



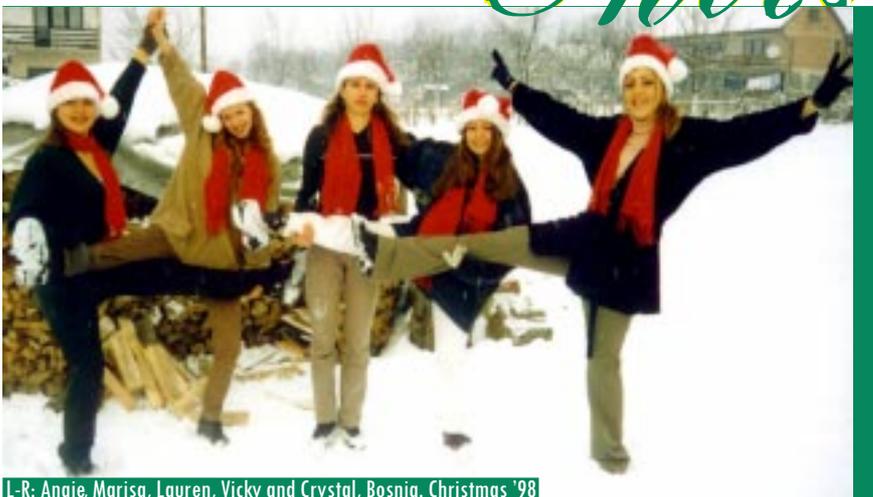
Dear Ed...

I took some time to figure out the "time takers" in one of the Zines so I could see my name in print. But, alas, I never got to see my name in print. I was just wondering about that, because I got a receipt that you had received my message with the answer. It was the one about "When Christ calls me home..." It was awhile back. Thank you for taking your time to look into this.

—Mark SGA (of Esther and Brian A.), Romania

(FZ: Mark, our apologies! We don't specifically recall getting your message—the receipt is not actually sent by us, but by the secretary who collects and forwards the mail on to us—but it's probable that the mistake was ours. Please forgive us if somehow we let your reply fall through the cracks. Not wanting to deprive you of your name in lights after your applying yourself to get the answer, we are printing your name here.—Better late than never! And thanks to all of you who write in and send us contributions!—Please keep them coming. We need YOU!!)

Merry Christmas



L-R: Angie, Marisa, Lauren, Vicky and Crystal, Bosnia. Christmas '98

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ISSUE 37

UPFRONT

New weapons warrior converted

From Manola, Slovenia

It was really inspiring to attend the camp in Hungary. I first of all wanted to give a big thank-you to all the people who organized and spent their time running the camp. The class on the new weapons spoke to me and gave me the vision and a desire to go for these new weapons, and start using and applying them as much as possible and in every way I can. I realized the need to practice and sharpen these new weapons which the Lord gave us for these Last Days.— Actually, not only did it give me the vision, but I realized that it's not only a blessing and a help but it's a *must*, something that I won't be able to do without. Not that I'm scared or feel forced to apply these new weapons, but I saw the real need and how vital it is and will become in these days.

One of the weapons I was not using as much as I should was the gift of prophecy. I was using it, but a lot of the times I would try to avoid using it, or would allow insignificant excuses to delay or stop me from hearing from the Lord. My attitude was more like "If I really *have to*, Lord." I would only stop to hear from Him if there was some question or something I absolutely had to hear from Him about. I'm sure the Lord allowed those situations to happen so I would go to Him out of pure desperation. But now I know better, and the Lord requires me to come to Him daily to receive His fresh, new instruction. Well, I'm still not hearing from the Lord daily, but it's one of the things I'm working on, and with the Lord's help and a little work and initiative I will make it a habit.

That wonderful moment

From Cathy (19), Switzerland

The Lord has been teaching me precious lessons of being more thankful for what I have. It's funny how it's such an age-old lesson, but to me it's only now becoming more relevant. It's a real safeguard, though; each time I start going on negative train of thought—which, sad to say, happens frequently—I try to pull myself back again by thinking of all my many blessings.

About a month ago I was thinking about what a total and absolute mess I am, and how I just felt like I didn't deserve all the blessings the Lord was giving to me, and I just cried because I felt His mercy was just too great! I mean, I'm such a total flop and failure, yet He sees fit to shower me with surprises and things that make me really happy! I've never quite had such an experience where I felt so overwhelmed by love and blessings that He pours on a failure like me. It was a wonderful moment!

Dancing angels for me

From Grace (20), Poland

Recently I went through very difficult time in my life—battle after battle. One day I prayed and cried out to the Lord to help me. The Lord led me to the Letter "Temple Time," and after reading it I felt the deep desire to go into the wonderful Temple of the Lord.

I lay on my bed, turned the light off and closed my eyes ... and when I opened them, I was lying down in a big meadow. Above I saw a beautiful, starry sky. Suddenly some of the stars started to approach me very fast. When they were close to me they exploded with blinding, bright light and transformed into angels dancing around me. They smiled and were saying, "We love you!" They surrounded me in a bright circle and each of them was sending a strong ray of love straight to my heart.

Then they stepped aside and down from Heaven came God's Spirit of love! She took my tear-stained face into her hands and kissed me. I am not able to describe the deep love, peace and happiness I felt in that moment. It was an amazing and inspiring spirit trip, so incredible that I was scared to believe it.

The next day we read the GN "When You Pray, Things Happen." One part says, "I send forth dancing angels of kindness and helps, that they may minister to your loved ones and bring them peace, rest and encouragement. I give them the answers to your petitions and the fulfillment of your desires. They encircle your loved ones on every side and whisper words of love and tenderness. They wave their magic wands of gladness about them. They touch them with the sparkle of My Spirit—giving them an unearthly glow and aura, which people look upon with amazement and awe." These words described exactly what had happened to me the day before!

Since then I often peek into the Temple, and the Lord shows me wonderful and marvelous things. I get to know my departed loved ones and my spirit helpers. Try it! It works and it's so exciting!

Art by Eyve



JULIO IGLESIAS



We recently attended a live concert in Moscow starring Julio Iglesias. Russian Nadia provisioned tickets, and a bunch of girls from the Homes in our city went for a fun evening. It took place at the Kremlin Palace. It was opening night, so mostly foreigners and diplomats attended. We cheered and enthusiastically appreciated each one of his songs, in contrast to the "solemn" crowd who barely clapped! He directed a few comments in our direction (the balcony seats) such as, "Why do they always put the people that love me so far from me?" Ha! (Referring to the seating arrangements!)

After the concert was over, I went with Polish Rebecca to pass on an envelope we had brought for him, including a CD, the two new little booklets from FCF and a personal note. His manager promised she'd pass it on to him and so we left. Several foreign people stopped us on our way out to ask who we were and acknowledged that we had really enjoyed the show thoroughly! Ha! It was a fun outing and we hope and pray that it will be a witness to Julio as well! TYJ!

From
Esther
(SGA),
Russia

QUERETARO GOVERNOR

Malachi Quiote, Ramiah (Marie) and I pioneered Queretaro, Mexico, in the early '70s. The Maristas (a Catholic order similar to the Marynolls) gave us a room and fed us for a month. After that we found some city-dwelling Gypsy girls who took us in and wanted to join us. We really wanted to do a good job there, so Malachi and I went to the governor's palace. Malachi then coaxed

From
Ivanho,
USA

me into talking to the governor himself, to introduce our work. So I witnessed to the governor for about five minutes and we parted as friends.

A few months later, we decided to leave the city because we hadn't found a Home yet and we were being persecuted by a boyfriend of one of the Gypsy girls. We had already packed up and were on our way out of town (we

FAME AND GLORY

GLORY

had no car), but Malachi went back into town to get something for us all to eat.

As he was walking, a government car pulled up and the chauffeur said, "Hey you! La esposa del gobernador quiere verte!"—The governor's wife wanted to see us all urgently! Whoa! So we were taken to her house and we played the guitar and sang for her. We were informed that because the Family had helped the son of a friend of hers (in Mexico City) to get off drugs, she was willing to pay our rent for a year! PTL! So we spent our days there witnessing up a storm!

ROBERTO CARLOS

That year we had an opportunity to go to a live ROBERTO CARLOS concert (the King of Music in Brazil). We couldn't get into the front door free, so we snuck around to the side where the band goes in, and waited for their bus to come. It was night and we encountered no security. When the bus arrived, the band began trotting out of the bus, single file, into a small door! We too jumped in line and ran with them into the building. So we ended up backstage feeling like, "What now?"

I had brought a whole variety of GP MLs to give Roberto. Malachi and I saw him surrounded by four big bodyguards, about to go on stage. I attacked with MO Letters in hand, stepping on toes of giant bouncers and held out the ML to him. He was like in a deep trance, so I said, "ROBERTO!!! I have some important messages for you!" He hardly

even opened his eyes, but reached his left hand up slowly, got the MO Letters and put 'em in his pocket!

After the show, we decided to see if we could meet him at a more casual pace. Well, his manager let us into their bus. It was full of the band and Roberto was sitting in the very back, with a girl on each side. His manager asked the girls to get up, and we sat next to him! It's incredible how meek he is in person, but so bold on stage! Anyway, I gave him some more MLs and they took a picture of us. Great, huh? PTL!

