

Reading the Walls
R A I N G T H E W A L L S
Heavenly Realism
H E V J Y R E L I G M



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a TOTAL WATER NYMPH!

(Jesus:) Picture the path of My will as a great flowing river. When you're in the habit of saying yes to Me, no matter what, this places you in the center, and you're hurtled along at a great and wonderful speed, because you've told Me that I can do whatever I want with you.

Remind yourself that you want to be different, you

want to see things that no one else has seen and no one else has thought of. And the way you can do this is by reveling in the cool, all-encompassing, swiftly moving, refreshing, mysterious, and awe-inspiring current of the river of God.

Be a total water nymph! Reject the chorus of landlubbers who, in all

the advice they so freely dispense, are simply saying, "Be like us!" You belong in the river; never forget that. You were born in the river, raised in the river, and even though you've spent your whole life in the river, I promise there will always be new challenges, new thrills, and new places the river will take you.

("Issues, Part 12: Water Nymph vs. Landlubber," ML #3418:143-144,160-161) (Xn: Read the whole message again!)

Xn Issue 40, April 2004
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OUR "TITANIC" in the Next Two Years

the keys of the Kingdom. So we are not to fear, but to pray fervently and to work diligently to find the Lord's will, and do it! We are not about to start running for the lifeboats and abandoning ship. We're not going to go down in defeat and humiliation. It's time to fight.

ART BY LINDA ROSE

 (Jesus:) You have heard Me refer to My Family—the children of David—as a great ship or ocean liner. And as such, any changes or moves or shifts of direction—because of the sheer breadth and width of the ship—cannot be done quickly; they take time. Now I give you the same analogy of the ocean liner, only this time with a lot more gravity and a lot more sobriety of spirit. For now, at this point in time, I liken and compare the ocean liner of the Family to the Titanic prior to her demise.

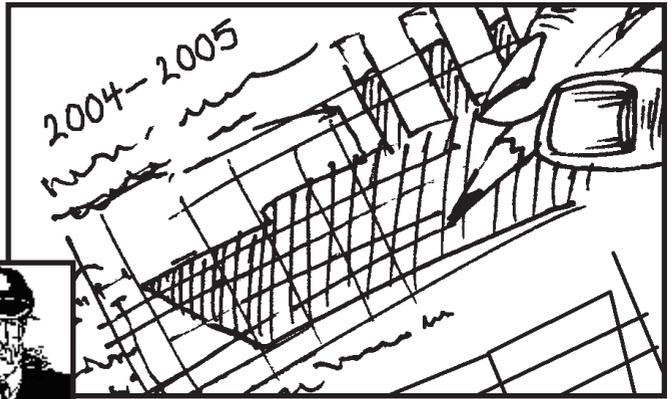
The great Titanic of the Family—which many in their familiarity and compromise have thought "unsinkable"—is indeed sinkable, unless met with drastic and sweeping measures! The rift in her side is long and deep and great, one that cannot be remedied by "compartmentalizing," and one that cannot be ignored or it will be the end of her. No matter how "slow" that sinking and death is, it will come, unless immediate, precise, and drastic action is taken.

(Peter:) We pray this [word picture of the Titanic] doesn't scare you. There's nothing to be afraid

of, but we must fight as never before. We have all the power of the universe at our fingertips through



(Peter:) Throughout the next two years (2004–2005) the Family is going to radically change. We are going to root out compromise. We are going to become the discipleship force which the Lord has demanded that we become, for if we don't, we will fall by



the wayside and become just another church or religious organization. Mama and I and the Family's top leadership are determined to do all we can to keep the ship of the Family afloat. We're going to repair the breaches and send it to sea once again, with no leaks, no damage, and with a complete refitting. We have laid out plans for the restructuring of the Family so that the Family of the future will be radically different from the Family of today.



The CM Family of the near future will be a Family of full-time, 110%, dedicated, obedient, completely sold-out disciples; no others will hold the title of CM.* It will be a Family of maximizers, not minimizers. It will be a Family of doers and not just hearers. It will be a Family we can all be proud of. It will be a Family that not only does the job of witnessing, winning, and preaching the Word, but also of living the Word to the utmost. These changes are beginning now.

We will not allow our ship to sink; we will not allow it to go down into the sea of oblivion and compromise. We'll fight with all that is in us to make the Family what God Himself wants it to be or we will die trying. Are you with us? Are you willing?

(*Xn: CM now equals "FD"! See ML #3483 for an introduction to the "Family Disciple" term, which replaces the term "Charter Member.")



(Jesus:) I have not given up on the Family, and I am still investing much in the Family's future. I know the Family and the hearts of those who call themselves children of David, and there is much hope for change and victory.

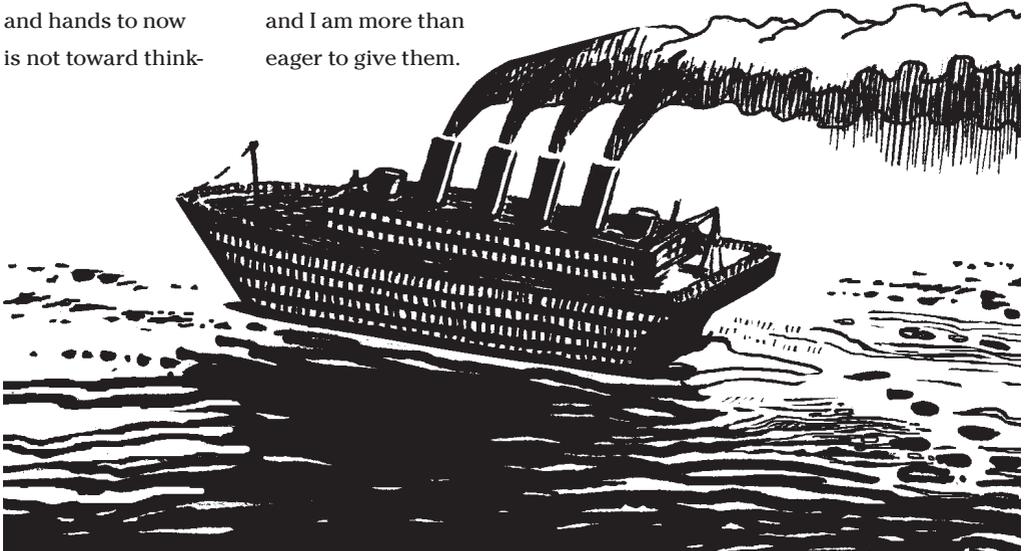
What you must put your mind, heart, and hands to now is not toward think-

ing about what went wrong, in a lamenting and forlorn manner, but rather toward what you're going to do now. ... There will yet be much progress, and there is hope for a great turnaround. So do not despair when you look at some of the great weaknesses of the Family, for there are solutions, and I am more than eager to give them.



Keys Promise:

Claim the companion keys of unswerving dedication, radical reality, and crazy faith, so you'll be able to rise to the challenge and changes ahead of you!



("New Year's Challenge for 2004!" ML #3468:118,121,205-206,213-214)

SPECIFIC KEYS OF HEAVEN

ART BY PHILIPPE LA PLUME

Part 3

Hearing from the Lord

keys of cleansing
keys of creation
Key of David
keys of desperation
keys of determination
keys of discernment
keys of divination
keys of faith
keys of full possession
keys of humility
keys of insight
keys of iron
keys of intercession
keys of lightning
keys of My heavenly thought power
keys of obliteration
keys of prophecy
keys of protection
keys of receptivity
keys of renewal
keys of revelation
keys of sensitivity to My Spirit
keys of tenacity
keys of the Fifth Dimension
keys of yieldedness

(See also Faith/Rising Above; Fighting the Enemy; Full Possession/Heavenly Thought Power; Word, The/Connecting with Jesus.)

