

# Victory in Babylon!

Required reading for all, age 7 years and up!

- Based on the true adventures of God's children! God's miraculous care, protection, leading, guidance and help in difficult circumstances!

## CHAPTER 24

### "A BIG MORNING!"

It had been a big morning at Green Trees! Praise's tearful testimony on TV of how it felt to have the police and social workers break into their Home and snatch away their children had shocked the public and stirred up quite a bit of sympathy\* and support.

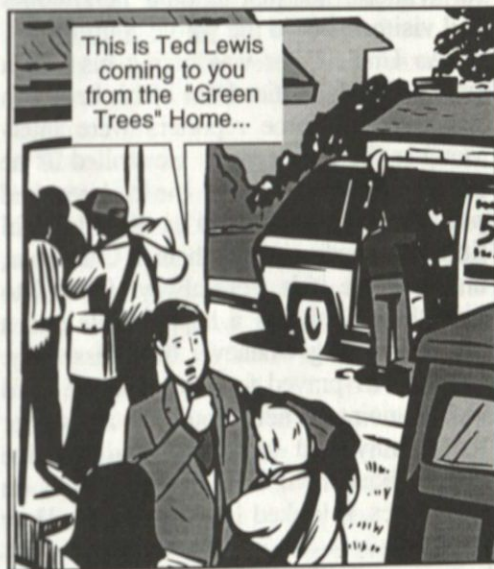
Now across the nation, in bars, at dinner tables, during coffee breaks at the office, the Family was becoming the hottest topic of discussion! The phone at Green Trees was ringing all day with calls from concerned friends, grandparents, contacts and supporters who knew the Family personally and were horrified by what had happened. Even people who didn't know the Family personally were shocked that anybody could be treated in such a cruel and heartless manner.

## THE STORY SO FAR

In a pre-dawn raid the teens, JETTs and children from the Green Trees Home have been taken away by police and social workers. After two days at Morfield, the institution where they are being held, the Family kids have been separated into older and younger groups and integrated with the other rough and rowdy children who were already at Morfield. However, this plan to break the children's faith has already backfired. The Lord is using the situation to bring about a real turning point in the OCs' lives and is teaching all of the Family kids many precious and life-changing lessons!

Meanwhile, back at Green Trees the adults are also on the attack ...

Camera crews from five television stations and six newspapers had phoned requesting interviews, or had arrived uninvited on the doorstep. Eager to obey Grandpa's counsel to use this opportunity to fight back and really witness and get



(Words followed by asterisks [\*] in the text are defined at the bottom of each page. Meanings given are only for the use of the word in the story, and do not cover every meaning of the word.)

**sympathy** — a feeling of compassion, pity or a desire to help

out the Message, the Home had felt led to hold a press conference\* to answer the media's questions.

The quiet little neighbourhood around Green Trees had never seen so much excitement! A lot of the neighbours came out to stare at all the TV vans arriving, and the crews unloading their cameras, lights and equipment.

While waiting for the press conference to begin, some camera crews filmed all around the outside of the Home and the tall pine trees that gave the Home its name. Ben, the handyman, wished that the children could have been there to see it! After the snow had melted this year, they had started a gardening project. Each child had been responsible for his own little area of the garden, to keep it weeded and tidy and looking cheerful and a good testimony. Little had they known that their labours of love and faithful stewardship would be a wonderful witness, not just to their neighbours and visitors, but to the whole country!

As Uncle Peter was giving his hair a final comb, he noticed out of his bedroom window that some reporters were interviewing the neighbours. He smiled as he remembered all the love the children had put into making beautiful cards and useful little handmade gifts for them at Christmas, and how the kids were always faithful to give the neighbours a happy smile and a cheery greeting whenever they passed by. Uncle Peter prayed fervently that the Lord would anoint the neighbours to stand up for the Family and say good and positive things about them. By the expressions on their faces, it looked like they were! How

thankful Uncle Peter was now that they had taken time to "love thy neighbour".—  
Mat.5:43.

Earlier that morning, the Home had prayed together desperately for their "media team" of Peter, Praise and Mary. They had been up since the crack of dawn reviewing the various Family Statements, so that they could be ready to answer the questions and speak from a full heart. (See 1Pet.3:15; Psa.119:42; Pro.15:28, 22:20,21.) The Lord had encouraged them with some faith-building prophecies:

*"This is your day! This is the time for you to stand and to proclaim the liberty of the Lord! Stand back and see Me fight, for we shall wage this war and we shall win the victory!"*

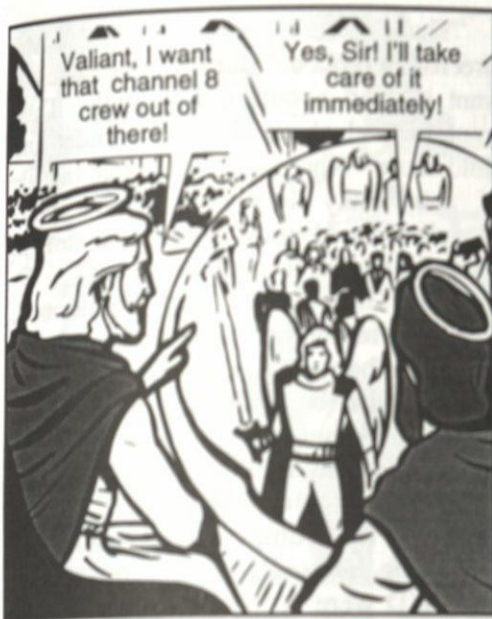
*"I have let these things happen so it could be a witness to many people and My Gospel shall be spread. Have I not called you a city that is set on a high hill? And behold, now I bring forth people to see thy light, that they may glorify Me and that many may come to Me!"*

When the press conference began, Green Trees was not only packed out with journalists\* and cameramen, but also Angels and spirit helpers! The Archangel Valiant was there to organise the spiritual security, working in direct communication with Daniel and Joseph who, along with the Lord Himself, were closely watching the action from Heavenly HQ (headquarters)!

When the TV crew from Channel 8 started "misbehaving" and asking rude questions, Valiant immediately stepped in and gave Peter the boldness and

**press conference** — a meeting where a politician, celebrity or newsworthy person invites the press to hear their side of the story, by giving a speech and/or answer-

ing the press' questions  
**journalists** — reporters for a newspaper or news organisation



authority to ask them to leave. This sobered the rest of the reporters up, and they realised that they would have to treat the Family with politeness and respect if they wanted to get their stories.

One of the reporters asked sweet Mary, "Why does The Family have enemies if you are not guilty of the things you are accused of?"

Dear Mary had been very nervous that she'd blow it for everybody by stuttering and stammering and not having the faintest idea what to say! But the Lord humourously reminded her that if He could use a dumb ass to speak His Words, then He could certainly use her! (See Num.22:28.) Sure enough, now that she was on the spot, the Lord was faithful to quicken a good answer to her!

Mary smiled, "The Family is probably following the Bible and the teachings of Jesus closer than many other Christian groups in the World! Jesus warned His followers, just before His enemies crucified Him, 'The servant is not greater than his lord! If they have persecuted Me, they will also per-

secute you! All these things will they do unto you for My Name's sake.' (Jn.15:20,21.) We have enemies for the same reasons that Jesus had enemies! When they attack us, they are really attacking Jesus, and once again trying to stamp out the Truth that He taught! All this nonsense about 'child abuse' is nothing more than an excuse for them to try to wipe out our Christian way of life! Did you know that some of these accusations are very similar to those brought against the Early Christians almost 2,000 years ago? This is nothing more than old-fashioned religious persecution once again raising its ugly head!"

The Lord wonderfully answered their prayers, and with the help of His spirit helpers, inspired Peter, Praise and Mary to give good, honest, feeding and on-fire\* answers to all of the questions! They were also able to give the Salvation Message, as well as explain about upcoming Endtime events and warn the country not to follow the Antichrist and take his mark!

