

The Grapevine

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S2K STATUS (Jesus speaking:) Don't let the S2K revolution slip by you without letting Me use it to the full in your life. Are you continuing to take stock spiritually? Are your habits changing? Are you forming closer ties with Me, and putting less emphasis on the things of the world? Are you becoming the disciple that I've called you to be? Now is the time to make the changes. Don't let this golden opportunity pass you by! (End of message from Jesus.)

Precious Family,

We love each of you so much! You are in our daily prayers, especially during this Christmas season, as you lay down your lives for the lost—bringing them the Lord's hope and cheer through His gift of salvation. This is a priceless gift that you are offering them, and though you may not always meet with success, the Lord looks at your faithfulness and willingness to be His message boys and girls. He is so proud of you, and so are we.

This time of year is one of the best for winning souls, so please be sure to give everyone you meet a chance to receive Jesus and secure a place in Heaven. They will be eternally grateful and forever indebted to you. Even though you may feel that your small Home or limited Christmas outreach isn't having that big of an effect on the world, each heart that the Lord is able to change through you changes part of the world! And by obeying the Lord's call to be His faithful witnesses, you're stacking up eternal rewards in Heaven—treasures that will long outshine any earthly possession or gift. And most importantly, you're giving the Lord the presents that He loves most: souls.

Thank you for giving your all once again to reach the lost. We know that the Lord will more than repay you for the sacrifices and labors of love that you are so cheerfully giving. We love you and are praying for you.

Love,

Mama and Peter

HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

VISITING FLOODED TOWNS IN MEXICO'S SIERRA MADRE!

BY PAULA JOY, YA

Our team of seven adults and YAs from the Morelia Homes arrived at Ben and Ruth's wonderful Home in Puebla at 12:00 P.M. after a seven-hour drive. The team in Puebla had done an amazing job of filling their garage full of donated clothes, plates, cups, food, bowls and pots of cooked food, so the next morning after loading it all in the truck we hit the road!

When we got to the town, we found most of the population of Yuanahuac (one of the towns in the flooded area) was already in some line or another to receive supplies from the military. The military captain in charge of disaster relief in that area assured us that everything was under control. We were a bit stumped as to what to do with our truck of supplies and our great visions of passing out food and witnessing to the millions in the snowy mountains. What to do?

Well, we knew the Lord had us there for a good reason, and after much searching, we found two shelters that seemed the most needy. By faith we set up our gourmet buffet of rice, chicken, cactus/onion/peppers, salsa and deep-fried pig skins ... mmmm mmmm! And boy was it a hit! Within minutes, it seemed that half the town showed up for supper! All the families were so grateful for our help and happy to hear our songs, and to talk and pray with us!

Then we met a police officer who told us that he would escort us to some real needy families who were beyond the area where trucks could get to, and so had only been able to receive what supplies they had been able to get from waiting in line at the main town. The officer arranged for the poor families to be radioed and meet us at the spot where the road ended.

It was pretty scary driving up those mountains, as the main road had been broken up and washed down the slope. We'd just be driving and suddenly the road would lead down the cliff ... not a good place to be! (It goes without saying that lots of prayers were being said in the vehicles at this time!) Then we'd find some little dirt detour, and onward and upward we'd go. Anyway, we made it to our spot and sure enough, the poor folks were waiting for us.

After singing for the families they returned to the ruins of their houses with a great meal, kitchen bowl set-up, toiletries, and a whole new wardrobe.—But best of all, with Jesus in their hearts and smiles on their faces!



(L to R:) John (15), Paula Joy (19), Madi (19) and Rosie (14), helping to distribute a complete meal to several hundred people in Puebla, one of Mexico's flooded regions.



Our Puebla and Morelia team stopping for a picture high in the Sierra Norte mountains after a full and exciting day of giving free food and clothes to the disaster victims of Hurricane Irene, which led to hundreds of them receiving our precious Jesus.

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newsy highlights

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headlines

Christmas in the Heart #2

FROM WS

Well, that time of year is just around the corner!—Happy Christmas to you all! We're sending you a DFO CLTP mag entitled "Christmas in the Heart, Part 2," which we hope you enjoy this Christmas (maybe with a seasonal snack, sipping hot chocolate—or cool lemonade if you're a southern hemisphere Home). If the Lord so leads, you could give your friends a copy, as feeding Christmas reading. These stories were mostly sent in from the field, so if you have some more good stories stashed away, please send them to the *Grapevine*! We hope to be putting out a few more mags of such stories on other themes over the next months. Thanks! We love you, and ... merry Christmas!

Aspiring Artists, Unite!

BY TIAGO, ASCRO

If you are interested in enrolling in an ART COURSE done totally by e-mail, write to:
eztel@loxinfo.co.th

By the end of the course, you should be eligible for a CVC Art Diploma. Write today for more information!

New features on the MO site

1. Photo Gallery with over 500 photos from around the world! (Big thanks to all those who contributed to this section!—Keep 'em coming! WLY!)
2. 46 Christmas BTMs and Minus Ones now available for downloading in MP3 format.
3. New DFO Letters now available for downloading in the "Pubs Download" section of the site.

Conferences

SPEECH ON "SEX IN THE FAMILY" AT QUAKER SEMINARY

Hannah, England: We were invited to give a talk on our controversial sex doctrines at the Woodbrooke Quaker Study Center in Birmingham, where they are holding a course on God and Sex. Gideon and Rachel did this two years ago and Ben Pink Dandelion (yes, that's his real name!), the tutor organizing the course, got in touch with us about it. After prayer the Lord confirmed we should attend.

We had 45 minutes to give our "lecture," followed by another 45 minutes for questions and answers. The students ranged in age from 20 to 60. Abi shared about the history of the Family and how the Law of Love has been developed and practiced, and together we answered questions about our beliefs and practices regarding sex, our views on homosexuality, the role of women in the Family, etc.

We showed two video clips from *The Final Stand*: the songs "Marriage Supper of the Lamb" and "No More War," which riveted everyone's attention! It was very inspiring to be able to share the meat of the Word with a receptive audience. Most of them had a liberal stance and were very interested in the Law of Love. One of the Quaker elders asked to see the Charter, and wanted to study our rules and guidelines on sexual behavior to see what they could learn from it for their own movement, so we photocopied some relevant pages for him.

Legal and Media

EURCRO, OCTOBER 1999

Greece – Gideon and Meekness and their boys came down from Thessaloniki and were able to sing to the earthquake victims. They were filmed on one of the most popular TV stations and shown on the evening news.

—JOHN AND JOANNA NEWHEART

Spain – We were able to witness through an article in a very popular magazine in Alicante. They've asked us to write an article every month, which about 50,000 people read. In every article we are going to include *Good Thots* stories.

—FRANCISCO AND MILAGROS

reminder:

Activated! prizes

[REPRINT FROM GN 849: "THE ACTIVATED! PROGRAM" (PAR 85-86)]

Not only will you receive some income from each subscription that you send in or generate, but we'll also be giving away shiner prizes as an added incentive! For starters, to kick off this program, WS is offering the following prizes to the top 10 Homes that send in the most subscriptions, or who send in addresses that turn into subscribers, within the first six months of the program:

#1) A new Pentium 200 or higher desktop computer with CD-ROM and multimedia capabilities, color monitor, etc., for your Home's use.

