

One Little Choice Today  
Anatol the Wise  
His Heart Would Not Die



“ARE YOU WILLING TO TURN TO ME AND FORSAKE THE NOTION OF BEING ‘NORMAL,’ AND INSTEAD PICK UP THE BANNER OF BEING RADICAL AND DROPPED OUT?”

**3** **BLADE:**  
ONE LITTLE CHOICE TODAY

**1 4** **EXTRA:**  
SPECIFIC KEYS OF HEAVEN, PART 2

**1 1** **LINKUP:**  
ANATOL THE WISE

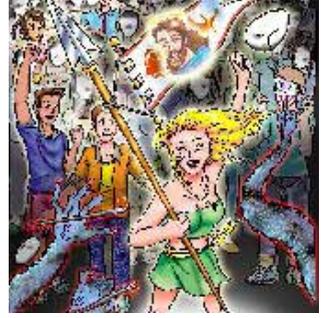
**1 2** **RADICALS UNLIMITED:**  
HIS HEART WOULD NOT DIE

**2 7** **SPICE OF LIFE:**  
LIST 02

**1 7** **STORY FEATURE:**  
“AM I MY BROTHER’S KEEPER?”  
CHAPTERS 1–2

**2 8** **TOON FEATURE:**  
DOORMATRIX 39

**NOTABLE QUOTE**



**Taking Off the Mask**

(Jesus:) You’ve painted for yourself an eyeless, mouthless, featureless mask, a white sheet of nothingness, so that none can see what you stand for, so that none can determine where you’re coming from, so that none can see that you are Mine.

Do you long to be nothing more than a blank mask, which will not be remembered nor affect anyone for good? Instead of being a good influence, will you become a negative one? I tell you now that while your mask may seem featureless for the moment, it will not remain this way should you continue down this path of compromise. You will begin to show features, but they will not be Mine; they will be dark and ugly as you fall deeper into the traps of the Evil One who seeks to imprint his face upon your blank mask.

Are you willing to drop the mask? Are you willing to turn to Me and forsake the notion of being “normal,” and instead pick up the banner of being radical and dropped out? Are you willing to forsake your own ideas of how your life should be and let Me change your face to look like Mine, so you don’t look like you, but you look like Me, and the face you show is not your own but rather Mine?

(“Issues, Part 12,” ML #3418:97–98,101)  
(Xn: A great message to re-read!)

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**Xn Issue 39, March 2004.** Xn is for ages 12 and up. Parents or teachers, you may read age-appropriate portions of this mag with younger audiences, at your discretion. If you have submissions for Xn, please send them to xn@wsfamily.com. Xn is a nonprofit publication, published free for members. Not to be sold.  
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# Raisa Beyitt in ONE LITTLE CHOICE TODAY

YOU MAY FACE A CHOICE ON JUST A LITTLE MATTER TODAY, BUT THAT CHOICE CAN AFFECT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.



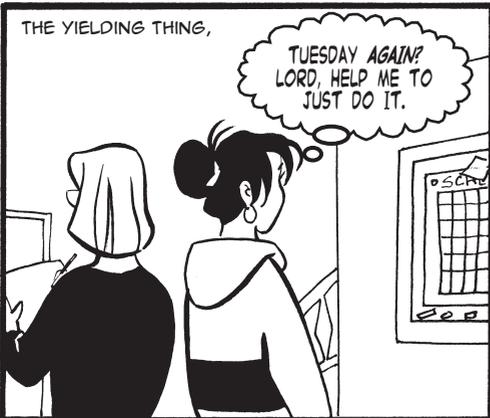
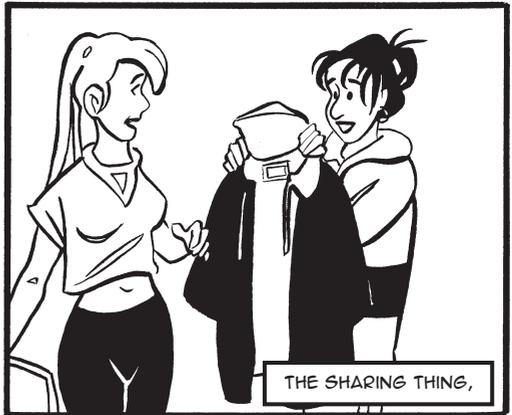
HOW?



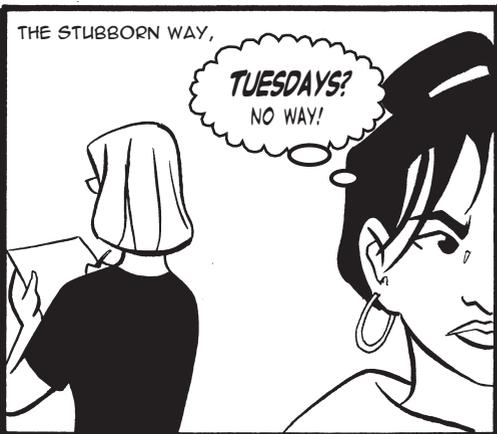
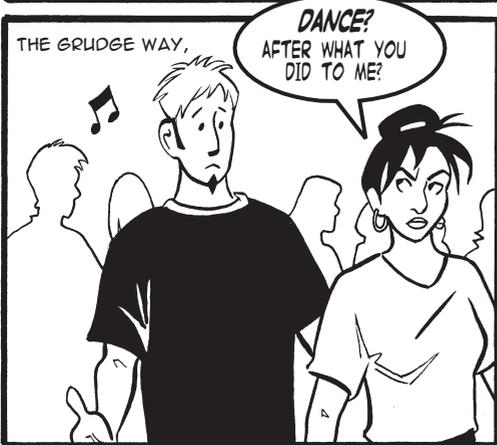
ART BY JEREMY

(MESSAGE FROM JESUS)

BECAUSE THE CHOICE YOU MAKE AFFECTS YOUR SPIRIT, WHETHER YOU SAY YES OR NO TO MY WILL AND THE RIGHT THING, THE THING MY SPIRIT IS NUDGING YOU TO DO.



THAT'S HOW YOU CAN TELL WHICH IS THE RIGHT CHOICE, IF IT'S SOMETHING THAT I WOULD DO, OR SOMETHING THAT I PROMOTE.

