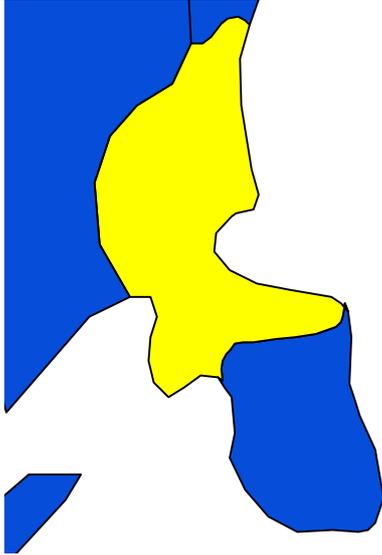


The Grapevine

“What happens around us is largely outside our control, but the way we choose to react to it is inside our control.”



BY TIM,
SEOUL,
KOREA

INTERNATIONAL NEWS DEVELOPMENT:

Inter-Korean Summit

Between June 13-15, South Korean President Kim Dae Jung traveled to Pyongyang, North Korea and held a historic summit meeting with the North's leader, Kim Jong Il. This landmark meeting marked the first time since the end of World War II in 1945, that the top leaders on the divided peninsula had met face-to-face. That alone was considered by Korea-watchers to have been a victory to help reduce tensions on what is called "the last Cold War frontier in the world."

The summit meeting is generally considered the fruit of South Korean president's two and a half-year sunshine policy, based on the fable that the warm sun successfully caused a man to take off his coat instead of the cold, harsh wind. The three-day visit was full of surprises, the greatest being the personality of the North Korean leader. Characterized for decades as a reclusive and imbalanced despot, in front of the media cameras the Northern leader came across as respectful of the elder Kim, confident and quite able to make self-deprecatory jokes about himself. Virtually the entire South Korean nation held their breath when their president stepped out from his airplane upon arrival in Pyongyang, unsure of how he would be received. To everyone's amazement, the northern leader had come to the airport and greeted his southern counterpart warmly.

The summit resulted in a five-point joint communiqué in which both sides vowed to solve differences peacefully

through dialogue instead of through military means, to allow separated families (up to 10 million people affected) to meet their relatives from the respective sides, and to encourage economic development.

Although there's a general sense of relief in South Korea, a strong awareness that many difficulties remain on the road to eventual reunification is widespread. However, with a direct dialogue finally underway after 55 years of mutual suspicion and distrust, the majority of Koreans are hopeful that their 5,000 year old nation will finally be reunited, howbeit slowly.

Over 1,000 foreign correspondents gathered in Seoul in a downtown press center to cover the Korean Summit. The Lord provided me (Tim) with a press card for the three day period which gave me many opportunities to talk with influential journalists, (International Herald Tribune, The Guardian, The Observer, The Economist, Chosun News USA, the Heritage Foundation, et al) about human rights conditions of North Korean refugees in China and other conditions that will have to be addressed if the needs of all Koreans will be justly addressed in this new window of opportunity for reunification.

Please join us in prayer for this fragile, yet hopeful development. In prayer for South Korean President Kim Dae Jung, we received the Beatitude, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Earthquakes in Iceland—urgent prayer request

BY THADDEUS, SARAH AND TEAM, ICELAND

You may have read or seen in the news that Iceland suffered an earthquake registering 6.6 on the Richter scale on June 17. It was followed last night by a second quake of the same magnitude. This quake was closer to the capital and did much more damage. Sarah's brother saw his farm lifted over one meter into the air and then it slammed back down, and much of it was destroyed.

Experts have warned that more earthquakes can be expected, closer to the capital. They are expected to be at least the same magnitude and, if they occur, they will cause much damage and possibly loss of life.

We would like to ask if you could pray against any further quakes and against any loss of life. We feel we've barely begun our work! We'd like to ask if you could also keep our little team in your prayers, not only for our protection but also our being able to help those in need. Many thanks!

Interested in upcoming Free Zine features? Stay tuned, the stories are on their way.

New book summary on MO site

The Pandita Ramabai Story
in Her Own Words

BY THE RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

"Is My Life Worth It?" tells the story of nineteen-year old David's close brush with death, when the car he was riding in skid off a pier, plummeting into the freezing sea on a cold December night.

Partial Ex-com? Does that get your mind ticking? If so, don't miss out.

Catch these articles in FZ #045, coming to your box—pronto. You wouldn't want to skip this edition, 'cuz there's something in there for you.

headlines

Note about *Feed My Lambs* series and correction on *CVC Pubs CD*

We're sure those of you who have already seen the new colored *Feed My Lambs* series have been thrilled with this beautiful set, both for your children and as a GP tool. God bless the dear ones who put this together! The GP set is made up of Books 1-7, plus the GP FML Checklist of Books 1-7, and the Award poster. Book 8 (which contains verses on Endtime and Warning; Persecution, David our Shepherd, and Chastening) is DFO. You are of course free to share this with those you feel led to, but it is not part of the GP set. There is also a separate DFO checklist which contains all verses from Books 1-8.

If you are looking at the pubs available on the *CVC Pubs CD*, you will come across the color *Feed My Lambs* booklets. Due to an error in the final preparation of the CD, this is not the *final* GP version of the *Feed My Lambs* series. It is the previously uncorrected 8-book set, which includes book 8 which is DFO. This CD set is fine for the Family, but a number of changes were made to prepare it for the GP printing. For your reference, following are the main changes that were made for the GP version:

1 Salvation message is on the inside front cover of all books.

2 Book 8 is marked DFO on page 1, top right hand corner. (Not to be included with GP set.)

3 Page 2 of books 1-7, with the cover pics of all the series, contains only up to book 7. (Book 8 contains all 8 books on this page.)

4 The GP FML checklist contains only up to book 7.

legal and media

Enoch, Peace, Philip and Angela, Bosnia: The national newspaper *Oslobodjena* did a very positive article on our recent visit to a school for handicapped children in Sarajevo (we did two shows there). It mentioned some other projects "The Family" volunteers and our national team "Hearts Full of Smiles" have been doing in the area. Circulation is 500,000.

Ready, Dulci and Clara, Spain: While ballooning in a commercial center in

Chaves, Portugal, we were approached by a young woman who did a brief five-minute interview with us about our work and goals. It was aired on *Radio Chaves* and turned out to be very favorable, reaching 150,000.