They then showed excerpts from the "New Worlds" teen Video and the Kiddie Viddies, and many of the reporters commented that they had never seen such beautiful and dynamic teens and children. They were also very touched to see photos of the Green Trees children. The parents had gathered together photos which had been taken during the past couple of years before the raids, and put them together into a little display. Peter brought out the point that the Family must be a good tree if it has brought forth such good fruit. After seeing for

on-fire — inspired



themselves the photos of the bright happy shining faces of the Family children, it was hard for anyone to disagree!

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Jack Robbins, a young reporter with the Evening Standard, held his breath as his boss, Harry Greenstein, read through his article.

"Nicely written, my boy!" Mr. Greenstein congratulated him. "But it's not going to make us any money! Where's the sex? Where's the scandal? Where are the shocking tales of parents abusing their children?"

"Well, Sir," answered Jack, "when I went to the press conference at the Family's Home this morning, I expected to meet a bunch of weirdos! But they turned out to be very normal, likable, friendly people! They seemed very open and honest and up front, and were more than willing to answer any question we asked them. They spoke with such sincerity and conviction that, quite frankly, I believe them!"

"That's very nice, Jack!" Mr. Greenstein replied. "But the public doesn't want to read about 'nice' people! They want to read about sex and scandal and child abuse! What happened to that big file of anti-Family literature I gave you? There's a lot of juicy, sensational stuff in there that we haven't published yet!"

"Mr. Greenstein," Jack mentioned, "do you remember that story we ran about the baby that was taken away by the Children's Welfare Department (CWD)? A neighbour saw a father innocently changing his baby's diaper through a bedroom window. He phoned the CWD and complained that the baby was being 'abused'! A few hours later the CWD were at his front door to take away the baby!"

"Yes, what of it?" asked Mr. Greenstein.

Jack continued, "The public has been horrified by stories of perfectly innocent people having their children taken away by the CWD without a good reason! Therefore, I think our readers will be very interested to hear the Family's side of the story!"

"Hmmm, you do, do you?" Mr. Greenstein thought for a moment.

What Jack didn't know was that the Evening Standard had been paid a large sum of money by an anti-cult organisation to print the anti-Family smut in the folder. But what Harry Greenstein didn't know was that, in answer to the Family's prayers, Valiant had just flown into his office to make sure that the Truth was published!

Valiant beamed a thought into Harry's mind: "If publishing the Family's side of the story will also sell newspapers and make money, then why not publish that too? After all, 'business is business', as you always say!"

Mr. Greenstein puffed on his cigar and leaned back importantly in his



editor's chair. "Alright, Jack, we'll go ahead and print your article!"

"Thank you, Sir!" smiled Jack, who had gotten saved when Bathsheba had personally witnessed to him at the end of the press conference.

"However, I also want you to mention the shocking, scandalous things the Family are accused of!" Mr. Greenstein ordered. "And be sure that the headline has the word 'sex' in it!"

"How about, 'SEX CULT FIGHTS BACK?'" suggested Jack.

"Great! I like it! Okay, roll it! I want it front page in this evening's edition!"

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"Hello, Valiant, this is Shadrach!" communicated Shadrach in the spirit.

"Yes, I hear you!"

"Where are you now, Valiant?"

"I'm still in town! After the press conference I flew by the police headquarters to see what Sgt.\* Biggs was up to. Unfortunately, in the raid they took the Home's

computer and managed to open the file with all the names and phone numbers of the Green Trees' provisioning contacts. The police are phoning each contact and trying to persuade them not to donate any more food or supplies!"

"What a dirty trick!" said Shadrach in disgust. "What hypocrites! They pretend to be interested in the children's welfare, and then they try to cut off their food supply! They think they can stop the Lord's Work this way, and stop the Family from helping others.—But how ridiculous to think that they could ever cut off the Lord's supply to His children!"

"That's right!" agreed Valiant. "Anyway, I counselled with Daniel and Joseph at HQ about what to do, and they took the matter before the Lord. He said that He had been a little disappointed that up until now the Green Trees Family seemed to only have the faith for Him to provide their needs through provisioning and video distribution. The Lord said He would like to provide their needs much more abundantly, and that now in answer to their desperate prayers and as they look totally to Him for outright miracles to supply their needs, He would be able to open up new avenues\* of supply!"

"Praise You Jesus!" exclaimed Shadrach. "So that's going to turn into another Romans 8:28!"

"Yes!" Valiant continued. "After that I flew around to some of the newspaper offices, to make sure that the Message gets out! They're still going to use the usual 'Sex Cult' headlines, but at least more of the Truth will be in there this time!"

"The Devil thinks he's hurting the Family with all these headlines about

Sgt. — abbreviation for "Sergeant"

avenues — manners in which to obtain or get something

them being a 'Sex Cult'!" Shadrach chuckled. "But the Lord is using it for good, because it makes the public interested in the Family and their Message!"

"Exactly! Give him enough rope, and the Devil always manages to hang himself! By the way, Shadrach, what's happening at Morfield?"

"Lots! Jesse had a tremendous victory out of seeming defeat! A real turning point in his spiritual life and walk with the Lord!"

"Yes, praise God!" exclaimed Valiant, "I heard the news from Heavenly HQ! I also heard that he led Clarence to the Lord!"

"Wonderful, isn't it? However, Valiant, we do have a critical situation coming up! It looks like Paul and Tommy are headed for a showdown with Spud and his gang on the soccer field!—It might be good if you could be here!"

Valiant closed his deep blue Angel eyes and imagined himself back at Morfield! The next second he was standing in their midst!

"Yes, Sir! I'm back!"

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## CHAPTER 25

# "THE SHOWDOWN!"

It was 2:30 in the afternoon on the Family children's third day at Morfield. It had been drizzling with rain all morning, but at lunchtime a few of the Angels had soared up into the heavens and shoved the clouds out of the way, allow-

ing the nice warm friendly sun to shine through!

"Thank You, Jesus, for answering our prayer that we can get some fresh air and exercise!" praised Tommy. He knew that it was another precious sign from the Lord that He was still watching closely over them and hearing their every prayer!

Tommy and Paul were in the boys locker room, putting on the brand new track suits and running shoes that Mrs. Sharp had given them. Clara, Aiko, Nina, Suzy and Precious had been taken over to the playground area to skip rope and play birdie.

"Could you two please hurry up!" barked Mrs. Sharp impatiently. The rest of the 'B' Block boys were already on the soccer field kicking a ball around.

As Tommy and Paul walked over to the soccer field, they prayed together, "Lord, please protect and keep us, and use us somehow to be a witness to these poor boys!"

"Hey, you!" Spud called out to Tommy as they approached. "You can be on my team! Your friend can be on the other team!"

"Oh, thank you!" smiled Tommy.

"You can be the goalie!" Spud told Tommy. "But you better not let any balls through! You see this?" He held up his clenched fist. "I'll give you two punches for every goal you miss!"

Spud had made sure most of the best players were on his team, so most of the action was down at the other end of the field. As Tommy stood alone in the goal, he watched the afternoon sun gleaming on the barbed wire that topped the cold grey prison walls that surrounded them. Only a few days ago, in the wonderful security of his heavenly Home, he never

**goalie** — in soccer, the player whose job is to stop the ball from passing over the goal for a score

could have dreamed that this could so suddenly happen!—If he had dreamed it, it would have been a nightmare! Yet here he was! Surrounded by prison walls! Torn apart from his parents and precious Family! And now even being threatened with physical violence!

