

## "GOD REACHED DOWN & TOUCHED ME!"

*The Miraculous Life Story of one of MCV's Musicians!*

Dearest Dad and Maria,

GARY! ILY very much! My name is Solomon and I was born in Costa Rica 25 years ago. I lived there up to the age of six, when I moved to L.A., California with my parents. I guess I can start by telling you a bit about my childhood, as it really influenced my life. I was very much of a bookworm and loved to study, draw, dance, etc., very scholastic, and basically got along with everyone. I always remember loving the Bible. It never failed to fascinate me, but I had a very Catholic image of God and really longed to know Him. I am, and always have been very sensitive, and one incident particularly plagued my life for many, many years. When I was five I had a sexual experience with a boy who lived next door. Maybe because I was so sensitive it caused quite an impression on me. It wasn't until I was a little older at the age of eight when I realized I had a peculiar liking for men. I worried when I realized how different I was from the others, and it put me through years of worry and fear. This fear was greatly embedded in me and caused me many moments of anguish. I started becoming very disillusioned with the world around me at about the age of nine, as I felt so much misunderstanding and lack of warmth from others. My parents constantly had parties in which I could see how ridiculous it all was. I remember thinking how I never wanted to grow up to be like them, I just didn't fit in at all. I got up on a chair at one of their important social occasions one time, and told everyone off! I just felt it was all a game and they were not being sincere at all!

When I turned eleven I started to rebel more and began getting into the "hippie culture", letting my hair grow and wearing old clothes, etc. At this time I really began getting into drugs (LSD & speed). My parents, of course, were in shock, as I had been up to that point a very good student, making straight A's and skipping grades twice in grammar school because I always got ahead of my class. When I was eight I had also studied chemistry and French, and the government had taken interest and wanted to put me on a special program. I guess I had an insatiable desire to learn and devoured books like crazy. Also, Norman Rockwell, the late American artist, contacted my parents twice and was interested in having me as one of his students, as I had participated in several art programs. But my parents decided not to lay too many things on me at one time.

Anyhow, it's understandable they didn't know what to think of their son's sudden change and rebellion. At this time also I began an affair with one of my male cousins, which lasted a couple of months, until I met a girl groupie from Hollywood who became my girlfriend. This was another change, as it began to bring Hollywood glitter into my life. I was always so lonely. Surrounded by so many, yet so lonely, and I searched and searched to find the reason for our very existence.

So I entered the Hollywood rock scene and began to go out with quite a few personalities, got further into drugs and further into my quest. By this time I had become somewhat of an atheist and very outspoken on the subject. I later discovered that my girlfriend was a practicing witch. At this time she was also going out with members of the Rolling Stones, Rod Stewart, Alice Cooper, etc. Sometime later I joined her in demonology and actually began to see demons. I got very thin and everything became very strange and took on a very dark spiritual tone. At this point in my life I became quite depressed. I was 14, and tried to commit suicide three times. I was determined to live no longer, as I had nothing to live for.

One night I came home about 11PM and decided to take a shower before retiring to bed. I took a radio with me as I loved to listen to rock music while bathing. I hadn't been in the water five minutes when the music stopped and the station began their usual interview time, which I normally turned off. I cannot explain what led me not to that particular night. I left the radio on and listened intently as a boy and girl sang songs down Sunset Boulevard, and much to my surprise these songs spoke of Jesus. I guess what impressed me most was their sincerity and love. Never had I heard anyone speak with such conviction of a real and living God. I was in bed by 1AM and still had the radio glued to my ear. These kids told of the meaningless lives they led until they met Jesus! What? Meet Jesus? All they said just kept piercing my heart! At last - here on the radio was

Still, I had no alternative after they were saved. I held Bible studies, but there was no 100% drop-out full-time service which I and so many yearned for. I still didn't know the Family.

I can honestly say I was really on fire! I guess the only thing I knew was the message of salvation and the fire and thought that everyone needed to experience the same. It was in one of my daily prayer sessions with the Lord that I also received a warning to leave the U.S.A. I remember that afternoon so clearly. The Lord spoke so clearly to me and when I opened my Bible I got Jeremiah! I wasn't very willing to go as I had gotten so used to the States. I couldn't understand God's leading and debated in my own mind if this was really the Lord's will, and even if it was, how would I be able to leave being underage? Wondering about all this, I got up and decided to go to the house. As I walked out my father drove up the driveway, home from work. (He had held high positions with U.P.I. since our arrival nine years before.) I waited to greet him while he got out of the car and came towards me, but before I could say anything he looked at me and said, "Robert, we're going back to Costa Rica!"

