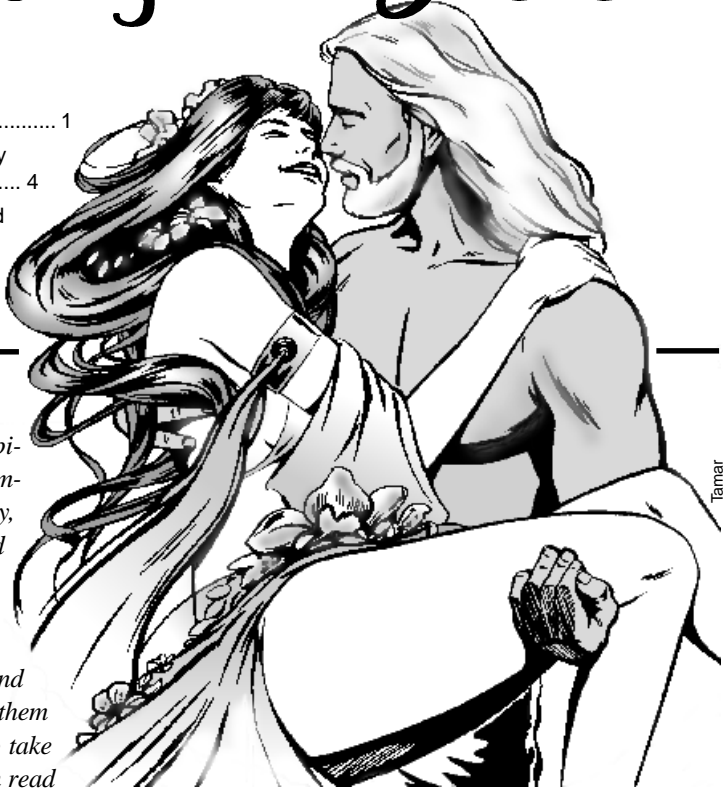


Dancing with Jesus!

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Tamar

While in a Chinese hospital battling with serious complications in her pregnancy, Claire (of Matthew) had three beautiful out-of-body experiences! — Spirit trips! She wrote and described them to Mama and Peter, and now they would like to pass them on to you. Would you like to take a spirit trip with Jesus? Then read on!

To help set the stage and give you a feel for the ministry that Matthew, Claire and their family have in China, we'll begin with two articles which they wrote shortly before her experiences in the Spirit.

The Underground Chinese Church Ministry!

From Matthew and Claire, China

Some time ago we were praying that we could do more to reach this field. At times the task can seem overwhelming, as there is so

much to do and our outreach methods are quite limited! We have a big family and we also need to support ourselves, so we have to pray for the Lord to use our witnessing time to the full.

One day we were moved to pray earnestly for the Lord to lead us to more of His sheep here, and to put us in contact with people who would help us reach and teach others. We felt very burdened for this, and asked Jesus to do miracles to help us. Lying in bed afterwards, we heard the most beautiful singing! It was obviously Christian music! — And it was coming from somewhere in our building!

We found out later that there was a prayer meeting going on that night in one of the upstairs apartments. A dear missionary couple, soon to leave the country, were praying with their flock of local Chinese believers for the Lord to raise up someone to take over the leadership of their little “church.” These dear Chinese Christians all felt they needed someone to help teach them the Word and to help them grow closer to the Lord. — They didn’t feel strong enough to stand on their own yet.

This very sincere, elderly missionary couple had invested several years in China, and now had to leave. There was no one to replace them, and they were very concerned that their group would fall apart from lack of feeding and care. They were all upstairs asking the Lord to send someone to feed their sheep, while we were downstairs praying for more sheep to feed!

We were introduced to this missionary couple by some mutual friends and it didn’t take us long to realize that we were both in China for the same reasons! After getting to know us, these dear missionaries asked us if we would consider teaching the Bible studies to the local Christians in home fellowships. They were desperate for someone to take over their work!

We got to know the local Christians and just fell in love with them. — They are so on fire and sincere! It costs them something to believe here, and they are just so precious. Best of all, they have a hunger for the Word! They treasure our time together and value anything they can learn about the Bible.

The group tries to stay small, from 8 to 20 members, depending on their schedules. Each of them is very eager to witness to others. Two of them lead their own Bible studies with 20 other newcomers, plus another group is starting up amongst some businessmen. Others are witnessing to their family and friends. Keep-

ing the main group small protects their security and also enables them to pass on to others what they have been taught.

Each of those in the group is a real labor leader type — well educated, English-speaking, and a professional in his or her field. Members of this group have introduced us to various other people who are also searching and interested in Christianity. When we are able to, we witness side by side with these Chinese Christians, which they just love, as it teaches them how to do it!

One of the most valuable of our Family skills is that we know the simple steps of witnessing and how to lead a soul to the Lord. Even a babe who joins the Family learns this right away! While these dear ones love the Lord and are very enthusiastic, they hadn’t been taught how to draw the net and lead people to ask Jesus into their hearts. They are just flipping out to find out it is so simple!

We gave them a list of 24 subjects from the *Word Basics*, and asked them to pray about what they felt they needed to learn first. They chose subjects like “Our Relationship with the Lord,” “Prayer and Hearing from God,” “Heaven,” “Holy Spirit,” “Unity of the Believers,” etc. They get very excited about the things we cover and even ask for extra classes!

At our last meeting an interesting thing happened. Due to a mix-up only four regulars were able to come, but three new friends of one of the members showed up. One of the regular members suggested that we change plans and instead of giving our scheduled class, that we tell our testimonies to these newcomers who were very interested in Christianity.