#2) \$300 credit with your SC for tools of your choice.

#3) \$200 credit with your SC for tools of your choice.

#4 & #5) \$150 credit with your SC for tools of your choice.

#6 through #10) \$100 credit with your SC for tools of your choice.

On top of that, for every 50 subscriptions that your Home sends in or that are generated from addresses that you send in, your Home will receive a cash gift from your *Activated!* desk. That way, everyone can be a winner, not just the top 10 Homes! (The amount that you will receive will vary from desk to desk, so details on this will be coming from your desk.) And, of course, we will put the monthly shiners in the Shine On list in the *Grapevine*.

In My arms

Martin and Mercy, Mozambique: Amos, our 21-year-old son (and former member) went to be with the Lord on August 20th in Sao Paulo, Brazil. He died of an accidental overdose of drugs (cocaine).

We want to thank Mama, EURCRO, Lisa, Rachel, Flor and the team of Matt and Joy in Brazil and different Family members who knew Amos, for sending us their very encouraging prophecies from the Lord and Amos. Your prayers and encouragement have pulled us through.

Amos is in a better place right now. I know it hurts to have a loved one taken away from you so suddenly and abruptly. I feel your pain and I see the tears you cry. But I did it out of love for him and you. He's now safe in My arms. He's crying many tears for having turned his back on Me and giving up the precious heritage you gave him, but I will wipe all those tears away and once he is ready I have a great job for him—that of helping the young people on Earth who are battling and toying with the idea of leaving the Family.

Jesus speaking

The Lean Year BY JAZ

There is a little-publicized phase in early childhood, and I came upon it quite unawares. I don't know if it happens to every child or if I am just particularly fortunate, but I like to refer to it as "the lean year." Now, naptime has never exactly been a bowl of pudding for our dearest Kimby—much to the contrary—but at the bottom of every argument or tantrum, there was always the underlying knowledge that a daily nap was a good, normal thing that all toddlers did and benefited from.

Great was my surprise, therefore, when somewhere between one-and-a-half and two, Kimby's naptime glands appeared to go on permanent strike! Suddenly no manner of cajoling, reasoning, explaining, correcting or even discipline seemed to be able to bring her to her knees—or her back, stomach or side either, for that matter.

As I was praying about what was going on with my daughter, I came across an article addressing this very thing. Apparently, starting at around 18 months there is a time of natural shifting in many children's sleep cycles, where their bodies begin to consolidate their sleep schedules somewhat. And much as we would like them to continue on their happy naptime cycle, it doesn't always work that easily, and many kids actually stop taking naps

entirely at this time.

While it was reassuring for me to have a nametag for this new character development, it didn't make it any easier. We soon determined that if Kimby was not going to sleep, she was not going to sleep. Expecting her to or trying to force her to was just going to make us all miserable. What we *could* do was still require her to take *rest* time, even though she didn't actually sleep. So we continued to put her in her crib at naptime. She learned to lay in her bed while listening to a tape, playing quietly with her little bed toys, telling herself stories, or whatever it was that she felt like doing. Sometimes she slept; most times she didn't. If I was in the room and trying to sleep I generally enforced quietness, but otherwise I figured she wasn't likely to sleep anyway, so I pretty much let her be (of course staying nearby to keep an ear out and frequent checks to make sure she was all right).

I can still remember one naptime around her second birthday, when I was busying myself with some unspecified activity. Suddenly hearing a familiar screeching noise, I figured Kimby must be calling one of us to turn over the tape for her. She wasn't in the habit of crying or calling at that time, so I was somewhat perplexed—but after all, what are mothers for? I dutifully went running to

the rescue. But when I got outside the door, not a sound could be heard in the room.

As I was standing there scratching my head, all of a sudden she burst out again—obviously a reprise of her earlier message—at the absolute top of her lungs (and anybody who has ever met Kimby can testify that that is *pretty* loud!) to the tune of the song on her beloved *Sweet Dreams Tonight* tape: "Did I remember, to *thank You for my dancing girl!*" (The "girl" in question being one of the toys which she was playing with in her bed.) I realized then that she was just making up her own song and "singing" it to the world from her crib!—Thanking the Lord in her own special way.

During this time that Kimby generally did not nap, we found her to be much more cranky than usual at night, so we moved her bedtime up a little earlier. This helped her greatly in "winning friends and influencing people," ha! (The times that she usually did nap were when she had woken up particularly early—and then she would stay awake till all hours of the night!)

Well, at two-and-a-half, Kimby officially exited the lean year. (Sometimes I've wondered if this nap-less year goes along with the "terrible two's" year somehow?) As suddenly as she stopped taking naps, she has started up again, and

with no problems going to sleep at night either. (Though on days when she sleeps longer in the mornings she will still generally not take a nap.) So ... what can I say? As with all other parenting anomalies, we look at it for a while, sniff it up and down, scratch our heads, and finally shrug and figure, "I guess that's just the way things are." And then we smile and go on our way.

Kidbits ...

Daniel Feed-My-Sheep, born to **Shine and Timothy** on August 30th.—USA

Mikayla Helper, 3rd child, born to **Heaven and Aaron** on August 30th.—USA

Alan Christopher Keith, born to **Erica Soleil and Andrew** on September 16th.—France

Eva Dawn, born to **Carol and John** on September 25.—England

Raphael, born to **Sarah and David** on October 5.—France

Celeste Lynda, 11th child, born to **Joan and Davide** on October 15.—Italy

Alvin Daniel, born to **Joan and Richard** on October 14th.—Holland

Tanya Michelle, 5th child, born to **Victoria and Mark** on September 8th.—Australia

help wanted

Polish couple with four small children on the way from Poland to Taiwan! We still need \$2,000 just for the tickets. If you would like to help us, you will have a part in every soul we'll reach. Please send gifts (big, small and smallest!) to **Gabe and Crystal**, PO 132, through Polish ABM, EURCRO. We need you!

tidbits

new laborers — October 1999

Angelica and son **Egor** (Russian) joined in Russia.

Monica Dove (Hungarian) joined in Hungary.

Esther Crystal (Albanian) joined in Yugoslavia.

Y2K prep

It's been very inspiring to put the Y2K preparations into practice. We prayed and made needs lists for food, etc., and the Lord started answering miraculously, without almost any effort on our side. I've made three phone calls so far, and the result: 3 pallets of corn flakes, 3–4 pallets of assorted foods, and a promise of food from another large company, who said "Yes, we can help you! We're not helping anyone at the moment, and are looking for someone to help." Well, here we are, ha! A beer company said we could have beer if we needed it, but since we don't need such big amounts of that (we're trying to stick to our quota!), instead we will be thankful for bottled water!

—CATRINA, LATVIA

30 THRILLING DAYS IN KOSOVO

By Julie (21), Hungary

On August 10th, Nehemiah and I traveled to Albania, where we joined up with some folks from the Albanian Homes. From there we headed into Kosovo. The Lord did so many thrilling miracles for us. The major thing I learned was the importance of hearing from Him daily; that was the key in helping us knock and walk through the right doors and meet the right people. It probably also helped us dodge a couple bombs, mines and other dangers that are so prominent in these regions, too!

Ambassador's intervention

The first miracle was that the Lord supplied the visas for Nehemiah and I without our having to pay the \$45 entry fee. (Albania feels it's such a prestigious country they make people pay to enter, ha! Actually, it's more like they need all the financial help they can get.)