STEVE FORBES

In San Antonio in '95, I just happened, by divine providence, to be passing a park where people were lined up shaking hands with MR. FORBES (of Forbes Magazine), who was running for President at the time! I thought, "Aaaaaah!" So I went nonchalantly (though a little nervous and anxious) over to the hand-shaker's line just in time to stick my tract out ("Somebody Loves You") into his hand! He looked into my eyes, I smiled and he stuck it in his shirt pocket. And the Lord knows the rest of the story!



JANET RENO

I was new in D.C., and we were at the big Easter ceremony on the White House lawn when all of a sudden I saw JANET RENO only 10 yards away, in the back of the performing stage! I walked up to her and said, "Hi, how are you?" And gave her a "Somebody Loves You" tract. I then backed off. Well, I looked at her and saw her hand shaking from her Parkinson's affliction, and I felt the Lord's compassion in me, so I went back up to her and said, "God bless you! How have you been doing?" She said, "Oh, all right," and I got a pic with her.

From
Joseph and
Sarah,
Japan

TAKAKO DOI

Quite by chance, we ended up one day at the Tokyo International Forum. We saw a huge stage with a gigantic sound system and a camera in front of it. Then we noticed that there were numerous pictures around of Takako Doi, the leader of the SDP political party, and part of the ruling coalition that is governing Japan.

Earlier I'd been sharing with SGA David that the Lord was leading me into a new ministry of reaching the top, but now the Lord was putting me to the test to see if I was willing to do His bidding to reach her. My first reaction was that I was not properly dressed. I didn't have a suit or tie; I had work clothes on. So off we went to the truck. But the Lord was speaking to my heart about witnessing to her; He had set this up and wanted me to deliver the message.

So I found a Japanese "Somebody Loves You" and went back in. The information counter said she wouldn't be there for an hour and a half, but the Lord told me not to believe them. Then He told me to go around to the far left side of the stage. Sure enough, when I got to that part of the stage I saw her! She was about ten feet away from me, but I couldn't get any closer as her bodyguards and others were there.

I prayed and asked the Lord to have her look over to me, and she did. I smiled at her and she came over. I gave her the tract and asked her to read it at her convenience, as she was just about ready to go on stage. She said that she would, and seemed like she was a pretty broken and humble person. Please pray that we will be able to follow up on her.

From John
and Sarah
Beloved,
Australia

DEMIS ROUSSOS



When we heard Demis Roussos was here, the Lord put it in our hearts to try and see him and encourage him in the Lord. We went to his hotel by faith and prayed that if the Lord did want us to see him, he'd be there, and he was! We talked to him on the phone and when we said we were with the Family of Love he said, "Come right up." We had a good chance to talk about the Lord, and it seemed he needed it, as he was very weary from his demanding singing tour. During our time together he declared, "The Family really is everywhere, isn't it?" He appreciated the Word we gave him, and especially the Greek copy of "Our Declaration of Love." As we left we exchanged big hugs. He loves the Family and our life of spreading God's love and said, "There is not enough love on the earth, that's why we need these," shaking the Letters we had given him.

(reprint of an old FN article, 1981, sent in by Andy, PACRO

MULTI-LANGUAGE CONNECTION

From David, Elle, Sapphire, Tirzah, Japan

The other day, we were getting prophecies for different things. Then we wanted to choose a song. But what? We didn't know, so we decided to ask the Lord.

I got the song, "With a Few Little Hugs," and I started singing it in Japanese. Another girl beside me started laughing (she laughs when something is interesting), and said, "I got the song, 'With a Few Little Hugs.'" We both got the same song, only she got it in English, and I got it in Japanese. Ha!

Jesus is perfectly precise, and if we ask, He will never fail to answer precisely!

HEAVENLY LOVE FOR KOSOVO

From Solomon, Spain

I was very touched for the Kosovars, as day by day I watched the news and saw the columns of refugees making their way—as best they could—to safety in the surrounding countries. They were mostly the old and the very young, and women—poor, defenseless, broken, and humble. It broke my heart to see them. In desperate prayer for them, I received the following:

(Jesus speaking:) I save the broken and contrite of heart. I shall save the poor and the downtrodden and persecuted Kosovars with a mighty hand and saving. I shall send My angels to them to comfort, to uplift, to save, to uphold, to strengthen and to bless in this, their hour of need. For this one [Milosevic] is but a shadow of the fierce one that shall soon arise. He [the Antichrist] is even now in the wings awaiting his time, consolidating his position, and shall soon be revealed as the peacemaker he really isn't.

Some must fall, to purge and to try them and to make them white, while I fill the cup of My wrath to pour on the wicked. For I am a just God, and My judgments are righteous. With the merciful, I will show Myself merciful, but the unjust I will make to eat of the fruit of their own wickedness, because they have sought to mock Me.

Watch and pray therefore, because the time draws very near. These wars and rumors of wars are just more signs for those who would see. Pray for the deliverance of My people and the soon destruction of the children of their father, the Devil. Turn your eyes to Memphis, for the Great Confusion is almost upon you. So pray, pray again, and come before Me with an earnest and whole heart to petition for the deliverance and safety of My people. *(End of prophecy.)*

From Julia, England (written during the Nato bombing)

I had no insight into the war in Kosovo at all. [The GN had not yet come out.] No one can trust the news here; it is so prejudiced because the British are fighting the war. So, I asked the Lord why I was not getting any messages about the troubles there in Yugoslavia. He said that if I asked Him, He would answer, and if I was desperate enough, He would tell me. This is true; I haven't been stirred up about this because I reckoned that someone else would get something on this war and that we'd read it in the mailings soon. So why bother praying about it? But the Lord wanted me to get stirred up about it.

When I first heard about NATO dropping missiles on the Serbs, I was lying down putting the baby to sleep and having a little temple time, when I started to get a vision. It didn't seem so spectacular but I wrote it down and it was this:

Vision: I was looking down from a left side balcony onto a large stage in a theatre. The stage went back quite a ways, and there were about four sections to this stage, each with curtains that could be drawn across. In each of these sections were groups of figures, actors that were in groups and stood to attention like regiments of armies. At some signal that I didn't hear, some of the groups moved and realigned themselves. Then the Lord spoke and said, "The curtain is about to go up on My Endtime. The players are in place. It is about to begin. They have aligned themselves." I guess I was seeing a bit of the Evil Puppeteer vision. I did hear on the radio news that Russia had made a stand against England and the United States, and had placed nuclear missiles

in some of its neighboring countries and aimed them at England. Other countries like Greece and Turkey also aligned themselves against the USA and England. I felt that was probably what the Lord meant by countries aligning themselves.

Then just this morning I received this vision and message:

Vision: He told me to look down. I looked and saw a map of Eastern Europe like the one they showed on the evening news last night. We sort of zoomed down towards the map so that we could see the whole of Serbia. The Lord started to put lit candles all along the route that led out of Serbia to its neighboring countries of Albania and Macedonia. The candles were as tall and thin as street lamps, and there were a lot of them in a long line leading out of the country.

"I have called them out," Jesus said. "I have called out My elect so that I may rain down My judgments on their enemies." The meaning of this message that I received as He was saying these words was that in bringing out these refugees of ethnic Albanians and scattering them and persecuting them so that they were brokenhearted and humbled, He hoped to reach them in their new situations, refugee camps, etc., with the Gospel and salvation. Apparently, He thinks they will be more receptive in their new situation to Him than in their old one.

The other thing He said to me was that the former Yugoslavia had "become complacent and unreceptive to the Gospel." They are held responsible because "they have had more truth of the Gospel for many centuries," and yet He said to me that they were some of the least sharing and compassionate of many countries. He was upset that despite Him giving them such a beautiful country to live in and supplying their needs, they were uncaring and real low on Christian charity.

— IN PRAISE OF THE DAILY CHECK-IN —

From a young person, India

I'd like to testify how much using the gift of prophecy has been helping me in my personal life. A couple months back it seemed to be a waste of time; I always had more important work-related things that I had to do—or so I thought! Well, in recent months, I have tried to make hearing from Him a priority in my daily life, and the benefits have been amazing. Every day I have been trying to make it a habit to stop and hear from Him. Sometimes when I have a lot to do during the day I put it off. But until I stop and hear from Him to get my daily direction from Him, things just don't seem to go that well.

It has especially been a real asset when I am going through it, as when I stop to hear from Him He faithfully gives me sweet and encouraging words of counsel. I am now completely hooked on hearing from the Lord each day, and when I don't spend that time with Him I really feel it!

A MESSAGE FOR BRAD PITT

From French Meekness, YA

Here's a prophecy that I recently received from Jesus for Brad Pitt:

(Jesus speaking:) My son, you are a great actor in the eyes of man, but not in My eyes. You are but dust, so I want you to know and believe in Me. I want you to ask of Me. I'm ready to answer you; when you cry with your whole heart and your whole being I will come and show you your way. Life is in itself useless when you don't serve Me. Serve Me, or serve this System and all it has to offer. For you can't serve God and money together. Never doubt My love for you. Don't worry or fret, for life is temporary, and all it offers with it. Nothing in this life lasts forever. Only true love. My love. Love, Jesus.
(End of message.)



