

The Parable of the Stereogram

THE PARABLE OF THE STEREOGRAM

This Word Revolution for Today

THE WORD REVOLUTION FOR TODAY

You May Be a Freak..

YOU MAY BE A FREAK



We're giving the keys of witness for you as you reach out to all sorts this Christmas season! Merry Christmas from the entire Xn team!



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Xn: For witnessing inspiration, see the facing page for excerpts of a cool Web-only Christmas tract. This isn't a WS tract, but if the Lord leads you to share it with your sheep, feel free!



Xn Issue 32, November 2003. Xn is for ages 12 and up. Parents or guardians should read this material before giving it to their children. Xn is a nonprofit publication, published free for members. Not to be sold. Copyright © 2003 by The Family, DFO. Cover art by Michael Christgen.

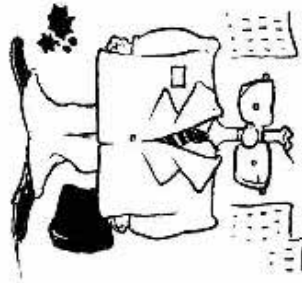
You may be a
FREAK...



or a dude with
LONG-HAIR



or
you may be a
GEEK



You may be a
SQUARE...

But when **all's** said and done;
All the cards on the table,
I'll bet you're a **BOD** who
DEFIES being **LABELLED!**

Yes, you **LABEL-LESS** WONDER,
For you I've got **NEWS**.
JESUS LIVED, DIED and LIVES
To **K.O.** all your **BLUES!**

So may **THIS** Christmas **ROCK!**
May this Season of **YULE**,
Show you **LOUDLY** and **CLEARLY**,
Beyond doubt, that

LOVE RULES!



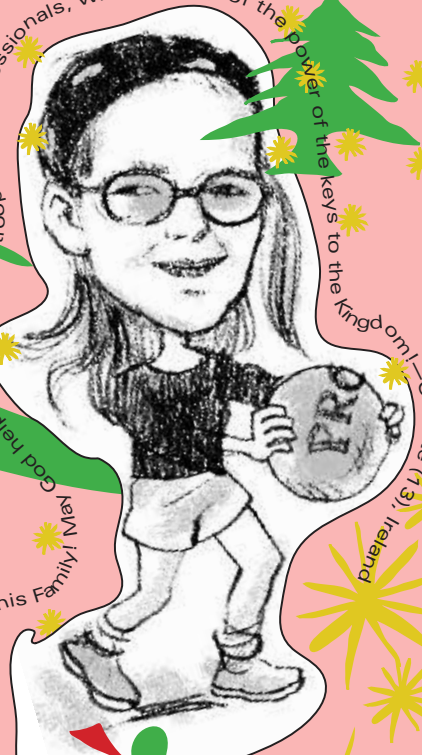
CARICATURE OF A PROFESSIONAL

5

There is only one place, one job, one role that could ever satisfy me, and that is my service and place in this last attempt to change the world. The Family. It has everything for me: the Word, the keys, the power, the encouragement, the friendship, the education, the excitement, the adventure.—Everything that one needs to make it right here condensed in two words “The Family.” I mean it with a hand on the Bible.—Alfred (14), Mexico



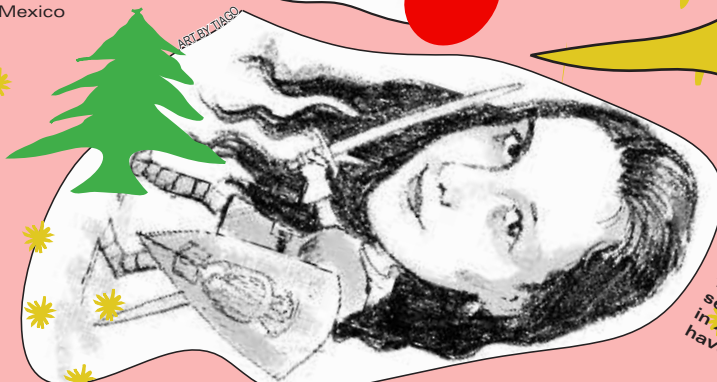
I'm so privileged to be in this Family! May God help us to be His elite troops!



power of the keys to the kingdom!—Cesta (13), Ireland

Just be what the Lord wants you to be and you will be a PROFESSIONAL!—Dora (17), Mozambique

Xn: Thanks to everyone who sent in photos who sent liners by October 15th, 2003.—You'll see your caricature in Xn soon if you haven't already!



ART BY JAGO

EXPRESS YOUR

Individuality

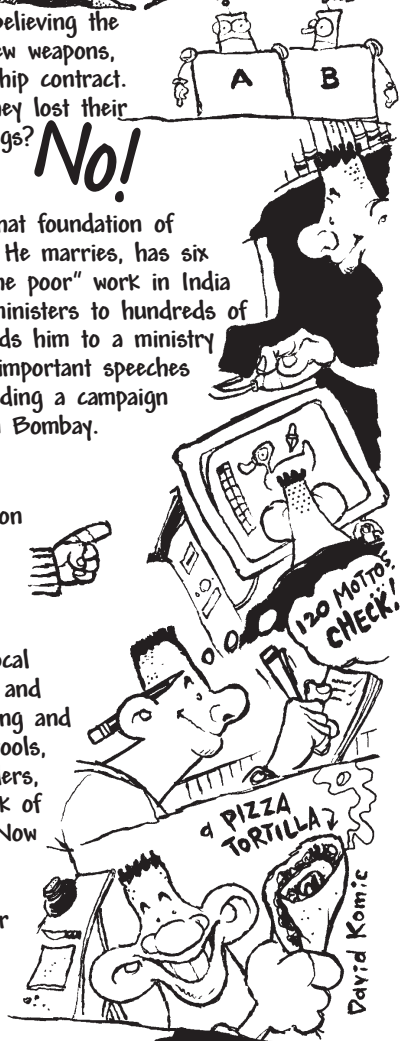
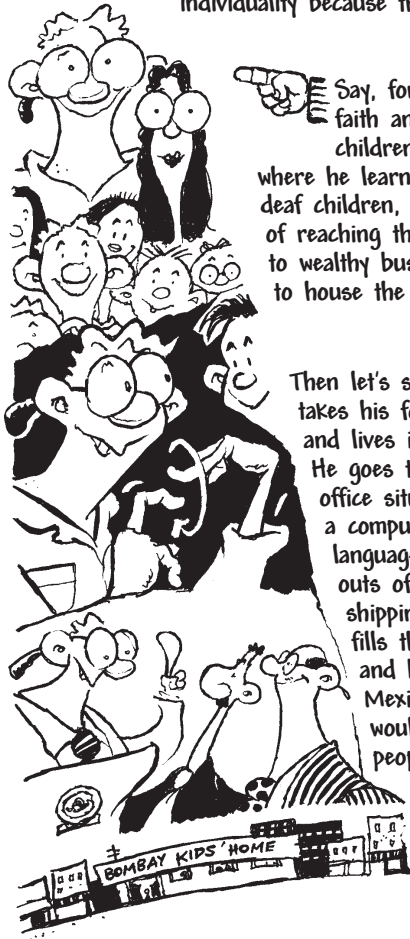


Two people can be in the Family, both believing the Letters and the Bible, both using the new weapons, both having signed the Charter Membership contract. Does that mean they're the same? Have they lost their individuality because they both do those things?