Homegoing

keys of endurance
keys of everlasting life
keys of faith
keys of trust
keys of undaunted faith

(See also Comfort/Overcoming a Broken Heart; Faith/Rising Above; No Condemnation.)



Honesty

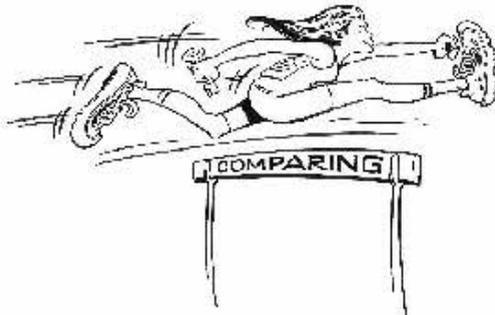
keys of contentment
keys of faith
keys of honesty
keys of humility
keys of openness
keys of trust
keys of unity
(See also Love;
Pride.)



Inspiration /

Enthusiasm

keys of enthusiasm
keys of inspiration
keys of joy
keys of refilling
(See also Boldness;
Contentment/Happiness/
Positiveness.)



Jealousy / Comparing

keys of acceptance
keys of contentment
keys of deliverance
(See also Contentment/
Happiness/Positiveness; Love;
Negativity/Criticalness; Unselfishness/
Giving.)



Legal / Business / Visas

keys of acceptance
keys of alertness
keys of understanding
(See also Pioneering/Pilgrims
and Strangers; Supply/Finances;
Travel.)

Loneliness

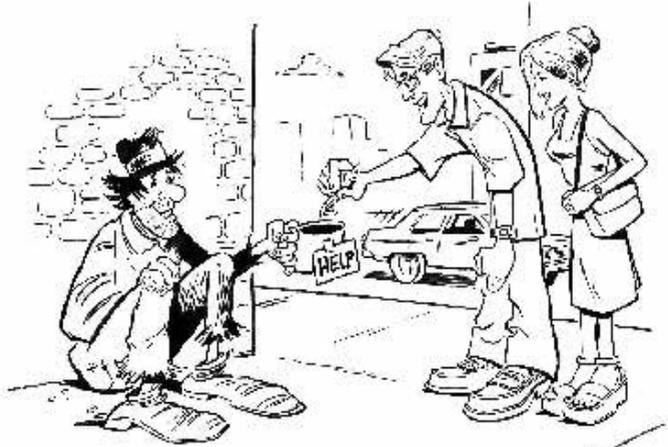
keys of focus
keys of love
keys of My righteousness
(See also Comfort/Overcoming
a Broken Heart; Contentment/
Happiness/Positiveness; Depression/
Discouragement; Faith/Rising Above;
Praise.)



Love

keys of affection
keys of calmness
keys of diplomacy
keys of empowerment
keys of faith
keys of forbearance
keys of humility
keys of longsuffering
keys of love
keys of patience
keys of peace
keys of supernatural grace
keys of supernatural love
keys of transformation
keys of understanding
keys of unity

(See also Marriage; Prayer for Others; Unity/Communal Living.)



Marriage

keys of a fresh start
keys of love
keys of renewal
keys of sacrificial love
keys of unity

(See also Love; Unity/Communal Living.)



Memorization

keys of remembrance
keys of retention

(See also Full Possession/Heavenly Thought Power; Word, The/Connecting with Jesus.)

Menopause

keys of healing

(See also Faith/Rising Above; Healing and Health; Praise; Relief from Pain.)

Xn: If this isn't a challenge you're personally facing, you probably have much-loved mothers or friends going through this stage in their lives, who you can pray for.



“AM I MY BROTHER’S KEEPER?”



Chapter 3: A Change of Direction

“A Señor Humberto Castellano for Señorita Meredith Kalman,” Kyra announced, handing Mer the cell phone as she was cleaning up the kitchen after breakfast. “Sounds very official.”

“Oh gosh! They must have...,” said Mer, putting her hand to her mouth. “Hello?”

“Meredith?”

“Si, Señor.”

“I hope I’m not disturbing you.”

“N-no, you’re not! Just cleaning up. ... Housework.”

“Meredith, I was contacted by a Señor Linares of the Immigrations Department yesterday afternoon in regards to some irregularity in one of your friends’ legal status as far as staying in Mexico is concerned.”

“It’s been a little traumatic for us all.”

“I understand. I’m sorry about that. However, this is a rather delicate situation for me to be involved in. It puts me in an unexpected and somewhat awkward light.”

Mer blushed. “Oh gosh, Señor Castellano, I’m so sorry.”

“I realize that I had given you my card with the express invitation to let me know if there was anything I could do to help. I meant that and still do.”

“Si. And we’re ... I’m super grateful.”

“However, it would have been wiser if you had contacted me first and arrangements could have been made without my being obviously involved.”

“Señor, I feel terrible. I wish I could turn back the clock.”

Humberto laughed. “The situation is not *that* bad, Señorita, and not entirely hopeless. The upside is that the Chief of Immigrations happens to be married to my sister. There, I’ve saved the best news until last!”

Mer let out a sigh of relief with a “thank You, Jesus.” “Oh, Señor Castellano, you don’t know how encouraging this is.”

“Ask him why immigrations became interested in us,” whispered Kyra from across the kitchen.

“Señor, why did immigrations become interested in us?”

Humberto replied with a chuckle. “This kind of thing goes on all the time. The club owners hire Western entertainers, or dance girls for instance, grease the local police force’s palms, and they turn a blind eye. The bigger guys grease Immigrations, and on it goes. You were comparatively small fries, and nothing to bother with. The problem was that some local band that had been on the bill with you—Vandal, or something—apparently didn’t appreciate the response you were getting

from the crowd, and when the club owner dumped them, they took revenge by reporting you to the Police and Immigrations, who in turn were obliged to investigate."

"I see. So is there anything we need to do now?"

"Immigrations will hand you back your passports. You may have to fill in a few forms—a formality, mostly, that won't have any further consequences. That should be the end of it, except for maybe a little saber rattling on their part to save face. After that, you shouldn't hear from them again. And since your visas are about to expire, I will look into how to help you with long-term visas."

"I ... I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't mention it."

"And again, Señor, I'm sorry if this caused you any problems."

"Meredith! I said don't mention it."

"But is there anything I can do?"

Humberto chuckled knowingly and lowered his voice. "Actually, my offer to help was not entirely without selfish motive. I would like to ask a favor, but my wife must never know."

Mer's mouth dropped and she looked aghast at Kyra.

"Oh really," Mer said with a gulp. "And w-what could that be?"

"My daughter is getting married on the seventeenth, and I want to surprise her and my wife with a special presentation."

Mer sighed with relief. "Sounds sweet. What is it?"

"I was perusing the morning paper a couple of weeks ago and there was a spread with photos and all, on your 'Zocalo Plaza Phenomenon' as the headlines described it there in Puebla. Then on the news that night covering the *Cinco de Mayo* festivities, most of the footage was devoted to the kids singing that 'Alleluia' song, and the crowd loving it! They were astounding. So I'm wondering if you, with the kids, of course, could perform at the wedding. ... A surprise show."

"I'm sure it'd be just fine. We'd be more than happy to play."

"All expenses will be paid," Humberto added before saying goodbye and hanging up on an elated Meredith Kalman who began dancing around the kitchen praising the Lord.

"What a vic!" she exclaimed after recounting the telephone conversation.

"And a good lesson learned," said Kyra with a wry grin.

"Yes, Lord help me.

I was too hasty, 'cause when I prayed about it this morning, the Lord said that He had brought Humberto to my mind, but reminded me that I didn't ask specifically *when* to bring his name up."

* * *

"So it's on the seventeenth?"

Mer nodded.

"But that's the Sunday we're doing that cool outdoor rock concert thing," said Justin. "You know, the annual Sunflower Festival in San Cristobal."

Javier shook his head as he looked at his agenda. "No. Cancelled."

