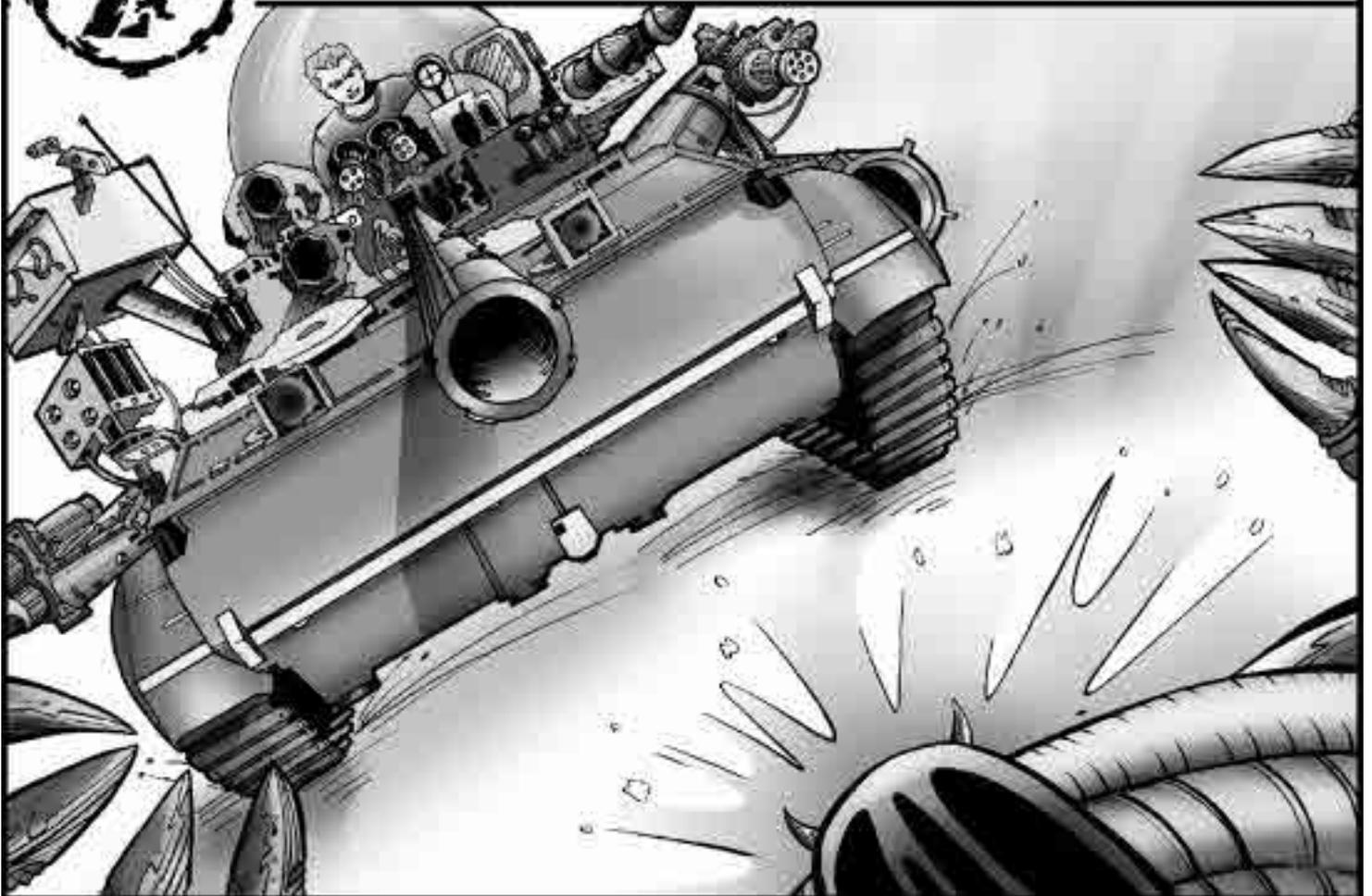




BEFORE THE NEW WEAPONS

AFTER THE NEW WEAPONS



dear ed ...

Solomon's testimony (FZ #22) was so inspiring, helpful, encouraging, convicting, and comforting! His way of expressing himself really "hit the nail on the head" as to how to view my life for the Lord.

Mario (14)
Thailand

IRE: NUTS interview, FZ #20! We thought this was a very good testimony of a Home at the "grassroots" hearing from the Lord together, taking steps of faith and reaching out to fill the needs, and the Lord doing so many miracles as a result. It was encouraging to read the lessons they shared from their hearts about the different battles they went through learning to work together, as well as the different stages they passed through.

Chris, Christina, Stephen and Susanna
USA

The prophecy from Robert Louis Stevenson (FZ #21) was super cool! It's so neat how we can receive names of books that are ready to be sent down, and the names of authors who have a story! I think it's great and can't wait to hear his (RLS) story!

Isaac, Meekness and John
Reunion Islands

In FZ #24 there's an interview with the Zine team, but Alec (of Jaz) doesn't seem to be there. Is he still part of the Zine team?

Josh
USA

(FZ: Alec does full-time computer programming, and is among the team who is working on the new TeleTRF program. So with all that he has on his plate, he has had to resign from active work on the Zine. He still likes to read them, though!)

I was pleasantly surprised to see the message from Jimi Hendrix in FZ #24. I had watched a movie about him in the summer of '75 and came out of the cinema crying desperately; not really knowing why I was crying, but being desperate to get out of the System. But as Jimi said, the big frustration was that there didn't seem to be any way!

A few months later I cried out with all my heart but the words came more unconsciously than consciously about the life I lived: "God, how much longer?" Shortly afterwards I met a brother on the street (Hebron of Tirzah), and he later told me that Jesus had told him to run after me. He had seen me pass by in a side street about 50 meters away, and came running to catch up with me. God bless him for obeying, and thank You Jesus for answering my heartcry!

By the way, what won me on the spot was that Hebron repeatedly told me that God is love and that He loved me. That kept ringing in my ears and flipped me out; even more so after reading the ML he gave me, "Lovelight!" I had never heard or read something so beautiful, and I was completely in love with love!

Now I agree with Jimi: I belong to the religion of people who do things, not of the people who don't

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do anything and just rebel. My religion now does things, good things, no more bad things and drugs and trips and nonsense. I want things that make sense. And I'll tell you what makes sense, it can be summed up in one word: LOVE!

Crystal
Germany

FOTO FINDER

BY SPIRO

Hi everyone ... skipping skipping, okay now that we've gotten the pleasantries out of the way, we can get down to business. We thought that since you'd be having so much extra time on your hands now that the Christmas season is over, you'd have time for another photo contest. Well, actually, we know you're all very busy, but we still thought we'd give it a shot with the hope that a few (or preferably many) brave souls will respond to our plea.

So here's the deal: You take the pictures, and we choose the best ones for the covers of future Zine editions. It's kind of hard to say what would classify as a "cover photo," but just think of what you'd like to see on the cover, and shoot away. A good example of a cover shot was the one printed of the NUTS a while ago (FZ #20). It had good composition and interesting content. The pictures wouldn't necessarily have to be of groups of people standing and smiling. Use your imagination. Try out different angles and composition - there's nothing wrong with being creative. The more interesting shots would most likely have some kind of action going on, like, you

know, witnessing, singing, dancing - all those "doing" words.

If you're an aspiring photographer, now's your chance to be famous! And if we don't use your photo contribution for a Zine cover, it'll probably find its way to some photo page or otherwise worthy cause.

Now a little on the technical side: For the cover photos, we'll only be able to use photos with good quality and resolution. We recommend that you scan your photos at 300dpi, 100%. You can save them in .jpg format if you want small file size. If you have FTP access and can send larger file sizes, you may want to consider using .tif format, as it's better quality and it retains the quality with subsequent editing. Also, please don't do any photo editing on your pictures, just send them in as is, and we'll take care of the retouching, if needed, on this end. If you're not sure about the scanning, just snail mail the hard copy to us and we will take care of scanning it.

Okay, we'll leave the rest in your capable hands, and are looking forward to hearing from you!

FAME & GLORY

CLINT EASTWOOD

(From Joan, of Ivan, Russia:.) A long time ago (at least fifteen years) in Austria, I was going home with my husband, Ivan, after a fruitful day of litnessing. Inside the *uban* (metro), Clint Eastwood was acting in a film they were recording there. Ivan told me to go give him a tract, which I did. I tried to get through his security guards to where he was getting his makeup job done. They wouldn't let me through, but then he said, "Let's see what she wants." I handed him an "Elixir of Love" tract, which he took and replied. "Elixir of love, huh? Sounds like lots of fun!" "Read it!" I urged, and he winked and said, "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

JACQUES CHIRAC

(From Joseph, Japan:.) In April 1998, at a French trade show in Tokyo, we saw from a distance the President of France, Jacques Chirac. Armed with a *Somebody Loves You* tract in French, we headed towards his group. But there seemed to be no way to get it to him. *Lord, what should we do?*

The Lord told me to go stand at this one spot. So off I went and stood there. Sure enough, two minutes later the president came by!

I said, "This is for you," and he said, "Thank you very much," and turned to go. Then I said "God bless you!" He turned back and asked if I was American, and I said yes. He asked what I was doing in Japan; I said I was a missionary. Then he shook my hand and said that it was a pleasure to meet me, and holding the *Somebody Loves You* tract firmly in his hand, he said that he would read it. PTL!

IVA MAJOLI

(From Andrew, Miracle and team, Croatia:.) Our hotel manager friend had invited us to sing on Saturday night, as the women's Federation Cup Tennis Tournament between Croatia and Japan was being held nearby and the Croatian team was staying in his hotel. We were very excited by this golden opportunity, and really wanted to meet Iva Majoli, the best Croatian women's player, ranked 7th in the world. But when we arrived at the hotel, nobody was there! It was such a beautiful day that it seemed everyone had preferred to go to the famous old city than to stick around the hotel. What to do?

We had just been studying the Letter, "When You Pray, Things Happen," so this seemed like an excellent opportunity to put that counsel into practice! We sat down outside the hotel and asked the Lord for His directions. He said that it was better to sing to one lonely soul than to the multitudes. The problem was that we could not even see that one lonely soul, as the *taverna* (adjoining café) was totally empty, and people were leaving the hotel in groups to stroll outside on this lovely spring evening.

Finally Andrew saw Iva walking down the hall and getting into the elevator,



L-R: CLINT EASTWOOD, JAQUES CHIRAC, IVA MAJOLI, BUDDY MILES, SYLVESTER STALLONE, JOAN RIVERS, GREG ALLMAN, GLAYDS KNIGHT, TROY AIKMAN, SOPHIA LOREN

on her way to her room. He went to the reception desk and called up to her room to invite her to come to the *tavernato* hear some very special music. We started by faith, singing to an empty room, and in a few minutes she was there along with her entourage of trainers, etc. We sang "The Famine," along with other heavy witnessing songs, and she really liked it, staying for the entire half-hour set! Shortly after, the whole room was filled up with people! The Lord had done one of His miracles!

(From Simon and Joan, USA: These are people I've personally given lit to, during the middle and late '70s ...

BUDDY MILES — Drummer for Jimi Hendrix. Gave him a "Jimi Hendrix—Devil or Prophet?" tract, on New Year's Eve in Hollywood.

SYLVESTER STALLONE and family — Sly seemed very weird, but his sisters were sweet and receptive. They said they had met the COG in London, England.

GLADYS KNIGHT and the PIPS — Was thankful to receive a NNN (New Nation News) with Simon Black the on cover, and also "Mo Views the News." Sweet Christians.

COUNTRY JOE — Received "Mountain Maid," and "Revolutionary Women." Gave us his PO Box in Berkeley, California.

(From Joseph (FM), USA: It's inspiring to hear about the famous people who have been witnessed to! I drive a taxi, and I've witnessed to the comedienne **JOAN RIVERS** in my taxi. I also got to witness and talk to **GREG ALLMAN** lead singer of the Allman Brothers Band.