"Hallelujah! Thank You Jesus! Praise the Lord! I love You, Jesus!" praised Tommy, keeping his mind off the waves and on the Lord. The wonderful thing was that he didn't feel scared. Inside he felt calm. Inside he felt at peace. Inside he felt a beautiful kind of inner strength and trust that he knew was totally supernatural and from the Lord! He got the verse, "Where sin abounds, grace does much more abound" (Rom.5:20) and "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."—Psa.46:1.

"Wow!" he thought. "What a privilege to be persecuted! What a privilege to actually experience these things. Jesus, You said that we are called not only to believe on You, but also to suffer for Your sake.—Phil.1:29. And you also said if we suffer we shall also reign with You!—2Tim.2:12. Thank You Lord! Hallelujah!"

Just as Tommy was "encouraging himself in the Lord" (1Sam.30:6) and praying and thinking these positive and faith-building thoughts, Paul hit the dirt! He had tried to manoeuvre\* the ball past Spud. The bully had stuck out his foot and tripped Paul, sending him sprawling face first in the mud. The other boys roared with laughter.

Paul was furious. He had already been purposely kicked in the shins four times, and felt like he had run out of "cheeks" to turn!—Mat.5:39. He sprang to his feet and dove at Spud, sending them both rolling in the mud. The rest of the boys quickly gathered around, eager

to watch a fight.

"Now, break it up! Break it up, do you hear!" Mrs. Sharp, who had been keeping her eye on the game from a distance, came running over.

"Mrs. Sharp! He hit me, he hit me!" wailed Spud.

"It's true!" said Gus, one of Spud's pals. "I saw it! The cult kid hit Spud first!"

Suddenly an old rusty loudspeaker on top of one of Morfield's prison watchtowers crackled to life.

"MRS. SHARP! YOU HAVE AN IMPORTANT TELEPHONE CALL! COULD YOU PLEASE COME TO THE OFFICE! A TELEPHONE CALL FOR MRS. SHARP!"

"Okay, I'll deal with you later, Paul!" Mrs. Sharp glowered. "Sit on that bench over there until I come back!"

As Paul left the field, Tommy went with him. They sat together on the bench. Discouraged, Paul buried his face in his hands.

"Ohhh!" he groaned. "I shouldn't have lost my temper!"

"Don't feel bad, Paul! Remember how Grandpa stood up to those bullies at Comstock?"

Tommy laid his hand on Paul's shoulder and desperately prayed, "Lord Jesus, you promised that 'all things work together for good to them that love You!' (Rom.8:28.) We pray that somehow You'll turn this situation around and ..."

"Okay, boys! Get 'm!"

Tommy and Paul opened their eyes to see Spud and his buddies on their way over to clobber them. Mrs. Sharp had disappeared from sight, and there was no other adult around to protect them.

manoeuvre — skillfully move



"I remember something else that Grandpa learned at Comstock!" gulped Paul. "He that fights and runs away, lives to fight another day!"

However, Paul and Tommy weren't as fast on their feet as Grandpa was! As they took off across the field towards 'B' Block, they could hear the thud-thud-thud of the bullies' feet coming up closer and closer behind them! There was no way that they could make it to safety in time!

They only had time to desperately pray, "Jesus! We're Your children, and You've got to protect us right now!"

Suddenly, the cover of the "Big Dog Story" flashed in Paul's mind! Skidding to a halt, he turned to face down the on-coming boys, yelling, "I REBUKE YOU IN THE NAME OF JESUS!"

The next instant Spud's legs buckled under him and he fell clumsily to the ground!

"OW! OW! OW!" the bully yelled in agony. "MY ANKLE! MY ANKLE! Ohhhhhhh!"

Paul and Tommy looked at each other in amazement. Then they ran over to see

what had happened to Spud. As they knelt by him the rest of the boys backed away nervously.

"Are you okay, Spud?" asked Paul apologetically, feeling bad that the poor boy was rolling around in such pain.

"Owwww!" he groaned. "My ankle! I broke my ankle! It really hurts!"

Paul spoke to the group of wide-eyed boys with authority. "Somebody go and get help! Quickly!" Two of the stunned boys snapped back to their senses and ran off to find Mrs. Sharp.

Paul got the verse, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."—Mat.5:44. Paul and Tommy laid their hands on Spud and prayed, "Jesus, we pray that You'll please touch and heal this ankle! Take away the pain and help Spud to be able to walk again!"

As Paul prayed for him, Spud stopped groaning and relaxed. Tommy took off his track suit top and put it under Spud's head so that he could lie back and be more comfortable.





The doctor from Morfield's clinic came running up. "What happened, son?" he asked.

"I slipped and broke my ankle!" replied Spud.

The doctor delicately probed and examined Spud's foot.

"You're lucky! I think you just badly twisted it, that's all! I'll go get the stretcher and we'll go to the clinic to take care of it. Then I want you to rest it in bed and we'll see how it is tomorrow."

As the doctor helped him to the clinic, Spud knew that something very extraordinary had happened. He felt like he had broken his ankle. It had been very painful, but the pain had eased when Paul prayed.

Meanwhile Paul and Tommy were praising the Lord for the miracle of protection that had just taken place!

"Praise God! Do we have a testimony to tell the teens!" said Paul.

"Wow, yes!" said Tommy. "Thank You Jesus!"

The boys discussed how wonderfully the Lord always took care of them. "I bet lots more miracles happen every day that we don't even know about!" commented Paul. "We really noticed this one because we could see the danger, and we knew when the Lord delivered us."

"That's right," agreed Tommy. "What about all the times He delivers us from danger or troubles that we don't even see? Like maybe we're around sick people, and we don't get sick."

"Or maybe someone was planning to hurt us, but they didn't!" added Paul. "Or what about when we go in the van on a road trip, and the Lord keeps us safe when we're driving?"

"That's a good one!" exclaimed Tommy. "Lots of accidents happen on the road every day! Wow! Thank You Lord for Your protection! The Angel of

the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them!" (Psa.34:7.) Hallelujah!"

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The spirit helpers and Angels were thrilled at the victories that the OCs were winning! It was wonderful how the boys had claimed the Word and called out to the Lord, so Angels were able to do these miracles to inspire their faith! It had been such a tiny, tiny thing for Blaze, Paul's guardian Angel, to let Spud break his ankle. Then it had been the easiest thing in the World, with the Lord's permission, to bathe Spud's ankle with the magical healing Elixir of the Holy Spirit and make it whole!

"Ha! They think that was 'heavy'!" chuckled Blaze, who with one touch could shatter the stone walls of Morfield into dust finer than flour, or who could with one glance fell an army! "Wait until they see the miracles of protection that we will be doing for them in the exciting Tribulation days ahead!"

"It's such a shame that quite a few Family children are afraid of what might happen to them in the Great Tribulation!" exclaimed Shadrach. "Some of them are afraid that they'll be weak Christians and not have enough faith or power to stand up against the AC, or they'll be forced to take the 666 Mark! The Old Boy has been up to his dirty tricks, trying to make these Endtime children of David fear what they should be looking forward to!"

"That's right!" agreed Meshach. "Maybe it's good that they feel weak and incapable—because that will make them desperately look to the Lord for His strength and His power and His protection, and they'll give Him all the glory when He gives it to them!"

"Boy, and is He ever going to give it to them!" chuckled Valiant. "If only they

could see and believe how the Lord plans to use even the 'weakest' of them during that time! My goodness, these kids have been stockpiling\* His Word in their hearts since birth!—And let me tell you, when the Lord fully activates\* it, the World will hear about it!"

"Wow, isn't that the truth!" added Meshach. "And one reason the kids will one day look back at the Great Tribulation as being great will be because of the great witness the Lord will get out through them!"

Their discussion was interrupted by the huge watcher Angel, the one who was watching over Morfield from the top of the hill.

"There's a car approaching!" he alerted them. "And it's accompanied by a squadron of Angels! It looks like we have an important visitor!"