Michael, Peace, Jo and Comfort, Gambia: *Gambia TV* aired a favorable segment on us during prime time having to do with our humanitarian help during the recent riots here, reaching 50,000. The

Gambia Daily News and the *West Coast Radio* also covered the same topic, reaching 22,000.

Ricky, Martin, Nina, Sebastian and Esther, Tanzania: *ITV*, the national TV in Tanzania, came to our school's puppet show and showed us singing and dancing and doing our show that is based on *Treasure Attic* shows. The show was very favorable and they aired it twice, reaching 3,000,000.

Taiwanese disciples joining

BY SWEETIE, PACRO

Since our last meetings in March where we emphasized getting deeper with the sheep and even winning new disciples, three Taiwanese nationals have joined! That's a major victory, as the last person to join in Taiwan before this was over five years ago. One of the new disciples is a man, which is another major victory as this is the first Taiwanese male ever to join the Family! (There are currently two CM Chinese brothers but they are both from Hong Kong, and there is one brother who is actually from Taiwan but his family moved to Japan when he was a child and that's where he joined so he's more Japanese than Taiwanese.) So what everybody thought couldn't be done has happened! PTL! We're hoping more will follow and we'll have a disciple-winning revolution here!

S2K FOLLOW-UP

BY MARK (CRO), SOUTH AMERICA

On our trip to different cities in Brazil, it was inspiring to see the effect the Word has been having in the Homes and in people's personal lives. The overall spirit in the Homes is very different from just six months ago, and many of the pre-Shakeup problems are hardly issues anymore. There have been some beautiful turnarounds and we've met young people who are truly new creatures and you hardly recognize them. You no longer feel that strong worldly, defiant spirit. Things are definitely much better. It's not to say that there are not problems or areas that need improvement, but we're on a different playing ground than we were before.

It has stood out to me everywhere I go how the Lord is doing heavy things in people's personal lives and bringing them to a point of decision. The "Era of Action" promised it would be a year of changes and challenges for everyone, and this is being fulfilled. You can see the Spirit moving powerfully, and people are getting the point that things cannot continue as they were. It's refreshing to see many taking up the challenge and accepting the new things the Lord is bringing into their lives or asking of them.

In our recent visitation of nine Homes, we didn't have to reclassify anyone, and there was only one serious situation that warranted strict discipline. The Homes seemed to be at a different stage of the Shakeup, and what they needed was a challenge to evaluate their goals and ministries and see how they could do more for the Lord, get their young people out and really win their cities for Jesus. A lot of the challenge concerned how to witness more.

SHOPPING CART LESSONS

BY JAZ

It's funny the tiniest things the Lord can use sometimes to bring a noteworthy point home. I found myself in the middle of such a moment just the other day, when I was in the middle of a smallish supermarket, pushing my two kids through the aisles.

Lauren was sitting in the front seat of the shopping cart, and Kimby was perched in the back, amusing herself by looking at some books I'd borrowed from one of the shelves. By and by Kimby collected a small feather duster, which she dubbed her pom-pom and began waving around delightedly.

As we walked along I was talking with Gwyn about whatever it is that SGA girls talk about when they have a moment's peace from their all-consuming children. Our conversation was interrupted, however, when we turned our shocked attention back to the scene at hand: Kimby was standing up behind Lauren's seat, forcefully buffing her sister on the head with the duster, saying all the while, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

And this is where the moment happened. Caught up in the zeal of momentum, I sprang swiftly into action. I comforted Lauren, then swung around to deal with my mischievous little three-year-old. First I snatched the duster away and exiled it to a nearby shelf. And then I stopped. My natural inclination would have been to give Kimby a reprimanding swat on the hand and stiff correction to treat her sister with a great deal more love and consideration. But then our circumstances and surroundings suddenly kicked in: We were in a public place, and insofar as corporal punishment is concerned, any number of potential onlookers could easily have as many opinions of what is right and wrong. Generally, while out I like to tread as lightly as possible, just to be on the safe side.

And so, robbed of my natural-reaction crutch, I found myself praying quickly about an alternative. "Kimby," I said, "that was a very unloving thing to do, to bash your sister on the head and make her cry. Now you won't be able to play with that duster any more. I want you to fold your hands and sit still, right here, until I tell you." I sat her down in the back of the cart as described, and we continued through the aisles. After a few minutes she asked if she could be released, so I told her to pray and ask Jesus to help her be a much better sample and caretaker to

her baby sister, which she enthusiastically did. And life went on.

That was the end of our episode, but I stopped and thought about it later. Actually, I kind of liked the parenting that my surroundings forced me into. I guess it's so easy sometimes to just default to our natural reaction, take the old road, the easy road: There's a problem? A quick smack will straighten it out. When sometimes, if we stop and pray—whether by constraint or by personal desire—there's another road entirely, and it's often got a lot more prayer, love and explanations baked in, along with the requisite correction. Thank the Lord for His defining circumstances!

Kidbits

David Jesus-lover, born to **Deborah and Michael** on January 8th.—Romania

Elisabeth Jade, 2nd child, born to **Clair Mariangela and Peter BP** on January 31.—Hungary

James William, 10th child, born to **Ruthie and Paul** on February 6.—PACRO

Kim Lauren, born to **Joan and Gabriel** in April.—Slovenia

Ian Vincent, born to **Sylvia and Michael** on April 26th.—Kenya

Richard Caleb, born to **Sylvia and Caleb** on May 13th.—Hungary

Jodi Brooke Golden, 8th child, born to **Celeste and Jonathan** on May 17.—PACRO

Kylie Adele, 8th child, born to **Rebecca and Abner** on May 22.—Taiwan

THE NON-VISIBLE Y2K EFFECT

BY TIMOTHY HELMET, KOSOVO

One of the biggest things that Y2K accomplished was the upgrading of computer systems and networks on a global scale. Countries around the world were massively solicited by U.S.-based computer companies, who promised to get their military defense departments, power grids, and scores of government ministries Y2K compliant and ready. This of course made a lot of money for the big computer guys, as their fees were in the 100s of millions of dollars, but in the process, outdated computer systems in country after country were newly upgraded with compatible hardware, compatible programs, etc. Put 2 + 2 together and that's got to have something to do with "Racing for the Mark."