No!

Say, for example, one takes that foundation of faith and lives it in this way: He marries, has six children, starts a "consider the poor" work in India where he learns sign language and ministers to hundreds of deaf children, and eventually this leads him to a ministry of reaching the top where he gives important speeches to wealthy businessmen who are funding a campaign to house the poor street urchins in Bombay.

Then let's say that the other person takes his foundation of faith and lives in it in this way: He goes to a service center/office situation where he writes a computer program for the local language ARC, learns the ins and outs of color work and printing and shipping the local language tools, fills the Homes' monthly orders, and becomes an expert cook of Mexican and Italian food. Now would you think those two people are the same? Do they seem identical? Or are they individuals? The answer is obvious, of course.



All of that doing, all that action and accomplishment is in essence who that person is. That is the expression of that person's individuality.

("Issues, Part 3: Individuality," ML #3302:79-81)



The Parable of the Stereogram

Told by Jesus

B TOM AND HIS FRIEND ALAN WERE WALKING DOWN A STREET ONE DAY.



YOU KNOW, AL, I REALLY DON'T GET ALL THE FUSS ABOUT WORD TIME. I MEAN, REALLY, WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT SITTING DOWN AND STARING AT WORDS AND LETTERS?



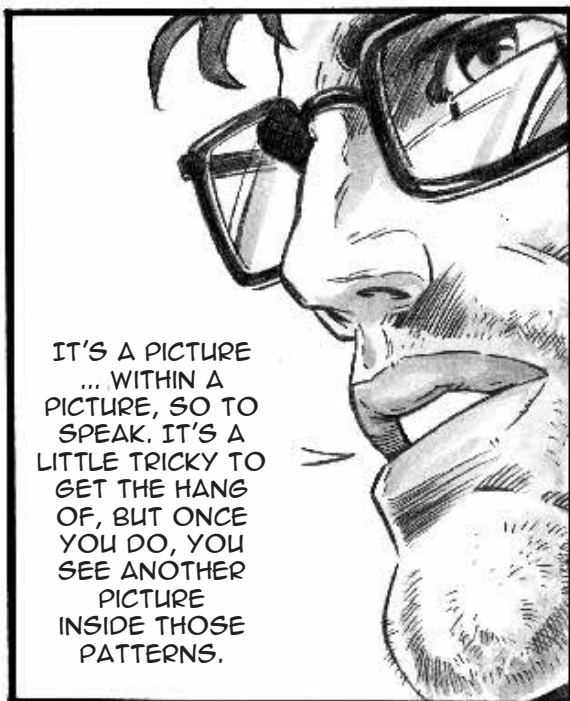
HOW CAN THAT CHANGE ANYTHING? HOW CAN THAT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE? I MEAN, I KNOW THE WORD IS SPECIAL, BUT ONCE YOU'VE READ IT, YOU'VE READ IT, RIGHT?

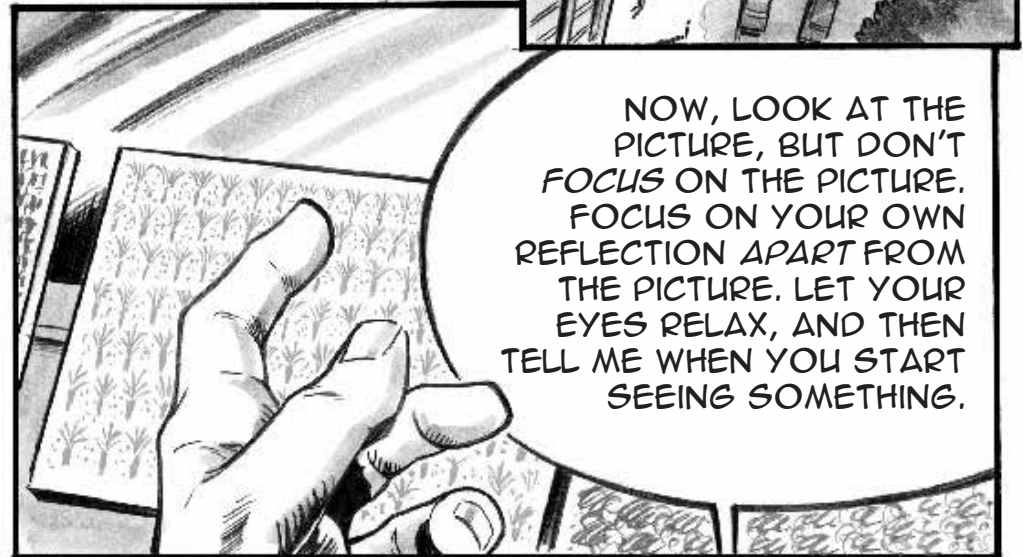


Art by Philippe La Plume

YOU KNOW IT. WHY WOULD YOU WANT OR EVEN NEED TO READ IT AGAIN?

ALAN WAS A LITTLE OLDER THAN TOM, BUT WASN'T QUITE SURE WHAT TO ANSWER. JUST THEN THEY PASSED BY A SHOP THAT HAD A WINDOW FILLED WITH ODD-LOOKING PICTURES. THE PICTURES WERE MADE UP OF ALL KINDS OF PATTERNS AND COLORS, BUT DIDN'T REALLY SEEM TO BE SHOWING ANYTHING SPECIFIC.







I'M NOT
SEEING
ANYTHING.



LIKE I SAID, IT'S VERY
TRICKY. YOU HAVE TO
TRICK YOUR EYES INTO
DOING TWO THINGS
AT ONCE. YOU HAVE
TO BE LOOKING AT
THE PICTURE, BUT
FOCUSING ON YOUR
REFLECTION.

