

A Part of Rocking the World

DOWN THE GORGE FOR TARRANT

BUBBLES AND FRIENDS

SAVED AND DELIVERED



Men of such stamina are made, not born. Everyone who has ever done anything great has had to give up something great. There are no easy paths to greatness. There is no simple, casual, risk-free way to unusual accomplishment. Everything in life that is really worth something is going to cost you a lot!

I have called you to be one of those truly great people, someone who accomplishes something extraordinary. But it won't come easy. Prepare yourself.

("Issues 12: Pleasure Seekers or Frontline Soldiers?" ML #3418:21-22,27)

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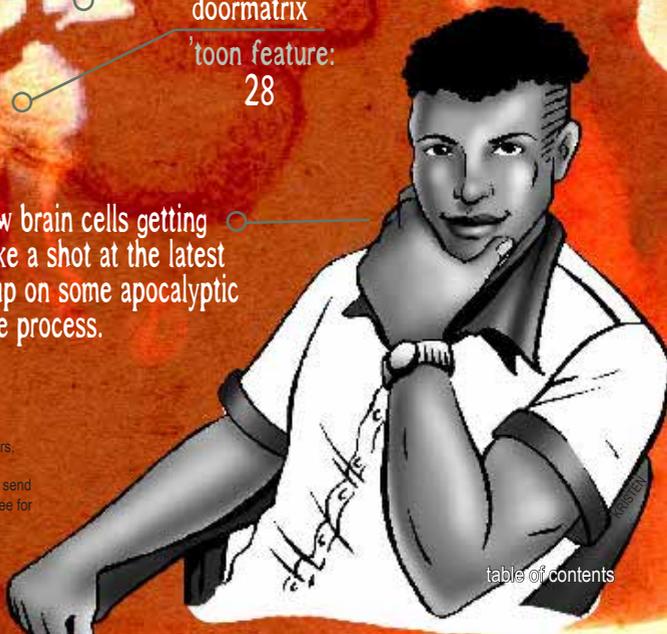
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If you have a few brain cells getting out of shape, take a shot at the latest Cydl and brush up on some apocalyptic references in the process.



Xn Issue 25, June 2003 Xn is for ages 12 and up. Parents or teachers, you may read age-appropriate portions of this mag with younger audiences, at your discretion. If you have submissions for Xn, please send them to Xn@wsfamily.com. Xn is a nonprofit publication, published free for members. Not to be sold. Copyright © 2003 by The Family DFO. Cover art by Jeremy

C A N

Y

D O

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WORDHUNTER

THE LAST DAYS

HOW TO DO IT: Hidden within the puzzle below are twenty words taken from the following verses. There is one different word from each verse, and they are hidden in every direction: backwards, forwards, up, down, and diagonal—including backwards diagonal! Match each verse to a word in this puzzle. *Can you do it?*

Daniel 12:4

Hosea 3:5

Matthew 24:5

Matthew 24:6

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Matthew 24:9

Matthew 24:10

Matthew 24:12

Matthew 24:14

Matthew 24:34

Luke 12:56

Luke 21:11

2 Thessalonians 2:7

1 Timothy 4:1

2 Timothy 3:1

2 Timothy 3:2

2 Timothy 3:3

2 Timothy 3:4

2 Timothy 3:13

C	L	O	V	S	E	R	U	S	A	E	L	P	P	N	U
Y	Y	N	R	U	O	U	X	M	Y	S	T	E	R	Y	I
V	Q	D	D	E	L	N	R	E	V	I	D	P	K	A	Z
G	W	Z	I	V	U	N	A	F	R	A	I	S	M	K	H
N	D	I	V	A	D	I	P	L	P	G	B	P	Y	D	I
E	I	O	D	G	T	J	S	A	L	V	A	R	S	I	D
W	V	V	W	E	X	I	C	T	M	B	E	T	R	A	Y
I	E	K	C	N	T	H	Y	T	I	C	U	P	I	A	C
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C	S	O	T	R	Q	F	I	R	S	R	A	W	W	T	S
R	I	W	A	A	X	F	L	L	W	L	R	Z	I	H	A
E	C	L	R	T	V	E	U	M	F	P	R	U	S	G	L
A	E	E	V	I	S	S	F	L	O	F	Q	B	N	F	W
S	H	D	J	O	R	O	R	G	S	I	A	I	E	B	N
T	L	G	M	N	E	N	A	M	N	M	N	A	L	N	U
Y	O	E	S	N	S	M	E	I	U	N	R	A	Z	I	S
D	S	G	L	T	U	P	F	Y	I	F	S	W	D	O	U
R	E	Y	E	R	C	A	S	G	U	P	K	Y	S	H	O
H	N	X	R	D	C	W	E	R	H	M	C	T	S	G	L
F	I	M	E	T	A	B	C	E	E	O	Z	W	E	P	I
A	M	G	O	N	C	N	M	D	T	S	O	G	N	T	R
T	A	O	X	Y	K	E	M	J	J	C	R	E	T	U	E
D	F	P	D	K	R	S	A	N	T	I	P	O	I	Q	P
L	W	I	U	S	E	V	I	E	C	E	D	T	W	Z	V

NOTABLE QUOTE:

A GOOD PREPARATION FOR THE ENDTIME STARTS WITH A GOOD UNDERSTANDING OF THE FACTS AND EVENTS CONCERNING THESE COMING DAYS.—JESUS

(ML #3305:121)

(Xn: When it comes to learning about the Endtime, CVC just about has it all! Courses include: Understanding Bible Prophecy; Endtime Studies I; Endtime Studies II; Daniel Studies [Endtime Studies III]; Revelation Studies; and Understanding Endtime Events. Find them today in your *CVC 2000 Handbook*, starting on page 128, or on CVCollege.com, in the Bible Knowledge certificate under Christian Studies.)



BUBBLES AND FRIENDS

(Xn: Originally given to an SGA.)

(Jesus:) I've gifted you in the area of caring for children. I've given you a mother's tender, loving heart, and your other gifts in this area come in the form of a woman named Celia, a man named Ronikan, and a bubbly, fun-loving child nicknamed Bubbles. She's a girl, by the way, and you can picture her at about eight years old.

Bubbles is always wearing multi-colored clothes and things in her hair, to match her rainbow-like personality.

She's the main one who gives you fun ideas to keep the children occupied, because she just bubbles over with fun ideas at every turn—you can see the reason for her nickname.

Celia is a woman whose character combines the ancient wisdom of a mother who has borne and raised many children, and the youth of a woman who wants nothing more than for her children to learn and grow and experience life to the full.

Ronikan is the one who helps you to relate to the boys, to encourage and show confidence in them, and help them to feel like the men they want so much to be. He's the sort of guy that little kids climb all over, like a jungle gym, because he's so big and strong, and he humors them and laughs a lot, because he loves kids so much. He looks strong but he has such a tender, loving expression in those eyes. He has brown hair past his shoulders and is always wearing something that he can easily play in, whether jeans or shorts.

These three usually just show up when you're with the kiddos, whether the ones in your house or the visiting kids. They love their job so very much. But sometimes they drop in to give a hand to you when you're writing children's stories as well, and they provide the insight that you need to either get down to the children's level or to write about children as I wish you to.

You have no reason to think that just because they specialize in caring for children their talents are limited to only that, for they are full of the wisdom of the sages. (End of message.)

