





2

EvYe

SURE, JAZI LEMME SEE. EVYE, WOULDNT' IT BE THAT BE THE ONE WHERE THAT FAMILIA GIRL IS SMILING REAL BIG? DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE WE PUT THAT ONE?

SAVING SPIRO THE ZINE

BY JASMINE

Zine people come and Zine people go, but we've never had one quite like Spiro ... Oh! But I'm getting ahead of myself. To me has been attributed the less-than-sparkly task of telling you, our noble readers, that the very

same Spiro who has labored long and hard together with us for the last two years has recently passed through the looking glass into that life beyond the Zine (with the greater Family on the field).

Yeah, so that pretty much leaves us with tears in our eyes and frowns on our faces. Actually



3

EvYe

IT'S SOMEWHERE, I'M SURE. BUT BEING SORTA A "NEWIE" IN THIS ARCHIVE ROOM, I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT PARTICULAR ONE'D BE JUST YET.

BLEEP! BLEEP! OVERLOAD!!



UMM, GIRLS, I NEED A LITTLE HELP. COULD YOU PLEASE FIND ME THE PHOTO FILE X@# 34 PAGE 98A, PLEASE?

... that was last week. This week we're much too busy trying to get the next Zine out to you! Though it is just us three chick(en)s at the helm for the present, we are certain that the Lord will lay the burden on someone's heart to come and help us with layout! Could it be you? If so, don't delay! Reply today to that ad in the *Grapevine*. If it's not you, you can still help by praying with us that the Lord will nudge the right person in our direction! Meanwhile, we'll be cranking out the Zines to the best of our ability! And who knows ... maybe Spiro himself will even be back someday! (We'll keep you all posted ...)

MORAL OF STORY: help!!!

DC BAND

Who's on the cover?
 Back row: Vas, Mike, Justin.
 Middle row: Joni, Feli, Godfrey, Spring.
 Bottom row: Meeky.

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Start here
 Many years ago when I was twenty-three, I got married to a widow who was pretty as could be. This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red. My father fell in love with her, and soon the two were wed. This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life. My daughter was my mother, for she saw my father's wife! To complicate the matter's although it brought me joy, I soon became the father of a baby grandson, for he was my daughter's son. My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue; because, although she is my wife, she's my grandmother too. If my wife is my grandmother, then I am her grandchild. And every time I think of it, it simply drives me wild. For now I have become the strangest case you ever saw: As the husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa!



From David Light (20), Hungary
 This poem is a possible scenario that could happen to anyone. I don't know who originally wrote it, but I revised it to make some things a bit more applicable and funny.

MAKE SENSE OF THIS, IF YOU CAN!

ROCKIN' ON ISLAND
 PEPSI

FROM THE EUROPEAN AUDIO STUDIO TEAM GREETINGS FROM THE EAST! WE'D LIKE TO SHARE WITH YOU THE STORY OF A REAL SOUL WINNING EXPLOSION OF GOD'S SPIRIT THAT TOOK PLACE THIS SUMMER IN BUDAPEST, ON THE PEPSI-ISLAND (A WEEK-LONG ROCK FESTIVAL), WHERE 260,000 YOUNG PEOPLE GATHERED TOGETHER FROM ALL OVER EUROPE.

THE LORD TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING, DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL. AMONG A LOT OF OTHER THINGS HE SUPPLIED 232 DAILY TICKETS (AN

READING AND INSPIRATION AND THE LIVE MUSIC LISTENING TO OUR STAGE, SAT AROUND HUNDREDS OF YOUNG PEOPLE EVERY DAY GOING ON PROGRAMS WE COULD HAVE PART OF THE ISLAND WHERE USE AN AREA THE ORGANIZERS LET US STOP ALL DAY LONG! THE ORGANIZERS LET US STOP ALL DAY LONG! THE ORGANIZERS LET US STOP ALL DAY LONG!

LITERATURE. THE LORD HAD TOLD US: "I WILL MAKE YOU AS A CITY SET ON A HILL, WHICH CANNOT BE HID BUT CAN BE SEEN FROM AFAR OFF. YOU ARE MY LIGHT AND PEOPLE WILL COME TO SEE ME AND TO SEE MY LIGHT!" THE TECHNICAL ORGANIZER OF THE FESTIVAL TOLD US AT THE END: "WHEN I WANTED TO HEAR REAL MUSIC, I KNEW WHERE TO GO ... EVERY NIGHT, WHENEVER I CAN, I SPEND A FEW MINUTES AT YOUR PLACE!" SOMEBODY ELSE FOUND US ON THE INTERNET AND CAME TO THE ISLAND JUST TO MEET US. HE BOUGHT A HUNGARIAN TREASURES BOOK AND STARTED INTENTLY READING IT ON THE SPOT. ANOTHER PERSON WHO HAD MET US LAST YEAR SAID: "TO COME HERE AND MEET YOU IS WHAT GIVES ME THE STRENGTH FOR

THE REST OF THE YEAR. NEXT YEAR I WILL COME AGAIN JUST TO MEET WITH YOU, BECAUSE BEING WITH YOU HELPS ME TO PUT THINGS IN THE RIGHT PERSPECTIVE AND I BECOME MORE KIND AND LOVING WITH OTHERS?"

THIS FESTIVAL WAS AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CM AND FM FAMILY TO WORK TOGETHER. ELEVEN HOMES PARTICIPATED, WHICH RESULTED IN 7,550 SOULS WON, 30,000 PIECES OF LIT DISTRIBUTED, AND THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO SAW US, HEARD OUR MUSIC AND TALKED WITH US.

WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THOSE WHO STAYED BY THE STUFF AND MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO PARTICIPATE IN THIS GREAT EVENT. THANK YOU FOR YOUR PRAYERS!

Okay, we'll have mercy. U can stop here.



(no parking too busy page)

A MAGICAL PRAYER

FROM SARA (13), NEPAL
 I HAVE A FRIEND (NOT IN THE FAMILY) THAT WRITES ME A LOT. IN RECENT LETTERS SHE'S SOUNDED PRETTY DEPRESSED, SO I DECIDED TO WRITE AND TELL HER ABOUT JESUS. WHEN I PRAYED ABOUT IT, THE LORD SAID HE WAS HAPPY THAT I COULD

WITNESS TO HER AND THAT HE WOULD GIVE ME THE WORDS TO SAY. (I WAS SUPER GLAD ABOUT THE "GIVE ME THE WORDS TO SAY" PART, SINCE I'M REALLY NOT THE BEST AT WRITING!) WELL, EVERYTHING WAS FINE UNTIL I CAME TO THE SALVATION PRAYER, AND MY MIND JUST WENT BLANK! I PRAYED,

BUT STILL COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY. I REALIZED THAT THIS WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE WHOLE LETTER, AND IT MUST BE THE DEVIL TRYING TO STOP ME FROM GETTING HER SAVED. SO THEN I PRAYED AGAIN AND GOT THE IDEA TO LOOK AT "THE PRINCE AND THE MAGICAL POWER" TRACT. THE WORDS IN THERE WERE

PERFECT. WHEN THE LETTER WAS FINISHED AND I THOUGHT OF HOW I'D HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE AS TO WHETHER THAT GIRL WOULD OR WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A CHANCE IN THIS LIFE TO RECEIVE JESUS, I WAS SO THANKFUL I HAD MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE AND OFFERED HER A CHANCE TO GET SAVED!



Streamers for the birthday girls! Can you see 'em?

FUN



"Hey Macarena" on dance night

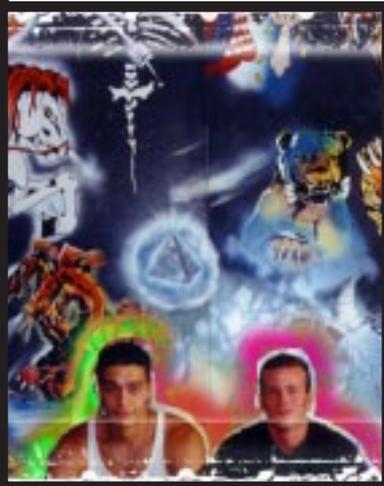
From Sharon and Eva, USA

WE'VE BEEN HAVING MONTHLY FELLOWSHIPS IN OUR AREA.—THE LORD TOLD US TO START THESE MEETINGS FOR OUR YOUNG, ENERGIZED, RECHARGEABLE JUNIOR TEENS AND JETTS! THE SGAs, YAs AND TEENS AT ART AND BECKY'S HOME AS WELL AS OUR DJ, CHRIS WHITE FROM THE LAMB HOME, TOOK UP THE CHALLENGE AND DEVOTED THEIR FREE TIME AND ENERGY TO PLAN THESE MONTHLY MEETINGS OR EXCURSIONS TOGETHER.