SENT IN BY CRIS (14)

orb of the prophets

[start here]

Agnes and I are finally in Africa, by a total miracle! It's so great to be here! We came by cargo plane, and it was all by faith all the way. We arrived at the airport with all our office equipment—over 100 kilos' worth! I got up to the Customer Service desk and, after waiting a good hour, they finally had word for us about our boarding passes. So off we headed towards the gate. Agnes and I each had a trolley that we could hardly see over the top of!

We said goodbye to Peter and Pete, who had taken us to the airport, and then we were on our own.

When we got up to the luggage check-in, they looked at us like we were a couple of alien nuts!

hand luggage—a purse, a backpack, etc., and here we come with all these boxes! It was obvious to all that our boxes wouldn't fit through the scanner machine. So a

Everyone else had their little bit of

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guy 3

escorted us

4

back out into the airport. He said, "Stand here, and someone will come to help you." Then he was gone.

So there we were on our own, and if that wasn't enough to worry us, we looked at our boarding passes and they said in big letters "late passenger"!—It turned out we weren't actually late; that's just a type

of ticket they issued us in our special case.

Anyhow, to our relief this man finally showed up and they stickered all our boxes and ran them through a larger scanning machine. They reassured us that the boxes would make it to the cargo plane we intended to fly on, so we had no choice but to trust.

Off we went to Gate 31, following our boarding passes. After sitting there for a bit, we started to wonder how on earth these guys from the cargo plane would recognize us amongst all these

people, as they'd said they'd come get us. All of a sudden Agnes heard the loudspeakers calling for "two passengers flying with DAS Air" to report to Gate 38. Needless to say, we ran! It's a miracle she heard that, as they're constantly saying things on the loudspeaker about everything, and you normally kind of ignore it.

So off we ran to Gate 38 (we'd had the wrong gate on our boarding passes) and as we got there this man came whizzing through the gate. Not knowing who he was, but feeling desperate, I said to him, "We're the girls for DAS air!" He looked at us, surprised, and then told us we were very lucky, as he'd given up on finding us and was headed back to the aircraft!

Whew!—Just made it!

When we got to the plane, the pilots

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Then on we went to Entebbe. The African pilots were real sweet and friendly.

We had fun talking to them on the way. We flew over Lake Victoria and had a close-up view of all the islands from the cockpit. So pretty!

We landed in Entebbe, and an Englishman was organizing the cargo offloading. He walked into the cockpit all grouchy and irritated about the plane arriving late. He told us to hurry up and clear out. We were kind of stuck, as everyone was immediately busy unloading the cargo. But we couldn't carry our monitor boxes—which were the only ones with us—and we had no idea where the rest of our stuff was!

So we got off the plane, and what did we see but the men throwing our scanner onto the pile of cargo! We

were already going over their checklist preparing for takeoff, but they kindly lugged our

huge boxes onto the plane—17-inch monitor boxes, printer, scanner, computers and all. As

there were so many of them,

they put some of the

boxes away in the cargo section.

We had a nice all-night flight. We didn't sleep at all, just looked at lights out the window, froze, and listened to the air traffic controller radio all night long. We stopped in Dubai at 5:30 AM, and it was so hot you could hardly breathe!

We had to stay in the plane most of the time because the heat was

unbearable.—You just stand there and you're sweating!

literally fritzed, and Agnes went running up to tell him it was delicate. Needless to say, her concern wasn't very well received by this grouchy man, who told her to do it herself or buzz off. Our computers were then thrown onto another pile of stuff. These pallets are huge—about 9 feet high, sort of pointy toward the top, and wrapped in plastic. So we're standing on the tarmac looking up and seeing our precious equipment teetering on the edge of this massive cargo barge! We watched helplessly, praying desperately that it wouldn't fall.

I had no desire to talk to the grouch by this time, but they were about to take all our equipment away with the cargo! So I ran to him and said those were our things, and please could we have them

Agnes in the meantime was racing after our other equipment that was being driven off towards the building. So I went up and started struggling with the boxes that were still on the top of the plane steps, barely lifting off the ground. Finally the grouch gave in and came and helped me bring them down. So now they were at the bottom of the stairs. TTL, Agnes came racing back with a cart and we loaded the boxes up ourselves, just barely lifting them!

While I was standing there, a man came to me with a handwritten note from Oli, telling us that we might have trouble at customs and giving us some tips about what to do! Yikes! It was comforting to know that we weren't alone, and that Oli and Lisa were there, but with the whole ordeal going on, I hadn't even thought a bit about customs!

One of the sweet pilots saw our plight and realized we were going to have no easy time getting in the country with all our stuff. So he went with us to customs and showed us what forms to fill out for entering the country. GBH! By a miracle the lady gave us two months. Then our pilot friend took us to the custom officials—he's Ugandan himself and knew how to talk with real authority—and said: "These are missionaries with Family Care; they're here to do a project. They have friends to meet them and they need to get this equipment through, so please see to it that they do."

The lady in charge said, "Well, okay, we'll see, but there will be a fee." The pilot didn't just take that,

TTL. He said, "If you will allow me to walk through"—we were on the inside of the airport, so he wasn't actually allowed to go through—"I will go get the person who they are meeting." At first they said no, but finally they let him. It was a miracle that he thought of that, as if not, we would have been stuck.

Then Oli came in, and it was like Heaven to see him! He took command of the situation and started witnessing, explaining our work and what we were there for, and that we needed the equipment and weren't going to sell it, etc. The man finally said that he understood, but since it was Sunday there was no one with authority to let it through, and they'd have to keep it at the airport till the next day. Oli then asked if he knew a certain man, who turned out to be the customs guy's boss.—A team had met him hitchhiking the other day! Oli happened to have his mobile phone number, so he called him up, and the boss talked to the other man and told him to wave us through! What a miracle! It felt so good to finally be in! PTL!

10 PLANE

Desitnation UGANDA

From Amber SGA



DEAD MEN

talking

The interview with Robert Louis Stevenson (FZ #21) really struck a chord with me! A while ago I had an idea (which now I see more as a revelation!) to ask a few of those Heavenly poets to send down some of their poetry—since, after all, the writers are sending their stories! Why not give everyone a chance to “live through their literature” again? So I asked George Matheson (his writings had been an encouragement to me a while ago) if he had anything to share. I received the following poem and prophecy.

From Erika, Europe

Beauty ... the Echo of Life

“In Him is life...” (John 1:4).



Art by Nyx, PI.

Chrysalis, mirroring sunshine,
Catches the rays on its silken frame;
Zephyr, stroking the silence,
Ushers in freedom to sing its name.

Patience, drawing back moments,
Listens for splendor to breathe;
Heartbeat, watching so closely,
Waits for the echo it leaves.

Magic, whispering presence,
Proves that its life knows no death;
Beginning, ever so slowly,
Slowly surrendering rest.

Effort, straining with pleasure,
Sees tears are wings in disguise;
Passion, sensing tomorrow,
Touches the light of the sky.

Color, twisting and turning,
Blends with the rainbow's perfume;
Darkness, dying forever,
Kisses the light of the moon.

*Butterfly, leaving the shadows,
Abandons the hidden gone by;
Beauty, sharing its treasure,
Opens its heart to the sky.*



(George Matheson speaking:) Life is like a butterfly. Through the suffering, through the sorrows, through the breakings, beauty is born. I cried many tears during my



time there on Earth—tears of disappointment, tears of pity, tears of remorse. All very real; all very heartfelt. In the beginning, the thankfulness I expressed for my thorn was all by faith. I wanted to see the glory in my cross, and I chose to believe, only by trusting, that even my pain would work together for good.

But once I accepted the heartbreak, I experienced the glorious truth. I found that I could better feel and understand the tears of another. Through my broken heart, I was united with the heartbeat of the world.

My blindness opened my heart to a world of wonder and beauty that, had I been able to see with the eyes of the flesh, I would've missed. My heartbreak left room in my soul for the most wonderful of all Loves. In darkness, I found Light. In sorrow, I found joy. And through tears, I found my rainbow.

Do not despair, dear one. Though your heart may seem to be in darkness, there can never be darkness in your heart. Share your beautiful Treasure with the world! Open your heart to the sky! You will find your tears are wings in disguise, waiting to carry you to freedom. *(End of message.)*

And here's a poem I received from Robert Louis Stevenson:

The Whisper of the Sea

Silenced tones of silver light,
Racing with the wind;
Darkened shadows kissed by night,
Beckoning within.
Its arms of sweet repose,
Emotions rearranged,
Capturing the heart exposed;
Freeing minds deranged.

Listening to strength unknown,
Moving from beyond;
The endless source of magic shown,
Living with the song
That ripples through the waves,
Emanating peace,
Echoing the changing ways;
Appearing with release.

Shuddering with every breath
Of fire in the air;
Breaking with the ties of death,
Refusing to despair.
Crashing with the sands of time,
Falling with the mist,
Echoing the rising tide,
Returning with a kiss.

Stretching out to foreign lands,
Washing over hearts;
Showing that it understands
The dreams that never start.
Holding in its mystery
The secrets of the mind,
In sweet, complex simplicity
Our whispers all combine.