(Xn: *There are plenty more where they came from! Don't forget to ask the Lord specifically who it is that helps you in your care for the children or any other work you do for the Lord.*)



Notable Quote: Your spirit helpers are not just imagined; they're real—simply in a different realm than you. You're in the realm of the flesh and they're in the realm of the spirit, but the Lord has designed you to work together as one.—Mama

(*"Mama's Birthday 2002, Part 1," ML #3433:12*)



The Brick Yellow Road

-PART 2-



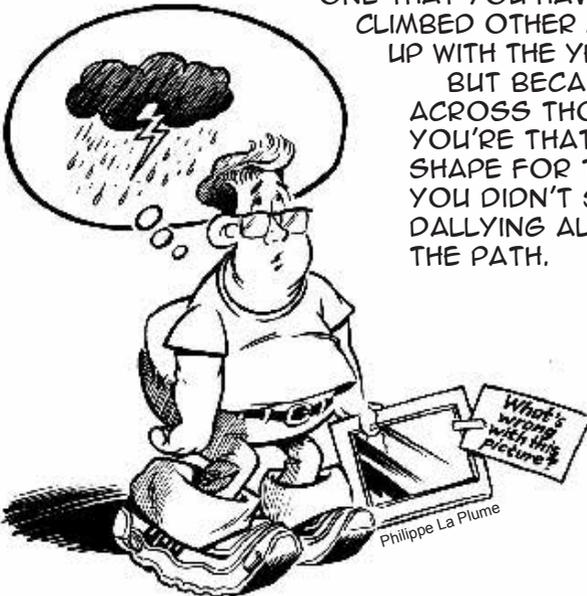
(CONTINUED FROM XV 23)

...AND SO YOU GO ALONG, FAITHFULLY FOLLOWING IT AS I WOULD WANT YOU TO, USING THE LAMP OF MY WORD TO SEE THE WAY AT NIGHT, OR THE SUN OF MY LOVE AND WARMTH TO SEE IT BY DAY. ...

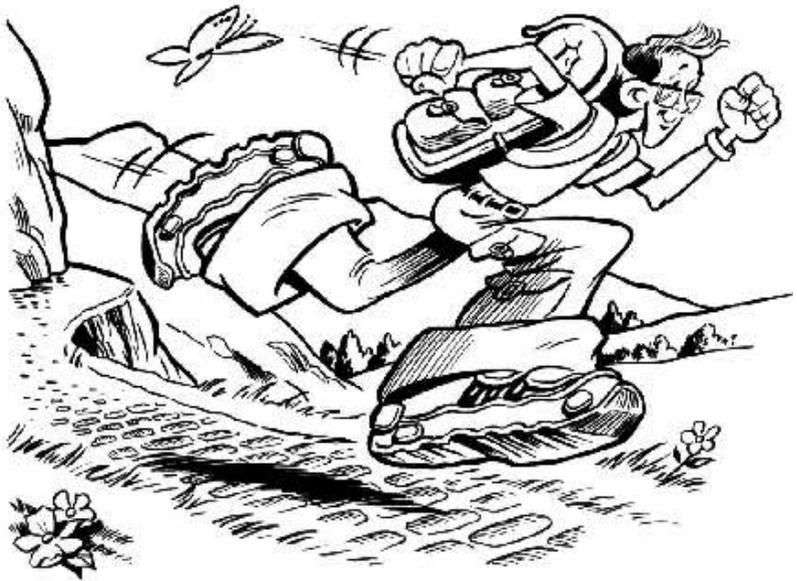
† (JESUS CONTINUES:) BUT THEN ONE DAY, OOPS, YOU FIND YOURSELF FACING ANOTHER MOUNTAIN. IT GOES UP JUST AS STEEPLY AS SOME OTHERS YOU'VE CLIMBED BEFORE. IN FACT, IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE THE SAME ONE. MOUNTAINS TEND TO START LOOKING THE SAME AFTER AWHILE. BUT IN FACT, IT IS A NEW AND DIFFERENT MOUNTAIN, AND ONE THAT YOU HAVE TO CLIMB JUST LIKE YOU'VE CLIMBED OTHER MOUNTAINS BEFORE TO KEEP UP WITH THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD.

BUT BECAUSE YOU'VE MADE IT ACROSS THOSE EARLIER MOUNTAINS, YOU'RE THAT MUCH STRONGER AND IN SHAPE FOR THIS NEXT ONE—PROVIDED YOU DIDN'T SPEND TOO MUCH TIME DALLING ALONG THE VALLEY PARTS OF THE PATH.

EVEN WHEN THE ROAD IS LONG AND STRAIGHT, YOU HAVE TO KEEP MOVING FORWARD ALONG THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD. OTHERWISE, IF YOU STOP FOR TOO LONG, YOU'LL GROW FAT FROM LACK OF MOVEMENT OR EXERCISE. (HOW'S THAT FOR GOING BACKWARDS?)



BUT IF YOU KEEP MOVING, KEEP PRESSING FORWARD, BOTH IN THE HIGH CLIMBS, AND ON THE LONG STRETCHES THAT HAVE TO BE RUN WITH PATIENCE, YOU'LL BE MAKING THE PROGRESS I WANT YOU TO MAKE, AND



GROWING AS YOU NEED TO GROW.—WITH EACH NEW BATTLE YOU'LL BE WINNING GREATER VICTORIES THAT WILL LEAVE YOU BETTER PREPARED FOR THE TOUGHER BATTLES AND BIGGER MOUNTAINS AHEAD.



AND WHERE IS IT ALL HEADING? WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING THIS YELLOW BRICK ROAD? BECAUSE MY HOUSE IS AT THE END OF IT, AND THAT'S WHERE YOU WANT TO END UP. THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND FINAL REST FROM ALL THESE BATTLES AND TRIALS AND HARDSHIPS AND NWOs AND EVERYTHING ELSE THAT I'VE HAD TO GUIDE THIS PATH THROUGH IN ORDER TO GET YOU BACK TO MY KINGDOM, AND PROVIDE YOUR SPIRIT WITH THE CHALLENGES IT NEEDS IN ORDER TO GROW.



YES, THERE ARE EASIER PATHS—MANY OF THEM. IN FACT, SATAN TRIES TO JOIN AS MANY OF HIS ROADS TO MY YELLOW BRICK ROAD AS POSSIBLE, AND THERE ARE MANY SIDE PATHS THAT LEAD TO HIS DESTINATION. YOU SEE, HE HAS USURPED ALL THE LAND AROUND THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD, EXCEPT THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD ITSELF. THAT IS MINE, AND HE CANNOT TOUCH IT. BUT AS SOON AS YOU STEP OFF THIS ROAD, YOU'RE ON HIS TERRITORY AND TRAVELING WITHOUT MY PROTECTION.

AND WHILE SOMETIMES HIS ROBBERS AND HIGHWAYMEN GET TO YOU EVEN IF YOU'RE ON THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD, I HAVE FULL POWER TO PROTECT YOU AND EMPOWER YOU TO FIGHT AGAINST AND OVERCOME THESE ADVERSARIES THAT WOULD HOLD YOU UP AND STEAL THE RICHES I HAVE GIVEN YOU TO CARRY ALONG THE WAY.



