

sample, so Dad suggested that in case he was too shy to ask, that we girls make the invitation obvious for him to accept: "If you need 'anything' be sure and tell us" or "You could spend the night here if you like" and such open invitations made it easier on him, and sure enough—"Father Knows Best".—Pedro really needed our love!

16. **Soon he started falling for German Yanina.** By late July, she began sleeping with him and was soon taking care of him a couple nights a week, when he would travel a long way after work to come see us and have classes and fellowship with the Family.

17. **Having sex with Yanina really helped to deliver Pedro from the psychological and spiritual bondages** the Catholic Church had tied him up with. Though he probably didn't need the sex all that much, he had to experience and taste every-



Yanina, who lovingly helped Pedro to overcome his sex-hang-ups, with God's Love and her own!

thing about our religion of Love for himself, to see the power of God's unfailing love in his own life and soon be able to witness it to others. As the Scripture says, "The husbandman that laboreth must be first partaker of the fruits." (2 Tim. 2:6.)

18. **At first, the conflict in himself between our "Law of Love" and the churches' "love of the law"** was so great that his spiritual life from mid-August to late September began to resemble a spiritual roller-coaster. But the Lord's Love Letters by Papa David pulled him through, just as they did scores of other hungry fish we met in beautiful Tenerife!

19. **Juan, who was one of our main teachers, set Pedro down for a reading of "Revolutionary Sex"** and that was what finally helped to set him free! Pedro confessed to Juan that with all the Church doctrine and influence by his parents and others, he was never very sure that what we were doing was right, but reading that MO Letter was a confirmation of the way he had always felt deep inside himself under all the bondages the System had laid on him, and "the truth had set him free!" (Jn. 8:31,32.) Hallelujah!

20. **Pedro and Miguel loved the Word!** When they would come to the house to hear a class or listen to a taped reading of a Letter, they practically wrote down every word. In fact, one night in early July, Timothy Concerned was looking at Pedro's notebook and found almost a verbatim text of "Stop, Look and Listen" and "Diamonds of Dust"!—Pedro had listened to the tapes so many times that he had copied them all down!

21. **Pedro and Miguel were always hungry for more Word, but the Family, for security reasons, was a little afraid to give them even edited versions of the Letters or to even lend them some of the tapes.** So guess what the Lord did—in spite of our selah situation: He sent out one of our sweet girl litnessers to meet Pedro and Miguel on the street! She gave them a booklet of MO Letters, they wrote to the address listed inside, and soon were receiving their own MO Letters from the Spanish mainland!

22. **When Pedro finally told Juan a month later that they were secretly getting their Letters by mail,** Juan asked him, "Well, why didn't you tell us?" He said, "I knew I wasn't supposed to know, so I didn't want to tell you that I knew!"—He was afraid he might endanger the work and lose his lifeline to the Letters and have them taken away!

23. **His need of the Word even more than sex gave us all the vision for feeding the sheep more and having more faith to give them the edited selah versions of the Letters and tapes.** That's when we began our "lending library" of MO tapes to all our friends, because Pedro had given us the vision of how spiritually hungry the boys really were!

24. **Later, when the persecution against the Family of Love began on the Island,** the newspapers even published the fact that we had over 250 underground workers in the student area of La Laguna. The press interviewed Pedro and Miguel and published a picture of them in the newspaper as the leaders of the Family of Love in La Laguna. Thank God the

boys were wise enough to allow a picture only from the back and only gave the reporters their Bible names.

25. **Soon persecution was getting pretty hot, so both Pedro and Miguel chose to follow Dad's wise counsel and leave Tenerife for awhile.** They went to Madrid for some more basic training and so they could get a wider vision of how our other Homes work. After the boys had left, some of the catacombers began to go a little astray without their leadership, so as soon as the persecution died down a bit Pedro and Miguel returned to carry on their pioneer work on the Island.

26. **The important thing to remember about Pedro's story is that although Pedro was not the older type of businessman that we were looking for and expecting to meet in our FF'ing, his conversion and tremendous work of helping to start the catacombs explosion in La Laguna proves once again:** "You can't put God in a box!"

27. **So don't be so bound as to think "we're only fishing for older men."** One of those "innocent" looking, sweet young men in your club may be the key to a catacomb revolution in your town!

"The Tenerife Story! It was like a big major experiment to see and prove that FF'ing works! We've got enough Spaniards there saved, over 200 important men and over 200 university catacombers to keep it going from now on! FF'ing has not only blown those Islands apart, I believe FF'ing with God's Love is going to blow this world apart...!" (from "The FF Explosion!" No. 576:10, 11,22,155,156 by Father David.)