These newcomers turned out to be very receptive! One man, a successful company manager, poured out his heart to us. “I should be very happy,” he said. “I have a very good job and people envy my situation! Outwardly ev-

everything is going up in my life, but inside I feel so restless and unsatisfied! I worry about my future and the future of my country. I don't even know why I feel dissatisfied. I don't know what is wrong and why I feel so empty inside. I have so many questions about the meaning of life. ...”

After hearing the testimony of how we received the Lord, they had a flood of questions! “Does being a Christian mean that you become perfect?”

“Absolutely not!” we answered, and explained how God loves sinners who need to be forgiven.

“But if I receive Jesus in my heart, must I give up all my possessions and live like a monk?” this manager’s wife asked, who also is a successful businesswoman. We explained that Jesus loved them, not what they owned, and that He wanted them just the way they were.

“But I’ve tried to be good and kind to people, and each day I vow to do this, but I just can’t! I feel so discouraged with myself!” the other newcomer said. We explained to them about the power of God, Who can help us do what we ourselves can’t do.

It was a beautiful time of heart-sharing, and their questions were such heartcries. Those who were already Christians were so excited when these dear friends said they, too, wanted to receive the Lord and bowed their heads to pray with us! Thank the Lord! We spent hours with them sharing how simple Salvation is, and how much Jesus loves them.

We have to be very careful about our security, meeting with these dear ones. Because of our particular situation we can’t sing with them, and we have to be cautious about who knows of our meetings. But the Lord is doing miracles, and leading and protecting us all.

To be honest, whenever I am with them I am overwhelmed with the feeling of how much we have been fed and how privileged we in the

Family are! We have had over 20 years of the newest Wine, loving shepherding and constant training. We have been gluttoned with the Word and surrounded by Heavenly atmospheres of faith in our Homes. We have been taught in detail about every area of our spiritual and physical lives. We are so rich in faith!

These dear ones have so little and are so hungry! We are so thankful to be able to pour into them. We want to feed them by the barrelful, as there is so much to give!

Please do pray for this wonderful ministry of feeding these hungry sheep. We have grown to love them so much in such a short time! The time is ripe for China and there is so much to do! We need prayer and also financial support to be able to invest our time in the sheep, instead of having to be so busy supporting ourselves at a job. Please pray for this, and for a solid financial base to be built up.

Also please pray for our little family here. We are here alone with our six kids, and never seem to be able to get everything done! God bless the kids, who have grown so much during our time here. They have had to become more responsible because we have to depend on them.

Please also pray for my (Claire’s) strength, as we just found out that I am pregnant with number seven! When I first suspected I was pregnant, I was having a few trials wondering how we were ever going to manage. People here just love the children, and our kids are wonderful at meeting people. They are our greatest assets! They have become valuable team partners. So it was a lack of faith for me to be looking at the waves and not trusting the Lord for His plan, if He was choosing to bless us with another child.

But my mind was full of “what if” and “how in the world” type questions, battling with how we were going to cope with a baby on top of everything else, Lord help me! With

all these thoughts whirling in my head, I took a little home PG test. The minute I saw the positive results, it was amazing! I felt like someone was just handing me the baby in my arms! The trials about being pregnant melted away and the Lord gave me the grace and the love for the little baby to be! Thank the Lord!

I've had no nausea with this pregnancy, which is a great blessing compared to my other pregnancies when I had some really rough times. What a miracle!

Please do keep us in your prayers, as we certainly need them! We are so thankful, though, to be here and treasure these days of Heaven. God bless you!

Communist Party Official Gladly Receives Witness!

From Matthew and Claire, China

We have had some wonderful witnessing experiences here in China! Matt was asked to visit a dear woman, a relative of one of our Christian friends. They wanted Matt to meet this lady to help answer some of her questions about Christianity.

This lady ushered Matt, our son Eman and some of our Christian friends hospitably into her home, and prepared a delicious lunch. After some small talk she raised the question, "If Christianity is the truth, and so helpful, why don't Christians go to the Communist Party members and change them first? Party members have the power to do something and influence the country."

Our Christian friends thought this was rather amusing, and were really surprised when Matt told her that in a way she was right! He proceeded to tell her about God's vision of reaching the top throughout the Bible, and how it changed the course of history. The lady smiled, clearly pleased with the answer. As it turned out, she was a Com-

munist Party member herself, and a government officer as well. Matt was able to explain that God doesn't look at someone's rank and title, but rather at the heart. But at the same time He puts people in key positions to have influence and help others.

She then brought out the copy of the Bible that she had been studying, and proceeded to ask different questions she had come up against as she read. The questions she asked were very deep and thought-provoking. "If there is a Heaven, where is it?" "What exactly is Hell like and who goes there?" "If all who receive Jesus can go to Heaven, why not wait until just before you die to receive Him, and thereby avoid any criticism or problems for becoming a Christian?"

They were able to talk about each and every point, and bring out the answers that Dad has taught us so faithfully over the years. The Christian friend who was interpreting was often surprised at the answers!

This dear lady opened her heart to us and confessed that some time ago, after praying for God to show her if He was real, she had seen a vision of a Man in a glowing white gown. She had thought at the time that the Heavenly Man was Jesus, and He assured her that He would answer her prayers. This made her curious to know more about what the Bible had to say! She listened to the full witness about Salvation, and though she declined to pray on the spot, she promised to consider all these things.

She commented that they had been taught to admire many great heroes but that she felt the missionaries, who leave their home countries and go abroad to help others, should be admired most of all. She was so thankful to be able to talk to someone about all these things and have her questions answered. Please pray for this woman as she comes closer!