BUT IF YOU WANDER FROM THE YELLOW BRICK PATH, AND DECIDE TO EXPLORE ONE OF SATAN'S BYWAYS, WELL, I'M STILL WITH YOU, BUT MY PRESENCE FADES INTO THE BACKGROUND, AND YOU'RE MORE ON YOUR OWN, TO WHERE MY HANDS ARE TIED, AND I CAN'T HELP AND LEAD AND PROTECT YOU AS DIRECTLY AS I COULD IF YOU WERE ON THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD. AND ALL THESE SIDE PATHS EVENTUALLY LEAD TO ONE OF SATAN'S DUNGEONS, WHICH ARE A FAR WORSE PLACE TO FIND YOURSELF IN THAN EVEN THE TOUGHEST MOUNTAINS YOU'D HAVE TO CLIMB WITH ME—AND A LOT MORE DIFFICULT TO GET OUT OF THAN A MOUNTAIN IS TO GET OVER, OR THROUGH.



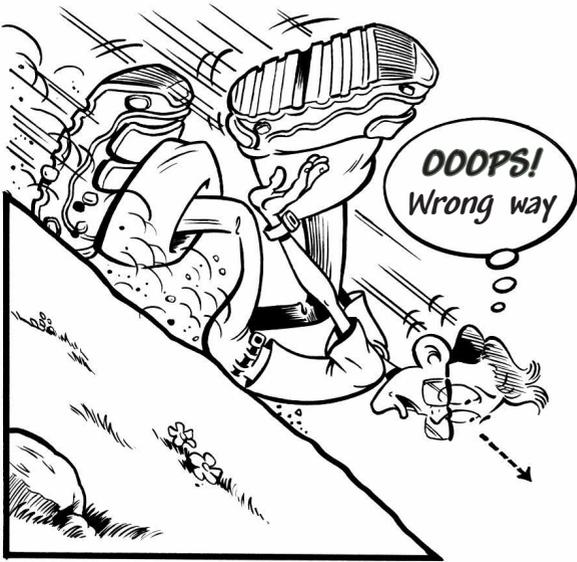
SOME OF THESE DUNGEONS ARE DUNGEONS OF DESPAIR, AND YOU FEEL

LIKE THE PRODIGAL SON EATING HUSKS WITH THE SWINE. OTHERS ARE MADE TO LOOK LIKE MANSIONS, WHERE YOU'RE FED AND YOU GROW FAT AND LAZY AND SETTLED, RICH AND INCREASED WITH GOODS, AND YOU LOSE ALL DESIRE TO LEAVE. BUT WHAT

YOU DON'T REALIZE IS THAT EVEN THESE PLACES ARE PRISONS OF SATAN, AND WITH ALL THEIR TEMPORARY DELIGHTS,

THEY COULD NEVER COMPARE TO THE LANDS AND HOUSES AND RICHES THAT I HAVE FOR YOU AT THE END OF THE ROAD WHEN YOU REACH MY KINGDOM.





SO WHAT IS THE BOTTOM LINE OF ALL THESE THINGS I'M TELLING YOU? WELL, JUST TO KEEP ON GOING, TO KEEP ON FOLLOWING THAT YELLOW BRICK ROAD.

KEEP CLIMBING THOSE MOUNTAINS, FORDING THOSE RIVERS, FOLLOWING THOSE RAINBOWS, AND NOT GIVING UP.

YES, THERE ARE EVEN TIMES WHEN YOU DO SLIDE BACK DOWN A MOUNTAIN BEFORE YOU'VE MADE IT FULLY OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE. BUT SO WHAT?

A JUST MAN FALLS SEVEN TIMES AND RISES AGAIN. JUST GET UP AND TRY AGAIN. ABOVE ALL, KEEP GOING.

YES, THERE ARE EVEN TIMES WHEN THE STORMS OF SATAN HAVE WASHED MUD ALL OVER THE ROAD, AND YOU CAN'T TELL IF YOU'RE STANDING ON THE YELLOW BRICKS ANYMORE. WHAT THEN? GET DOWN ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES AND SCRUB AWAY UNTIL YOU CAN SEE WHETHER YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT PATH OR NOT.



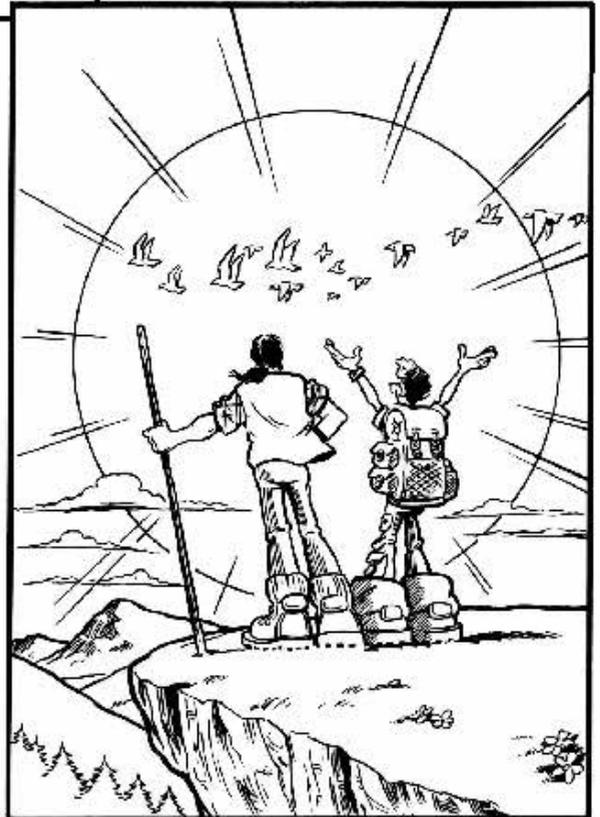
AND IF YOU ARE, WELL, GET UP AND KEEP GOING. AND IF YOU'RE NOT, YOU'D BETTER RETRACE YOUR STEPS CAREFULLY AND SEE WHERE YOU COULD HAVE MADE A TURN THAT LED YOU OFF OF THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD.



BUT DON'T GET DISCOURAGED AT THE MOUNTAINS OR OBSTACLES ALONG THE WAY, EVEN IF SOME OF THEM DO SEEM TO POP UP OVER AGAIN AND AGAIN. JUST GET OVER THEM—OR THROUGH THEM—AND KEEP ON GOING. DON'T QUIT. THERE IS AN END TO THE ROAD, AND IT MAY BE CLOSER THAN YOU IMAGINE. BUT IF YOU STOP NOW, YOU'LL NEVER SEE IT.

SO, DUST YOURSELF OFF, STAND UP, AND LET'S GET GOING. THE SUN'S GONNA BREAK THROUGH ANY MINUTE NOW, I PROMISE YOU, AND YOU'LL FIND YOU'RE STANDING WAY ABOVE THE CLOUDS AT THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN THAT YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D GET TO THE TOP OF.

THEN, AS YOU LOOK ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE, YOU'LL GET A GLIMPSE OF JUST WHERE YOU'RE HEADED, AND BE FILLED WITH THE VISION AND COURAGE TO KEEP ON GOING AND KEEP FOLLOWING THAT YELLOW BRICK ROAD, AS LONG AS IT TAKES, LETTING MY GOODNESS AND MERCY FOLLOW YOU ALL THE DAYS OF YOUR LIFE, UNTIL YOU REACH THE REALM OF MY HEAVENLY KINGDOM, WHERE I RULE, AND WHERE YOU SHALL DWELL WITH ME IN MY HOUSE FOREVER.