"What?" exclaimed Justin. "How come we didn't know sooner? I've been getting all psyched up for that one. Huge crowd, lots of top names on the bill. What an opportunity!"

"Sorry," said Javier.

"I've got it marked off as cancelled. I know it was a major, but I remember now that I was notified yesterday before our show. Then it slipped my mind with all that happened."

Justin sighed and rolled his eyes. Clay, who had been chairing the after-dinner meeting, suggested that it wasn't only Javier's fault, and that they all had had things on their mind during that time, and could have also thought to make an inquiry about it.

"But," he added gingerly, "the Lord is having His way with something, and I'd like Javier to bring it up and present it."

"Well, Lord bless this," said Javier with an apologetic expression. "The fact is that we have been getting a few cancellations, not a lot, but enough to maybe show that we are burning out our area."

"What about the *Caliente* stint?" Mer asked.

"That's still on. But I talked to the manager last night to confirm, and he's not sure about the original idea of the whole summer, maybe just for one month, and not on Saturday nights, just Wednesdays with quite a cut in the original remuneration."

"That's a bummer," said Abner.

"Maybe it's just as well," said Clay, "as Humberto did suggest we cut back a little with the open or extended gigs while all our paperwork is going through."

"But," added Javier, "this is what I want to get around to. The ironic thing is, I've been getting tons of requests for the kids, even in the local area."

"Which you're, of course, mega chuffed about!" said Mer.

"Maybe," said Javier, sheepishly. "I admit I'm gung-ho, but I have discussed it with Amy, and she has reservations, with good reason. Want to explain?"

With an air of deliberation, Amy put her elbows on the table and pressed a forefinger to her pursed lips before speaking. "I don't want to quench any enthusiasm, and I hope that's understood. The girls have had quite some musical training with shows and all. ..."

"You can say that again," said Kyra. "They're *incredible*."

"Yes. Thank You, Jesus. But, maybe it's my overprotective instinct coming out, but a lot of that performing and showbiz work can get pretty taxing with irregular meals and rest times. I get very concerned."

"But, Mom," said Tim, "both Jess and Carol say that those performing times were some of the most fun times they've had. And they never got sick, to my knowledge."

"Maybe, but..."

"And they're older now. Better than staying cooped up here."

"They aren't cooped up. I do take them out witnessing regularly. Jess does great, but Carol is so shy, and it's initially very hard for her to get up on stage, even though she really comes out when she performs."

story feature

"She sure does," said Mer. "A different person."

"Look," said Amy, "with all the lessons I'm learning of late, I don't want to be closed to the idea, and it's great if it's kept in moderation, but that talent show thing..."

"Talent show?"

chorused the team. Amy looked anxiously over at Javier who cleared his throat and took the cue.

"It's a Saturday afternoon in Morelia, during the two-week *Fiesta Internacional de Musica*. TV will be there. It's a big deal. Kiddo talent from all over Mexico."

"And what's the prize?"

"A recording contract with *Cometa Records*."

"Wow!" Kyra exclaimed. "Big stuff."

"Too big for my liking," said Amy.

"When is this?"

"June twenty-first."

"Isn't that the same day of the show at *Clube Prism*?"

"Was."

"Cancelled?"

Javier nodded.

"Oh dear," said Justin. "Maybe we should move to Mexico City. More opportunities."

"The funny thing is," added Javier, "I have been getting oodles of requests from promoters in Mexico City."

"See?" said Justin.

"But all for the *kids*. I've had to put them on hold. That little news clip and newspaper article from the *Cinco de Mayo* events has gone a long way."

"So does that mean we now sit around and learn a bunch of kiddo songs?" Justin asked. "Doesn't exactly pump the musical creative juices."

"I'm sure there'll be plenty of room for that too, honey," said Kyra.

"Well, I believe in this band's music," Justin continued. "It's great stuff and it's been going over great."

"I believe in it too," said Mer. "But that doesn't mean we can't do really cool stuff with the kids. I mean, have you heard the System kid stuff out there? Lame, to say the least."

"Amen," said Javier. "And it's getting worse. There's a vacuum."

"So you took the gig?" Mer asked.

Javier nodded. Amy's mouth fell open.

"You told me to pray about it!"

"No, I said we should pray about it," said Amy.

"I'm sorry, you're right. I should have counseled more with you about it, especially since it involves your kids ... and everyone else too. The Lord did give the green light on it, but I obviously went too fast in applying His counsel. But if we don't all feel a peace about it, I can get back on the phone."

"Well, the Lord did give the go ahead on it," said Amy. "We'll just have to ask the Lord to shut the door on it if it's not His will."

"Shall we close in prayer and ask the Lord for a confirmation on the talent show, taking these issues into consideration, and if there's anything more He wants to show us?" Clay suggested. "I brought paper and pens so we can each jot down what He gives."

Chapter 4: Understanding the Turmoil

Hi!

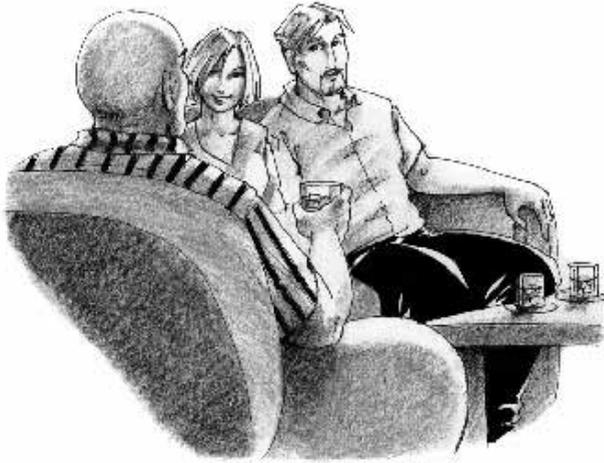
I wondered if you're mad at me, or if you didn't get my e-mail, 'cause you didn't answer. I hope it's not the first reason! I'm resending my last letter to you, it's attached to this one. I'm not expecting an answer, but it sure would be nice. Hey, I'm not going to bite you if my last letter hit you like a brick.

As far as news goes, things are pretty cool. The moment my sixteenth birthday hit I was outta here. Well, not literally, I'm still living with my folks and the Home here. It gets a bit tense sometimes 'cause I'm like, out of sync with the schedule. But I'm maintaining and bringing in a little for myself. It's not as much as I had imagined, but it's given me a little feeling of independence knowing I can make my own decisions with what I do with my own money. It shouldn't be long though, as my boss is looking into finding me a bed-sit flat nearer to my work.

The job? Well, I don't want to tell you this for you to think, "Yeah, well that's what she gets for leaving." All that glitters, right? But the job is not quite what I expected. I'm starting at the bottom. It's an okay salon, Unisex, but not as trendy as I had hoped. I get to sweep up the hair, make the coffee, take out the trash and the old ladies' rollers and pins, blow dry and stuff. Not much in the way of real hands on with the scissors! The beauty course hasn't quite worked out yet, but I have started going to a local night beauty school, which as of yet haven't advanced from instructions on how to give a mani and pedi! But you know, great ends have small beginnings, that's one thing I've learned in the Fam, so if I'm faithful with this then I'll get ahead. The boss super likes me, by the way. He's Austrian, in his mid twenties I'd say, kind of cute, and sweet; but before you go giving in to the big green-eyed "J" word, there's nothing to worry about—he's gay!

What about you? Any love interests in your life? Or shouldn't I ask. I'm sure you're a prime target for those little Latin Lupe Lu hotties!

Oh, by the way, there's going to be like a get-together in a couple of weeks with a bunch of SFers (Sinking Fasters) from this area of Europe. Slade's heading it up, and that should be pretty cool. Don't worry, it's not like a



"bash the Fam" deal. It's just that Slade wants to combine efforts to help us young people reach any siblings, friends and loved ones in the Fam who we're concerned about and feel could be helped to make wise, informed decisions about the path they are choosing in life (hence the reason for my letter!). After all, you know that the Family would be better off without people who are undecided, right? Slade understands this perfectly, and wants to make it easy for those like me who have been struggling with their identity, to find themselves.