Julie in front of a building that had been completely totally destroyed during the war.

We took our request letter to the Albanian Embassy in Hungary to see if we could get it translated. Although the embassy was closed, a sweet man decided to see Nehemiah anyway. Nehemiah explained our work and vision for going to Albania and on to Kosovo, and the man proceeded to type a letter and then put an official stamp on it. It was only then that Nehemiah realized he was talking with the Ambassador! His letter stated that we were on a humanitarian aid mission, and to waive the visa costs.

A whole new world

The flight went well, although we arrived in Albania two hours late. As we walked off the plane, we were hit by a mega heat wave. Nehemiah was wondering where the bus was that was to carry us to the terminal, but we soon found that there was no bus.

Folks are expected to walk across the runway (with cautions to avoid being run over by departing planes!) and make it to the terminal, which was a small, stuffy room with hundreds of people waiting at customs.

The brethren were there to meet us, and we barely fit all of Nehemiah's equipment into the car (he was filming our trip). The scenery was awesome! There were houses that looked like they'd been hit by the bombing, but I think they were actually just decaying with age. Donkeys wandered in the fields, while chickens and cows ruled the roads ... well, if you can call them roads, they were more like gravel paths. I thought for sure that these were the roads hit by NATO bombs; the potholes we encountered made the Grand Canyon look puny!

The Family Home is right on the beach. I was a happy girl and definitely ready for a cool-off after our dusty drive! Being serenaded by the local animals—donkeys, roosters, sheep and cows—at 5:30 A.M. took some getting used to, but after a few days, I learned to sleep through it. The water only comes in at night (and only cold!), so you have to fill up a bunch of water bottles and containers, enough to last you through the next day. Talk about Y2K prep—it's everyday life here!

Hitting the road

After spending a couple days with the precious ones in the Home, we were off for some action and adventure. There was a team of 10 from France also visiting Albania, a small family with a bunch of JETT and teen girls. The Lord showed us to go on a test run before going straight into Kosovo. Since all of us had a burden for the refugees, we headed to Elbasan as it had one of the last Kosovar refugee camps in Albania.

In Elbasan we stayed at the large building which made up the refugee center. The water came on and off at all different times of day here, and if you weren't careful, you could be caught all soapy in the shower with



Giving out balloons to the Kosovo refugee children in Elbasan Albania (one of the last refugee camps in Albania).

no water to rinse off with. Being in Albania sure helps you appreciate the "basic essentials" like water and electricity. I never was so thankful for cold showers in my life.

One funny trait is that Albanians shake their heads for "yes" (saying "po") and nod their heads for "no" (saying "yo"). Completely backwards, so it takes some getting used to. One day we stopped at a gas station to fill up our tank with diesel. There was a pump machine with diesel on one end and gas on the other end, and it wasn't marked very clearly. So to

High-tech things like e-mail and phone lines have either been bombed to smithereens or never existed in the first place.

make sure that we were getting it right and not putting gas in our diesel van, the driver asked the attendant again if he was sure that he was putting in diesel. The man shakes his head insistently and says "po, po." Our poor driver almost had a heart attack before realizing the man was actually saying yes!

The French team did their first show at this refugee camp. They had a puppet show in the local language, which was great, and then their five girls sang some songs. The crowd really liked it!

The next day a large truck arrived, along with UNHCR personnel who were organizing another load of refugees to return to Kosovo. It was a happy occasion for everyone, as these precious people were finally getting to return to their homes (or what was left of them). Even though we had only been there a few days we had gotten very close to many and it hurt to say goodbye, but at the same time we were happy for them.

During our travels from city to city, the police usually stopped us three or

four times. They were understandably curious about this foreign “monster on the move.” After explaining our work they didn’t haggle or hassle us further, though, but sent us merrily on our way. After a couple weeks, we got wise and put an official-looking sign on our vehicles, which said, “Family Mission—Relief and Humanitarian Aid,” which helped us get waved through police checkpoints.

Provisioning and miraculous supply

Our next destination was Pogradec. The night we arrived the Lord provided a beautiful hotel and delicious dinner. We got rooms with electricity (high tech!) and showers (there wasn’t any water that night but we did enjoy cold showers in the morning). Wow! Such a treat! Although a few people could sleep in the camper, we had to find accommodations for the other 10 throughout the trip. The Lord never failed to provide and we always had a place to lay our heads. At times we slept in five-star hotels and at other times we got those “Don’t sit on the bed or you’ll get pregnant”-type places. Oh well, we learn to abound and to abase!

Provisioning was incredible, considering Albania is one of the poorest countries in Europe. Nearly all of the businesses in Kosovo have been completely destroyed. Still, everyone was eager to help. I’ve never seen anything like it. They are not only willing to give, but they are *cheerful* givers, eager to help in any way they can. In Kosovo they treat you like their

Rebecca (liveout) & Julie at one of the many gravesites in Kosovo.



heroes and roll out the red carpet for you. It’s hard to believe that such destitute people could be so giving.—They are so broken and sweet.

The mayor of Pogradec suggested that we sing in the town hall. The local TV station advertised our show, however when show time rolled around, there were only two people in the audience. *Maybe not many people have TVs?*—Highly possible. We moved outside on the steps of the hall and a large crowd immediately gathered. It was terrific! They loved the songs and brought bouquets of flowers...after we realized they had

uprooted them from the city flowerbeds, ha! We estimate that 1,500 people saw the show, and we prayed with the crowd to receive Jesus. This was the first of many shows that I quickly learned to film, since Nehemiah was playing guitar!

The “in thing” in Albania and Kosovo is going for walks at night—the whole city does it. There is a large street in every city which gets blocked off to traffic in the evenings so the throngs can go and get some exercise and fresh air.—And get fresh with a few other species as well—boys go girl-hunting, and vice versa. The first night we went out for a walk we thought there was a big *fiesta* happening—but no, it was just another ordinary night on this side of the globe. For the rest of the trip we generally booked our shows in the evenings on the walking street, as that was a sure way to get a crowd.

Korca—the miracle show!

The last city in Albania that we went to was Korca. One man turned out to be instrumental during our stay and how we met him was a miracle in itself. We had an appointment to meet a man for lunch, but he didn’t show up. After seeing us waiting around for some time, another man struck up a conversation with us. When we told him what we did, he offered to take us out to lunch. This wasn’t the first or last time that someone who hardly knew us opened their arms and offered to take care of us.

He told us about a humanitarian organization (Dorcus Aid) that might

be able to accommodate us during our stay in Korca. (We didn’t have anything concrete lined up in regards

I loved being in Kosovo, and found life on the mission field absolutely exciting.

to hotels, so this was a desperate need.) On his recommendation, we met a sweet couple from Holland who put us up for four days in their clean, beautiful, homey place! There was actually electricity and running water (hot showers too—our first since being in Albania). We felt like kings!

Some of the Albanian nationals that had been with us returned home to let some of the other folks in the Home have a chance to join up with us. We had booked a show in the town center and as show time neared, the nationals still hadn’t shown up. We were getting worried. As if it wasn’t bad enough that the show’s integral members hadn’t arrived, it also started to sprinkle. The Lord was going to have to do something major for us to be able to pull this show off. Finally at 7 P.M.