From Priscilla (of Francesco), Moldova

The "World Currents #96" GN gave me such a strong feeling of not wanting to have anything to do with the System, no matter what the cost. It is such an eye-opening portrayal of how tangled the System's ways are! I thought about all the restrictions they are nicely setting in, and what a blessing it is to be free from it all to serve Jesus.

One day after my Word time, Cassie, the Christian girl who was shot dead at the Columbine High School, came to talk to me. I asked the Lord, and He said that I should share this prophecy with you. Here it is:

(Cassie speaking:) I had a check not to go into that library, to go somewhere else and to study for another class, but I was eager to finish some important papers, so I went.

I wasn't prepared to die the death of a martyr; that is why the Lord took me quickly. I didn't think it would all end this way. Of course, all good Christians who really love Jesus, like I do, admire the Early Church martyrs, and all they did. They all admire the big proclamations of faith, the defying of death. But very few are willing to die daily, to lay down their lives for the brethren.

I didn't think it would all end so soon. As many who live in the States, I was pretty confident in the protection the System provided. It's not like I was worshipping the System; I was thinking about the poor of Africa and the poor of the East, but I didn't think it could happen to me. I had my plan of helping to save the world, and an early death wasn't part of it.

Well, it all works together for good in the long run. I am Here now, on the other side—happy, wild and free, and finally understanding. I can see now that the job of saving the world is harder than what I had in mind. I didn't realize that the spiritual warfare was so strong. I didn't realize I was so close to the end—and that the whole world is, for that matter. Now I know and now I care.

Soon I will start working on the youth of my country, especially of my state, as I know them best. Tell my friends and colleagues, my parents and my loved ones that I love them; I see them and watch them. The spirit world is not at all something evil. I love you all and I am ready to come to your aid if you call on me for help in your work. Much love, Cassie *(End of message.)*



Cassie Bernal



Introducing... The Making of a Bard

From Genty and
Pauline, Russia

(Pauline:)

Being Russian, and growing up in a family with a poet and a teacher of Russian literature, the songs of Russian bards have accompanied me my whole life.

The bards come out of Russia's intellectual layer of society—teachers, doctors, scientists—and they usually write songs with deep philosophical meaning; sometimes funny, but all very intellectual and written for educated people. The songs very often are in minor keys and have typical Russian tunes. They are songs for your souls. It has been my dream to go to a bard festival and witness, and maybe even sing for the many people that attend them.

(Genty:) The first time I heard a bard song—complicated, written by the guy who sings them, and accompanied only by a guitar—I only understood about five words of it. I speak pretty good Russian, but these songs were way over my head. To me, bards were hippie-looking people with unshaven faces who liked to camp. After we performed in a bard café, they invited us to a bard festival. Our little music group at this time was Sonny (guitar and vocals), Pauline (vocals), Michael (guitar and vocals), Genty (vocals and percussion), and Joan (vocals and percussion).

(Pauline:) So, we practiced and went to the local festival to sing for the 3,000 people that gather to hear the competitors in the bard music contest. To our surprise, we won the competition!—along with a few others, but nevertheless we became “laureates.” The crowd loved our “Times in Life” in Russian, the “Un Poquito de Amor /Mountain Children/Russian folk song” medley, and our Russian version of “Love Can Build a Bridge.” We were amazed, and could only praise the Lord for His goodness and hope that something else would come out of this besides a china pot, some stickers and a diploma.

(Genty:) And something did! After the show, a guy backstage said, “Hey, you guys should perform at Ilmen!” We had heard about this festival but had thought it was a little too far to travel with our two young toddlers. But

after being invited again and again, we thought we should go. This festival attracts about 15,000 people every year; it's the second biggest in Russia. When we got home we learned a few new songs, practiced a lot and started looking for tents.—Oh, everyone camps at these festivals. That's the most exciting part—especially with little kids!

(Pauline:) We found the tents all right, and off we went to the Ilmen Festival. We all held our breath when we saw the judges.—They were *stiff!* They had serious faces, and failed each and every contestant before us. We prayed desperately, got up, and started singing. The judges started *smiling!* We weren't sure if it was the jovial nature of our songs, or our group's interesting accent, or because the judges were just tired of frowning. But they smiled, they let us into the competition, and they let us win and become the laureates of this one too. Ya-hoo!—Thank You, Jesus!

(Genty:) As we stepped down from the stage after receiving our prizes, a famous guy from the awesome bard group “Grooshinski Trio” came up. He told us about the biggest festival in Russia, about 1,600 km from where we lived. He said that he would help us get into the contest. Because we were laureates of Ilmen, we didn't have to pass the first round of auditions. This guy also told us that if we came, he could book us for shows throughout the festival. Wow, what a witnessing opportunity! We couldn't pass it up. There were obstacles, but we decided together that they must be hurdled!

During the festival, we got inspired to write a song dedicated to the bards. Sonny had been working on some “Russian” music and Pauly got inspired with the theme of: “We don't understand you a lot of the time, but we love you, and if your music could be close to our



hearts, maybe we're Russian inside." Pauly?

(*Pauline:*) Well, we didn't have much hope for the song, but the Lord told us it would be a good idea to have something like that, and so we went ahead and learned it. The learning process went like this: First at home with two one-and-a-half year-olds and a seven-month-old climbing on our laps, screaming and wanting to go pee-pee at all the wrong times; then in the van with the same scenario, only everybody is in constant motion, and between taking naps we are still humming the familiar melody; then by the fire at our campsite at 8 AM, 2 PM and at 12 midnight. We did learn it, though—and God bless all the non-native speakers. It was tough!

(*Genty:*) All glory to God! Okay, so we got there, set up camp, and started booking our shows. Pauly and Sonny were off and came back panting, "Okay, we have four shows tomorrow: One at 2, one at 5, one at 12, and one at 3 AM." The last was prime time, so we really wanted to do that one. It was kind of a "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak" type of thing, though. Well, stay up we did, and then the show got pushed to 5 AM! So we hit the sack at 6 AM, knowing that we had to get up at 9 for our audition at 10! Wow. Nobody really sleeps there, though, and we tried to follow suit on that one, though with the kids it was hard. God bless Lea, John, Kostya and the guys from other teams who helped us with our kids and cooking and all that.

(*Pauline:*) And so we sang in the morning and in the noontime and at the sunset and in the sunrise ... and it was so, so, so fun! Thousands of people gathered for every show; they loved our songs and the spirit that we brought with us. One judge said, "It seems like you guys are just reaching upwards, and taking the whole crowd with you!" Wow! TYL! We knew it was not of ourselves—it sounded too much like that familiar verse! (Jn.12:32).

During the audition, we were exhausted from our early morning show. The mikes kept going off during the audition, we couldn't hear each other, and the guitars were way too loud. The judges were frowning the whole time. We thought we were sunk! But we kept praying; we knew that somehow

He'd make it turn out for the best. And when we saw our names in the chart of the contestants to sing in the main contest—even though we sounded like the frogs at the audition—we just breathed out: "Thaaaaank You Jesus!" It was simple: He wanted the glory for Himself. And we were sure to give it to Him.

