

A LOVE LETTER TO DAD FROM A NEW VISITING SERVANT!

"Taking Heaven to others"

Dear Dad & Maria 16 Jan. 78

I don't think that I can express in words all of the love that I have for you and how happy I am at your service; my heart is here filling itself up continually with your loving spirit, and wanting to always please you in everything. I love you!

Last night when you shared with me about my decision concerning my new ministry as Visiting Servant, my first reaction was, "No, I want to be with Dad," but little by little, I began to see my great pride, and my heart was broken completely: this signifies that it is time to overflow the water to refresh the people with the Spirit of my Father David. I love you, and I want to be with you, love you, see you, feel you, feel your spirit and give myself to you completely.

Since yesterday, I have had a big spiritual fight; I have cried and prayed a lot and it costs me a lot to decide between living in "heaven" (with you), or taking the heaven to

others; but I think that the decision of a servant must be to give the same as you are giving your life for the sheep and your sheep love you.

You are the servant of all servants and your sample encourages me and makes me want to show you to the rest, that not only I can love you more but that the whole world can love you more and more and more because you deserve all the love in the world.

But it doesn't matter what happens, if the Lord takes me from you all or not, my heart is with you, filling up here and overflowing there; when you want something from me or need someone for anything, know that I am always ready, but meanwhile, I'll fight with my whole heart so that all will have the Spirit of David.

Much, much love—

Carmen (Spanish national).

P.S. After making the decision, I feel at peace and much happier. Praise the Lord!

*Standing strong through joy & tears
Changing not itself at all
But working wonders, large & small!*

*Love turns all the common place
To matchless beauty, joy and grace,
Makes happiness its speciality
And gives itself unselfishly.*

*Love's a mystery, ages old,
Impossible to see or hold
But when there's something hearts
would say,
Love like magic shows the way!*

(The following poem was written by N., an Iraqi petroleum engineer, who Almond first met and led to the Lord in Cairo. Later, she FF'ed him in Athens, and he sent her this poem from Saudi Arabia:)

LOVE'S MAGIC

*Love is magic, pure and sweet,
For it alone makes life complete!
Given freely, never bought
The gift mankind has always sought.
Love's eternal through the years*

in that house, 18 people, for not keeping the house clean! I mean, even if it also means not just sweeping the floor and washing the windows and keeping the kitchen clean, but even if it means you have to paint the walls and whatever else is necessary to make it neat and well decorated and decent and unashamed to bring distinguished visitors there, any kind of visitors. I wouldn't want to take any kind of a visitor into a house under this description. —Nobody, no friends of mine, at least!

NOW I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT WHO IS TO BLAME BESIDES THIS ARCHBISHOP! It's definitely his fault, because apparently he didn't oversee it like he should have and didn't get down there and get something done, if he had to put on his overalls and start painting and sweeping the floor himself! "He that is greatest among you must be servant of all!"

I'M HAVING TO GET IN NOW AND FIND OUT THESE THINGS MYSELF, because you leaders haven't found them out! Think of it, that I have to stir myself up about one little Home out of hundreds! I have to get upset and get you up here out of bed and bawl you out for it, because you have not taken care of your work! I have to do it now for you!

When we arrived, everyone was awaiting us and they all seemed a bit fearful. (DAD: I guess that's the way they usually felt when any big shots came around. Thank God our dear little Visiting Servants are little shots!) A lot of them were out listening, and we could inspect the

house a bit and speak with a few persons, such as the old shepherd.

(DAD: They just voted him out today. I don't know why they thought the other guy was going to be much better, since apparently, had he been living at that house? Well, at least he was supposed to be the Regional Shepherd, and maybe he will do something for it. They didn't have much better on hand at the moment, so I guess they did the best they could. They said that guy couldn't do any listening or apparently anything else or sweep the floor, because the Archbishop kept him so busy doing his work, such as collecting the mail. Apparently he is too lazy to go to the mailbox and get his own mail. And this guy makes the excuse that he has to be so busy picking up the mail once a day, or maybe he goes ten times a day, and therefore he couldn't listen!)

They have many problems of organisation and following a schedule for everything. They weren't having daily meetings unitedly and neither were they having weekly business meetings. (DAD: Apparently they weren't having any meetings, period! —Totally contrary to the New Revolution rules issued three years ago!)