A Trip to Heaven

— LOVING AND DANCING
WITH JESUS!

Three Spirit Trips that Changed My Life!

*Excerpts of a letter to Mama and Peter
from Claire (of Matthew) in China, Septem-
ber 25, 1996*

Dearest Mama and Peter,

God bless you! I love you both so much! We are so thankful for all you pour into the Family and the wonderful way you have been feeding us.

Recently something happened to me — a very unusual spiritual experience! It's difficult to put into words, but it was so inspiring! Please bear with my lengthy and poor explanation. I was going through such a rough time and the Lord did something very unusual to help me.

Blessings and challenges pioneering in China!

To give you a little background, my dear husband Matthew and I have been on the field of China for nearly seven months now, with our six kids, ages three to 16. We love it here; it has been one of the most thrilling times of our lives. Before the Lord worked it out for us to come, we had such a compelling burden to reach this country and had prayed and prayed for it to happen. It would take a book to describe all the miracles the Lord did to get us here — over a year of preparation — until finally we arrived and were able to rent a small apartment.

We didn't have the slightest idea what we

were doing — and still don't! We felt desperate. We just had to pray about everything, every move, and the Lord was so sweet to lead and guide us each step of the way.

After a period of getting to know the field and trying out different things, the Lord opened the door for us to work with a wonderful group of local Christians, in a little underground fellowship. Our study group meets in different homes, and they in turn are teaching groups of others who are a bit too "hot" [security-wise] for us personally to reach [being foreigners].

There is hardly any Family in China, but it is so beautiful to see how the Lord is reaching His sheep through a network of witnessing believers. They are very hungry for all the Word and training which has been lavished on us in the Family through the years, thank the Lord! Between our work with them and the other sheep we were meeting, plus the care of the home, shopping, cooking, trying to earn our support, teaching the kids, etc., we were plenty busy, but very happy!

I've always been the type who likes lots of action and challenges. We loved pioneering a Home and starting from scratch, trying to learn the language, etc. In some ways, though, it did take a lot of adjustment being the only Family members here in this city. We had to adapt to learning to do everything by ourselves. With no Family fellowship apart from occasionally seeing people passing through, we had to come to grips with the reality that there's not a big Home full of people to help with the myriad of chores it takes to survive. So there always seems to be something that we're not doing.

It was also an adjustment for us to not have outreach to fall back on to bring in finances. We pray in most of our needs and live by faith. We don't have a steady job, though we have done some teaching, part-time acting, some editing, modeling and different things to try to

supplement our mail ministry support, which usually isn't so much. The miracles the Lord has done to keep us here have been astounding, and we're so thankful for the privilege of being here.

PG with number seven! — And having battles about a lack of strength

Well, as the poem says, “Your service is nothing without your love,” and I really did love the service! I felt I loved the Lord, but I can see now I was replacing a lot of loving Him with loving His service. Lord help me. It can be a subtle difference, as His service is so exciting, and I'm sure He also wants us to be happy in serving Him and to love what we do. But I can see now I was crossing the line more and more. Like the thread in the tapestry which is off, it begins to throw the picture out of kilter.

Four months ago I became pregnant with my seventh child. Though I was genuinely happy to be pregnant again, I was a little nervous about possibly going through morning sickness and the various early PG discomforts, considering we have so much to do here. I was taking vitamins and eating well and didn't experience as much nausea as I have in previous pregnancies, thank the Lord. But as time went by I did become progressively weaker and weaker physically, which began to disturb me.

I am normally active and healthy and like to ride a bicycle or walk to do the marketing and things like that. I often did aerobics, went hiking and swimming with the kids, etc., so it was a real turnaround and battle for me to suddenly be so exhausted and physically drained. I was able to do less and less. I started to have to spend more time resting in bed as I felt progressively weaker, with headaches, dizziness and other problems, which was very discouraging.

I should have seen what was wrong with

my attitude, as it was a situation the Lord had sent. But I'm seeing how through the years I've repeatedly fallen into this trap of leaning on my own strength instead of depending on the Lord. Lord help me! I'm a slow learner!

I had trials and was feeling guilty, as our teens were having to carry a bigger and bigger part of the physical load, which isn't easy for them. We were able to do fewer activities with all the kids, which made life more routine and humdrum for them. I was having to stay home more and more — doing jobs like cooking or light housework, or often just resting.

Probably my biggest battle was that I had to be much less involved with the sheep, which was hard on me as I love to witness. It was very difficult for me to step back from the witnessing front-line, and accept cheerfully that the Lord was allowing this time for me to just tank up on Him. I guess you can easily see I wasn't looking at all this in the most positive way, Lord help me!

In retrospect these lessons seem obvious, but when you're going through them, they seem veiled and are difficult to understand. Instead of seeing the roses in the situation, all I could see were the thorns. It was necessary for me to just rest and spend more time with the Lord, but instead of seeing the blessing in that, I viewed my weakness and sickness as a big problem.

Not only did I have trials about just not feeling well, but I also resisted having to depend so much on others to do things, as it made me feel like such a burden. It just seemed to me that if I was just “normal” again, everything would be so much better for everyone! Lord help me, I really wasn't getting the point at all.

With all the extra physical work there was to do, it seemed more and more difficult to keep our kids and teens happy. I do appreciate all they do, God bless them. I also was very worried that I was being a bad sample to the

teens and kids by having to lie down and rest so often. I wondered if I just wasn't fighting enough, and if a lot of this was just in my mind. I felt condemned by my lack of strength.