(From Katie, Mexico:.) I met quarterback **TROY AIKMAN**, fullback **EMMIT SMITH** and the other Cowboys while living in Dallas. Some friends and I went to the hotel they were staying at to give them a pack of lit, complete with Endtime posters, tapes and our *Statement of Faith*. They were touched that we had something to give them and weren't like most who just want something from them—their autograph, photo, memorabilia, etc. Emmitt Smith in particular was very appreciative and promised to read the material we gave him.

SOPHIA LOREN

(From Faithy, of Stefano, Italy:.) Several years ago I met Sophia Loren (Dulcinea in "Don Quixote") while posting at the biggest cemetery in Rome during All Saints' Day. She was in her car signing autographs for a queue of policemen, so I put myself in line and instead of asking for an autograph, I gave her some of the posters I had with me. I told her Jesus and we love her and are praying for her. She was very sweet and thanked me. I said, "God bless you."



--Art by Evye

This story
took place in early
1972,

IN
Copenhagen, Denmark.
The
Family

had been established
in Scandinavia for
about six months,

and in
Copenhagen

we were
occupying
a couple of buildings in an old

military base
called

"Christania."

The city of Copenhagen had granted local Danish hippies the use of this property in downtown Copenhagen to set up sort of an experimental "nation within a nation." There were hippies from all over Europe, as well as draft dodgers from the States, all comingling in this sprawling property which had all sorts of buildings, from larger barracks to smaller housing.

By this time the Family had won quite a lot of disciples from the ranks of Christania, and we learned that this location was going to be filmed by an American film crew. I recall the producer's name was Bob Rogers, the same fellow who had done the "First Tuesday" show. This show was going to be called "Chronologue."

So this American film crew was in Christania, discussing about footage and shots with the main European leadership at the time—Faithy, Hosea, Miguel, and so forth. The plan was for the Family—then known as the Children of God—to put on a big feed-in for all these hundreds of hippies. We arranged to take over the large communal kitchen with industrial cookers and everything. The only thing we lacked was the food to feed all these people.

I was the provisioner at the time. At this time, provisioning was mainly picking up Danish pastries and a cross-section of other kinds of foods; in other words, it was by no means a regular established supply of everything we needed, nor was it in large volume. A British girl and I were basically asked to head out and try and provision all the food that was needed for this massive feed-in!—Of course, there were no further details given or vision instilled in us, since this was just one of many details that the leadership at the time were having to deal with.



The only vehicle that we had access to was an old, beat-up VW bug. So off we headed, only to find out, upon our arrival at one of our only contacts, that it was a public holiday and everything was closed for a long weekend! We didn't know the city, and we didn't even have a map, so we just basically prayed and drove around in circles! Everywhere we went only confirmed that no one was doing business!—Not the most encouraging discovery, considering that the "feast of the prophets" was scheduled to take place in two days' time, and the film crew was already set up to film the whole thing—not to speak of us having put up signs all over Copenhagen inviting anyone looking for a free meal! (Why didn't we know it was a holiday? Well, in those days, we never read newspapers, listened to the news, or hardly even perceived what day of the week it was, so holidays just kind of passed us by.)

Anyway, after stopping and praying for the umpteenth time, we ended up at this large food warehouse and found one lone fellow with a forklift who was just about to go home for the weekend. He was only too glad to turn us on to about three huge dumpsters of near-perfect food that he had gleaned from this huge warehouse, since these were perishable items that wouldn't last through the long weekend. We knew, of course, that this was

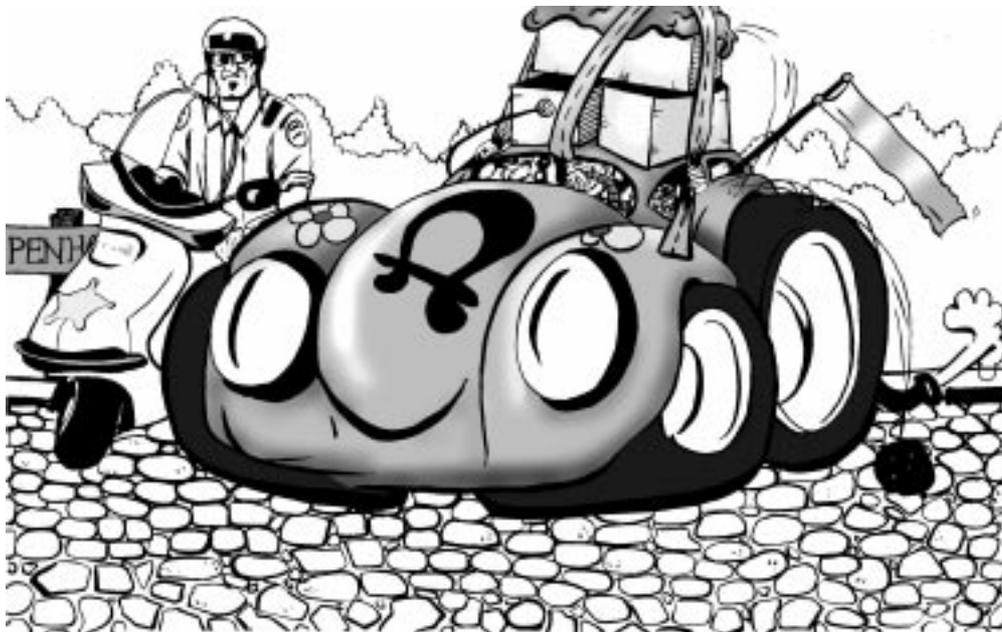
the Lord's miraculous answer to prayer, which we had fully expected the Lord to do in such an impossible situation.

In order to make every possible usage of our small vehicle, we took out all the seats, the spare tire, and everything that wasn't essential to the running of the vehicle.

We then not only loaded up the inside with food (crammed right up to the windows and ceiling), but we also sat on full apple crates. We had food in the trunk, and food also packed carefully around the engine. This was topped off with about a five-foot stack of food on top of the tiny little roof-rack of this VW beetle! I remember putting my provisioning partner into the passenger side and then packing food all around her until basically just her head was sticking out. Then I gently squeezed into the small space reserved for me on the driver's side.

By this time I had gotten ahold of a map, and tried to carefully plot out how to get home to Christania bypassing the center of town.—As I realized we were a bit of a sight, and I didn't want to risk getting pulled over by the police. So we went off merrily on our way, praising the Lord for His miraculous supply of this fantastic source of very good quality food, as well as the directions back to these overflowing dumpsters full of even more commodities, should we need them.

Unfortunately we either lost the map, or it ended up getting absorbed into the food stuffs, but where did we end up?—Right in the center of Copenhagen, where as we bounced around on the cobblestone streets, we began losing apples, tomatoes, melons and so forth, which bounced down on the road behind us.



Shortly

thereafter we were pulled

over

by the

police

who asked us to get out of the vehicle.

Even

getting out of the vehicle

was a

major feat,

given

our packed-in circumstances.



On top of it all, the little Volkswagen, which had already seen better days, was very much feeling the heavy load and the chassis was just scraping an inch or so above the ground.

The police, failing to see the humor in all this, began writing me tickets for an overloaded vehicle, taillights that didn't work, etc. Furthermore, when the cop

opened the driver's door, one of the already-rusted-out hinges broke, and the door plunked down smack on the ground, barely missing his foot. (Again, the humor of this situation was somewhat lost by the cop.)

To make a long story short, the vehicle—along with all the food—was impounded in a police compound, the license plates ripped off the vehicle (since it was judged not roadworthy), and I was issued tickets totaling several hundred Danish kroner.

We had no phone at Christania and no money even to take a bus home, so it was some time before we arrived home at night, after this ordeal. We explained our situation to leadership, and asked for counsel on what we should do. We were referred to an undershepherd named Jason (of Glory). Jason was a real fun guy, but not necessarily someone who I would classify as a "level head." He was aware, of course, of the pressing need for us to be able to get some food to Christania so the feast could go ahead the next day, and the cameras could roll.

Jason knew that before joining the Family, between the ages of 12 and 15 I had spent a period of time in reform school and had stolen a number of cars. So he applied—probably somewhat unwisely and without having really asked the Lord about it—the adage that the Lord can use your past experience, and suggested that maybe I could go to the compound, hotwire and rescue the car, and that way we'd be able to get all of the food back to Christania!

Since Jason was my "older brother," I just flowed along with it, though thinking back on it, I would certainly not recommend this rather dubious manner of "rescuing" the vehicle! Jason agreed to accompany me and we set off late at night and made it to the chain-link-surrounded police compound, which was extremely well-lit by a circle of tall floodlights. We got the gate unlocked, found our Volkswagen (which obviously wasn't that hard to spot amongst the other vehicles), hot-wired it, and praised the Lord as we drove off into the darkness—even remembering to lock the gate behind us as we left.

We had a map marked with the route to take so as to be able to drive through a remote part of town, avoiding all the main throughways in order to hopefully arrive undetected back at Christania. Unfortunately, Jason didn't prove to be that good of a navigator, and of all things, we ended up in the compound of the palace of the Queen of Denmark! Two very big motorcycle cops were on us in seconds—sirens blaring, lights flashing. They not only forced us off the road, but grabbed both of us, pretty much pulling us through the window and throwing us on the vehicle spread eagle, while they frisked us. They obviously weren't too happy that we were violating the security of the royal family.—Not to speak of the fact that our Volkswagen had no license plates on it by this time, no paperwork or registration, and we were both foreigners and long-hairs to boot, with far from a solid or plausible story to even begin to explain all this!

We were hauled off to jail, each of us put in a separate cell, separated from each other after having to make written statements. They had no idea who we were, where or what we were up to, and did the full security routine, including taking away our belts so we couldn't hang ourselves, and our glasses so we couldn't slit our wrists!

Thankfully, before getting thrown in my cell I was able to slip a few pages of 3x5 MO Letters into my underwear so that I could better commune with the Lord upon my bed. Although the holding cells were very clean by jail standards, I seem to recall it was just a small piece of foam on a cement slab, and we were given one blanket each. We didn't know what the other had said, or what we were being held for.

Thank the Lord, in our attempts to witness to anyone we came in contact with, I had met a young Danish policeman who had visited the area where I had grown up as a kid, and we had kind of connected. He said he would attempt to get a message out to my friends, explaining that Jason and I were in jail. By this time it was about two o'clock in the morning and I went into placid prayer position hunched up on my knees, head down to the ground with butt up in the air, spending the rest of the night praying and reading my 3x5 MO Letters, and eventually dozing off.

I was very happy in the morning to be woken up to the familiar voice of a lawyer friend who I had been witnessing to, at the door of my cell. This man really loved the Family and after finding out that we were in jail had come down first thing in the morning to get us out. He had already been speaking to the police, explaining our situation and also seeking to get the previous night's traffic fines reduced. He then paid them out of his own pocket. He also found out where the Volkswagen had, for the second time that

night, been impounded, then paid for a delivery truck to come and we shifted all the food from the Volkswagen to the truck. Then on top of it all, he took us back to the dumpsters where we filled the delivery truck right to the top, and drove back to Christania and were actually there just in time with all this food. We drove it to the communal kitchen and unloaded it, just as the cooking for the feast of the prophets was about to begin. All of this was being filmed for television, for the Chronologue show, which was to air in both Europe and North America!

Of course, our story within the story was never told—in fact, neither the leadership attending the big get-together, let alone all the Family there at Christania, were even aware of all these behind-the-scenes happenings and the miracles the Lord did in getting that food delivered there on time!



Such
was our happy-go-lucky approach
to life,
in which the Lord not only

worked
miraculously
in **supplying** our needs, but
also in miraculously protect-
ing and **keeping us** despite

OUR^{own}
stupidity
and not giving Him
much cooperation! ■



UP FRONT

CONFESSIONS OF A ZINE WORKER



GOT A PROBLEM?