SINCE THEN WE'VE HAD SKITS ON CURRENT TOPICS FROM THE NEW WINE, SUN SIGN BIRTHDAY PARTIES, TRIPS TO THE BEACH, DANCE NIGHTS, ENDTIME CLASSES, ETC. THE LORD HAS BEEN FAITHFUL TO SUPPLY HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOMS, MEMORY PRIZES, FOOD, AND ALL THE MATERIALS WE'VE



Skits on the three weapons



Marie and Milan — Musical chairs "Gotcha"



AND

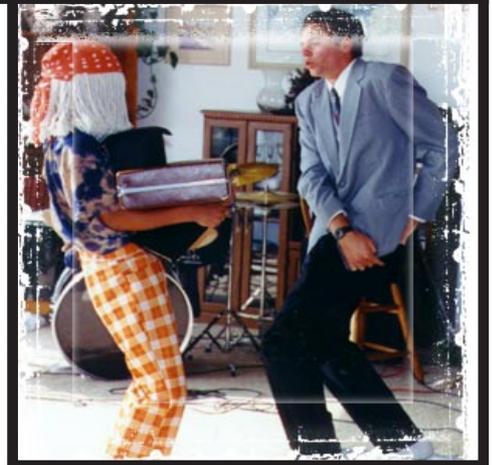
Michael and Aaron — artists for the poster

NEEDED FOR THIS. TYJ! THESE TIMES TOGETHER ARE A WHOLE LOT OF FUN. WE ARE HERE FOR THE LORD AND THE FAMILY, AND WE WANT OUR YOUNGER BROTHERS AND SISTERS TO HAVE THE SAME FUN AND FELLOWSHIP AND DEDICATION THAT MAKES LIVING FOR THE LORD SO EXCITING!

HERE ARE SOME PHOTOS OF ARTWORK FOR ENDTIME CLASSES, BIRTHDAY PARTY STREAMERS, GAMES, DANCES, SKITS AND ALL THE REST.

OUR KEY QUOTE FROM OUR FIRST MEMORY PROJECT WAS: "YOUR SKILL IN THE SPIRIT, YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF PRAYER, YOUR UNDERSTANDING OF THE HEAVENLY REALM, AND YOUR YIELDEDNESS TO MY WHISPERS WILL QUALIFY YOU TO BE ENTRUSTED WITH THE POWERFUL GIFTS OF MY SPIRIT. YOU ARE A HIGHLY TRAINED UNIT AND CAPABLE OF OPERATING MY HIGH TECH WEAPONS, WHICH SHALL BE PLACED IN YOUR HANDS AT THE TIME APPOINTED."

COME ON, GUYS! LET'S HURRY UP AND USE THESE GIFTS; I WANT THE BIGGER ONES TOO, DON'T YOU? WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG YOU FEEL LIKE IT TAKES SO LONG FOR US AS THE FAMILY TO GET ANYWHERE, AND IT IS TRUE THE LORD HAD TO GIVE US A TIME OF PEACE TO PRACTICE THE WEAPONS. BUT WE ARE GOING SOMEWHERE! LET'S MOVE EVEN FASTER; IF WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER MOVE A LITTLE FASTER IN HIS DIRECTION HE CAN MOVE FASTER INTO THE EXCITING TIMES!



Milan and Joe in '68 vs. '98 — Discipleship is still the same!

GAMES

DC BAND

ROCKS ON SOUTH

ALL
in
A
MONTH'S
TRAVEL



A FREE ZINE EXCLUSIVE...

LEFT TO RIGHT: ESTHER (MEXICAN, DANCER), REUBEN (USA, DANCER), GABE (COSTA RICAN, DANCER), MIKE (USA/GERMAN, DRUMMER), VAS (USA, LEAD GUITAR/VOCALS), CLAIRE (JAPANESE, DANCER), SPRING (USA/SPANISH, BACKUP VOCALS/DANCER), PAULA (USA, DANCER), JUSTIN (USA, RHYTHM GUITAR), JONI (USA, VOCALS/DANCER), FELI (USA, BACKUP VOCALS/DANCER), GODFREY (USA, BASS/VOCALS), JASON CRO (USA, SINGER/MC), MEEKY VS (USA, SINGER/DANCER), GEORGIA (USA, DANCER) AND MIGUEL (MEXICAN, DANCER).

(Ahlai:) Well, we are in Mehico (as they pronounce it!) and it is such a THRILL to be here! Time and space would fail us to tell of all the incredible things the Lord has done. We knew we would fall in love with this place all over again, and indeed every day it's more and more so. There is no comparison to the vacuum, the need and the thrill of missionary life here! Every word in "Mexico: A Needy Mission Field!" is so true!

We are winning souls left and right. Even those of us who don't speak much Spanish memorized the salvation prayer and a few lines to get out tapes, and everyone is thrilled at people's receptivity. These sweet, humble, wonderful people are flipping out over the DC Banda who have gone *a la Mexicana!*

The Lord had the previ-

sion, the provision and definitely the program! Way back in August, while in a teamwork prayer meeting in DC, praying about several completely different subjects, the Lord gave a very unusual and unrelated prophecy. He said that we were about to stumble upon a ministry that was going to far surpass anything we had ever done thus far in Washington! Wow, stumble upon ... to us that meant utterly and completely done by the Lord, so we started getting excited, wondering and looking in every direction to see where the Lord was going to come from next!

Then in September the monthly Prayer Day theme was to get ahold of the Lord as a Home and ask Him what He wanted us to do to be the most effective this Christmas. Again, the Lord indicated that He had big plans for us. So a few weeks later, when Dust passed on the invitation from Jason and Cedar, to bring the entire band and show (almost the entire Home, ha!) down to Mexico—the Lord confirmed in the mouth of many witnesses both on their end and ours.—And we have been hardly able to think of anything else since!

Messages began flying daily between us and Jason and Cedar, Ben and Maria, Mexico's Media Team, and Seek, Servant and their team, which included eight terrific dancers from all corners of the world! They are amazing, including Mexican Miguel (Miggy) who defies dance history in choreography, our own dear Reuben (formerly from DC), Big Gabe from Costa Rica, and Mexican little Sammy (now 16). And the gorgeous and lovely four girls: the very contemporary Japanese Claire (who they say didn't know she could dance, she was just "having get-out" in her room every day when someone said, "Hey girl, you should dance!"); beautiful and humble blonde Georgia; lovely and energetic tall Paula from Nepal (of Josiah and Jewel); and definitely the salsa of the group, Mexican Esther (Miggy's sister—their whole family dances!). And one very special addition on percussion is Stevie—who looks like Stevie Wonder himself—now 16, tall and handsome in his dark glasses, and of course bilingual Jason emcees in a tux. Wow, what a group!

MORELIA DANCERS:





The power
lines

The Lord put us together from afar, and that was how we practiced, too—uniting from afar! We sent tapes of some of the latest DC Band songs from their new album “Eagle Bleeds,” and they were a big hit with the Family there, along with our rock versions of traditional Spanish Christmas songs. Vas also sings “Drummer Boy” in Spanish! We do lots of Spanish songs, Christmas songs and a variety of other Family and typical Mexican music. Our guys—Vas, Godfrey, Mike and Justin—were practicing daily (in and around tons of studio work and everything else). Their backup singers/dancers (and wives!) Joni, Meeky, Spring and Feli also worked daily on some terrific backup moves, grooves and harmonies. We have never seen a band come together for public performance so tight so fast! We knew the Lord was

and Cancion, who housed our teams on the way back home from Mexico.

The teams in Mexico City and Morelia handled not only the bookings and preparations for the principal projects of the Christmas dinners for thousands, but the multitudinous details of fliers and posters, banners, advertising, radio spots, etc., etc., etc. Also getting ready to receive us and put up 23 people for over a month! When we got to Morelia, the city was plastered with color posters, all provisioned, banners across the main streets and the DC Band regularly being announced on radio. We could never show enough appreciation for all the blood, sweat and tears that all the PROVISIONERS, PR folks, and everyone from CROs to CC helpers have done to make this happen.

I almost forgot to tell you about our visit to find Selena’s family in Corpus Cristi, Texas! Many times the Lord had laid it on our hearts that if we ever made it to Texas we must go and see Selena’s family and encourage them in the Lord. So we prayed for some extra time in Corpus Christi to do this, and our message to Selena’s dad was going to be to come and help Mexico with us! Here’s a prophecy received by Holly, 11:

(Selena speaking:.) Please help him! You are the only ones who have had the faith to reach him. He has been grieving my going

weren’t strong enough to handle our PA system, so a half-hour with amps half-working, before the show, we prayed



in it and had something very special ahead! And the Morelia dancers amazingly—on very short notice, working long hours every day—put these incredible dances together in a couple of weeks. All outfits on both ends were provisioned too, so we didn’t spend a peso or a dime on that, as we didn’t have it, ha!

God bless our skeleton crews in the two DC Homes, holding the fort, covering all our duties in about eight different ministries; even though they get the same reward, we sure wish we could have brought them all! And also to all the US Homes who helped us along the way—Simon and the Atlanta Home, Paul and Ruth in New Orleans and Richard and Julia, Nathan and family in Corpus Christi who accommodated all 23 of us en route to Mexico! And loving thanks also to Amor

for so long. Please! I love my family, but reach my father and he will reach others. He is a hard man, so approach gently. Please, I beg you, do not look on the outside, look on the inside. He needs to know that I see him and that I know his pain, but it’s not that I am far. I have been trying to reach through to him, but he cannot hear me and so you must be my spokesperson, my translator. Let him know I love him. Please! (End of message.)