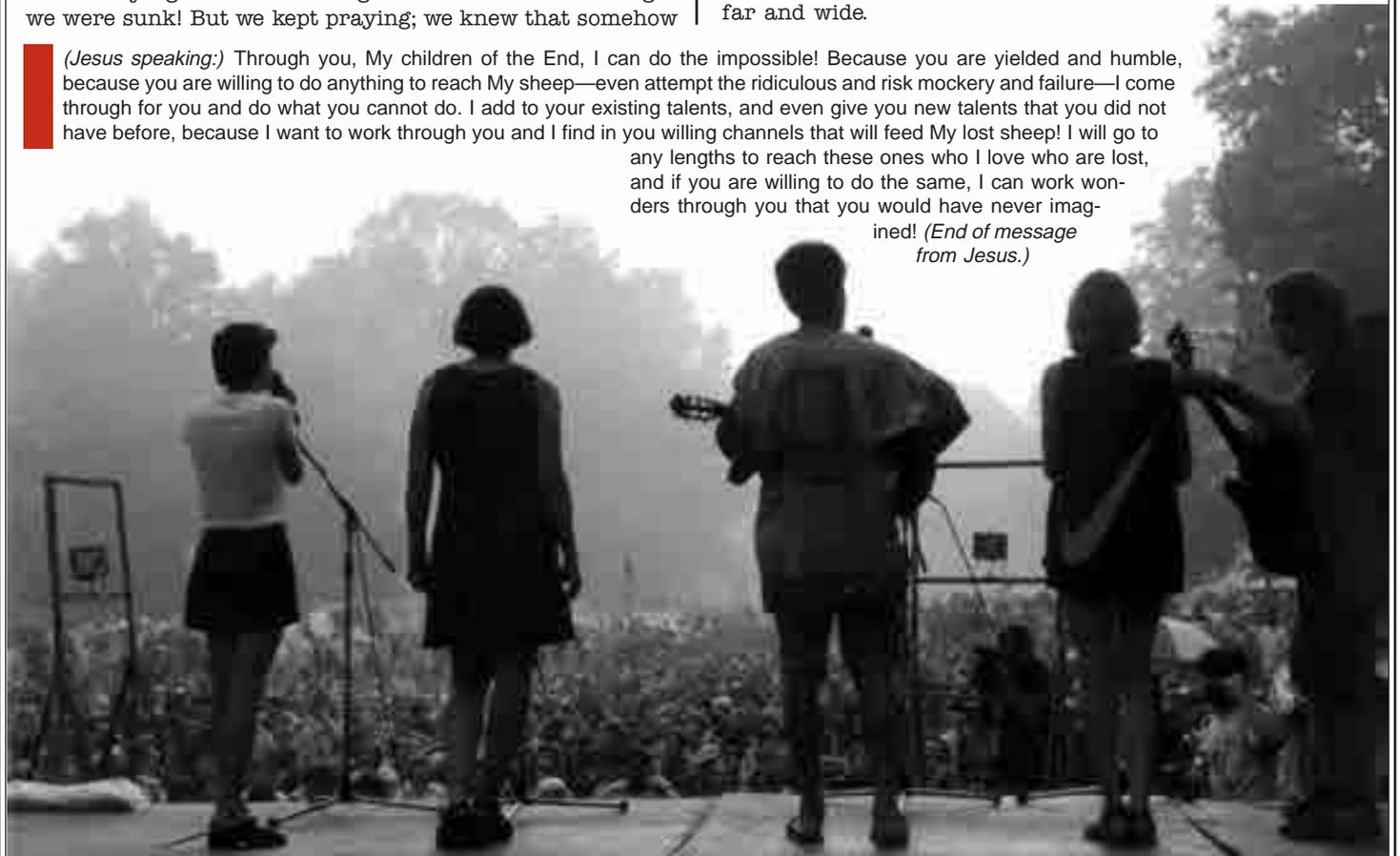
We sang at the final competition in front of the most famous bard singers in Russia, and even though the whole time their faces were pretty straight (most Russians—especially men—very often have serious expressions on their faces, even when their hearts are singing), after we sang "Times in Life," they asked us to sing one more song for the contest (everybody was allowed to sing only one). And so we performed our Russian "Tribute to Bards," and later that day we found ourselves one of the five laureates of the Grooshinsky Festival (out of thousands that were auditioned)!

(*Genty:*) So, that night we had the chance to perform on the famous guitar-shaped stage. They have a big wooden stage out on the water with a sail behind it, and they project the faces of the singers on the sail. All the people sit on a big steep hill and watch the show. Parts of the show are aired on national TV for the whole country.

The next day we performed for the last time and received our diplomas and medals. Praise the Lord! The Lord had told us specifically in prophecy that if we stopped giving Him the glory we'd fall flat on our faces, so we were sure to pray desperately before each performance. At the end of the festival, we made friends with some famous bards; they thanked us for coming and asked us to come again next year.

(*Pauline:*) So, what's the punchline? We loved it! It was one of the neatest experiences, and not only because of the shows we did, but also the 'round-the-fire talking with the simple folks that came around and just sat with us, and listened to our songs and more. We knew it was nothing but the power of God that lifted us up that high, and we did our best to reflect God's light and not our own. I am sure we failed here and there, but I am so thankful to Jesus for forgiving us and for letting us spread His truth and joy so far and wide.

(*Jesus speaking:*) Through you, My children of the End, I can do the impossible! Because you are yielded and humble, because you are willing to do anything to reach My sheep—even attempt the ridiculous and risk mockery and failure—I come through for you and do what you cannot do. I add to your existing talents, and even give you new talents that you did not have before, because I want to work through you and I find in you willing channels that will feed My lost sheep! I will go to any lengths to reach these ones who I love who are lost, and if you are willing to do the same, I can work wonders through you that you would have never imagined! (End of message from Jesus.)



DREAMS

Premonition of sainthood

From Lily (of Peter), France

When I was 11 years old, I was going to the local grocery store with my younger brother when suddenly I felt strongly moved, emotionally. I had goose bumps all over me, and I started to cry. My brother asked me what was wrong, and I told him that one day I was going to be a saint. We were living in Spain, which is very Catholic, and the only saints you know about are the statues you see in the churches. So, my brother thought that was a funny thing for me to say. I myself couldn't understand what was happening.

I have always believed in predestination, and through my very difficult teen years with many family problems, smoking and drinking heavily, this little experience always gave me the courage to keep going. When I met the Family and got saved, I immediately got a flashback of this experience and I knew these were God's saints and this was where I belonged. Dad does say in a Letter that we are God's saints in this world.

Destined to be saved. All of our Family were saved ... before the foundation of the Earth. They were saved in a sense even when they were babies, even though they hadn't heard the name of Jesus yet, or didn't understand it or didn't know it or couldn't say it.—They were destined to be saved. I believe in predestination in a sense. I believe that God knows in advance who is going to receive Him, therefore they are predestinated to be saved, because God knows they are going to receive Him by their own free will and choice. It's a very big subject! (ML #2618:76, Vol.19).

Dreaming of mechanics

From Abner and Promise, Japan

During an area fellowship meeting, I had a very clear dream of a car's electrical panel. It was open and I was testing the electrical power. In the dream, the left side of the socket had no

power, and the right side had some power but was weak. I thought the dream had some meaning, and I told the dream to several people, trying to understand it.

Well, a week later we found out the meaning when the camper wouldn't start. One mechanic said it was the starter and another said it was something else. It was the weekend and so we couldn't get it fixed. Finally, Peter (of Claire) came by to check it out. He said that these mechanics often don't know what they are talking about, and that sometimes it's simple like the battery. Sure enough—we found out that the left-side cable on the battery was loose! The Lord showed Peter what was wrong, and it was so encouraging that the dream I'd had the week before was right-on, showing the wire or cable on the left side had no power. What a Shepherd we have, Who knows all and takes care of every detail!

Troubles foretold

From Emman, Peace and Stephanie, Madagascar

After going to the birthday party of an important friend, I got a prophecy about him. It was heavy, about something drastic happening to him that would bring him to the Lord, so I didn't mention it even to his wife who is a close friend. Later, though, she was asking for prayer for him as he was going through a difficult time. I mentioned the prophecy in a general way.

A few weeks later that she rang to ask exactly what the prophecy was, as she had forgotten about it until her husband started having heavy legal problems that threatened to ruin their life. I read her the prophecy on the phone and she wrote it down. She was thrilled and encouraged that the Lord had a purpose in what was happening, and had foretold it to me. Her husband is not a Christian and she had not been able to reach him thus far. She now wants us to witness more to him.

WONDERS

THE INDIAN PRISONER MAIDEN

From Angie
(of David and Crystal), India

I had a very vivid, unusual dream twice, at different times. It was an Indian lady, who seemed to be bound in a house and not able to get out. She seemed very sad. In the dream, she told me a little bit about what had happened to her. It's hard to explain the dream, but I was very burdened about it. So, I asked my mom to hear from the Lord about it, and this is what she got:

(Jesus speaking:) Some dreams are for a warning, some are for encouragement, and some are for the releasing of spirits. This dear one needs your prayers and needs your encouragement, for she calls for your help at this time. For there are many who did not get a chance to know Me in their lifetime, as this dear one was caught in the bondage of formality and tradition. But she sought many a time for the truth. She asked Me for the truth and was sincerely seeking, but was not able to fully come to the knowledge of Me.

So pray for her, that she can come to Me, come into My arms, and learn to love Me fully. For she had a secret lover in her time, but this was not fulfilling her heart's desire. She is ready now. She is prepared to come before Me, and she's asking you, dear Angie, to set her free to come learn of My ways.

She was ... one of many who knew there was more to life than was put before her. She longed for freedom, she longed for the truth, but knew not how to obtain and find it. She was wild and free and revolutionary, but due to the conditions and things surrounding her, she was unable to burn free as you do, and as My revolutionary children of David do. So, be thankful for all you have, dear one, and pray for this one. She is not your spirit helper; she just came to get through to you. She's using you as a

channel. *(End of message from Jesus.)*

After I read this, I wanted to pray and release her spirit, but I got caught up in the day. The next day during my prophecy time, I received something from her; she was coming to remind me about releasing her.

(Indian girl speaking:) I wanted to be wild, I wanted to be free like you, but my parents discovered the idea I had. So, they locked me up and I was never to be released. I died of a broken heart and my life was of no use. My spirit is arrested in this house and the dream was the only way to get through to you. My soul is stuck in this house with chains that I can't break. I know that you can break them with your prayers. When I was locked up, I stopped fighting and I just let the Devil walk right over me. My parents kept me so busy with the things of this world that I never ever thought of my goal after that. It was difficult. The Enemy started to attack me and I gave in. I need your help! Please set me free, so that my soul can fly high into the air. You are my only hope and I'm hanging onto you. You are the last chance I have. *(End of message.)*

I immediately got down on my knees and prayed for her, that the Lord would release her spirit and to rebuke the Enemy from keeping her bound by his lies. After I prayed for her, I felt that she was released. I got this short but special prophecy from the Lord:

(Jesus speaking:) Releasing this girl will give you more power and a greater resistance against the Enemy. You will defeat him and you will release more of My power upon you. You have a thankful soul awaiting you up here. Her name is Howena. She will now be your off and on helper from up Here in Heaven. It's so important to release spirits. *(End of message from Jesus.)* ■



In the heart of an atheist

From Maria (16), Brazil

My sister and I are raising funds to go to Africa, and the Lord has done many miracles. One day we witnessed to an atheist, who was soon to leave Brazil for business in England. We promised to keep him in our prayers (though he didn't believe much in prayer). Then one day my mom had a dream that we wrote him a letter and that he gave us a donation. When she woke up, she told us about it and we decided to write him. Not long afterwards, this man wrote and sent us a good donation! He said he was very pleased to see how though we were so young, we had the motivation of helping others, unlike other System teens. He's now starting to believe more in prayer and he really loves the Family. Isn't it incredible how the Lord works His miracles?

