

Friend's Death Brings Dawn of New Life

A YOUNG LIFE FILLED WITH HEARTBREAK UNTIL JESUS GAVE A REASON TO LIVE!

From Endureth; At MMW:
I WAS BORN IN JUNE OF 1955 in Brunswick, Georgia, & at about the age of 3 we moved to Florida where I remained to live until the age of 18. My family would probably be considered upper middle class.

MY OLDER SISTER GOT MARRIED & left home at a young age, so I was left as the only child. My family were Baptists, so in my younger years we went to Sunday school & church regularly. I was a good student & made good grades & was considered to be a real good girl.

AT THE AGE OF 11, my parents started having marriage problems which were followed by a sad & miserable year & finally resulted in my father leaving us & my mother having serious emotional problems for another year. She was so broken & hurt that she remained in bed crying most of the time. Because of this, our life took a funny twist as I became more like the mother & she more like the child. I began keeping house, cooking & taking care of her.

AFTER SCHOOL MY MOTHER WOULD ALWAYS WANT ME TO REMAIN HOME, with her so she wouldn't be alone. I felt so sorry for her, but after a while I began to resent the fact that I had to always stay at home instead of being with my friends.

THEN ONE SUNDAY I WAS FEELING SO BROKEN BY EVERYTHING & not really understanding what was happening in my life--as I wanted so much just to be a child & be free & be like all my other friends & not have this burden to carry--so I decided to go to church, as I felt that maybe it would help me somehow.

THIS SUNDAY WAS SO DIFFERENT FOR ME from the rest, as



Lovely Endureth dressed for a MMW video performance.

this time I really listened to the sermon that was given & was really desperately crying out to the Lord to help me. At the end of the service they asked if anyone wanted to receive Jesus into his heart. I had the definite feeling that if I really wanted my life to change that this was my chance & that I needed to do it now.

I KNEW THAT ONLY THE LORD COULD HELP MY SITUATION. I ran up to the front of the church, already in tears, & told the preacher that I wanted very badly to have Jesus in my heart! After we prayed I had the most beautiful & peaceful feeling! I was so happy! I knew that I didn't have to worry anymore; Jesus was going to take care of things & things were going to change!

WELL, FROM THEN ON THINGS DID BEGIN TO CHANGE, & I began to be happier & really started encouraging my mother to forget about the past & start living each day. She slowly began to be up and around more, & because of financial problems she ect

a job, thus becoming involved with other people.

ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T CONTINUE TO GO TO CHURCH FOLLOWING THIS, I had a real deep love for the Lord & knew something special was going to happen in my life because of Him.

THERE WAS QUITE A LOT OF DRUGS GOING AROUND AT THAT TIME, so at the age of 13 I began smoking pot, & a year or so later I began doing somewhat harder drugs.

NOT TOO LONG AFTER THIS, I saw a boy who I kind of knew but hadn't seen for a long time. He told me how he had joined this family & how they really loved & served Jesus full time. I knew immediately that this family that he was telling me about was exactly what I wanted & had been waiting for. He shared the Bible with me, & for the first time I really began to understand it. It was like it suddenly came alive. It was beautiful & I was thrilled! I told him that I wanted to go & join this family right away.

I HAD GROWN VERY CLOSE TO MY MOTHER during this time, & she was like a friend to me, & I had shared often with her about this love I had for Jesus & this desire to serve Him. I thought she would understand why I wanted to join this family, but her reaction was not at all like I had expected. She really got upset & said she was going to call my father to talk to me. Well, she did, & he really threatened me, saying how I was under age (17) & how he would have me brought back & would hurt this family that I was telling him about.

HE SAID THAT WHEN I TURNED 18, legal age, then I could do whatever I wanted.

just could hardly bare the fact of waiting another year for something that I felt I had already waited my whole life for. But I knew my father was serious, so I prepared my heart to wait 1 more year.