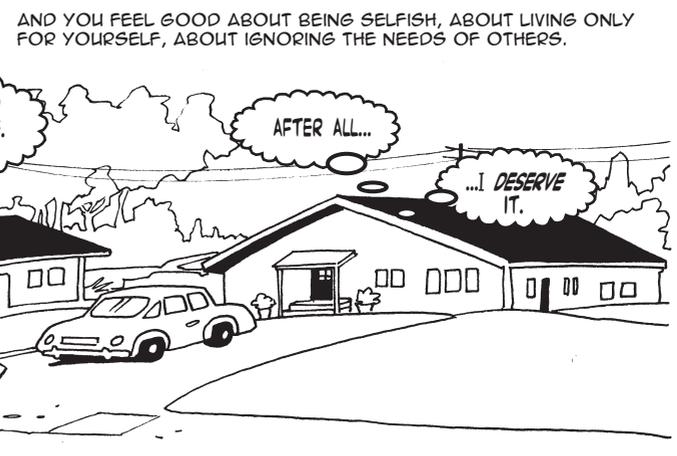
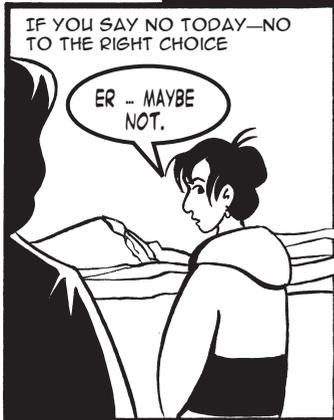


WELL, YOU CAN BE PRETTY SURE THAT THAT CHOICE DOES NOT FALL UNDER SOMETHING I WOULD DO, OR SOMETHING I WOULD PROMOTE.

# JUST SAY YES TODAY. IT'S NOT SO HARD.



## THE REVERSE IS TRUE, TOO



IT'S JUST ONE LITTLE CHOICE TODAY, AND IT MAY SEEM SO LITTLE THAT YOU BARELY NOTICE IT.

BUT TRUST ME, IT'S CHOOSING THE RIGHT THING ON THE LITTLE CHOICES THAT HELPS YOU TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT THING TOMORROW WHEN THE CHOICES MIGHT BE BIGGER AND THE STAKES HIGHER.

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP THE OTHER NIGHT, RAISA! IT MEANT A LOT!

WHEN WAS THAT?

HERE'S MY BUSINESS CARD ... THINK ABOUT IT.

## SO FOLLOW MY CHECKS AND MY NUDGES.

ASK YOURSELF,

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO? WHAT WOULD JESUS WANT?

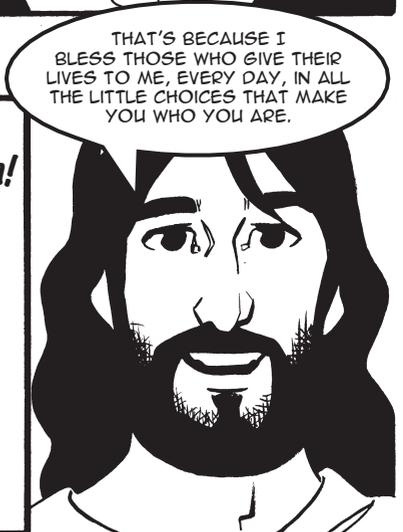
AND SAY YES TO ME TODAY.

YOU WON'T BE SORRY.

EVEN THOUGH IT SEEMS LIKE THE "RIGHT" THING MAKES YOU LOSE OUT—



LOSING A BIT OF INDEPENDENCE,





(MAMA:)

THAT'S A POINT THE LORD HAS REPEATEDLY EMPHASIZED—

THE IMPORTANCE OF THOSE LITTLE DECISIONS OF YIELEDNESS,

ME? GO ON VIDEO?



OBEEDIENCE,

WILLINGNESS TO DO THE HUMBLE THING,



FOLLOWING THROUGH ON WHAT HE'S ASKED OF US,

WOE!

WOE! WOE! WOE!  
WOE! WOE! WOE!  
UNTO THEE O  
DAUGHTER OF MY  
PEOPLE!

MAKING THE CHOICE TO DO THE LOVING THING, ETC.,



(ISSUES 15: TIMOTHY'S TESTIMONY, ML #3444:1)

AND HOW MUCH THESE CHOICES AFFECT OUR SPIRITUAL STRENGTH, USEFULNESS AND FUTURE.





(TIMOTHY:)

LIFE IS LIKE A VAPOR. IT'S HERE A LITTLE WHILE AND THEN IT'S GONE.

FOR SOME IT'S ONLY SECONDS,

AND THE BABY...?

I'M SORRY...

FOR SOME IT'S MONTHS,

I'M SORRY. WE DID EVERYTHING WE COULD.

FOR SOME IT'S YEARS,

FOR OTHERS IT'S MANY DECADES,

AND FOR A FEW, ALMOST A HUNDRED YEARS OR MORE!

WHAT IS THAT WHEN COMPARED TO ETERNITY?

—THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!

THERE ARE NUMEROUS DECISIONS YOU MAKE DURING YOUR LIFETIME, MANY OF WHICH PEOPLE DON'T EVEN THINK A SECOND THOUGHT ABOUT,

JUST THINK OF THAT! WHAT YOU DECIDE TODAY CAN DETERMINE YOUR ETERNAL FUTURE.

YET THE REPERCUSSIONS LAST FOR ETERNITY.

(ISSUES 15; TIMOTHY'S TESTIMONY, ML #3444:130)



# Anatol

## the Wise

(XIV: MESSAGE GIVEN TO AN SEA.)

(JESUS:) I CAN GIVE YOU A HELPER WHO WILL ASSIST AND INSTRUCT YOU IN HOW TO SPEAK WISELY AND APPROPRIATELY. HE IS HERE FOR YOU NOW.

HIS NAME IS ANATOL, AND HE WAS A CHRISTIAN COLLEGE PROFESSOR. HE WAS ONE WHO LEARNED TO USE HIS WORDS WISELY, TO COMBINE BOLDNESS WITH TACT, AND TO KNOW WHEN TO SPEAK AND WHEN TO BE SILENT.

HE WAS ONE OF MY UNDERCOVER AGENTS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN IN THE DAYS OF GREAT OPPRESSION. YET HE WAS ABLE TO SURVIVE FOR A LONG TIME, AND DURING THAT TIME, TO BRING MANY TO ME, AND ENCOURAGE MANY LOST SOULS WITH MY COMFORT AND MY WORDS. HE WAS BOLD AND FEARLESS, BUT HE LEARNED TO COMBINE THAT WITH CAUTION AND PRUDENCE.

DO YOU SEE HOW THESE QUALITIES WILL HELP YOU? THEY WILL HELP YOU NOT ONLY NOW, IN YOUR INTERACTIONS WITH YOUR LOVED ONES AND LEARNING TO FILTER YOUR WORDS THROUGH ME, BUT THEY WILL ALSO HELP YOU IN DAYS OF MORE DARKNESS AND DANGER TO COME. THEY WILL HELP YOU KNOW HOW TO ANSWER AND SPEAK WISELY IN DAYS WHEN YOUR LIFE AND THE LIVES OF YOUR LOVED ONES COULD DEPEND ON IT.