I don't know how you feel about all this, Abner, but I know that you were struggling with issues before you left for Mexico. From what I hear from Clay's correspondence with your folks you seem to be doing great, involved with the band and all. So maybe you've resolved those issues. But if you haven't, I advise you to check out the SF site. It's super cool. It's like a club with online chats and stuff. And it's not, like I said, just devoted to bashing the Fam, it's sharing thoughts, experiences, insights on new movies and what might have been formerly "forbidden" music and novels. It's a whole broadening of the perspective. That's Slade's whole thing: Instead of using those negative tactics, which I agree don't bear any good fruit, he wants to go at it from a positive "what can we do" perspective. He doesn't go for all this 'they did this to me' and all that. He even calls it bitterness and says it gets you nowhere. How right that is. He's very spirit-led in his own way.

Okay, I'd better sign off now. It's late, and I'll soon be propping my eyelids open with matchsticks. Gotta be up early for work in the morning.

See ya!

* * *

"Here we are," Victor announced. "Cuernavaca, the capital of Morelos—one of Mexico's smallest states!"

"What a cool place!"

Mer exclaimed. "It's got that quaint traditional touch, and that artsy-far ... crafty thing about it."

"*Qué bella vista,*" said Marisa.

"The name 'Cuernavaca' stems from the word meaning 'near the trees,'" Victor added.

"I thought it meant 'horn of the cow,' Papá!"

"Depends on which translation, *querida.*"

"Fantastic weather," said Clay.

"That's why Cuernavaca has been known for centuries as the city of the eternal spring," continued Victor, and went into a long and detailed description of its history, how Cortez retired there, and how it is host to one of Mexico's oldest churches, built in 1592.

"Now you can see why Papá pushes the historical thing on me," said Marisa.

"But you do great at it," said Abner. "I mean, that study thing on Puebla..."

"Thesis."

"Yeah, thesis ... was a fascinating read. Like a real book."

"It must run in the family," said Mer. "Like me.—My folks are both musicians, and apparently my grandparents on my mother's side were too."

The sun was setting and presently they were overlooking the brow of

a hill upon which stood a small but chic adobe hacienda.

"My home away from home," said Victor with a smile as they rolled into the driveway that was flanked on both sides with the blossoming vegetation of a sub-tropical garden.

"A pool!" shrieked Mer. "And I didn't bring a bathing suit."

"Marisa can probably help you find something," said Victor.

A servant, who was introduced as Bartoli, greeted them at the door and took their bags, while Victor and Marisa chatted together as they checked on the state of each room.

"It's been a while," said Victor. "Some mold has set in. But nothing that a little bleach won't take care of."

Whereupon he called Bartoli and instructed him to take care of the problem immediately. Bartoli hesitantly replied that he had yet to prepare the evening meal.



"Oh Papá," interjected Marisa, "I can cook! This is a perfect opportunity to show Ab ... our *guests* my culinary skills."

Victor looked at Bartoli, who shrugged diffidently.

"I can do great fajitas." Marisa insisted. "You love it, Papá!"

"And we do too," Mer added.

Victor grinned, threw up his hands in resignation, and invited his guests into the living room.

"What amazes me," he said as they sat down to enjoy their various choices of drinks that Bartoli courteously set before them, "is the way you all *savor* — I think is the word—the culture of this land. Yet you retain a certain 'other worldliness,' like you're aliens!"

At this Victor let out a laugh.

"You could say we're strangers on an alien planet," said Clay with a cryptic smile. "In fact, all children of God are really just aliens passing through."

"Very true, very true," said Victor raising his glass. "A toast to all you aliens."

"Amen," responded his guests.

"Actually," Victor said rather hesitantly, "my reason for inviting you here has not been entirely without selfish motives. Er ... Marisa, why don't you show Abner here that fascinating collection of Mayan coin rubbings?"

"Papá," said Marisa in a tone of mock reproach. "Are you trying to get rid of us?"

"Maybe."

Abner shifted uncomfortably and glanced at Clay who gave him a discriminate nod of approval.

"Mayan coin rubbings?" Marisa whispered to Abner as they walked down the hallway to the study. "I have no idea what he's talking about!"

"So, as I was saying," Victor continued. "I brought you here because quite frankly, I am intrigued by you! You are a mystery to me."

"If I may say so," said Clay, "you are to us. I think we're even!"

Victor threw his head back, laughed heartily, and took a swig of vodka.

"Okay, okay, okay. I admit I am a rather *elusive* character. But you all seem to have a spiritual ethereal quality about you. It's something that I believe even my daughter finds attractive in young Abner. What is it?"

"Jesus," said Mer.

"Okay. Then it's a question of *who* is it? But what exactly do you mean by 'it's Jesus'?"

Mer smiled, eager for such an opportunity.

* * *

"You seem distant," said Marisa, as she perched herself next to Abner on the brown leather divan. "What's the problem?"

Abner huffed and looked around the low-lit room, which contained a sound system, a library, and a small bar in the corner. "I don't know."

"Look, Abner, on this whole trip you've been kind of quiet. Have I done something wrong?"

"No."

"Are you glad we came on this trip?"

"Of course."

"Want a shot of my dad's tequila? Maybe it'll loosen your tongue!"

"I don't think we should..."

"It's that girl in Europe, isn't it?"

Honesty and humility, Abner. Honesty and humility.

"You mean Ivana?"

"I guess. Could it mean anyone else?"

"No, it's just that, ... yeah, it's Ivana."

The door opened. It was Victor.

"You're on for the fajitas, honey. And Mer has kindly offered to help. I guess Bartoli can go ahead and take care of the mold."

Marisa looked at Abner and shrugged. "I guess we can talk later. Want to check out the books? There are

story feature

some in English, and there are some cool sixties' vinyl if you want to listen to something."

* * *

After awhile of preparing the meal, Mer eventually inquired into Marisa's preoccupied silence.

"But if you don't want to talk about it, that's cool," she added.

"No. It's good to have someone ... another girl close to my age to get it out with."

"Er ... Abner seems a bit down about something, and I guess you've noticed," Mer ventured.

"Si. And it's about his girlfriend he left behind. She must mean a lot to him."

"That's right," said Mer. "But it's not quite what you think."

"I think it's pretty obvious," said Marisa. "He's in love with her and wants to be with her. It's understandable."

"Well, there's another factor that makes it very hard for him right now."

"She's found a new boyfriend?" asked Marisa.

"No. ... Ivana's left our group."

"The Family? She's left the Family?"

Mer nodded.

"But why would she want to do that?"

"This life is not for everyone."

"I don't understand why anyone would want to leave such a far-out lifestyle," said Marisa.

"And such cool people like yourselves. It doesn't make sense. Unless it's not the same in other places."

"It's pretty much the same," said Mer. "We're all kind of similar people all over. Like 'cut from the same cloth'-type thing. Although there's no shortage on personality!"

Marisa laughed. "That's true. That guy Tim's something else. The way he looks at me ... phew!"

Mer winked and threw the core of a bell pepper into the waste bin. "Back to Ivana. She was born and raised in the Family, and you know, familiarity breeds contempt, right?"

"Si. The grass is always greener. Although I don't get how anyone would want to quit your lifestyle!"

Mer grinned. "Are you thinking of joining us, Marisa?"

"I would in a second. But Papá would never agree. He has big plans for me to study."

"Study what?"

"Socio-economics, history."

"For what?"

"To have letters after my name, and stuff. Write books ... teach."

"Doesn't sound like you're so jazzed about it."

"It's okay. But whatever he thinks, I'm going to spend as much time as I can with you guys. And maybe when I'm old enough, Papá will understand and let me make my own decision about what I want to do with my life. I think I could really go for your lifestyle."