1. LOCATE LOOSE AREA.
2. PREPARE YOUR TOOL.

3. SCREW IT TIL IT STOPS SQUEAKING!

From Bethy

Sent in by Anthony

Mama asked us if we would like to write up some of the things we've learned this last year while working on the Zine, to pub in our New Year's issue. Putting out a Zine every month is a big job, and I think we might hold the record for the most blow-it's on a single pub. Though with all credit to the Lord and our spirit helpers and with Mama's help, it comes out right in the end. But we have had a few "misses"—things that we worked on or put time into that didn't really hit the mark in one way or another—either they took up a lot of time and didn't turn out how we thought, or else things that weren't balanced enough to send the right signal.

Our main lesson has been to be more prayerful and operate more in the new day with the new weapons, to pray over every step. A lot of mistakes could have been avoided that way. I think we're finally getting it through our thick heads that we have to stop and pray about everything.

It's been difficult for us to get together in a group to have prayer and

prophecy about whatever aspect of the Zine's production we need to pray about, because it takes a lot of work and is humbling. But I am having to learn that no matter how difficult it is for me personally, or how "on the spot" I feel, or how humbling it is to prophesy in front of my peers, that we just have to obey the Lord and the Word and do it, and every time we do, the Lord always blesses it tremendously.

This takes a lot of personal conviction—something I don't have as much of as I should. Many times I wouldn't even bring up the fact that we should pray about something, when I was being checked about it, because I didn't want to come across as the "spiritual one." I also knew it would take a lot of work and be humbling, and if I suggested it, then I would have to be willing to get in that group, hear from the Lord and give what He said, and it's scary sometimes. So many times I just chickened out and then much later after all was said and done, and things took a lot of

extra time or we ended up making a substantial change, we were all sorry we hadn't just prayed about it first.—Especially me, because I knew the others were counting on me to make sure we prayed about things, but I was too proud to do it.

Thankfully, we're getting much more into hearing from the Lord about our work and it helps things go so much better. Then we know from the start if some idea of ours is the Lord's and if it's okay to proceed and, if so, just how to proceed. It's been working great. We don't always all get together in a group to pray. Sometimes when it's a smaller thing, just one or two people will pray about it.

With the job of working on a pub that helps to feed the Family, we have to continually be willing to change and flow with the direction the Lord is leading, and keep our personal lives and connection with the Lord in shape. If we're not living, believing and following the New Wine to the best of our ability in our personal lives, it reflects in the work.

It takes yieldedness and the willingness to do what the Lord wants us to do in the pub, and not push what we personally want to do or portray. That can be a sacrifice at times, as we all can have what we think are really neat ideas but they turn out to be not so good when we don't come before the Lord with them and get His opinion and instructions. So please pray for us, that we will continue to be empty vessels and open channels, that the Lord can use to continue to make this mag what it needs to be.

From Shanice

Something out of the ordinary always seems to happen to me around the time of my birthday. So this last year I was going to be prepared for whatever came my way. I contem-



Sam trying desperate tactics to get the crowds in to our Car Washes. USA



Sam and Justin—the dear hunks of the Home, DC, USA

plated locking myself in my room, avoiding human contact as much as possible to prevent any bizarre misfortunes from spilling over onto others. But ... God knows what He's doing and for some reason seems intent on letting me have unforgettable birthdays.

We were finishing up the 24th Zine, and it was supposed to be a little extra special 'cause it was our 2nd anniversary since the Zine started. Usually we all get together and decide who's gonna do what before we all get started doing the art, layout, etc. And it was decided from the beginning that I would draw something for this cover. We discussed several ideas and came to some sort of agreement of what I should draw. However, we didn't check it with the Lord like we should have.

The idea we came up with was to do a modern art type of picture with a mixture of different objects flying around together. There were some computer-related/cyberspace images like a mouse, a floppy disk, some flying hands on a keyboard, etc. And then a couple of abstract things thrown in too—a birthday cake, clock, robot, as well as a few eyes and an ear scattered throughout the pic. Well, at the time I thought it was pretty cool and I put quite a few days into making it with oil pastels and paint, etc.

When it was done, as usual, we sent it in for approval from Mama and some other folks that check the Zine before it goes out. So we hear back from them and they're like, "Well, the Zine looks great but the cover doesn't quite hit the mark so could you please pray down another idea from Heaven? Thanks a lot!" ... It was a major bummer.

When we heard from the Lord about it, He said that if I would have been more in tune with Him then I could have avoided this mistake and huge waste of time. So of course I felt pretty bad about it, but mostly I was upset. I don't get prophecies very clearly so

when it comes time for me to get something specific like that from the Lord like about a pic or something to do with my work, it takes a lot of effort and brain strain. The guys here have always been willing to pray with me and help get something from the Lord, but in the end, it's up to me to get the inspiration for a pic and the details of how it should be done.

So after ranting and raving for a bit and swearing to myself that this was it for me and I'd never even attempt to draw again, the Lord helped me get it together and give it another shot. I knew that this time I really couldn't do it again on my own and I needed to know what exactly the Lord had in mind before I made another attempt. To me, this all seemed like a huge ordeal and I figured it was my fated birthday occurrence coming at me again. But looking back at it now, I'm very glad that I changed the cover, this one has more meaning and it turned out better and it also gave the Lord and me some good time to catch up on all sorts of things.

Well, that's just one little instance among many where my first reaction has been to reject and question what we heard from Mama or what the Lord told us. Afterwards though, I usually end up feeling pretty stupid 'cause it's not like it's really up to me to pass judgment on what Mama says or what the Lord gives and decide whether or not it's justified. Even with stuff that comes out in new GNs, I just instinctively start analyzing and critiquing it—a tendency that I'm trying to stop now. And although it's important that everyone be fully persuaded in their own minds—it was so much easier all the times that I've just taken it by faith right from the beginning. I know that sounds basic or like a line from the MOP, but well ... it's sort of like a vitamin; it might not be so great-tasting and feels weird while you're swallowing it, but in the long run it does you good and helps clear things up.



Clair(16), Middle East ... but looking for a Home in the EE

Spring, Loren & Godfrey, USA



From Spiro

I guess the main thing needed for a job like this is a lot of yieldedness. It's something I've been blessed to learn more of since I started working on the Zine, but especially recently. As with every pub, the Zine goes through a rather extensive process to reach the final publication stage, and many times things get dropped or changed or we receive suggestions and it's my natural reaction to not agree with some of them right away.

It's the hardest when it's something you've personally worked on and it's like "your thing," like the stories I've written. Some of them have gotten worked over quite a bit, both by suggestions from my co-workers and the proofreaders as well as suggestions from Mama, and that's of course, never easy. I have realized though, that like the old saying, Mama does know best, and I've had to trust that the Lord knows what He's doing and what will be best for the Family. I've also found that in the long run, things have turned out much better after implementing the changes and listening to counsel.

I've (we've) had to change our attitude considerably over this last year, from a "Why are they always cracking down on us and not letting us do what we want," to a "Well, we're here to serve the Family, so whatever it is the Family needs the most, that's what we want to put out and we're thankful for the guidance." Sometimes we didn't see the overall picture, so what seemed fine to us wouldn't have been very beneficial for some situations that Mama and Peter knew about that we hadn't heard about. With things like that, at first our ten-

duousness was more to kick against the pricks, trying to push our agenda and do things that we thought would be cool, instead of thinking what could most benefit the Family. This resulted in some things having to be changed and done over. It took us a while to get the point, but I think we're doing better now, because we're learning to go to the Lord at the beginning with our ideas, and He always points us in the right direction. We're not perfect, but we've learned that the easy way is just to yield and follow the Lord's leading, by promoting the New Wine and direction the Family is going, instead of doing our own thing.

From Jaz

The stuff I've been learning is more of a personal nature, though it affects my work on the Zine. I guess the Lord's just got His times when He gets out His big magnifying glass and zooms in on somebody real big. You can get all kinds of advice and talks and even prophecies and stuff like that, but until you feel that personal spotlight going at your heart real hot and heavy, and get a personal conviction and decide that this is the time for you, you're not really going to make much solid progress.

So I hit a time like that recently, and I've got to say it's probably the best thing that happened to me in recent times. (Of course along with Alec, and Kimby, and new baby ... etc.!) I would say that a few years ago I had a real close connection with the Lord, but lately I'd gotten away from that—caught up



Sharon and Gary
Let down their
hair after a hard
day's work.

Joana (17), and
baby Nicole.
Joinville, Brazil



in the whirlwind of getting married, starting a family, getting into pubs work, etc. I know the Lord's been trying to coax me back in closer for a while, but He finally got through in a big way.

What happened? I have no idea. I guess it was a pile of little things all stuck together that just sort of happened around the same time. Different messages from Mama about our work on the Zine, my making some mistakes, and one day something just clicked, and I realized that I had to get back to having a much closer connection with the Lord.

The two main areas that I wanted to work on—which I figured would be the building block for everything else in my life that was good—were: (1) to set aside time every day to hear from the Lord, and (2) to ask the Lord specifically about the little decisions I make—both in my work and personal life. It was around the beginning of October that I launched this new campaign, and I made a pledge of commitment to the Lord.

I started a file where I kept all my prophecies (I type them as they come), and each day I would just set aside time with the Lord. Sometimes I would ask a personal question on my heart; some days something about work, like what to work on next; some days I would ask about spirit helpers; other days I would just ask the Lord if He had anything to say. It didn't even have to be a big long deal, but just the fact that I was doing it was ingraining in me the habit and bringing me back closer to His side.

I can't say that I'm faithful to do it every single day, but over the past few months I've been establishing that habit, and the days that I do are many more than the days that I don't.—And do I ever feel the difference between the two!

My second goal was more of a subconscious reflex that needed to be built up. It was such a wrench at first, and it could be something like asking the Lord whether a certain article should go in a Zine, or whether I should do a certain thing at a certain time, or how should I tell a certain person about this thing I was thinking. Instead of just rushing into whatever struck my fancy or seemed right at the time, I forced myself to stop and ask the Lord what He thought. And almost every time I would get a specific answer.—Not usually a big long thing, but a "yes" or "no," or an impression one way or the other. Sometimes it went along with what I was thinking; sometimes it was completely opposite. But every time—it worked! And each time I did it, it got easier.

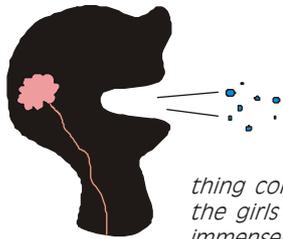
So that's where I'm at right now. Of course, it's a road you can get started on and you'll never get to the end; you'll just keep going further and further, getting closer and closer to Heaven, and finding incredible treasures and jewels along the way. I've been finding lots of them, both physical things and those "others"—all the little things that make life so special ... happiness, peace, and lots and lots of love! I've got a ways to go, but I'm having a great time getting there! ■



photografio: cedro

with some young translators

Ricky BRALIM and Cedro SPALIM
(FZ: When Cedro sent us his interview response, he had just left SPALIM for another mission field. However, we thought we'd go ahead and print his answers anyway, since he's got a lot he can talk about, with 3 years of translating work behind him!)



Q: Could you tell us a little about yourself?

A: (Ricky:) Well, I'm 18, a Cancer. I was born in Brazil. I like computers, reading, and almost anything complicated. I love the Zine (especially the girls' pix) and enjoy soccer and hockey immensely. I am single but content (most of the time).

(Cedro:) I'm 20, and I was born in Colombia. My dad is American and my mom is Colombian. I'm a Libra and I'm single. I guess one of my main characteristics is my passion for music and everything related to it—dancing, parties, fellowship, inspirations, singing and so on. I play the guitar and try to play the sax. I also enjoy a good conversation. Oh, I really like girls. I think they're the most beautiful and interesting creation on Earth!



Q: How long have you been doing translation work?

A: (Ricky:) I've been here at BRALIM for about a year and a half, and started translating almost as soon as I got here.

(Cedro:) Up until a month ago I had been working full-time on translations for more than three years. However, right now I've decided to take a break for a while, as I had been *selah* for all that time. So I'm now raising funds to go to another mission field.



Q: How did you start to get involved in translating?