(XV: "IF ANY OF YOU LACK WISDOM, LET HIM ASK OF GOD, THAT GIVETH TO ALL MEN LIBERALLY, AND UPBRAIDETH NOT; AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN HIM" [JAMES 1:5]. YOU CAN ASK JESUS FOR YOUR VERY OWN WISE ONE TO INSTRUCT YOU HOW TO SPEAK "WISELY AND APPROPRIATELY.")

(Courtesy of *Voice of the Martyrs*.)

Name: Li De Xian  
Location: Mainland China  
Time period: 1995

The young evangelist, Li De Xian, filled his backpack with Christian literature preparing to make his weekly trip to the Hua Du Village. Over 100 new converts were anxiously awaiting his arrival to begin the home meeting.

In 1998, on June 12, an official report about the activities of Pastor Li was sent to the Hua Du Municipal Party Headquarters. Parts of it read:

"Li De Xian has a career as an illegal religion missionary and he has preached illegally in our town for nearly ten years. He has been arrested and educated many times, and yet his heart has not died and his nature has not changed. ...

"Ten years ago, in the illegal religious gathering spot in Yong Ming Village, there were generally about 150 people who took part in its activities. After these ten years, there are two activities a week in the gathering spot now and each time there are more than 500 people taking part."

(The report also stated that more than a thousand others were gathered to similar meetings in the surrounding villages.)

"If only various units have unified understanding, enhanced education, and carry out effective policies, we can then effectively crack down on illegal religious activities and create favorable conditions for the stability and development of our town."

On December 1, the Public Security Bureau (PSB) again interrupted one of Pastor Li's Tuesday meetings. Pushing their way into the service, they went straight for Brother Li and seized him. Immediately the police were surrounded by several of the older believers, who clamored, "Take me instead of Brother Li!" "Let him go. I will go with you!" But that day, no one else was arrested.

As the police led Brother Li to their waiting car, they noticed that he had a bag with him.

"What is that?" they asked.

His calmness amazed the PSB. He was obviously not afraid to go to prison. "It is a blanket and some clothes," Li replied. "I have been expecting you. Three years ago, you told me you were going to take me. I am ready."

As the officers led Brother Li off, the believers began praying blessings over the officers and telling them, "We do not hate you for what you are doing." In the confusion, the officers misunderstood their prayers and thought the believers were putting a curse on them. "Say that again and we will throw you in the river," they threatened. Before things got out of hand, Brother Li turned to the people and told them, "Only pray for me."



Notable Quote: Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in Heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—Jesus (Matthew 5:11-12)

Immediately, six hundred people fell to their knees in prayer. The secretary of the PSB, a high-ranking officer, saw this and was amazed. He asked Li, "How is it that you have so much power? You simply say a word, and the people obey immediately!"

After Li was taken away, the believers went back into the house and finished their meeting. They have continued to meet ever since. Since the officials confiscated their chairs, they sit on newspapers.

At the police station, the PSB began to interrogate Brother Li.

But Li had other ideas. "Define my crime," he insisted.

"We do not have to."

Li said, "I do not fear you."

The interrogator hit the table and shouted at Li, "You fear us!"

Li quoted the Bible saying, "The fear of man brings a snare."

Again, the interrogator shouted, "You fear for your life!"

Li said, "Why? You already have me in bonds, what more can you do? Shoot me then—that is all you have left." He went on to quote Matthew 10: 28, "Do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. But rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in Hell."

The police kept trying to get Li to sign a paper stating he accepted his charges. Li said, "You must be joking. You have not even told me what I am charged with! Name my crime!"

Later on, the secretary of the PSB shocked Brother Li by admitting to the declining power of Communism. "You have more power than I do," he said. Then he went on to tell Li about how few people came to their Communist Party events, while so many came to Li's meetings. He was amazed at how the believers listened so carefully to everything Li had to say.

During Brother Li's stay in jail, the police shaved his head and placed him in a cell with twelve others. His boldness with the PSB won his cell-mates' admiration, and he was able to share the Gospel with each of them. They told him, "We have noticed something different about you—you really aren't afraid of the PSB."

Li was finally charged with creating public disorder by

illegal

Gospel

preach-

ing and

released.

Brother Li

and the believ-

ers rejoiced for

this chance to

share Jesus with

the Communist

authorities.



"His Heart Would Not Die"

# SPECIFIC KEYS OF HEAVEN

ART BY PHILIPPE LA PLUME

## Part 2

### **Discipleship / Relationship to the World**

keys of boldness  
keys of commitment  
keys of consecration  
keys of dedication  
keys of discipleship  
keys of My direction  
keys of revolution

(See also Boldness; Conviction; Pioneering/  
Pilgrims and Strangers; Word, The/Connecting with  
Jesus; Yieldedness/Forsaking All)



### **Driving**

keys of alertness  
keys of anointing  
keys of defense  
keys of prayerfulness  
keys of protection  
keys of safety  
keys of skill  
keys of vigilance

(See also Equipment Problems;  
Protection/Security; Travel)

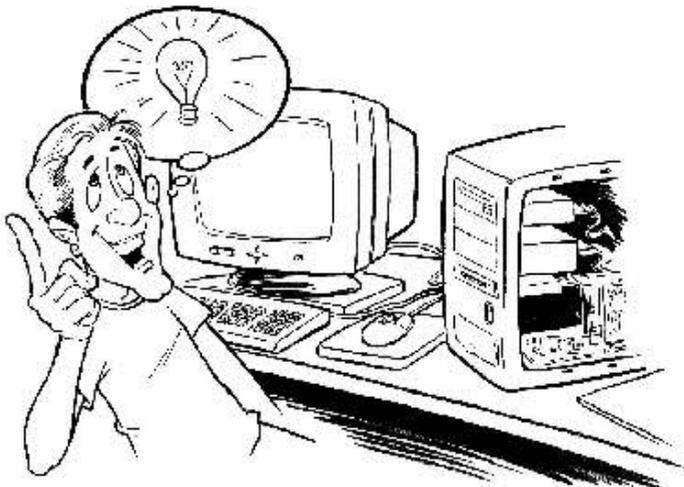


### **Equipment Problems**

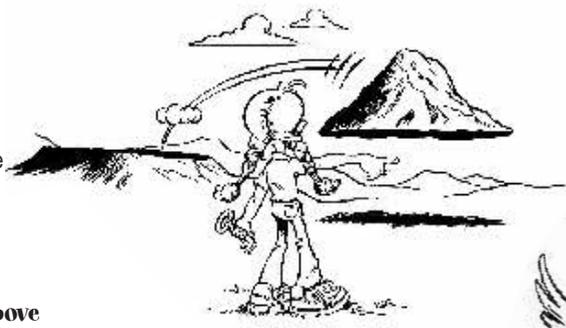
keys of divine understanding

### **Expect Miracles / General**

keys of beauty  
keys of compassion  
keys of counsel  
keys of encouragement  
keys of guidance  
keys of healing  
keys of health  
keys of humility  
keys of insight  
keys of inspiration  
keys of knowledge  
keys of love  
keys of manifestations  
keys of miracles



keys of power  
 keys of protection  
 keys of refreshing  
 keys of supply  
 keys of support  
 keys of sustenance  
 keys of tenderness  
 keys of victory  
 keys of wisdom