KEYS PROMISE:
CALL ON THE KEYS. FOR THEY WILL
KEEP YOU MOVING FORWARD UNTIL YOU
REACH THE GOAL.

A PART OF
ROCKING
THE WORLD



B (Jesus:) Hmm. *Miracles, you're thinking. I'm just not the miracle-working type. It's the era of action, and now the era of miracles, but I guess I'll just remain a homebody. I'm not so flamboyant or showy. I could never get up on stage and perform mass healings, raise my arms and stop the rain, or whatever other kind of miracles are going to be happening. Besides, who knows if those kind of miracles are really even what the Lord is talking about?! It could be just hype—just something exciting to think about. I'm sure there will be some miracles, but probably small ones that we hardly notice.*

Boy, you have another think coming. One, there WILL be miracles. Two, they will be BIG miracles. Three, if you WANT, you could be a part.

The gift of miracles is not reserved for the showy and flamboyant. It's reserved for the meek and desperate of heart. It's reserved for those who reach out and receive. It's reserved for those who are willing to play the role I ask them to play.

You won't get the gift just because you want to be cool. You won't get it if you hope to work some magic to your own ends. You won't get it if you have grand plans for how to use the gift of miracles. You won't be able to twist the power to work for you or to fulfill your own devices.

So, do you want the gift of miracles? You—the one

I call on the keys of the Kingdom for miracle-working power!





I claim the keys of deliverance
from this evil attack!

reading this right now—yes, I'm talking to YOU. It's beyond question that YOU could get the gift. Even if you're shy, young, old, naïve, inexperienced, not mature enough, or whatever you think your problem is. I look at the heart. If you want the gift to use for My glory, why don't you ask Me for it? Believe Me, I will consider it. I may not give it to you right now, because maybe you have a little learning time ahead of you still, but once your request is in, I never forget it. And you can keep reminding Me of it too. That helps.

I just wanted to let you know that the gift of miracles is NOT out of your reach. You might not feel ready to ask for it or even think about it just yet. But if I put the burden on your heart, remember that you can have it too! I'll be waiting to hear from you.

The gift of miracles is going to rock the world!
And YOU can be a part!

WHEN YOU NOTABLE QUOTE NEED IT...

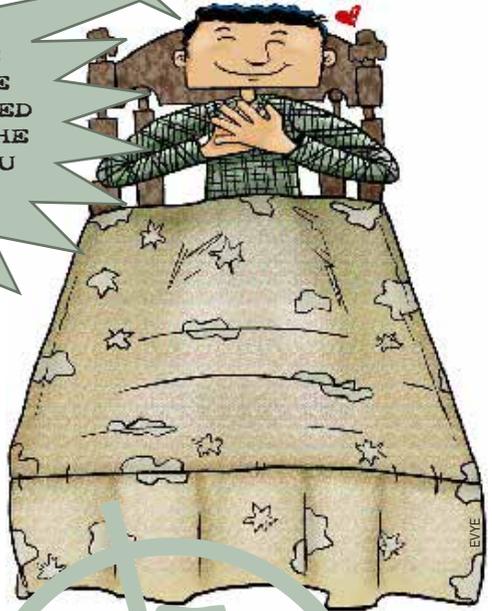
When you need these gifts, they will come. Though they may not be apparent today, or tomorrow, or the next day, or the next week, when the time comes, you will have them. When the need arises and the opportunity comes, so will the gift. In the meantime, be nourished and fed by My Word, meditating upon it, for this is vital to your faith and to your preparation.—Jesus

("The Era of Action!—Part 1,"
ML #3288:120-121)



Draw Closer to Him

IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU I
CAN SMILE. IT'S BECAUSE
OF YOU THAT I WANT TO BE
A BETTER PERSON. YOU ARE
THE REASON I GET OUT OF BED
IN THE MORNING. YOU ARE THE
REASON I LOVE OTHERS. YOU
ARE THE ONE I WORK FOR.
YOU ARE THE ONE I LIVE
TO PLEASE.*



(*Xn: A sample from the new "To Jesus—With Love" book 3. Tons of creative praises to show our wonderful Husband how much we love Him!)

(DAD:) YOU KNOW, WHEN THERE'S A WAR, THEY DON'T USUALLY START JUST FROM ONE DAY TO THE NEXT. THERE'S A LONG PERIOD OF BUILDING UP, OF PREPARING. SO IT IS IN THE SPIRIT. THE ENEMY MARSHALS HIS FORCES AND THE ANTICHRIST PREPARES, AND SO DOES THE LORD, AND SO DO WE HERE IN THE SPIRIT, AS WE HELP TO PREPARE HIS CHILDREN. THE MESSAGE OF [USING] PROPHECY IS A PREPARATION, PREPARING YOU TO HEAR HIS VOICE, TO BE COMFORTABLE WITH IT, TO BE PRAYERFUL AND TO SEEK HIM. AND NOW THIS GIFT OF [LEARNING TO LOVE THE LORD MORE] IS ALSO PART OF THE PREPARATION, FOR IT DRAWS YOU CLOSER TO HIM, AND HIM TO YOU, AND IT'S REALLY NEEDED. AND IT WILL BE MORE NEEDED AS TIME GOES ON.

SO GIVE HIM YOUR LOVE SO THAT YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT HOW MUCH HE TRULY LOVES YOU, AS KNOWING THAT WILL HELP YOU THROUGH THE HARDSHIPS AHEAD.

(ML #3029JET:128-130,138)

story feature

SCALE UP

Chapter Thirteen: Drawn to the Light

"I'm sorry that this occasion is not exactly festive," said Luis, as he poured Justin a glass of wine while the food was brought to the table. "I'm at wit's end."

"It's understandable under the circumstances," said Justin.

"The LPL know a lot about Rafael and his financial status," Luis continued. "Mine to be more exact. Anyway, they're asking a 10-million-dollar ransom by midnight tonight."

"Phew!" said Kyra. "Do you have to deliver it somewhere?"

"No, it's a simple electronic transfer."

"But a sum like that'd pretty easy to trace, right?" said Justin. "Wouldn't it would be better for them to have you bring the cash to a meeting point?"

"This isn't Hollywood," said Luis. "They've set up an Internet account somehow. I checked it out and it's all bona fide. But as soon as the transaction is made, it'll be dissolved." He shrugged his shoulders. "Don't ask me how."

"You'd think they, I mean the authorities, would be onto them in a flash," said Justin.

"Under normal circumstances, they could," said Luis. "But remember this is blackmail of sorts. It's on pain of his death that I comply with their requests."

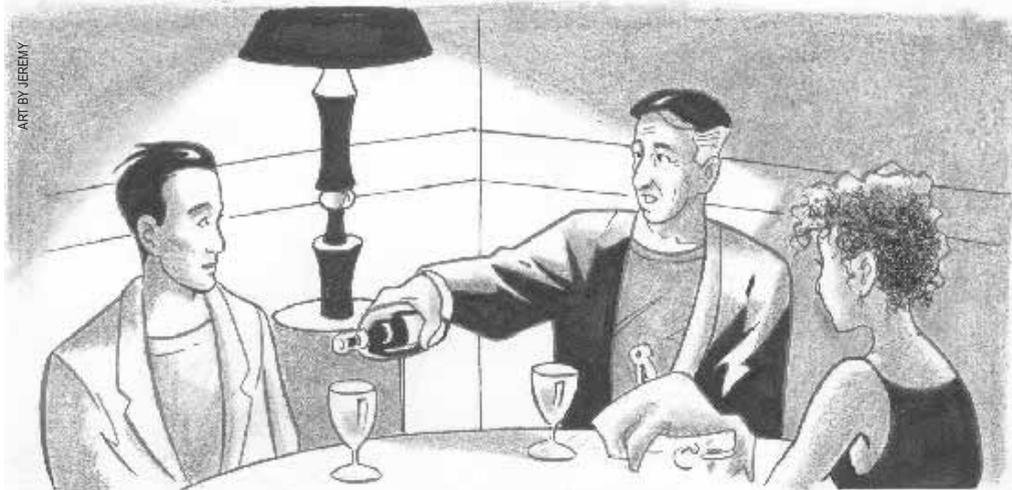
"Can you just go through with it and then track the transaction?" asked Justin.