A: (Ricky:) I'd kinda wanted a change from where I was, and one day I saw an ad in the SACRO bulletin asking for translators—someone who could speak English and Portuguese. My mom and my shepherd encouraged me to give it a try, so I did. (Most of my schooling was done in Portuguese; God bless my mom who persevered with that!)



So I wrote in and told them what I could do. I didn't have any experience; I could only type about 10 words per minute, but I wanted to try and I knew how to use a computer, so I sent them my application. And not too long after, I got an answer.—The first thing I did when I got that "yes" was to check my original message to see if I hadn't accidentally said I could type 100 words per minute, ha! Just before coming, though, and especially the day I was to move, I panicked, wondering if this was really for me. Up until then I hadn't given much thought to life behind the scenes, and I started getting worried. But it was a little late to stop and think about it more, or not go, so I just went, hoping for the best.

God bless my mom, my dad and Aunt M., they made it all easy. Anyway, I love it here. It's not perfect, but it's a great place—and it wasn't very hard to get adjusted.

(Cedro:) Well, the truth is I never liked language arts very much. I received most of my schooling in Spanish. I enjoyed reading, though, and now as I remember my childhood I realize that I read a lot (in Spanish). That early education in Spanish was probably what gave me the linguistic foundation needed for the ministry I've been involved in for the past three years.— Actually, I didn't learn to speak English until I was about seven years old.

I had never thought of being a translator. I didn't consider myself capable of doing it very well, but in my Home I would occasionally give running translations in meetings, since there were quite a few people who didn't understand much English.

When I was sixteen, I was desperate for a change of field, as I had lived in Colombia all my life. So after some meetings that were held there I asked if I could go to another place and work in the music ministry. Then I was offered an opportunity to go to Peru and help translate songs and other things, and I thought, "Why not?" So I went, and after a while I started doing some translations. Six months later I was invited to SPALIM, and I ended up staying there for three years.



ROCK

Q: Do you enjoy doing this type of work? What are the best things about it? What are some difficult things?

A: (Ricky:) I do enjoy my work—quite a bit, actually! It is nice to work with the Word all day! One thing that is difficult is translating poems, songs or rhymes. But I would say we do fairly well with those—not me, another translator here. Another thing you might call a drawback is that—as with most translators—I can't pick up a pub to read in Portuguese, new or old, without looking for mistakes, wondering why they used that "weird expression," or sometimes checking it with the English to see if something was right or whatever. But it's not so much of a problem, as my native tongue is English, so I usually read in English.

(Cedro:) I really like it. In my opinion, the best thing about it is that you're working with the Word, so you're getting Word all the time. That's something I really miss. It is also a very fulfilling ministry, 'cause you know you're helping to feed the Family. The difficult thing for me is that it requires a lot of concentration, but it helped me to discipline myself. Although I always had to take a short break after an hour or so of sitting in front of the computer, otherwise I would start to lose my concentration.

Q: Is your Home a selah or semi-selah Unit? If so, what is it like for you?

A: (Ricky:) BRALIM is a selah Home, so we don't have very much contact with the majority of the Family. I don't mind it much, cuz' I was always kind of a loner and a bit introverted, content to stay home with some homey activity; besides, we're not completely cut off. We go to some area parties and stuff.

(Cedro:) As I said, right now I'm in a field Home, but at SPALIM I was selah for three years. It wasn't hard for me to adapt, maybe because I arrived from a Service Home. I really got to love SPALIM, and it was very hard to leave. Some of my best memories are of the time I spent there. I'm not saying it was a bed of roses; I sometimes desired more fellowship and to be able to witness freely, go singing and things like that, and problems came up sometimes, but in any place there are sacrifices to be made and things we can learn. In general, I really enjoyed those three years.

Q: How has it been to be around other long-time FGA translators? Do you feel incapable or like you know less than they do?

A: (Ricky:) They're pretty easy to handle, and they say that I am too. But having a good understanding of English, though I'm not as good with the Portuguese, makes it fairly easy, and I don't feel too incapable. I'm always learning, but they are mostly sweet about it.

(Cedro:) For me, it was great. I learned a lot from them. They are very dedicated people and I admire them. I did feel incapable at first, especially when I started translating GNs, but I guess that's good because it keeps you desperate and you're not as prone to leaning on the arm of the flesh. It's not like I feel I know less than they do ... I know I know less than they do!—Not because they made me feel that way, but because they have a lot more experience. But I always thought they saw more in me than what I saw in myself. They were always very encouraging, and made me feel like one of them. There wasn't any difference between me and the adults, there was no generation gap. I think that was one of the sweetest things.

Q: Can you give us a little synopsis of what you do and how you go about your work?

A: (Ricky:) I usually translate, but sometimes I correct; less often than that I proofread. There are three stages or "takes" in translation: #1 is translating, #2 is correction (we compare the Portuguese translation with the English original), and #3 is proofreading, where we read the Portuguese and look for mistakes and try to make the text flow more or take "English" words or expressions out. Recently, with the vision of one-take translations, we are cutting down and sometimes only translate and proofread or just translate. That has made our work faster, and allowed us to produce more.

(Cedro:) In the last year I worked mostly on the GNs. We would have one person translate them, then another one would check the translation with the GN in English, then someone else would proofread it. After that it was laid out, someone checked the layout and then it was sent to be printed.

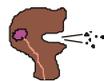
I would usually work on the first two stages. However, about a month before I left, we analyzed our procedures in the office and looked for ways to streamline our production, so we dropped the second stage in the GN translation. I talk about GNs 'cause that's what I did most, but I would also work occasionally on FSMs and other pubs. For those pubs there was a shorter process: they would get translated and proofread and then they were laid out. But when I was leaving, they were going to start a one-take translation on most of them.



Q: What are your goals and vision for this next year?

A: (Ricky:) Since I got here, I've wanted to try getting the translations in prophecy. I'm sure it can be done, I just need to gather the faith to do it. I haven't gotten much prophecy in Portuguese, but I will keep trying and I'm sure the Lord will honor the faith which I'm also sure He'll give me! I also want to learn all I can about as much as I can, to make myself as useful as possible, and to make good use of the learning possibilities here.

(Cedro:) Go into all the world

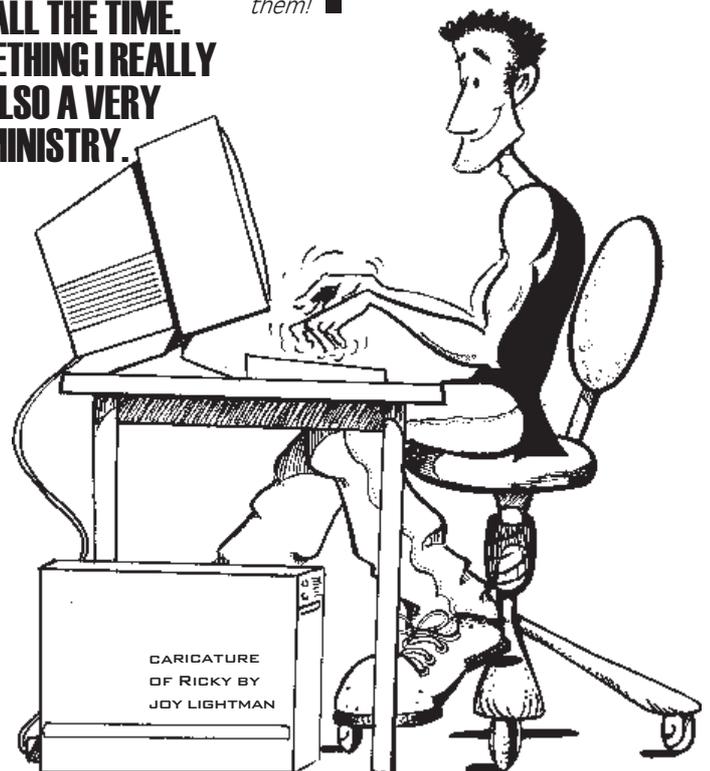


Q: Any words of advice for would-be translators around the world?

A: (Ricky:) Just take it easy, be humble and learn, and ask about everything and listen more than you talk.—I hope that's what I did.

(Cedro:) Don't worry if at first you don't get to do what you think you want. Just keep going along faithfully, and practice makes perfect. Also don't get upset if your first things get a lot of corrections, 'cause that's the way to learn. Pray for the translators!—They have a huge job and there're not many of them! ■

THE BEST THING ABOUT IT IS THAT YOU'RE WORKING WITH THE WORD, SO YOU'RE GETTING WORD ALL THE TIME. THAT'S SOMETHING I REALLY MISS. IT IS ALSO A VERY FULFILLING MINISTRY.



LATERS

TRANS





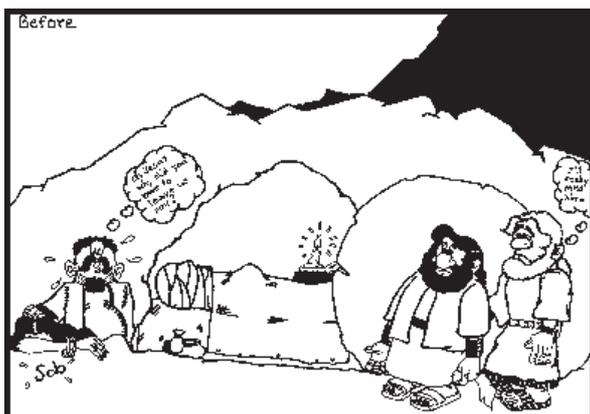
ART BY MIKE, PAKISTAN



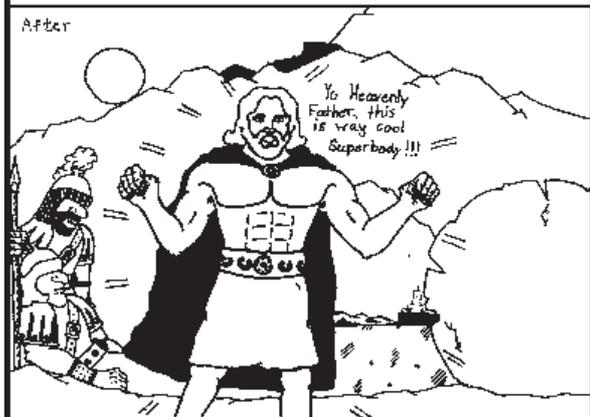
we love the

Scrawlathon '99

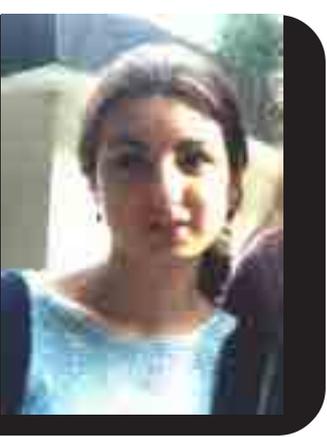
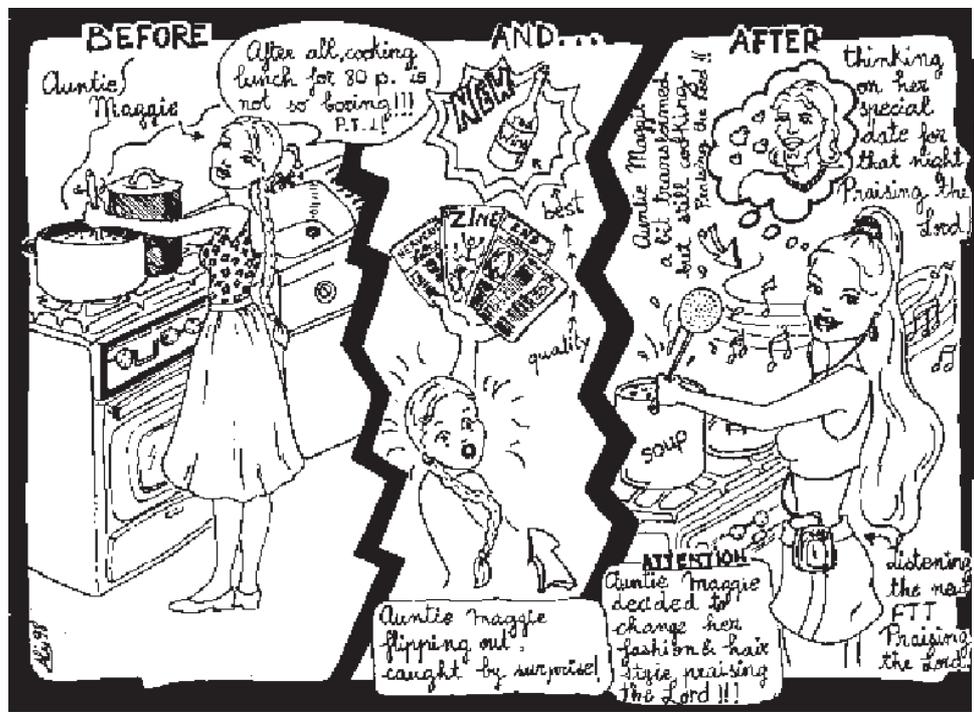
featuring contributions from you



AARON (11), JAPAN



The time has come at last - those long-awaited scrawlathon contributions that you all worked so hard on are finally going in print - some of them anyway. Thank you all so much for your inspired artwork & designs. Now you're probably thinking that you're going to get a patch or something; well, fooled ya — har har. No, actually we are planning on sending out a patch to everyone who contributed and sent in their address. Even if your work of art doesn't make it into print, we'll still try to send you a patch for your effort. The following pages of art are just the first installment of scrawlathon mania. We thought that this time instead of sticking it all in one mag, we'd stagger it a bit over a few issues. This would also give more time for any straggler contributions to get to us. We hope you have as much fun looking over them as we did - there's a lot of real talent out there, keep it up. Enjoy!