**Faith / Rising Above**

keys of clarity  
 keys of comfort  
 keys of direction  
 keys of faith  
 keys of foresight  
 keys of grace  
 keys of joy  
 keys of mercy  
 keys of unwavering faith  
 keys of unwavering trust

(See also Peace/Freedom from Fear;  
 Praise; Word, The/Connecting with Jesus)

**Fighting the Enemy**

keys of conviction  
 keys of deliverance  
 keys of sustenance  
 keys of testimony

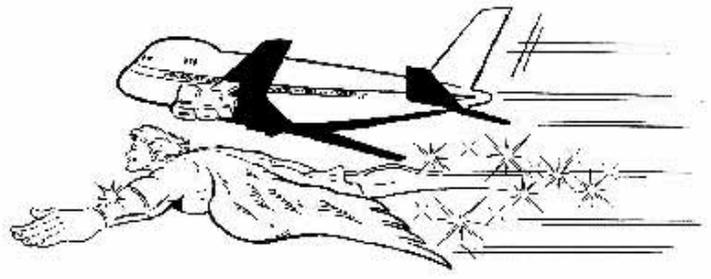
(See also Praise; Word, The/Connecting  
 with Jesus)



**Flying / Public Transport**

keys of protection  
 keys of safekeeping

(See also Protection/Security; Travel)



**Former Members**

keys of adjustment  
 keys of comfort  
 keys of conviction  
 keys of discernment  
 keys of enlightenment  
 keys of faith  
 keys of forgiveness  
 keys of guidance  
 keys of hope  
 keys of humility  
 keys of inspiration  
 keys of love  
 extra

keys of motivation  
 keys of miracles  
 keys of pardon  
 keys of patience  
 keys of perspective  
 keys of productivity  
 keys of protection  
 keys of reconciliation  
 keys of remembrance  
 keys of restraint  
 keys of spiritual closeness  
 keys of spiritual enlightenment  
 keys of starting over  
 keys of steadfastness  
 keys of the Elixir of Love  
 keys of truth  
 keys of unconditional love  
 keys of understanding  
 keys of unity  
 keys of wisdom  
 (See also Children/Parents)

SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



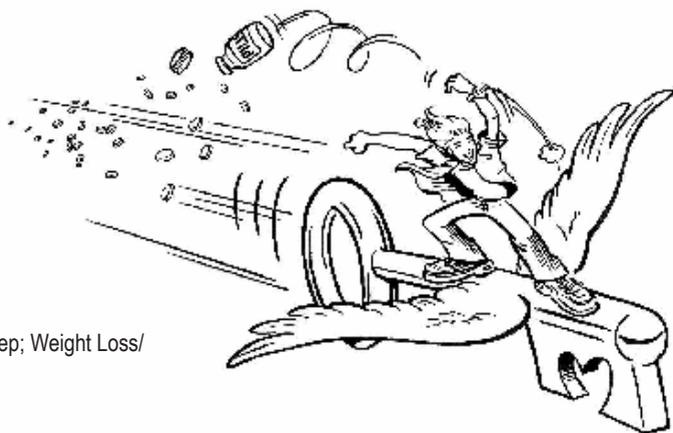
### Full Possession / Heavenly Thought Power

keys of concentration  
 keys of focus  
 keys of instant assistance  
 keys of intuition  
 keys of premonition  
 keys of remembrance  
 keys of total possession by Me  
 (See also Faith/Rising Above; Hearing from the Lord; Praise; Word, The/Connecting with Jesus)



### Healing and Health

keys of anointing  
 keys of deliverance  
 keys of endurance  
 keys of healing  
 keys of health  
 keys of miracles  
 keys of My special elixir  
 keys of precision and skill  
 keys of rejuvenation  
 keys of relief  
 keys of stamina  
 keys of wisdom  
 (See also Relief from Pain; Sleep; Weight Loss/Exercise)



# “AM I MY BROTHER’S KEEPER?”

## Chapter 1: News from Afar

“Wow, look at the crowd!” Tim exclaimed, as he and Abner peered through the backstage curtain. “They’re like, *mesmerized!*”

“The music’s not that cool,” said Abner. “I just don’t get it.”

“And I can’t believe they chose that name—Vandal—of all things!” Tim added.

Vandal’s music was neither hard nor driving, but it was laced with a hypnotic power that seemed to puppet the dazed mass of youth as one body. Girls were throwing their heads back and smiling ecstatically as they waved their arms in the air, while boys gaped at the performance that seethed under the crimson stage lights. It was a five-piece band consisting of an organist, a bass player, a drummer, a limited,

but rhythmical electric guitarist, and a lead singer who, clad in a hooded, red, leather cape, slurred and crooned his lyrics in broken English, as he entwined his bony frame around the microphone stand.

“Whew,” said Mer, who had just joined Abner and Tim after watching Vandal’s performance from an inconspicuously strategic position in the club’s bar. “We’re going to have to really pray to break the spell of this little number.”

“I just don’t get it,” said Abner. “No heavy-duty power drumming, cool lead solos. ... *Nothing!*”

Mer smiled. “I was back there, and I tell you, they’ve got the crowd. It’s the lead singer guy.”

“It’s just ‘cause you think he’s cute,” muttered Tim.

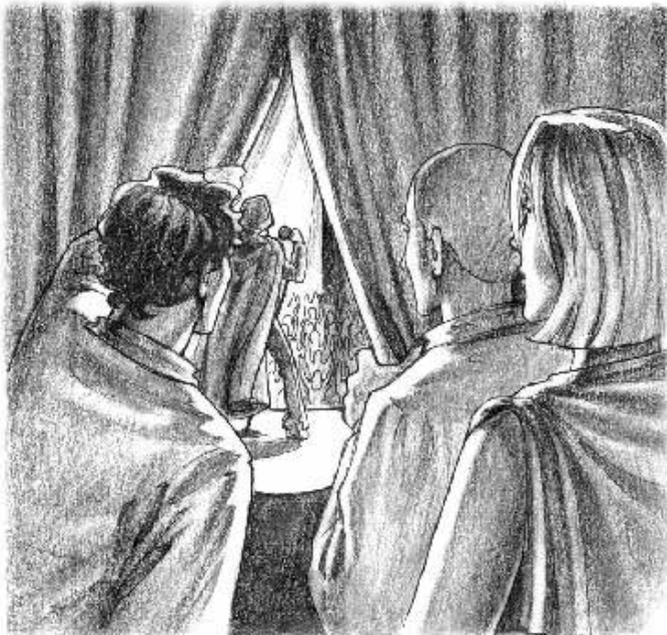
“Yeah, right!” Mer retorted. “He’s got stage presence—and we know *whose* presence it is. It’s like a magnet. I had to claim the keys to not get sucked into it myself. And the red leather cape, and their *name*. ... Can you believe it?”

