

# "GOD REACHED DOWN & TOUCHED ME!"

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

Dearest Dad and Maria,

OH! MY 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 odd 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.

Anyway, 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 growing 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 had 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 to that particular night. I left the radio on and listened intently as a boy and girl sang songs down Sunset Boulevard, and such 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 me. These kids told of the meaningless lives they led until they met Jesus! What? What? Jesus! All they said just kept piercing my heart! At last - here on the radio was

SKILL, I had no alternative after they were saved. I had 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 JP's. My old friends wanted me to come back, and would often send letters about all their "neat" 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 really came 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 accepted 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 unexplainable 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 whose 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 Niños 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 Hecstasy began to play. I really enjoyed them. Afterwards Josh Cro 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 OG. 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 booklet, 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. Hal 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 verses: "But what vent 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 became 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 OG, and 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 OG, that I had served with the JP'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 his 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,

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight, and I decided to follow!

The three and a half years that followed I became very involved with the Family. I believe the members there saw my sincerity and considered the situation I was in, and allowed me to keep all my M's at home, which was a real blessing. All I had was the printed word, and I believed every single thing I read there. At the very beginning Julia, Watchman's former mate, and Shalom of Corny took interest in me, calling me every day to see how I was doing and encouraging me. They even tried to get parental permission to place me in the Puerto Rican school, to which my father answered positively, only to go back on his word as soon as the brethren departed.

I began witnessing even more, litnessing and mesmerizing, trying to live for the Lord 100% in my situation. Honestly, I can say that Dad's and Faithy's letters kept me during all those years. Just looking at her photos and her sample kept me yearning to be a front line fighter for the Lord. My father began to get very concerned, as he didn't know how to get all these crazy ideas out of my head. So he put me in a night school to keep a tight eye on me, and during the day had me accompany him in his business affairs or had one of my brothers guard me, and at times even had detectives follow and report on my activities. What an exciting time though! I remember having to disguise myself, and having the brethren meet me in inconspicuous places to get the letters or tracts, and to be able to hand in my weekly reports. I would memorize during the day, and when everyone slept I would get up and review, read a letter, make my tribe report in the dark or with a flashlight, etc. I had to have everything absolutely hidden, and would place several Bibles in obvious places, so that when my parents got upset they would find one and throw it away, leaving their anger satisfied, and my Letters and other Bible safely hidden.

They were very violent with me and gave me lots of trouble. I recall one incident particularly when I had gotten out of night school and my brother had decided not to pick me up. I took the opportunity to go out and litness as much as I could to all the outgoing students. Actually, everyone already knew me, and they called me "the prophet" - ha! I would usually take up the opportunity to litness when I got out early, and would manage to get back to school in time for my brother to pick me up and take me home. I was desperate and managed to get out about 80 letters per hour after 10 PM, I just remember I was desperate to do as much as possible. Anyhow, this particular evening I decided to get out the lit, since I was prohibited from doing so on school premises. So I began litnessing without a worry in the world. I was about to pass out a letter, when suddenly I had a vision of a red warning light. I turned around immediately to see my brother standing there staring me straight in the face. I ran and hid the lit in my boots, which is normally where I kept my lit and Bible. In fact, to this day I always have a pair with me, as they always come in handy - ha!

I began my walk home praying desperately. I had been badly beaten by my father and brethren several times in similar incidences, so I was a bit worried about going home. I arrived and had to go through several gates before coming to the main entrance. I opened the door - all was quiet. I breathed a sigh of relief, when suddenly I felt two hands around my neck choking me. I was able to turn my head enough to see my father and two of my brothers. The hitting began. They threw me against a wall, and proceeded to take off my clothes so I wouldn't run off. They took me to my room, and with my Bible began hitting me on the back of my head until I fainted. When I came to, I was sprawled on the floor and I couldn't get up. My right leg was very swollen, and I managed to get to my bed and began crying out to the Lord. I was really hurt and I cried out with my whole heart. I was seventeen then.

I had faithfully witnessed and yearned to be free to do His will. I had seen others come and go and take the Family so lightly with few problems and obstacles, only to have no sooner come in than to leave again. Why? I meant business. I only wanted to serve Him. "Why?", I asked, and He began to answer. I saw myself shooting through the clouds, one after the other, until I came to the last one. It parted to show me a great eye, which upon closing shed a tear, and the Lord spoke to me and said, "I know what you're going through. I feel for you, too, but it's something which you must pass through." Suddenly I also saw an angel flying towards me, until he came and stood in front of me and said, "O man greatly beloved, fear not, fear not." I truly felt comforted, and asked the

Lord to confirm it. I opened the Bible and got the following verses out of Daniel. "Yes, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me at the time of the evening oblation. Give thee skill and understanding." Daniel 9:21 & 22 "And said, O man greatly beloved, fear not; peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong. And when he had spoken unto me I was strengthened, and said, Let my Lord speak; for thou hast strengthened me." Dan. 9:19. This greatly encouraged me, and helped me to go out and win lots of souls and start out-

scob groups in school. Around this time I began to get involved with the disco, being on the organisational team MClng. I was voted Catacobs shepherd and started taking more of a hand in the because of my father's influence and unfavorable attitude. Finally it just came to the point where I had so much to do I wouldn't have been able to continue unless I was able that it was the Lord's time. I was desperate, and I had several dreams and visions which confirmed me. All the dreams and visions were fulfilled to the Chief of Police the day I left and discovered, because I was held for six hours before I was finally able to leave my parents' house and go the colony.