A serious health problem during a Bible class!

The Lord mercifully gave different checks and warning signals, and on a visa trip I started to spot bleed, so I had to stay in bed full-time for a few days. But everything cleared up and after a few weeks, it seemed like I was getting stronger. So I tried to do more, and get back to my normal activities.

Our teen girls were offered the wonderful privilege of attending a teen meeting in Taiwan, which they desperately wanted to attend, so they left us for a few weeks. I was back to running things more in the house with the younger kids' help. A dear Family member, Noe, who is planning to open a Home nearby, came for a visit, and Matthew was busy helping him with his business. We were thrilled about this, as it would be our first chance in seven months to work close to another family!

Last week, when the day for the fellowship with the Chinese Christians came, I was desperate to see them all after so long, and to just get out of the house and witness. So I insisted on going, even though I felt extremely tired and drained. Noe offered to watch the two older kids and we took our two youngest with us to the meeting.

We usually rotate our meeting places for security; sometimes we even have them outside. We all had a simple dinner together at an inexpensive restaurant, and then we walked to the nearby apartment of one of the women, who we'll call Li. It was the first time we had had our meeting at this place, as Li's husband isn't a Christian. We usually can't meet there, but as he was away she had invited us.

We got to her apartment building, and as I

looked up at the four flights of very steep, narrow stairs in front of me, it looked like a veritable mountain! It was everything I could do to climb up the four floors. I reached the top exhausted, and felt like something was physically very wrong with me. I sat down on the couch to rest until the class began.

Matthew taught a very inspiring Bible class about Heaven. God bless him, he has an anointing for teaching, and the sheep lap it up. Watching him, though, I got hit with a wave of discontentment, feeling unhappy and comparing that I wasn't able to be out witnessing as much as he is, and that because of my physical condition I had to rest so much. I was battling those feelings, knowing it wasn't right and feeling childish, and like a real stinker for having those trials, but it was a very real battle! I felt so ridiculous to be having those feelings right in the middle of a Bible class!

I was basically going through a spiritual tug of war until about halfway through the class, when I suddenly started to experience some strong cramps. Then I began to lose a lot of blood very quickly. I felt so terrible to have this happen in the middle of our meeting, and it even frightened some of the dear ones there, as it wasn't a nice sight.

To be honest, Mama, it was a relief to have those sweet sheep around to have to think about, as it was a frightening experience for me as well. But it just seems that if you have to care for someone else, the Lord gives you the grace for their sake. I felt like I had to keep calm and speak faith rather than stumble those dear young believers. I think it was the Lord's mercy I had to do that, as otherwise I probably would have fallen apart emotionally. They have so little experience with healing and other miracles of the Lord's care and they are like sponges for anything they can learn about spiritual things, so I was afraid to fail them.

Li quickly brought me into her bedroom

to lie down. We called the rest of the group in and explained that the Lord had a change of plans for the meeting. Now we were going to change the topic to healing! We explained that the Lord was in control and we asked them to please lay hands on me and pray for healing. We prayed for the Lord's will to be done — either for Him to do a miracle and keep the baby, or if He had other plans, to take it Home with Him, but either way to stop the bleeding. They were so concerned, Mama, and some of them were crying. It broke my heart to see them so fervent and desperate.

We decided to wait awhile and see what would happen. Two of the women came in and sat at my bedside. Li poured out her heart, that since we have Jesus, we are all in the same family, and that what happens to one happens to all of us. Our other friend shared that maybe the Lord let this happen so they would pray for the baby and be able to rejoice with us in the miracle when the baby is born. It was a very encouraging time of fellowship and we shared different testimonies of the Lord's healing. It made me love and appreciate them all the more!

We were then faced with the decision of what to do, so Matt and I got together to pray. Mama, I hate hospitals more than you can imagine, and I particularly didn't want to have to be in one in China, where we knew the doctors wouldn't be able to relate to our beliefs.

On the other hand, it was impossible for me to get back to our place in my condition, considering what the trip across town and getting me up to our apartment would entail. Then even if we managed to make it there, there was little way to get help later at night if we needed it. I also was very reluctant to subject the children to the gory sight that I was, as I was continuing to bleed.

Though Li offered for me to stay in her apartment, we knew it could mean big trouble

for her if anything went seriously wrong with me, or even if it was found out by the wrong people. Matthew and I prayed about it and as unpleasant as the prospect was, and though I didn't want to spend money we didn't have, the only solution we could see was for me to go to the hospital.

Our friends help me get to the hospital

It turned out that a neighbor of Li's was a doctor. He came over to examine me and confirmed that it was best to go to the hospital. As none of them have private transport, the doctor arranged for a relatively inexpensive ambulance to take us. Several members of the study group took the younger children back to our home on the other side of the city. God bless the kids for being such trusting fighters. We were just so thankful that Noe was visiting us at this time, so he could be with the kids. The timing was miraculous!

Four others from the study group rode in the ambulance with Matthew and me, to help us at the hospital. They were so kind, Mama, helping us all through the emergency room procedures, translating for us, and handling the complicated paperwork. Oh my, Chinese just love forms and questionnaires, with endless points to fill in!

We found out later that hospitals here are experiencing such terrible financial difficulties that they won't even treat you unless you put down an initial cash deposit. We didn't know that, and had hardly any funds on us. But without telling us, one of the study group members put down a deposit of \$230, their entire month's salary! (When we found out later, we, of course, told them we would pay them back.) They stayed with us until about 2:00 a.m., doing everything they could to help us.