TOM STARED LONG AND HARD. AND THEN...



Oh
WOW!

THERE'S A
SPINNING BALL
... INSIDE THE
PICTURE. HOW
IN THE WORLD ...
IT LOOKS LIKE
I COULD JUST
REACH IN AND
PULL IT OUT!



THEY SPENT THE NEXT TEN MINUTES LOOKING AT ALL THE DIFFERENT PICTURES, AND DISCOVERING THE HIDDEN PICTURES INSIDE EACH ONE. SOME OF THE PICTURES WERE SIMPLER, LIKE A CUBE OR A SPHERE. OTHERS WERE MORE COMPLEX, LIKE A FLOWER WITH PETALS OR A CROWN WITH DIAMONDS IN IT. STILL OTHER STEREOGRAMS SEEMED TO HAVE WHOLE PICTURES AND SCENES WITHIN THEM. TOM WAS FASCINATED.



WHAT
DO
YOU
MEAN?



LOOKING AT THESE PICTURES IS KIND OF LIKE READING THE WORD. IF YOU JUST LOOK ON THE SURFACE, IT CAN SOMETIMES LOOK LIKE AN ODD COLLECTION OF REPEATING PATTERNS AND COLORS. BUT IF YOU CAN MANAGE TO LOOK AT THE WORDS WHILE FOCUSING ON YOUR OWN REFLECTION, LIKE TRYING TO SEE YOURSELF IN THOSE WORDS AND HOW THEY APPLY TO YOU PERSONALLY, THEN YOU'LL GET THE FULL PICTURE OF WHAT THE LORD IS TRYING TO SHOW YOU.



TOM THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT ALAN HAD SAID ON THE WAY HOME, AND DECIDED TO GIVE IT A TRY. DO YOU THINK IT WORKED?

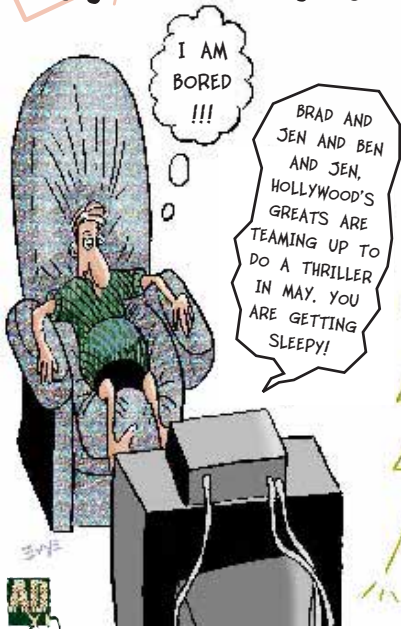
(JESUS:) PEOPLE MUST LEARN HOW TO STUDY THE WORD, HOW TO ASK THEMSELVES QUESTIONS, HOW TO REFLECT, HOW TO ABSORB, AND THEN HOW TO HAVE CONVICTION ENOUGH TO MAKE CHANGES IN ACCORDANCE WITH MY VOICE OF CONVICTION IN THEIR HEARTS. THEY MUST LEARN HOW TO MEDITATE ON MY WORDS. THERE MUST BE MORE OF A HUNGER IN THE SPIRIT, MORE OF A DESPERATION TO MAKE THE WORD A PART OF THEM, TO BE CHANGED AND MOTIVATED BY IT, RATHER THAN LISTENING TO IT CASUALLY IN DEVOTIONS.

(FEAST 2003: WHAT IS JESUS WORTH TO YOU?)
ML #3433:243)

LORD, WHAT
ARE YOU TRYING
TO SHOW ME?



Life ^{is} Not ^a Passive Thing

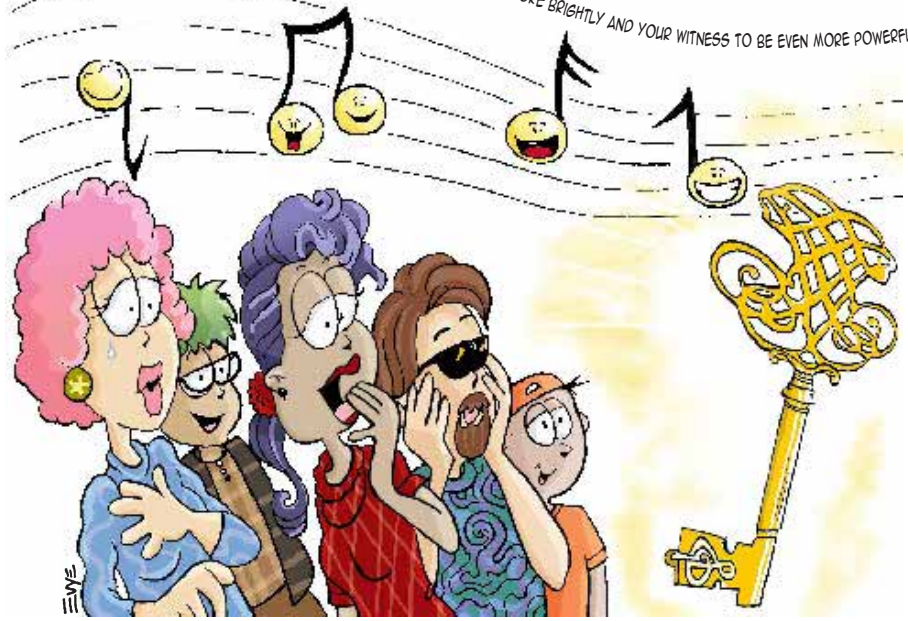


BOREDOM?
 CAN'T SAY I RECALL WHAT THAT MEANS SINCE I GOT ON BOARD. K, GOTTA GET THOSE SPINACH PUFFS OUTTA THE OVEN. OUR ACTIVE MEMBERS ARE HERE.

OF ALL THINGS THE ENEMY WOULD LOVE TO TRY TO STEAL, IT IS YOUR TIME! HIS PURPOSE IN USING THE INTERNET, TELEVISION, ENTERTAINMENT, VIDEO GAMES AND MOVIES IS TO FILL THE WORLD WITH ACTION AND EAT UP TIME, DECEIVING MAN TO THINK HE'S USING IT WELL. AS THE DAYS GROW WORSE AND WORSE, SO DOES THE ENEMY USE THESE AVENUES MORE EFFECTIVELY—TO DISTRACT, TO HYPNOTIZE, AND TO CAUSE LIFE TO BE A PASSIVE THING.—JESUS ("GEMS AND JEWELS, PART 1," ML #3416:55)

Xn: Here's a key you can claim during your active Christmas witnessing season!