## CHAPTER 26

### "THE VISITOR!"

As the teens and JETTS came in from playing volleyball they passed Mrs. Fields, who was on her way over to 'B' Block.

"Good news, my dears!" she smiled. "Miss Rottweiler has just asked me to replace Mrs. Sharp as the officer in charge of 'B' Block! I'll be able to make sure that your younger brothers and sisters are well taken care of!"

"Oh, thank You Jesus! That's a wonderful answer to prayer!" exclaimed Sharon. It was only that morning that she and Naomi had asked the Lord to get rid of Mrs. Sharp and replace her with some-

one sweeter. "Please give the kids a big hug and kiss from each of us, and tell them we love them and are praying for them!"

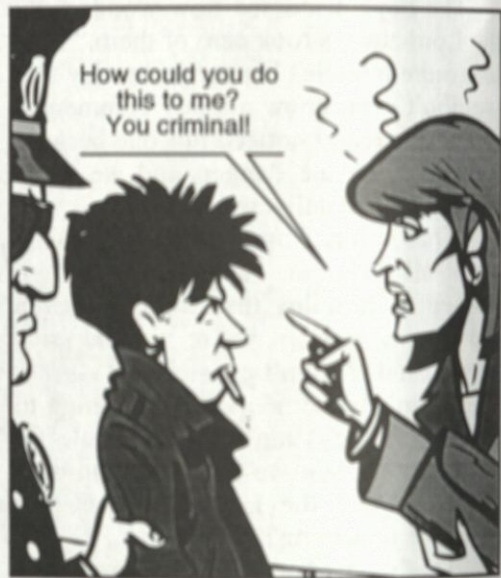
"Oh, yes," remembered Mrs. Fields, "and it's okay for one of you to sleep in the Toddler Room with Lily, Jamie and Brian, as you requested! Miss Rottweiler was pleased that you were willing to take the scholastic tests, so she was willing to give a little on that one."

"Oh, praise God!" smiled Naomi. "That's really encouraging! Another answer to prayer!"

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"By the way, Valiant, how did you get rid of Mrs. Sharp?" asked Abednego curiously, as the Teamwork waited in the courtyard for the arrival of the visitor.

"Mrs. Sharp had no idea that her own teenage son was the main drug dealer at his high school!" answered Valiant. "He was driving to school and was stopped for speeding. I gave the policeman a



**stockpiling** — storing up

**activates** — makes active

check to search him, and he was carrying enough drugs to put him in a detention home for a couple of years. Mrs. Sharp is with him down at the police station right now!"

"Praise God!" said Abednego. "The judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether!"—Psa.19:9.

"Yes, they are!" nodded Valiant. "Now she'll see what it's like to have her son put in an institution!"

"What a bunch of sickening hypocrites these people are!" exclaimed Shadrach in disgust. "They say the Family children are in danger living in the Family, but look at the dangers theirs are in!—From drugs, crime, child abuse and more!"

"Like so many of the other poor teens here at Morfield!" remarked Ruthie. "Any ideas on how we can help the teens and JETTs to reach them?"

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The Family teens and JETTs had the rest of the afternoon to themselves, while the other teens had school time. They were told that they could use the gym to play basketball, birdie or whatever they wanted. However, as they had already had a good Get Out, they decided to have some extra united Word time instead.

The teens had come up with a neat idea! Each of them discreetly carried a different "little book" with them at all times! Then whenever they could grab an opportunity to read or pray together, they always had a good variety of Word between them! So, as they sat together in a circle on the gym floor, they were able to quickly produce a Bible, Treasures, Basic MOP, Daily Might, Good Thots and Word Basics! They knew it was a

special blessing that they had managed to smuggle their books in with them when they came to Morfield, and every chance they had to read them was precious. They had an inspiring Word study on "Redeem the Time!"

At Morfield they found themselves with a lot of free time. This was a big change from the fun, action-packed daily Home schedule that they were used to.

"It's been great to be able to have so much extra Word and prayer time!" said Naomi. "It's giving us the extra spiritual strength and wisdom and umph that we need to keep the victory in 'Babylon!' However, I'm having a battle knowing what to do with the rest of the time!"

"Me too!" confessed Love. "It makes me so thankful for our exciting lives in the Family, where there's never a dull moment!"

"I agree!" responded Danny. "If I don't have something constructive\* to keep me busy, then it's easier to let down my guard and start daydreaming, worrying or having discouraging thoughts!"

"Let's pow-wow ways to stay positive, busy and on the attack!" proposed Sharon.

"One thing we could do," suggested David, "is volunteer to help in the kitchen, or do handyman jobs, or tidy up the grounds! It would be a good testimony, and looking at the state of this place, it sure looks like they need the help!"

"Good idea!" everyone agreed.

"How about spending a little time each day writing a personal log\*?" suggested Sharon. "The experiences we're going through, and the lessons we're learning, could be a big blessing to other Family children, if they were ever to be

constructive — useful; helpful

log — diary

in a similar situation! Also, when we go to court, or when we tell our story to the newspapers, we will find our logs very useful to help us remember all the details of what happened to us!"

"Another thing I'd like to do is spend more personal prayer time with the Lord!" said David. "Let's make a prayer list of everything we need to pray for each day during our vigils and personal prayer times!"

"Great idea!" agreed Naomi. "Also let's take time to fight in prayer for each other, as well as to encourage each other, sharing verses and lessons!"

The teens and JETTs looked up as the gym doors swung open and a long-faced\* Miss Rottweiler looked in.

"Your lawyer is here to see you," she announced unhappily.

The teens and JETTs cheered and praised the Lord!

"He's meeting with your younger brothers and sisters right now in 'B' Block and will be over to see you shortly."

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Robert O'Riley was famous for standing up for the underdog and fighting against the injustices\* of the System. He was not yet saved, which made it more difficult for the spirit helpers to work through him, but he was a sincere man whom the Lord loved. Although he didn't know it, the Lord had been preparing Robert his whole life to defend His children in this case!

"How have they been treating you?" he asked the OCs and MCs, as they met together in one of the 'B' Block classrooms.

"Okay ... I guess," replied Clara. "But we want to go home to our parents!"

"Yes, yes!" chorused the rest of the children. "We want to go home!"

"And that's why I am here!" Mr. O'Riley smiled. "I am your lawyer, and I'm going to help get you back to your parents as soon as possible!"

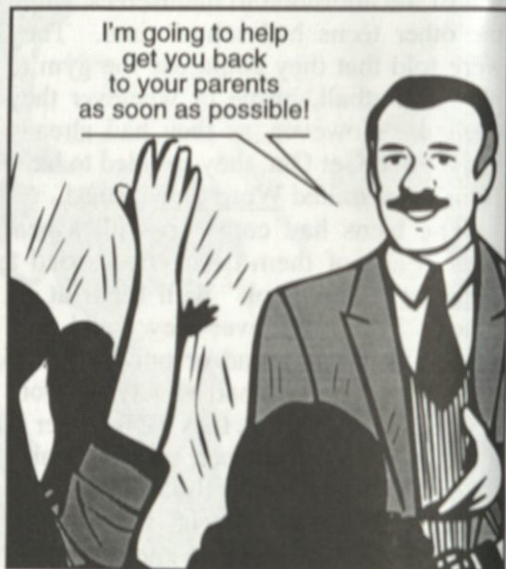
The children praised and cheered!

"But for me to be able to do that I need to ask you all a few questions!"

"Are they like the icky questions the mean people asked?" sighed Suzy. She had been interviewed twice already and was fed up with it.

"No, these are good questions! I want you to tell me about the raid, and about all the things that have happened to you at Morfield. And then I want you to tell me about your life in the Family. That will help me defend you in court!"

After chatting with the children and taking notes on all the things that they told him, Robert O'Riley tore some pages out of his notebook and gave each child



long-faced — sad-looking

injustices — wrongdoings

his personal phone number.