Luis gave a patronizing chuckle. "Wish it were that easy. They won't return Rafael until one week after the transfer of the funds. That gives it time to pass through the necessary channels and come out squeaky clean."

"We're so sorry," said Kyra. "We wish there was something we could do ... but we want you to know that we have been praying a lot for you and Rafael."

"We appreciate that," said Gabriela. "And we also know that you *listen* to God. He talks to you. Right?"

"He does," Kyra replied and braced herself for the next question.



ART BY JEREMY

"So has He said anything to you regarding this situation?"

"He has," said Justin, as he looked over at Kyra. She reached into her purse.

"You see," Justin added, "we were told to take it as a sign if you were to ask."

"A sign of what?"

"A sign to let you read what He said!"

Kyra handed a piece of paper to Luis, who began reading. "For I have brought this calamity upon you to humble Rafael and bring him to Me"—Luis' voice trailed off and he read silently for awhile—"to humble you, my beloved Luis, to whom I have bestowed the wealth of this world, that you might appreciate this son in whom you see so much of the runaway idealism you had in the careless vanity of your youth. Fear not. I have heard your cry in the night seasons and I will answer..." He trailed off again to wipe his eyes and nose while continuing to read silently. When he had finished he handed it to Gabriela.

"Victor," Luis said quietly after some thought, "the message mentioned Victor Galeriu."

"One of the men we met in the dressing room last time we were here," Kyra added. "When we received this, the Lord said it was a mystery but that you would understand."

Luis nodded. "Victor and I met at a big ecological convention in Venezuela about three years ago. There were a lot of big, I mean *really* big, international money boys there. The excuse given the public was concern over the exploitation of natural resources in Latin America, when the real reason was financial pressure to turn everything over to them in return for their proposal to solve the national debt. But that's another subject. Anyway, Rafael, being a concerned but unaware environmentalist, attended. One of the few times he's ever accompanied me anywhere! But he got to know Victor Galeriu, who liked my son's zeal and his ideas and, as I learned through my sources, began funneling him the finances for his cause."

"You mean Victor Galeriu paid for the arming and setting up of the LPL?" asked Justin.

"No. He was merely the middleman working for the big guys. They saw an easy puppet in Rafael, and were all too glad to dip into their coffers to fuel his fervor. They obviously considered the chaos wreaked in the country would be worth it."

"If it's okay to ask," said Kyra, "why did you invite Victor to your event that night?"

"Men in that strata invite themselves. It's an unspoken agreement. I knew he wanted to see Rafael and check out the clientele. Much the same reason Spiro Reynoso was

there—although he slipped in through the back door, being Dany Fuentes' friend."

"So," interjected Gabriela, "back to the point. What has Victor got to do with—as Jesus says here—the miracle of Rafael's release?"

"The only way to find out would be to ask Victor himself," said Luis despondently, as he began eating. "And I'm afraid I have no way of contacting him. It would be like trying to contact the president himself. The food is getting cold. *Bon appetit.*"

"Wait!" said Kyra, reaching into her purse again. "Victor gave me his card in the dressing room that time. He said if we needed to contact him for any reason, to call him. Here it is!"

"How is it that you can solicit such preferential treatment?" asked Luis with a surprised smile.

"I think it's pretty obvious," said Gabriela, winking at Justin.

"Pretty is the word," Luis remarked to Justin. "Your wife could charm the keys to the gates of Hell off the Devil himself."

"It's not me," said Kyra, blushing. "It's only Jesus working through me."

Luis smiled. "Here's a cell phone. We'll just sit back and watch Him work His magic through you, right Justin?"

"Right. In Jesus' name." She tapped the numbers into the phone and waited.

"Hello? Victor? Oh, I'm sorry, ma'am ... no, it's Kyra. I beg your pardon? ... No, I'm the girl he met at Luis Estrada's party ... um I mean ... business function..."

Kyra put her hand on the receiver and grimaced at the others. "I think that was his wife. But she sounds Mexican. She's gone to get him. Pray!" *Oh, Lord forgive me for rushing into this. Please do give me the words to say.*

A minute or so later Kyra heard a stern hello on the other end and explained herself. She smiled with relief at Victor's obvious delight in hearing her voice again.

"I have never forgotten you," he said. "A vision of Heaven. So, how may I help you?"

"Can you talk freely?" said Kyra.

"Yes. Why?"

"It's about Rafael Estrada."

"Who? Oh, Luis' son. And?"

"I don't know if you know, but he's been kidnapped and is being held for ransom."

"Yes, come to think of it, I do recall some discussion about the possibility. So they pulled it off?"

"Yes. But we don't know if we'll get him back alive after they take the money."

"So Luis is considering meeting their terms?"

"I'm sure he is if he knows he'll get his son back. Please, sir. You told us to contact you if we ever needed your help."

"That's true. Anytime. Give to those in need. One day you may benefit from the kindness of someone who does likewise, right?"

"Isn't that a quote from..."

"'Mottos for Success.' That calendar you gave me."

"Well it's true, kindness does come back to you."

"I know it's true. I've found it so ever since I met you and started to put that principle into practice. Tell Luis his son will be home tomorrow afternoon..."

"So please sir, if you could ... what did you say?"

"Tell Luis his son will be home tomorrow afternoon."

"What? ... Oh ... oh, thank you, Mr. Galeriu."

"Just call me Victor. And tell Luis that he doesn't have to pay a peso of ransom to that gang of hoodlums."

"I'm just so ... overwhelmed," Kyra said to Victor after relaying the messages to Luis. "How can I thank you?"

This was met with a knowing chuckle.

"My husband is so grateful as well as Señor Estrada," said Kyra quickly.

"Is he there?"

"My husband?"

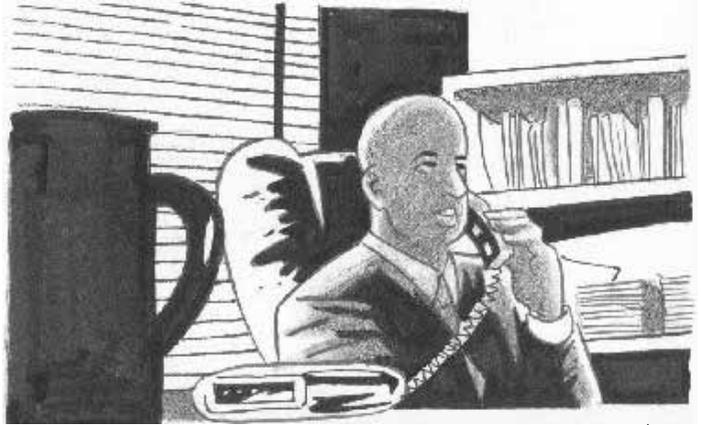
"No, Luis."