(when the show was supposed to start) the rain stopped and all the nationals showed up—whatta miracle! A whole squadron of cops came to control the audience, which made us feel like real celebrities, ha!

Taste of life in the tent cities

At this point we headed for Kosovo. We spent the night in Macedonia, as we couldn’t make it all the way to Kosovo in one shot. It was tough finding a place for the night, as the language was a problem. Some cities had an Albanian majority and at midnight, we finally came upon such a city. The first hotel we asked gave us accommodations for the night. The manager was a young guy who spoke terrific English and we



Helping to load the truck with the Kosovars' belongings for their journey home.



Julie filming the conditions of the Gypsy refugee camp. Pretty sad state.

stayed up talking with him till 2 A.M. about what we do, the Endtime, religion, etc. He is a Muslim but really appreciates what we're doing and said, "There should be billions of you guys! If there were, the world would be a better place!"

Before crossing the border into Kosovo we went to a refugee camp that was still in operation in Macedonia. This place was just like the ones shown on TV—a tent city. This camp held 3,000 at the time of our visit, but during the height of the war they had 44,000 refugees! We took the opportunity to pass out tracts and witness. Hearing the plights and stories of these refugees was heart wrenching, and our hearts broke for them.

In the U.S., they drive on the right side of the road. In Japan, they drive on the left side of the road. In Albania, you just drive on whichever side has a road. It's pretty crazy!

Finding Pristina and getting acclimatized

At 1:30 A.M. the next morning, we found ourselves in Pristina (Kosovo's capital). We weren't planning on driving all the way there, but we hadn't found the little towns along the way—guess all the road signs were carried away by the Serbs. Only the Grand Hotel was still standing, although it had suffered a bit of damage during the war—riding on their "repaired" elevators was almost as good as "the Tower of Horror" Disneyland ride!

The director of the hotel had already left for the evening, so we didn't know what to do. It was cold and late and we were tired. After lots of prayer and driving around a bit we came across what we thought was a hotel, but turned out to be the UN headquarters. When explaining our predicament to the security guard, he offered us his house. He was the only guard on duty, so he was risking his job in leaving his post to take us to his house.

That night a bomb exploded not far from where our camper was parked. Thankfully, no one was hurt. Some Kosovars were taking out their revenge on a Serb monument. The political situation is still very explosive (literally!) and there is a lot of hate and hard feelings on both

sides. Most of the Serbs have fled for their lives, as they fear the Kosovars will take revenge on them for all that has happened—which they probably would if given the chance.

Almost everyone in Pristina spoke English, so communication wasn't a problem. The show here was terrific! We performed on the walking street and got a crowd of about 5,000. At the end of the show, we were approached by the KLA (Kosovo Liberation Army) who were very concerned about our safety as we had quite a crowd and hadn't gotten authorization from them to do the show. We had checked with NATO, but made a mental note to make sure to check with the KLA before doing further shows, so as not to offend them. Since the war is now over, the KLA fighters are out of a job, so to speak. We were polite and respectful, and were able to get them saved.

Gypsy camp—assault during our show!

We heard about a Gypsy refugee camp and upon going there, we found the situation quite needy. The place was a mess; the people were dirty and a little scary-looking. We girls were uneasy about doing a show until we saw the four NATO soldiers. (A couple of them were quite cute!)

They were just leaving as it was time for their break, but we asked them if they wouldn't mind providing protection during our show. When they heard that our team had several young girls, they said they would definitely be back after they checked in with their command post. It was actually their time off, but they stayed with us during the entire show. They



Refugee kids that were going back to Kosovo that very day.

thought it was great that we were doing a show for these refugees, who never get any attention or entertainment.

These Gypsies are in a camp for their own protection, as they receive harassment from the Kosovars because of their assistance to the Serbs during the war. They are accused of having helped to destroy the houses and steal a lot of goods, so the Kosovars are quite upset with them.

In the middle of our show, two of the soldiers were pulled away to check out a house that was set on fire. Shortly after that, there was a panic and we lost the entire crowd which went running in different directions. It was reported that someone was shooting into the camp. The soldiers went to go check it out and we followed behind, filming the whole thing! They searched the area where the assault was reported, but after a few minutes, they were back saying that no one was there and everything was under control. It turns out that someone was throwing rocks into the camp and firing a pellet gun or something of the sort—nothing too serious or drastic. They encouraged all the refugees to go return to our show and apologized to us for the disruption. We weren't sorry; the little incident made it all the more exciting!

The crowd returned in full and we continued with the show and even extended it a bit, as they didn't want us to stop. The Gypsies were our best audience and begged us to come back. The whole crowd got saved, and were fighting over the tracts. We also gave out the Bibles and they treasured them, kissing them, saying that they would read them always. We also prayed with the



Obella & Jeanne with our Brit NATO protectors during our show for the Gypsies.

soldiers—definitely wanted to see them in Heaven, ha!

Realities of war

One day we went to a small village where a man was giving landmine awareness classes to the villagers, as their countryside is still loaded with unexploded mines. Every night they hear their livestock going up in smoke. You feel so sorry for these people as they're pretty much damned either way; if they go out into their fields they'll die from stepping on a mine. But if they don't tend their flocks and fields, they'll die of starvation. It was heartbreaking to see the despairing looks on their faces as they had probably come to the class hoping to receive a glimmer of hope, but unfortunately, that's not what they got.

In Gjakova (where we met up with the team from the Tirana Home, Albania) they have weekly silent protests for the 1,500 men that are still missing from the war. Many of them were taken hostage by the Serbs as they were retreating into Serbia. People believe that many are in Serb jails, or are dead.

Back to Pristina—and an awesome ride!

On our way back to Pristina, a small team of us stopped along the way at little towns and villages and blitzed with the lit. Upon arrival in the capital, we didn't have a place lined up to stay so we went to the Grand Hotel once again and this time the director was there. He was more than happy to give us rooms for the night and breakfast the next morning.

We went back to the Gypsy camp that we had previously performed at. The kids were still singing some of the songs we had taught them. We spent the morning filming and taking pictures and witnessing to the refugees.

On our way out we passed by the British NATO Base and some guys let us get in their tanks. That was quite something! I never knew what the inside of a

tank looked like. I was shocked at all the equipment and buttons they've got in there—absolutely no place for comfort. I felt so sorry for the dudes that have to travel in these things. While I was in the tank, it all of a sudden started moving—I nearly died! I thought I had pushed a wrong button and that we were going to start shooting cannons next, ha! The guy with me assured me that everything was under control, they were just taking me for a little cruise.

I'm home and all in one piece, how about that?—Didn't even lose any limbs on my wild and woolly adventure through the war-torn and mine-infested lands of Kosovo.

Since the Serbs took out all of the phone lines, communication is nil between the cities. We met a guy who works for a medical aid program and he let us use his satellite phone and e-mail. A guy from another aid organization was flipped when meeting us, as he said they are in desperate need of folks to help them with evangelizing. These organizations realize that they haven't got what it takes to help heal these dear Kosovars' wounded hearts and souls, so when we come along they practically beg us to accompany them to these villages where they are bringing aid so that we can witness.

“Chance” encounter—it's a small world!

The time had come for us to leave—a month had flown by so quickly. It was sad having to say goodbye. I had come to love the people there so much that it felt like home.