"Now, if anything comes up, or if they mistreat you in any way, you can call me at this number at any time of the day or night! Don't let them tell you no! It's your legal right!"

"Also," he added, "the police and social workers had no right to ask you any questions without me being there to help you. That was very wrong of them and I am going to complain about it in court! So from now on, if they want to ask you any questions you can just tell them, 'I'm sorry, but not without my lawyer present!'"

Ruthie, from the Spirit, inspired the children to ask Robert O'Riley if he'd like to hear a song before he left.

"Sure!" he said in surprise. "That'll be a first! None of my clients have ever sung for me before."

They sang "This Little Light of Mine" which he really enjoyed. It was so touching to see dear little Precious hold up her tiny finger and bravely sing "I won't let Satan BLOW it out, I'm gonna let it shine! Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine!" He had never seen such a bunch of fiery little fighters!

"You're the nicest bunch of kids I ever saw!" Robert O'Riley chuckled as they finished. "Don't worry, I think things are going to go very well for you tomorrow in court!"

"Tomorrow?!" echoed the children excitedly.

"Yes! The first court hearing is tomorrow. And you are all going to be there!"

\*\*\*\*\*

The teens and JETTs were also very excited to meet with Robert O'Riley! The teens could tell that he did not yet know a whole lot about the Family, so they felt led to help strengthen his con-

victions that he was indeed fighting for a righteous cause. They explained all about their wonderful upbringing in the Family and assured him that any bad things he'd heard were either absolute lies, or the truth had been twisted to make it sound bad. They made it very clear to him that they loved their lives in the Family, and wanted to go home as soon as possible!

They also gave their lawyer all the ammunition that they could think of to fire against their enemies in court. They told him about all that had happened to them at Morfield: the gruelling\* interview sessions, the denial of their legal rights, the cruel separation from their younger brothers and sisters, the lies about their parents not loving them or wanting to contact them. Mr. O'Riley was especially disgusted to hear about sweet innocent Love being bothered by a lesbian social worker.

"Boy, am I going to tear those people apart in court tomorrow!" he fumed.

The teens laughed, happy to see that Robert O'Riley was a fighter!

"We sure do want to fight back!" Sharon encouraged him. "We and our whole Family will be praying for you! So you can be sure that the Lord is going to help you."

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## CHAPTER 27

# "THE CIRCUIT-BREAKER!"

"Wow! We'll be out of this place tomorrow!" the teens and JETTs rejoiced, after Robert O'Riley had left.

gruelling — long and tiring

"At least for the day, that is! We'll probably come back here in the evening, as the court hearing could go on for a few days," explained Sharon.

"You know, I've been thinking about the other teens that are here at Morfield!" said Danny. "I think we should make a special effort to reach them. I must admit, I find them a little scary, but when I prayed about it I got 'Be not afraid of their faces.' (Jer.1:8), and 'Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart.'"—1Sam.16:7.

"You know, David, that poor boy Daryl looks quite like you!" remarked Naomi. "Or rather how you could have looked, if you were as sad and lonely as he is and hadn't been born into the Family! Only the Lord knows why we were born in the Family and they weren't. But 'unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required!' (Luk.12:48b) and I know that their blood will be upon our hands if we don't do everything we can to reach them!" (See Eze.3:17-19.)

The teens were convicted that they hadn't done more to reach out to the other teens at Morfield, and they asked the Lord to show them the best way to go about it.

"You know, tomorrow is your birthday, Martin," said Naomi. "We could ask if we can throw a little party for you! I'm sure the other teens would come, especially if we made a cake and had ice cream."

"Good idea!" agreed David. "We could sing songs, do skits and maybe even do some of our dance routines."

"But who knows if we'll even be here tomorrow night?" said Sharon. "Martin, I'm getting a strong feeling that we should celebrate your birthday tonight!"

Everyone excitedly agreed.

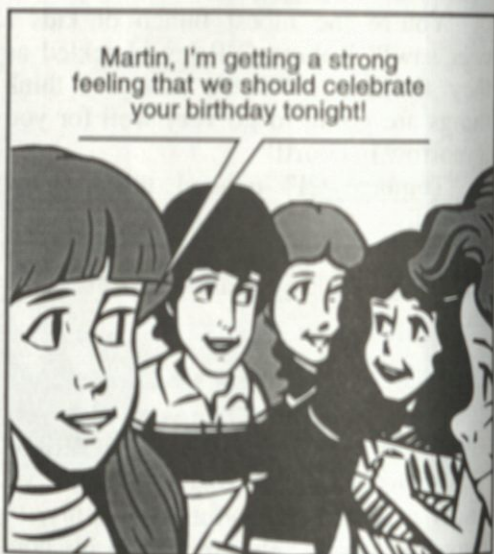
"Okay, let's go for it!" said David. "We're going to have to pray and get busy, if we're going to pull this thing off in time."

\*\*\*\*\*

Miss Grimes approved the birthday party idea, and the girls, Sharon, Naomi, Love and Gabriella, were allowed in the kitchen to make a cake. The teen boys, David and Danny, and JETT Martin, stayed in the gym to get together a skit.

The social worker who was monitoring them was a studious looking man named Mr. Keith Perkins. He had also supervised their scholastic tests that morning. The teens thought that he was quite a nice man, but he seemed quite proud that he'd graduated from university with a degree in physics.

At 5:30 p.m. Miss Rottweiler contacted Keith on his walkie-talkie. "Mr. Perkins, the electricity is off in the kitchen! Could you try to fix it? Over."



"Sure!" replied Keith. "I'll go and check it out. It's probably just the circuit-breaker. Over and out."

The main electric box was at the other end of the building in the basement. "Sorry, boys," Keith apologised, "you'll have to come with me, as I shouldn't leave you here unsupervised."

As the boys followed him with a flashlight down into the cold and dirty basement, Danny asked him, "By the way, Sir, how did we do on our scholastic tests?"

"Very good in the basics!" Keith replied, as he brushed off the cobwebs from the main electric box. "But intelligent boys like you could be learning more advanced subjects like trigonometry\*, chemistry\*, physics\* and calculus\*."

"But why?" asked Danny, as he watched Keith peering at the row of circuit-breakers in the electric box. "Those subjects are for people who want to become engineers, doctors and scientists. I've already decided that I want to be a missionary!"

"Is that all you want to do with your life?" asked Keith somewhat scornfully. He flicked up one of the circuit-breakers, but it just snapped back down again. "Wouldn't you like to go to university like I did?"

"What do you mean 'Is that all'?" replied Danny indignantly\*. "I want to be a missionary, just like David Livingstone was! That's what I've chosen to be! There's no greater call-

There is a very meaningful true story about an old lady whose son was appointed "the Ambassador to the Court of St. James", meaning he was appointed to be American ambassador to England. That was always considered to be the greatest ambassadorship in the World, especially in the days of the zenith of the British Empire's glory. But when friends came to her with the great news, instead of being overjoyed she nearly wept. She just sadly shook her head and said, "To think that he might have become an ambassador of the GOSPEL, and he dwindled down to nothing but an ambassador to England!" (Treasures, page 463.)

ing in life than to become a missionary!"

"That's right!" agreed David. "There's a story I read once about an old lady whose son was appointed to be the American ambassador\* to England. But when they told her the great news, she nearly wept! She shook her head and said, 'And to think that he might have become an ambassador of the Gospel! But instead of that he dwindled\* down to nothing but an ambassador to England.'" (See Treasures, page 463.)

"I don't get it," said Keith.