"Yes."

"Can I speak to him?"

Kyra handed the phone over to Luis, who had been sitting with grateful tears rolling down his cheeks. "Hello?" he said. "Fine. Thank you, Victor. Thank you. You don't know how much this means to us. What? A good idea. That's the least I could do. God bless you again. Yes, I'll put her back on."

After hearing more from Victor about the effect his short encounter with her had had in his life, Kyra con-



veyed further expressions of gratitude to him along with a goodnight prayer. She closed the phone and handed it back to Luis. "He said for me to tell you that he's going to make sure you, as a good Christian, will uphold your end of the bargain. Whatever that means."

"It means," said Luis, "that you are going to have to ask Jesus what on earth you can do with one million dollars."

Justin and Kyra's mouths fell open. Luis continued.

"He said I, as a good Christian who tithes to whatever his church happens to be, should give a tenth of the ransom to a cause that is really making a difference in this world. Yours."

"That's a lot of *Conéctate* mags," whispered Justin wryly, shaking his head.

Gabriela took the package from the closet shelf and glanced at herself in the mirror. She smiled to see that the glow in her eyes was still there despite her tiredness. It had been a busy couple of weeks with little time for rest or recreation, but the inner strength she was now able to draw on surpassed even that natural vivacity she once possessed for her career. The traumatic experience involving her brother's capture and release had affected her deeply, and it seemed to her that since knowing and working with these wonderfully odd people, she was different; her concern for others no longer stemmed from her naturally social personality—it went further than that. Her eyes fell on the framed cameo portrait on her bedside table of the compassionate man with the long hair and beard. Her heart quickened.

"Not just since meeting these people," she whispered, "but since meeting *You*."

With the package under her arm, Gabriela left her room and made her way down the hallway to where Kyra was staying.

"How is your pregnancy going, by the way?" she asked once she and Kyra had exchanged hugs and small talk. "With all this traveling and excitement, I've been wondering how you'd keep up."



Kyra patted her stomach and smiled. "It's a miracle, really. I didn't think I'd have the energy for it, but the Lord's given me the grace and everyone's been so accommodating. Justin hovers over me like a mother hen!"

"I got this together for you," said Gabriela as she handed Kyra the package. "I hope it all suits your taste."

"Oh, wow!" shrieked Kyra, holding up some of the enclosed items. "You really didn't have to! Clothes from Clarissa Scheck's maternity and baby line! What can I say? I'm so touched and appreciative. Thank you so much, Gabriela."

"I secretly organized a baby shower for you," said Gabriela with a glow of satisfaction.

"It's just so wonderful," Kyra gushed.

Gabriela suddenly looked downcast. "Of course, I got this stuff together before you all...", she said softly.

"I'm sorry. Is something wrong?"

"It's just that under the recent circumstances," said Gabriela wistfully, "compared to what you now have at your disposal, it doesn't amount to much."

Kyra laid the items down on the bed and put her arm around Gabriela. "Oh, but the donation your father's giving is to invest in preaching the Gospel. All that you've gotten for me is so wonderful, and an answer to my prayers."

"I'm very glad that Papa is going to be helping your work," Gabriela said. "It's something I have been hoping he would do for a long

time. And I agree that there could be no better organization to give it to than you. So many of these other charity concerns merely 'give men a fish,' as the old analogy goes, while you teach them how to fish. You go to the core of their need. Oh, I don't know how to explain it, I'm just gabbing on. But believe me, I know."

"Thank you so much for all the baby items," said Kyra. "This gift means more to me in the spirit than a hundred billion dollars, Gabriela. It shows your concern and love."

"That's what I was hoping," said Gabriela. "I wanted to give to you so much, but I didn't think anything I could give from now on would mean very much."

"You know what is the greatest gift you've given us?" asked Kyra. "Yourself. The fact that you are joining with us in our work, promoting our message, witnessing to your friends and turning them on to *Conéctate*."

Chapter Fourteen: On the Horizon

When the rest of the team returned home a week later, Kyra and Justin refrained from telling them the astonishing developments until the others had finished recounting their experiences and events during their absence.

Mer was exceptionally excited. "We had about three gigs come up—no super big dos, but a lot of big shots in the gov' and stuff."

"And Mer had to take almost the whole show," said Clay, proudly. "She did great."

"But 'Scaling Up' was a disaster on that first gig," said Mer. "I got too self conscious on the tongues thing, so we didn't even attempt it at the other shows."

"It wasn't that bad," countered Clay. "The crowd loved it. You should have seen Mer's face light up when someone said she sounded like Shakira on it!"

"What she lacks in musical finesse," added Javier, "she made up for with zeal!"

"And she was putting on a show for Dany," muttered Abner with a grin.

"Yeah right!" said Mer, blushing. "Dany stood in on bass, by the way."

"How is he doing?" asked Kyra.

"He's doing great!" said Mer. "We've been giving him classes and he's so turned on to prophecy. He loves the Word on the spirit world, and he's an on-fire witness. He brought a bunch of his druggie friends over to 'get the treatment' as he put it, and they all got saved!"

"And Hector's already drawing up plans for programs to help the city's youth with their drug problem," said

story feature

Javier. "He wants us to get involved, but we were able to put him in touch with another Family Home, and get their help on it."

"And they're totally flipped out about it," Mer said. "They said they've got more fruit than they can possibly handle."

"And you all?" said Clay. "Besides Rafael being released, something else happened, I can tell. You're *dying* to spill it out."

"Ah, nothing much," said Justin with a shrug. "My dad's got us a gig at the inauguration of a new five-star Global Madison Hotel that's opening up in Mexico City."

"Enrique Escalante, the president of Mexico, will be there," said Kyra. "It's big news."

"Oh, and before I forget," added Justin, "Luis asked us to help him find a way to use one million dollars to further our work."

The ensuing open-mouthed silence was broken only by a faint "you're kidding" from Mer, and continued for a further five minutes after Justin's firm reassurance that he was serious. After the initial impulses of selfish interest, which invaded each Luna member's mind, were quickly dismissed as of the Devil, their silent reflection opened up broad vistas of possibility: a publishing house, Family schools, an Endtime movie with a cast of thousands...

"We should ask the Folks," said Javier finally.

* * *

"It's a palace!" Mer exclaimed as Luna trooped past

the fountains and cerise marble pillars of the Global Madison's immense, crowded foyer. Piped music that seemed to come from no specific source filled the air. A small rostrum set among a lush array of tropical plants awaited them in the middle where Abner was testing the microphones with an insistent "Hello ... testing ... one, two...", and a tap of his hand that boomed like a thunderclap.

"That's some PA," said Justin.

"Hola."

Abner looked up at the pretty face wreathed with a radiant smile. "M ... Marisa."

She held out her hand. Abner gave it a fleeting clasp. "Wh ... what are you doing here?" he stuttered in Spanish.

"My father brought me along. He said there was a good band playing."

"We're okay, I guess," he said with a self-effacing smile.

"*Estas guapissimo!* And doing extremely well with your Spanish!" she continued in English.



Abner shrugged and blushed. "And you with your English."

Marisa lowered her head and her voice. "Actually, I already spoke English when I met you. I was er ... too embarrassed..."

Abner coughed nervously and the two of them studied their feet.