One last special thing that happened was while I was in the airport (the same stuffy little room that we had arrived at), I began talking with a businessman. He spoke good English and was very sweet. I told him a bit about my stay in Albania and Kosovo. When he asked what group I was with I said, “The Family Mission.” He asked, “Not ‘The Family’?” I got a little concerned, thinking that he had heard the usual sex cult stuff. But it turns out that he knew Julia (a sister from England who visits Albania frequently). She had been on our team in Kosovo and had phoned him that very morning in hopes of meeting up with him, but couldn't, since he was going on a business trip. He absolutely loves the Family and was so thrilled that I was also part of the group and wants to keep in touch. Small world, no?

Dear Mama,

I have found not only fun and usefulness in living, working and counseling together, but also found out that I have a lot to give to others as well. In the past, I had a fear of leadership. I always seemed frustrated because I didn't communicate with others very well, and it was difficult to express my inner feelings, convictions and desires. But in the last few months the Lord has taken care of all that and is bringing me closer, step by step, to finding real joy and satisfaction in working with others.

I've found that when there is a personality conflict or fear, or not wanting to be around some people who may have strong personalities—that a little prayer, a little communication or doing something together, some hugs, and speaking faith and encouragement can melt those hindrances to unity. Especially praying to see how Jesus looks at people has really helped, as well as receiving a prophecy for or about them. When we stand together, united in love, prayer, counsel and prophecy there is no problem that cannot or will not be vanquished. God's power is just so much more overpowering.

—FGA MAN, ASIA

Dear Mama,

Just recently our daughter came back to the Lord's service. When she was 15 years old she left the Family. She came back on her 18th birthday. We went through a lot while she was in the System, but the Letter, “The Silver Lining” helped to keep us hanging on to God's promises. Without such promises, we would have probably given up praying or expecting miracles in our daughter's heart. PTL that God's promises never fail!

—FGA MAN, ASIA

the grapevine 7



Going for a little cruise with the NATO troops

entertainment



Three Kings

(Jesus speaking:) This movie "Three Kings" is a good one if you want to watch a war movie. I say good because, although the events it depicts are not as clearly spelled out as they were in the Current Events letters by Dad, it still shows another side to the Gulf war conflict. It certainly takes a more Godly stance in many ways that the news media did, due to its more objective view of the happenings.

It's interesting how, in retrospect, those of the world become so wise. Many filmmakers have made films about the Vietnam era and how wrong so many things were there, and these are sanctioned by Hollywood and even praised by the media. But what was it the media was saying in those days? Where was the wisdom then? They were attempting to gloss over many of the casualties and wrongs that took place; a lot like the way things were

Movies Rated for Senior Teens and Up

THREE KINGS (1999)

George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Ice Cube
Drama about four American soldiers in Iraq after the Gulf War, who set out to find a huge cache of gold that is rumored to be hidden somewhere near their desert base.

treated in the Gulf Conflict. There always are some dissenting voices, but largely the mistakes of the aggressor nation, in this case the US, are covered up for years, till they figure it can't hurt anymore, and then the more realistic portrayals begin to surface.

As I said above, this is no replacement for My Word or Dad's words on the subject. The soldiers in this movie do come to the realization that things just aren't right and are being mismanaged by the government, but in the end they are still the heroes and the Iraqis become the villains. But in the Word I pointed out, through Dad, that this was not always so, and although there were mistakes on both sides, the Iraqis were often more Godly than the Americans.

Beware also of going into this movie with too light a frame of mind because it is a war movie and contains a fair amount of violence as all war movies do to get the point across. The difference is that most war movies, at least the better ones, try to tell a story of historical value, or to give you insight into the lives and thoughts of the fighting men, so for this reason much of the violence can be overlooked

Movies Rated for Junior Teens and Up

TALK OF ANGELS (1998)

Polly Walker, Vincent Perez, Frances McDormand

Drama/love story about a young Irish woman in the 1930s who comes to Franco's Spain as governess for a wealthy family.

Non-Recommended

LIFE (Eddie Murphy, Martin Lawrence; 1999)

as it is not depicted in a glorified way as it is in many of the action movies I caution you to avoid. *(End of message from Jesus.)*

(Jesus speaking:) It's all too easy to get tripped-off by the film actors and actresses and by the good job they're doing in playing their roles that the entire meaning and message of the film can be altogether missed.

For all the touted hopes of "freedom" promised by the West, and President Bush's own saber-waving antics, the One-hundred-day War accomplished nothing, and Saddam flourishes still. This is the point of the movie. It will be an eye opener for many out in the world who are without the truth of My Words. *(End of message from Jesus.)*

Talk of Angels

(Jesus speaking:) This is a very interesting moving, and one that many will find enjoyable. It has a good message regarding forsaking what one wants for the good of all. It's also a good portrayal of what it was like in Spain during that time, which some may find interesting and informative. *(End of message from Jesus.)*

forum

[The Halloween scene]

Maria (of John), France: We don't know how you reacted to Halloween, but that day we were so glad we obeyed His strong voice in our hearts. During the week of Halloween, we saw all kinds of ugly, horrifying, devilish masks and outfits sold in shops and supermarkets.

One day, John and I were looking for some outfits for our Christmas show, when we walked in a shop in which they sell all kinds of materials for performances. God forgive us, we didn't take His spirit checks seriously, and we went in during this evil time! It seemed like we walked through the valley of death. Thank God for His rod and staff, we will fear no evil, but it certainly made us sick and upset that evil spirits can so freely and easily spread to the innocent in these days.

The next morning in our devotions we

felt that we had to do something about it, so we prayed for the Lord to destroy the evil works, and to deliver His innocent children. We also knew that during the night there would be children dressed up like demons coming to knock on our door, to scare us and ask for candy. We felt bothered by it (this is the first time we're going through Halloween), but John wonderfully heard God's voice in his heart. It said: "Get all these little ghosts saved. Whoever knocks on your door, pray with them before you offer them a treat."

We all felt so excited about the solution from our Father, and that night we enjoyed a barbecue in our garden. The colors in the sky were beautiful and told us not to worry but to trust in His care. At the same time our kids prepared some natural sweets from provisioning, which Samuel and Heidi's Home shared

with us, GBT!

During the night 16 children came to knock at our door (aged from 10-15). Each time the doorbell rang, John opened it warmly to welcome them, and said: "Okay children, before I give you a treat candy, do you want Jesus to come into your heart?" We made sure that they really knew who they were asking into their hearts, by showing them the picture of Jesus hanging in our hallway wall, and they all sincerely prayed with us.

We heard one group of kids out in the street, after they had received Jesus, clearly saying to the other kids: "The people living there said that Jesus loves us!" That made us all smile. Two teenagers also spent quite a bit of time sharing their hearts with us. Thank the Lord, and God bless our kids also who united their hearts with ours; together we attacked the evil forces and won 16 souls to His Kingdom!

happenings

[Disaster relief trips]

Jason, Mexico: In between CRO work, caring for our kids, Home duties, Y2K prep, etc., I have recently been on two inspiring disaster relief/witnessing trips with others from our Home and city.

One was visiting the wounded casualties from a gunpowder explosion in a nearby city, which killed 81 and wounded approximately 350. Being a smaller city (Celaya, pop. 500,000) this incident shook up everyone in the city. Our visiting and praying with the Red Cross paramedics who had helped out in the disaster (three of whom had died in a second explosion which many rescue workers had not foreseen), and visiting their wounded meant a lot.