The doctor was able to listen to the baby's heartbeat when some of the women from our study were in the emergency room with me, and

thank the Lord, the heartbeat was strong. They all rejoiced at what a miracle that was!

I had lost a considerable amount of blood and was very weak and had to stay in bed. It turned out that Matthew wasn't allowed to stay with me there, so he left around 3:00 a.m. to begin the hour-and-a-half ride home to check on the children, promising to be back the next day.

God bless Matthew! He was an absolute saint. I could not have made it without him. I don't know how he kept up the schedule he did over the next few days. He would travel back and forth to see me and bring food, or whatever I needed. In the hospital you have to supply almost everything, including wash basins and soap, so he had to run around and buy all sorts of things.

Then he would rush home to the kids and shopping, cooking and keeping things running, and I never once heard a complaint or a discouraging word out of him. Every time he would show up, he would radiate sunshine and cheer. I am so thankful for such a precious, faith-filled mate.

Hitting an all-time low

I don't think the full impact of what happened or where I was really hit me until the next morning. I woke up feeling as if I'd been run over by a truck, I was so weak. Nurses were chattering away around me, and try as I could, I just couldn't understand anything anyone was saying. I don't learn languages easily, Mama. I have to really concentrate to speak and understand under the best of circumstances, and somehow because of my weakness, my ability to understand anything in Chinese at that point, other than yes and no, was gone.

When they brought me some food, I could barely lift my arm to feed myself. It was very strange; my arms felt like they were detached from my body and I would miss my mouth

when I'd try to bring the food up to it. To top it off, I had an intravenous drip in my right arm, so I had to try to feed myself left-handed with a pair of chopsticks, lying flat on my back.

I lay there covered with food and dried blood, and felt like I'd reached an all-time low. I couldn't do anything, not even sit or use a bedpan, without total assistance. It was embarrassing, frustrating and humiliating.

I must interject at this point that the hospital staff were angels. Those dear nurses tried to do everything they could to help me and understand what I needed. It's just that the Lord hadn't been able to get through to me when I was in a position where I could rely on myself, so He had to knock all the props away so I couldn't even talk to anyone else or even do anything for myself. I felt down at the bottom — very low and discouraged. So, proud as I am, I hid under my blanket so no one would see me, and I started to cry.

Spirit trips! The first one — Drake!

Around that time I had several very vivid spiritual experiences. They weren't just like a vision or a picture you get when you pray or receive a prophecy. But they were tangible and real, to the point that I actually experienced them. They happened, and I could feel them, touch them and live in them.

I guess it's what we'd call a spirit trip, or an out-of-body experience. I'd never experienced anything of that type before, other than dreams and more common spiritual experiences. Not that simple visions aren't real, but this was totally different than anything that had ever happened to me before. I didn't quite know what to make of it at first.

I suddenly saw a face of a man floating in front of me, with a huge smile on his face. It was the kind of smile you give someone you are really glad to see after a long time. Then I could see the whole man, a smiling, happy

young person, and he walked up to me and gave me the biggest hug! I hugged him back, though I didn't have the slightest idea who he was. But it was obvious that he knew me and was glad to see me!

He laughed, as he commented that I didn't remember him. I apologized that I didn't. He just seemed so friendly and sweet and happy that it was contagious!

He then explained that his name was Drake, and that I had witnessed to him years ago when he was a traveler in India, back in 1976. He said that I probably didn't remember it, as it wasn't such a big event, just another day out witnessing. He said he was one of a few different people we had met that day. He said we witnessed to him briefly and he prayed the Salvation prayer with us, and that was the last time he ever saw us.

But he went on to explain that it was a very important event for him, because not long after that he was in a bus accident and was killed. He showed me a picture of the smashed-up bus. He said that because we had prayed with him, he went to Heaven and it was so wonderful! He was just bubbling over, talking about how beautiful it was, and how happy he was! He said he had now come back to help me out.

He told me he wanted to let me know that little things are so important, and things that seem insignificant to us affect others for all eternity! As he was talking, I had the impression he was trying to tell me that the things I was doing at home with the kids, the humdrum, day-to-day things, were so important and that I shouldn't underestimate them. Then he was gone, just like that!

I was so surprised that such a thing had happened, and I lay there thinking about it for the longest time. It was very exciting, but at the same time very strange! Later when Matthew came, I didn't have the faith yet to tell him about it, as I thought he might think I was just

delirious. It seemed so special; I didn't want to have anyone laugh at it or misunderstand.

Jesus comes to see me!

I was still pondering what had happened during the day, when later that evening I was surprised to have another short spirit trip! This time I looked over and Who was standing by my bed but Jesus, smiling down at me! Mama, He looked so beautiful! He had the most smiling eyes. He reached down and took me by the hand and said He wanted us to spend some time together.

We stepped out of the hospital room and suddenly we were in Heaven together! We didn't have to travel; we were just There. There were beautiful plants all around, stars overhead, and soft, glowing lights. We were on a sort of outdoor pavilion surrounded by tall marble pillars, with a wide railing all around it. There was beautiful, slow, romantic music playing, and He held me in His arms.

For the longest time we rocked back and forth, like we were slow dancing. I didn't even want to talk; I just wanted to rest on His shoulder. It just felt so good to be with Him. I remember His hair was so soft and I kept running my fingers through it. I was so thrilled that I could be there with Jesus like that!

I think we talked a little. I don't remember much of what we said, as I was pretty astounded. It was so good to be with Him, and I felt so relaxed and calm. I remember the feeling of being loved overwhelmingly and I somehow wanted to express my love for Him. I remember we kissed a lot, and He had the most tender, soft kisses.