Plea from a Homosexual!

ONE OF THE HEART-RENDING LETTERS TO DAD THAT RESULTED IN "HOMOS!" LETTER No. 719!

Dear Dad & Maria & Rachel,

I really need help with a problem that has made me want to leave the Family for a long time. In the past, I've been counselled by my local shepherds who tried to help me, but they didn't have much experience along the lines of my problem so they couldn't help me very much except to pray for me to be delivered, which they did once and said I'd been delivered, but I still have the problem.

This was the reason I was asked to leave the Home. The only reason I was ever allowed to stay as long as I did, which was this whole past year, is because I am a good litnesser and helped to bring in good funds. My shepherds kept telling me in faith, "You just need to get your eyes on the Lord and stop looking at yourself and your problems." But deep down in my heart I didn't feel that my heart was right with the Lord.

I'm spiritually sick, but I'm still trying to keep going. I don't fellowship at the colony and I don't feel inspired or even led to find sheep to witness to because whenever I do witness I feel like a hypocrite because things aren't right in my life, so I can't really be a witness for the Lord. So I mostly just litness. I litness just about every day. My stats go on the colony total and I'm listed as a catacombs disciple. I live alone and keep pretty much

to myself because of my problems, but I'm getting so lonely I can hardly stand it. I went and visited the colony once, but I don't feel much love. In fact, some of the brothers act self-righteous and I feel awkward and uncomfortable being there.

My problem is over the past couple of years I've gotten into homosexuality. When I joined the Family about six years ago, I was married. My wife only stayed about nine months and then she was asked to leave for repeated lying to leadership and being deceitful. I was kind of stunned and hurt, although our marriage was slowly falling apart anyway. She was the first girl I'd ever made love to successfully. I tried with a few others before her, but was too nervous and couldn't do anything.

Since my relationship with her, I haven't let myself get emotionally involved with women because everytime in the past I've always ended up getting really hurt. All my love affairs starting with my first childhood crush always ended on a sour note. Most of the time I fell in love with girls who weren't the least bit interested in me. I attribute that mostly to the fact that I didn't act all that masculine or aggressive.

One reason for this lack of masculinity was because my mother divorced my father when I was five

years old, and I never had a father-son relationship with a man. Most of the time I was influenced by my mother and sisters. I had a stepfather later on, but we were never close. So because of my mother and sisters' influences I guess I had more of a feminine air about me than masculine. But even when I was a young boy of ten years old, I can remember fantasizing about lying on top of other little boys. I never told anyone about that or never really poured my heart out about anything. I just used to hold things inside of me, especially concerning sex.

During this time of living with my mother, she worked around a bar as a waitress and she began to drink a lot and hang around with the wrong kind of people. She started to become an alcoholic and was always bringing different men home to sleep with her, which I didn't like. My older sister was also becoming somewhat of a whore, letting guys use her. This used to really hurt me and make me ashamed and make me go just the opposite and be even more uptight about sex and make it really ugly.

Before I met the Family I had never had any sexual contact with a guy. Not that I didn't think about it, but I was too scared to do it because I'd been accused so much of being a queer in high school. Most of my life I've been attracted to guys more than to girls. I guess maybe because I was so insecure about my masculinity, what attracted me was very masculine guys. I don't like sissy men even now, but I guess some guys in high school

considered me a sissy because I wasn't bold but was afraid of people. So my homosexuality never really came out until after I joined the Family, after my wife left.

I think my first experience was with a brother when I was out at a refuge farm in Ontario, Canada. It was all brothers. There was a shortage of beds so we had to double up. I slept with a brother who I really had an attraction for. Early in the morning I noticed while he was sleeping next to my body that he had a hard on. I just let him lie against me till it was time to get up. I had really been under condemnation from that day. I never told anybody, but I really went through trials. But after that, I'd think about guys when I'd masturbate, and even up till now, although I've tried without much success to think about girls. It's really a bad habit I don't know how to break out of.

I never actually did anything with a guy until two years ago, when another brother and I were on a road team and a homosexual put us up for the night. I slept near the homosexual and ended up masturbating him, but I never let him touch me. He tried to, but I didn't let him because I was scared. I was under condemnation for months and nobody knew what was wrong with me, and I was too afraid to tell, and too ashamed.

Altogether since that time, I think I've had only about 6-8 experiences with guys, and the most I ever did was masturbate them. A couple of times I let them suck me. But the condemnation was so great. I've tried at different times to repent,