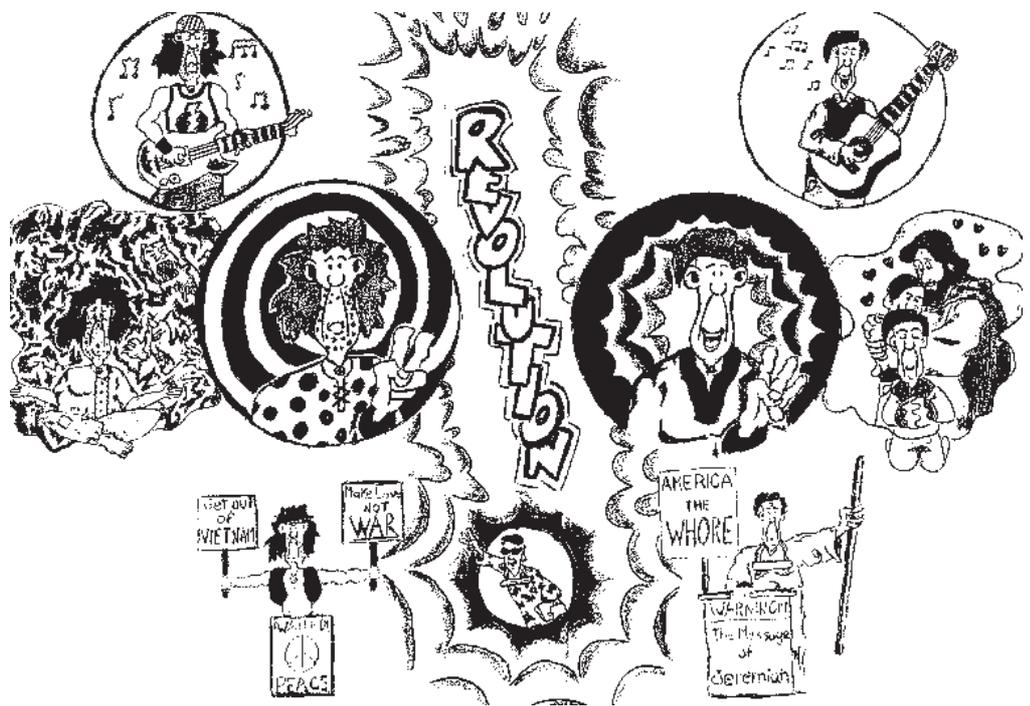
ART BY ALICIA
AGE: 16
LOCATION: BRAZIL



ART BY CHRISTINA (KRISTIE)
AGE: 14
LOCATION: INDIA
QUOTE: "GO FOR THE GOLD!"
NOTE: I'M NOT IN INDIA YET, BUT BY THE TIME THIS COMES OUT I PROBABLY WILL BE.

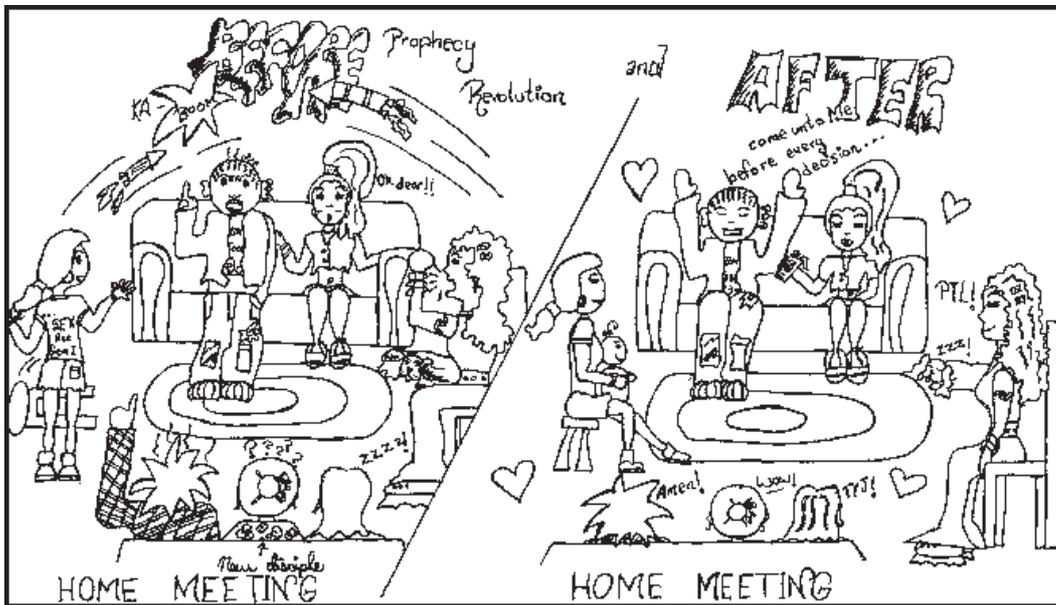
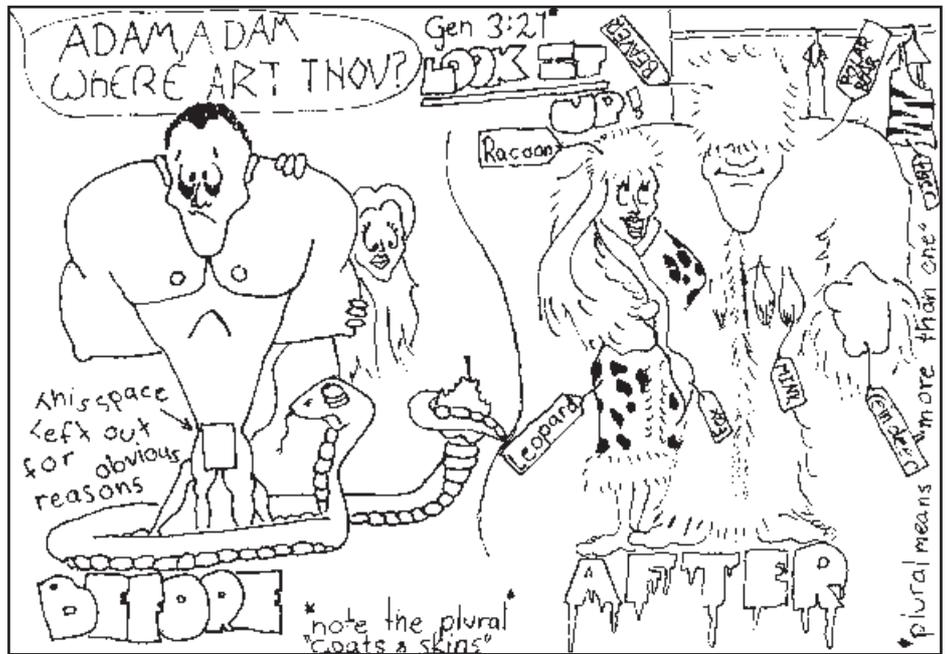


ART BY DAVID
PARENTS' NAMES: DAVID AND SUSANA
AGE: 13
LOCATION: PARAGUAY
QUOTE: "EVERYTHING CHANGES"—ML #6





ART BY JOE
AGE: 14
LOCATION: INDIA

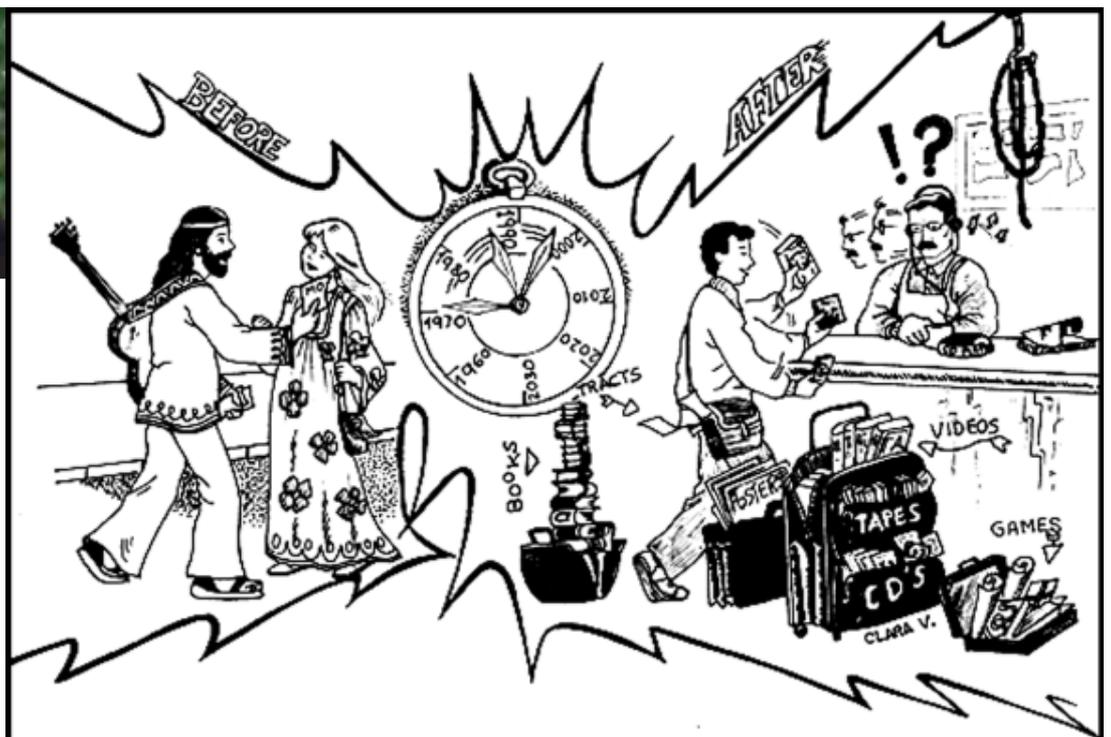


ART BY ARIANA
AGE: 18
LOCATION: COLUMBIA
SINCE WE'VE STARTED TO
USE THE GIFT OF PROPHECY,
OUR MEETINGS HAVE GONE
MUCH MORE PEACEFULLY.



ART BY CLARA
AGE: 36
LOCATION: BRAZIL

THANK THE LORD
FOR SO MANY TOOLS
THAT HELP TO MAKE
OUR JOB EASIER!