KEYS PROMISE: WHEN YOU CALL ON THE KEYS OF TESTIMONY AND CONVICTION BEFORE YOUR SHOWS AND PERFORMING ENGAGEMENTS, I WILL CAUSE THE LIGHT IN YOUR EYES TO SHINE MORE BRIGHTLY AND YOUR WITNESS TO BE EVEN MORE POWERFUL.



WHEN LOVE story feature STRIKES!

Chapter 3: In the Open

"Gabriela!" exclaimed Kyra, opening the front door. "It's wonderful to have you! We had hoped you'd be here for lunch."

"So sorry I'm late. Besides being kept waiting for ages, the business took longer than I had anticipated. Puebla's not known for its efficiency, as I suppose you've found out!"

Kyra laughed and led her into the living room. "Make yourself comfortable. Hungry?"

Gabriela shook her head. "Is Javier home?" she asked as she settled into an armchair.

"Yes, he's ... er..."

Kyra gulped with a sudden realization. "Oh, you haven't met Amy," she said. Kyra and Gabriela looked on as Javier planted an affectionate kiss on Amy's cheek as he walked out of her room with Jessica and Carol tugging on his hands. "She joined our Home a couple weeks ago."

"He was helping Amy with her kids," said Kyra through a feeble smile.

"Gabriela!" exclaimed Javier, slapping his forehead. "That's right, you were supposed to be coming today. We were expecting you earlier this morning."

"It got late," said Gabriela stonily and looked at her watch. "I just remembered I have some more business to take care of. I'll ... see you some other time when you're not busy, maybe."

"You're not staying for the Bible class? I'll be ready in a couple of minutes."

Gabriela gathered up her handbag and wrap and headed for the front door. "I'll be at my hotel."

The door clicked shut and Kyra glanced at Javier. "Lord, give us wisdom."

"A problem?" Amy asked.

Kyra glanced questioningly at Javier who shrugged awkwardly. At that moment, Mer entered the room.

"I heard Gabriela's voice. Where is she?"

"She just left," said Kyra.

"Uh oh," said Mer. "Do I like, sense that the cat is out of the proverbial bag?"

"Can someone please clue me in?" asked Amy.

Javier took her hand and led her back into the bedroom while Jessica and Carol headed for the dining room.

Considering how Javier's attraction for Gabriela had increased over the recent months, Javier found his sudden spark of interest for Amy at their initial encounter unexpected, and so had enquired of the Lord regard-

ART BY TIAGO





ing this surprise emotion. The answer he received, however, was not altogether what he had wanted to hear, having been told that the Lord had placed that quickening of heart within him to facilitate his filling the apparent need in Amy's life for a helper with her children. Consequently, due to Javier's reluctance, the spark was given little chance to be fanned into a flame as far as Amy was concerned.

Nevertheless, the conviction of the Spirit lay heavily upon him, and Javier threw himself wholeheartedly into helping to care for Amy's children, particularly Jessica and Carol, who within a short time soon grew to hold a special affection for Javier. This was not altogether one-sided; Javier also loved the girls, to the point that times spent with them became the highlights of his day.

And Amy? Naturally, this selfless care of her children so endeared Amy to Javier, that she was soon enamored with him. But her shy demeanor encased an iron and often stubborn will that had manifested itself through deep reservoirs of resolve when it came to handling matters of the heart.

"I'm so sorry, Amy," said Javier, as he and Amy sat in the bedroom following Gabriela's offended departure. "I feel like a creep."

"Did you think I'd be hurt?"

"I just wasn't sure," was Javier's reply.

"Look, you are more than I could ever have wished for as far as a father figure with Jess and Carol goes, and besides that you're a great friend. So I just

didn't see any need for you to keep your feelings about Gabriela from me."

"I just didn't want to hurt you, Amy. I know you've been through a lot."

Amy gave a nonchalant shrug.

Javier tenderly took her perceptibly reluctant hand. "And besides...", he began, "my feelings for Gabriela ... I really need to hear from the Lord about them. I don't understand it or what the Lord's been trying to show me through it, as I haven't prayed about it yet ... I know I should have."

Amy's eyes were searching for a hiding place as Javier drew her close to him, and her whispered concerns about the children coming back to brush their teeth after snack were soon dissolved.

* * *

"We were all getting checks about our neglecting to introduce Gabriela to the Law of Love and the One Wife vision, right?" Clay asked, as the Home members gathered in the living room for prayer that evening.

The others nodded shamefacedly.

"I'll take the full blame for that," Kyra said. "The Lord was checking me about it. I got specific prophecies to start telling her about it, but I just chickened out every time I came face to face with her. She received the Loving Jesus revelation fine, being Catholic and having read about those early Christian mystic nuns. To learn about their love

and dedication to Jesus in such an intimate way, was something she found very interesting. We have even spent time praising the Lord in a deeper way, telling Him how much we love Him, and it was sweet."

"God bless you, Honey," said Justin, taking her hand. "That in itself must have taken guts."

"But this One Wife and Law of Love thing," Kyra went on. "I just put it off."

"The problem also was my lack of honesty," interjected Javier, "which hurt Amy here."

"I'm okay now," said Amy. "We had a good open-heart discussion and prayer together."

"Yes, thank the Lord," said Javier. "But now we need to seek the Lord about where to go from here with Gabriela."

"That's why," Clay added, "we'd better pray desperately and hear from the Lord for Javier as he has dinner with her at her hotel. And I'd like prayer too, since I'll be taking Jav. Under the circumstances you'll probably find me in the hotel lounge with a fruit juice and something to read."

"Being a prayer warrior, of course," said Mer.



story feature

* * *

Javier thought how beautiful she looked, as the candlelight flickered on her fine Spanish features and hurt eyes that were carefully avoiding his. While they had waited for the entrée and picked on the hors d'oeuvres, Gabriela had haltingly described the hurt she had felt during the preceding four hours, and now they were sitting in silence, staring at their plates.

"You don't owe me anything...", Gabriela said suddenly. "I haven't told you anything, so I can't assume you'd know about my interest in you. I just didn't know how to react."

"Gabriela, I'm sorry. There are some things about our communal life that I should've explained to you. ..."

"I don't blame you, Javier," Gabriela cut in. "I would have done the same thing in your shoes."

"I don't quite understand what you're saying. ..."

"She's in love with *you*! It's written all over her face."

Jesus, help me ... she seems jealous. "All I know," said Javier, "is that Jesus told me to be there for her in her need for friendship, and help with her children."