“A pretty weird coincidence,” said Tim.

“Okay, guys, we’re on in five,” said Justin coming out of the dressing room with Kyra. “We’ll need that time to pray against this group and their music.”

“Maybe we need to pull out some of our more heavy stuff,” said Abner. “Crank up some overdrive on your guitar or something, Mer.”

ART BY SABINE



Mer rolled her eyes. "This battle is going to have to be won in the spirit, dearie."

"Right," said Kyra. "There's no way we can compete in the flesh. Let's get something from Him, quick."

Awkwardly shuffling in the wings as Vandal brought the house down with their closing number, "*La Venganza Dulce\**," Tim discreetly whispered a message from the Lord instructing the members of Luna to rebuke the Vandari, and go forth in full confidence with the gentle wooing of His Spirit and power, which the enchantment of the Enemy would not be able to withstand. [*\*la venganza dulce: sweet revenge*]

"They are of the world, and they sing of the world, and the world hears them," added Kyra. "But you are not of the world, and I have chosen you out of the world. My sheep will hear My voice through you, and will follow, not in great droves, for wide is the way that leads to destruction. But the few that are Mine in this gathering will search and seek you out. Be faithful to feed them, and cast not your pearls before the swine and the dogs."

"And He said to start with 'Scaling Up!'" said Mer, as they made their way onto the stage. "That's encouraging."

\* \* \*

Pulling off his sweat-soaked tee shirt and tossing it onto the end of his bed, Abner threw his exhausted frame onto the bunk bed, let out a sigh, and stared at the ceiling.

"The gig went pretty good tonight, don't you think?" Tim asked hopefully, as he scrambled out of his jeans.

"I guess," Abner replied. "You're talking about the fruit, music, or the ... er ... *other* sounds?"

"Well, ... the *music*, of course."

Abner smiled, savoring the rare moment of Tim being at the mercy of his judgment on a matter. "The music was great," he said, musingly. "But..."

"Yeah, I know, the feedback thing during 'Aching Heart' was a bit of a bummer," Tim interjected.

"Right. It was sort of ... um ... *disturbing*. Mer was pretty peeved."

Tim blushed and cleared his throat, as he busily folded his clothes and laid them on the cupboard shelf. "I was hunting around not knowing which fader to bring down. It's a bit hard to see in the dark. ..."

"Uh-huh," Abner grunted, his twinkling eyes fixed on the ceiling.

"We really should get one of those clip-on micro-lights, so I can see the faders more clearly," Tim continued.

"We could," said Abner. "Although my brother seemed to do fine without one."

"I guess I'm just new at it," Tim retorted. "I mean, a couple of days of practice on the controls is not that long."

"Look, you did great, man," said Abner. "We all goof it once in awhile. It's just that it happened during a particularly emotional and sensitive song."

There was a hasty knock, the door opened and Clay stuck his head in.

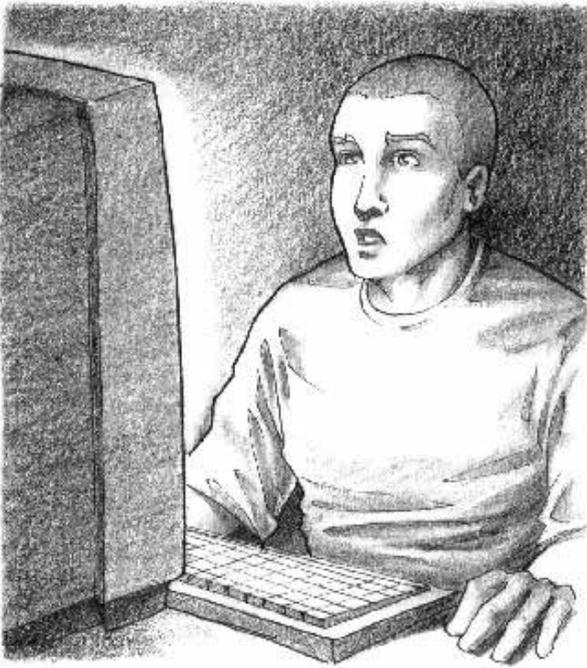
"Hey bro'. I know it's late, but I thought you'd be interested in checking out an e-mail that just came in for you."

Clay winked and Tim raised an eyebrow and muttered, "Must be from Marisa."

Abner jumped up and followed Clay to his bedroom, where he sat down in front of the computer screen. "It's an e-mail from Ivana. She hasn't written in ages. Did you read it?"

Clay shook his head wearily as he climbed into his bunk. "Was just checking the Home mailbox," he whispered. Javier was already asleep and snoring.

Abner clicked on the message and peered into the screen.



Dear Abner,

How's it going? I bet you're surprised to hear from me. Wow! It's been a long time, I know, but I just haven't known how to, like, tell you about the issues I've been having to deal with during the last few months. There's just been a lot that I've had to come to grips with regarding myself, my future, and my life in the Family. I just hope that this letter doesn't hit you hard, or like it's a major trial, or anything.

As you know, next month I turn sixteen, and I've been wondering about the provisional contract, signing it, and whatever. To be honest, I don't think I will. In fact, to put it bluntly—and I know you always appreciated me getting to the point and cutting the crap—I'm not going to stay in the Family. Boom!

I guess I should give you a few minutes to, like, stare at your computer screen in shock, but just for your information, my folks are okay with it. They didn't take it so great at first, which is understandable, as they always had great hopes about me being a missionary, and serving the Lord and stuff. That's not to say I won't serve the Lord, ... don't get me wrong. It's just that right now I don't think this lifestyle is for me. And this is not a split-second decision, by the way. It's something I've been seriously debating and thinking about for months, ... since just after you left, actually.

What brought it on was that I met up with one of the ... like, "founders" of the Sinking Fast Web site, his name is Slade, it used to be Benjamin (of David and Ruth). Maybe you know him. He's a super sweet guy, very sincere and doesn't want to hurt the Family, or anything like that. He just wants to make sure that we all—us

story feature

young people in particular—have a fair chance at seeing what we can do with our lives, considering our talents, strengths and even weaknesses (which I sure have a lot of, I'm the first to admit!).

Actually, the way I met him was a miracle in itself! I was on a summer SWIFT in Constanța (you know, the Romanian city on the Black Sea), and I was already having some questions (which you might consider "doubts"). Anyway, I'd just led a group of primary school kids to the Lord on the beach, and he just, like, showed up out of nowhere! Uncanny! He said he thought he knew me, and it turned out that he had been in the Family in a nearby Home in Bucharest, where I'd lived for a few months back in 2000! Neat, huh?