I was born in Siberia, in a closed city where they make nuclear weapons. From the very beginning the Enemy wanted my life. My mother got married and after a few weeks she found out she was five months pregnant from another man! It was obvious that the baby wasn't from her husband since she had known him only for three months before marriage. He divorced her right away and she had to live with her parents, who wanted her to get the baby (me) aborted as soon as possible. No doctors wanted to abort a five-month-old fetus, so my grandma tried to do it herself, giving my mom different medicines and shots. Anyway, as you see, nothing worked and I was born; even though I was very sick as a baby the Lord healed me.

Though my mother loved me, she never was able to spend much time with me since she had to work. She was also young and wanted to have fun, and she didn't know how to take care of me and give me the love and attention I needed so much. So since birth I spent my days and nights in kindergartens, and later on in school and dance classes.

Left to myself, I had lots of freedom. In my teenhood I was able to try out almost everything that the System had to offer. But still it didn't give me happiness. I didn't know much about God, but in my times of desperation I would kneel down and cry, "Lord, help me!"

Then one day, through a Christian couple, I got in contact with the little evangelical church in my city. There I got saved, filled with the Holy Spirit, and started to really study the Bible. The Lord put a burning desire in my heart to serve Him full-time, to forsake all and live communally, but my church brothers and sisters said it was impossible, and only for the early church. This church had a real big emphasis on constantly cleaning people from their sins, and blaming anything they didn't like on bad spirits. After I was with them for three months, they rebuked in me the

bad spirits of sex (because some men liked me), of being flirty (I wore makeup), the spirit of lesbianism (there was one little girl whom I reminded of her teacher, so she would run after me every time she saw me), etc. After some time in the church I thought I could see bad spirits everywhere, that I was full of bad spirits and that everything about me was unclean.

I was really in love with Jesus. Sometimes this love was so strong that I felt I wanted to give my all to Him and to love Him and even make love to Him. I even felt the desire for Him physically! I felt so bad to have such "sinful and fleshy" desires towards God! (Thank You Jesus for the Loving Jesus revelation! I love it! It's so liberating!)

The Lord did a big miracle with my mother, though. She was an atheist, and though she read some of the Christian lit I brought her, she didn't like it. Then one evening I heard her screaming in her room. She was in agonizing pain, and wanted me to call an ambulance. I offered to pray for her first. After she prayed the salvation prayer, the pain was gone! She began praising the Lord and kissing the Bible. Since then she has been a different woman. TYJ!

Before I met the Family I felt like a lukewarm Christian. Then one day, my church leader told me about the Family, and suggested I should join. The Family is

AFTER SOME TIME IN THE CHURCH I THOUGHT I COULD SEE BAD SPIRITS EVERYWHERE, THAT I WAS FULL OF BAD SPIRITS AND THAT EVERYTHING ABOUT ME WAS UNCLEAN.

more than I ever dreamed of! I always dreamed about this

way of living, witnessing, and loving the Lord and each other. Everything about the Family is so wonderful!

When I started reading the MO Letters, I felt Dad's spirit in them and I started to fall in love with Dad too. I'm so thankful that the Lord gave me the desires of my heart, that I can freely serve the Lord! I didn't find love anywhere else. I really want to join the Family and give Him 110% of my life. I love you!



We've had a pretty packed last few months! Lots happening! Want to hear the latest?

First of all, the big news is that in late November, Jasmine had her baby!—A beautiful baby girl who is brightening everyone's lives already. Despite numerous suggestions from all of us—some admittedly better than others—Mom and Dad haven't yet decided her name, so she's still affectionately termed "the pixel." We'll keep you posted. (Update: Her name is Lauren Allison—or Laurie for short.)

The Zine is going to be undergoing a major change, along with the rest of us, as our own Shan will be departing soon for mission fields unknown! Yes, you read that right! Shan, after being an integral part of the Zine team since its inception over two years ago, is heeding the call and the burden that has been on her heart for a long time to be in the front-line action. We will certainly miss her, and the talents and spark she brought to the Zine, but we rest assured that she is in the Lord's highest will. A final note to all you Felix and Dude lovers: Never fear, for we are continuing the strip, and Shan will continue to contribute some artwork from a distance! By the time you read this, Shanice will be well on her way to her new field! We love you, Shan, and miss you tons! Don't forget to write!—And send photos!

[Insertion from Shan-face: I've thought this over in all sorts of ways, and why do I do this? The truth is that I've had a great time these past couple years, loved being an artist and enjoyed working on the Zine. But I figured it's time for a change—I'm going to change. Now I'm trashing trin-

BEHIND THE ZINES



Proud Kimberly with new baby sister, Lauren.

kets and I'm moving on, going ahead and choosing a different life. I'm looking forward to it already. I'm gonna be just like you. The hitchhiking, the large families, the RV. The provisioning, the busking, the canning, the witnessing and postering, TRF reports, area fellowships, road trips, singing groups, choice of provisioned clothes, adventures with natives. Door 2 door, office 2 office, light 2 light, shop 2 shop, corner 2 corner, mouth 2 mouth. The non-fixed income and tithing, the Members Only site and receiving the Zine in the mail, the holding on, standing up, dying daily, living life. So Shan's going away to experience it all. It's been a real pleasure and who knows—maybe one day I'll be back!]

Last but not least, to help fill the hole that Shan's departure will be leaving, we have a new arrival!—Always fun in our situation where people don't come and go that often. Dear Evye (pronounced "heavy" minus the "h") from FC has joined our Zine team. Perhaps you have seen snippets of art by her in the last few Zines? Well, expect to see more. Not only will she be helping out with art, but also with the myriad of details that we handle in the Zine department.

Also welcome news is that David Komic and Anthony (Laban) are going to be contributing their art to the Zine on a regular basis!—You've already been enjoying the works of their creations, and we have more on our plate to serve up. Thank you, Anthony and David! We all love your work!

That's pretty much it from us! We'll keep you posted of any future developments! We love you! Keep up the good work, and thanks for all the contributions you send in!—Keep 'em coming!

—Love Bethy for the Zine team.

CRIES IN THE WILDERNESS

FEATURING: DRINKIN' IT UP IN INDIA & A VERY BUSY TWO WEEKS IN A CHECK IN

DRINKIN' IT UP IN INDIA

From Isabelle (18), Calcutta

Picture yourself arriving for the first time in an unknown foreign land, about which you've heard wild tales and experiences; a land of extremes and diversity, ranging from the climate to formations and types of land—mountains, beaches, islands and plateaus; all varieties of people—the extremely rich to the suffering poor; everywhere you turn, change in human features is abundant. Then of course cleanliness does not see fit to reach her hand into every nook and cranny of the big polluted cities. But the day-to-day experiences and fascination of learning about even the smallest, simplest operations of life are enough to keep your mind occupied and imagination vivid at all times. This is the land of—you guessed it!—India.

This month heralded the arrival of the Japan team to Calcutta—known to many as the "City of Joy," as portrayed by the cheerful, hardy-spirited people of this city, who in spite of difficulties do their best to go on in life and not succumb to prevailing hardships. You may wonder where this daring, adventurous witnessing troupe was to set out on this, their first encoun-

ter here. The weather being the hottest time of the year, they could be seen at almost all the cold-drink stalls in town.

A trick-of-the-trade is included here: Pick your own straws, when far and near. Before you wind up with a little fear Wondering what the guy's had his hands on this time of year. Now when getting water, Don't say it's a great big bother To check those bottle tops. 'Cause you might just regret When you're hasty and forget— That bottle's just been filled from the tap on your left!

Then for all those spicy tongues came a southern dish: *Masala Dosa*. It looks like a thin, salty pancake made from dahl and rice, prepared with a potato fish as filling. Finger-licking good—in the literal sense, as this dish is for hand use only. After seeing the sights of the grand ol' Victoria Memorial filled with magnificent paintings, weapons used in India throughout the ages (made us glad to be alive), portraits of Calcutta in its peak of glory when this used to be the main gateway to the East under the British rule, and a thorough history study. Our musketeers decided to let moisture get to them in another form than perspiration, so proceeded to go swimming in a lovely hideaway.

With Mk.16:15 in mind and seeing such a



mass of people to reach, they then proceeded to take the city by storm, doing a sports event with 60 street children. Then off to an old folks home, becoming grandchildren again, receiving praise and advice from these dear ones and giving love, singing lively songs and hymns with them.

While still in the role of Pied Pipers, we sang for more kids and acted out songs to the sounds of gleeful laughter. Realizing that a good man's work is never done, off they went to explore another state—Orissa. Pleasantly surprised at the prospect of going by train, cushioned chairs were like medicine to the rears. An eight-hour trip with a gorgeous view of the "other side" of India, the rice paddy, wheat, corn fields and other agriculture, were breathtaking. We finally concluded: "That's where all the space went!" An occasional bridge, then some villagers were seen; some oblivious to our presence, while others stared at us as if we were the peak of entertainment for their whole month.

Skipping ahead to the journey back to Calcutta: We were stranded in a little village due to power lines falling down right in the path of the train tracks; delighted to feel the fresh ground of Mother Earth beneath our feet, we

Felix

Dude
 The Serpentine Fiend
 part 1 of 2



set out to explore for ourselves this almost deserted place, taking pictures and looking closely at the massive lines struck down ahead. (When I say deserted, I thought I'd clarify that a majority of the fields ahead were in that state, however the ground near to the train was definitely populated, as the whole village had come to warn us of the danger, and in the process see the human "zoo" that had come to town!—Probably hardly knowing what Indians from the other side of this vast country looked like, they were doubly excited with the prospect of encountering Japanese as well as foreigners with white faces!)

After waiting for a couple hours amid our spectators, we headed off for home. Zip back to our troop arriving in Orissa. Bhubaneswar is the capital, but the population is quite small in comparison; village-like, a simple, tribal people with a vast, hot, sloping terrain. We reaped the Lord's bountiful blessings and provisioned a free hotel stay that also had a miniature swimming pool to enable us to beat the heat and have our meals provided for too.

Our highlights were reaching the youth of the city as we went forth to conquer the two main schools there, singing for, praying with and giving posters to a total of over 1,000 students. Little did we know that after our first performance we already had hooked fans, eager to receive our autographs. After signing most everyone's "What Everybody Needs Is Love" Poster, we stopped to wonder if this was really "little old us"! Ha! The Gospel having been preached, we then went for a trip to a famous zoo/safari!

A VERY BUSY TWO WEEKS

From Ginny (19), Slovenia

BOSNIA ... Are you interested to know what it's all about?

It's been over two years since the war ended, but it's left a long-term mark on the land and the people. Going to Bosnia is an experience you don't forget too easily, as it is moving, exciting, frustrating and a total cultural experience all at once—not to mention a thorough wipe-out!

Our last trip to Sarajevo lasted for two very packed weeks. Here are some of the testimonies that we thought might interest and inspire you:

To start off with, we were a team of nine: Becky (national from Sarajevo), Andrew D. and Daniella (SGAs), Vincent, Ginny and Jasmine (YAs), Christie (teen), Daniel (JETT) and Enoch (FGA).

On our second day there, we had already booked two shows for a school with over 1,000 kids (from 1st grade to high school). It was a bit stressful at first, as we hadn't had much practice, we were still getting over our trip, and the TV station was also coming to film and interview us! But we prayed desperately and despite a few minor problems, our show went exceptionally well, TG! It turned out to be very enjoyable and the TV

A CHECK IN THE MALL

From Marianne (18), USA

Recently I was postering at a mall. It was going particularly slow and it was discouraging, because we were hardly getting anything out. I prayed desperately for the Lord to give me a check as to who He wanted me to talk to. I then saw a young guy and felt I should offer him a poster.

So I went and talked to him, but found out that he wasn't interested and seemed—
and seemed—from my point of view—quite "goaty." "So much for that check," I thought, kind of discouraged. I was jerked out of my thoughts when a few minutes later I felt a tap on my back. I turned around to see that same guy that I assumed to be such a goat, and he said, "Actually, I do want to help you." He opened a little New Testament he had, and handed me a \$50 bill! I was surprised and at the same time thankful that I had followed His check!



station that filmed it did a very positive report on it, which appeared on the news that evening. On the same day, right after our shows we went straight into a live radio program. So I guess you can say that our trip started off on an extremely good note!