Mer finished chopping an onion and put the knife down, and silently shot up a prayer.

"Marisa," she said, "you've mentioned the 'lifestyle' thing a couple of times now. Maybe it's no big deal, but we—that is we in the Fam who mean business—consider that our lifestyle is not enough to keep us. In Ivana's case, it wasn't. It has to be more than that."

"And what's that?"

"Love for Jesus and His Word, and a deep conviction that it's His will for us to be in the Family no matter what. No matter if everything seems to be turning awry and the lifestyle thingy is out the window."

All Marisa could emit was an awestruck "wow," and Mer continued.

"So the thing with Abner is not that he's oh-so gaga over Ivana, but Ivana leaving—being the dedicated girl she appeared to be—has shaken his

frame of reference. My guess is that he probably didn't want to tell you, because he's not sure what you'd think, but I think it will help you understand a little about what he's facing."

* * *

"Actually," said Victor in a low voice, "I was waiting for a moment without the presence of our younger guests in order to inform you, man to man, of some projected, er ... devices regarding yourselves."

"You mean there's trouble brewing?" Clay asked as nonchalantly as he could, being alone with a man whom he could only describe as intimidating.

Victor nodded. "You have some pretty powerful enemies."

"That's true," said Clay. "At least most of the unseen ones. The visible troublemakers seem to be pretty puny."

Victor laughed. "You're so right. I would imagine they could be an embarrassment to those who fund and puppet them. How do they ever manage to recruit such dummies?"

"Beats me," said Clay with a grin. "But it works in our favor, so I'm not asking any questions!"

"Well, it makes *me* ask a few questions," said Victor. "What I have seen in the persons of yourself and your associates, are good people, almost too

good to be true. I'm a cynical man. I know the heart of human nature. I have to wrestle with it manifesting itself in its worst forms every day. The wickedness is unfathomable, beyond what you can imagine."

"The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" said Clay. [Jer. 17:9]

"Profound. Is that the Bible?"

Clay nodded.

"Anyway, the powers that I work for have an agenda to undermine the cattle of humanity in body, mind, and spirit that's nothing short of horrific. Wrap up all you've been told about history's worst tyrants, murderers, and perverts in one person, and it doesn't even come close to the character of one of these that stand on the brink of world domination."

"Phew," said Clay. "Justin should have been here, he would have loved this."

"I take it you know what I'm talking about."

Clay nodded.

"Well," Victor went on, "they know you know. But mark my word, they'll *never* bring it out in a public slander against you. You know too much truth about their plans, and it'll be like opening Pandora's box. They can't afford it. They'd rather stick to other issues that can better incite the public ire, and neutralize you that way."

"Interesting," said Clay, as he took in all that Victor had just said.

"On another topic," Victor continued, "I've read some of what your critics say about your group. I believe you are familiar with ... Sinking Fast?"

Clay rolled his eyes.

"Apparently their tack is different," Victor explained. "They're using gentle persuasion, understanding, logic, and so on—the soft-sell approach. I've read some of it online. It's quite convincing actually, which brings me again to my question. I want to help you, but Marisa's involvement with you is a source of concern for Leandra and me. That's why I want to know. ... Are you?"

"Are we what?"

"Too good to be true."

"We're not hiding anything, Victor," said Clay.

"What you see is what you get."

"Even regarding your sexual beliefs?"

Clay gulped.

"I'm shooting straight," said Victor.

"We do have some rather unorthodox beliefs regarding sex, Señor, but they can all be supported by Scripture," said Clay. "Although we've..."

Victor waved his hand. "I know, I know. I've read it all. I just wanted to see your reaction. That's enough for me. If you want to go into a more elaborate thesis on your doctrine, I'll be very interested. But my daughter and the others might walk in at any minute, and besides, we're here to let our hair down, relax and enjoy, right?"

The door opened.

It was Marisa wearing a sauce-spattered apron and a beaming announcement that the fajitas were ready.

"I spoke none too soon," said Victor, once Marisa had returned to the kitchen. "But I want to reiterate that I will do anything to help. I like you guys. You've had a profound effect on my daughter for the better. She's the apple of my eye, you know, and I'd give my life for anyone who can give her what I can't."

Clay smiled. "That person is none other than Jesus, Victor. We're just instruments of His love."

"Even your dear little brother?"

"Even my dear little brother."

To be continued

Heavenly Realism



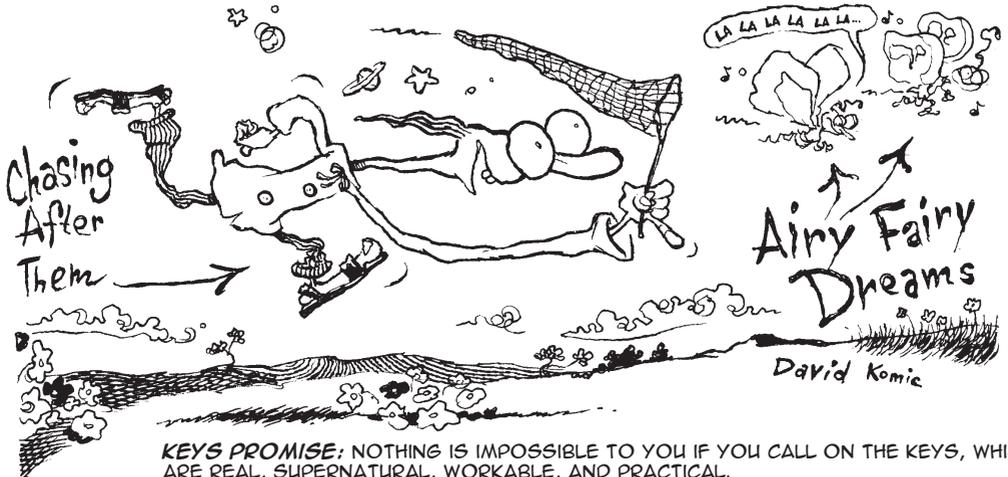
B (JESUS:) YOU LIKE TO BE A REALIST IN GENERAL. YOU'RE IDEALISTIC, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, AIRY FAIRY DREAMS AND CHASING AFTER THEM DOESN'T REALLY INTEREST YOU. YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THE NOW, AND LIFE IS EXCITING ENOUGH FOR YOU WITHOUT DAYDREAMING OR TRYING TO ESCAPE INTO ANOTHER WORLD OF YOUR MIND'S FABRICATION.

BUT BE CAUTIOUS YOU DON'T TAKE THIS "REALISM" OVERBOARD. SOMETIMES BEING REALISTIC IS TIED TO BEING TOO TUNED INTO THE TEMPORAL WORLD, TO

WHERE YOUR MIND DOESN'T REALLY EMBRACE SOMETHING I'VE SAID BECAUSE IT DOESN'T FIT IN WITH "REALITY."

REMEMBER THAT MY REALITY IS SO MUCH LARGER AND ALL ENCOMPASSING, AND THE VERY THINGS IN THE TEMPORAL WORLD THAT MAY BE REGARDED AS "UNREALISTIC" ARE TOTALLY REALISTIC AND POSSIBLE IN THE REALM OF MY SPIRIT.

Notable Quote: Things I thought were impossible seemed not only possible, but commonplace here. Having experienced a touch of the great power of the Spirit in coming here, I could imagine that if one were more in tune with God and His Spirit, it just might be possible to do a lot of things we would otherwise consider impossible. Maybe moving mountains was not so impossible after all. Certainly with God on your side, all sorts of things might be possible. (*Journey to Tricon*)



KEYS PROMISE: NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE TO YOU IF YOU CALL ON THE KEYS, WHICH ARE REAL, SUPERNATURAL, WORKABLE, AND PRACTICAL.

Reading the Walls

AT THE LONDON MISSION SOCIETY IN 1866...