The year which followed was a bit chaotic, something always coming up when we were about to leave. Finally a year later we were set to depart and did so, arriving in beautiful Costa Rica in 1973. The year I had remained in the U.S. I did a lot of witnessing and went through a lot of battles with old friends, leaving the rock scene, etc. Arriving in Costa Rica, my brothers and myself began a real change, and we ended up going to this disco called Aquarius every single night for a year. I didn't have anything else to do, and so ended up being a regular there and began witnessing to everyone that came. A lot of foreigners were always there, and I got quite close to the staff. I didn't know that the Family had a coffee shop right in front of the disco. All this time I was also getting letters from both the people in the Hollywood rock scene and the J.P.'s. My old friends wanted me to come back, and would often send letters about all their "next" new friends with whom they were going off to bed with. So it was a real battle in a lot of ways. I was trying to serve the Lord, and at the same time the devil was trying to persuade me to go back to my old ways. I knew that Jesus was real and that He had changed my life, but I had no one to be with me, and I didn't know of anyone who was really living the gospel full-time. I was getting pretty upset and didn't know what to do.

I think that one thing that finally got me desperate was when a friend of mine from a Washington band came down to Costa Rica for a visit. I really didn't know him that well, he was a drummer and pretty popular. So we became close friends, and I found out he was saved and somewhat of a J.P. One day we went to the beach and were out swimming, and he made a pass at me. I freaked out, as I had no idea that he had those intentions in the first place, and he was the only close friend I had at the time. You see, after I got saved, my bisexuality trip just went away, but later on old friends would try to get me back into it. So it shocked me a bit that this guy had the same intentions. When he left back to the States it didn't affect me much until evening came, which was the time I would normally go out for dinner, etc. Then I felt really lonely, and started seriously thinking about everything that had happened that year. I recall that I went into the bathroom and got down on my knees and prayed, "God, You brought me here for a reason. Show me why, or else just take me with You. I have nothing else." I really cried. I think I began to feel awfully lonely and discouraged.

I got dressed and decided to go out. I hopped into a cab and got to Central Avenue and began to roam, trying to decide where to go. I ran into my father who was on his way home, and he asked me to deliver some correspondence that had just come in for one of my brothers, who was having dinner at a restaurant next to the disco. After delivering the letters to him I decided to head on home, as I felt a bit down in the dumps. I can't quite recall what happened next - all I can remember is that I had every intention to grab a cab - But the only thing I can tell you, is that somehow I crossed the street straight to the coffee house. The door was closed but suddenly opened, revealing a young girl sitting on the stairs, who looked up at me and offered me a kind invitation to come in. I did, and as I reached the second floor, I noticed that there were quite a few people spread out listening intently as several others told of the miracles the Lord had done in their lives and their various faith trips. It was very inspiring and I liked it!

someone who understood - someone who spoke directly to me. I couldn't believe it! At the end of the program they gave the verse that was to change my entire life: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My Voice I will come in to him." I sat up. These words just pierced me like a sword straight through my heart. I knew something was going on and I wept, wept and wept. Something was happening in my heart. I closed my eyes and cried out: "Jesus, if You are there, if You do exist, come into my heart and show me why I'm here!" Boom! It's hard to describe that moment. I was crying but laughing at the same time, and the Love that filled the room and my heart that instant was greater and deeper than the oceans put together. I was flooded and drowning, swimming and floating in love - His Love - the Lover of all lovers!

I had slept with many before, but that night was the first time I went to sleep and didn't feel alone. God was there with me. He had reached down and touched me and I would never be the same or alone again.

The following morning I remember waking up praising and thanking God. My hands were lifted and I was thanking Him! I was overjoyed and felt so relaxed, free and happy. I went over to my dresser and got out all my drugs, which I immediately discarded. I went out that day and bought a Bible, which to my surprise had suddenly become real and alive. I understood His words now and they were such a comfort and thrill to my heart. Excited, I began going out to the parks alone to tell others about it. I couldn't contain it at all and felt everyone should experience this new birth! I did everything I could - wrote up tracts and printed and handed them out, witnessed at malls, to friends, on the telephone. Every afternoon I would go to our party room in the house and would shut myself in to pray and hear from the Lord.

One day out witnessing about a year after my salvation, my eyes spotted a VW sedan painted over with "Jesus loves you" and "Rev. 3:20" etc., and I flipped! You see, I had not yet met anyone who had had the same experience of salvation. Well, that night I prayed the Lord would let me meet the driver of that car, and I had a vision of it parked near a church basement.

The following day a friend of mine called to tell me that someone had handed her a newspaper called "The Way Inn" and it spoke all about Jesus. I rushed over and discovered it was a publication released by a group of young Christians from an Assembly of God Church. Well, I decided to go out of curiosity, and to my surprise found the VW parked there near the Church basement where the meetings were held. A lot of young kids (young, but years older than myself - I was still 14) from the area were there - ex-junkies, groupies, musicians, etc. I ended up being their President for about nine months. We were about 60 then, and met three times a week to witness and fellowship.