That was our second day in Bosnia. Happy to say, our days weren't all that busy, so we also had a lot of time to focus on our sheep, and we did a lot of follow-up. Some of the people are so precious. It's hard not to get moved or touched by their sincerity and hunger for the witness. It really is a lot of fun witnessing to them.

A lot of them have such positive attitudes, despite the extreme hardships they are faced with every day. One family that we have been visiting over the past year has three young sons. It has been a constant struggle trying to meet them, as they are trying to study and at the same time make ends meet to keep their family "floating." We were able to spend quite a bit of time with them on this past trip, and the results were tremendous. They are really hungry for the Word and have a lot of potential. One of them made a comment on our last visit about how when he met and spent time with us it was like stepping into another world, where every-



thing was totally beautiful, and peaceful. He had a difficult time expressing how he felt and putting it into words, so I read "Flatlanders" with him, which totally flipped him out. It was pretty neat!

As you may have noticed, I stated "frustration" as one of

the experiences of Bosnia.—Well, just to clarify that, Bosnia has a largely Muslim population, and the culture is rather on the "relaxed" social side. So, if someone invites you for a cup of coffee, you can probably be assured of staying for a good 2-3 hours. Or if someone makes an appointment with you at some obscure time, the best thing to do is take it, as the opportunity probably won't pass your way again. So it does require a fair bit of patience, but it's definitely worth it when you see the fruit.

Our time in Bosnia over the past two weeks was fully occupied. By the end, we had had done three live radio shows, two other recorded radio programs, a TV program, two national newspaper articles, a few shows at different schools, a delinquent center, etc.—and we got an invitation to come back to the Italian SFOR bases for shows on our next trip.—Not to mention all the follow-up and witnessing we were also able to do!

Thanks for all your support and prayers in making our work there possible! We wouldn't be able to do it alone. Please keep us and the work there in your prayers, as the country is still quite sensitive and somewhat dangerous. ■





D|E|A|D| M|E|N| T|A|L|K|I|N|G|

A t r i b a l w a r r i o r s p e a k s o u t

FROM DANMI, SOUTH AFRICA

How about a real dead (or live—whichever way you look at it, I guess) Zulu warrior chief talking? I'd always wanted to hear from Shaka Zulu, as he's quite an icon amongst the African Americans today. I didn't know anything about him myself—that always makes it more fun!

I checked up on him in the encyclopedia afterwards, and it was pretty interesting. A lot of things in his message I wasn't too sure of, as I had a lot of preconceived ideas about life at that time so it took a lot of faith for me to give it, like about them growing corn and stuff ("They grew corn in those days?!"), and also the part where he said he'd heard about God when he was younger. When checking it out, I found out that there was a missionary whose ministry was primarily with the Zulus around that time; also where Shaka said he'd lived a sad and bitter life, that proved to be the case as well. After hearing about the corn issue, my mom said that as far as she knows, they've always had corn in Africa, so there it is.

The message in general sounds as though he had wanted to help his people and he had their best interests at heart. The encyclopedia describes him as having been quite violent and greedy, conquering other tribes as well as fighting the colonists. But who really knows what was in the guy's heart? That's the great thing about prophecy, we get to hear it straight from these guys—it really gives you the edge!

Here's Shaka's message:

(Shaka Zulu speaking:) Many years back ... it now seems so long ago. I wanted only to honor my forefathers, to honor their land by claiming our right to live as Africans on our own soil—to till it, to plant and grow our corn, to herd our cattle, to have peace in our villages.

I was a young man when I heard terrible stories of the white man. I was afraid for my people and what would become of our lives should he choose to make this beautiful land his home. There was no love in my heart for these people I thought to be savages of the worst kind. They proclaimed peace but were greedy and selfish in heart, only interested in what would best suit themselves. If only I had known then what I know now, things might have been different. Now I understand that the land of my birth—this land that I loved—was also special to God. He loved it and He loved my

people even more than I did, and He knew what was best.

I tried to fight for our right to live alone, but my heart was not right with God. I did not understand His plan and I was bitter toward Him. I heard about God as a young child, but soon grew to question His path for my people. I resented Him for allowing these foreigners into the land I had claimed for my own tribe. I could not know then that God would accomplish His purpose through all that occurred at that time, even through all my mistakes and the mistakes of others. It was not for me to decide the destiny of my people.

I sought to be a hero; I sought to become famous and respected by my tribe as a mighty warrior and to please my ancestors. I sought the ways of war and destruction. I lived a sad and bitter life. But even though it was hard at times, I can now see that God had bestowed upon us many blessings. Now I see that all along God had His hand on my life, and like the prodigal son, one day I would meet Him face to face and know Him for Who He truly is.

I had to wait until I crossed that river into the world of the spirit before I came to understand all that had occurred. My life had its purpose; I was loved by the people of my birth and famed throughout the ages by those who heard my tale and the story of my life, how I fought for freedom which was not to be. I want them to know that even though my life seemed a tragic one, and though it seemed to some that God had not looked kindly upon us, yet the path on which I led my people was eventually to lead them to where they are today, to where the knowledge of our dear Lord is known to many of the Zulu people of this modern time, their own faith passed down from generation to generation. God used those invaders of my land to bring my people the Gospel. Although their deeds were not always good, God

I sought to be a hero; I sought to become famous and respected by my tribe as a mighty warrior and to please my ancestors. I sought the ways of war and destruction .. now I see that all along God had His hand on my life.



**My
Gracie is
here.
She's
been here
a long
time, and
man,
she's
doin'
great! I
tell ya,
this is a
great
place to
be! I give
'em all a
lot o'
laughs.
The Lord
uses
what we
learned
on earth.
I'm a
funny
guy, and
the Lord
uses it.**



allowed them to come to Africa for a reason, and today many people know the Savior because of them.

I tried to help my people, but through my passing I helped them more than I ever could have in my lifetime. How I long for them to see things the way I see them from up Here! We were in darkness for so long, but God has sent His light. The children of David have come to our continent. Where there was once great darkness, there now shines a great light. We welcome you, children of David, Family of love! My people have waited for you, and welcome you with open arms. They have longed for freedom from physical oppression, but this is nothing compared to the spiritual oppression they have endured. Teach them all that I could not when I was with them. Help them as I was not able to. Now that you can reach my people, I will be there to help you. Now I know the answer is not a political one. It is not found in who owns what or who has a right to what, but it's simply that we learn to love one another. And by coming to Jesus, Africans of all colors and walks of life will live free once again. (end of message)

[As a historical footnote, Shaka Zulu was murdered by his half-brother, Dingaan, who replaced him as leader of the Zulus. Later he too was ousted by a brother, who continued the fight against the colonists. The climax of this was the famed "Battle of Ulundi" which took place on July 4th, 1879. This date will always be an unpleasant one in the history of the Zulus. They lost to the Dutch, with July 4th of that year becoming the end of any kind of independence for the Zulu nation.]

AUNTS, UNCLÉS AND COUSINS

One night I couldn't sleep, and kept thinking about my aunt who I hadn't seen in a while. I felt a strong burden to pray for her. After praying I felt at peace and I was falling asleep when all of a sudden I had a vision of my cousin (my aunt's son, who died four years ago). He looked handsome and radiant, and he gave me this brief message: "Go and comfort my mother. Tell her I love her and I don't want her to cry, because it's so beautiful up Here!" A week later I heard that my uncle had had a brain hemorrhage and died after being in a coma for a week. At the time I couldn't understand why I had received this message from beyond from my cousin.

So I went to visit my aunt and comfort her, and she was very touched and thankful that I'd come all that way to see her. I gave her the message from her son, and she was happy and said, "This is another proof that Heaven is real!"

**From Jasmine Meek
Slovenia**

A WEE WORD FROM GEORGE



George Burns (who died in the last year or so) had been trying to get through to me for some time, but he would come when I was busy making lunch or doing dishes. I finally made an appointment with him, and the following is what he said: "Well, I wouldn't just talk to anybody, but you're about half my age, kid, so I figured you'd do. Ya see, up in Heaven we all have a great sense of humor.— It's necessary! It's a part of love to see the funny side of things. My Gracie is here. She's been here a long time, and man, she's doin' great! I tell ya, this is a great place to be! I give 'em all a lot of laughs. The Lord uses what we learned on earth. I'm a funny guy, and the Lord uses it. Well that's it for now! Keep smilin'; we all love to see ya smile. Love, George."

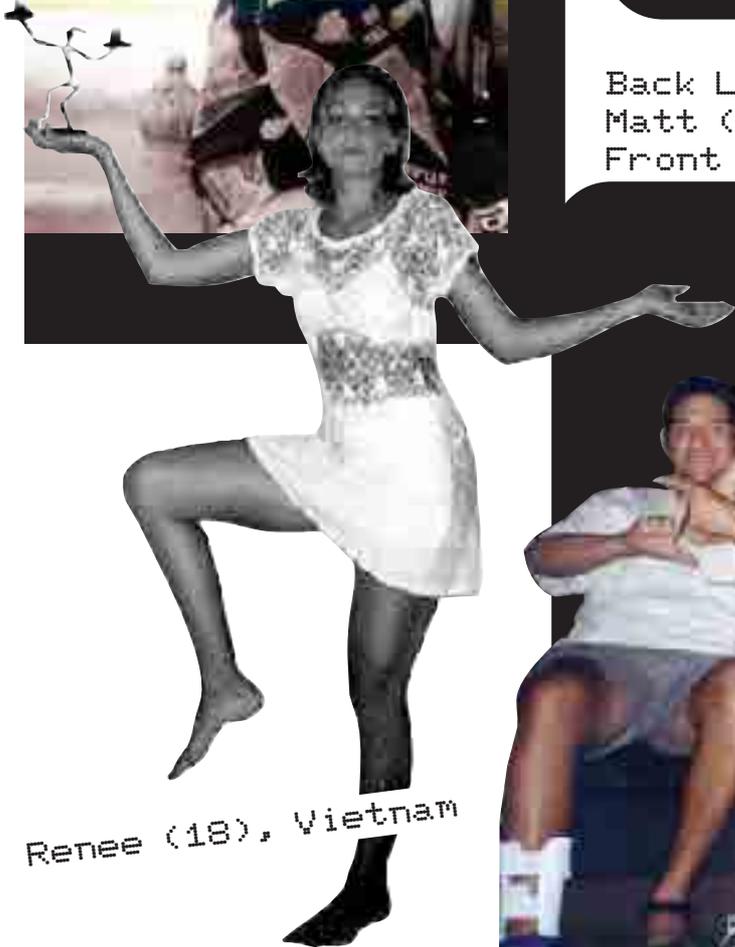
**Joanna
Canada**

Guess who? YA couple going for the Lord in 1972...& still going! Jo & Jewel (Nepal)



Kristie (14) at the Taj Mahal in Agra,

India



Renee (18), Vietnam

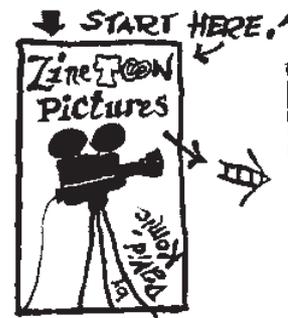


DC BAND
Vas, Tim A., Simon Black, Godfrey

Back L2R: Abner (19), Solly (18),
Matt (18), Daniel (18), Andy (20).
Front L2R: Suzy (21) and Charity (18).

GAMBIA
PIONEER
TEAM





PRESENTS...
 Johnny Depp as...
 [Sorry, he's not available.]
 Liv Tyler in...
 [She's on location in Iago.]
Brad Pitt...
 [Trying to contact him.]
Uma Thurman...
 [Not available.]
Leonard...
 [dentist appointment.]
Marilyn Monroe...
 [other side.]
Mr. Micky Mouse...
 [Ear Ache.]