Apparently, he was on holiday, and had just decided to take a stroll along the beach. Anyway, we got to talking, and it's amazing how he can relate. It's not like he was black and white or anything—like "the Family's a bunch of brainwashed zombies"-type thing. He was genuinely interested in what was happening with the "new moves of the spirit and the New Wine." (He actually used those words!) But he was really concerned that I was convinced I was making the right decision about my life at such a young age. (He's about twenty-one, by the way—concerned, well mannered, and quite cute. But don't worry, I've got more important things to think about that keep my hormones in check!) He was just making sure that I was given enough of an opportunity to "step back" and make a solid, unbiased, balanced decision, you could say.

So, hey, I've stepped back and decided! The cool thing is

it turned out that he needed a haircut, and I invited him to my “salon” at the place we were staying (a five-star tent on the beach, heh!), as you know I have a talent for that coiffure and makeup stuff. He was so impressed with the results that he worked on getting me an interview for a course in beauty, and a job starting at a pretty prestigious salon in Bucharest. He was so full of appreciation and compliments, and you know me—I’m such a dork—I was totally blown away! On top of that, he...

Muttering to himself, Abner struck the delete button.

*Are you sure you want to delete the selected item?*

Abner muttered a reply to the question through clenched teeth.

“Bad news?” Clay mumbled sleepily.

“Sort of,” Abner snapped and headed for the door.

“Wanna talk about it?”

“No.”

“Maybe tomorrow?”

“Maybe.”

“Goodnight, bro’,” said Clay.

“Goodnight.”

Tim had just fallen asleep when he was woken up by the shudder of Abner climbing onto the top bunk. “Marisa?” he inquired into the darkness.

“No.”

“You don’t seem too thrilled. What was your brother all excited about?”

“It wasn’t Marisa,” said Abner sullenly.

“Okay, so you don’t want to talk about it.”

“No.”

\* \* \*

Abner was slowly munching his last bite of eggs and toast as Kyra and Mer bustled about cleaning the kitchen.

“It’s ten minutes into JJT time, Abe,” Kyra cheerily announced. “I suppose I’ll see your bedroom spick and span in five minutes.”

Abner was about to get up from the table, then settled back down and languidly poured himself another glass of milk.

“Devotions in five minutes, right?” said Kyra.

“Right!” snapped Abner. “I’m fully conscious of our *institutionalized* schedule.”

“So sorry, sir. Take your time,” said Mer, taking a bow. “We’re merely here to serve, oh master.”

“Abner, can I mention something?” Kyra asked.

“Okay.”

“We can talk outside.”

(Jesus:) The Enemy doesn’t just hate your service to Me today. He hates your *future* service to Me. He knows what you will become, the Endtime powerhouses you will be in the days to come as you continue yielding and growing stronger in Me and in My Word today! It’s not just the souls you’re winning today and lives you’re reaching today that sends him screaming, but his knowledge of the great defeat you will bring to his kingdom in the future, the great ruin to his plans, the thorn in his side that you will be to him in the days to come. That’s why he wants to stop your service to Me today, so that you won’t be an even greater threat to him in the future.

All of the things you go through today—all of your training, all of the battles, all of the instruction and insight and counsel and guidance I give—is not just for today, but it’s for the future as well. It’s not just to help you to be better witnesses and samples and soul winners today, but also My Endtime witnesses and samples and the reapers of the last great harvest. (“So You Want to Be a Disciple?” ML #3458: 62–62)

Abner sighed, mumbled something about dictatorial control, and rose sullenly from his chair. He picked up his fork and empty plate.

"It's okay," said Mer. "I'll take care of that."

"Go ahead and start devotions without us, Mer," said Kyra. "We'll be a few minutes."

Stepping out into the yard, Kyra said a short prayer for her presentation, and took Abner's hand.

"Abe..."

"I wish you wouldn't call me that. Sounds like Abraham."

"Okay, Abner. Sorry. You could have told me earlier. I didn't know it offended you."

"I wasn't offended."

"Anyway, I wanted to mention something that Tim brought up."

"So he's been talking about me behind my back?"

Kyra chuckled. "No. He's well aware that I was going to mention it to you."

"Mention what?"

"Well, as you've probably noticed, Tim's been really making an effort to pull up his socks in the spirit."

Abner snorted.

Undaunted, Kyra went on. "A lot of that is due to your being a good influence and sample to him since he's been here. He looks up to you."

Withdrawing his hand, Abner bit his lip and looked away. "So what's the deal? What's this 'Auntie Shepherd' talk leading to?"

"Abner, this is so unlike you. These past few days you've been so ... incommunicado. Tim's mentioned it. He says you're not so much fun to be around, you don't get into interesting conversations anymore. I'd noticed it, and wondered what it was. I figured it was just a bad buzz-cut week or something."

A fleeting smile cracked Abner's scowl.

"As you've probably noticed, Tim's pretty tidy and mindful of those things like cleanliness and stuff. ..."

"Oh, so Tim's all of a sudden the good guy."

"You know that's not the point, Abe ... Abner. But Tim's been trying to remind you to make your bed, put your clothes away and tidy up your area of the room, and you've, well ... been resisting it, saying stuff like you did just now about things being 'institutionalized' and 'dictatorial control.' Anyhow, I prayed about it and the Lord told me

story feature

to talk to you. He said it's something personal, ... something personal that's hurting your heart." She paused and glanced expectantly into Abner's eyes that moistened and looked away. "Tim mentioned that you seemed to change after getting an e-mail from someone."

"Maybe."

"Just who it was you apparently wouldn't say. But if I may hazard a guess, ... was it from Marisa?"

Abner shook his head.

"Ivana?"

Abner nodded.

"She's found a new boyfriend?"

"She's leaving the Family."

"Did you tell your brother?"

"No, I was going to, but stuff came up, and he was busy."

"Did you talk to anyone?"

"Uh-uh."

Pain flashed across Kyra's countenance and she fell silent for a few moments, wringing her hands and studying the ground.

"Oh gosh, Abner. I'm so sorry," she blurted out at last. "That explains a lot. Look, we need to get to devotions. I'll pray for you now and we can talk about this later."

"D ... devotions?"

"Yeah," Kyra answered, "we're re-reading the GN 'Fight to Win.'"

(Jesus:) The Enemy fears the future more than he fears the present. He knows that as you draw closer to Me, as you become more obedient to Me, as you live more in My Word and let My Word live in you, you grow more powerful in spirit, and thus I'm able to use you more. And in the End, when My disciples are highly trained and have been through much preparation of heart, mind and spirit, and are highly proficient in using the new weapons, you will be a strong and overwhelming threat to him. ("So You Want to Be a Disciple?" ML #3458:64)

## Chapter 2: Unsuspected Disturbance

"I notice you've put Ivana's picture away," said Tim, as he and Abner dressed for the show that night. "Out of sight, out of mind?"