Moved by these pleas and concern for her family, Josh and I took a team of ten people (ages JETT to three!) for an outing to track down Mr. and Mrs. Quintanilla! By miracles we found not only friends and co-workers but went to Selena’s studio, found her uncle and other family members, and got a grand tour of her museum and places where she lived and worked. We were able to witness to all of them and tell them of the adventure upon which we were embarking, showing them the photo album of our work in Mexico, in DC and worldwide. We wrote Selena’s father, Abraham, a letter with our prayers and invitation to work together with us, and they said for sure they would get it to him! On the way back to DC we want to go through there again and follow up on this important mission from Selena herself. Who knows what the Lord has up His sleeve!

The trip was going very well, but we knew to be prepared for a battle crossing the border. We moved towards Brownsville, and the Enemy really fought, starting the first day at the border crossing. SO MUCH EQUIPMENT—people thought we were nuts to try to get across with all that band and show equipment; not to mention ALL THOSE PEOPLE! Of course, we were hoping they would just wave us across (ha, right) so when the guards at customs said get out of the vehicles (Little Josh driving us in his RV, and Dust driving our van and trailer), our guys started disembarking and oh my, the people just kept on coming and coming! (And dear Miguel filming everything that moved!) What a scene and what an attraction! I wondered if we should just set up and start playing then and there—we've done it on many an occasion, haven't we? But the Lord had told us He was going to do it!

It took two hot and sweaty days and lots of prayer and prophecy provisioning every meal and places to stay and hanging around the border towns trying to get across—but we made it! After going here and there and getting this paper and that fax, this stamp, that insurance, this letter and that photo we got across, and totally for free, hallelujah! It was then that we really appreciated the fight we had had some time earlier to get an audience with and a recommendation letter from the Mexican Ambassador to the US back in Washington. It took a miracle but after meeting him he had presented us with a letter commending us for our work in DC that was honored by Congress, and

didn't want to go home!

It looked impossible, but as the Lord said when we were back in DC: "I will open a door that no man can close, and great will be the company of those that publish the glad tidings. I will raise up those that I have set in place for such a time as this—they are even now waiting for you to call upon them, and they are set in place for such a time as this. This will be the Christmas they have always dreamed of, a Christmas with Me and with meaning. They will help magnify My Words and multiply your efforts, as you guide them and make them a part. Open wide your hearts and they will open theirs, for I long to bless them that bless you and use them that long to be used for My glory."

AND NOW FROM
MEEKY [SGA]

It took six long days of travel from Washington, DC to Morelia, Mexico—but we made it! As the Lord had said in proph-



"Lord, make them all temporarily deaf!"

Lord

We didn't intend it in a mean way, it would actually have been a favor.

We didn't intend it in a mean way. —It would actually

the marvelous work year after year being done by the brethren in Mexico, about which he was very impressed. Meeky and I got a picture with him, too, and we didn't realize what a blessing it would be, but pulling out that letter really saved the day several times, whew!

Well, once across the border we were off and running! Speaking Spanish again (or trying to, ha!) provisioning, witnessing, soul winning, avoiding the potholes in the road and generally having a total blast! The kids were so good on the trip and they

ecy, there were indeed many miracles on the way, and as the old saying goes, "It takes an impossible situation for God to do a miracle." Miracle Number One: We still love each other (in fact, more than before!) after spending six days in extremely close quarters. Miracle Number Two: No breakdowns (we're referring to vehicles here). And

STEVIE ON
PERCUSSION
PERFORMING WITH
THE DC BAND



last, but certainly not least, is Miracle Number Three: Making it over the border with 23 people and a trailer full of sound equipment. Time and space would fail to tell of the amazing ways the Lord worked to get us over the Mexican border. Not only did He get us and all of our equipment across, but we didn't even have to pay the normally very large fee for bringing so much musical sound equipment into the country. Fulfilled prophecy once again!

Our whole story seems to have followed this sequence of events: Problem, Prophecy, Miracle, Fulfilled Prophecy! Our first show was in Morelia where we teamed up with the amazing dance crew there. With only a short amount of time, they managed to put together some eye-catching and mind-boggling dance moves to our not-so-easy-to-dance-to band music. A day before the show, Vas and I came down with severe sore throats and we weren't even sure if we would be able to sing. The situation got desperate when one hour before the show Vas could barely croak out a clause, much less sing a song. With disconsolateness in our minds and hearts, we came before the Lord and pleaded for a supernatural occurrence. He spoke in prophecy saying that He would not fail and that Vas would be given his voice to sing for the show. Proceed-

MORELIA, MEXICO

have done as well patiently waiting as our congress friends did. They were ecstatic! On a stage so small we could barely dance, we shared the songs and watched the crowds cry "encore." Amazing! We knew it had to be the Lord.

The power lines weren't strong enough to handle our PA system, so a half-hour before the show, with amps half-working, we prayed, "Lord, make them all temporarily deaf!" We didn't intend it in a mean way.—It would actually have been a favor. Ha! Anyway, the Lord must have done something, as the standing crowd was still pleading for more after an hour-and-a-half show. Much to our surprise, the kind congressman who had taken us on this tour to Tlaxcala decorated us with ponchos! (The ponchos became our new costume for "Viva Mexico!", the new song which the Lord gave Vas especially for the Mexico Tour!)

By now our stomachs were a bit upset from all the hot and strange foods we'd been stuffing in there, all provided by the congressman who sponsored our tour. But miraculously none of us came down with a serious case of "Montezuma's Revenge" (a type of dysentery—a pretty sad sickness—that hits many a gringo).



MEEK V
SINGS
"PEACE IN
THE MIDST
TOO OF STORM"
A CROWD
OF MEXICO'S POOR.

Our whole story seems to have followed this sequence of events: Problem, prophecy, miracle, fulfilled prophecy! **Prophecy** Problem

ing with faith, Vas hopped on stage and amazingly both he and I were able to sing!

After Morelia, we were off to Mexico City, the capital of this festive country where our first performance was for the Congress. For those of you who have not had the opportunity to drive through Mexico City during rush hour (which lasts until 9 PM), just try to imagine what an anthill looks like after it's been stepped on. Even the driving veterans of Los Angeles and Washington DC had to give credit to those who brave the streets of this city daily.

On the day of our show, half of the performers arrived 45 minutes after the show was scheduled to start, due to the scenario described above. Tension was high as the crowd gathered and half of the performers weren't even there yet! Well, yes, you're right. The show must go on. So the band got up on the stage and did their best to put on a full show for the anxious crowd. Thankfully, halfway through the 2nd song, the long-lost team arrived and we continued the show all together. After the show we had lots of time to talk with the many congressmen and women who were there. We were then privileged to receive a guided tour through congress and see where the big-shots of this country make it happen.

By now you're probably wondering: "How is that poor '87 Motor Home holding out through all of this trekking through dusty mountains and valleys?" Good ol' Betsy, she's done well, but we're giving her a break as she lays to rest in the yard (temporarily, though).

But, hey, we didn't mind so much as the bus provided by our congresswoman friend was quite a pleasure. It was a good thing, as "Tlaxcala" (that's the name of the next town we went to) wouldn't

Miracle,
fulfilled
prophecy!



With a taco ^{in one hand} and tracts in the other, **souls** who have come to the **Zocalo** fed. ^{to thousands of precious} to get their bodies and souls

Our travels brought us to many interesting situations, from singing for a formal lunch at the Mexico City Rotary Club, to performing on the dirt floor of a little town in the outskirts of the city at 11 PM the same day. We were rather enthusiastic in our dances that evening, for more reasons than one. In Mexico the sun shines hot, but when the sun goes down, so does the temperature. We had to struggle to keep warm in our little outfits. The people were so appreciative of our show and set off flares in honor of "The DC Band" or "DeeCeeBond," as we are generally called here. We were showered with hugs of thankfulness after the show. Though many of us were tired and cold that evening, the sweet response from the crowd made us forget ourselves and remember what we had come all this way for.

While we were jumping around in Mexico City, the Homes in Morelia were busy provisioning and preparing for their annual "Feast of the Poor," which was to take place on the 21st of December. We were invited to perform for some 3,000 of Morelia's poor who came to eat a delicious meal, all provided by the Family! For many of us, this was one of the most touching shows we participated in. As the audience walked out of the auditorium with arms full of food and toys, many of them couldn't stop saying, "God bless you! Thank you for helping us!" It was special for us to have a part in this great work. God bless all the Morelia brethren for all the love and hard work they poured into this beautiful event!

Now it's Christmas Day and we're at the heart of Mexico City, the area known as the "Zocalo." It's a huge plaza where at this very minute 7,000 are being fed a delicious Christmas dinner.