Q:

WHY DOESN'T DRINKING WATER COOL YOUR MOUTH AFTER YOU EAT

A:

SPICY FOOD?

THE SPICES IN MOST OF THE HOT FOODS THAT WE EAT ARE OILY, AND-LIKE YOU LEARNED IN SCHOOL-OIL AND WATER DON'T MIX. IN THIS CASE, THE WATER JUST ROLLS OVER THE OILY SPICES. SO WHAT CAN YOU DO TO CALM YOUR ACHING TONGUE? (1) EAT BREAD, WHICH WILL ABSORB THE OILY SPICES. (2) DRINK MILK. IT CONTAINS A SUBSTANCE CALLED "CASEIN" WHICH WILL BIND TO THE SPICES AND CARRY THEM AWAY.

Q:

How'd the hot dog set its strange name?

A: The hot dog was originally called "frankfurter" after Frankfurt, Germany, its birthplace. But from the beginning, people called it "dachshund sausage" because it looked like the long, thin dog. In the U.S., the German sausage was especially popular with New York baseball fans, who bought the newfangled sandwich from vendors who sold them by yelling, "Get your dachshund sausages while they're red hot." Ted Dorgan, a leading cartoonist, thought these vendors were so comical that he decided to lampoon them. In his cartoon, they were shown selling real dachshund dogs in a roll, yelling "Get your hot dogs!" at each other. The name stuck, and the rest is history.

Q:

They weren't invented in France, so why does everybody call them "French fries?"

A:

It's true: the French fry doesn't refer to its country of origin. It refers to the way in which this side dish is prepared. Food that is cut into strips is said to be "Frenched." Since French fries are strips of potato that have been fried, they became known as "French fried potatoes," or "French fries."

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE FACTOIDS
SENT IN BY SHAN, EUROPE

Q:

Why is it called a "hamburger" if it doesn't contain ham?

A:

At first glance, it seems that the word "hamburger" is a combination of the words "ham" and "burger." Therefore, one naturally assumes that a hamburger is a burger that contains ham. But the word "hamburger" actually traces its roots back to Hamburg, Germany, where people used to eat a similar food called the "Hamburg steak." Eventually, the Hamburg steak made its way to the United States, where people shortened its name to "hamburger."

Hudson Taylor sees the future

Hudson Taylor, missionary to China and founder of the China Inland Mission, was graced by God to "glimpse" some of today's events—140 years ago! On one of his furloughs to England in 1855, Taylor was preaching when suddenly he stopped. He stood speechless for a time with his eyes closed. When he began to speak again, he explained:

"I have seen a vision. I saw in this vision a great war that encompassed the world. I saw this war recess and then start again, actually being two wars. After this, I saw much unrest and revolts that will affect many nations. I saw in some places spiritual awakenings.

"In Russia, I saw there will come a general all-encompassing, national spiritual awakening so great that there could never be another like it. From Russia, I saw the awakening spread to many European countries. Then I saw an all-out awakening, followed by the coming of Christ." (From an original Russian article entitled "Spiritual Revival" published in Finland in 1945.)

Here is an interesting prophetic vision given to Hudson Taylor 140 years ago. A friend of ours found it on the Internet and gave it to us.
From Mark (of Kelita), Australia

A Look in the Coffin

From Esther (20), and Crystal (14), Mexico

S P O O K Y

(Esther:) Not long ago, a family from Costa Rica came to Mexico, with wonderful testimonies of how the Lord had led them all the way here through prophecies from Jesus and various departed saints such as Moses and a few others.

One night I stayed up late talking with the 14-year-old; her name is Crystal. She told me she was gonna tell me a story she hadn't told anyone since it happened ... "Cuz no one would believe me." She has a beautiful gift of prophecy, and I asked her to tell me how she got it. We'll tell you how she got the gift of prophecy before we tell you her spooky story.

(Crystal:) We were TSers for about ten years. During that time, a few TSers, along with my parents, would get together every week or so to have prayer and prophecy meetings. Once the Letters about prophesying started coming out, it was more of a confirmation. My brothers and I thought they were crazy, that they were inventing everything, especially when they started receiving messages from other spirits. My parents tried to explain that they were real messages from Above, and that they weren't inventing them. But

still we didn't believe.

One night while we were sleeping, all of a sudden I woke up for no reason. When I opened my eyes, I saw the face of an old man, in a type of cloud, sort of saying, "We are real, and speak to all who listen." I got so scared that I ran to my parents' room and told them my experience. They asked me who the old man was, and I told them I didn't know. The next morning, we got the mailings of Grandpa's homegoing. I'd never seen a picture of him before, but as soon as I saw it, chills went down my spine. It was the same man I'd seen in my vision!

Another time while traveling on a bus to a nearby town in Costa Rica, I heard someone calling me by my name. I turned to my dad and asked him if he was calling me. He said he wasn't. Then I heard the voice again. My dad said, "Ask him what he wants." So when I heard it again, I asked him what he wanted. He told me that he and four of his friends had been killed in a car accident while driving to a party on that same road. He wanted us to pray for them to get freed and go to Heaven. That's exactly what we did.—And that's how I started getting the gift of prophecy.

(Esther:) Isn't that amazing? Now here's the spooky story.

(Crystal:) We had been invited to the funeral of a TS sister's father. I had never seen this man before, nor had I ever seen a picture of him. We decided to accompany her. One of my TS

"I saw the face of an old man."

friends came along too.

A while later, an old man asked me to sit by him. He looked pretty sweet, so I went over and sat by him. He held my hand and started telling me jokes. I couldn't contain my laughter.

Then he asked me, "Want me to dance for you?"

I thought it was sort of odd, but I said, "Sure." He started dancing for me. Everyone else was sitting around the coffin, staring at it with teary eyes and sorrowful looks on their faces, so when I started laughing everyone was looking at me sort of strange.

Next he asked me, "Wanna go and see the man inside of the coffin?"

I said, "Sure, if you come with me."

He said, "Nah, I don't like looking at dead people. While you go and see I'm gonna wait by the entrance." So I asked my friend to come with me.

You'll never believe what happened next. When I looked inside, guess who I saw?—The old man I had been talking with. I turned pale, so my friend asked me, "What's wrong with you?" I told her, "Remember the old man I was talking with? He's right here."

She said, "You're nuts. You weren't talking to anyone; you were laughing by yourself."

I got goose bumps all over, and was freaked out. I turned to where the man was supposed to be, but he was nowhere to be found. The old man was wearing a checkered suit with a beret; he also had a beautiful smile. Later on I saw a picture of the old man wearing exactly the same clothes I'd seen him in, smiling just the same.

I asked what he was like, and they told me he was very funny, cracking jokes all the time. And he loved dancing. Amazing, isn't it?

S T O R I E S





Pioneering Adventures

From Melody (17), Honduras

Pioneering is a very exciting experience, and has helped me depend on the Lord. I'm going to tell you about our road trip that Paul (SGA, from the Guatemala Home) and a catacomber and I went on, to a little town called Tela. The Lord did miracle after miracle!

We provisioned the bus rides, and when we got to Tela the Lord supplied the best hotel in town, with a pool, air conditioning, etc. TYJ! The Lord also supplied all our meals. A very sweet lady invited us to eat breakfast at her house. She really liked our work and was very impressed. She owns a supermarket and told us to call her if we go there again.

One day we were asking where there was a kindergarten and a school, and a lady began asking us questions. She really liked what we were doing, so she asked us if we'd like to do an interview. So, we found ourselves on TV! We explained our work and sang some songs. The show was transmitted twice to all of Tela. We also went to the hospitals, old folks' homes and nurseries, where we sang and won lots of souls. TYJ for using us in His work to take the message to all the world.

I am so happy to be here and to be a blessing to Jesus in anything He asks me to do. It is only Jesus and thanks to Him for using me to do His work.



Do what you can, and ...

From Lisa (19) and Keren (16), Thailand

We only had a limited time to witness at this fair, and we wanted to make sure that each person we talked to, before we parted, would be able to receive the best Christmas gift that they could get—Jesus! We had passed out a lot of posters and won quite a few souls already when we stopped at a booth that the Navy had set up. We handed a poster to the first sailor we walked up to. He and his friend (who came along to see why two foreign girls had approached his buddy) were already Christians in name, but hadn't received Jesus yet. So, we prayed with them.