"That would take some sacrifice on your part," Gabriela pensively remarked, after a short silence. "Are you two close?"

"She's been hurt in her life," Javier said. "Anyway, I struggled with it when the Lord told me to help her more."

"By doing what? Being a father figure for her children or her companion?"

"Well, both—to some extent."

Gabriela shook her head and sighed. "I don't get it. What other 'unusual doctrines' am I to expect?"

"What do you mean?"

"I have to confess, Javier, that I came on this visit to Puebla with my guns loaded. I just wish I had known."

"Known what? About Amy?"

"No ... it's..." Gabriela threw her hands up in exasperation, and Javier sighed as their eyes met for the first time that evening.

"The food's getting cold," he said, lamely. "Shall we pray and eat? It might help this to go down better."

After a short blessing on the food, Gabriela smiled faintly and continued. "The other night I got to talking with my brother, Rafael. We'd had a couple of drinks, and we got into a conversation—a kind I don't remember *ever* having with him. We hardly communicated before we got saved. Anyway, it was deep and warm. But then he described this doctrine of the Law of Love that one of you had shared with him—Justin, I believe—and I must admit, some of it went down sideways."

"I'm so sorry," said Javier. "But you have to understand that the Law of Love covers every part of our lives in the Family—our interactions with each other, how we live, and not just..."

"Yes, I realize that. ... But you see, Rafael's the radical sort, so he got on my case about being stuffy and bourgeois when I, to be honest, freaked out."

"It's easy to be gung ho when you're not tested on it," said Javier.

Gabriela chuckled. "Exactly. But then I asked him how he is about saying words of love to Jesus. He didn't have any idea what I was talking about, so I told him about that, and it was *his* turn to be a bit rattled!"

"Oh dear!" said Javier, and sunk his head in his hands.

"But don't be alarmed! In spite of the turmoil I was feeling, I prayed and the Lord showed me a way to explain it to him so that he'd understand."

"Good for you. How did you do that?"

"I explained it to him using some of the Catholic mystics as examples, and their deep dedication to Jesus, as Kyra also introduced it to me. Even during Rafael's old communistic atheistic days, he had always maintained a secret respect for the saints, self-

flagellation, and all that. And you know what? He was okay with it."

"That's a relief."

"But me. ... I'm afraid I'm quite a selfish person." Tears came to Gabriela's eyes and she shook her head.

"Can you forgive me for the way I acted this afternoon?"

Javier took her hand. "I will, on one condition."

Gabriela looked quizzically through her tears. "What's that?"

"If you forgive us for not having fully explained to you some of our more unique beliefs."

"You're forgiven."

(Dad:) We are unique, His called-out church of the Endtime, and there's no one else in the world quite like us! That's what attracts people to us, the wild, free spirit we have, the Lord's love and joy in our hearts that we can share with others, and the wonderful lifestyle He's given us as we have tried to follow Him fully.

You have spiritual riches beyond compare in the Words the Lord has given you, truth that is so explosive that it can blow the Devil's lies to shreds, and love that is so wonderful that it can change hearts and save lives for eternity! Don't neglect passing them on. Don't be ashamed of the Lord's message. If you're a faithful witness, the Lord Himself will be proud of you. ("Witnessing and Follow-up Pitfalls," ML #3245:71,77)



Chapter 4: Stolen Treasures

With pounding heart, Kyra sat up alone in her bed and squinted into the darkness. She had been woken up by the sound of footsteps in her nearby walk-in closet. Someone was in the house and it wasn't Justin.

She reached over to the nightstand and switched on the light. There was the sound of more rummaging, this time coming from downstairs. She quickly turned the lamp back off, tiptoed out of bed and pulled a flashlight from the dresser.

Jesus, protect me!

She held her breath and slowly opened the bedroom door. It creaked, and the shuffling downstairs stopped, along with her heart. She was about to let out a scream. The enormous Velázquez original oil painting that hung at the end of the hallway was gone. Trembling, she made her way to the walk-in closet where it was apparent that her expensive clothing items and the drawers of her dressing table had been ransacked.

"All my jewels!" she said under her breath. "Diamonds and pearl necklaces and earrings! *Gone!*"

story feature

A draft caught the open bedroom door and it slammed shut. Noises resumed downstairs as footsteps scuttled out of the front door and onto the driveway, followed by the sound of a car revving up and driving off.

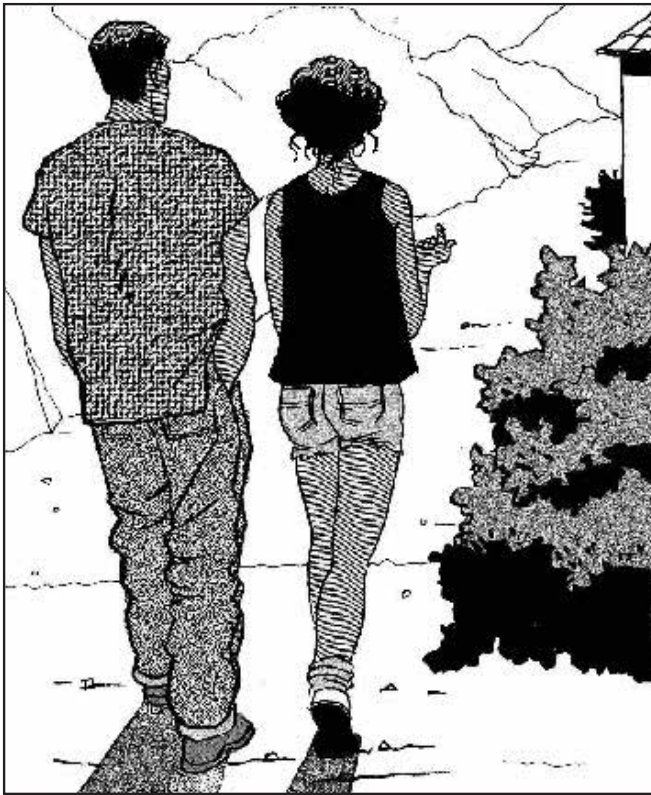
Kyra darted to her bedroom window in time to see the car's taillights disappearing through the front gates.

She ran downstairs. More priceless art treasures had been mercilessly ripped from the walls, rare first editions and manuscripts had been rifled from the library, decorative silverware was gone from the sideboard in the dining room along with cloisonné vases and handcrafted Wedgwood—and the safe in the office was empty.

The intruders had made off with everything that was of value.

Kyra slammed the front doors shut and leaned back against them. Closing her eyes and clenching her fists, she opened her mouth. She wanted to scream, but nothing came, only tears.