Don't touch her, unless you're
sure it's legal!

We hope that you have been as enriched in your knowledge and application of the Charter as our Home members have with the recent installment of the Charter questions and answers FSMs.

Pledging their loyalty and desire to uphold the standard of dedication required, male members reiterated their commitment to abide by every clause with special adherence given to point 60, page 38 ... they promised to do everything

within their power, by God's grace, to obey its injunction and not "touch HER unless you're sure it's legal"!

Being such honorable gentlemen as they are, their pledge was graciously accepted by all female members of the Home. However, the women debated briefly on the final identity of HER and wondered if the bestowing of such lofty capitalization of her referred prepositional title did in fact infer the age superiority of our most senior feminine member, (or she, herself pondered whether the most voluptuous there-

fore most desirable of the females in the household had been honored by such a title as HER.)

It was finally interjected and concluded in this Home's interpretation of point sixty that HER could and would undoubtedly refer to her royal highness Queen Maria, and only with specific permission of the duly delegated official of the CRO office, or a directive from HER majesty or HIS Royal Highness, King Peter, would any of our lowly males contravene the admonition of point sixty and thereby with all due reverence ... endeavor to "touch HER."

just for fun

BROTHERHOOD

Sao Paulo City Council

BY SAO PAULO VS TEAM

Last month we had a thrilling City council centered around the three latest GNs on “The Era of Action.” We prayed and heard from the Lord about what steps we should take to put these GNs into effect. Here are the things the Lord showed us, and we’re already seeing the tremendous fruit of putting the Word into action:

1 Do more things together as an area to promote unity.

2 Have monthly meetings that last a few days, where the young people can get together for classes, inspirations, fun get-out and activities. These will be held by the VSs, for a different age group each month (JETTs through SGAs). We’ve already held two of these get-togethers. Each young person who comes to the meeting brings a certain amount of funds to make the meetings possible. We hope to expand this into seminars for our young people, i.e: an inspirational meeting, childcare meeting, or workshop on a specific theme such as art, Endtime, follow-up, etc.

3 Make the Word come alive—especially to our younger generation. It is important that they see us follow through on this principle and that we translate “action” into their language. The two most important ingredients to make this a successful venture are good shepherding and consistency.

4 Start doing smaller activities on a weekly basis. Homes can take up the torch to pray and hear from the Lord about activities they’d like to do for a certain age group. We then make a calendar with a slot for each week and fill in the slots of what Homes will be providing what activities, and for what ages. Some ideas are witnessing outings, participating in a Home’s follow-up meeting or Bible class, a short faith-trip, a picnic with games, an outing to a bowling alley, trip to a special playground for the younger ones, etc. The Lord said to not only make it “fun and full of action,” but to also make Him the center of it with a short but powerful Word-class or inspiration, time of loving and praising Him. If we have these other weekly activities (hosted by a different Home each week), then the area parties won’t be the only fun activity that our young people look forward to. These are already rolling!

5 The Lord emphasized that we needed to form a group of bell-wethers and create positive peer-pressure. Some of the different young people we’ve had helping us to make this vision a reality so far have been Jonathan, Chloe, Ivan, Santi, Ruthie, Maria and Michael.

6 At each City Council (or at least every two months), make it a point to touch base on the progress we are making in the above-mentioned points and seek the Lord.

Junior teen meetings

BY SAO PAULO VS TEAM

We just finished holding a three-day meeting with the junior teens. We had beautiful classes about the “Era of Action” and fun times together. We also had prayer for the Holy Spirit and the gift of prophecy, and the Lord poured out abundantly on the spot and gave beautiful, thrilling prophecies through all the junior teens. Everyone was so excited after this, so we started gypsy dancing and got really free in the spirit.

One night we had a loving Jesus inspiration. Everyone took some time before the meeting to write out their own praise kiss to the Lord, and they were all so beautiful. Some of them shared prophecies the Lord and Dad had given. It was heavy! The Lord also worked it out for all of us to eat lunch at a very nice restaurant. The owners have been friends for a while and are “hooked” on the Word, prayer, and hearing from the Lord in prophecy.

We discussed how since we were going to a nice restaurant, they would need to dress nicely and the girls could wear simple jewelry. We asked if anyone had shiny nail polish on, if they could take it off, and only wear one pair of earrings, etc. The girls wore nice “light” make-up. It helped them realize that the “look” they thought was cool is really not high class at all, and that looking junked out with cheap jewelry and bright nail polish is not acceptable in such nice places. Everyone gladly cleaned up. Through this we touched on having a missionary appearance. It was a living sample and the Lord couldn’t have set it up better.

There’s so much more to say, and a whole other FSM to say it!—“Pointers from the Pros,” volume 3, is bursting with tried-and-true outreach tips FROM you, and FOR you. Don’t miss it!

Activated books go like hotcakes!

BY ABEL AND ANGEL, JAPAN

Recently we were invited to attend the February 20th anniversary of a local Filipino fellowship. At the luncheon, we were able to introduce them to the *Activated* books and other tools.

They invited me to talk to their congregation and said they wanted to order the *Activated* books (especially *Bible Basics* and *Keys to Happier Living*) for all their elders to study at their weekly Bible studies. Since then, much of their congregation have ordered various *Activated* books and other Family tools (videos and tapes) for themselves and their families and friends. Many rave about the books and other tools as very feeding and giving the spark of faith they need in their lives.

activated activated activated

letters to the editor

Re: Kevin’s columns

Hi Kevin, Just a note to say I think your work is great. I dig your style of writing—it’s humorous and gets the point across! Touchy topics don’t hurt when you’re laughing! As a writer-wanna-be, I’m jealous, ha! Keep up the good work! I enjoy your columns!

—CARM (YA), INDONESIA

feature

A YEAR IN AFRICA

By LAUREN, FOR THE TEAM IN EQUATORIAL GUINEA

Looking back I think we must've been nuts—or at least slightly crazy. Maybe it was just crazy faith. Whatever it was, the fact that we were able to pioneer this work was nothing less than a miracle. When we first decided to branch off and pioneer, we had nothing—no money, no team, very little home support—and we were already living in Africa in a Home with no money to spare and little means of raising it locally. But we prayed about it, and the Lord showed us to go, so we figured the “how would it be possible?” part was His business.