Some poor people haven't eaten a wholesome meal for days, and are moved to tears to have so much love shown to them.

Our Family members from the

surrounding cities have come for this project. Some of them stayed up all night cooking huge pots of rice, beans, tortillas and other food, and are still smiling as they serve a generous helping to these poor, broken people. One man who didn't have hands asked if someone could feed him. When Robin (SGA VS) was feeding him spoonfuls of rice and beans, she asked him how he survives every day. He begs in the plaza and tries to find a kind soul who will bring the spoon to his mouth so that he can eat. That little story is only a taste of what is going on all around us at this moment. All the top newspaper and TV reporters are here to spread the news of this remarkable feast! If you were to look to the right you would see a huge crowd with plates in their hands all gathered to watch the "DC Band" perform their final show in Mexico.

So here we are on a sunny, warm Christmas Day, with a taco in one hand and tracts in the other, witnessing to thousands of precious souls who have come to the Zocalo to get their bodies and souls fed. This trip has been more than we dreamed it would be. ■



PROTECTION AND POWER

FIVE ANGELS AND A DOME OF WATER

from miracle and angelina (16), croatia

Croatia Weekly, August 27, 1998, reports: "The fires that raged throughout Croatia's coastal counties from August 4 to 11 destroyed approximately 2,700 hectares of forest and dense underbrush. About 2,000 firefighters were engaged in putting them out. Firefighting aircraft flew 1,500 missions and dropped 7,500 tons of water. In addition to Croatian pilots, the fires were fought by teams flown in from Austria, France, Italy and Russia. SFOR contributed special units to these efforts as well."

(Angelina:) Here in Dubrovnik, brush fires are an every-year appearance, and not something most people freak out over. That's why we didn't worry when we saw the orange glow behind some of the rolling hills in our area.—This time of year, it always happens. We had provisioned a cinema showing of "Man in the Iron Mask," so five of us (Chesco, Gabe [visitor from Sweden], Crys, Vix and I) went off in the van to town, 15 km. away. On our way to the main road we noticed some men getting fire hoses ready. Crys half-jokingly asked me if I had my fleebag packed. I had just organized my suitcase that afternoon, so was content.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MOVIE, A GUY WORKING IN THE CINEMA CALLED ONE OF US OFF TO THE PHONE. MY MOM (NOW AT A NEARBY HOTEL, HAVING ALREADY LEFT THE HOUSE WITH THE TWO SMALL VISITING KIDS) HAD BEEN TOLD THAT THE ROADS WERE BLOCKED TO ANYONE EXCEPT POLICE AND FIREFIGHTERS, and that no one was being

allowed through, so she asked me to call my dad on the mobile phone (the regular phone lines were

down) to tell him what valuables I wanted saved in case the house would burn! When I called my dad, he told us to come right home as the vehicle was needed to evacuate. So with our hearts pounding we rushed to the van.

Driving slowly was difficult in these drastic circumstances, but thank the Lord we made it safely—at least as far as the roadblock, where they told us to forget passing through till the next morning. We could see the fire had now reached the top of the hill and was headed for our little residential area. We returned to the van and asked the Lord what to do. I phoned my parents again, and they said to desperately pray that the direction of the wind would change, as it was blowing very, very strongly.

We had to find a place to stay for the night, and the Lord reminded us of some friends



who lived nearby. When they heard what had happened they right away said we could stay the night, without our even asking. GBT! We phoned my parents once more, and they told us that the wind had miraculously changed direction and had begun to blow the other way, and that our house was most likely now out of danger! So with that we went to sleep.

To backtrack a bit, right after we had left for the movie, my dad had gone on a walk with the two younger boys. A few hundred meters up the road the smoke and ash were blowing so strongly that they had to turn around. They didn't worry, though, as the locals didn't seem to be reacting much and were quite calm. (Note from Andrew: This was one of my lessons: to pray and hear from the Lord, and not go by appearances!) Arriving back at the house, they saw our landlord and his father, who live in the upstairs part of the house, out with a chainsaw cutting the overhanging tree limbs, so if the fire got as close as the other side of the driveway, it wouldn't be able to make the leap across to the house. They were also using the garden hose to wet down all the trees and underbrush. My dad stayed to pitch in with the work.



THE SUN HAD SET AND NOW IT WAS DARK. SEVERAL NEIGHBORS HAD ALSO COME TO HELP OUT. THEY ALL HAD TO WEAR WET CLOTHS OVER THEIR NOSE AND MOUTH, AS THE SMOKE AND BLOWING

ash were too much to breathe. The wind was blowing the fire straight towards our house after crossing the

main road. My mom had also phoned one of the Homes in our area to ask them to pray for us.

We were all down on our prayer bones, as you can imagine, and that's when the wind changed directions.—An absolute miracle and answer to prayer!! Finally at 3:00 AM my parents went to sleep on the porch, in case the wind changed again or the fire that was still burning in places flared up. Finally, by 8:00 AM, the fire was totally out! Our landlords, along with the 2,000 fire fighters who were working all over our area, had stayed up all night. God bless them!

After our good night's sleep, our precious hosts served us breakfast. The roadblock was gone, so we drove easily home. Several places along the road was telltale blackened ground with smoldering bushes and whatnot.

One lesson that we learned was that we should have taken the situation more seriously, bringing it to the Lord instead of judging it by how the locals were reacting. The Lord would have shown us to take action

earlier.



MY DAD GOT IN PRAYER THAT WE WOULD SEE VERY CLEARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE CIRCLE OF THE LORD'S PROTECTION—WHERE THE ANGELS HAD STOOD—AND THAT'S EXACTLY HOW IT WAS! WE COULD SEE THE BLACK LINE OF WHERE THE FIRE STOPPED. NO HOUSES IN OUR AREA WERE TOUCHED, WHEREAS A FIRE IN ANOTHER AREA 50 KM. AWAY CONSUMED 25 HOUSES. (Miracle:) It got serious very suddenly. Just a half an hour after the young people left, the winds were

getting very strong and blowing the fire right to our house. We called the Family to pray for us, as we felt quite helpless, not even having our vehicle to flee with! We tried to collect some valuables together when our landlord offered to take us (two moms and two young children) in his small car to the nearby hotel by the sea (GBH!), but in that situation it's difficult to even think! The fire was closing in on the house like a big wave.

From the front of the hotel we could see the red, glowing mountains, and the smoke was very strong even there. People were standing there watching—some refugees, like us, and some hotel guests. We decided to send some strong smoke signals to Heaven to get all our Heavenly spirit helpers to come and help us and

all the poor people who were fighting for their lives and houses. We prayed and read Psalm 91, claiming every single verse for us. We got that there were five big angels protecting our house and a dome of water covering it. After our prayer we felt a spirit of calm fall on us, and the Lord said that everything would be all right. From our vantage point, partially blocked by a hill, we could not see our house or what was happening, so it truly was a time of needing great faith in the power of prayer.—And it was at that moment that the wind changed direction and our small village was saved! It surely manifested the importance of being constantly in prayer.—Pray before going to movies, before doing anything! It really drew us also close to the Lord and helped the children to see the power of God! ■



CREED

Paul (16, of Simon and Naarah) met the band Creed. The guys were real nice and gave their autograph. Paul wrote them and they've been corresponding for some time now. They are receptive to our message.

PAUL MCCARTNEY

From Jesse Youngblood, USA
(FZ: This took place a long time ago—sorry, no specific date given.) One day, during Mardi Gras in New Orleans, I was at a congested intersection passing out MO Letters to the passengers of each car. A long black limousine with dark tinted windows approached, and I saw the

window of the back passenger area begin to go down. As I poked my head into the opened window and thrust my tract-filled arm toward the passengers, I was startled to see a remarkably familiar face.

I said, "Are you...?" And my voice trailed off. Taking the letter that I offered, the voice behind the recognizable face replied, "Yes, I'm Paul McCartney." Next to him was his wife, Linda. Paul looked down at the Letter I had given

him and said, "This is Moses David, isn't it?" I managed an answer from my somewhat dumbfounded state, "Yes, yes it is." He said, "Yes, I've seen these before. Very interesting. I'll read it." Then he handed me a \$20 bill. As I was recovering from the shock of the event, I missed the next few cars. I wonder if maybe John, George or Ringo may have been in one of them!

GEORGE BUSH

From Pedro and Maria Fisher, USA

One night we asked the Lord about our outreach plans, as we were going to a rural area in Eastern North Carolina searching out a migrant workers camp. The Lord told us that He was preparing the way. We stopped at a burger place for lunch, and while eating, Maria said, "I think George Bush just went into the bathroom." I walked over and saw four Secret Service men standing around.

Sure enough, George Bush then walked out of the bathroom. We introduced ourselves and started talking about how he had met the Family after Hurricane Andrew in Florida, which he remembered. We shared with him about our vision for returning to Peru, and he spoke to Maria in Spanish. We left him with a poster, a TA video for his grandchildren and a recent FAR highlighting the Family in DC. We also had a chance to talk with his agents.