Some very sweet music began playing and He took a step back. I had the feeling that He wanted to watch me dance for Him. I wanted so much to express how much I loved Him, and as I danced it was very emotional. I was blowing Him kisses, tossing my hair, and

brimming over with so much feeling, acting out how much He meant to me. And Mama, He said the sweetest thing! He sat back, leaning against a pillar with His arms folded, watching me and smiling, His eyes full of love, and He said so tenderly, “I just love to watch you!”

He was so natural and easy to be with, and I was having such a wonderful time. Then, just like the first spirit trip, it was suddenly gone and I was in the hospital bed, blinking my eyes and thinking, “Wow!”

Mama, when it comes to dancing I’ve “hung up my veil,” so to speak, many years ago. I’ve hit 40, I have lots of gray hair, am PG, and have bulges in all the wrong places. I don’t go out of my way to do a sexy dance for someone to show my love for them any more, as at this stage of my life I feel some things are better left for the imagination, rather than facing the cold bare facts!

But all those flaws didn’t mean a thing to Him. He couldn’t have loved me more. It was such a comfort to experience that. He was Love!

I thought so much about this after it happened — it was so incredible and real! After that, things started to look a lot more positive. Also my ability to think clearly was coming back, and I started to be able to understand more of what the hospital staff was trying to say to me. I stopped fighting against what had happened to me, and it stopped being such a terrible thing to have to be cared for and washed and pottied and looked after.

I began to get to know the nurses, and some of them had such kind, sacrificial spirits. The whole hospital experience stopped looking so grim and I began to feel a lot more at peace.

A wild free time with the Lord!

I still didn’t have the faith to communicate much about what had happened to me with anyone else, until it happened a third time, one day later! This last time, though, was quite a wild experience!

Again I was lying in bed, listening to a tape, when Jesus suddenly showed up again. I was more prepared for seeing Him this time, and had gotten over the shock of it all. I was just so happy to see Him, as I was so bored with being in bed. So He said, “Come on!” He told me He knew I loved dancing, so we were going to go out and spend the evening together! I was just so thrilled — I grabbed Him and off we went! It felt so good to be out of bed! I was jumping around and having so much fun!

At first we were in the same place as before, the pavilion, only this time there was a band there, playing the most gorgeous live music. Singers were all around, singing all sorts of songs, and harmonizing. We weren’t just rocking back and forth this time, but we were really dancing. I was so shocked that the Lord was such a good dancer, ha! I guess I’d never really thought about it before, but He was just great!

At first we were doing some of the old fashioned ballroom-type numbers, and He really knew the steps. He was holding me close and laughing and enjoying Himself a lot! We were talking away, though He could read my thoughts, too, and would laugh at the things I would think, like being surprised that He could dance well. I was very excited and we were having so much fun. When He would laugh, it was never condescending, but more like He just enjoyed the things I was thinking.

Mama, He had such a sense of humor! At one point I remember realizing, “Wait a minute! Here I am dancing with Jesus, and He’s taking all this time with me, but He’s supposed to be running the whole universe! He must

have a lot more important things to do!”

At that thought He chuckled, drew me closer and whispered in my ear, “Remember, I can be in more than one place at a time!” Then he looked at me and smiled and added, “It’s one of the advantages of being the Son of God!” Ha! He was so funny. I laughed and laughed at some of the things He said.

It was a genuine party atmosphere! He wanted to take me to a few different places. We went through some beautiful, tall hedges to a park-like place. It seemed that each place had its own type of music. Some had ballroom-type songs; other places had the hot, clinging, passionate, slow dance songs and singers; other places fast songs! At each place we’d stop and dance a few dances, enjoy the atmosphere and talk.

Love, understanding, and a commission to pray for China!

He talked about so many things. Many things I can’t remember now, but at one point he was talking to me about China. He told me that for now He had called me to be a prayer warrior for China, and that I had no idea how vital and important that was at this particular time. It was like He wanted to do so much here in China now. The little things I wanted to do were just drops in the bucket compared to what He wanted done.

The way I felt frustrated that I couldn’t do things, imagine how He felt about what couldn’t get done just for a lack of prayer! He impressed this on me — how important prayer was — and I remember thinking it was a definite commission.

He was so human and understanding. I never felt condemned in the slightest, even though He and I both knew how much I’d blown it. He would just patiently clarify things, and then we’d go on and have some more fun and laugh and dance and then He’d

talk some more. I don’t remember how long we spent together, but it seemed like a very long time and we went to lots of different places. He really wanted me to have fun!

The Lord loves dancing and music!

The dances were getting faster, and He cut loose! I kept being amazed at seeing the Lord dance the way He did. It was with utter abandon. Everybody around just loved to watch Him! There were various singers and musicians and others dancing and they were all so thrilled the Lord had dropped by.

I remember at one point when I was so inspired by the music, He paused and said, “That’s why music is so important. It’s very important that it glorifies Me, because it’s a vehicle!” And I understood that He meant it was the music that could actually transport us, and take us places. I don’t fully understand it now, but it made perfect sense while There!

Praise Time in Heaven!

Then He told me He wanted to take me to Praise Time in Heaven! He was very excited about it and I could see He was as happy about going to it as I was. We walked into an area that was like a concert stage, with one of those sound shells in a half circle in the back to throw the sound. A huge crowd of people was getting ready to perform a song and they were all so excited the Lord had come to hear them!

At that point I felt a tinge of jealousy, as up until this time, other than people being around us in the background, I’d had the Lord and His attention pretty much to myself. But now He was turning His attention to these others and I knew He’d have to interact with them. Though I knew my feelings weren’t right, I felt a wave of jealousy, wanting Him back all to myself.