We'd done our research beforehand and we probably knew more about this country than anyone else who'd never been here before, so we figured we understood the situation and knew that we were up for a real challenge. Boy, we had no idea.

The general plan was for part of our team to fly to Cameroon and meet the Home there, stay with them for a couple weeks, and from there make our way over land (or sea or air) to Equatorial Guinea. And so it was that we found ourselves boarding a flight for Cameroon on the last day of February 1999.

Landing in Yaounde was one landing we'll never forget. Coming down from the clouds you see nothing but miles and miles of semi-rain forest with small villages peeking out here and there. Pretty soon we were practically skimming the treetops, and still no sign of civilization. Just when we thought the landing gear was going to start collecting foliage, the first sign of tarmac appeared. The plane touched down and everyone broke out in a loud round of applause. We heaved a sigh of relief.

And then it hit: the humidity, the heat, and the smell that can only come from a building surviving year after year through rainy season after rainy season. What a surge! Passing through customs and immigrations with the jostling, confusion and coercion left no doubt: We were definitely back in Africa.

Soon after our arrival in Cameroon, we paid a visit to the American embassy. We had a few details to take care of and figured that while we were there, they'd be a great source of information on the surrounding countries—particularly Equatorial Guinea. We started out talking with the

assistant vice-consul, who buzzed the news around that we were heading towards Equatorial Guinea. Within seconds the vice-consul had joined the conversation; as if that wasn't enough, another gentleman who we assume was either the consul (or counterpart) was there to lend a hand.

They treated us like little children who had obliviously wandered into a minefield, and did their best to dissuade us from going. “Are you sure you know what you're doing?” “You realize it's not easy to get there.” “Once you get there, there are no accommodations.” “We have no representation in Equatorial Guinea, so if you run into trouble there isn't much we can do for you.” On and on it went, and when all they got back from us were smiles and nods, they gave up and left us to our own devices. The one valuable piece of information that we did pick up is that elections were taking place in only a few days, so we decided to wait those out in Cameroon. We knew from previous experience that election times are not a highlight of life in Africa.

Getting around from place to place in Africa is never easy, but getting to Equatorial Guinea was even trickier. We found that the only safe way to get there was to fly (although that was still questionable). Our main destination, the island of Bioko, was only a short distance off the coast of Cameroon—

The country is one of Africa's smallest. It has an area equal to the state of Maryland in the USA, and a total population of less than a half a million. It gained independence in 1969 and was ruled for 10 years by a ruthless madman/witch doctor who plunged the country into the deepest form of poverty and hopelessness imaginable. By the time he was toppled, only an estimated 1/3 of the former 300,000 inhabitants remained. It is estimated that 50,000-100,000 had been killed or tortured, and many more had fled. Although relative calm returned in the early 1980s, the country had no money and all of its former trade had dried up, so it remained desperately poor and closed off to the outside world. Only within the last five years have things begun to lighten up and more foreigners have started coming into the country.

Still, it is one of the most difficult countries in Africa to get to and get into (aside from the ones that are at war). Visas are issued for 15 days, and an extension costs a whopping \$50 per month (usually issued one month at a time). There are only a handful of Equatorial Guinean embassies around the globe, and getting a visa at any one of them besides those in the surrounding three countries can be a complete headache.

Normally when people think of sub-Saharan Africa, they realize that normal things found in the West are hard to come by; you don't get many conveniences and you experience shortages and cuts (among other things). Take all of that and triple it, and you get Equatorial Guinea.



Here's our city, Malabo, nestled between the jungle and the ocean.

EXCERPTS FROM OUR LOGS:

EXCERPTS
FROM OUR
LOGS:

a 15-minute flight or four-hour boat ride. But the only boats that ply the route are small wooden cargo boats—loaded to the gunwales with beer or other cargo—that depart on no particular schedule. We opted to fly.

This was our first experience flying an African airline within Africa. Till this time, all of our travels within Africa have been by land or sea. We never realized how much excitement we'd been missing. It's a 10-15 minute flight to Malabo from Douala, and you can easily see the mainland from here if it's a clear day. But the checking in and boarding procedure takes nearly two hours.

All of the ticketing is done by hand. While checking in we waited patiently in line watching ladies unpack vegetables from their check-in luggage (also full of other stuff that left a gooey trace all over the floor), all the while haggling over weight allowance, yelling and complaining bitterly in their local tongue.

Walking through the terminal to our plane, we discovered why three-inch thick glass was invented and is used in most standard airports, and why people who work around or on airplanes at the airport always have big circley-type things on their ears. Douala's airport is open so that the breeze can pass through. It's nice for ventilation in the scalding heat, but with jet engines revved up less than 100 feet away it leaves you longing for earplugs.

We had no idea of what to expect of the airport in Malabo (capital of Equatorial Guinea), but the gutted and burned out air-wrecks that lined the runway were a bit of a surprise. The "terminal" is basically a two-room structure: one small room for departures and one for arrivals. Luggage is piled on carts and pushed to and from the airplanes by foot power. It is stacked behind iron bars (sort of like a cage) and the passengers wait eagerly on one side of it, watching each bag come in until they spot their own. Then it's simply a matter of yelling loud enough over the din to catch someone's attention so that they can bring the bag to you, check it against your ticket stub and shove it through small openings designed for the purpose.

So there we were, strange people in a strange country of which we had only book and Internet knowledge (thankfully at least one of us was fluent in the local language, and the other two had a pretty good grasp).

The taxi man who brought us the four-mile trip into town did his best to help us find a place to stay, and we quickly learned what the embassy guys meant when they meant by no accommodation. We realized that provisioning a hotel room was out of the question and it was going to be a miracle if we found someone who would even rent one to us. After trying a number of "hostels," the taxi man told us that he had a friend who was opening up a small hostel and that maybe there would be room.

By nothing less than a miracle, we found the only two rooms being rented out in the entire city. We know for a fact that they were the only two rooms because arriving on the same plane as us was a French businessman who was supposed to catch a connecting flight to Bata (mainland Equatorial Guinea). In typical African custom, the flight was canceled and he was stranded. We bumped into him at least five or six times throughout the day while he was visiting every little room-providing location that existed in the city. Finally he ended up having to stay in

someone's house. We were also on the hunt for accommodations. The rooms the taxi man brought us to were not that expensive, so we had decided to leave our bags there and spend some time trying to find out if there was anything "better" available. There wasn't.