POPE JOHN PAUL II

We received this great photo. From it I deduce that a brother named Nehemiah sent us this photo of him speaking with the Pope. It's a great pic so we wanted to print it for you all. Nehemiah, if you're out there—do you have any story to add that we must have missed? —Jaz

From Windy (of Barry), Japan
These are from my witnessing days in Monaco many years ago, where I lived with Joan of Arc and her mate Tracy.

Jeshana (no longer in the Family), and (towards the end) French Tirza (I think her name is Ruby now; she's the mother of Timo, who's mated to Sunny).

RINGO STARR

One evening in Monaco, Jeshana and I went to a club where we regularly witnessed. While sitting at a table with friends, we were invited over to a table where Ringo Starr was sitting with friends. (Note: Everywhere I went in Monaco, day and night, I carried my guitar with me (in its case!), as unexpected opportunities arose all the time where I'd need it to sing and witness.) Noticing that we'd

come to the club with a guitar (definitely not the norm), we were asked to sing a few songs. I ended up singing "The Room" and "The Search" for Ringo and his friends. They're pretty heavy-hitting songs, as you know, but hey, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity! We witnessed to him, and although he didn't pray with us, and left shortly afterwards, he was obviously moved by the songs and the witness.

FRANK SINATRA

He was eating dinner at one of the Italian restau-

rant contacts where Joan and I regularly sang. He didn't give us or our songs the time of day, and ignored our collection basket. We weren't surprised, though, since Dad didn't really have all that much good to say about him—not to speak of the song he made famous, "I Did It My Way." Well, guess he knows the scoop now, since he went to the Other Side recently. Lord help him to have found Jesus—the Way!

PRINCESS CAROLINE OF MONACO

BY CONTRAST, WHEN SINGING ONE NIGHT AT THE SAME ITALIAN RESTAURANT, PRINCESS CAROLINE WAS VERY RECEPTIVE TO OUR MUSIC AND MESSAGE, AND ENJOYED MEETING US. GOD BLESS HER!

ADNAN KHASHOGGI

I don't know if I've got the spelling of his name right, but at least I think it's close. This guy's a famous arms dealer, although to most people's eyes he's an international businessman. He never actually let the truth be known to us about all that he does. He's a high-class wheeler-dealer, and hangs out with the world's upper crust, and rich 'n' famous. I lost contact with him once we left Monaco.

ICELANDIC PRESIDENT AND WIFE

From Thaddeus and Sara, Iceland,

What do you give the President's wife, when you hear she is dying of leukemia? On the annual Cultural Day, Sarah and I passed through a car park, and I noticed a flag flying from the bonnet of one of the cars. (Only official cars have those.) I realized it was the President's car. Only the chauffeur was inside, waiting for the President and his wife. Sarah talked to him and gave him an "Incredible Journey" poster, which explains about life after death. The chauffeur noted Sarah's name and promised to get it to the President and his wife.

Oftentimes when he was in town, he'd send for Joan, Jeshana and I to come attend his dinner parties, so Joan and I could sing, and so the three of us could help entertain his guests. His favorite songs were "The Room" and "The Search," and also "Walkin' Through My Life." We witnessed to him a lot, and were in contact with him for 1½ years. He never prayed with us, but definitely liked us and our message. He gave very generously to our work, and was always very sweet and kind to us.

I've often wondered where he is and what he's up to. But I know if we ever met him again, and said, "Remember the two American folk singers—Windy and Joan—from Monaco who talked about God?" and he heard "The Room" and "The Search," he'd remember us right away.

On a separate occasion, I met and witnessed to one of Adnan's sons. I prayed with him to get saved. His son (sorry, I can't remember his name) got super turned on to Dad's Letters about the plight of the Palestinians, and wrote a letter to Dad telling him how much he liked them, and sent Dad a donation. I also witnessed to one of Adnan's daughters (sorry, I can't remember her name either now!), who was also very receptive.

ELDEST SON OF THE SHAH

(That is, the eldest son of the former Shah Muhammad Reza Pahlavi of Iran, who died in exile in 1980, in Cairo.) He prayed with me to receive Jesus, and he got a copy of the booklet "Sex Works."—But I didn't know who he really was until weeks later, and by then he was long gone. Ha! The story?

Well, if my memory serves me correctly, Jeshana had arranged for Joan and I to sing at a dinner party on a yacht in the harbor. After singing informally on the deck while the guests mingled around, we gathered around the long dinner table below for dinner. Some of the guests were from the Mideast (not divulging, though, exactly where from—that's Monaco, full of secrets!), France and the U.S. I noticed that a group of men, though, were speaking Farsi, and not Arabic, so I said, "Oh, you're speaking Farsi, are you from Iran?" They seemed to be a little embarrassed and nervous, and said no, they were from Afghanistan, and that it wasn't Farsi exactly, but something else.

I could tell they were sort of covering for themselves, but I thought if they wanted to be all hush-hush, okay, I wasn't going to make a big deal out of it. I'd been in Monaco long enough to know that if people want to keep something private, that it's best not to push it. Also, we noticed a few American men in the room were eating apart from the main group, at other tables. It seemed a little odd, but maybe they were having private conversations, away from the main group.

After dinner we went back up to the deck to sing and socialize and witness. Jeshana informed us that we had received our donation for coming to entertain at the party, and it seemed that the evening was soon drawing to a close. Then one of the organizers called me aside, and after a little small talk, asked me if I would spend some time with a certain young man among the guests. I can't remember the young man's name, but he was about 18, from what I recall. (I was 27.) He had been one of the guys I "caught" speaking Farsi.

The young man turned out to be very sweet, very easy to talk to. I shared my testimony with him, shared some Bible with him, and by the end of the evening, he prayed with me to receive Jesus into his heart. TYJ! The only piece of lit I had on me to give him was the booklet "Sex Works."

Several weeks later, I saw in a magazine a story about the Shah and his family. Seeing a picture of all the Shah's children, a funny feeling started in my tummy when I looked at his eldest son, and it grew and grew. Could it have been? ... He really looked kind of familiar. Uh oh!... Was he the young guy I'd been with??? When Jeshana and I got home, we were told by other Home members that they had talked that day with the owner of the yacht where we'd had the dinner party several weeks earlier, and he told them that one of the people we had entertained that evening was the son of the Shah!

I never saw or heard anything about him ever again. Then some months after Barry and I arrived here in Japan, I saw an interview with him on an English-speaking documentary. He's got a family, and lives in the Northeast of the U.S. somewhere. Understandably, for his security, it didn't say exactly where.

STEP BY STEP, DAY BY DAY. HEAR FROM GOD,
LEARN TO PRAY. SEE WHAT WONDERS
come from this. What's revealed, promised

bliss.

Or

Someone's gonna meet Brad soon ...
From A.S., Somewhere on Earth

Not long ago I had a very clear dream about Brad Pitt. It impressed me quite a bit, and so a day or so later I asked the Lord about it, if there was any significance to the dream or any message He was trying to get through to me with. Here's what the Lord said:

J (*Jesus speaking:*) Yes, this dream was a message from Me. I wished to implant in your heart a thought about this one. I would like you to add him to your personal prayer list, for he is in a time of great distress right now, and he seeks earnestly for answers. It may even be that I shall do great works through him, if you will only bring him before My throne. **There is a great salvation awaiting him, and a great testimony, if he will be willing to humble himself before My name.**

I also want you to send this in to the Zine, for there will be opportunity for some of My children to be in a position to contact him and even to speak with him face to face. But for these ones it is important that they be keeping their eyes on Me and Me alone, and not be distracted by the lure of the flesh and the distraction of vain conceit, but that they give him My pure Words and the message of salvation. Be bold, for he is well able to receive it! Bare your heart to him, and though you will see little results instantly, by and by—and sooner than you would think—you will see a great and powerful testimony emerge.