"See, to be a missionary is to be an ambassador of the Kingdom of Heaven.—God's personal representative to a World that desperately needs spiritual leadership! So that's the high position which the Lord offered me, and which I was very proud to accept.—And

**trigonometry** — an advanced form of math that deals with triangles

**chemistry** — the study of the substances that the World is made of

**physics** — the study of motion, matter and energy

**calculus** — an advanced form of math that studies relationships of quantities

**indignantly** — in an offended manner

**ambassador** — an important representative sent by one government to another

**dwindled** — shrank

for which I am receiving excellent training! Other kids are at a great disadvantage! They don't know what they were created for, or what they want to do with their lives. So they waste years studying different subjects that really aren't necessary or useful."

While David and Danny were talking, Keith had been trying unsuccessfully to switch the circuit-breaker back on.

"I don't know what's wrong with it," he despaired. "Usually when I switch it up, the electricity comes back on. But it's not working. It keeps clicking back down again."

"That's probably because the circuit is overloaded," explained Danny, who had been doing handyman with Uncle Ben for years. "Or there could be something short-circuiting\* the electricity somewhere!"

"Oh ... I see," Keith Perkins sighed. "That's a bit beyond me! I guess we'll have to call an electrician from town to fix it."

"Would you mind if I have a little look, Sir?"

Danny took the flashlight from Keith and peered inside the box.

"No problem. See, the circuit-breaker that has clicked off is labelled 'kitchen'. So we know that that's where the problem is!

"It actually might not be too complicated," said Danny. "Do you think there is an electrical tester available?"

"Our maintenance man is not here, but he probably has one in his workshop. I'm sure he wouldn't mind if we used it," answered Keith.

The boys and Mr. Perkins walked together to the workshop.

"So how many years did you spend at school, Sir?" inquired Danny.

"Er ... 12."

"And at university?"

"Five."

"And why did you become a social worker instead of a physicist\*?"

"Physicist jobs are hard to get because of the recession\*. So I got a job as a teacher. Then later this job opened up with the Children's Welfare Department."

"Do you think your physics degree from university has been much use to you?" questioned Danny.

"Well, not much so far."

"And how much of the stuff that you learned during your 17 years at school do you actually use in your work today?"

"Er ... I guess not much," Keith had to admit.

"I'm really thankful that in our Family schooling nothing that I learn is wasted! said Danny. It is all valuable training that gives me practical experience for many different ministries for the Lord! I don't spend a whole lot of time sitting at a desk compared to all the studying you must have done, but I do get a lot of practical, hands-on experience. I go witnessing, do counselling, interviewing, travelling, public speaking, performing, childcare, office and computer training, handyman and much more!"

"That's still not what I would call a 'proper' education!" muttered Keith.

"I guess that's where we're different," responded Danny. "I don't think a proper education is just stuffing my head with a lot of facts and figures. Lots of other things I learn, like how to work with people, how to communicate, how to make decisions, and how to see a job

**short-circuiting** — one wire on an electrical circuit is not connected where it should be connected

**physicist** — a scientist who studies physics  
**recession** — bad economic times when a lot of people are out of work



through until it's finished, are all an important part of education too! I believe the education I receive in the Family is the most practical, well-rounded, useful education in the World! It's fantastic! The best!"

They found the electrical tester in the workshop, and then headed up to the kitchen. The Family girls waiting in the hallway near the kitchen were surprised to see the boys coming to help with the electricity, with Mr. Perkins following behind. "Hi, girls!" said Danny. "What were you using in the kitchen when the electricity went off?"

"I just turned the blender on," answered Sharon.

"Okay, let's check that first." David held the flashlight while Danny tested the blender. "Here's the problem, all right! The tester reads that the blender has a short. This is probably why the breaker tripped!" exclaimed Danny, as he unplugged the blender. "Sorry, girls, but you won't be able to use it until it gets fixed."

Danny turned to Mr. Perkins. "We should be able to switch the circuit breaker back on now, Sir. Maybe David could go and do it, while we wait here to see if it works."

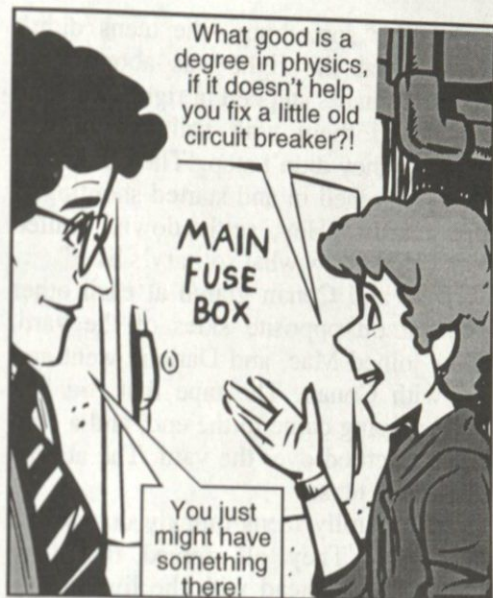
"No, that's okay. You boys wait here and I'll go and switch it," replied Keith.

A few minutes later the lights came on. The girls cheered, "Praise the Lord! We'll be able to make the cake after all!"

When Keith returned to the kitchen, David asked him, "We're having a birthday party tonight, Sir. Would you like to come?"

"Yes, I'll try to drop by," smiled Keith. "Oh, and thanks for finding the problem with the electricity!"

"Oh, thank the Lord! I learned about it at home. ... By the way," grinned Danny, with a twinkle in his eye, "what good is a degree in physics, if it doesn't



help you fix a little old circuit-breaker!?"

"You just might have something there!" laughed Keith, as they walked back to the gym together.

## CHAPTER 28

# "THE BIRTHDAY PARTY!"

The Morfield staff had helped the teens prepare a big campfire and barbecue outside. They were very happy that the Family teens seemed to want to "socialise" with the other teens, and were eager to help make Martin's birthday party a success. Little did they realise that the teens' motive was not only to "socialise" but also to witness!

The Family teens were a little concerned with the way the evening began. It wasn't how they had planned at all! Sid brought out his boom box, and heavy metal music started blaring out across the yard. Then Conan and Mac started to

fight over something—the teens didn't know what the fight was about. Two security guards stepped in right away and threatened them with solitary confinement\* if they didn't stop. Then Babs and Darlene joined in and started shouting at the guards. "Hey, settle down," called Sid. "You know what solitary's like!"

Mac and Conan glared at each other and sat on opposite sides of the yard. Babs joined Mac, and Darlene went and sat with Conan. The tape that Sid had been playing came to the end, and a cold silence settled over the yard. The atmosphere was tense.

The Family teens quickly counselled together. They all agreed that they shouldn't go ahead with the lively song and dance routines that they had planned. Something needed to be done to calm the spirit of the situation, or they'd never be able to witness to the teens.

"Lord, please help us!" they prayed desperately.

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Back in "B" Block with the OC boys:

Jesse had spent the afternoon in the "B" Block boys dorm talking to Clarence and feeding him the Word.

Around 3 o'clock Spud had been brought in with his twisted ankle and told to rest it in bed. Jesse noticed that he seemed unusually subdued and quiet. He said hardly anything the whole afternoon and just lay quietly in bed. A few times Jesse brought him a book, a drink of water, or whatever Spud was unable to get, and he seemed thankful for the help.

Later that evening, when the rest of the boys came to bed, Spud's buddies began to tease Clarence when they

noticed a Bible on his bed.

"You shut up!" said Spud. "I've been lying here listening to Jesse read him some neat stuff out of that Book!"

The boys were surprised. If it had gotten Spud's interest, then it must be interesting!

"See," explained Jesse, "this Book is not a normal book like the other books on the shelves over there! It contains Words that can work wonders!"

"Huh!" said Spud's best buddy, Gus. "I don't believe that!"

"That's the secret of the Book! You've got to believe that the Words will work miracles, and then they will!"

"So what kind of wonders can it do, then?"