In Malabo, there is no running water at any time during the day aside from 6:30 to 7:30 A.M. unless you have a water tank and a pump (and generator to run it). This means that if you want water, you have to make sure to fill buckets early in the morning. A few parts of town have electricity most of the time, but for everyone else it's only on between 7:30 P.M. and 7:30 A.M., generally speaking. There are of course a lot of nights when there's no electricity either.

Imagine yourself staying in a room at basement level with no windows, no breeze, no light, six-inch hairy spiders, three-inch cockroaches, and a whole island full of mosquitoes to keep you company. The bathroom is a pitch black four-walled cement structure with a six-foot ceiling height, a hole for a toilet, a bucket for a shower and a candle for light.



Renate at one of the village schools, discussing upcoming improvements with the village mayor and school principal.

We had arrived in Malabo at 8 in the morning and were very thankful for that because it gave us the whole day to explore the city and get our bearings. We soon realized we didn't need "bearings," as the whole city could be explored in a couple of hours. By the end of the morning we had discovered three things:

1) It was going to take a miracle to find a house because there are no "housing agencies" in the city nor houses for rent.

2) Even if we could find another hotel room, we would never be able to afford it, and with such a high demand for rooms, nobody was going to donate it.

3) We needed some Heavenly intervention, and quick.

Of course the Lord heard and answered, and to this day we are still reaping the benefits of our first "miracle in Malabo." It would take another three pages to tell, but in summary, we moved out of the tunnel and the Lord gave us a place to stay until the day He provided us a perfect house for what we needed.

EXCERPTS
FROM OUR
LOGS:

(Excerpts from our logs:) In these parts, if you want to receive any correspondence from the outside world, you must have a P.O. box because there is no such thing as street address mail delivery. (This could be because there are no real street addresses. Our street address goes something like, "Independence Street, behind the bakery, in the courtyard, the house on the left." Try telling that to the postman. But that is what's legally on our rent contract. Our P.O. box contract has been shortened to "Miguel's house."—He's our landlord.) In this city (the capital and the largest city in the country) there is one post office, with less than 1,000 P.O. boxes.

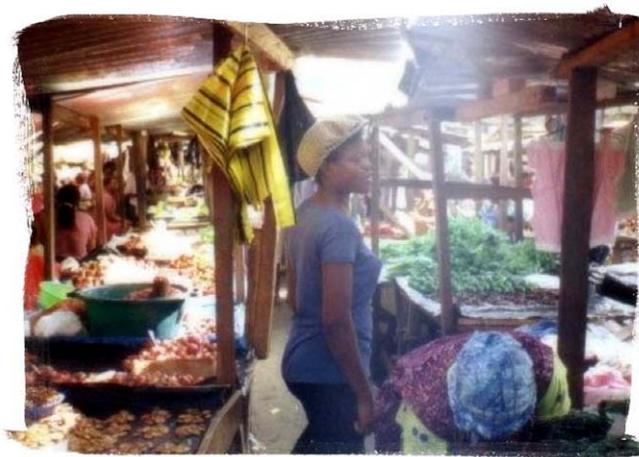
We've developed a habit of running to the post office every Monday and Wednesday to peer inside a little metal box, and we're not the only ones in the city who do this. Practically all the other people who are lucky enough to have little metal boxes also do the same thing. The reason is that this country is so small that there are only two possible days of the week when mail will arrive. There are only two international flights, and the whole city knows exactly when they come in. (When picking someone up at the airport, you don't bother with flight information. You just find out what airline they are coming in on and you automatically know exactly where and what time to pick them up.)

Another thing that is kind of unique about this country is the length of the phone numbers. Our entire phone number, including country code and city code is shorter than a local number in Europe. (Speaking of phones, we've been very impressed with the phone system. We applied for and received a phone in two weeks, and it could've even taken less time if it weren't for the fact that someone lost our contract.)

In this country there are so few phones that each phone number only has 4 digits. This leaves the phone company a maximum of 9,999 numbers to give out in a city of 45,000. But wait, that's not all. All numbers beginning with "5" are reserved for mobile phones, so technically, in this city there are a possible 9,000 phone numbers. We feel quite confident in stating the fact that there are probably less than half that many numbers in service. This country also has no "phone book"—but you don't really need one. With numbers that short and so few of them, you can memorize the numbers of everyone you know, and still have neurons left over for finding your way to the post office.

On the island there is no local industry to produce the needs of the population, which means everything (except tropical fruits and vegetables) has to be imported. Shopping for food (or anything else) here is therefore another topic that deserves discussion. Here there are basically three places you go to buy food that is recognizable as "food." There is no such thing as a "one stop" grocery center.

Firstly, we have "supermarkets," of which there are two in the city. Each is about the size



Part of the fruit and vegetable section of the local market.

of a large bedroom (one a little bigger than the other in size, but not in variety). Secondly, there is a special frozen foods company that sells pre-packaged and frozen meat. This store is much smaller. Lastly, there is the all too famous "central market" where we get fruits and vegetables (and just about anything else the country's neighbors decide to import or smuggle into the country).

The frozen foods company is pretty straightforward. They sell frozen meat, and sometimes a less expensive version of cheese than you will find in the "supermarkets." Supplies are limited; you take what you can find, but at least the meat is dead when you buy it; you know it is not rat or monkey meat and the smells don't leave you running for cover like those in the central market do. (Interestingly enough, the sellers at the local market often get their meat from this store and then break it down into smaller portions for reselling. Many people here can only afford to buy small amounts at a time. Items such as noodles can be bought by the handful, spices by the teaspoon, garlic by the clove, rice by half a cup, etc.)

The central market is a seething mass of humanity cluttered with little stands and tables, and sometimes "booths" built out of wood. The items you find range from enormous buckets (an everyday necessity in a country without running water), to pots and pans, clothing, shoes, and—yes, assorted fruits, vegetables, meats, grains, and a whole host of things we'd better not tell you about.