I really put my heart into the work there, and began working with the Archbishops at the time, Israel and Genneseart Cincy. It was also during this time that I met \_\_\_\_\_, the Chilean producer who is working with the Family now in his own country. We got commercial on the air and pioneered quite a few T.V. programs in Costa Rica, and also in San Salvador, Guatemala, with other brethren. It was a truly exciting time in which I was able to burn fire in all areas! I'm waiting to hear from \_\_\_\_\_ to get together on the whole story, which I hope will inspire the Family, how the entire staff under his got saved and what the Lord accomplished through our work in Costa Rica and other parts of Central America. Strings of airplanes, too many to number here, PTL! I've already made this long enough.

After Central America, it was to Mexico in answer to Watchman's invitation to help pioneer the music ministry there, which was very fruitful. I was also able to witness and bring closer to the Family \_\_\_\_\_ a Mexican producer, who helped us tremendously in getting on TV, etc.

It was in Mexico we first received the FF Letters, and at the time I was witnessing to my former wife, \_\_\_\_\_, an actress and daughter of very rich and influential parents. At the time when she really let go and yielded, it bore such fruit in witnessing and being a blessing to the overall work. She did have her problems even back then, but she bore fruit for the Lord, which is the most important. We got to witness to the President's niece, which we led to the Lord, the President's sister actors and actresses, the entire cast of Godepel, which she was directing at the time. (They would get together and pray before each performance, governors, the influential, etc., before she got together and pray Family.) I have so much to tell you about that time, Dad and Maria. I would rather work on that particular stage in my life as another project, because it would greatly help others who may be in similar situations. For example, how I was able to FF her, hanging on through many ups and downs, my business, my daughters, how I backslid and even went back to a couple of bisexual experiences and how the Lord and you brought me back to this wonderful Family. I'm sorry for taking so much of your time. I thought this might help you to know me better, and I will finish off the rest immediately. I actually feel it's probably the most important part, but I also wanted you to see my background and the things I've gone through. I love you so much and can never begin to thank you enough. **OBAY!** always and forever.

Your son,  
*David C. [Signature]*  
Solomon Costa Rican (GBY Son - A TG He did help you! Jesus never fails ME!! - D.)

### Forsaking His Father's Riches!

**AFTER LONELY YEARS IN BOARDING SCHOOLS & FED UP WITH DRUGS, HE FOUND A PURPOSE IN LIFE: WELL, MY BROTHER FOUND SOME DRUGS IN THE LOCAL VILLAGE, & I started getting into hashish & later LSD. I got very interested in LSD & thought it was the answer to all my problems. Then, one time I had a very bad experience with it & realised how dangerous it was. I had a dark experience and felt all these evil things. I was really helpless I was. It was like going into the Spirit World without any protection, without God and His love.**

**FROM TRACY:** At this is my life story in a nutshell: I was born in Jamaica, 24 years ago, the 2nd child in a family of 5. My mother was my father's 3rd wife.

**I CAME FROM A VERY RICH FAMILY.** My father had the largest real estate company in Jamaica, along with a few other things which I never fully understood. He also bred racehorses as a hobby. One thing about him, he was very busy & I never spent much time with him.

**MY MOTHER WAS A LOT YOUNGER THAN MY FATHER &** was into fashion, & cocktail parties. My mother's background was French & Portuguese, & my father's was Scottish & English. They were both born in Jamaica. I grew up with pretty strong family ties, as I had a lot of relatives on my mother's side.

**THEY WERE ALL KIND OF WILD,** & I had an aunt who modelled in Playboy & took pot, & my 65-year-old grandmother used to give us lectures on sex, using herself as an example of still having sex at her age.

**MY MOTHER ALSO HAD A VERY STRONG CATHOLIC STREAK,** as when she was younger she wanted to be a nun. She always insisted that we go to Catholic schools, & she took us to church every Sunday.

**WHEN I REACHED 11 YEARS,** my parents sent me off to boarding school in the U.S. to get a "good education". From the moment I arrived I hated it. The Americans were mostly big "tough" guys who would mock me a lot as I would get very brown in the sun. They'd call me "nigger", & it really hurt me; they were all so mean & prejudiced. I really hated that place & remember crying a lot & just felt like dying. My parents ignored all my

**LETTERS ABOUT HOW MUCH I HATED IT.**

**THE SECOND YEAR THERE I MET A FEW OF THE "HIPPIES"** of the school. They really appealed to me & even thought I was "cool", being only 12 & from Jamaica. They were always really friendly to me, & I immediately latched on to them & of course started taking pot. I really dove into marijuana as a way of escape.