We visited and prayed with about 80 victims in four different hospitals over a period of two days—singing to them, and in a few cases even spending time reading with them from the *Treasures* or Psalms. One 21-year-old boy lost both his legs at the knees from a piece of sheet metal roofing that flew off one of the buildings during the explosions. He got saved, and one of the YAs in our Home donated their Walkman to him so that he could listen to the *How to Be Happy Anyhow* and *How to Win* tapes. (There are some pictures of Morningstar [Christina] VS with this young man in the "North America News" video #3, which we recently finished putting together.)

Just this last week, at the request of the Home in Puebla, a group of seven of us from Morelia went to help the Puebla Home distribute a truckload of food and other supplies to some of the towns in the North Sierra Madre Mountains which were, and still are, very severely affected by the rains and flooding brought by Hurricane Irene. [See testimony on page 1.] These trips have greatly inspired the young people in our area, as it put us all face to face with very needy people who the Lord was able to touch with His love.

[His incredible supply]

Francis P, Violet Home, Russia: As we all know, God answers prayer! Sometimes it takes awhile, but He never fails. Here on the field, we see MIRACLES! Let's take a few examples ...

Personal sex life: My God! What should I do? I need sex!! I need a wife or sharing partner, but there is NO ONE around! Should I go to the West and find a girlfriend?

Jesus speaking: Seek first My Kingdom and all these other things will be added in MY time.

(Two years later:) Praise the Lord for a gorgeous wife, a beautiful and wonderful national disciple, and our cutest five-month-old baby!

Finances: What are we going to do? We have a new Home, the old teamworkers left and took all their support with them; we have no money, no supporters, nothing! On top of that,

the Lord showed us in prophecy not to go on long fundraising trips to the West, to the neglect of the sheep and work, but to stay here and trust HIM for our supply! What shall we dooooo?

(Three years later:) Well, PTL. Another month has passed. We are not in debt, we have ALL our needs and even MORE. We live better than some Homes in the West, we have a good standard, and it is all by faith, just as God has promised, PTL!

Housing: We have a nice three-room apartment. But it has no curtains, little furniture, the kitchen is pretty bare, not many beds, cupboards, and because of security, we may not be able to provision much, and we have no extra funds, what shall we dooooo? Let's be faithful with this Home and see what the Lord does!!

(One year later:) Wow! Look at this new place the Lord gave us, with the same rent as the old one. We have plenty of beds, an extra room, curtains, a well set up kitchen, TVs and all that is needed in a good Home to make our lives better; there is even an ironing board (my heart's desire—tired of ironing on the floor). PTL!

Little extras: Thank the Lord, I'm so happy in this house, it has all we need. Well, of course, it would be nice to have a new fridge, new washing machine, microwave oven, a nice CD player, etc. (dream on). Well, maybe I'm getting a bit greedy, Lord forgive me! I'm very happy with what we have.

(Six months later:) Wow! The Lord supplied \$14,000 worth of electronic goods, all we were dreaming of! We have enough to give to the other Home in the city, PTL! We are God's pets!

Children's needs: Honey, we're going to have a baby. Let's start praying and saving money, as in this country, baby things are so expensive and hard to find. Let's make a list. ... Oh my! We need so many things!

(Nine months later:) Praise the Lord, Honey! The baby has all that it needs and even more, and we didn't spend even one dollar; it was all supplied by our friends and family, God bless them! What a miracle of how the Lord cares for His little ones!

Yes! What a miracle!—Visas, legal work, lawyers, all for free. Free discotheques for our ministries, plenty of sheep, food supply, etc., etc., etc. And life with the Lord goes on and on! PTL!

[Hot item]

Patrick, Christina, Joab and Leah, USA: We got in touch with Mike, whose address was sent to us from the Web site for follow-up. Here is his story:

Mike never actually met the Family, but sometime in 1976 (he was 15), his girlfriend had received a MO Letter. She kept it with her and read it to Mike several times, and he really liked it. They ended up getting married, became Seventh Day Adventists, and lived normal lives.

He became the partner in a used bookstore and a few months ago, a lady came in to sell some old books that she had. Lo and behold, he recognized one of them as a MO Letter book—the *144 Basic Book*.

He bought it from her for nearly nothing and entered it into his inventory/auction list. Because he wanted to read it, he put a \$100 price tag on it, so no one would buy it. He was really into reading this book when to his surprise, someone bid on the MO book! He called a friend of his to bid against the book, because he didn't want to sell it, but still the price went up! Finally he had to let it go because the buyer was so insistent on getting the book. He sold it for \$135!! He said that he had several responses to the book, including someone who said he had helped to put the book together in Italy.

We went out to dinner with Mike, and he is really sweet and very interested in the Word and the Family. Never underestimate the power of the written WORD!

[Influx of young people]

Andy, Maria, Isabel and Emanuel, Colombia: Through the faithfulness of our young people here going out postering for years and the increased amount of Word going out, there has been an increase in calls and responses from sheep, which has led to an increase in visitors coming to the Home to get fed and therefore, potential disciples wanting to join! Yes, we can hardly manage the influx of young people coming to our youth meetings, all of them eager to serve the Lord in any way they can. Out of those, three really want to drop out into full-time service. We're seeing the prophecies being fulfilled about the mighty harvest to be reaped here in this field of South America.

[Appearing money]

Patrick, Christina, Joab and Leah, USA: Serena went to visit her sister by bus and ended up witnessing and telling her testimony to the man sitting next to her. He seemed to be quite a sheep and very interested in all she had been through and how the Lord delivered her from all her troubles. While talking to her, the man fidgeted with his bag and wallet and belongings, but she didn't really pay that much attention as she was witnessing to him. As he left, he told her, "God will supply!" and she thought, "Wow, he listened to me the whole time, like he was a sheep, and here he must have been already a Christian himself."

The next day, in relating the event to me, she said, "Oh, yes! And when I got to my sister's house, I looked in my bag and there was a wad of money in there! He must have put it in there without me noticing it!"

"How much was it?" I asked. "I don't know, but more than \$100. I didn't have a chance to count it at my sister's place." She went and looked and it was \$250! PTL!

FOCUS: S2K reactions

Although the Lord spoke a lot about the physical things and worldliness, I really took to heart what He said about the spiritual sins versus the physical ones. I can easily get on a works trip and judge things in the physical, but the areas I have been falling short in come under spiritual sins, especially unity and daily Christian graces within the Home. I felt a bit like a kid, now seeing all the boundaries drawn, but having a sense of security about this at the same time.

I guess the Charter has really been a test to see what we want to follow closely in; a test of our Christian character and personal convictions. It's good that we have our Family to lift each other up, and our dear CROs and VSs, to put us through the "quality control test" as needed. I am also grateful that the Lord admonished us to be more of our brother's keeper and to speak up about things, so that with the option of choosing FM or CM being a lot clearer we each will press in more to do our best for the Lord.

I feel happier now that things are tightening up, although I know that it will hurt, as I fall short in the areas I do. Already in our Home different ones have been able to sweetly address things in my life and be more honest and direct with me. It has been easier to take, knowing that it is a part of my call to arms, and that the Lord is trying my faith to see where it really stands. The standards are so much clearer now. I pray that this will melt us all together as one in His Spirit, and make us more fruitful, and able

to reach out to others more and, of course, to save our dear teens (and some of us FGAs) from turning to the System.