She had been planning on having security locks put on these doors, and installing an alarm system. She'd had it on her to-do list for a long time to see about getting keys for the front gates, but there didn't seem to be any danger. Yes, she'd heard of robberies in other less fortunate neighborhoods, it just wasn't something that was going to happen here. After all,



wasn't their protection the duty of the security guard of this exclusive condominium?

"Jesus, forgive me," she moaned, and at that moment she opened her eyes.

Justin was snoring peacefully beside her and the alarm was beeping. It was fifteen minutes to devotions.

With a groan, Justin brought a groggy hand down on the clock, silencing its shrill declaration.

"Honey, I had the most awful dream," said Kyra. "Well, I'm glad it's just a dream. Mind if I tell you?"

Justin grunted sleepily and nodded.

"I'm not so sure it's just a dream," he remarked a few minutes later as he scrambled into his clothes.

"Yeah," said Kyra wryly, pointing to a dog-eared poster tacked on the wall. "See my Velázquez?"

"No, what I mean is, you have riches in the spirit, and ... hey, we need to get to devotions."

"Your dream," said Justin, taking Kyra's hand as they walked down the dusty lane toward the hills behind their house. "I've been thinking and praying about it."

"And the Lord showed you something?" Kyra asked eagerly.

Justin nodded. "It kind of reminds me of the application in that recent Feast Letter, 'What is Jesus Worth to You?' about the rich man and his unguarded riches."

Embarrassed, Kyra wrinkled her nose and grimaced. "I don't know if I remember."

Justin drew a deep breath. "Precisely."

"Precisely what?"

"You not remembering such an important Letter."

"We'd come back from that whole Venezuela trip," Kyra retorted. "And maybe you didn't get the memo, but because of my morning sickness I really struggled to absorb much from the Feast material."

Justin fell silent and they continued walking.

"Is it okay if I kind of shoot a bit straight?" he asked after some time.

"Kind of a bit straight?"

"Straight."

"Okay."

"It's been some time since the Feast," Justin said softly. "And we, the Home, have been doing our best to accommodate you with your schedule, special food and different demands ... er requirements. Cravings and all."

"And?"

"Your Word time."

"Justin," said Kyra testily, avoiding his steady but loving gaze, "I've been so tired."

"I understand. But you spend a lot of nap times chatting with Gabriela on the phone."

"I'm ministering to her. She has lots of questions. Especially since her last visit."

"Okay, but it's been noticed that lately the conversations rarely get out of the realm of baby care and food. Then at night you've been reading a lot of these System magazines and books on pregnancy."

Kyra blushed.

"Still want to walk?" Justin asked, apologetically.

Kyra nodded.

"The Lord showed me," Justin continued, "that you are sort of like the rich man in that Letter who has all these riches of the spirit—the Word and everything—and He allowed the Enemy to come in and steal it, because he didn't keep it carefully guarded."

Tears filled Kyra's eyes. "That's sobering," she said. "The Lord did speak to me about it. And that's just the problem, the Lord speaks to me quite a bit in prophecy."

"Yeah. You've got an incredible gift. Mine's so nothing in comparison."

"What little you do get you take seriously, Jus. The thing about me is I just don't follow through. The Lord's checked me a number of times about that, and I still went on in my own way. It took this whole ugly jealousy thing over Mer to bring it to a head."

"So what else has He been telling you that you're not heeding?"

"Precisely what you've just told me. It wasn't news."

After walking a little further, Kyra asked if they could sit down. Finding a suitable rock to perch on, they spent a few minutes watching the sun set behind the Cerro de Guadalupe hills until Kyra broke the silence.

"And what's worse, Jus, is that I've been acting so SR with you lately. Judging you about your prayer life and your getting too much worldly input."

"You've been right, Honey. You don't have to whip yourself over it."

"I'm not saying that what you were doing or not doing was right," said Kyra. "It's the way I handled it. Chatting with Clay about it, as you were aware, but coming down too heavy. I'm sorry."

"Apology taken, Babe."

(Mama:) If you were the owner of great worldly riches, yet you lived in an area where robbery and theft were rampant, you would no doubt take precautions to ensure that you weren't robbed. You might have an alarm system installed in your home, around your property, or in your car. You might have guard dogs or even a bodyguard to protect yourself. Wouldn't you do something like that? One thing is certain, if you were wise, you would do *something*; you wouldn't just sit idly by and wait for the day when the thieves came in to steal your valuables, beat you up, and leave you helpless! You would put safeguards in place to assure safety. "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are safe" (Luke 11:21).

From a spiritual standpoint, you need safeguards in your habits, priorities, and how you spend your time, so you can protect your spiritual riches from being ripped off by the Devil. Your Word time, your connection with the Lord, your channel, your prayer vigils and times of praise, your memory work, and the personal counsel you receive in prophecy are all part of the massive wealth that you own. But the Enemy is always casing your house, watching for an unguarded moment, looking for a way to break in and steal the things of true value. ("What Is Jesus Worth to You?" ML #3433:96-97)

To be continued

Keys Promise: Claim the power of My keys, and, as I move in your life, My Spirit will lead you into greater things.

Holiday Season Marred by Typhoon “Stuff”

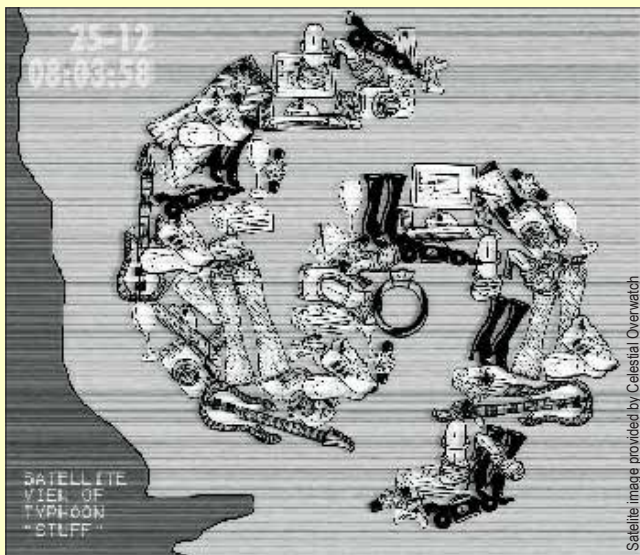
Thousands of souls feared lost

By Kevin Kanwayte

EVERYWHERE, on Earth: Relief workers are sorting through the aftermath of a powerful typhoon, dubbed Typhoon “Stuff” by local meteorologists, which is continuing up the coast, leaving a path of destruction in its wake. Thousands of local residents are missing, and are feared buried alive under holiday debris such as completely useless electronic gadgets and chic, shiny footwear.