One night before the meeting started I escaped to pray for a while. I was very upset and going through a trial because I really wanted to serve the Lord and my family was very much against it. I had changed so radically and I could not help but speak about Jesus to everyone I met. I was crying out to the Lord and asking Him what to do when I was called down to begin the meeting. We began with a word of prayer, and one of my older friends got up and came straight towards me and sang me a song about someone in prison who was waiting for the Lord to come and deliver him. I started crying, and at the end of the song I remember saying, "Jesus, take all of me, take it all!" I got up and I remember having a similar experience to salvation, but much deeper, an overwhelming sensation of God's Love and really becoming one with Him. I was really happy and felt an electric sensation go through my body and out my hands. The baptism of the Holy Spirit truly changed my life and gave me an unspeakable joy throughout the entire time my parents fought so hard against me. It was after this experience that I began to explode in my school, standing up in class to witness for the Lord. Several teachers invited me to come and speak in their classes and address their pupils, leading many to the Lord and starting several groups of born again Christians. The Spirit did a lot of miracles too, healings and speaking to people about their past, even naming others whom I did not know, etc. It was really His Love calling out to them and I had just let myself go to Him.

I noticed they called themselves "Los Ninos de Dios", and wondered if this was the same group that Duane Peterson had so intently warned me about - the notorious Children of God!

I noticed a couple of people would look over at me every once in a while. I was a bit of a rock type dresser still, and I guess I must have looked a little out of place. My clothes were good quality, just "different". Well, I sat there, but no one came up to me. I noticed everyone was getting ready to go out, and I decided to tag along. Off we went to the park, Parque Central. Everyone got in a circle and started singing songs and dancing around. I really loved it and went along with all the rest. I was really getting off on it! They finished off with a Randy skit and witnessing, and off again to the coffee house with me tagging along behind. I was really happy. We got back and a band called Heartory began to play. I really enjoyed them. Afterwards Joash Crow came down to talk with me and invited me back. I also got to talk with Rainbow. So I was very inspired and decided to head on home, as it was a bit late.

The next morning was quite another surprise. I joined my father for breakfast, and the first thing he did was shove the morning paper in my hands, on which was printed an article all about the Holy Ghost sample the night before. He had witnessed it also, and did not favor the Family at all, because apparently the priest who had written it had also recognized me, and my father was very embarrassed and proceeded to let me know. You can imagine, if he had been shocked by my involvement in the J.P.'s, how he reacted when seeing me in Parque Central singing and dancing in front of a large crowd.

I went back to the coffee house twice, and the third time I was ushered in for my first Mo Letter reading, which was "The Kingdom Prophecies". I don't know how I ever got away with it on a third visit, but that's the way it happened. I then realized there was someone who guided these people, and I really began to wonder. You see, I had heard about Moses David, and now I was sure these were the famous OGC. When it was over, before walking out, someone handed me a "Letters from a Shepherd" book, and I mentioned that I really didn't know if Moses was a true prophet. Of course I was basing myself on others' opinions, as I really didn't know, but I really felt attracted to the group. I just kept flashing on all these things Duane Peterson had said before, and all the letters I had gotten against these "wolves in sheep clothing", when I was still an active JP in the US. I decided to go home and read the bookies, as well as the New Improved Truth, and I loved them! I felt it was the outright blatant naked truth, and I loved every page. I remember seeing Faith's picture when she was in Germany, and she totally captivated me. But yet there was still that doubt - Mo - a prophet - true or false? I kept attending the coffee house and got bombarded next with the David series. Ha! Someone must have had a lot of faith! I realized that I had to make a decision about Mo. I was honestly a bit afraid to ask the Lord, and didn't know what to expect. I was sixteen at the time.

I went home one afternoon, locked myself in the bathroom, got on my knees, and cried out to God to reveal to me if Mo was a true prophet, the endtime prophet. I told Him I would base myself on what He revealed to me at that moment. He asked me to open my Bible, and my eyes fell upon the verse: "But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yes, I say unto you, and more than a prophet. For this is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee." That was more than enough, I guess it just confirmed everything I had also felt, and it just set me free! I decided to join and become a Catacomb, as my parents would not give their legal consent. As soon as I made my decision, I sat down and wrote everyone I knew about it. I wrote Duane about the lies published in his paper "The Hollywood Free Press" about the OGC, and now I had decided to join them. I wrote a short but concise letter, and asked him to publish it from one who had sincerely searched for a group with genuine faith and had finally found it with the OGC, that I had served with the J.P.'s and how I knew that Mo was a true prophet for the endtime. I never heard from him again, and of course the world never heard from him ever. But it has heard from Dad, and the message of God's Love is still being spread everywhere in the hearts of men through his letters, and that more than speaks for itself! Hallelujah!

About a week later I received a letter from my old girlfriend, along with an invitation to Europe with Ron Wood and Rod Stewart. It really just made me laugh. I knew I had finally found the road of God's service and the voice of one crying in the wilderness,