"Oh, anything! The Words in this Book can help heal you when you are sick, protect you if you're in danger, give you power when you are weak, make you happy when you are sad, give you wisdom when you feel stupid, help you be nice to others instead of mean, help you do good things when usually you can't stop yourself from being bad!—It can even tell you the future!"

"What do you think, Spud?" Gus asked. "You don't believe all this 'wonder' stuff, do you?"

Spud was silent for a few moments and then said, "All I know is what happened to me on the football field today! Believe me, I really think I broke my ankle. You all saw how much it hurt! Then these guys prayed for it and it felt much better after that. And right now it doesn't even hurt! If that's not a miracle, what is?"

The boys were amazed. Whether they believed it or not, they could tell that Spud believed it, and that was enough to

**solitary confinement** — to be held in a room apart from others as a punishment

make them want to listen to the rest of what Jesse had to say.

Jesse was amazed at what the Lord was doing. This was one of the most wonderful moments of his life to feel the Holy Spirit witnessing to these boys through him and giving him the words to say. He glanced over at Paul and Tommy who were smiling encouragingly at him. He could tell that they were praying for him, and for the boys, that they would receive Jesus.

"See, in the Bible," Jesse went on, "God's wonders are called 'miracles'. And do you know what His best and greatest miracle of all is? It's when Jesus comes into your heart and changes you into a whole new person! He takes away your sad old heart and gives you a happy new one!"

"It's true!" Clarence piped up. The boys turned to look at him. There was no denying that there was something different about Clarence. His eyes were bright and shining, and no one could remember ever seeing him smile before!

"And if you ask Jesus to come into your heart," continued Jesse, "He promises that you'll live forever in a Heavenly Wonderworld where you'll be able to fly, have X-ray eyes, and have even greater powers than Superman\*!"

"Wow! That sounds neat!" said one of the boys. "But how do we know you're not making all this up?"

"Because I've read it in God's Word," answered Jesse. Now here's how you'll get to be one of God's Supermen!"

As Jesse read them John 3:16 and Revelation 3:20, Mrs. Fields came quietly in. She stood by the door and listened.

"So would you like to ask Jesus to come into your heart?" Jesse asked the boys. "It's very simple! I'll say a little prayer, and you can repeat it after me."

All the boys looked like they wanted to, but hesitated as they watched to see what the others would do.

"Now come on, boys!" dear Mrs. Fields encouraged them. "A little religion is not going to do you any harm."

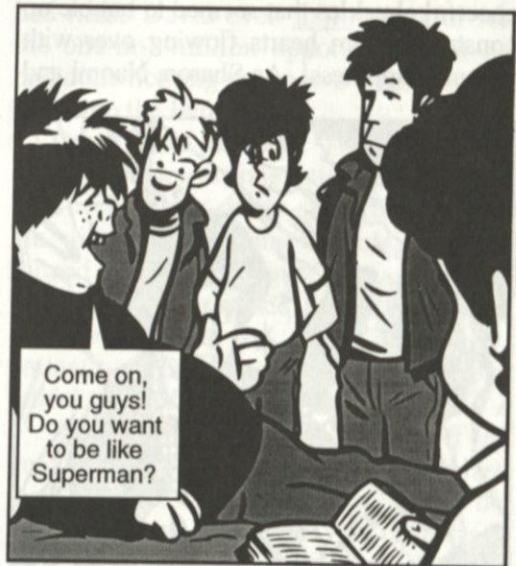
The boys looked at Spud, who thought a moment, and then respectfully took out his chewing gum and stuck it on his bedside table.

"Sure, let's pray. Come on, you guys! Do you want to be like Superman or not?! If it's that simple, what have we got to lose?"

\*\*\*\*\*

At the campfire with the teens:

"Let's try a few songs quick before they put that tape back on," David whispered, as he picked up the guitar one of the staff had found for him in a closet at Morfield. "Jesus, please help these



Superman — a comic book "super hero"

songs to get through to them somehow!"

As David started to sing "It's Gonna Take a Lot of Love!" followed by "You Can Change the World!" and "What Have I Done with My Life?" Sharon, Naomi and Love served everyone barbecued chicken. The atmosphere gradually changed.

Babs, Darlene, Cara, Trish and Frizzy's eyes were locked on David, as he sang with such love, sincerity and conviction! It wasn't that he was so good-looking that made him so attractive. It was his maturity, his boldness, his gentleness, his clear, clean, shining spirit, his straightforwardness, his being everything that the teen boys they knew weren't!

Conan, Daryl, Mac and Sid were stealing glances at the Family girls. It seemed that the beautiful clear starry sky and the warm flickering glow of the campfire highlighted their free, happy spirits. The boys were fascinated by their natural charm, their simplicity in dress and manner, their flashing eyes and loving smiles, their cheerful chuckles that seemed to bubble up constantly from hearts flowing over with joy and happiness! As Sharon, Naomi and

Love cheerfully and humbly served them dinner, the boys felt comforted by their motherliness and concern.

What the teens didn't realise was that they were being charmed by the Holy Spirit Herself. She was pouring through the Family teens in full measure, attracting them, entrancing them, captivating them, yearning after them, like a mother would for her long lost children. She longed to hold them, comfort them, mother them, cleanse them, love them, save them, so that they could be the Lord's forever!

By the time David finished singing, the Spirit had soothed, softened and opened the teens' hearts to where they were hungry to meet and talk with the Family teens personally.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sharon and Love were witnessing to Frizzy. They found out that her mom and dad were into illegal drugs, and she'd been virtually abandoned since birth. The atmosphere in her house had been that of one long party, with people coming and going at all hours, and loud, demonic music played virtually non-stop. Sharon explained to Frizzy the spiritual principles of "Musical Key" (ML #326) and the terrible effects that science has proven that hard rock music can have on people.

"Music can be a blessing, and yet it can also be dangerous!" Sharon explained. "Certain kinds of music will turn you on for certain kinds of things.—It's spiritual! It's almost as though it links the heart of the hearer with the heart of the composer—like the composer becomes a medium\* and his music is his crystal ball. When you listen to his music you gaze with him into his crystal ball, and all of a



**medium** — a person through whom messages from the spirit world are passed on to this World

sudden your spirits are united and you both see the same pictures!"

Then Sharon went on to explain about the good effects of Godly music, and Love's heart skipped a beat as Sharon reached for the guitar! Sharon didn't play, but Love did—very occasionally. She was very shy and self-conscious about her guitar-playing, as she knew that she couldn't sing and play as well as a lot of the other teens.

"Oh, Sharon, please don't ask me to sing!" Love worried to herself.

"Love, why don't you sing Frizzy a song?" asked Sharon.

"Well ... I ..."

"Oh, yes, please do!" said Frizzy. "It's true, your music really does something special to me, and makes me feel good in a nice way!"

Love prayed desperately, as she fumbled around with the guitar, trying to get it comfortably positioned on her lap. Silently she prayed to herself, "Okay, Jesus! You've put me on the spot, so You're going to have to take over and do it!"

And sure enough, as she launched out by faith, she suddenly found herself not worrying about the chords or her voice any more! All she wanted to do was reach out and win this poor girl to Jesus, to share His wonderful love with her in all of its sweetness and power!

*"How long you been waitin' for somebody to love you?"*

*"How long you been waitin' for somebody to care?"*

*"How long you been waitin' for somebody to tell you?"*

*"How long you been waitin' for someone to be there?"*

*"All you gotta do is ask that lovin' Man in (Jesus)!"*

*"All you gotta do is ask that lovin' Man in!"*

Frizzy sat motionless during the whole song, staring thoughtfully into the fire. When she turned back to look at Love, her eye make-up had been smudged\* by tears.

"Thank you!" she choked. "That was beautiful! If everyone had as much love as you all have, the World would be a heaven instead of a hell!"