Another part of the food factor is that we don't have refrigeration. Here things like washing machines, refrigerators, TVs, etc., are considered luxuries. So when you buy one, not only do you have to pay the burdensome price of the shipping costs to get it here, there is also a 50% luxury tax. So at the moment, in this hot and humid country, refrigeration is out of the question for us. (We do cheat, though. We have ONE air-conditioner in our house, which is almost strong enough to cool one room. Thankfully we don't pay for electricity or we couldn't afford to run it. We don't know why, but when the builders installed it, they put it about floor level instead of up by the ceiling where it belongs. It comes in quite handy. We just stick perishables in front of it and as long as the electricity stays on, it

Here is an idea of the general cost of the few "imported foods" you can get here, in equivalent U.S. dollars:
\$5.00 for the smallest box of breakfast cereal
\$5.00 per gallon of milk
\$2.00 for 4 oz. of cheese
\$5.00 per gallon of juice
\$6.00 for a tiny jar of pickles
\$4.00 for a tiny can of preserved vegetables
\$32.00 for a gallon of ice cream (there is no typo on that one, it is THIRTY-TWO DOLLARS for a gallon of ice cream).

**A YEAR
LATER:**

works pretty well.) Note: The Lord in His wonderful foresight gave us a house in the area of town that gets “24 hour” electricity.—It’s not constant and we have daily cuts, but it’s better than 12-hour electricity with daily cuts.

The tap water in Malabo is lethal. Even the locals don’t drink it. Most expatriates here buy their drinking water. But since that’s a little out of our budget, we do what most of the locals do: hike down to the nearby “spring” to fetch our own. It’s not as bad as it sounds. It’s not like hauling water from a well or anything. Basically we don’t see the spring, just pipes coming out of a wall that are constantly running and never shut off. It’s a routine we have to deal with once or twice a week.

Life hasn’t changed a whole lot since the above was first written—although we do have a refrigerator and the electricity situation has improved so that now, most of the city has light 24 hours a day. There is still no running water for most of the day and our drinking water is still hauled in from the spring. We don’t get harassed anymore like we used to because everyone knows us, and the post office people know us so well that when we get packages they bring them to our door as a special favor. Now not a day goes by where we don’t bump into someone (or “someones”) we know while walking through town, and in typical Malabo fashion “bumping into” means inquiring about friends, family, health and well-being. There is no point being on a tight schedule or in a hurry because things don’t work that way here.

Unlike most countries we’ve lived in, this place has no orphanages, no old folks’ homes, no handicapped centers and no street children’s centers. Generally speaking, the schools don’t have electricity, there aren’t enough desks for students, and the chalkboards are nothing but pieces of ply-



David at the local carpentry shop building school desks for 100 children.

wood painted over with paint now worn so thin the writing is barely visible. School supplies such as paper, pens and chalk are hard to come by, and poorer students have none at all. It’s not even worth mentioning the state of the hospital.

Life in these parts moves very slowly, and everything we want to do also moves very slowly. Our CTP projects in the villages are no exception. But they do make a difference. And it’s a good thing too, because this is the only reason we are allowed to stay in the country. It’s not possible to live here without being “attached” to some organization, and the organizations are closely watched to make sure they are serious in their goals—which, thankfully we are. And we seem to have turned a few heads in the process.

There are very few foreigners in this country, and the ones that are here are mainly older males, involved in the oil industry. There are probably 10-15 young foreigners between the ages of 18 and 28, and we are 5 of them. The government ministries we work under are impressed to find young people so serious about helping their country.

Living in a country this remote definitely has its highs and lows. The “doing without” can sometimes get really frustrating. Especially when it’s something very needed and it just doesn’t exist, or when the few items that can be found are so expensive they are unaffordable. (Provisioning hasn’t worked yet, as so few people have anything “to spare.”) Sometimes it feels like the joke, “If there’s anything you need, let us know and we’ll tell you how to do without it!” was written for this country. But the sense of fulfillment is tremendous and we know that the eternal rewards are great.

Sharon and Angie at the local hospital.



happenings

[Slow but sure, fruits of follow-up]

The Izmir Home, Turkey: Our team has been in this city for four years. We have learned a lot by the trial and error in our pioneer situation. Taking quiet time, using and believing prophecy, and loving Him, keeps us plodding on.

Quite a few of the people we have ministered to fell in love with the Spirit and with Dad's writings, but when the time came to commit themselves more, our sweet sheep realized that there would be no turning back. The traditions and customs of the land hold the people captive and they would feel almost as traitors if they were to drop everything to follow Him. Their family would feel humiliated in many cases, should they dare to leave the beaten paths. The oriental mentality of saving face is prevalent here. People are free to think as they will, but putting their thoughts into action is another story.

We realize more and more how much the Lord and His teams of spirit helpers are kept busy trying to get through, first of all to us, and then to the ones He is intending to gather into His fold. We marvel at His longsuffering and patience, not taking "no" for an answer, and how in spite of many setbacks, He keeps calling.

Mahel and his wife Fira* (in their late 30s) were met a month after the earthquakes struck here nine months ago. They are province officials, and have been actively involved with the care of the victims. A sweet and deep friendship developed between us. They fed us, invited us to stay at their house whenever we would go to the camps, and asked us to come and visit them again and again. (*Editor: Aliases used throughout this article.)

We had to tread softly and carefully, but by and by, the famous questions were asked as to the secret of the peace and trust we seem to have within us. It still seems so out-of-this-world to them that we are not laying up treasures that moth and rust can corrupt, but that we trust He knows our needs and sees to them day by day. It is even more astonishing for them to hear our SGA and teen daughters tell them the secret of our faith. How can we, by having developed the habit of spending regular quality time with God, be so sure that every-

thing will be well with us? We know it is a miracle every day, and they start seeing it too.

On our last visit, we had the chance to minister to Fira, who invited her guard and her housekeeper to hear the precious truths as well. The Lord indicated that we could tell her that He spoke to us in a special message about her, and how she could avail herself of the same line of communication, comfort and guidance, if she chose to. She promised to try.

Even though she and her husband are well off, they think of the poor and share their wealth. They carry heavy responsibilities and the Lord took them down the path of breakings so that they could understand the poor, the helpless and the downtrodden. Please pray that we can introduce them to the One who means everything to us.