Eyewitnesses described seeing enormous quantities of stuff approaching at high speeds. Local resident, Juan Carlos Rodriguez Alejandro María José Poorlostsheepeez (14) reports: “I was taking an evening walk, and just when I started wondering about the true meaning of Christmas I heard a loud rumbling noise. I looked up in horror to see a huge wall of “Preystation” video game consoles—bundled with the cool new game “SimToilet 2004,” and a bunch of accessories—rushing towards me like an army of crazed mariachis. My first thought was, *Wow, man, that’s a really good deal*, but then I took cover in a nearby dumpster because I didn’t want to die.”

Others were not as lucky. Relief worker Jeanette Sousearcher (17) says she and her co-workers are working around the



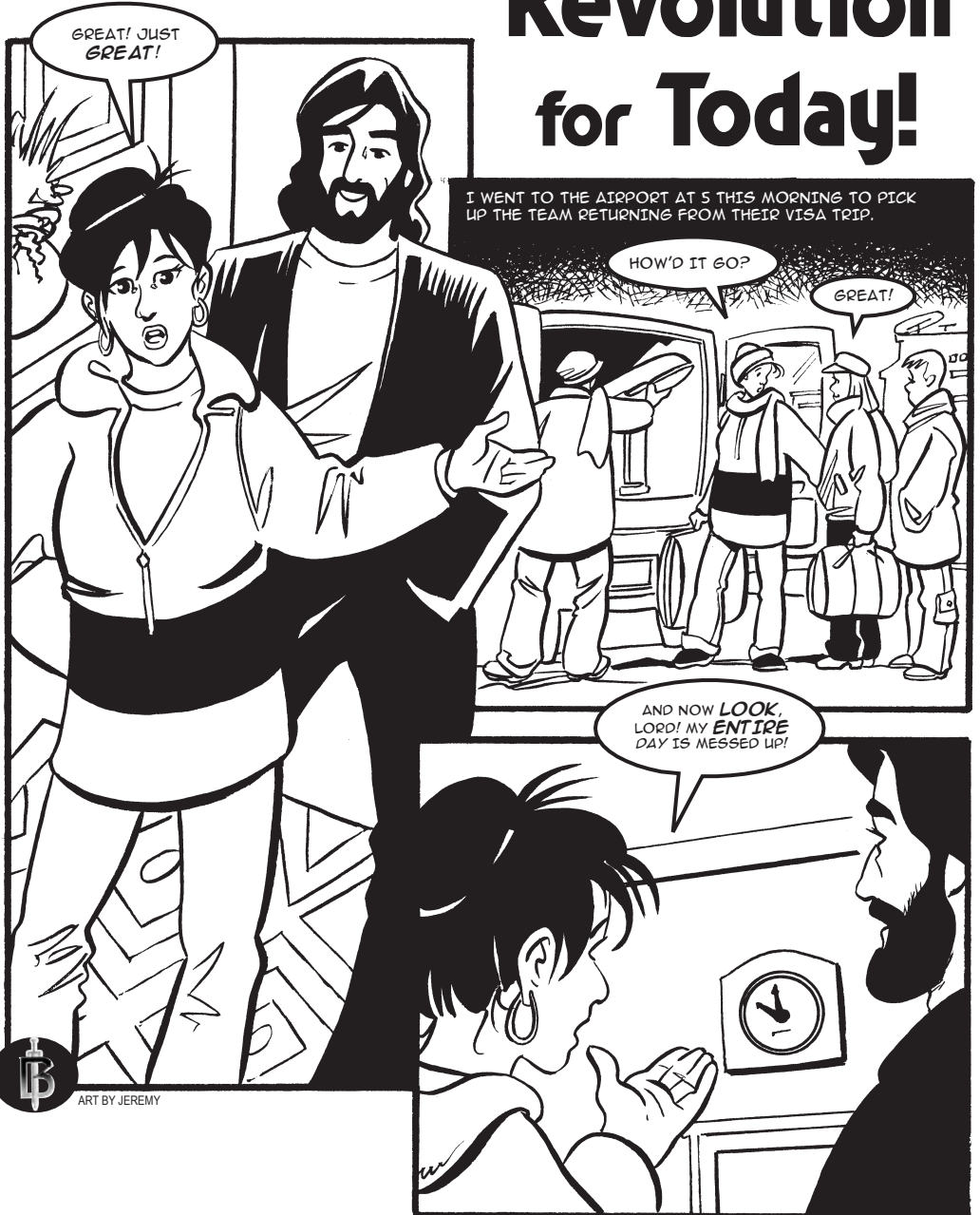
clock to save several teenagers who they believe are buried under a mountain of Josh Hotness collectable action figures (with rump-shaking action) and the hit single, “The World Revolves Around My Manlihood,” from the band Narcissistic Noodleheads.

“We’re going to be digging for a long time,” said Sousearcher, “but we’ll get them out one way or another.”

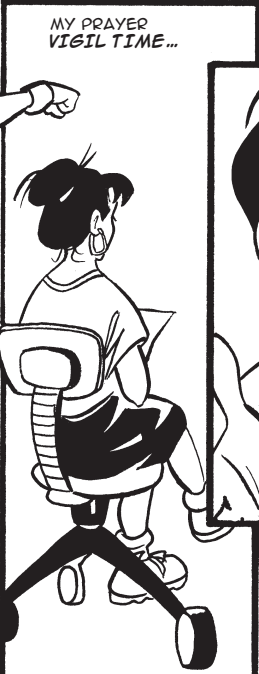
Relief efforts are underway, but have so far been hampered by insufficient personnel. Jesus Christ, who is heading up the effort, has made several public appeals, calling for all able-bodied men and women to selflessly assist in the search for survivors this holiday season.

Volunteers are, however, being cautioned about continued high winds causing white sugar landslides and alcoholic flash floods.

Raisa Buvitt *in* This Word Revolution for Today!



ART BY JEREMY



(MESSAGE FROM JESUS)

Living this Word revolution is about adapting and asking Me how to best use the time that you *have*.

OH, NO!

It's about following the plan that I show you for now, not necessarily doing it in a set way each day.

RRRING!
RRRING!

You've got to seek Me for what will work for you personally...

WHAT? THE LANDLADY'S DROPPING BY NOW?

AND SO, TO CUT A LONG STORY SHORT, I TOLD MY HUSBAND...