"That's how the World will be one day very soon, Frizzy, when Jesus comes back!" Love softly said. "But you don't have to wait until then! You can have Heaven's love in your life right now, if you ask the King of Love, Jesus, to come into your heart! Would you like that?"

Frizzy nodded, as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

Love opened her Bible.

"It's very simple! I'll show you how!"

\*\*\*\*\*

David was witnessing to Daryl. Learning how sad and lonely Daryl was had made David even more thankful for the one-in-a-million opportunity that he had done nothing to deserve when he was born into the Family.

Daryl was a sad case. He had gone to one of the worst inner city schools and had been taking drugs since he was 11. He didn't have many friends, and he moped around by himself most of the time. Now he seemed thankful to have someone to talk to. David listened patiently as Daryl poured out the whole pitiful story of his life.

"This World is in such a mess! Two guys from my school were shot last month. And who knows, maybe I'll be next when I go back there," he despaired. "It's a weird feeling knowing that you

smudged — smeared

might not get much older than 18!"

"Yes, I understand," sympathised David. "But did you know Jesus is coming back soon? Maybe even in the next few years!"

"Really?" exclaimed Daryl in surprise.

"So you probably have as much time to do something with your life as we do with ours!"

David cracked open his Bible and thumbed quickly through to find Matthew 24. "Here, I'll show you some neat verses that will show you that we're living in the Last Days!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Naomi was witnessing to Mac and Babs.

"Hey, you guys are really different!" smiled Mac. "That old bag Rottweiler told us you were the innocent victims of some child-abusing sex cult!"

"Yeah, that's what they said on TV!" said Babs.

"Oh, Babs!" scoffed Mac. "You don't believe everything you see on TV, do you?"

"Most of what has been on TV about us is wrong!" said Naomi. "We've been in the Family all of our lives, so we know all that stuff is just a bunch of lies and garbage!"

"Then how come they brought you to Morfield?" asked Babs.

"I bet you won't believe me if I told you!" teased Naomi. "It's too far out!"

Now their curiosity was really aroused. "No, come on!" begged Babs. "Tell us!"

"We're here because there are anti-God forces in the World that are trying to stamp out Christianity in general, and our group in particular!

"But why you?" asked Babs.

"Because no one is doing as much as we are to expose these dark forces' secret plans to take over the World, and put

their Devil-possessed World leader, the Antichrist, in power!

"Whoa!" exclaimed Mac. "A World leader? That's pretty far out!"

"The anti-christ Big Money Boys who are financing this evil plan already own most of the TV networks and newspapers. So it's easy for them to publish horrible lies about us that they know will infuriate the public and give them an excuse to persecute us and raid our Homes!—Just as they have done with us, and which is why I'm here at Morfield talking to you right now!"

"But how do you know this is all happening right now?" asked Babs.

"We see it happening—and besides there are lots of prophecies in the Bible about the Antichrist coming to power in the Endtime," explained Naomi.

"But do you really believe its the End of the World?" asked Mac, looking doubtful.

"I can believe that!" said Babs. "It can't go on much longer! Anyone can see it's a hell of a mess!"

"No, thankfully it's not going to go on much longer!" explained Naomi. "It won't be long before Jesus is going to step in and rescue the World before Man completely destroys it! Jesus will then rule the World for 1000 years during the wonderful Golden Age of love and peace called the Millennium! All those who believe and receive Jesus in this life, will help Him rule and reign in the Next! We will help Jesus clean up and reorganise the World, and run it the way it should have been run if Man hadn't made such a disastrous mess out of it!"

"But how can you be so sure that all this is going to happen?" asked Mac.

"I sure didn't read it in the newspapers!" answered Naomi. "They only tell you things that already happened! So they're not really news papers,

they're history papers! But the Bible tells you of things that are going to happen in the future! It also contains hundreds of predictions about things that later were proven true by history! So we know that the prophecies about the Endtime that are yet to be fulfilled will also be right on! Here, I'll show you some of them in my newspaper, the Bible!"

\*\*\*\*\*

"How come you guys are so into pushing your trip on others?" Darlene asked Danny, who was witnessing to Conan and her.

"I'm not trying to push my trip on anybody," smiled Danny, "but I am very enthusiastic about sharing what I have with others! If we had a way to stop all the car accidents in the World, and we just kept it selfishly to ourselves and didn't tell the World about it, what would you think of us?"

We have the cure for unhappiness, for loneliness, for misery, for fear, for sicknesses of the heart that afflict millions and millions more people than will ever have car accidents!



Conan and Darlene nodded, understanding his point.

"Well, we have the solution for things much worse than car accidents! We have the cure for unhappiness, for loneliness, for misery, for fear, for sicknesses of the heart that afflict millions and millions more people than will ever have car accidents! And if we didn't share this cure with people, what would you think of us? We would be failing you, failing God, failing others and we couldn't live with ourselves! This wonderful cure is Jesus!"

"Jesus could never forgive me for some of the stuff I've been into!" sighed Conan, who had been a member of a violent street gang.

"I bet you've never murdered anybody, have you?" asked Danny.

"Not quite, but almost as bad!"

"Did you know that two of the greatest heroes in the Bible, King David and the Apostle Paul, both were responsible for the murder of innocent people? (See 2Sam.11; Acts 8:1-3.) But, because they were truly sorry, God forgave them. If you come to Jesus and ask Him to forgive you, it says in the Bible that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin". (1Jn.1:7.) He'll forgive you for all of your past, no matter what you've done, and give you love and happiness and Everlasting Life! In fact, He's knocking at your heart's door right at this very moment. Would you like to ask Him in?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Martin had been witnessing to Trish and Cara, who were young teen girls, not much older than he. Cara's parents were drug dealers\* who had been put in jail, and Trish's parents were "crack\*\*"

**drug dealers** — people who sell illegal drugs

**crack** — a cheap but very addictive & dangerous drug now widely used in the U.S.

addicts. Both teens had all kinds of worries and problems and complications in their lives. They had all kinds of questions about whether they should do this, or whether they should do that, and poor Martin didn't know what advice to give! After he had shot up a desperate prayer for "HELP!" Abednego quickened to him Mama's wise witnessing counsel in "Personal Witnessing Made Simple!" (See GN516, ML #2788.)

"Girls, I'm sorry, but I just don't know the answers to all of your questions! But I know Someone who does have the answers and I can introduce you to Him if you like!"

"Who's that then?" asked Cara.

"He's the 'Answer Man'—Jesus! He's promised in His Word that 'If you'll cast all your care upon Him, He'll take care of you!' (1Pet.5:7.) If you ask Jesus into your life, He will give you a brand new life full of so much happiness and joy. He'll forgive you for every bad thing that you've ever done and give you a brand new start!"

"And then we won't have any more problems?" asked Trish.

"Sure, you'll still have problems—everybody does!" smiled Martin, "But the big difference will be that you'll have a Best Friend always close by to help you with your problems. Jesus will help you carry them, help you bear them, help you to solve them! And the ones that He doesn't take away completely, He'll make them so much easier to bear!"

"Wow! I never thought much about God or Jesus before, but you make Him sound so neat!" said Cara.

"Oh, He is," Martin assured them, "He's really neat! Listen, I'm going to

say a little prayer, and you can repeat it after me and ask Jesus to come into your hearts!"

As the girls looked up after praying, Martin could see that the sweet light of faith had dawned on their hard and painted faces! It was the first beautiful ray of an eternal sunrise that would slowly melt away forever the Devil's darkness from their lives. Under their make up, their eyes, once so dead and cold, were now alive and warmly glowing with the Lovelight of the Lord!

Martin caught his breath as his whole being tingled with the greatest thrill of all!—The thrill of being used by Jesus to woo and win priceless, immortal, everlasting souls into His Heavenly Kingdom!—Souls that would enter into the joy of the Lord, to live happily forever with Him!

TO BE CONTINUED!...