But all of this is contingent on many factors: Upon the will of this one himself; upon the will of My children who will be in a position to approach him, as far as how they will comport themselves and what message they will give, if they will be faithful to give My meaty Word and not compromise for fear of his opinions; and also upon all of My children around the world, if they will pray for his soul earnestly and not let up until they see the victory. **This one is not more NEEDY than any of the other lost, but as I have said, there is a time in his life when he is impressionable, malleable and in great need of Me, and that time is now.** So seek My face for his soul, and you shall in no wise lose your reward. (*end of message*)

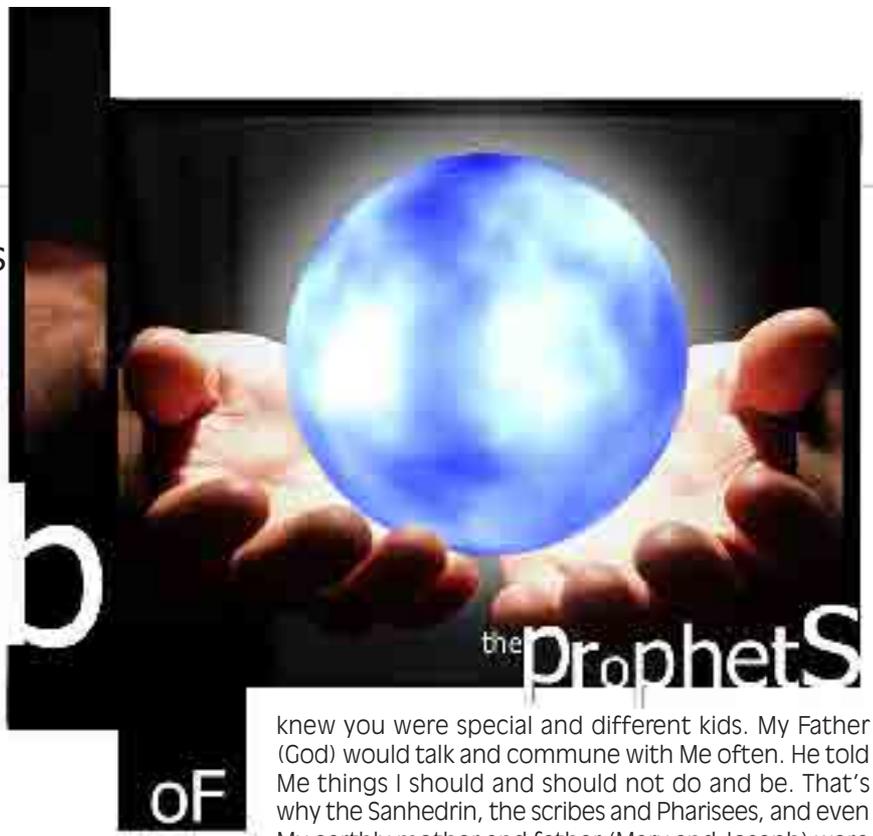
Jesus and the lion

From Lea (SGA), Russia:

I was talking with the Lord one day and He gave me something real interesting. I had a lot of questions I was asking the Lord, and He told me a story about when He was a boy. He was trying to impress on me a lesson, and this story drove the point home in my mind.

(*Jesus speaking:*) When I was a boy, things were so simple in My mind. Life seemed clearer, clearer than most boys'.

(Question: Did You know You were the Son of God?) I knew it, just like you



knew you were special and different kids. My Father (God) would talk and commune with Me often. He told Me things I should and should not do and be. That's why the Sanhedrin, the scribes and Pharisees, and even My earthly mother and father (Mary and Joseph) were surprised at the realization of My scriptural knowledge.

My father Joseph was a very Godly and honorable man, and he gave Me a lot of My practical training. All of these physical things I had to get used to, because in My Father's House are many mansions, and life as King up Here is much different. I had to go through My boot camp training and learn all the things you have to learn here on Earth.—All those frustrations, hard knocks, and then again also those times of refreshing and sweet relief that My Heavenly Father sends from Above to us. Us—yes, My children, you and Me. I did go through the feelings you are feeling now.

Once, while young, walking with a group of My friends, we came to a path that led us down a road. My Father's creation always made Me feel overwhelmed with happiness, and I gained a refreshing spirit in the woods. Well, walking down the path led us boys towards the deep forest and wildlife, and we had an encounter with a big lioness that threw us all into a frightening shock with her growl.

Now, My Father had given Me power over all living things, but at that time (8 years old) I was still learning and experimenting with it. I didn't completely grasp it until I had gone through the course of experiences My Father had for Me. I was destined for this world and I had a fate; now through My choice or decision I could have changed it, but I knew I shouldn't and I wouldn't.

We plunged to the ground as the lioness leaped across us boys, and Ramie let out a scream. This intensified the fright in all of us boys, and we were motionless. On the other hand, I felt that the situation was Mine to control. I had a gut feeling to get up and take care of that lion. So I got up, staring the lioness in the eye. She looked as if she was getting ready to rip the skin off of each one of us and leave our bodies to waste for the vultures when she'd had her fill.

I heard My Father's voice telling Me what to do, and as I followed His instructions I learned to com-

orb of the prophets

mand this demon-possessed animal in My way, which knowledge I used in My future ministry—as you have read in many places in the Bible where I cast out demons. Everything takes training and learning, and I Myself had to learn each lesson and each principle in order to perform the wonders I did.

So is it with you, My children. If I, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had to learn these things for My ministry, don't be surprised if you have to learn things and go through rough experiences as well. The important thing is listening. Remember how I had to listen to the instructions of My Father. It's just the same for you: You must listen to Me. You think it's difficult to hear from Me or the spirit world sometimes. Do you think it was a whole lot different for Me or My prophets that went on before, and after Me? No, you just need to practice and tune all your energy and force into hearing from Me. It's that simple, yet the Enemy makes it sound difficult in your minds. So don't let him tell you that, okay?

I love you, My sweethearts! I'll tell you more if you ask Me. Your Friend, Jesus



No more screams in the night
no more screams in the night
no more screams in the night

No more screams in the night
no more screams in the night
no more screams in the night
no more screams in the night
no more screams in the night

NO MORE SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT

Stories

behold, I give
unto you power
to tread on
serpents and
scorpions, and
over all the
power of the
enemy, and
nothing shall
by any means
hurt you.

SPOOKY
[spōō'kē]

THE NEXT TIME IN TOWN I WENT TO VISIT THE BUS STATION MANAGER AGAIN. HE WAS SO HAPPY TO TELL ME THAT SINCE WE HAD PRAYED FOR THE RELEASE OF THIS WOMAN'S SPIRIT ... THE APARTMENT HAS BEEN QUIET!

WHILE ON A ROAD TRIP WE WITNESSED TO THE MANAGER OF A BUS STATION. HE TOLD US ABOUT A STRANGE EXPERIENCE THEY WERE HAVING. THEY HAVE AN APARTMENT WHERE ALL THE DRIVERS SLEEP FOR THE NIGHT, AND FOR SOME TIME THEY HAD BEEN HEARING THE SOUNDS OF A WOMAN'S SCREAM IN THE NIGHT.

THE MANAGER TOOK US TO THE APARTMENT AND TOLD US THAT A WOMAN HAD HUNG HERSELF IN THE APARTMENT ABOUT TWO YEARS BEFORE AND NOW HER GHOST WAS HANGING AROUND THERE. WHILE HE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT THIS WOMAN'S SPIRIT I SENSED IN THE SPIRIT THE PLACE WHERE SHE HAD KILLED HERSELF, SO I ASKED THE MAN IF THAT'S WHERE IT HAD HAPPENED. HE TOLD ME, "YES, THAT'S RIGHT. THAT'S WHERE SHE HUNG HERSELF." MY PARTNER AND I THEN DID A JERICHO MARCH AROUND THE APARTMENT, PRAYING THAT THE LORD WOULD FREE THIS WOMAN'S SPIRIT AND BRING PEACE TO THE PLACE.

FROM MAGDALENA (OF PEDRO), MEXICO

Photo Page

REINA AND BOWY, USA



GABE (18) "ZINIFIED"



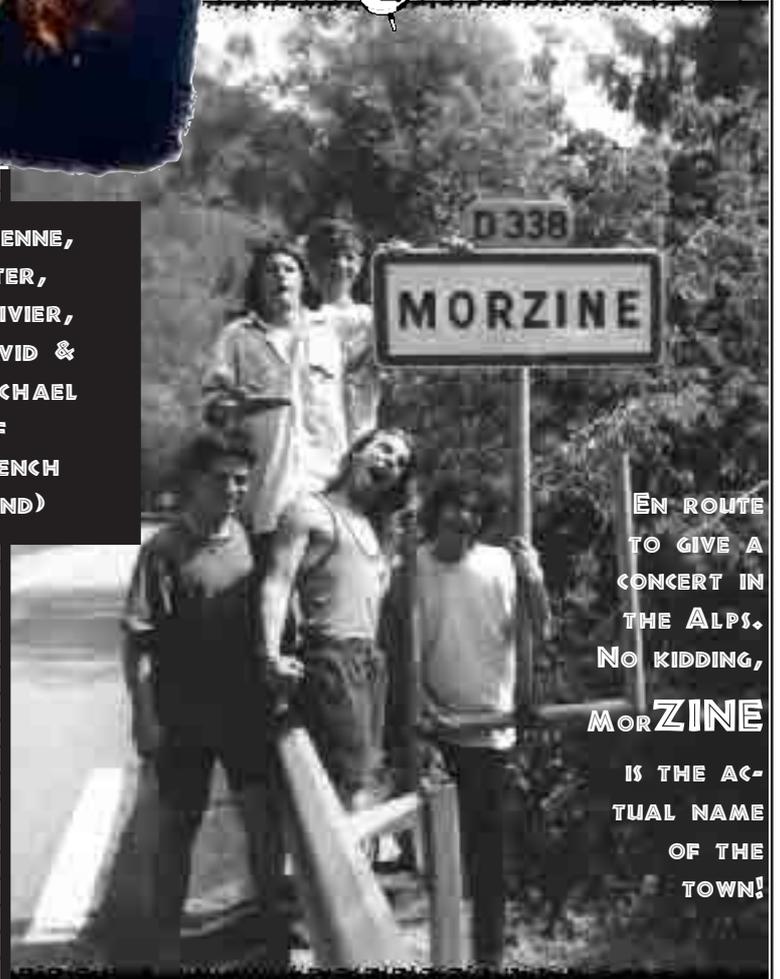
BOWY AND DAUGHTER
CAMRIN JURNEE



SHELLENA BLACK (21), USA
"SINGLE, AVAILABLE. LOOKING FOR A
GOOD GUY WITH A NICE SHWING."