(BASED ON AN ACCOUNT BY VOICE OF THE MARTYRS.)

ART BY TIAGO

DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS ABOUT ROBERT J. THOMAS?

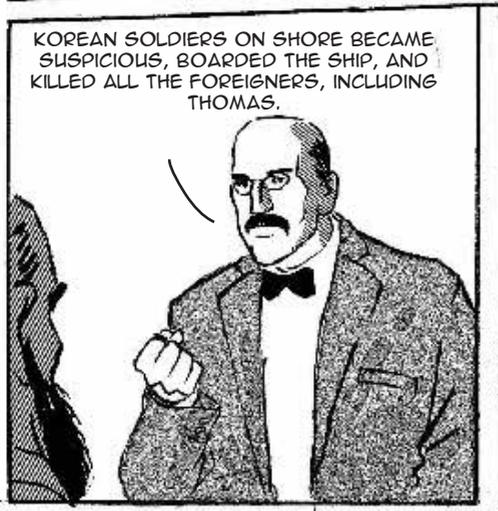
OH YES, POOR CHAP.

WASN'T HE THE SAME MAN WHOSE WIFE DIED IN SHANGHAI, EN ROUTE TO KOREA? SOMETHING ELSE HAS HAPPENED NOW?

SEEMS HE WAS ON THE AMERICAN SHIP, *THE GENERAL SHERMAN*, GOING UP THE TAEDONG RIVER,...



...WHEN THE SHIP RAN AGROUND ON A SANDBAR.



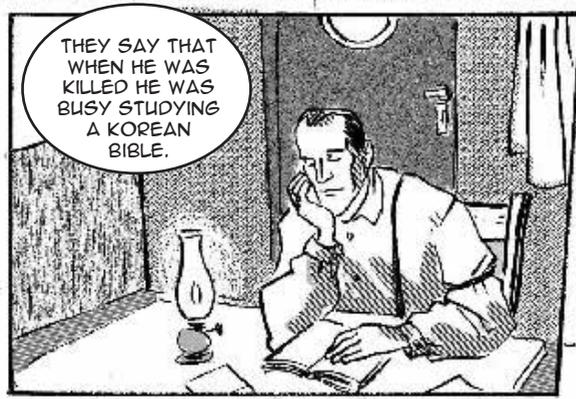
KOREAN SOLDIERS ON SHORE BECAME SUSPICIOUS, BOARDED THE SHIP, AND KILLED ALL THE FOREIGNERS, INCLUDING THOMAS.



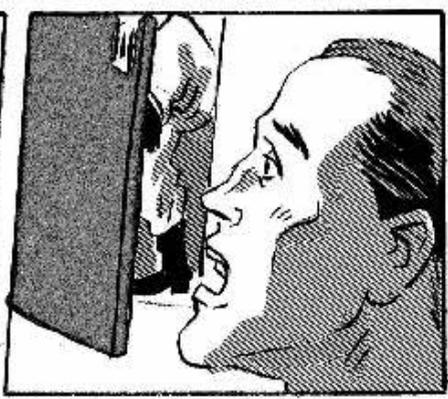
DASTARDLY!



YES, HMMM, INDEED. HE'D ONLY BEEN IN KOREA FOR THREE MONTHS, LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.



THEY SAY THAT WHEN HE WAS KILLED HE WAS BUSY STUDYING A KOREAN BIBLE.







I PASTED THESE PAGES ON MY GUEST ROOM WALLS TO PRESERVE THE WRITING.



I STAY IN MY OWN GUEST ROOM OFTEN, JUST TO READ THE WALLS. MANY VISITORS HAVE DONE LIKEWISE!

FASCINATING, TELL ME MORE!

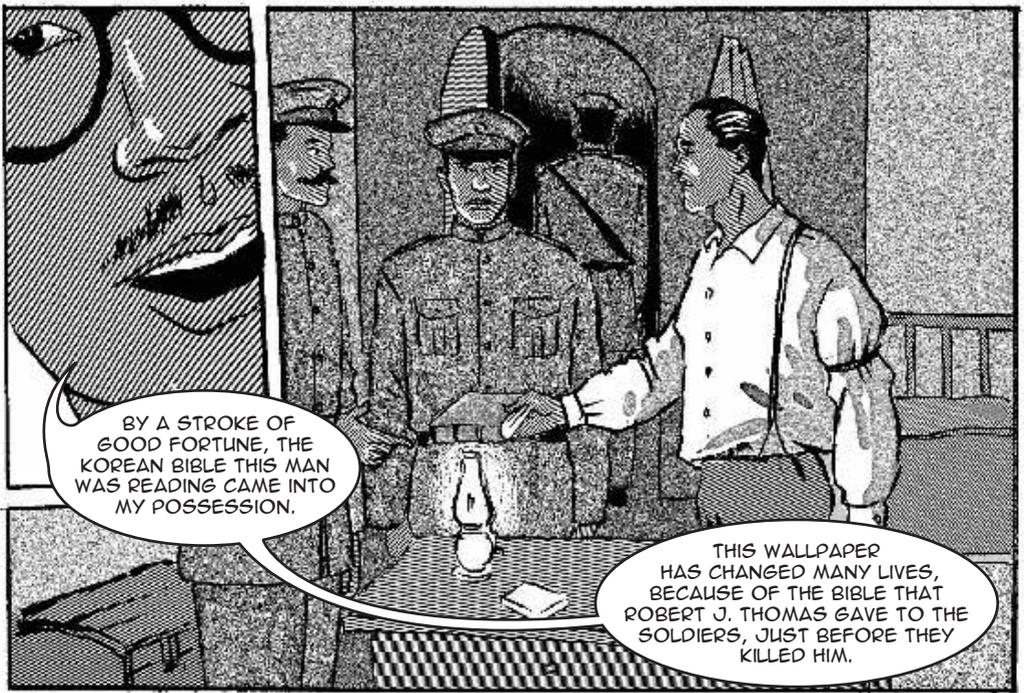
MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, AN AMERICAN SHIP RAN AGROUND, AND ALL THE FOREIGNERS ON BOARD WERE KILLED.



OH, THAT'S TERRIBLE!



YES, YES, AND AN ENGLISHMAN ON BOARD WAS READING A KOREAN BIBLE.



(VOICE OF THE MARTYRS:) MANY WOULD CALL THOMAS' YEARS OF PREPARATION A WASTE. HE WORKED SO HARD FOR ONLY THREE BRIEF MONTHS IN WHICH HE DID NOT EVEN CONVERT ONE PERSON, AND IT COST HIM AND HIS WIFE THEIR LIVES. BUT GOD CAN ALWAYS TAKE WHAT SEEMS LIKE FAILURE AND TURN IT INTO SUCCESS. THOUGH THOMAS DIED BEFORE SAVING ANYONE, HE PENETRATED THE DARKNESS OF THAT LAND WITH THE WORD OF GOD. THE WORD THOMAS DEPOSITED THERE CREATED A POCKET OF LIGHT THAT PERSEVERES TODAY.

NOTABLE QUOTES:

As the heavens are higher than the earth,
so are My ways higher than your ways, and My
thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow
from heaven, and returneth not thither, but wa-
tereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and
bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread
to the eater:

So shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My
mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall
accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper
in the thing whereto I sent it. (Isaiah 55:8-11)

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt
find it after many days. (Ecclesiastes 11:1)
radicals unlimited

(Dad:) Don't ever minimize the power of the
Word and witnessing! Even if the one that you're
talking to or writing to doesn't seem to be very
responsive, sometimes they can pass it on to
somebody else who they think might be interested
and who is impressed and responsive! A little bit of
love can go a long way!