Don't we have **ANY BIG NAMES** for this **MOVIE**?!!
 [Well, there's **VINNIE McZOFOROFOSHOF-KOVOSH** from 'Storage and Supplies'.]
Hmm. That IS a BIG NAME. OK, he'll do!
 ZineTOON Pictures Present
VINNIE McZOFOROFOSHOFKOVOSH
 in...

AN UNFORGETTABLE MOTION-PICTURE...um...oh, yes...**EXPERIENCE!**

ZineTOON
 the

MOVIE

Only SECONDS after the **ENTIRE NASA** Ground Control team has finished embracing, high-five-ing, whooping & **COVERING** their faces in their hands and quietly sobbing for **JOY** at having **AGAIN** saved our **PLANET** from... [what was it this time? um... o.k... so I can't even remember, but **WHATEVER** it was, I **HOPE** you're **THANKFUL!** [Ed: you, uh, haven't finished the sentence.] **OH! O.K.** Only **SECONDS** after **THAT**, I **rugged** yet **SUPER** intelligent **NASA** director, **Commander Buzz Brickjaw** (who by the way - **LIVES** on coffee, & **NEVER** leaves **NASA** Ground Control) looks **fuzzed** & **ALARMED** as a **NASA** space-expert-guy, looking relatively **UN-rugged** and... **O.K.** let's call a spade a spade -- **FREAKED OUT!** - calls **Buzz's** attention to a glowing **GREEN RADAR** screen with rapidly multiplying **FLASHES** with strange **'THUD'** sounds...

Scene 1 -
NASA Space Launch Site,
 Houston, Iowa (No, wait,
 Houston is in... um... Virginia?)
 -- **ANYWAY... SOMEWHERE**
 in Canada for sure.)



ALIEN ACTIVITY?!
 you mean?!

OBJECTION OVER-RULED!
 You may kiss the bride.
 No, wait!! That's not it...
 Oh yes... The comic may continue! **DO**

OBJECTION Your Honour!! That remark is **MISLEADING** and reflects **NEGATIVELY** on the **CHARACTER** of my **CLIENT**, the **JETTS**... your Honour.

ALIEN ACTIVITY!
 Well Sir, I'd say it's definitely...

THUD!
 THUD!
 THUD!
 THUD!
 THUD!

What is it, Chuck?

...yes, Sir... it's

THE JETTS' VIDEO NIGHT!!!

The comic has been floormatted to fit your ZINE.



STOP! WAIT! CUT!! THIS SCENE IS NOT FROM ZINEBOON - THE MOVIE!... IT'S ACTUALLY THE EMOTION-CHARGED CLIMAX OF OLIVER STOVES' gut-wrenching WAR... um... BLOOMBERG, THE MIND NOW BACK TO:



WARNING

Chuck's reply 'TALK-BUBBLE' contains HIGH VOLTAGE SCIENTIFIC MOVIE LANGUAGE.

In the 1-in-10-million event that you do not understand the SCIENTIFIC MOVIE LANGUAGE, just follow the following 'FAKING UNDERSTANDING SCIENTIFIC MOVIE LANGUAGE' Procedure?

Can what Chuck is saying be true? And could there be young people out there who are

REALLY INTO MOVIES

The 'THUD' sounds are caused when the MOVIE RAYS from T.V.-sets beam directly at the VIEWING VICTIMS, attach to the young Cinema-Sponges' faces & siphon them smoothly into yet SMOKERING, the FLICKERING SNICKERING Silver Screen!

Note: We appeal to YOU, the ACTUAL INDIVIDUAL ZINE READER, to PLEASE BEAR with us. We are NOT in any way [when we use the term 'REALLY INTO MOVIES'] referring specifically to YOU as an actual PERSONAL individual identifiable ACTUAL ENTITY. However, (and I know this will probably come as a SHOCK to you) there are SOME (granted, few & far between) youngish people who are [and I quote] 'REALLY INTO MOVIES'!

... for the benefit of our ENGLISH SPEAKERS...

- 1) Nod knowingly every 4-5 seconds.
- 2) Raise one eyebrow while tilting your head slightly in a knowing manner - every 10-15 seconds.
- 3) Emit a knowing 'Uh-huh' sound every 20-25 seconds.
- 4) Expression should be intelligent, contemplative and knowing -- THROUGH OUT THE ENTIRE PROCEDURE

Scene 2 - Wherein Bud goes THUD!

A Family HOME Somewhere!

Coh, O.K. we admit it... it's YOUR Home, but your secret is safe with us. We would NOT want your Teamwork to have to prepare SUDDENLY for a Premature VS Visit -i.e. have to MOW THE LAWN.



Well, sir, according to my script, the 'THUD' sounds are PROBABLY -- and this is just a WILD GUESS -- the sonic implosion OF A HIGHLY FUSILE REACTION OF TOXIC ZOOTON PARTICLES AND H₂O CXP^x TYR2 + E=mc³ ON A CALIBRATED GASTRONOMICAL EXPONENTIAL OF A LACKADAISICAL ASTEROID BELT OZONE LAYER BLACK HOLE HYPER SPACE 4M. GMAX. uh... INVERSION!



* BUD & his BUDDIES just happen to be of JETT age.

Hmm... Well, now that you mention it... *they have taken politeness to dizzying new heights today...*

Another grape, Your Most Excellency. *But why so EXTRA sweet?!*

TONIGHT'S their VIDEO NIGHT!! And it's...! Just about to bedjiz... but... Wait!!

OF COURSE... **Where is Bud?**

SCREEEEEEE Suddenly...

OK! We know you're in here! DROP YOUR PENCIL and COME OUT with your HANDS UP! and no FUNNY BUSINESS!

FEDERAL BUREAU OF ARTS & CRAFTS

COURT OF LAW!! IT... ER... OH YES... I'LL GET IT... I'LL GET AGAINST YOU IN A FORT BE USED IN SILENCE EVIDENCE YOU USE MAY REMAIN A LAWYER. ALL YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO

But officer... What are the charges?

This MOVIE IS SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE ACTION GENRE [Ed: 'ACTION' we know, 'GENRE' we're not so sure about] This is more like a SLOW-MOVING-NOT-TO-EVERYBODY'S-LIKING-CHARACTER-STUDY.

so, you want ACTION, do you?!!

WATCH OUT!! He's got a BALL-POINT-PEN!

...I'll give you ACTION!

Heh heh!

CUT! THIS SCENE IS NOT FROM 'ZINETOON THE MOVIE!' IT'S FROM THE INTENSELY MOVING HYPE HYPE EPIC BLOCKBUSTER HYPE HYPE HYPE DRAMA CHARACTER STUDY BOX OFFICE SMASH HIT 'THE RUNAWAY UNDERGROUND UNDERCOVER AGAINST-ALL-ODDS VICTIM THRILLER DETECTIVE FROM THE PIT' BY WOODY ALLEN. (WINNER OF 58 OSCAR NOMINATIONS, 19 EMMIES, 3 MAIDS-A-DANCIN', 2 TURTLE DOVES AND A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE!)

Back to... Zinatoon the MOVIE! Viewers MAY remember... Where is Bud?

Downstairs in the VIDEO room... Bud's thumb quivers expectantly, poised to pounce on the eagerly awaiting REMOTE CONTROL'S "PLAY" BUTTON.

QUIVER! QUIVER! QUIVER! on... yes... yes... yes!!

Meanwhile UPSTAIRS... Maybe Bud's starting the VIDEO on his own without being FORTIFIED by the POWER OF PRAYER and POW-WOW! I've got to get down there NOW!

Meanwhile DOWNSTAIRS PRESS! OH BABY!

WAITING!

The last picture on this page contains EXCESSIVE ACTION. Those of our viewers who have NOT been fulfilling the LOVE CHARTER'S minimum WEEKLY GET-OUT REQUIREMENTS - (Name withheld to protect your Wilhemina) will undoubtedly find this kind of PHYSICAL ACTIVITY totally exhausting to WATCH, let alone DO.

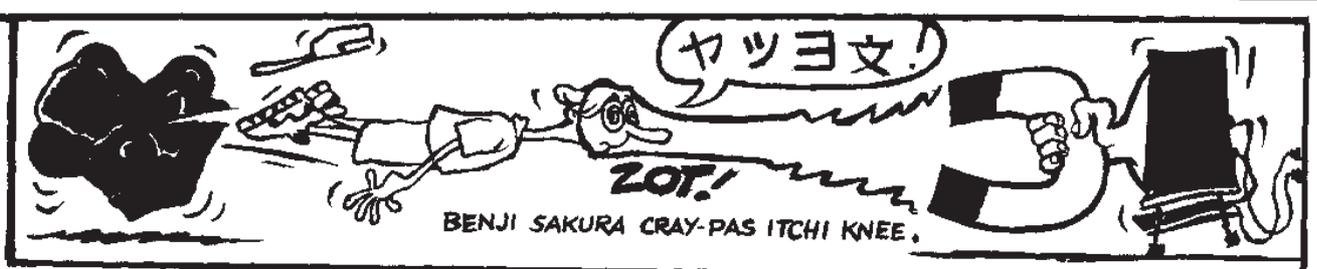
Meanwhile UPSTAIRS but coming DOWNSTAIRS

BUD'S DAD

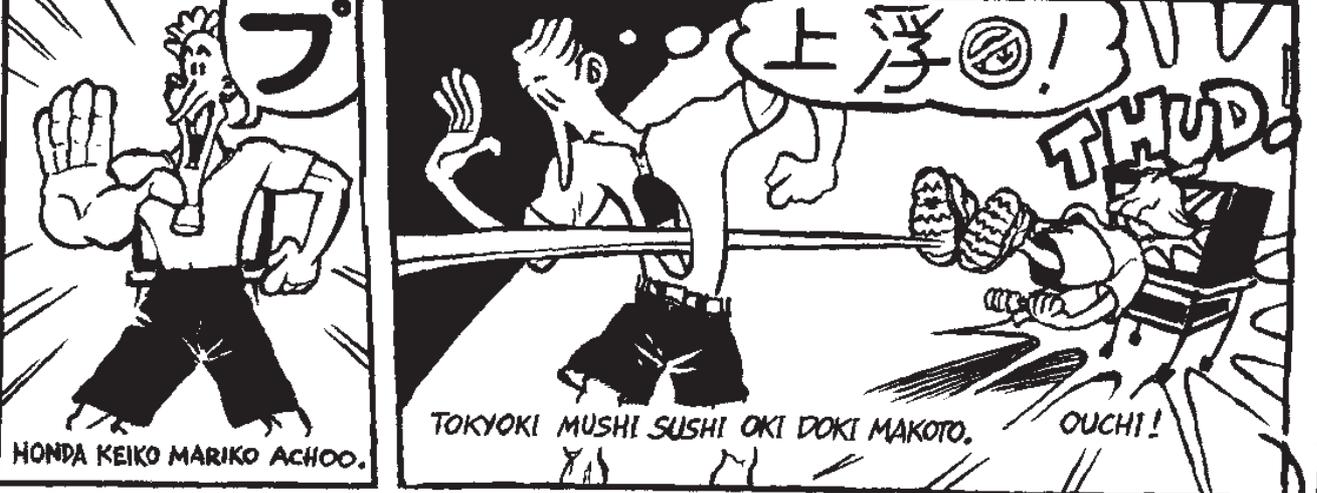
信の!

3 THERE! What did I tell you?!! Is this ACTION or WHAT?!!

uh oh... Here We ALL are on Page 4, wondering WHAT'S going to happen NEXT... and just like that... we run out of ENGLISH lettering! The only FRONT we can find is Japanese-type lettering from the LABEL of a BOTTLE of soy SAUCE in our PANTRY.. which will not have to do. This will, of course, be a great blessing for our JAPANESE Family (other viewers: Please remain calm. Subtitles appear below.)



Meanwhile



VIEWER'S please note that we have just found some more ENGLISH lettering in SURVIVAL



THE PARAMEDICS ARRIVE INSTANTLY

WE NEED AN AMBULANCE NOW!

W BAMB!!