ÉTIENNE,
PETER,
OLIVIER,
DAVID &
MICHAEL
(OF
FRENCH
BAND)



EN ROUTE
TO GIVE A
CONCERT IN
THE ALPS.
NO KIDDING,
MORZINE
IS THE AC-
TUAL NAME
OF THE
TOWN!



Viewers may remember this  and this 

Our hero Bud, having been SPONGED smack onto the T.V. screen BY LIVE movie RAYS, IS RASHED TO Cecil B. De Mille MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. There, in the M.O.P.I.C.U. (Movie Over-Pose Intensive Care Unit), a team of celluloid surgeons work around the clock, in a desperate bid to justify

sterilized medical terms such as: (and I quote)

- forceps!
- drip!
- band-aid!
- Tiger-Balm!
- HEFTY HOSPITAL BILL

as the surgeons exchange wads of carefully

THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH TENSION

The surgeons work feverishly through the night...

EASY NOW... EASY NOW...

SURGEONS!

FWOP!

COOL!

YES!

Rejoice With Us

Bud is Free!

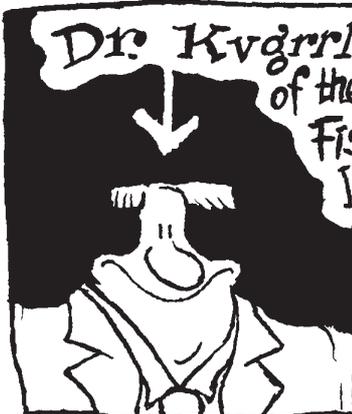
But will there be any NEGATIVE After Effects for Bud?

We asked Doctor Milton Fewloose of the Research Institute of Applied Orthopedic-Naso Gastronomo Chiropracto-Ear Nose and Throat ology (Intestinal Division) for his expert opinion on

Could you run that by me one more time?



We felt led to get a Second Opinion



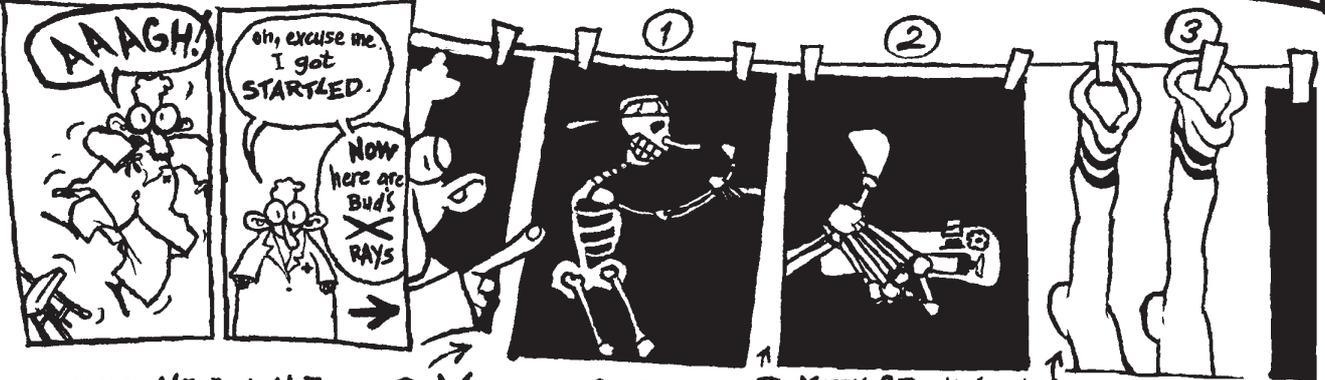
Dr. Kværrl Ösköárrdörsk of the North Sea Fisheries Fish-Paste Analysis Institute in the picturesque Norwegian town of Öfösksg. He, unfortunately, didn't know BEANS about Bud's condition.

Bud's Condition's

We then took Bud down to Radiology for X-rays where Doctor Albert Quackducker (Dip. Med. Ob. Rad. Gyn. Thud. Ouch) made some **STARTLING** observations...

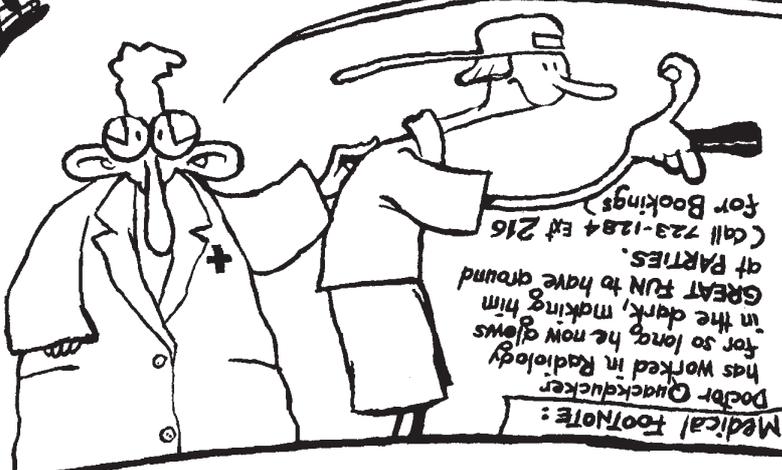
...and Thora (the Institute's cooking staff) & a hearty hello to ALL of our precious Norwegian Family!

However, he did serve us a very nice lunch of Norwegian black bread (made of compressed mackerel) & a pale orange coloured fish-paste squeezed from a toothpaste tube. Thanks to Olaf and



IMPRESSIVE MEDICAL NOTES: ① X-ray of Bud ② X-ray of Bud's hand. Notice the finger bones fused to the Remote Control. ③ Bud's Socks (REAL, NOT X-Ray)

The Results are conclusive:



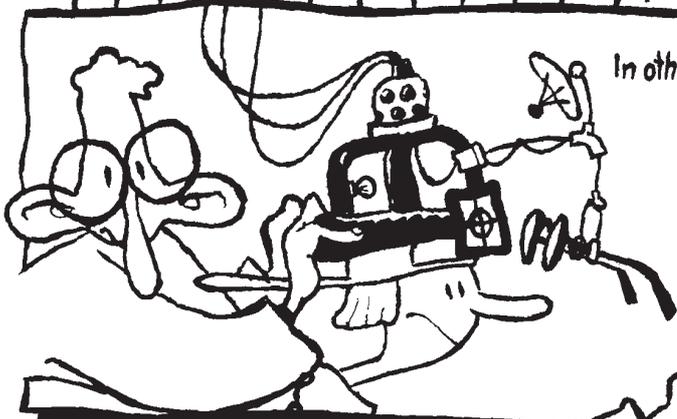
Even though **OUTWARDLY** Bud appears **AS NORMAL AS YOU AND ME**, his hours of excessive and indiscriminate **MOVIE** watching have brought on a critical case of **POST MOVIE-SATURATION DISORDER**. (PMSD)

* THINK ABOUT THAT ONE FOR A MOMENT.

In English this means that Bud's formerly **FIRM GRIP** on **REALITY** has been **SIGNIFICANTLY**

L O O S E N E D.

IF you know what I mean.



In other words, the only thing that Bud still has a **FIRM GRIP** on is his Remote Control.

To demonstrate the extent of Bud's disorder, Bud is fitted with a **DeLuxe 'MOVIE-INDUCED- Daydream Monitoring Headset' ...**

↓ Have a look for yourself & **BE ASTONISHED!**

MOVIE-INDUCED Daydream (Scan # 1)

We don't allow **MOVIES** in this prison.

Heh, heh. I'm sure glad I was faithful to memorize all the names of all the **MOVIES** I've ever watched, as well as age ratings, movie stars' names, intimate details of their private lives down to previous and current personal relationships, affairs & interests; not to mention their diet habits, sunsigns, birthdays, hair gel brand, favorite sandwich spread...