You never know how far it will go and what
it'll do if you'll just be a faithful witness for the
Lord—whatever, however, whenever—and God will
see to it that if you cast your bread on the waters it
will not return unto you void but it'll accomplish the
purpose whereunto He has sent it. His Word shall
not return unto Him void (Ecc.11:1; Isa.55:11).
("Dad's Double-Header Love Letter," ML #1333:48,51)

THOUGHT OF THE DAY

IT IS EASY TO DIE

FOR CHRIST.

IT IS HARD TO LIVE FOR HIM.

DYING TAKES ONLY AN HOUR OR TWO,

BUT TO LIVE FOR CHRIST

MEANS TO DIE DAILY.

ONLY DURING THE FEW YEARS OF THIS LIFE

ARE WE GIVEN THE PRIVILEGE OF SERVING

EACH OTHER AND CHRIST. ...

WE SHALL HAVE HEAVEN FOREVER,

BUT ONLY A SHORT TIME

FOR SERVICE HERE,

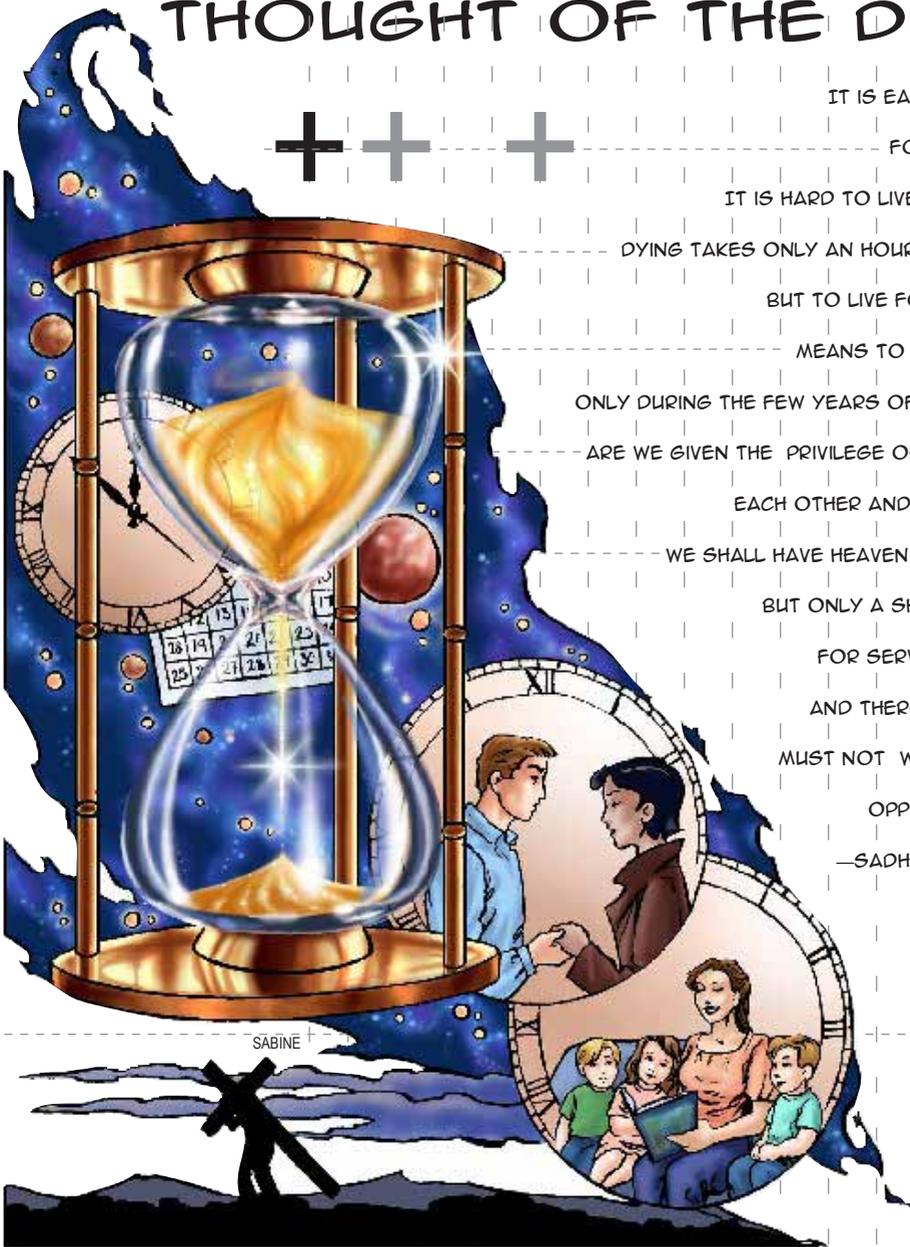
AND THEREFORE WE

MUST NOT WASTE THE

OPPORTUNITY.

—SADHU SUNDAR

SINGH

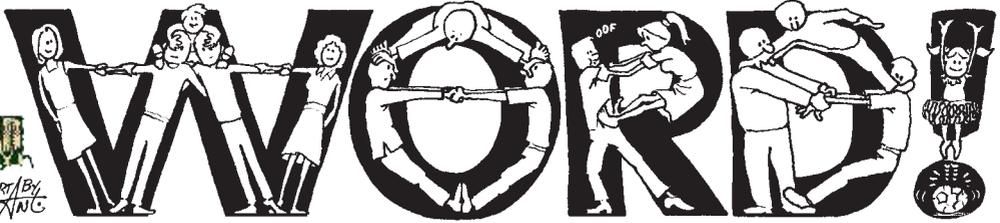


NOTABLE QUOTE: THEN SAID JESUS UNTO HIS DISCIPLES, IF ANY MAN WILL COME AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, AND TAKE UP HIS CROSS, AND FOLLOW ME. FOR WHOSEVER WILL SAVE HIS LIFE SHALL LOSE IT: AND WHOSEVER WILL LOSE HIS LIFE FOR MY SAKE SHALL FIND IT.

FOR WHAT IS A MAN PROFITED, IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL? OR WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL? FOR THE SON OF MAN SHALL COME IN THE GLORY OF HIS FATHER WITH HIS ANGELS; AND THEN HE SHALL REWARD EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS WORKS.

(MATTHEW 16:24-27)

LIVING THE



Art By
XING

COAD;) LOOK THROUGH "WHAT IS JESUS WORTH TO YOU?" AND COUNT HOW MANY TIMES IT TALKS ABOUT LIVING IN THE WORD AND LIVING THE WORD. LOOK THROUGH "OBLITERATE OBSTACON" AND YOU'LL SEE THAT OBSTACON'S PURPOSE WAS TO PREVENT YOU FROM LIVING THE WORD. LOOK THROUGH "FOCUS ON THE POWER" AND YOU'LL SEE THAT TO FOCUS AND USE THAT POWER, YOU MUST LIVE THE WORD.

WORD



LOOK THROUGH THE "CONVICTION VS. COMPROMISE" SERIES AND YOU'LL SEE THAT IT'S ALL ABOUT LIVING THE WORD—ALL THE WORD!

LOOK THROUGH MANY OTHER RECENT LETTERS, AND HUNDREDS OF PAST LETTERS, AND YOU'LL SEE THAT THEY'RE ALL ABOUT LIVING THE WORD IN SOME WAY! LIVING IN THE WORD AND LIVING THE WORD WILL NOT ONLY MAKE YOU A CHARTER MEMBER, BUT A DISCIPLE, A "FOLLOWER OF THE TEACHINGS!"