He read my thoughts and gave me the biggest hug and reminded me that I’d just spent

twenty years trying to teach others to love Him too, and now I could see how wonderful it was that everyone Here did love Him! Again, it wasn't the slightest bit condescending or judgmental, just so understanding. He would clarify things in such a simple way.

When He explained this way to look at His being with these others, I thought, "Yes, that's right!" And suddenly I didn't feel bad at all anymore! It was very moving to see everyone rush up and be so excited that He was there, and I could step back and enjoy it.

This group of about 100 people had been practicing the song that's on one of the variety tapes, "And the Lord Came Through!" The chorus keeps repeating "When there was no other way, the Lord came through!" It's a real rock-out number, and they had everything in it — dancers, singers, costumes. It was a musical extravaganza! They were so excited Jesus was there to watch and they put their all into it.

They were walking and strutting up and down these steps of the stage, singing with all their hearts. When the instrumental section came on, they danced so wild and free! It was like one of our teen dance videos cranked up about 20 times! And Jesus was just so thrilled watching them! He just loved it! I was standing beside Him and marveling at how much He just seemed to soak up the praises and songs to Him and how much it inspired Him! I know these are all things you've brought out in the Letters, Mama, but to see it firsthand was awe-inspiring!

About halfway through the song, the Lord got up and started dancing with them all. It was so beautiful! It reminded me of the verse about how David danced so wildly to show his love for the Lord. Now the Lord was dancing so wildly to show His appreciation of our love. It was gorgeous! It was even shocking!

He was really flinging Himself around,

jumping and spinning and just dazzling us! The performers were thrilled that Jesus jumped in there with them!

Then when they were singing the verses of the songs about different Bible characters, the Lord waved His hand and the whole sky behind the stage became like a video screen, from one end to the other! Each scene played up in the sky in full color — Moses crossing the Red Sea, Daniel in the lions' den! Each scene from the verse was acted out in perfect time with the music. And every time they came to the chorus of "And the Lord came through," everybody would just rock out beyond belief! There is just no way I could describe it!

At the end of the song, everybody came rushing up, hugging and kissing Jesus, surrounding Him, praising Him, and thanking Him. It was so beautiful! Thank You Jesus!

Jesus in His majesty!

Then another song began to play and it was a different type of song. I don't know what it was, but it was very majestic! We all stepped back and He began to rise into the air. The song filled the air, louder and louder, and Jesus began to glow and became larger and larger, filling the sky. He was shining and was every inch the Son of God and Lord of lords and King of kings.

We were all singing and looking up at Him and marveling that while He is a Man and understands us and walks with us and dances with us and laughs with us, He also is the King of everything, sitting on the right hand of God! It was overwhelming!

Tears were rolling down my cheeks and I was so thrilled at the sight of Him when — boom! — I was back in my hospital bed!

How I was changed by being with Jesus

It took me longer to get over this trip than the others! I was flabbergasted. It was so incredible! — I had been There! I just lay there, thanking the Lord over and over, and thinking about it again and again, trying to relive it. When Matthew came, I just had to tell him about it, and he took it really well. Ha!

That was the last time it happened, Mama. He didn't show up again. But every time I was tempted to get down, I'd remind myself that it was worth it, because I'd gotten to dance with Jesus!

The bleeding stopped completely. They did an ultrasound and the baby was fine, thank the Lord! I began to feel better and stronger, and started to be able to sit up in bed. Sweet Matt, at my request, brought pictures of the kids and taped them to the wall next to my bed. I think every doctor and nurse in the hospital stopped by to see them and marvel at the fact that there was a woman with six kids and one on the way. Couples here can only have one.

On the fifth day I was able to go home, and I've been told to take it easy for the next month. If I get up too much, I have slight bleeding to remind me to take it easy, so I'm in bed most of the time. But it's a pleasure now to just rest in Him!

Those experiences in the Spirit while I was in hospital changed my life. I wish I could say that now I am a better person and totally loving and kind and patient and spiritual and all sorts of great things, but unfortunately that didn't happen. I'm still me — a mess, with all of my faults! But somehow it has made me see things in a different way.

Now it is a privilege to pray. I just love to pray and I've prayed more for China since I've been home than I think I did in the whole time we were in China before that!

Jesus is so much closer! I'm still a mess but

I know He loves me so much in spite of everything. I can't put it into words, but He changed my life once again. I don't know why it happened, and I feel a bit funny about it, as it is kind of strange, but also very beautiful.

I'm sorry, Mama, that this is so long, but I felt I had to share it. I also wanted to ask if it would be possible to somehow have others pray for China? It was clear during this spirit trip that it is very important we pray right now for the Lord's work all over China, not just for the Family's work. There is so much to do here that if every Family member were working here full-time, it would be a drop in the bucket compared to the vast need! But I feel we need to pray for the Lord to move in every place and every city and every heart. That was the main thing I felt I had to bring back — that urgency to step back and pray for the field of China.

(Editor's note: Since this was written, more Family members have been able to go to China, and still more are preparing and would like to go. Please continue to pray for the Lord's supply for our missionaries — both those already there and those wanting to join them in the harvest of this vast nation of China. And help support them if you can! God bless you!)

I love you so much, Mama and dear Peter. I want to say that I don't consider myself a spiritual person, one endowed with great gifts, or someone who gets outstanding revelations, so all this was very unusual and strange. But I felt I needed to share it and that if anyone could understand it, you would. I love you and need you so much and send so much love with this!