"Sort of."

"Does she have anything to do with that mysterious e-mail the other night?"

"Could be."

"You're moving onto greener pastures, right?"

"What do you mean?"

Tim winked and smirked. "Marisa."

Abner sighed. "It's got nothing to do with that."

"I get it," said Tim confidently. "Ivana's moving on to greener pastures."

"You could say that. At least in *her* mind."

"Well, I wouldn't cry too much over that. I think it's time you moved on."

"Look man," said Abner as the two youths ambled out of the bedroom in response to a call from the hallway that help was needed to load up the van, "you don't know *beans* about what I'm going through, so keep your nose out of it, okay?"

Tim raised his hand. "Okay, okay. Peace, brother. I won't mention it again."

\* \* \*

"Can I see your passports?"

This curt request spoken in English greeted the members of Luna as they stepped off the stage, elated by the warm response of many of the members of the audience, who had taken copies of *Conéctate* magazines. It was nearly two in the morning, and Luna was momentarily taken by surprise.

"Passports?" asked Mer.

"That's what I said, Señorita," snapped one of the two casually dressed, but stern-looking men who were standing by the door to the backstage dressing room area, accompanied by a policeman.

"What appears to be the problem?" Javier inquired in Spanish, quickly stepping into a negotiating role.

"Are you Mexican?" asked one of the men.

"Sí."

"Then step aside. We don't want to talk to you. Your passport, young lady."

"It's in my backpack in the dressing room, which is locked."

The policeman indicated for Mer to lead them all backstage where she produced the document. As one of the men flipped through its pages, the other demanded the same of the rest of the band members, who nervously complied.

"I left mine at home," Abner mumbled.

"Where's home?"

"Seventy-four Avenida Juarez," said Javier.

"He can answer for himself," one official said.

"Tourist visa. Hmmm, she's been here for some time, but everything seems to be in order," said the other who had been perusing Mer's passport. "Her visa expires the twenty sixth of next month."

One of the men studied Justin's passport.

"The same as the others," he said at last.

"But we'll need to see *his* passport," the other official said, pointing at Abner. "You say you left it at home?"

Abner nodded.

"You can go," the other official said offhandedly to Kyra who had been standing in the corner jabbering in Spanish with Javier about her pregnancy cramps and needing to get home.

"And you too," he added, nodding to Javier, as he held open the door for their exit. "*Buenas noches!*"

"We'd better call Clay and let them know that we might have a visit," said Kyra as she and Javier made their way into the street and hailed a taxi.

\* \* \*

After a confirmation, Kyra and Javier headed home to discuss and pray with Clay about what to do next.

"Pretty serious blow-it on Abner's part," said Clay. "He's been told many times to take his passport everywhere he goes."

"I know," said Kyra. "I usually check him."

Clay's brow furrowed. "What's the deal? You don't seem to be tuning into him so much lately."

"I've been pretty tied up with my pregnancy and all," said Kyra. "You know that."

"Well, Abner's not been his usual self. Something's eating at him."

"If it's all the same to you, Clay, I'd rather not discuss it right now. Immigrations could be on our doorstep at any minute."

"You're right. Thanks for warning us. It gave us time to pray about what to do next. Javier took Jessica and Carol elsewhere, like the Lord showed us."

"This whole thing is a mess," said Kyra.



Clay shook his head. "Well, all things *do* work together for good. We'll just need to find the good the Lord is trying to bring out through this all."

"Do you think Victor could help?"

"I don't think so. I just don't get the right feeling about it. It's definitely something I'd like to pray about more before doing or saying anything about him to an immo official or a policeman."

The doorbell rang.

"Lord, we claim the keys of wisdom and guidance," Kyra whispered.

Clay made his way towards the front door.

"Speaking of wisdom and making oneself scarce," he said, turning to Kyra. "You may want to stick with staying in your bedroom."

As if the premises belonged to them, the immigration officials and the policeman sauntered in and out of the rooms of Luna's residence, where they casually opened drawers and cupboards, flipped through books and magazines, and made their presence appear to be taken for granted.

"Excuse me," said Mer in colloquial Spanish, as the policeman inquired about a locked trunk under her bed. "But am I right in assuming that this type of ... er ... 'investigation' usually requires a search warrant?"

The policeman cleared his throat and left the room to join his companions,

who had gathered in the living room with Clay, Justin, Tim, and Abner.

"It's too late," Clay whispered at the back of the room in response to a hushed question from Mer. "It'd be extremely inappropriate."

"Humberto said if we *ever* needed any help," Mer insisted. "I *know* it's the Lord."

"I'm not sure, ... it's two-thirty in the morning. Besides, what are you going to say if his wife answers the phone? That is assuming he's married."

"Clay, I feel very strongly about this one," said Mer firmly. "I'm getting his card."

A few minutes later Mer returned and presented a business card to the man, who she assumed was the senior official. His eyebrows raised and he emitted a murmur of recognition.

"I wish to call him," said Mer.

"Now?"

"Maybe. Or tomorrow. It's up to you. But it is a bit late, of course, and we *all* need to get to bed. I'm

sure we can resume this business tomorrow."

"You're right, Señorita," said the official, stroking his chin. "But I hope you understand that we'll have to retain your passports, as we have a few things we need to look into."

"I understand perfectly," said Mer with a disarming smile as she ushered their visitors to the door.

"*Hasta pronto!*" she added cheerily and clicked the front door shut on their mumbled responses of "*buenas noches.*" [*\*hasta pronto*: see you later]

*To be continued*



## Keys Promises:

**The keys put the  
power of Heaven at  
your fingertips.**

**Every situation can  
turn into a victory  
situation if you call on  
the power of the keys  
of miracles.**



# KEYS PROMISE

Your security and protection is of utmost importance to Me, and as you call on the keys and exercise your faith, I am able to strengthen your spiritual defenses and empower your guardian angels.



# Mystery of the Nierna

 (Companion:) I have come to assist you. I am called Companion. I am part of the energy of God.