THERE'S NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN BELIEVING AND OBEYING THE WORD, BECAUSE **JESUS IS THE WORD.**

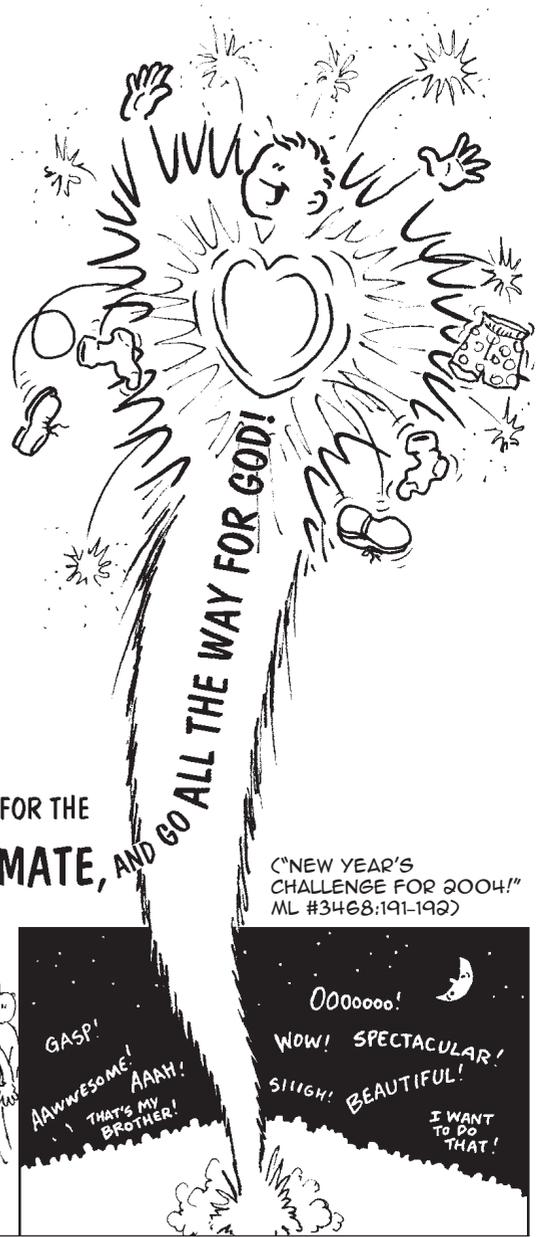
IN LOVING AND OBEYING THE WORD, YOU'RE LOVING AND OBEYING HIM. YOU BELIEVE THE WORD AS MUCH AS YOU LIVE THE WORD. YOU BELIEVE JESUS AS MUCH AS YOU OBEY WHAT HE'S TOLD YOU TO DO.

SO DON'T JUST BELIEVE AND OBEY THE MINIMUM!

SHOOT FOR THE STARS...

...AIM FOR THE ULTIMATE,

AND GO ALL THE WAY FOR GOD!



("NEW YEAR'S CHALLENGE FOR 2004!" ML #3468:191-193)



KEYS PROMISE:

As you wield the keys, they have the power to withstand all evil, enabling you to read, absorb, and apply My Words, so that you can live in My Words and do what I ask you to do.

spice of Life!

List 03

Name: _____

Date: _____

Themes 12-13

—The Word Builds Faith—

- More Noble (Blade 11) (200 words)
- Journey into the Earth (Blade 13) (300 words)
- The Ultimate Thirst-Quencher (Blade 17) (300 words)
- Feel Like a Stagnant Pond? (Blade 19) (300 words)
- Streams That Never Run Dry (Treasures) **Hard Copy**
- Mama's Love Story! Part 4 (DB 13) (7,800 words)
- Three-in-One Power! (ML #3433:66-93) (2,500 words)
- (Bible Study) Faith (Word Basics) (3,300 words)

CVC

- (Memory Chapter/ Testimonies of Faith) Hebrews 11 (Bible) (950 words)
- Memorizing the Keys / Tips and Pointers on Memorizing the Keys* (ML #3428:4-26) (2,000 words)



*See also Grapevine #153 for a note from Mama on memorizing the keys.

- Memorizing the Word (Word Topics) (1,700 words)

CVC

—Using Heaven's Power—

- Lucina's Class (Xn 03) (400 words)
- Gearing Up (Xn 04) (Refer to illustrated version.)
- Handling Pure Energy (Xn 04) (300 words)
- Conquer the Seductions (Xn 04) (250 words)
- Beyond Today! (Xn 06) (Refer to illustrated version.)
- Beyond Today! Part 2 (Xn 07) (Refer to illustrated version.)
- The Keys to the Kingdom (ML #3318:1-48) (4,200 words) (FD/MM Only)
- Gold Magic! (ML #3359:94-107) (1,000 words) (FD/MM Only)
- Focus on the Power! (ML #3374) (5,700 words)
- (Bible Study) Strength and Power (Word Basics) (2,800 words)

CVC

—The Weapon of Praise—

- I Love Praise Times (Blade 07) (200 words)
- Affection Time with Jesus! (DFO GN 041) (13,000 words)
- Psalm 63 (Praise and love for Jesus) (Bible) (200 words)

—The Weapon of Prayer—

- Teen Announces Plans to Pray More (Xn 01) (550 words)
- When It Seems like I'm Not Answering... (Blade 01) (350 words)
- Expectancy (Treasures) (1,400 words)
- The Prayer Closet Dream! (DB 12) (800 words)
- Praying in Public? (ML #3450: 142-154) (1,000 words) (FD/MM Only)
- (Bible Study) Prayer (Word Basics) (2,500 words)

CVC

Basic Letters of Father David

14-15

- God's Explosions (ML #69; Vol.1) (4,000 words)
- Whose Slave Are You?—God's or Mammon's? (ML #1332; DB 1) (DB: 3,100 words)

CAT Study of the Day CVC

Web Only

- Obedience to the Word (10,000 words)

Ongoing Reading

- Don't Just Stand There, Pray Something (book summary) (MO Site/Overflow) (4,800 words)

Effects of the Word

- "Email of the day," August 2003 emails (MO Site/Newswire/Web Witness)

A.M.E.

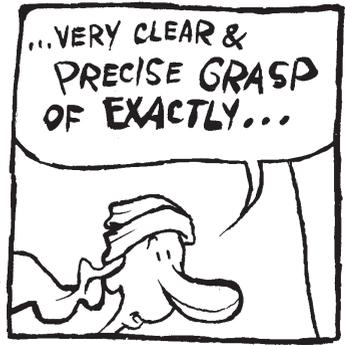
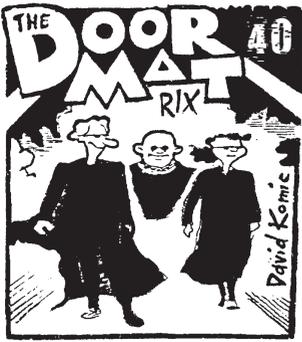
- Question: Please show me today one special key to doing something I find difficult right now.

NQ

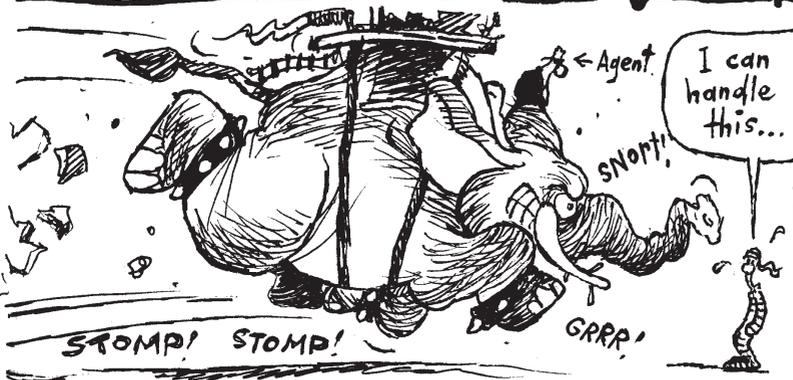
Keys Promise: Claim the keys for your Word time. Their power brings My Word into focus more clearly and causes you to have new understanding.

Trivia

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Five insomniacs in the Bible | 2. King Ahasuerus (Esther 6:1) | 4. Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel 2:1) |
| 1. Jacob (Genesis 31:38,40) | 3. The wicked (Proverbs 4:16) | 5. King Darius (Daniel 6:18) |



HOW to Rise Above



But can
he?!

Could
you?!

DON'T MISS
41!