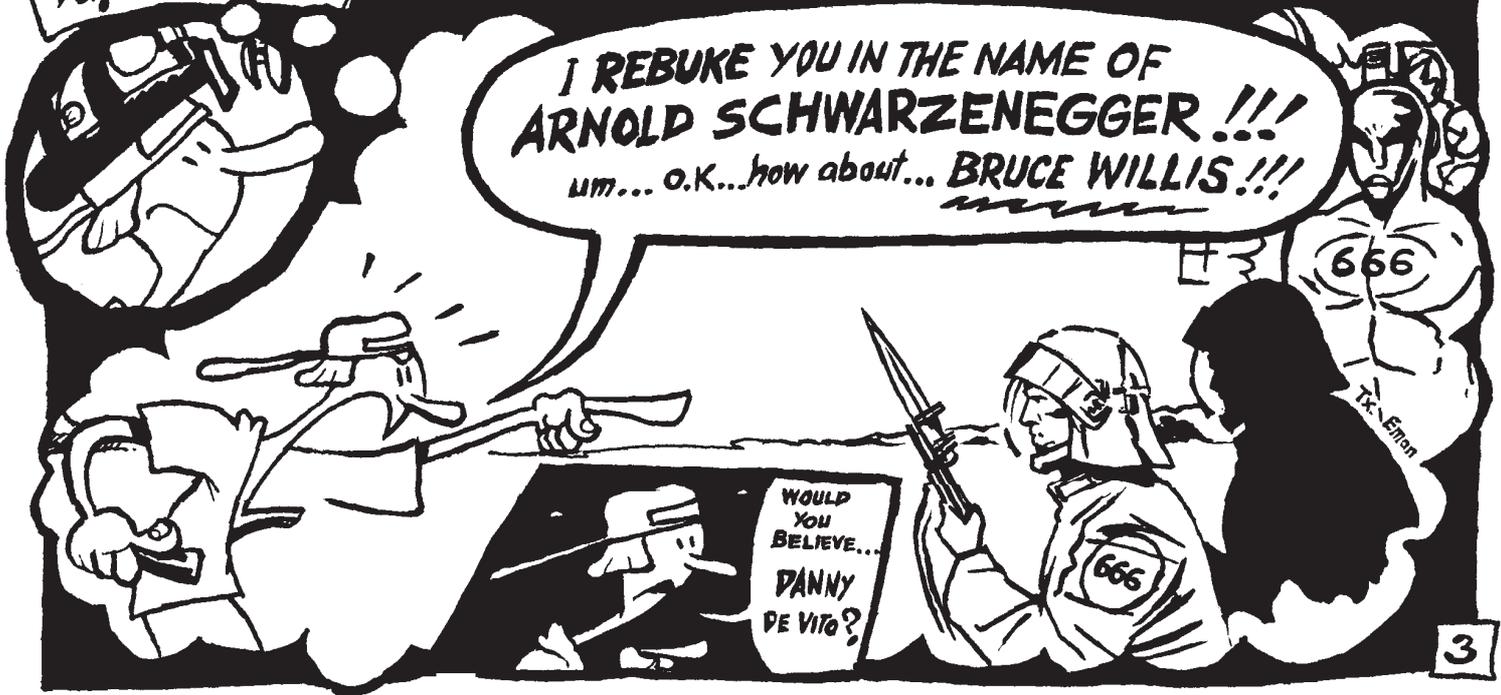
...etc

See DB 8, page 384

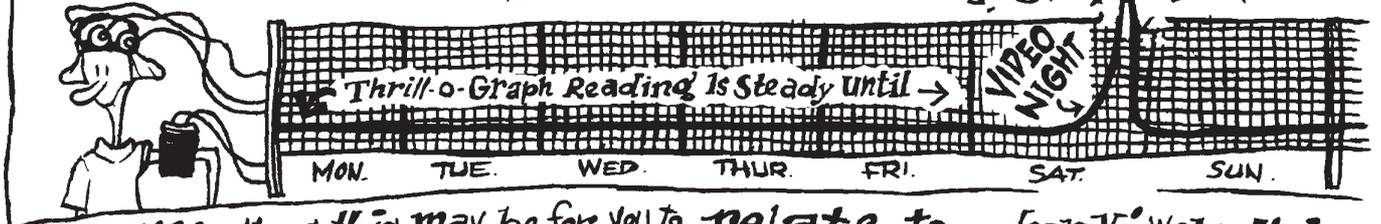
Emergency Backup Punctuation: [. , ; : ' " ! ?]

Daydream (Scan #2)

I **REBUKE** YOU IN THE NAME OF **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER !!!**
um... o.k... how about... **BRUCE WILLIS !!!**



Finally we put Bud on the 'Thrill-o-Graph' to find out WHERE Bud gets his Kicks for the Week:



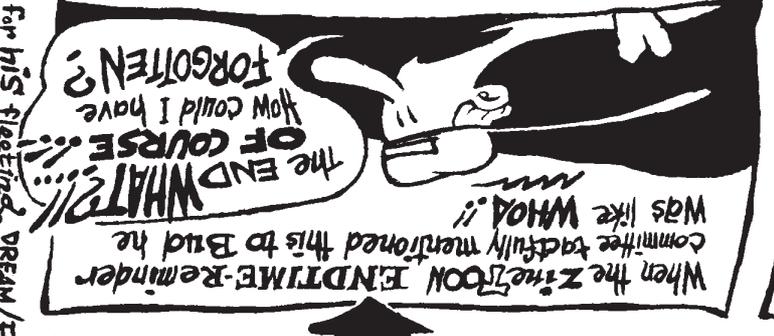
As difficult as this may be for you to relate to, dear Viewer, this HIGHLY TECHNICAL DATA points to ONLY ONE possible, SHOCKING conclusion! **MOVIES ARE THE HIGHLIGHT OF Bud's WEEK!**

Now the more Movie Discernmentaly Challenged viewer MAY wonder what is basically the problem with that.



OK, so Bud still enjoys the odd video (and normal ones too) but then again-- don't we ALL? But the difference is MOVIES ARE NO LONGER BUD'S PRIORITY. HE NOW KNOWS THAT HE'S (GET THIS) STARRING IN THE MOVIE OF ALL MOVIES!!-- THE DAYS OF PREPARATION! DIRECTED BY JESUS! NOW SHOWING!

It seems, dear incredulous Viewer, that with all of Bud's pressing responsibilities (e.g. studying the movie guide, making video night snack, doing video night snack dishes etc) the whole ENDTIME thing had, like, completely SLIPPED HIS MIND! *Talk about being EMBARRASSED!



When the Zine TOON ENDTIME-Reminder Committee tadfully mentioned this to Bud he was like WHOA!!

the RISE OF THE ANTI-CHRIST ONE-WORLD GOVT.

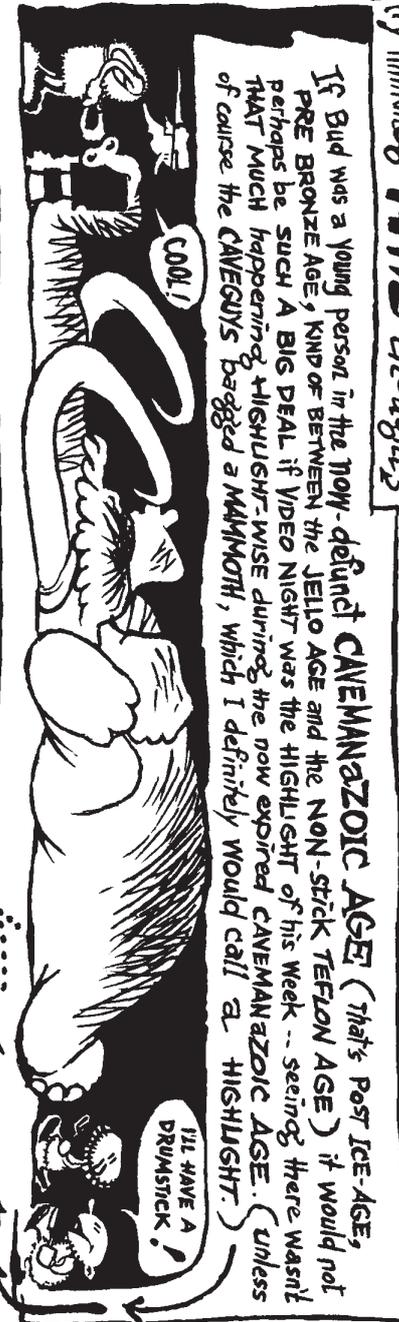
the TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF JESUS-- HIS ETERNAL RULE and REIGN!

ENTIRE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT! This includes:

- 1 MIGHTY MIRACLES OF and REAPING
- 2 the RISE OF THE ANTI-CHRIST ONE-WORLD GOVT.
- 3 the TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF JESUS-- HIS ETERNAL RULE and REIGN!

FACT BOX

HOWEVER, Bud is NOT living Post-Jello/Pre-Teflon... He is, IN FACT, living in the ENDTIME!



Well, try thinking THIS thought!

If Bud was a young person in the now-defunct CAEMANAZOIC AGE (that's Post Ice-Age, PRE BRONZE AGE, KIND OF BETWEEN the JELLO AGE and the NON-STICK TEFLON AGE) it would not perhaps be such a BIG DEAL if VIDEO NIGHT was the HIGHLIGHT of his week -- seeing there wasn't THAT MUCH happening, HIGHLIGHT-wise during the now expired CAEMANAZOIC AGE. (unless of course the CAEMAGUS bagged a MAMMOTH, which I definitely would call a HIGHLIGHT.)

I'LL HAVE A DRUMSTICK!