WELL, LOOKING BACK NOW, the Lord really used that year to break me even more. It was a real fight a lot of the time. Only His Word kept me going.

DURING THE MIDDLE OF THIS YEAR while at a rock concert, one of my girlfriends started saying how she couldn't feel her hands & other parts of her body. At the time we all thought it was probably just from all the drugs she had done, but the next day we received a call from her mother who said that she was in the hospital & was seriously ill. She had a brain tumour & died within two days.

THIS WAS SUCH A SHOCK TO ALL OF US, & I knew the Lord was trying to speak to me thru this. I felt that He was telling me to witness. Even though I was growing closer to Him, I hadn't begun to share with others His love. Here was a girl that I loved so much, & now she was gone & I never shared with her the truth the Lord had shown me.

I NOW HAD A FEW MORE MONTHS BEFORE I WAS TO TURN 18. While out one evening I met a boy about 23 years old & his name was Rick. I had had boyfriends before, but had always kept my distance emotionally--I guess with Rick I fell intensely in love & somehow had this perfect peace knowing that he was different, & I did not have the fear of being hurt anymore. This was a very unusual relationship, as from start to finish it only lasted two weeks.

DURING THIS TIME I SHARED WITH HIM EVERYTHING THAT I WANTED TO DO FOR THE LORD. He never said much, but somehow I just knew that he really understood & felt the same. He had been doing hard drugs when we first met, but after sharing together he decided to stop.

TWO WEEKS PAST & THE FRIENDSHIP WAS GROWING MORE BEAUTIFUL EVERYDAY. But one evening his friend tried very hard to convince Rick to do some drugs with him. Rick said no, but his friend finally talked him into it. It turned out that whatever it was that they gave him was not what it was supposed to be but was some type of poison.

RICK WENT INTO CONVULSIONS IMMEDIATELY, & they rushed him to the hospital. His heart had already stopped beating when they arrived, but the doctors put him on a machine to make his heart beat again. His mother called me in the morning & asked me to come to the hospital. Almost the entire night I had been crying, but I didn't know why; it was a feeling that overcame me. Then, arriving at the hospital I realised the reason why I had cried all night.

I WAS SO UPSET WHEN I GOT THERE & WAS SO SHOCKED TO FIND HIS MOTHER sitting there so calmly. She had such a peace on her face that I just fell into her arms. Rick had told me that his mother really loved the Lord, but I was not to know how much until the following days that we were to spend together.

FOR THE NEXT 3 DAYS & NIGHTS that I spent at the hospital with his mother, she talked with me about the Lord & read to me from the Bible. Once when praying she asked me to pray, & I prayed that the Lord would please allow Rick to live. After my prayer she told me that maybe it would be best if we just prayed for the Lord to have his

perfect will. I was so shocked by this, but could see the Lord was trying to teach me a very hard lesson.

ON THE THIRD DAY THE DOCTORS TOLD US THAT THERE WAS NO HOPE, so they turned off the machine. I was hurt, broken & sad, but I knew even more than ever that God was calling me to do something for Him, to give my life in His service. When leaving the funeral, his mother said to me: "Please don't let Rick's death be for nothing. Please do what you told me you were going to do. Please serve the Lord & share with others all the lessons you've learned from this!"

WELL, UNTIL I TURNED 18 I WITNESSED TO ALL I KNEW about all the Lord had done in my life & about the new life I was going to live. Then my mom drove me to Miami, 5 hours away, & I joined the Family there.

THAT WAS 8 YEARS AGO, & THANKS TO THE LORD, His Word & His Family, I'm still in this wonderful Family serving Him! It has been more beautiful than words could ever say & more fulfilling than I could have dreamed possible!

I'M JUST SO THANKFUL NOW THAT I CAN BE USEFUL TO HIM & TO OTHERS. I'm now working in Greece with our International Music with Meaning Show. I don't sing or play the guitar, but I help with the children & just try to be a blessing where needed. I'm so happy in service to Him & know there is no place to be than here with this wonderful Family. I just pray that I can do my part in whatever way to help others know & feel the same love that the Lord has given & shown to me! I love you! --Endureth.