"Anyway, I want to thank you for that pamphlet you gave me," the girl went on. "I never thought a simple piece of paper would change my life like that. I prayed that I'd see you again to tell you."

Abner was biting his lip and trying to deal with the excruciating tumult in his stomach that was elicited by seductively warm dark eyes gazing into his, when a voice with an East European accent suddenly intruded on the uncomfortable silence.

"It looks as though you know each other."

"Yes, Papa. We met on the plane when I was returning from visiting Uncle Adrian in Timisoara."

"My wife makes sure that Marisa takes frequent trips there," the man said to Abner, "to get a taste of the European experience, you know."

"Victor!" The exclamation was from Kyra who had just walked up to the rostrum. "What a nice surprise! I was hoping I'd get to see you again in person to thank you for..."

The man discreetly put his finger to his lips. "It seems your young friend here knows my daughter. They met on the plane from Timisoara."

"Really?" said Kyra. "It's a small world."

Victor laughed knowingly and gesticulated at the towering interior of the Global Madison. "And it's getting smaller all the time. It's falling into fewer hands! Soon there'll be just one pair of hands holding it."

"And we know who that is," said Kyra with a wink as she looked at Abner. Marisa looked puzzled but smiled anyway.

"We do, we do," said Victor with a nod.

"But the One who holds the whole universe will soon have him by the ... er ... wrists," added Kyra.

Victor laughed again. "You have a point. You have a point!"

With that, Victor paused, pressed his finger to his chin and looked about him—a party of well-dressed dignitaries had just entered, surrounded by security guards.

"The president," he muttered. Putting his arms over Kyra, Abner, and his daughter's shoulders, he drew them in close. It was apparent he had been drinking.

"But *you*," he whispered, "you be like the little mosquitoes and keep hopping all over those other fingers. Make it uncomfortable for them. Someone at the top is not happy with your presence and even less happy with what you have accomplished in the unseen. Be prepared for a concerted attack."

"Media?"

"Of course. But also arising from a stirring of other parties, seen and unseen. Much of it due to his 'contacts' in both worlds."

With the words of his mystifying message still hanging in the air, Victor took his daughter's hand and with a remark about needing to 'blend in,' he turned to go down the steps of the rostrum.

"I'll call you," Marisa whispered to Abner before they disappeared into the crowd.

It was about twenty minutes before the show was to begin, and because Justin had not showed up for prayer, Kyra searched the crowd for him. She was delighted to see him happily chatting at the bar with Rafael who was smiling and thoroughly engrossed in the conversation, though sporting a few scars and scratches on his face.

"Come and join us," Rafael said.

"Maybe for 'bout ten minutes. We're on in fifteen," said Kyra, "and we usually take a few minutes to pray before we play. You can join us if you wish, Rafael."

"Prayer," said Rafael wistfully. "I've had a crash course in that in recent weeks."

Kyra perched herself on a stool and ordered a juice. "That was quite an ordeal you suffered," she said.

"Yes. And my brother here has been explaining a lot of cool principles about talking to God." He patted Justin on the shoulder.

"He's an interesting person to talk to," said Kyra. "Take advantage of it."

"An interesting person to listen to!" countered Rafael. "I made a vow in captivity that if I were to ever see my brother again, I'd let *him* do the talking!"

"We are discovering how alike we are!" said Justin. "Such as all our runaway idealism."

"It runs away in the family," said Rafael.

"Like the sprigs?" laughed Kyra, patting Justin's head.

Rafael tugged at his beret. "Yes. That's why I wear this."

"Still the radical anarchist?" said Kyra.

"In the ... er ... spiritual sense," said Rafael, looking humbly at Justin. "That political world is just a rat race. Hurtado's in, I suppose you know."

"Yes. What's he like?"

"He's not too bad. He's been groomed from the lower strata of society and he gains that kind of respect. Nobody respects Reynoso."

Kyra rolled her eyes. "Spiro Reynoso. What happened to him?"

"When the news broke out that I was deposed, and Spiro found out he wasn't in the running, he openly declared that he knew the Los Libertadores del Pueblo Latino party was corrupt all along, and ran into the open arms of the present government who promised him a shot at the presidency."

"Why would they do that, knowing he's a slimy traitor?"

"Because his obvious duplicity will make him more despicable in the eyes of the public and good for nothing," said Rafael. "That, coupled with a nice fat smear campaign dragging out his drug dealing past, will get him zero votes."

"Very smart," said Justin.

"Yes, but it wasn't the government's idea. It was your cryptic Romanian friend's. The one you were talking to over at the rostrum."

"Victor Galeriu?"

Rafael nodded. "It all plays into the hands that are really behind the thrones because it further befuddles the public. *Mi Dios!* I can't believe how dumb I've been."

"Have you been filling Rafael in on your 'conspiracy theories,' Justin?"

"Didn't have to, Kyra. Victor's filled him in on them himself."

After an initially nervous musical performance due to the knowledge that the president of Mexico himself was watching them, Luna looked down from the rostrum at Gabriela's welcoming smile and a small but official-looking entourage.

"He wants to meet the girl who sang St. Francis' Prayer," she announced.

"Who?"

"President Escalante, of course!"

"Really?"

The entourage nodded. Mer's mouth dropped open as she swung her guitar off her shoulder and into its case. "Now?"

The entourage nodded again.

"Come!" said Gabriela, reaching out her hand.

Clay, who had been looking on tentatively at first, smiled with admiration as Mer, clad in a close-fitting black chiffon evening gown and with her hair swept back in a small French twist, stepped gracefully down from the rostrum and with a regal bearing that left many turned heads in her wake, accompanied Gabriela and the officials to the hotel's chief conference room.

HOLD ON TO ME AS I TAKE YOU THROUGH NEW DOORS, TO NEW HORIZONS, TO NEW AND GREATER VICTORIES. THE TIME OF THE END DOES APPROACH, BUT IT IS YET A WHILE BEFORE HELL IS RELEASED IN ALL ITS FURY. THESE ARE STILL TIMES

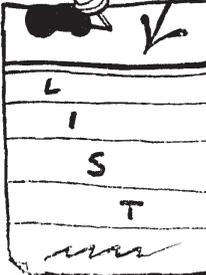
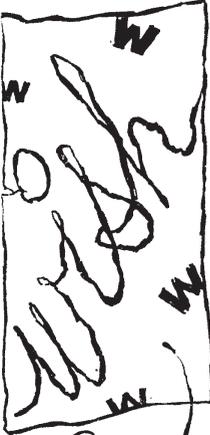
THROUGH NEW DOORS

— OF VERY SERIOUS TRAINING FOR YOU, AS THE HOUR APPROACHES WHEN YOU WILL NEED TO HAVE MASTERED ALL THE GIFTS THAT I HAVE BESTOWED ON YOU.—JESUS

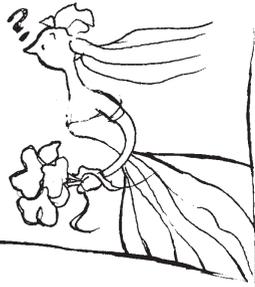
notable quote

("WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS, PART 4," ML #3357:47)

AD



COULD I Tempt you with some TRINKETY-LUSTIES?



This is how I wish my brides to be with Me:

- 1. Willing to pay any price to be with Me
- 2. Willing to sacrifice anything to be with Me
- 3. Unable to live without Me
- 4. Willing to give up anything to have Me

("Desperate for Jesus!" ML #3250:72-73)

oh BABY, you Breakin' my heart!