Kisses, love and prayers,
Claire

Bing Crosby

— Singing and Dancing in Heaven!

A Message from Beyond,
Received by Alicia (WS)

(Bing Crosby speaking:) Hi Alicia! I'm here, I'm ready to speak, so go ahead and give it! I'm all excited about giving this message. I've been waiting in excited anticipation ever since I was asked if I would like to speak to the world. Speak to the world? Me? Oh yes, I'd love to speak! It's a great honor to speak! I'm thrilled! I'm flipped! So go for it, Alicia! Don't hold back, because I'm going to speak now, and I know you can pick it up.

By the way, I've talked with your dad [Alicia's father who recently went to Heaven], and he's real proud of you. He said he'd heard you wanted to hear some word from him, and so he asked that I take this opportunity when you are listening to let you know he's proud of you. He thinks you're doing a great job.

He's happy for how you've visited your mom, and even happier yet for how you keep giving your life to the Lord! He said that you should come for a visit some time, come and see him, give him some time like you are giving to me. So that's the message from your dad. Okay? Will you look him up?

I know I'd love it if my children would look me up. It would thrill my soul! I miss them. I get to see them in action, and I love watching them.

Hey kids, did you know that? I love watching you, and the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren! Man, oh man, I'm a blessed great-great granddaddy. I've got so many kids and kids and kids! It's been wonderful!

The Lord has given us in Heaven the means to watch you. We don't just watch over you, but actually also spend a lot of time watching you. I used to want to see more of you, so maybe that had something to do with the Lord bringing me Home, so I



could see you more often. I used to miss you, but not since being Here. I get to spend lots of time with you now. My only problem is I haven't figured out how to watch all of you at the same time!

Sometimes I'd love to be there with each one of you. You're leading such interesting lives! I'd like to fit in your pocket and go around with you and see how you interact. Well, in a sense, that's what I'm doing. I'm not in your pocket — ha! — but I'm Here, watching you on the viewer the Lord gave me. It's terrific!

Your mom watches, too. She's right here, encouraging me to pour out to you. She wants me to tell you she loves you, too! Okay?

All right, that's my personal business. I hope it's okay with the Lord that I took this time to talk to you. I know I'm here to talk to the world, but my, oh my, I just couldn't pass up this opportunity.

You see, it's not very often someone on Earth tunes in to listen to us folks. We have lots on our hearts to say to you all, but you've got to listen. But poor guys, you're like me, or like I used to be. I couldn't listen because I didn't know there was listening to be done! Well, there is, and this dear one who is taking time with me now and pass-

ing on my words, she's making it possible for you to listen to me.

Hi! Not only to my family, but to all of you, my fans! I love you! You gave me a great life! You know, I had plenty of sorrow, and pain, and loneliness, but overall I was a very blessed man, with a great life. Actually, it's not "was," because my life just keeps going! It's getting better and better all the time.

Did you think I'd stop singing just because I came to Heaven? Ha! Not at all! That's as much a part of me as my arms and legs! I'm still singing and singing and singing and SINGING! They can't shut me up! Ha!

Well, I've been told the Lord doesn't want me to shut up. It seems He gave me this gift and wants me to use it up Here. He got tired of seeing me only able to partially use the gift He gave me, so He brought me Home so I could use it more, and fill up His love cup with these songs.

That's right! I get to sing for the Lord. He's a terrific audience! He asked me to come and sing for Him soon after I got here. Boy, was I nervous! I was already in shock a bit, finding out how beautiful things are Here. I didn't even have my feet on the ground yet, when there I was — invited to see the Lord and sing for Him!

I thought, "How can this be? I just got Here! I'm the new man in town." But that's what He wanted. — He wanted me to come and sing to Him. And it did wonders for me. I went from feeling like a sort of visitor, a freshman in Heaven, you know, the little guy who doesn't know anything and barely belongs Here. I went from that to feeling at home, knowing I was a part of the whole show the Lord has going. It was terrific!

So I sang, He sang, I danced, and He danced. Ha! We even did a number together! It still amazes me how He took time for me and had me there with Him. He wanted me, little ol' me, to sing and dance for Him. And then on top of that He joined in! It was just terrific! I loved it!

I was on cloud nine from that point on! Ha! I

never came down! It was a most wonderful experience. It made such a difference in how I adjusted to being Here. Like I said, before I felt kind of uneasy, like, "I know I'm supposed to be Here, but am I really?"

But once I had that personal time with the Lord, experiencing Him as a genuine Friend, I've never felt lost or uneasy about being Here again. I feel perfectly at home, much more so than I ever felt in any home there on Earth. My desire for family and home has always been strong, but this filled it up more than I thought possible.

So come on, all of you! Come and join us, it's terrific! You'll love it. And when you get Here, look me up, and we can sing some songs together. Okay?

I'm not much on talking, I'm more of a singer. I bet if one of you artists down there would do the same as Alicia here, and tune in to me, I could give you a song. I can see that Alicia doesn't have the faith for that one. You know, Alicia, it's okay, because then I can see some of the other guys as well.

Tell them that I want to speak to them! I'd like to give a song that lets the world know I care. I'd like to sing one more time to my old fans. Okay? Find someone for me, and I'll give it to them. Okay? (*Editor's note: Could it be you?*)

Bye for now! I know this is short, but you get someone to come and see me again, and I'll give them that song. I have one just about to explode out of me, so you get them here, okay? Thanks!

Bye, I love you all! Thanks for visiting me! Stay tuned in, and you'll be amazed at all we have for you! Bye!