A Communist Puts God To The Test!

HAVING TRAVELLED TO RUSSIA IN SEARCH OF TRUTH, SHE FOUND IT IN IRELAND THRU PRAYER!

From Marianne; At MMW:

GBY! ILY! I WAS BORN IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS 30 YEARS AGO in a family of teachers. My father taught math, my mother English, my grandparents were headmasters of a school, and sisters, uncles, aunts, & cousins all seemed to end up in the teaching career.

ONLY MY MOTHER'S PARENTS, BOTH JEWISH IMMIGRANTS FROM PALESTINE & RUSSIA, were poor tailors who valued education highly & sacrificed all they had so their daughter could study & become a teacher.

I ALSO LOVED BOOKS AND STUDYING, & enjoyed very much my school years. I had friends, all comforts of an upper middle class home, parents who were very understanding, altogether an easy youth--though it was partly spoiled by the constant tensions & discord between my father & mother.

MY FATHER WAS A BRILLIANT STUDENT WHO, AFTER MAKING IT IN THE VERY TOP SCHOOLS IN FRANCE, studied to become a dentist as a second job, & still at the age of 60 holds 3 teaching jobs consecutively. Being an idealist, he was one of the first to join the resistance against Germany, & after the war he remained a local leader of the Communist Party.

I ALSO JOINED THE COMMUNIST YOUTH AT 15 & was determined to become a French teacher in the USSR, as I loved studying Russian. At the age of 16 I took a special holiday in Moscow, expecting to find there some sort of a "lost paradise", dynamic, on-fire youth not corrupted by "petite bourgeoisie" ideals, a people fulfilled by serv-



Paul & Marianne, working side by side with something communism lacks--LOVE!

ing & building the "great cause".

I WAS HIGHLY DISAPPOINTED as the young people I met seemed starved for Western goods, very little interested by the "great communist cause". On the contrary, they were eager to find some higher & deeper values to fill their lives & hearts with. I was shocked to see so much fear, competition, lack of trust & happiness, to find so many people looking unsatisfied.

AT THE SAME TIME I DISCOVERED THAT MY FATHER'S ABSENCE FROM HOME was not as heroic as we had figured, but he was living a rather adventurous life on the side. What hurt me about it was all the hush & hypocrisy of hiding it for so long. All this combined gave a serious blow to my Marxist faith. I still agreed with the idea of helping each other to

build a better world & sharing "from each according to his ability & to each according to his need." But something in the theory was missing; it didn't seem to breed this freedom, truth, happiness & fulfillment that it promised to give.

THIS LED ME STRAIGHT TO THE MAY '68 "REVOLUTION", in which I took an active part, helping organise & reform my school. But I was soon disillusioned again by all the hot air, lack of direction & complete division among all the socialist, Marxist & other groups. This flame of idealism & genuine desire for a change soon died for lack of unity & common vision.

TILL THEN I QUITE OFTEN DISCUSSED ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF GOD with my believing friends, but, having no religious education at all, God remained very much an abstract idea, God seemed to be such a remote & dead entity, & my visiting a few churches occasionally did not help to show me any sign of His life.

I WAS LONGING FOR SOMETHING FIRM TO BASE MY LIFE ON, but couldn't find it. I started to attend a higher school of education to become an English teacher, and after a year I joined an international work camp & spent my summer with a group of students installing water pipes in a small fishing village of a remote island ten miles north of the coast of Ireland.

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS AMONGST THE DRAINING LEFT-WING INTELLECTUALS OF PARIS, it was so refreshing to be amongst these beautiful simple fishermen & their families who lived so far from the rest of the world but had such faith in God & His love.