Mr. Sommel is a dear man we met two months ago. We were referred to him through another friend. He is a psychiatrist, well versed in many spiritual topics, and an iconoclast of sorts. At our first meeting we were able to share a lot with him and he talked openly about his life, travels and search. He ran away and left the country when he was a young man (he is now 40). He lived for six years in India, and by a turn of events was able to re-enter the country.

He seems to be very well known in his department, and has counseled many important people. Titles and honors did not go to his head, and the Lord preserved in him a very humble soul. Coming from a simple background and having been acquainted with nature in his childhood, he finds it necessary to go and retreat each year in the midst of God's creation. Being a psychiatrist is a big responsibility; he holds people's lives in his hands, so to speak, as his patients confide in him. He sees nearly 100 people each day, not counting lengthy phone calls where people ask him counsel about everything. Apart from his stressful professional life, he does not have a very happy marriage and suffers from insomnia.

He came to visit us in our Home for the first time, and felt at ease and peaceful. He told us that here, he could find rest and sleep peacefully. He was extremely interested to hear more about our life and our encounters with the Lord. We shared our personal tes-

timonies with him and some of the miracles we have witnessed through the years. He told us that once he went to live in a cave for six months in order to strengthen his connection with God. As we were sitting with him, we were led to tell him that we spend regular times with Him too. At that he replied, "I can definitely see that you get your orders and instructions from the Almighty. I feel that each of you has a firm and solid connection with Him."

It was an encouragement to hear such a reaction, as we do not feel very well ahead in our conversing with the Lord yet. We are a Home of a few people and each of us is an average Family member, but when the anointing falls, the Lord takes control and gets all the credit.

Another comment he made that day was that he had found with us everything he had been looking for all his life. We could feel how much strength and inspiration he was drawing from the short hour he spent with (the Lord in) us. When we brought him to his car, he asked if we could often spend time with each other. His sheep hear His voice!

Inman and wife Ranya (in their mid-thirties) have been our neighbors for the past four years. We have talked a lot with them as they are very interested in spiritual matters.

They told us recently about one of their friends, Shira, with whom they used to get together to receive messages. One day as they were "channeling" together, both their friend Shira and Ranya herself saw the same vision that depicted that Shira was called out and chosen to be a priest to protect and defend the Bible and was given the name of one of the saints. (In other dreams and visions he had already seen himself as some kind of priest.) Mind you, this man is a Muslim.

Later Shira went to a nearby holy place, that is said to be where the Virgin Mary came with John the Beloved to spend her last years on Earth. There is a chapel and a Catholic priest attends the visitors there.

When Shira arrived, the priest came up to him and said: "I have been waiting for you for a long time. Why did you come so late?" And he called him by the Biblical name that he had been given in the vision. Amazing connections!

forum

[Family education got her in]

Joy (of Paul), Australia: Joyanne (Kannika) of John and Promise, returned from India. She wanted to go FM as she was worried about her education, having listened to some ex-member teens. She wanted to do her HSC (High School Certificate) and then go on to University.

After visiting with some counselors at the school, they wanted more information from her. She gathered her qualifications and they were very impressed. She has her CLE marks listed in her CLE transcript, a lot of which are Family courses (Word, etc.), her CAT scores, along with a St. John's Senior Certificate in First Aid and her work with the poor in both India and Thailand. They said that she qualified to go straight into University. This is pretty good going as here in New South Wales your HSC (High School Certificate) is highly regarded. Not only is she now doing her Bachelor of Science in Nursing but the counselors even suggested Medicine for her.

This is a good testimony for Family education and also a good reminder to keep records as the System looks for them.

[Credentials and documentation perks]

Andy, PACRO: One main area in which Family education outshines the System's by far is in the area of communication and relationships. Mama brings this out in "The Benefits of the Family" (GN 777:81).

"Communication and relationship skills. As I'm sure you've discovered in your witnessing, you young people in particular are miles ahead of your System peers when it comes to communication skills, being able to relate to people and understand them, etc. Some of the most sought-after skills by many employers in the System are being able to relate well to others and communicate well. There's hardly anywhere you can get better training for that than in the Family, because of our communal lifestyle and our outreach ministries. Not only do we have all the good training and advice in the Word, but we get to practice and learn and grow in this area on a daily basis in our interaction with each other in our Homes, and in our witnessing."

I can testify of this because my son left the Family in pursuit of more System education and he is presently

studying Computer Science at University. He studied well while in the Family, so he had some good documentation when he left, which helped him a lot.

He had to work at a part-time job for income so he started at a fast-food chain delivering fried chicken. Within a few months he was promoted to overseeing all the staff employed there because of his abilities in communications and good relationships with everyone. One worker, a 21-year-old, said to him, "I can't believe you're only 18! You seem so much more mature than 18."

Conversely, for those who don't bother with the CVC or working on studying, of which there are a growing number in the Family now, things are more difficult. I help the PACRO FED to print and send out certificates. I feel a little sad for some of our young people who don't have a vision to work on the CVC and then down the line we receive requests for certificates or documentation, but they haven't pressed in or kept good records, so it becomes frustrating for them later as they try to gather their credentials, etc., for an unforeseen need. It's so much easier to issue certificates to those who are now pressing in and taking advantage of the program, and these folks benefit from it later.

[Culture-oriented respect]

FGA national, Japan: I would like to encourage our young people to address us of the older generation with more respect and politeness. It may not be so necessary in other countries, but in Japan, young people are taught to address their elders very respectfully. I know Mama says it's not necessary for the YAs and SGAs to call all the adults "uncle and auntie" any longer. I'm not saying this should be done. I just thought it would be a good sample, if in cultures like ours, the young people could add "*san*" at the end of an FGA's name. For example: "Kenji-san" or "Maria-san." It sounds very loving and respectful to us FGAs and is a good sample to the people around us.

Mama jewels on . . .
the Lord's timetable

—TO A YOUNG STAFF MEMBER

We're moving forward, though never as fast as we want to. Usually the Lord's timetable is not as rigid as ours, and His schedule usually leaves greater leeway than ours does. We want to get everything done in a much shorter time than the Lord expects us to. We try to cram a lot in and get more done, when actually it's not the Lord that's pushing us, because He gives us a longer time to do things. We get rushed and flurried and under pressure just thinking about all the things we have to do, when the Lord has a longer timeline and gives us more leeway than we do ourselves.