**MY GRADES IN SCHOOL REALLY FLOPPED,** & my father sensed something, so he took us out of school there. I was so happy until he found out we were smoking pot. He exploded & was furious. He immediately sent my brother & me off to boarding school in England & a month later moved my whole family out of Jamaica to London.

**BOARDING SCHOOL IN ENGLAND WAS A LOT STRICTER,** & it was way off in the country. I didn't like it either & really felt lonely again. The kids my age were all into sports, boy scouts & TV, & I just felt like a Martian or something; I was 13 when I first arrived there. None of the kids my age there ever thought about taking pot, so I was separated from them & became withdrawn. I did enjoy art & the school plays in which I got to act, but I was generally sad & lonely.

**I WOULD OFTEN JUST GO OFF & WONDER WHAT LIFE WAS ALL ABOUT & WOULD PRAY TO JESUS A LOT.** I knew He existed but just couldn't stand church. He had to go to church there, & it just made me hate the hypocrisy of it all. I saw the school as a big factory & all the kids come in with smiles & happiness & walk out with briefcases & bowler hats & good jobs.

**NOT LONG AFTERWARD, I WAS EXPELLED FROM THE SCHOOL,** as the headmaster found out I was taking LSD. I was so happy. My father of course was furious & took me back to London & tore up all the "hippy"-looking posters in my room & threw out all my weird records. He sent me to a doctor friend of his who I guess was supposed to be a good sample for me to follow, as he belonged to the "jet set", rich, handsome & easy-going. He really did not impress me at all. After this, I was sent to a private tutorial college in London, with about 4 to 5 people in each class.

**BY THIS TIME I WAS AT THE LOWEST POINT IN MY LIFE.** I was thinking of suicide & didn't know what was the purpose in living. It all seemed like a big mistake. What was the point of working all my life to become

rich, had everything, yet I was still unhappy. Life just seemed so meaningless. My life consisted of school, staying in my room at home listening to records, & smoking pot. It was so horrible & empty.

**ONE DAY ON THE WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL,** I saw an advertisement for a film. It was called "Brother Sun & Sister Moon" by Franco Zeffirelli. The poster advertising the film really struck me as being so pure. I just couldn't get the picture out of my head, & as I was coming out of the underground I thought to myself, "If I should go & see that film, let me see that poster again before I get off the escalator."

**I THEN SAW THE SAME POSTER AGAIN TWICE!** Also, that night I had a dream that I was seeing the film. I also had another dream that I was an elephant in a herd of elephants, & I left the herd & climbed up to the top of a mountain.

**I FELT REALLY STRANGE THE NEXT DAY &** knew that I had to go & see that film. So, that night I went, & outside the cinema were members of the Family stopping people & talking to them. I didn't really know what to think as the first girl handed me a "New Nation News" with a loving, sincere look & said, "Oh come & visit us!" Then a boy started talking to me, & I felt a real sincerity & warmth from him. I didn't listen to him at first, as I thought he was from a church, but when he said to me, "I hate church too", it really struck me.

**HE ALSO GOT ANGRY AT ME AT ONE POINT & TOLD ME HOW SELFISH I WAS.** I realised then that all this time it was Jesus who was trying to get thru to me, & I felt really warm inside. He then asked me if I wanted

to see my background that I was really unhappy. Life just seemed so meaningless. My life consisted of school, staying in my room at home listening to records, & smoking pot. It was so horrible & empty.

**I FELT LIKE I WAS FLOATING ON AIR &** was just so happy. He was really happy



Tracy recording local vocals at the MVM studio, too, & invited me to come over the next day to the home where they lived. I went first thing the next day, & immediately wanted to join up with them & work for Jesus full time. I had just turned 16 at the time, so I was too young to join right away, but after 3 months of visiting & witnessing with them every day after school (& in school to all my classmates



Man over-board: Tracy throws out a life-saver during filming of the HMS MVM video.

to see my background that I was really unhappy. Life just seemed so meaningless. My life consisted of school, staying in my room at home listening to records, & smoking pot. It was so horrible & empty.

**IT'S BEEN 6 YEARS SINCE THEN,** & I now have 3 children, a beautiful wife, & have never regretted giving my life to Jesus. He turned my empty useless life into a happy, useful son of God. Thanks to Jesus & this wonderful family! **GRY! HLY!**

**OH YES, THE FIRST LETTER I EVER READ FROM FATHER DAVID WAS CALLED "FLATLANDERS"** & was so true it made my heart leap for joy. I never thought I would ever read something that put words to the emotions & feelings that were in my heart. It was really an experience I'll never forget - the shepherd calling but to the sheep!

**THANK GOD FOR A REAL SHEPHERD,** not a "fat shepherd" as described in Ezekiel 34; a verse that really was like my life was: "And they shall no more be a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beast of the land devour them; but they shall dwell safely & none shall make them afraid." Thank the Lord for the shepherd who caused that shepherd to be out & find me!  
(Amos 1:6-8, 5:1; TG He found U! 1847)

1138

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