THERE I MET AN IRISH MUSICIAN who had a real confidence that God & His message in the Bible were the only thing which could help us change the world. Those few months left an unforgettable mark in my heart, & although I had to return to complete my teaching course, we continued to correspond & discuss our respective faiths.

HOPING TO PROVE THE BIBLE TO BE FALSE, I started for the first time in my life to read the New Testament. Never did a book have such a powerful effect on me!-- I couldn't believe its contents; it preached such beautiful ethics, but it troubled me!

WITH MY NEW DEGREE, I took a job as a French assistant teacher in Scotland & was for the first time confronted with teenagers searching for answers about life, & I had no answers to their real questions.

AT THAT POINT MY IRISH FRIEND whom I dearly loved had a real experience of meeting the Lord personally & decided to forsake all to follow Jesus & preach the Gospel. He first travelled all the way to Aberdeen in the north of Scotland to share with me this new experience of faith.

I COULD SEE HE WAS A CHANGED CREATURE--He had some sort of power & strength & light that I had not seen before in him, and although I could not accept it, I knew that he was now determined to serve Him with or without me. As I refused it completely, he left me with these 2 scriptures to remember, John 3:16 & Rev. 3:20, so I too could personally put God to the test to see whether His promises were true or not.

I WENT OVER ALL MY GREAT IDEAS, but this message of Christ was something so different, it had to be



Marianne boldly holding forth the Words of life.

received by faith, enough to give Him a chance once. So I decided to "test God", & I said the first prayer of my life, telling God that if Rev. 3:20 was true, I was asking Jesus to come into my heart to prove to me if He was real & really there. And sure enough, something within was definitely not the same, & many of God's little miracles started to happen each time my faith quivered.

EVEN THE WORD WHICH HAD SEEMED SO CLOSED TO ME NOW STARTED TO TAKE LIFE & MEANING! An inner peace & confidence began to grow in me! It was the beginning of a brand new life which became more exciting each day, with new meaning and purpose. I started to see God's beautiful design for my life; at last I had found the Truth thru Jesus, His Son, & I cared for nothing but to grow in His love & share it with others.

IT WAS IN 1972, ONLY A FEW MONTHS AFTER I OPENED MY HEART TO JESUS, that I found His place of service for me. As I was visiting my Irish friend in Dublin & we were asking the Lord what we should do with our lives, we met this beautiful Family of Love, which I joined on my birthday & have never left since.

They had such gentleness, inner peace & harmony among themselves, yet real boldness & authority of the Spirit that I had never seen in any church or group, & their love for God & His Word, their beautiful and powerful music & dedication to reach the world with Jesus' love, won me in spite of my reservations!

IT HAS BEEN NINE YEARS NOW, & I've been able to preach the Gospel in my own country & several other countries of Europe, living the most thrilling & exciting life I could ever have dreamt of. He's given me an inner satisfaction to know that you have something real & solid & eternal to give to others. And to top it all, He gave me a wonderful sweet companion to live with & even a soon-to-be-born little life to care for!

ONE OF THE MOST THRILLING & FULFILLING WORKS WE HAVE DONE has been to help in the coordination of the MMW team & to be a part of this "giant radio & soon TV wave of witnessing which is sweeping the world like a gigantic ocean breaker...with the Gospel!" PTL!

IN CLOSING, I WANT ESPECIALLY THANK OUR PRECIOUS SHEPHERD & SHEPHERDESS, Father David & Maria, for all they have done for me thru their letters of life & love, those Words that work wonders to the world. Without them I would have never found such a thrilling life of service to Jesus!

THEIR CONSTANT LOVE, GUIDANCE, ENCOURAGEMENT, FAITHFUL TEACHING & WONDERFUL FAITH have been such a sample which has kept me going for Him & others, & I will be ever grateful to them for this life of love, happiness & fulfillment they have taught me!

(TY!! PTL! GBY!! It's all Jesus! Amen! Without Him we're nothing! TY!! ILY!!)