—ANFGA

The "Shakeup 2000" GN is really heavy and convicting. I know I have a long way to go as far as implementing all the New Wine that has come out this past year and changing in the areas I am lacking in, but by the grace of God I want to sign the blank sheet of paper and trust that the Lord will make up for all my lacks.

I desire with all my heart to be part of this Family no matter what it takes. I'm claiming the verse Phil 1:6. I know the Lord wants me in this Endtime army and I will do whatever it takes to stay. I want to hold on to my birthright and not despise it or give it up no matter what the cost.

The other day, three of us SGAs were talking about how many people we think this shakeup will affect—as far as leaving the CM Family. From my understanding and from what I believe the Word says, the Lord has never been into

numbers. In the early Letters Dad always said the power, popularity and plenty were dangerous, and I believe that is the case now as well.

We only had a couple hundred people in the Family in the early days and so much was done and accomplished for the Lord. We rocked the U.S. and Europe with no more than a one thousand people or so.

How can we have our faith depend on the actions of the majority of others? Granted there is strength in numbers at times, but aren't we supposed to be into spiritual guerrilla warfare rather than with comfortable numerically superior armies?

Maybe I'm just being naive, but I truly believe that whatever number the Lord knows we will have at the end of this, or whenever, that will be enough to accomplish His Will—whether 3000, 300, 30 or 3.

—SGA MALE, EUROPE

The S2K letter is a tremendous blessing—good, cold, refreshing water! I don't mean to sound self-righteous or

critical, but it really is needed. I have lived in a large, fruitful Service Home for 10 years. For many years I was very happy in my service there, but for the last three or four years I had a lot of battles with some of our young people's attitudes, their shallowness and lack of commitment. I have often felt that the only way to relate to them is to talk about movies, the opposite sex, makeup and fashion. I often wanted to relate to them, but found myself wanting to be around them less and less, and rather wanting to be in a situation where there are people who are 100% dedicated.

As a result of these trials, I decided to make a change. After 10 years in one Home, this was quite difficult. My roots had grown very deep and my faith quite shaky. I had some burdens that seemed far-out, but in praying about them, the Lord said to let my requests be made known. So I did!

Talk about a step of faith! I set aside another cozier situation that I was offered, and in some ways I feel I had to talk myself into the new situation, as I felt if I didn't make this move and go where I felt the Lord was calling me, that I would always have it on my heart and would be

Academics react

Marc and Claire, USA: We sent out the two S2K GNs to interested academics a few weeks after we received them. After reading them, we were told that several of them were eager to discuss it amongst themselves, which they did at one of this year's academic conferences. In general, the response has been good, with all agreeing that the changes were well presented in the GNs, and the issues handled very well.

One academic in particular was lavish in his praise, saying that these GNs are the best publication put out by WS in a long time. He felt that the issues were handled very well, thoughtfully and carefully in such a way as to not alienate those leaving the Family; he anticipated that we should have much less trouble with folks leaving at this time than was experienced in prior changes such as this.

None of the academics seemed surprised by changes that are being enacted through S2K, nor by the difficulties we have been facing with our second generation, but felt it was to be expected and that the problem was being very well addressed via the GNs. It was encouraging to hear such positive reactions, TTL!

dissatisfied anywhere else.

I can testify that it was the right move, and I am very happy to be in my new field. I am so thankful to be on the edge of civilization in the center of God's will for my life, and to see and feel Him working! It is truly wonderful! I have no desire to go back to anything like the situation I was in previously. I felt like I was dying inside, but now I feel like I am alive. I don't feel the frustration I felt over some people's attitudes. I am busy serving the Lord with folks who are wholehearted and dedicated to Him. They (and I) are far from perfect, but being in the middle of a needy field with people who are 100%

really has made a difference. It's just great!

I have been in the Family for 26 years. I made the commitment to forsake all and follow Jesus when I was 18 years old. I have been married and divorced and have children and grandchildren, some in the Family and some out. I've seen good times and bad, experienced joy and sadness, faced life and death, and by God's grace am still here. It's certainly not because I am strong in any way. If nothing else, over these years and experiences I've learned and seen how very weak I am, and know that it is only the Lord Who keeps me. I have battled intense loneliness to the point

where I know I cannot make my service contingent on whether or not I have a relationship. Jesus has truly become my all in all to the point that (although I would still naturally like to have someone to serve and love the Lord with) His promises to fill every need and void have come true, and I am very happy and fulfilled.

I just wanted to say that I am very thankful for the New Wine and it is always such a blessing to receive. By God's grace, despite my weaknesses and lacks, I'm saying yes to my continued service and hope to be a blessing always!

—FGA

CHRISTMAS POEM

Mike P, Oasis Studio: I wanted to send in a translation of a poem that was written by a friend of ours in honor of the coming 2000th anniversary of Jesus' birth. He is Palestinian and a Muslim. He's a precious young man and loves music and poetry. He has been through a tremendous amount, having lost many relatives, including his brother in the conflicts in the region, as well as being dispossessed of his own home and lands, and not being allowed to return.

Needless to say, the translation doesn't do justice to the very beautiful Arabic poetry in which it was written. I'll let the poem speak for itself.

SMILE

Our rendezvous tonight
is in Bethlehem;
We light candles and pray
to heal the wounds and hurts.
Your feast, O Jesus, is the
feast of pain and the feast of joy,
So let us smile and let love speak.

Smile and let love speak the words,
Smile to the One Who opened
the door of peace.
He walked the path of sorrows
to the cross of death,
Yet through it all
He still tried to smile.

His light brings the smile,
And dispels the darkness.
Tonight is the
birthday of Jesus,
Tonight is the
feast of Salvation.

Our smiles are stronger
than bullets and bombs,
So smile, for tonight
is the birthday of Jesus.
Sing and raise your
voices, everyone!
Even though our separation
is long and our pain increases,
Smiling is one
step to returning.

Handy Windows shortcut keys you might not have known about

- WINDOWS+M:** Minimize all windows
 - SHIFT+WINDOWS+M:** Undo minimize all windows
 - WINDOWS+E:** Start Windows Explorer
 - WINDOWS+F:** Find files or folders*
 - ALT+TAB:** switches between programs
 - SHIFT+ALT+TAB:** switches between programs in reverse order
 - PRINT SCREEN:** copies an image of the screen to the Clipboard
 - ALT+PRINT SCREEN:** copies an image of the active window to the Clipboard
 - ALT+ENTER:** switches the DOS program between a window (if it can run in one) and a full screen.
 - ALT+SPACEBAR:** displays the program's System menu
- [*This Find defaults to the last directory a Find was done in. If you wish the default to be the current directory, press F3 in Explorer instead of WINDOWS+F.]

- A quick way to create a folder in Windows 98 or NT Explorer: ALT, FNF (Press and release the ALT key. Then tap the following keys: FNF) (Windows 95 might require a different set of key presses, perhaps ALT, FWF)
- A quick way to manually minimize a window without using the mouse: ALT+SPACEBAR, then press N
- Ever have a bunch of little windows open in a program, and you want to close them all, but not exit from the program? Hold down the CONTROL key, and while keeping it down, press and keep down F4. In most cases, this works.