NOW, I'M NOT GOING TO BLAME THE POOR SHEEP, DUMB SHEEP, that much, because God compares His children to dumb sheep, which is just about the dumbest animal there is in existence, if you know anything about sheep. Did you know that sheep—I'm talking about real sheep now, the animals—couldn't exist were it not for man? They simply don't exist in the

wild. There is a kind of sheep, what they call these hill goats and rams, but they are completely different from the kind of domesticated sheep. Domesticated sheep cannot take care of themselves, and they are notoriously the dumbest animal there is! If one of them runs and jumps over a cliff, all the rest of them will follow him!

SO SINCE GOD HIMSELF HAS ALREADY CALLED HIS PEOPLE DUMB SHEEP, I'M NOT GOING TO BLAME THEM VERY MUCH. But I am sure going to give hell to the shepherds, the ones who are supposed to be taking care of them!

THIS IS JUST LIKE A HOME WITHOUT A SHEPHERD AT ALL! Apparently there was no shepherd, nobody organising them, no schedule, no cleaning, no meals! Can you imagine!—Because there were no cooks! Well, maybe they had some meals, but sometimes they just didn't cook at all!

Because of this, everyone was doing his own thing. We found that they didn't have meals sometimes, because nobody cooked, and they don't have a good plan for cleaning the house, and the finances are a mess, all because of a lack of communication. They also don't care for the house, because nobody was considering it their own home, because everyone was just passing through to other parts in transition. (DAD: Apparently, everybody going through there just thought they were on their way someplace else, so why should they worry about the house. Well, I want to tell you something!—

WE'VE GOT PEOPLE WHO PASS THROUGH THIS HOUSE ON

TRANSITION, AND THEY ARE IMMEDIATELY PUT ON THE WORK SCHEDULE, and they pitch in and sweep floors and do dishes and all the rest—not only my staff but yours and visitors as well. Why should anybody think they don't have to do anything and not have any duties just because they are passing through!

I HAVE NEVER AT ANY TIME EVER HAD SUCH "GUESTS" IN ANY OF OUR HOMES that I had anything to do with! Everybody who knew anything about it at all, who were supposed to be members of our organisation at all, knew that there was no such thing as "guests" in our colonies, except system mothers and fathers or members of the press or friends, fish, or somebody else.

IF THEY WERE LIVING IN THE HOME, EVEN FOR A FEW DAYS, THEY PARTICIPATED IN THEIR WORK. Now where do these people get the idea that they can just lounge around as guests because they were just passing through?

Also, they were looking for another house, but they weren't even taking care of the house they have. Almost everyone has their clothing but they don't have closets or shelves. Suitcases and bags are all over the floor. (DAD: I wonder if that is a common practice in our homes, if they are still camping out like hippies. God help us! I wonder when our kids will get it through their thick skulls that their bumming hippie days are over! Since they have become a Christian, they ought to live somewhat differently.

THE FAMILY NEWS OF LOVE! —BY YOU!

Vol. 1, No. 9 Edited by Maria & the Zs.

Dad Exploded When He Read — Our First Visiting Servants' First Home Report!



—BAWLS OUT TOP LEADERS!

"PTL! GB! Thank God for the Visiting Servants and the Lord! We don't seem to have much else in the way of responsible sheps! God bless 'em for their good work!"—Love, Dad. 27/1.

(Dad reads first Visiting Servants' report to top leaders!)

Information: 18 people (including the six children). Regional Shepherds were living in the Home, along with the Home Servant. Also, this is a visitors home (DAD: In other words, where visitors come!) and the girls are doing some FF'ing (DAD: Now can't you just imagine them bringing their nice FF fish to

a place like this!) and they have started a Church of Love. (DAD: My God, let's hope they haven't!)

The house itself is a bit old, but rather nice, if kept up. But right now it is in bad shape as it hasn't been cared for and is dirty. (DAD: Now you might be excused for living in an old house. You might even be excused that some of it, pieces of it, are either falling down or falling off. You can't help that, that's up to your landlord, although maybe you ought to have a maintenance man to try to fix things up as best you can. But there is no excuse with all the people they have