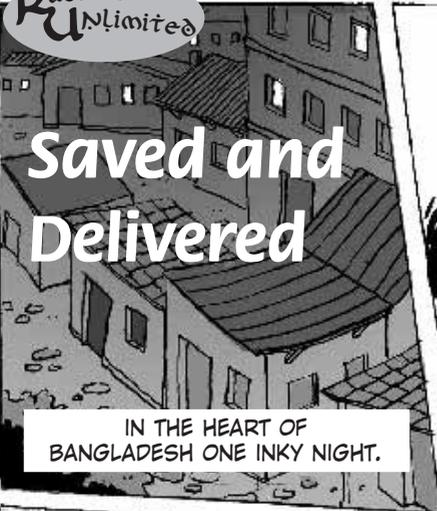
NOT INTERESTED!!! ALL I WANT IS JESUS!



DAVID KOMIC

JESUS' wish LIST JESUS' wish LIST JESUS' wish LIST

Saved and Delivered



IN THE HEART OF BANGLADESH ONE INKY NIGHT.

WE HAVE ABU'S HOUSE SURROUNDED...



THERE ARE 25 MEN HIDING IN THE SHADOWS, WAITING FOR A SIGNAL.



WE WARNED HIM. IF HE WANTS TO BE A CHRISTIAN, HE MUST GO SOMEWHERE ELSE.



THE TORCHES ARE READY. OUR PLAN IS TO FORCE HIM OUT AND BURN DOWN HIS HOUSE.



QUIET! FROM THAT WINDOW—I CAN HEAR ABU TALKING TO SOMEONE!



LET'S CREEP CLOSER TO HEAR...



WHAT? HAS HE GATHERED OTHERS TO HELP HIM?

DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER, PLEASE HELP THE PEOPLE IN MY ENTIRE VILLAGE TO DISCOVER THAT YOU ARE THE SOURCE OF TRUE HAPPINESS.



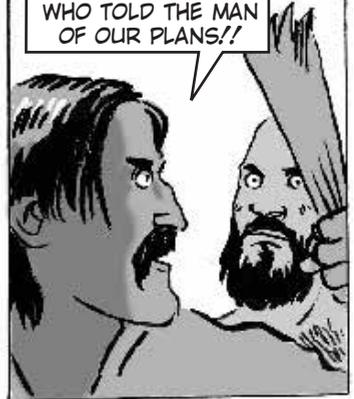
PLEASE FORGIVE THOSE WHO WISH TO HARM ME AND DRIVE MY FAMILY OUT.



PLEASE HELP THEM TO LEARN ABOUT YOUR LOVE.



THIS IS MADNESS! WHO TOLD THE MAN OF OUR PLANS?!



IDRIS, LIGHT YOUR TORCH AS A SIGNAL TO THE OTHERS. WE MUST ATTACK NOW!



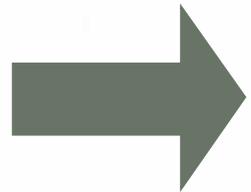
IDRIS, WE CANNOT ENTER HIS HOUSE! THERE IS SOME SPIRIT PREVENTING US!

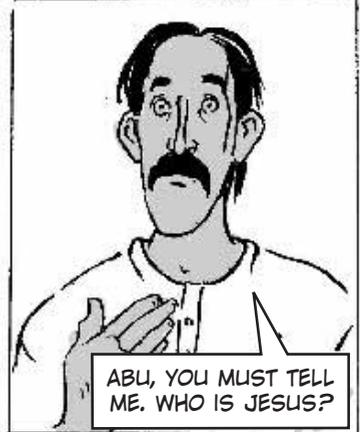


WHAT IS THIS SUPERNATURAL FORCE?



FRIGHTENED, THE MOB OF MEN LEFT.







JESUS HAS SAVED ME!



I MUST GO NOW. THANK YOU, ABU, MY FRIEND!



WIFE! I MUST SHARE WITH YOU SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL THAT HAS HAPPENED IN MY HEART THIS VERY NIGHT!



AND THEN WE MUST TELL THE CHILDREN!

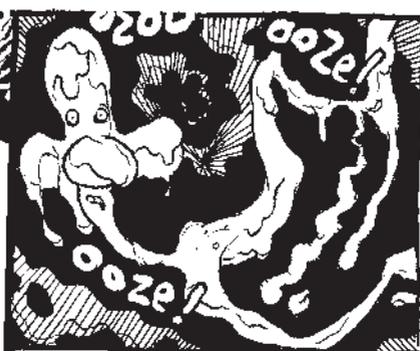


IDRIS' WIFE AND CHILDREN BECAME BELIEVERS ALSO. WITHIN DAYS IDRIS MIAH FACED PRESSURE OF HIS OWN. HE WAS FIRED FROM HIS JOB AND HIS CHILDREN WERE FORCED OUT OF SCHOOL. YET HE SAYS THAT HE STILL HAS JOY, FOR HE HAS JESUS IN HIS HEART.

NOTABLE QUOTE:

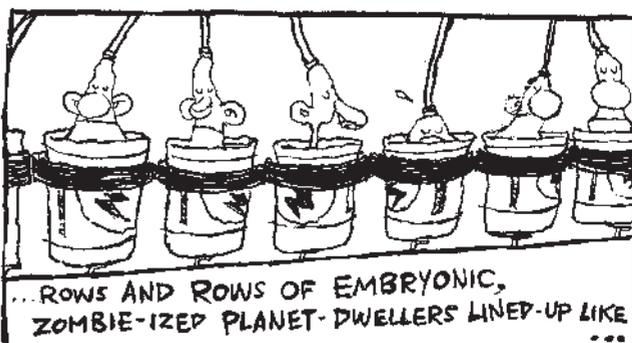
IF YE BE REPROACHED FOR THE NAME OF CHRIST, HAPPY ARE YE; FOR THE SPIRIT OF GLORY AND OF GOD RESTETH UPON YOU: ON THEIR PART HE IS EVIL SPOKEN OF, BUT ON YOUR PART HE IS GLORIFIED.—PETER THE APOSTLE

1 PETER 4:14



AS EON OOZES
DOWNWARD
IN AN OOZEUS
SLIME-IFEROUS,
HAIR-GEL SLIDE,
HE SUDDENLY
EXPERIENCES
A SHOCKING,
OOZE-INDUCED
REVELATION...

..A GOOEY
GLIMPSE
BEHIND
THE
DOORMAT
(RIX)



HE SEES...
...ROWS AND ROWS OF EMBRYONIC,
ZOMBIE-IZED PLANET-DWELLERS LINED-UP LIKE

...EVER-READY
BATTERIES,
THEIR VERY
ENERGY
BEING
CULTIVATED
& HARVESTED
BY THESE...



...REALLY
GROSS-
LOOKING,
INSECT-
LIKE,
LEECHY,
ALIEN,
ENERGY-
SUCKERS!

TO PLACATE
THE COMATOZED
EVER-READY
VICTIMS, THE
ALIENS PROJECT
IMAGES AND
SENSATIONS
OF ENTIRE
VIRTUAL
LIVES...

...DIRECTLY
INTO THE
MINDS OF
THE HAPLESS
POWER-PROVIDERS,
LIVES THAT THE
VICTIMS THINK
THEY'RE ACTUALLY
LIVING BUT
AREN'T!!



TO BE
CONTINUED
...