We had it in mind to go on and witness to the other sailors who were standing around or manning the booth, but these two wanted to keep talking. It seemed to be mostly chit-chat, and nothing that was really going anywhere. Finally, we excused ourselves, as it was time for us to go home. We asked them if they would give the rest of their platoon our posters, to which they willingly agreed. We exchanged phone numbers, and then said goodbye.

We were quite discouraged as we felt that we hadn't done as much as we could there, but the Lord works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform! The next day we got a phone call from them saying they had prayed the prayer on the back of the poster with everyone in their platoon! Praise the Lord for 30 more souls won to His Kingdom!



Utopia on MTV

From Marie and the Chennai teens, India

When our group of eight teens here in Chennai (Madras) started practicing for Christmas, we had no idea what would come of it. A hotel director who had seen our show last year had asked us to do something for them this year.

We asked the Lord about it, and decided to give it a try. Gabriella joined us from Brazil; we couldn't have done it without her. Dear Meena offered her talents to tailor the costumes, which Rosie (15) designed.

Our first show was a CTP for the Little Sisters of the Poor old folks' home. They loved it! Then came the cram week: 18 shows in five days. These places were generously feeding us delicious pizzas and buffet dinners, but we often had to rush to get to our next appointment and missed a few meals. To our surprise, on the second day, a reporter took shots of us and we were on the Internet the same evening; one of the hotels advertised us on MTV! (By the way, our "artist name" is Utopia!) On the second night, the hotel lobby was packed with at

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least 200 people—some hanging over the balconies, cheering and clapping and asking for encores. On the third night, there was a whole party of about 50 Chinese men from HK that were shooting pics all over the place. They were totally glued to our show, snapping non-stop! We found out they had seen us advertised on MTV, which was why they had even come to the hotel that night! Thank the Lord for our International Witnessing Booklet, as even though they didn't speak English, we were able to show them the page in Chinese that had John 3:16 on it, and they right away made the connection: "Christmas—Jesus, aaaahhh!"

WHAT A WHOPPER OF A CHRISTMAS WITH!

From
**Pandita
17
India**

During all this Christmas fever, we also managed to hold our very first youth meeting. We're now preparing for our next one, and the Lord is raising up potential Catacombers. This is only the beginning! ■

This Christmas we had great fun. In 15 days we did about 30 programs! We sang at one of the best hotels here (the one Hillary Clinton stayed in while visiting India some time back) for five nights straight; nearly 1,000 people came to the lobby each night just to watch the Christmas songs. The lobby is quite big, but it was so packed out we could barely dance. We also set up a stall with our tools, and they went fast! It was incredibly exciting to watch the Lord touch so many people through the music. (The hotel gave us complimentary buffet dinner every night, which was also really good, TTL!)

Two of the biggest TV networks in India aired our singing, and at least three of the largest Indian newspapers covered the event. We also were able to meet a lot of the city's top people and tell them more about our work. A number of them were very happy to meet the Family and told us they would help us in whatever way they could.

There's more! At the same time (in the mornings) we also got to do a number of Christmas programs at a number of different schools, at two of the top nurseries and childcare centers in the city, a cancer hospital, a school for slum children, and many more places. It was so much fun! Some mornings it was pretty c-c-c-c-cold, and so foggy that we could hardly see two meters ahead! But TTL, all the shows went very well and were very anointed. One show we did was at a slum school which didn't have proper electricity, so the voltage was very low and our stabilizer burnt out; the power wasn't high enough to run our equipment. It was definitely a show with a difference, ha! We sang some songs a cappella, but the kids loved every moment of it. PTL!

Our MC/YC singing group ("The Tender Hearts") also performed at nine of the popular fast food places in the city, and also received coverage in the local newspapers. We estimated that close to 10,000 people watched our programs in person this Christmas—and a few million probably watched them on TV. So TYJ, it was an inspiring way to spread the real meaning of Christmas! ■

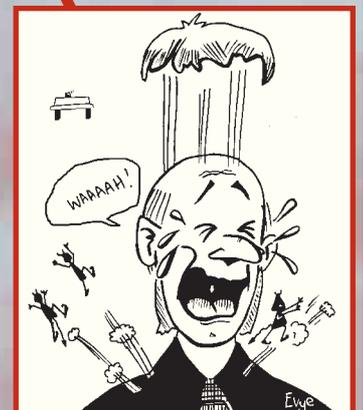


From
**Patrick and
Christina, USA**

DELIVERANCE FROM A HECKLER



Star, one of our new disciples, was out witnessing when a guy that we had met before approached her. He has some big problems; sometimes he claims he is Jesus, and other times the Prince of the Covenant. So he started harassing Star, pulling on her and trying to kiss her. She got quite scared and managed to get away from him and went to be with one of the guys while she called Home for prayer. Then after calling us, she went up to him and put her hands on him and started to rebuke the Devil from him. To her surprise, he started weeping! Just minutes later, the police came and picked him up and took him away. It was an amazing answer to prayer and proof of His protection! ■



WELCOME TO

Mountain Cave City from dj, ukraine

left to right: dj, ioann, dasha, thomas



Wanting to have a retreat and some time alone with the Lord, we set off on a two-day hike to the heart of the Crimean mountains. Rising before dawn, we got on the old rusty train, gave out few hundred posters to all the passengers, and in two hours came to a small station called Syren (Lilac). A small bus took us to the last village. From there, a three-hour hike and a two-hour climb took us to the top of the Mangup-Cale Plateau!

I will not talk here about the scenery, the view, the air, the mountain streams, the beds of flowers on the high meadows, the birds and small creatures of all sorts, the mysterious ruins of fortresses, the monasteries and the caves that fascinated us there. It would take a book to describe those two days of Millennial beauty.

I want to tell you of the people we met—the people who lived in those caves and ruins. No, they weren't natives remaining from ancient times. The Soviet Union had been sure to place all people in "civilized" asphalt and gray apartment blocks. These people came from various cities. They were all young and looked down upon by the people of the valley, living in caves, which had been the habitat of monks and holy men of times past. They lived like they did. They saw what they saw.

This was the best part of our trip. I've seen plenty of mountains and ruins, but for the first time I saw people that were living away from the System like that. Each person was different. Some were punks; some were on drugs; some were fascinated by tales of Indians and wild living; some were just plain deep and spiritual, fed up with the life "down there," as they

called it.

Our first and deepest encounter was with "Ioann", as we later called him. A bearded guy with bushy, curly hair appeared out of nowhere as we stood on a cliff. He smiled and invited us for a cup of his mountain herb tea. It was truly delicious. As we talked into the night, accompanied by Sergey, a punk who lived in the next cave, it was as though the *Heaven's Library* book *Blood and Freedom* became real. We felt like we were living in those future times.

This bearded rebel said he didn't want to have any name. He left his old name "down there," and people could call him whatever they wanted to. (We later decided on Ioann, or John the Baptist, since the resemblance was truly there.) He was a brilliant student, and had gone to university. But at one point, he said, he had found a different world—a world of people who lived free, hippies, vagabonds, rebels from the norm. He had left society, and never returned. For the last nine years, he had been wandering the land in the summer and living in hideouts like this for the winter.

We brought up the Lord in our conversation, and Ioann seemed to light with a certain spark. Yes! Of course! He loved the Lord. This was the whole point. He wasn't weird or on any bad trip. Not religious. But he lived here, because here he could hear. "The channel is so wide," he said, "I can hear Him so clearly."

Yes, this was true. I experienced it myself: The voice of the Spirit was so loud on that mountaintop. We talked a lot about the way things were going "down there." I told him that soon many more people might come to their plateau. They already knew the score and lived away from the world. Ioann said that he knew that the Enemy is now beginning to spiritually bombard the world. He said that the pressure is intensifying in the spirit as never before—just like the Lord showed Mama about this time in the "Spiritual Attacks Intensified" GN. Ioann said it was like an immense evil transmitter is about to be



left to right: dj, sergey, thomas

turned on in the spirit, and it will influence people.

We told him of the way we live—in the world but apart from it, together, and getting ready for the End. He drank in every word about the upcoming Endtime, the Millennium and Heaven. He called us his brothers, and when we were leaving said: “Thank you that you exist!”

The next day the Lord told me to give a message to Ioann, that He had a job for him and that if he would search, he would find what it is; no one else could do it in his place. I wrote the message down and gave it to him, for which he was very thankful. We invited Ioann and others to visit us once they come “down.” They were very interested, and wanted to get our books and lit.

I asked him if there were more guys like him in the former Soviet Union, who are genuinely disappointed in the world and live apart from it. Ioann said there were many, many more; they don’t keep together and everyone fights for himself, but when they meet, they know what they stand against—even if they don’t know what they stand for. In time, there’ll be no chance to be neutral, only for the One World System or against it. Then they will have to unite and fight to survive.

I guess we’ll be able to teach them a lot from the Word, and they will teach us how to survive in the wilderness or mountains. ■

The mystery of the broken guitar

From Steven, Angel, Rufina, Virginia and baby George, Russia

It all started in a very unusual and unexpected way. It was a cold Siberian morning, and it didn’t look like a very inspiring day to go out (if you didn’t want to freeze to death)—the temperature dropped to almost -40°C that day! So, we prayed and decided that it would probably be a good idea to stay home and start practicing Christmas songs together to get ready for Christmas. Everyone felt right about it, so it was settled. But little did we know that the Lord had something else in store for us!