...because if you restrict yourself to only a certain schedule...

...you'll inevitably miss it sometimes and become discouraged, and the whole thing will just fall through.

I know what will work best for you, and sometimes I will give you a more long-term plan...

I want to keep you on your toes in the spirit so that you feel the need to ask Me everything...

WOW, YOU'RE UP EARLY, RAISA!

YEAH! THE LORD TOLD ME TO TAKE MY WORD TIME AT SUNRISE DURING THIS SWIFT!

...and other times I'll just give you a plan for one day.

THIS WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA, LORD, TO TAKE MY WORD TIME ON THE TRAIN!

...and always need to lean on Me for your happiness, strength, and solutions.

THANK YOU, JESUS, FOR THOSE ENCOURAGING WORDS!

ANYTHING SPECIFIC ABOUT HOW I CAN GET TODAY'S WORD TIME AND EVERYTHING ELSE DONE?

YES, RAISA, GET OUT YOUR NOTEBOOK...

Why Love Witnessing?

Who said witnessing is not fun? And who said it's not necessary? And who said it can't change your life?

I can testify that witnessing has changed *my* life. Witnessing has made me see what being a real missionary is all about.

I was raised going out witnessing with my parents, but only now do I also feel the way they felt when they would go on faith trips with us—without a cent in their pockets, with no clue of where they were going—simply because they loved witnessing. They loved Jesus and they loved the sheep.

I've been an active witnesser for a few years now, and these last few years have been life changing for me as I have thrown myself completely into the Activated way of life.

Life for Jesus is the coolest life there is, and wonderful things happen every day!—Female (19), South America



Keys Promise: The keys of activation will help you get subscriptions to Activated. Call on them and the barriers will disappear, and you will be able to activate your part of the world.

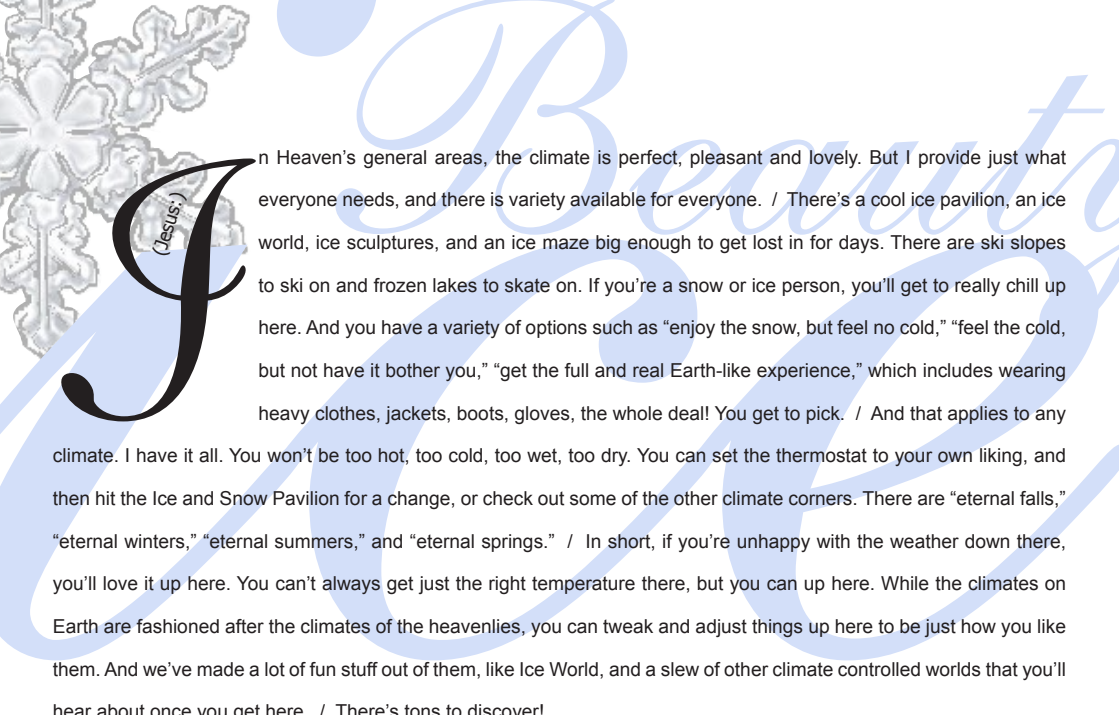


Take Time to Enjoy the Company

AD (Jesus:) I've placed around you precious ones who seek to please Me, chosen ones who I've called to live with you and be your workmates, your teammates, your Word mates. You won't be with them forever, so take time to enjoy the fellowship and company of those you live with, young and old, each and every one. For each is precious in My sight. Each one has so much love and understanding to give, and each one needs so much love and understanding. So see each one with My eyes, the way I see them.

Thank you for being part of My unique Bride and for doing your part to make your Home a happy Home, a fulfilled Home, a useful Home, a strong staff that I am able to lean on and that I can count on in days of adversity because of your love, loyalty and dedication to My Family.

("Have Fun with Jesus!" ML #3437:65,68)



In Heaven's general areas, the climate is perfect, pleasant and lovely. But I provide just what everyone needs, and there is variety available for everyone. / There's a cool ice pavilion, an ice world, ice sculptures, and an ice maze big enough to get lost in for days. There are ski slopes to ski on and frozen lakes to skate on. If you're a snow or ice person, you'll get to really chill up here. And you have a variety of options such as "enjoy the snow, but feel no cold," "feel the cold, but not have it bother you," "get the full and real Earth-like experience," which includes wearing heavy clothes, jackets, boots, gloves, the whole deal! You get to pick. / And that applies to any climate. I have it all. You won't be too hot, too cold, too wet, too dry. You can set the thermostat to your own liking, and then hit the Ice and Snow Pavilion for a change, or check out some of the other climate corners. There are "eternal falls," "eternal winters," "eternal summers," and "eternal springs." / In short, if you're unhappy with the weather down there, you'll love it up here. You can't always get just the right temperature there, but you can up here. While the climates on Earth are fashioned after the climates of the heavenlies, you can tweak and adjust things up here to be just how you like them. And we've made a lot of fun stuff out of them, like Ice World, and a slew of other climate controlled worlds that you'll hear about once you get here. / There's tons to discover!

THE BEAUTY OF ICE!

How different life on Earth would be if everyone could see for a moment these unimaginable worlds and dimensions that lie just beyond our normal senses.

(Journey to Tricon)





THRILLING
ACTION
SHOTS
FOLLOW

Not for
the squeamish