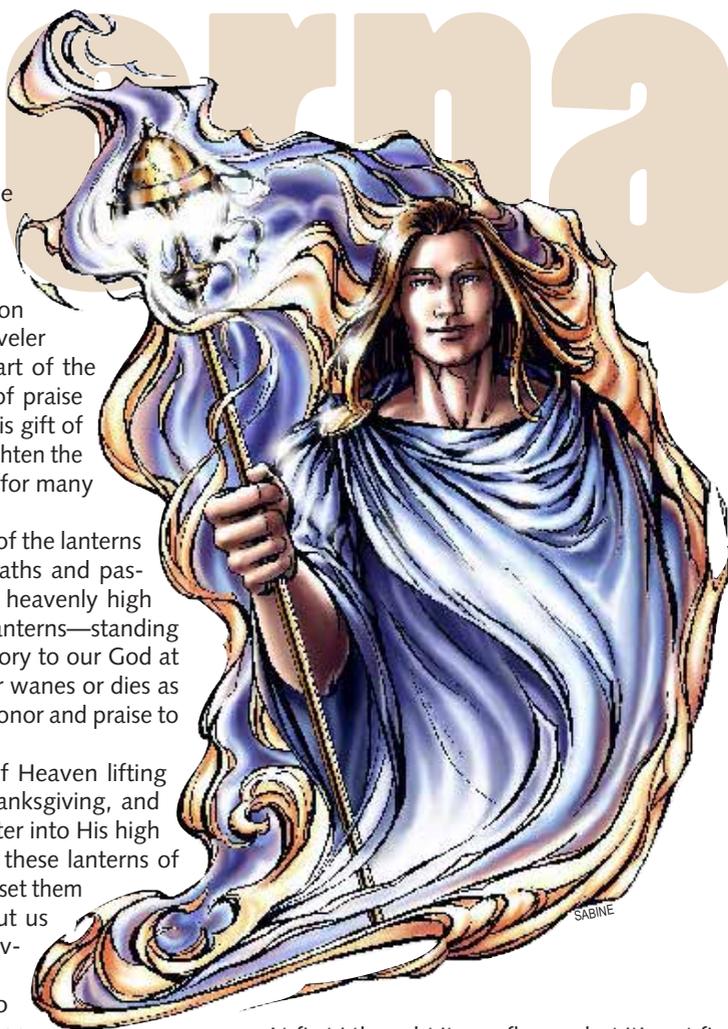
I have been a companion for many a pilgrim and traveler on the paths of life. As part of the energy of God, the spirit of praise is the core of my being. This gift of praise has helped to both lighten the burdens and light the way for many a weary traveler.

I hold in my hand one of the lanterns of praise which line the paths and passageways leading into the heavenly high courts of our Lord. These lanterns—standing in majestic power—give glory to our God at all times. Their flame never wanes or dies as they burn in impassioned honor and praise to our Husband!

We enter the gates of Heaven lifting our arms and voices in thanksgiving, and those who are called to enter into His high courts always bear one of these lanterns of praise with them, where we set them in attendance around about us within the halls of His heavenly courts.

When I am called to abide with and assist another who walks the Earth, I always bear one of these lanterns of praise—*Nierna*, they are called. They are both a standard and a worthy staff upon which to lean. So shall your eyes, your lips, and your spirit be lightened, so that praise springs forth more readily from every part of your being. In this is strength you know not of! (End of message from Companion.)

(Vision:) I'm seeing a handsome young man materialize in front of me. He's Jewish-looking, with shoulder-length blond hair, very strong, and in his early thirties, I'd say. He has a cape on, pinned at his shoulder, and he's enveloped in a mystical, moving, swirling light.



At first I thought it was flames, but it's not fire; it's as if he's part of these moving flames of light.

He has a peaceful, calm, almost soothing spirit about him, very much like his name, Companion, suggests, like he'd really be there for you. He's gazing down at me and he's holding a long rod or staff in his right hand. The staff has a beautiful lamp of some kind at the end of it, which is emitting powerful flames of light. He seems to be holding it as part of his identity and purpose. He's quite striking, standing there in the midst of these flames of light, holding this beautiful lamp, with a peaceful smile on his face, almost like he's helping to light the way for our spirits to open up to Heaven in praise.

(“Praise Your Way to Victory!”

ML #3449:33,37–39,35–36)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

### Themes 12-13

—Jesus In-Depth—

- Confusion Demolition Man (Blade 16) (200 words)
- Come on a Hike! (Blade 17) (450 words)
- Hold Out for the Real thing! (Blade 17) (250 words)
- Wild Cats (Blade 18) (300 words)
- I Rule! (Blade 18) (700 words)
- Mindbenders to Infinity (Blade 21) (300 words)
- Who Is Jesus? (DB 08) (7,500 words)
- Names and Titles of Christ (HH 05) **Hard Copy**
- Isaiah 53 (Messianic Prophecy) (Bible) (400 words)
- Prophecies and Their Fulfillment (HH 05) **Hard Copy**
- (Bible Study) Jesus Christ, The Son of God (Word Basics) (4,100 words) **CVC**

—Being Born Again—

- The Two Religions

(Treasures, pg.240) (300 words)

- (Memory Chapter/The Lord Is My Salvation) Psalm 27 (Bible) (350 words)
- Psalm 51 (Prayer for Forgiveness) (Bible) (350 words)

—The Word Builds Faith—

- Power Up! (Blade 04) (400 words)
- What's the Big Deal? (Blade 08) (300 words)
- The Ride of Your Life (Blade 08) (200 words)
- The Parable of the Sower! (Treasures) (2,000 words)
- Persecution Jewels! No. 15: Our Only Defense—The Word! (DB 12) (5,300 words)
- Opinion? Or Oracle? (ML #3322:80-99) (1,900 words) (CM Only)
- Quotes on Putting the Word First (ML #3433:4-47) (2,400 words)
- Keep Your Times of Spiritual Feeding Alive! (ML #3437:15-19) (1,500 words)

(Bible Study) The Word of God (Word Basics) (2,200 words)

### CVC

- Psalm 119 (The Word) (Bible) (2,600 words)
- Why Memorize? (ML #3350:33-45) (700 words) (CM Only)

### Basic Letters of Father David

#### 14-15

- Flesh or Spirit? (ML #45; Vol.1) (3,000 words)
- Did God Make a Mistake? (ML #35; Vol.1; DB 04) (DB: 6,000 words)

### CAT Study of the Day CVC

#### Web Only

- Affection (1,400 words)
- Rewards in This Life (9,400 words)

### Effects of the Word

- "Email of the day," July 2003 emails (MO Site/Newswire/Web Witness)

A.M.E.

- Question: Lord, can You give me some special tips for living with this person I'm least able to get along with?

NQ

(Dad:) You'd better get busy stocking up the grain in your hearts for those times ahead when it won't be flowing as abundantly, at least not in the form it's in now. Are you beginning to get the picture of why the Lord called for a Word revolution in each of your lives this year? It couldn't wait any longer. Like they say, "Make hay while the sun shines," because there's quite a storm on the horizon and you'd better brace yourselves and tie things down. By the time you start to feel the rain, it's going to be too late to start preparing. (END #62, March 2003)

Trivia

"Dropouts IV"

The words "drop" or "dropped" were used 80 times in this short MO Letter (ML #34)—double that of any other Letter. The two closest runners up are, "Don't Drop Out, Drop In," (ML #542) with 36 instances, and "Teen Secrets," (ML #1365) with 32 instances.