During our JJT time, someone really got into it and accidentally broke our only guitar into two pieces! At first, we were heartbroken. But there are no accidents in God’s service, and we became witnesses to that soon once again.

We got back down on our knees, not really knowing what to do next. The Lord told us to call an orphanage we had been to before. Having lost their number, we had to look for it in the phone book, and in the process we came across a bunch of other numbers of different orphanages. At first we didn’t know if we should call them; unless you already know the director and have a friendly relationship with the place already, it’s practically impossible to arrange any kind of meeting with the kids.—We had tried this very thing last year and had received the cold shoulder treatment.

But we went back to the Lord, and He told us to go ahead and to make the phone calls and set up the time for the Christmas shows. Just like that! That was quite direct and unexpected, ha!

When we started making our phone calls, we saw the fulfillment of the prophecy. We were welcomed to come to almost every place we called! It was a miracle. So in just one day we were set up for 10 major shows. We had to wait a couple days until our guitar got fixed, then we started our practicing.

This year we wanted to do something different, and the Lord gave us an idea to do our performance dressed up as animal characters. We made animal costumes the next day, and put a whole Christmas play together with lots of songs, skits and—of course—the story of the very first Christmas. We used flannelgraphs for that part, and the kids just loved it. But what they loved the most was that we were all dressed up like animals. It added a special spice to the program.

Thank God that we stopped and listened to Him; that made such a difference! It always pays to just slow down and take it to the Lord in prayer.



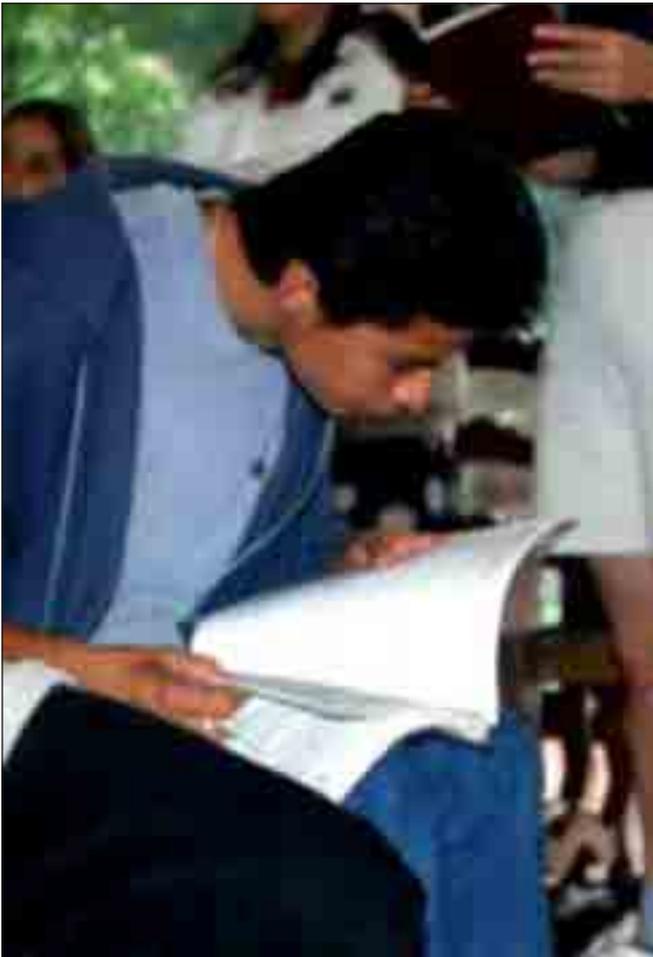
Here the Morelia Teen Camp attendees are showing off the back of their T-shirts

Editor: In GV 73 you read the report on the Morelia Teen Camp. We were sent a pile of great pics and some fun reactions from the attendees, so we're printing a follow-up here for you all to enjoy. Have fun!

Morelia '99 Camp Survivors Speak Out



Here is what the back of the Morelia Teen Camp '99 shirts read.



An anxious Charter "sword draw" contestant sharpening his "Charter sword."

Excerpts from reactions from Morelia Teen Camp '99 attendees and team captains:

ROBIN VS (Team Captain): The camp was filled with fun, fellowship and excitement, and for those who were truly searching for a challenge to commit themselves to Jesus and live a missionary's life—they found what they were looking for!—Many found both of the above! The inspirations were a blast. It took a while to get warmed up, but by the last inspiration *everyone* was standing up, really rockin' out and praising the Lord and having a *lot* of fun!

SERENA (16, attendee): The theme of the camp was to "Make a choice!" Like, "What will you do with your life?"—And to make the right choice, not just any choice.

JOHN (19, drummer, driver and computer layout man): It was a *lot* of work! It was inspiring how the Lord supplied all the sound equipment and everything we needed.

ROBIN VS (Team Captain): It was a super teamwork effort, and we never could have done it without all those who were willing to pitch in and help out. We really appreciated all the room captains, the staff team, Ado and Kanah, Stef and Phoebe, and all those who made it work!

RENEE (19, Team Captain): The amount of inspiring energy that bounced off the teens was overwhelming, as well as the joy that sprung from their hearts. The class that spoke to me the most was the "Be a Missionary" class, where Seek and Robin acted out the story of Elizabeth Martin ("Only What's Done for Christ will last!" from *Cry of the Harvest*).

ROBIN VS (Team Captain): The band did a *great* job, and made the inspirations a super highlight of the camp. John (19) was on the drums, Rueben (20) on bass, Jamie (27) on lead guitar, and Stef (23) on guitar and lead vocal.

RENEE (19, Team Captain): Our memory project was "Responsibilities of Individual Members" from the Charter. It was really good to memorize and review it.

KLAIRE (20, Team Captain): I think hearing the classes made a lot of the teens think about what they are going to do with their lives. I talked to many of them who seemed to really be thinking about it and though they may have not all made a decision at these camps, I'm sure they'll go home and really think about it more. I think they are starting to realize more that it's getting close to the End!

The Free Zine

A Free Zine Exclusive

JESSICA (18, Room Captain): The Camp was a challenge to serve the Lord with all our hearts. I think that all of us have received the calling to be a disciple since we have been born in the Family, but some of us haven't taken it seriously. Sometimes we just need someone to remind us of our calling, and that it's much more important than what we imagine. The skits were all a lot of fun, and everyone worked so hard to make the Camp possible! The Lord supplied water parks and fields for get-outs, which everyone enjoyed!

JONNY (16, attendee): It was great to see the captains and the staff working so hard to put something together like that, and it meant a lot to me to see that the young people in the Family are important. It was cool!

LUCY (17, attendee): It's interesting because usually in those kind of camps I never felt like they were talking to me, I felt more like they were talking to everyone in the group, but this time I felt like it was directly for me and applied to me. It was the best camp that I have ever been to.

RENEE (19, Team Captain): The classes helped bring everyone to a choice. Dust asked us to ask ourselves, "Why was I born in the Family?" I thought that was a real important question.

RUBEN (20, Room Captain): Something I thought went real well was how the skits went along with the classes. The classes were direct and to the point, not beating around the bush. That's what I thought helped bring a lot of people to make a decision, to realize that the fence is not a place to be. I really enjoyed being a part of the music, and I hope to do more of it in the future.

MIGUEL (15, attendee): The camp was really good, both the skits and the classes. I really liked them. I hope we have more camps like this one, and I appreciate all those that worked to make it possible. ■



Our Morelia Teen Camp '99 Band "rockin' the joint" during dance night.



Here we have a "worldly teen" (in middle) begging David Livingstone to not let the African native barbecue him for dinner



Here we have 100+ teens literally in "one spot" during a get-out activity.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Kerri (15), Rosie (16), and Serena (16) digging through their Charters during a Charter class "sword draw."



Dust autographing Shanti's (15) Camp T-shirt after the Camp's Farewell fellowship.

→ Asking Them...

Did you make a choice at the Camp? What was it? Give details.

* Yes: to serve the Lord with all my heart and to prepare myself with the new weapons for the Endtime.—Eden (16)

* I want to be a missionary with all my heart. I'm willing to give up whatever it takes to serve the Lord. And I want to be in the Family forever and ever, because this is where it's at.—Joykie (15)

* I made a lot of decisions, but the most important one was to serve the Lord.—Christina (14)

* To keep serving the Lord, not just 50% or 70% but 110% and to win souls for His kingdom.—Jason Jared (18)

What new things do you want to learn or do? Any dreams or goals?

* I have a burden to eventually go overseas to China. I have lived in the U.S./Canada for just about all my life, and coming to Mexico is the first step in my breaking away from the West in general.—Mike (16)

* Pioneer all of Central America and establish a Home in each remaining country.—Paul Braveheart (21)

* Be a more dedicated disciple. Stay close to Jesus!—Claire (14)

* I have a desire to go to a very poor and needy mission field in the future, but most of all I want to be in the center of God's will, so even if I don't ever get to go where I want to go, if I know I am right where I should be I will be just as happy and fulfilled.—Lucy (17)

