

Word tapes, which he really liked, as well as the new MO Letters. He was witnessing and playing songs on the guitar to the people in the hospital. We heard that one of the nurses got saved!

The day he went to be with the Lord, Dutch Daniel visited him. Josh had a high fever, but he was very cheerful and in the victory. That night he had to go into the operating room for the second time. He said that whether he made it or not that both alternatives were good and not to worry. He was very happy. He never woke up out of a coma. Daniel called us seven

minutes after he had died. It was a real shock to each one of us.

That day and the next all of us in the Home had very vivid dreams about Joshua. In all of these dreams he was visiting us here in the Home and talking to us. In a dream I had, we were all sitting together and sharing, and Joshua was telling us how he could do more for the Lord now without the limitations of the flesh. We all have the impression he is helping the work here in Holland now from the Spirit World! Hallelujah!

— Report by Selah;
Arnhem, Holland.

Thank-you for my night of Love!

From
One of the Lovers of David!

Dearest Maria,

I love you! Thank you so much for last night—for sharing Dad with me. I can't thank you enough! It was the greatest blessing of my life!

You're the greatest Lovers ever and feed our souls so much! Thank You Jesus! Thank you for the tape to transcribe! That really thrills me and I cannot wait. Actually, that's the greatest desire of my heart—to work with the Words! Please let me help you in any way at all! I love, love, love you!

Love always, Path

Dearest precious Dad,

I love you! My heart is so full of Love and thanks to you for giving



me such Love as I have never known. There has never been one such as you, and there never will be a Love greater than yours—the Lord's Love!

To experience such an orgasm of Love within your arms has been the desire of my heart for years! I've thought of it, dreamed of it, hoped and prayed for it, and now for Jesus to give me what I have yearned for all these years has

made me so very truly happy.

For the first time I deeply feel fulfilled in my life. I need you so much—such beautiful, wonderful, all-filling Love! Thank You Jesus for the Love of our Father. Never will we find greater Love—only the Love of God!—Such a beautiful, natural, precious, sweet, satisfying and all inspiring Love! I love you!

Thank you for my wedding night! To be one of your wives is such a blessed honour. I cannot thank the Lord enough. I promise not to get jealous! I'll never, ever forget the things we shared!

Thank you for kissing away my tears. Please always know how much I love you. Love has creative

power and by this wonderful Love I feel the Lord is recreating me—by Love! Thank You Jesus! I love you, David!

I promise never to leave nor forsake you and to be with you forever! I want to be with you to the end, I love you so!! I'll never be sorry, for God is Love! I'll never be lonely, for God is Love.

Thank you for finding my crown. I lost it and you found it. You're my papa and my kisses are for you! xxxxxxxxx! Thank you for my night of Love and for always loving me! We love you because you first loved us! Thank you for your Love! I Love you! Love always,
Path

TO DEAR MO MY FOREVER LOVE

I was always looking
for love in someone's eyes,
I'd always hoped
there'd be a love to realise.

I gave my love so freely,
Could I find it in return?
But one by one they left me,
My aching heart so yearned

To find a love that would not hurt
A love that really cared,
A love that would not leave me
A love for life to share.

And then one day I met him
And in my heart I knew
Here was the one that I must give
My heart and whole life to.

I never knew a love before
So gentle, kind and sharing

I never knew a love before
Who gave me all his caring.

He loved me more than anyone
And never failed to care
For every sneeze and every cough
And every little tear.

Your love has captured me forever,
I'm yours now that's for sure.
In spite of all my many faults,
Your love so pure endures.

A prisoner of His love and yours,
A willing servant now,
Every day to do His will,
My hand put to your plow.

I am your love slave,
You're my King.

I'm yours to send to others
That your love to them I'll bring,
As one of your "God's Mothers"!
—Love forever, Becky.

A 64 Year Old Live-In Disciple's Life of Love!

by JUAN ANTONIO; Madrid, Spain.

My name is Juan Antonio and I was born in Madrid, Spain on June 10, 1914. My mother was very Catholic, but with a lot of love, and she raised me and my five brothers in love. My father, rather atheist and pretty much of a systemite because of his bureaucratic job, later became a friend of Jesus, by a kind of miracle, thanks to the Spirit of Love that my mother had. It was in this atmosphere of love and affection that I was raised.

By the time I was four years old, I knew how to read, sing and dance and play the castanets. By the time I was 11 years old I had studied seven courses of music composition and two of violin. Music was my passion, along with poetry, spirituality, love and the supernatural.

When I was 11 years old, I insisted that my parents let me study for a religious order, because I wanted to be a musician and missionary of the Love of Jesus to the Gentiles (India for example). I got my way, and I studied there, but it discouraged me, as I didn't find the spirituality I was looking for. Finally, I decided to leave all of it, and I had to ask Rome for a "Dispensa de Votos" as they didn't want to let me go!

A little later, the Spanish Civil War started, and I began a period of living single and getting away from religion. I was only interested in



Our dear brother Juan Antonio, with Victoria, during his visit to the Homes in Tenerife.

human love, material welfare, and I lived materially better than now, with influence in all artistic levels.

In 1939 I was named to the "Association of Writers and Artists in Spain". I taught high school as well as examinations for entrance to college to pupils from several religious schools. I have had ups and downs materially as well as spiritually, but almost always the Spirit of Love for my neighbour or people around me has predominated over everything else.

In 1946 I got married, and from this marriage I've had two sons and three daughters. After many difficulties and differences in ideas—maybe these difficulties were lashes of love—I am now separated from my wife.

Last year, upon returning from Tenerife and Las Palmas, I was given a MO Letter on a Madrid street. That was last November. I called

the phone number on the MO Letter and they gave me the address of their home. When I went to see them, the sister, Europa, opened the door and gave me a big kiss and I just melted!—So simple! From that time, I visited the Family daily without fail and forever! I received Jesus and the Holy Spirit with Estrella whom I call my Godmother.

Nowadays I live in the Home with

the last line in my biography or the epitaph on my tombstone will be: "Juan Antonio loved Jesus and the Family so much that he gave his life for these two loves." Today I think I am the "Opa" (the oldest) of Spain with so many grandsons, sons, brothers and so much love everywhere! Thank You Lord!

—Translated by Alberto, Tenerife.

Talents!—Let's Use 'Em!

"The rays were many different colours—all showing a different colour of His Light—but the same Light. Different gifts, but the same Spirit, each one reflecting in his own way the Light of God. Each one letting His Light shine, showing his particular kind of works to cause men to glorify the beauty of God!" (from "Diamonds of Dust" No. 3CB by Father David.)

by Keda & Psalms, Pacific KQS's

Dearest Maria,

God bless you, sweetheart! I love you so very, very much and really miss you and dear Dad. I'm so thankful for all the attention and care and help you've given us since I left—I couldn't do without you!

Well, since you made the suggestion to write a small thing about what someone with talents could do in a Home now after the RNR, we have thought about it a lot, and the more we do, the more limitless the possibilities are!

In some countries in our area, we have seen that some brethren are just now starting to experience the freedom to be real—as opposed to the pressure that was on us before (whether real or imagined) to prove that we indeed were spiritual and revolutionary.

What Dad wrote in "Revolutionary



Illustration by Philippe La Plume from "Diamonds of Dust" by Father David (comic edition).