Tips and tricks

—FROM YOUR WS TRF/COMPUTER TEAM

ZAPDIR.COM "virus" false alarm

We've received a report from ASCRO that a utility program used by the DOS TeleTRF, ZAPDIR.COM, sometimes is flagged falsely as having virus "Qdel48" by certain versions of McAfee's VirusScan. If ZAPDIR.COM is the only file flagged as having this virus, it's almost certainly a false alarm. "Repairing" ZAPDIR.COM would probably damage it.

Moving TeleTRF files to new computer:

Several times now I have changed computers or had to re-format my hard drive and this causes me to have to install the TeleTRF program afresh. Each time I do this I have to enter in all of the personnel information again. Is there any file I can save so that I can avoid this?

—JIMMY, FAITH AND JAMES,
USA

From the TeleTRF team:

For the DOS TeleTRF Version 7 program: Exit the TeleTRF program, then copy the entire C:\TeleTRF directory to a floppy disk (for backup) or to your new computer. You will not need to reinstall the TeleTRF program.

A 1.4 MB floppy should be able to hold the entire C:\TeleTRF directory, unless a fair number of .DT (sendoff) files have accumulated in the directory, in which case you'll have to put some of the files onto a second floppy.

To make sure your floppy disk backup is readable: After making the copy, remove the floppy disk from the drive, reinsert it, then copy its contents to a temporary directory on your hard disk. If it copies without error messages appearing, the floppy disk is good.

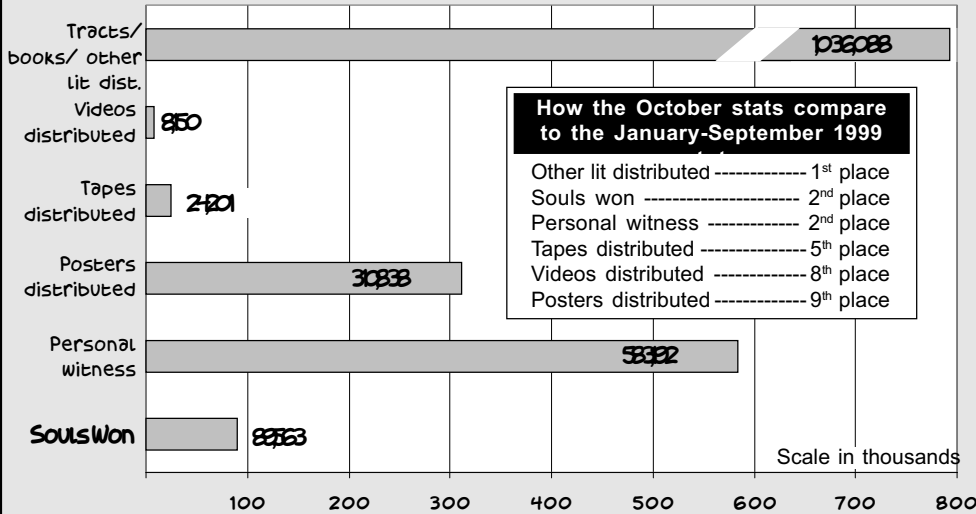
For the Windows TeleTRF program (soon to be released): The procedure is currently under development and will be documented with the new program.

The news and views from Family members published in the *Grapevine* are not intended to reflect WS policy. Suggested reading age for this publication is 14 years and up. May be read with, or by younger ages, at the discretion of shepherds and parents.
The Grapevine, PO Box 4938, Orange, CA 92863 USA e-mail: grape@ibm.net
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Family Statistics

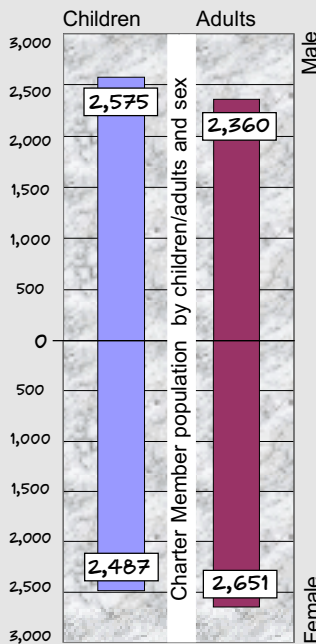
Compiled from stats taken from the October 1999 TRFs.

OUTREACH STATS



HOMES/POP STATS

	September	October	
CM Homes	869	843	-26
FM Homes	554	562	+8
Total Homes	1,423	1,405	-18
CM Home Size	11.8	12.0	—
FM Home Size	5.1	5.2	—
CM population	10,242	10,073	-169
FM population	2,843	2,922	+79
Total population	13,085	12,995	-90
CM Adults	5,079	5,011	-68
FM Adults	1,421	1,481	+60
Total Adults	6,500	6,492	-8
CM Children	5,163	5,062	-101
FM Children	1,422	1,441	+19
Total Children	6,585	6,503	-82
Births	21	22	+1
Betrothals	6	5	-1
New Disciples	16	11	-5



Personals

James (L. Walton., formerly Nehemiah) is trying to get in touch with **Mary (M. Walton)**. Could you please send me a snail and/or e-mail address? TKS. E-mail: famkare@hotmail.com.

Clara (14, of Daniel and Esperanza) is looking for **Vicky Joy** (15, of John and Rose). I last saw you in Romania a few years ago. I would like to get in contact with you if you still remember me. E-mail: Condo@impromex.ro.

Tim (of Tabi) in the Czech Republic is looking for **Angelina**. Where are you, girly? No one seems to have your e-mail. E-mail: eastmiss@pha.pvtnet.cz or eastmiss@mbox.vol.cz.

Dear **Ferry** and family in Thailand and **Lisa from Arnhem**. Can you please get in touch with us asap. We need to reach you, but have no way of doing so. Your e-mails have been returned. It's very important! Also **Ready (Joseph Eastman)**, please write Marie! Thanks!! E-mail: Tomrtmar@aol.com.

Paul Simon is looking for **Andy and Becky B.**, who were working in Vladivostok (Russia) in 1996-1999. Last time I saw you was the beginning of 1999, and then you left for Japan, and then for Washington. E-mail: pashaup@yahoo.com.

Meekness (formerly Freedom, German) would like to get in contact with **friends from past and present**. Please write! E-mail: 03396614838@posta.tim.it.

Lookin' for one gorgeous gal. C'mon guys, fish her out from under your beds! I wanna git in touch with her. Her name is **Katrina (20)**, and last heard from in Florida (on the way to Brazil). Hey sis, missin' ya! Immanuel (18) over here. E-mail: rosein@glasbga.vsnl.net.in.

Dear **Traugott!** We'd like to hear from you again! DJ (Russian Tim) and Davida. E-mail: Clement@crimea.com. Add: P.O. Box 264 Glavpochtamt, Yalta, Crimea, Ukraine 334200.

Argentinean Magdalene (Swiss German Philip's wife) wants to contact her daughter Olivia's father, **Australian Clay** (of Pearl, last seen in Cochin, India in 1985). Anyone knowing of his whereabouts, please contact: Brunshweiler Mabel 80, Bd. Carl - Vogt 1250 Geneve (Suisse).

PECULIAR PEOPLE



REMEMBER, IF YOU HAVE REAL LOVE, THEN YOU'LL HAVE HUMILITY. AND IF YOU HAVE HUMILITY, THEN YOU'LL HAVE REAL LOVE!

Inspired by ML #3235:58-70