That's another reason why it's so important to ask the Lord about your daily schedule and how He wants you to organize and juggle your time. You may be racing to get something done when the Lord knows that it can wait a little longer; conversely, you might be neglecting or overlooking something that is very important. But if you're faithful to ask the Lord, He'll clarify your priorities, and you can be assured that you're staying on His perfect timetable.



TIP OF THE DAY

Blind carbon copy

When sending email, some email programs allow you to send mail to a recipient and also to a CC (carbon copy). Many people who want to mail something to many people tend to put a number of email addresses, sometimes dozens on this CC line. When you do that, every person you sent that email to can see all of the email addresses of everyone else who got it. This means that many people's email addresses get spread around, which they may very well not appreciate. To avoid this you should use (if your email program has it) the BCC (Blind Carbon Copy), which means it sends carbon copies, but blindly, meaning no one else sees the email addresses of others who also received the email.

SHINE ON — May 2000

TEAMWORK	Per Adult	Total
SOUL SHINERS FOR MAY 2000		
Josue Fiel/Maria, Mexico	965	4,825
Bernabel/Luz, Mexico	840	1,680
Juan/Maggie, Mexico	750	3,000
Benigna Lara, Mexico	595	1,785
Sara/Jonatan Alle/Natalie, Mexico	546	1,340
Madras Deaf Home, India	485	1,455
Samuel/Rosita, Mexico	400	800
Carolina/Dave/Ana, Colombia	331	1,658
Marianne/Angie, Venezuela	300	600
Michael/Maria, Japan	263	1,054

POSTER SHINERS FOR MAY 2000	Per Adult	Total
Sharif/Joanne/Rima, Nigeria	2,285	16,000
Michael/Maria, Japan	1,481	5,926
Barz/Sara/Daniel, South Africa	1,388	4,165
Juan/Leticia/Maria, Mozambique	1,085	7,600
Marianne/Shine/Timothy, USA	954	8,586
Delhi Deaf Home, India	778	3,891
Pedro/Lily/Constanza, Madagascar	764	5,350
Tyndale/Marta, Brazil	739	2,218
Nadia/David/Claire, USA	663	5,300
Jonathan L./Claire Livingstone, Japan	625	2,500

TAPE SHINERS FOR MAY 2000	Per Adult	Total
Miguel/Rute, Brazil	102	308
Micah/Trust, Taiwan	84	254
Tim/Elisabeth/Aurora, Spain	69	208
Jeho/Consuelo/Lizzy, Brazil	64	709
Jay/Nina Wood, USA	63	190
Peter/John Mark/Hope, USA	62	247
Pablo/Cielo, Brazil	60	241
Joao/Clara, Brazil	59	119
Davi/Madalena/Andrew/Dulci/Mateus, Brazil	57	463
Tim/Claire/Stefan/Joy, Switzerland	56	281

VIDEO SHINERS FOR MAY 2000	Per Adult	Total
David/Esperanza, Peru	97	390
Joao/Clara, Brazil	75	151
Ben/Meekness/Sam/Crystal, Botswana	50	200
Jesse/Maria, Brazil	43	131
Jessica/David, Russia	28	85
Felipe/Vitoria, Brazil	26.7	107
Gabriel/Jemima/Celeste, Brazil	26.6	80
Mark/Maria/Shannon/Shane, Ghana	24	123
Paul/Olivia, Kenya	21	42
Philip/Meekness/Ben/Angela/Mag, Namibia	17	89

Personals

Allison (in India) and **Paloma** (in Brazil), please get in contact with Simona (Joy) in Switzerland. My e-mail is Cmona69@email.com. Add: Simona Booth, Laupenstr.43, Wald 8636 – Switzerland.

Address update from David Newheart: All my former e-mail addresses are no longer valid. Please only use the following two: davidnewheart@web.de; Mountainstream HomeStuttgart@web.de.

This is Tim Carpenter trying to get in touch with **Peruvian Maria**, we knew each other in Niteroi, Brazil at the school in 90-91. Also hello to **Phil (Zicki) & Clara** whom I worked with in Sao Paulo and Niteroi from 88-91. Lots of love to you—and anyone else who knows me! E-mail: legaultpeter@hotmail.com

Vix (of Meekness) & Baby Liz, I got your letters, but your e-mails were erased before I had a chance to write them down. It was entirely my fault, but, would you mind sending them again? Does anyone know of what became of **Anita (of Martin & Mercy)**? Please ask her to write Julia (of Zeb & Hope) who lived with her in Brasilia? E-mail: zkmail@ig.com.br! Tx!

Shad and Miriam – where are you? Would love to hear from you. Contact me at: AbiFr@yahoo.com. (From French Abi, singing partner from Switzerland).

Dear **Luke, Crystal & Joy**, Beautiful testimony in the *Grapevine*! So glad you made it! I've been wanting to contact you as after you left I didn't have your email address. Today must be the day to do something about it as I received an email for you! Please write me at activatedindia@activated.org. Love, Penny

Nancy Baschmakow (formerly Ahlai and Esther) is desperately looking for her two daughters, **Valentina and Marie Claire**. Last she heard the two girls were with their father, Ibzán Campeador, in the CM Family. This is very urgent for her. Please write to: chosenone@ibelieve.com.

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. Selected portions may be read by or with those younger at parents' or shepherd's discretion. *The Grapevine*, P.O. Box 4938, Orange, CA 92863 USA e-mail: grape@ibm.net Copyright © 2000 by The Family

HELP WANTED

To anyone who wants to help, I'm **Cherrie (16)**, and heading for **Ukraine**. I'm presently living in Indonesia, and I want to leave soon, and need about \$600. I really need help, big or small! If in any way possible you could be the answer to my prayers, I'd be so very thankful!!

You can send your gifts through the Indo ABM to Cherrie at IN06. Thanks so much!

Greetings from Ukraine! We are **small team in Kiev** preparing to hit the road and give out the message. We have everything ready to reach the needy, but we are facing financial difficulties, so any help towards our work here would be **greatly appreciated**.—Big or small, it makes a tremendous difference here in this fruitful but poor country. You can contact us directly via root@eridan1.kiev.ua or send your donations to UI004. Love you lots!—**James, Ruthie, Angela, Rufina and 3 little ones.**



PECULIAR PEOPLE

