NOT PAID MUCH ATTENTION. BUT THE SIGNS HAVE NOT BEEN SILENT. THAT VOLCANO IS NO LONGER DORMANT; IT HAS BECOME ACTIVE TO WHERE IF YOU STOP TO WATCH, YOU'LL SEE THAT LITTLE ERUPTIONS ARE HAPPENING ALL THE TIME—GEARING UP FOR THE DAY WHEN THE WHOLE THING WILL EXPLODE.

YOU ARE LIKE AN ENDTIME VOLCANOLOGIST. ALL YOUR LIFE YOU'VE BEEN IN TRAINING, LEARNING ABOUT ALL THE TELLTALE SIGNS THAT POINT TO A COMING ERUPTION. YOUR INSTRUCTORS

HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL TO TEACH YOU ALL THEY KNOW ABOUT THIS VOLCANO, AND THE POTENCY AND DESTRUCTION IT WILL BRING WHEN IT FINALLY ERUPTS. AND NOW IT'S UP TO YOU.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE INFORMATION YOU'VE LEARNED ABOUT THIS ENDTIME VOLCANO? ARE YOU GOING TO WARN OTHERS? OR ARE YOU GOING TO FOLLOW THE IGNORANT CROWD WHO REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT WILL EVER ERUPT IN THEIR LIFETIMES?

THE CHOICE IS UP TO YOU. BUT IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN KNOWING MY SUMMATION ON THIS SITUATION, IT'S SHORT AND IT'S CERTAIN: BE PREPARED! IT WILL HAPPEN.



RE^{ad}
re **AD**

ABS^{orb}
abs **ORB**

APP^{ly}
app **LY**



(Jesus:) I have said that through the power of the

keys, you command all My power. The power of the keys is more than a match for your foes, for the power of the keys far surpasses all power of those who oppose you. The keys of the Kingdom themselves are as your spirit helpers. Through the keys you have unlimited help, for the keys put the power in your hands that will defeat the foe and all demons who oppose you. There is no match for the keys, which are at your command.

I give you Myself—I am the greatest of your spiritual counterparts and the mightiest opponent of these who try to oppose you! I give you My Word, the most powerful truth on Earth, the greatest power in all existence! I implore you, live in My Word! Read, absorb, apply, and become one with Me. Nothing can withstand Me, My Word, and the power of the keys, for We are one!



HEA^{ALL}
VEN **IS AT YOUR**



COMMAND **COMMAND**

("Pray, Obey and Prepare!" ML #3420:174,180)

THE PALM OF MY HAND



NYX

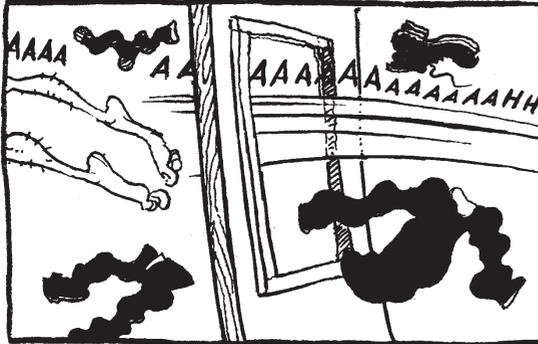
B (JESUS:) BE NOT FRETFUL OR FEARFUL OF THE FUTURE, FOR YOU ARE IN THE PALM OF MY HAND. WHEN YOU ARE ON LAND OR ON SEA, YOU ARE IN THE PALM OF MY HAND. WHETHER YOU ARE IN AIR OR UNDERGROUND, YOU ARE IN THE PALM OF MY HAND. WHETHER YOU ARE HAPPY OR YOU FEEL SAD, YOU ARE IN THE PALM OF MY HAND. WHETHER YOU ENJOY GOOD HEALTH OR SUFFER AFFLICTION, YOU ARE IN THE PALM OF MY HAND.

DO YOU KNOW HOW SPECIAL IS THE PALM OF MY HAND? IT IS THE PLACE THAT I KEEP THOSE THAT ARE DEAREST AND CLOSEST TO ME, THOSE WHO NEED MY PROTECTION AND SEEK ME FOR IT.

I LOVE YOU, MY DEAR, MY DARLING. YOU ARE ALWAYS IN THE PALM OF MY HAND. NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE SAYS, YOU ARE IN THE PALM OF MY HAND. NO MATTER WHERE ANYONE ELSE GOES, YOU ARE IN THE PALM OF MY HAND. NO MATTER WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS, YOU ARE IN THE PALM OF MY HAND. I SEEK THE ASSURANCE OF YOUR TRUSTING FACE, LOOKING UP INTO MINE, FOR I WISH TO KNOW THAT YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE IN THE PALM OF MY HAND.

THERE IS NO TIME, OR PESTILENCE, PLAGUE OR WAR THAT CAN REMOVE YOU FROM THE PALM OF MY HAND. THERE ARE NO WORDS, SAID IN PAST OR IN FUTURE, THAT CAN REMOVE YOU FROM THE PALM OF MY HAND. FOR IN THE PALM OF MY HAND YOU WERE MEANT TO BE, EVER SO CLOSE UNDER MY WINGS. I CAN LIFT YOU UP TO MY MOUTH TO HEAR MY SWEET WHISPERS, AND THEN I CAN TUCK YOU UNDER MY CLOAK, TO FEEL THE WARMTH OF MY DIVINE BEING.

MY LOVE, YOU HAVE MY ASSURANCE ALWAYS, FOR MY PROMISE OF LOVE IS ETERNAL.



EON IS
FLUNG
HEADLONG
TOWARDS
THE...



MEANWHILE,
UPSTAIRS,
A HAIR-GEL
FACTORY
EMPLOYEE,
TOTALLY
OBLIVIOUS
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THAT EON
IS...

... IN A VAT
OF HAIR-GEL
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PRESSES
THE 'HAIR-
GEL' VAT
WHIRLPOOL-
FLUSH
BUTTON...

