



**A life with
Him as
the center
is a life
with
unlimited
power!**



universe WITH YOU



Art by Ravi (16), India

universe with You

Poem by Kylie (21), India

I never knew it could be this way;
I never would have guessed
That all those times I knelt to pray,
Feeling hopeless in my quest,
Wishing for arms to hold me near,
For tender lips to kiss,
Fingers to gently catch my tears;
Someone to need and miss.
The times I cried myself to sleep
With nobody to hear.
Weeping rivers and oceans deep,
In my lonely atmosphere.
Reaching out to the universe,
Just to find another dark hole.
Wanting something to quench my
thirst.

Somehow I just didn't know,
That You had given the greatest gift;
You were right there all along.
You had planned my loneliness,
Composed my heartbroken song.
You had given me a need
That only You could fill.
You planted in my heart a seed
That couldn't sprout until

I came to love and understand
Your wisdom and Your grace;
Until my heart desired Your hand,
And my eyes longed for Your face.
The privilege is mine to be
Yours, and Yours alone.
To have You here inside of me
Is the greatest joy I've known!
Now I soar through galaxies,
Go everywhere with You.
You bring me to new climaxes
In everything we do.
When life becomes too much to
bear,

I know just where You are.
I close my eyes in fervent prayer,
And meet You in the stars.
Thank You for the greatest joy,
The pleasure that is mine;
Knowing that You love me so,
You keep me wholly Thine.
May I share this love You give
With other people too,
So every soul around can have
Their own universe with You.

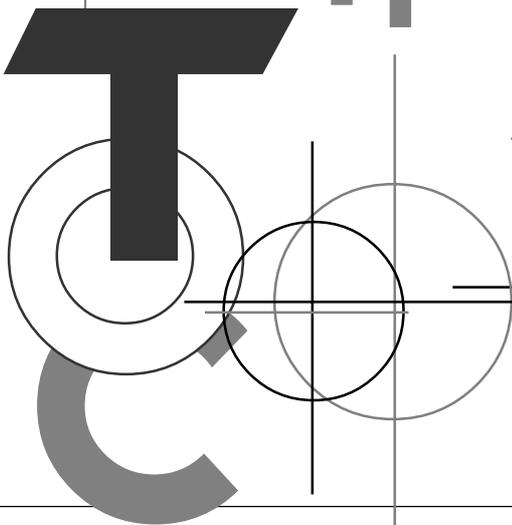


TABLE OF CONTENTS

3	---Feature ... Is My Life Worth It?	6	---Dreams and Wonders
8	---Partial Ex-com—My Story	12	---Saint Patrick Speaks
		15	---Zinatoon

IS MY LIFE

WORTH IT



IS MY

LIFE

WORTH IT

WORTH IT

WORTH IT

By David (19, of Andreas and Chryst), Japan

I'm 19, born and raised in the Family. I have lived in Japan for most of my life. I have had your average Family upbringing, and for the most part enjoyed it. When I was 16 I left the Family with another friend of mine. Basically we wanted to have a good time, make money, and do whatever we pleased.

I started working in Osaka, and eventually I started dealing drugs. My boss at the time was Yakuza, part of "Yamaguchigumi," Japan's largest crime organization. For the most part, I got a free supply of drugs from them. My goal at first was to earn their respect and to be like them, as their whole image was "cool" to me. So, I got into fights regularly, at least once a week. On top of that, I was drinking and smoking quite frequently. I didn't stick with the drugs for very long, but kept up with most everything else.

IS MY LIFE WORTH IT **FEATURE** IS MY LIFE WORTH IT



IS MY LIFE WORTH IT ?

IS MY LIFE WORTH IT ?

About a year-and-a-half later, when I was 17, I got arrested for being involved in a fight. I spent one-and-a-half months in detention. The experience got me thinking about my life; I wasn't happy with what I had become. I remembered my time in the Family as a much happier time, and I wanted to have that happiness in my life again. I decided to rejoin.

I moved in with my parents and rejoined the Family. I came with sincere intentions, but I got a System job almost immediately and with it came a host of things that kept me from spending time in the Word. I would spend a lot of time hanging out with System friends, and I was still smoking and drinking. I'd often be out all day long, and then after work I'd go party with my friends. Sometimes I didn't even come home at night. So in truth, nothing really changed.

My parents warned me, and tried to talk with me many times, but I wouldn't listen, as I thought I could handle it. About eight months after rejoining I was out late one night and I got drunk. I ended up in a fight and threw a piece of a metal piping at my opponent. Thank God, it missed, but it broke a glass window on a building, setting off the alarm. The cops came, and once again, I spent time in detention.

You'd think I'd have gotten the point after spending three months in jail, but like it says in Pro. 28:14, "Happy is the man that feareth God always: but he that hardeneth his heart shall fall into mischief." As I look back now I see that it was mainly a lack of fear of the Lord that led me to all these problems.

When I was released from detention I was on probation and had to check in with the authorities every month for the following six months, so they could keep tabs on my activities. I was not allowed to leave the city I was living in.

The day my probation ended, I decided to celebrate with some friends, and I had a

close brush with death.

It was December 2nd, 1999, a freezing winter night. Two of my friends from work had stopped by our house for a little while, and we decided to go for a drive. We ate at an *izakaya* (Japanese snack bar), and had a lot to drink. By the time we left, we were all quite drunk, but we decided to go out *nampa* (girl hunting) at a port nearby where all the youth hang out.

It was snowing heavily and the ground was very icy. Nevertheless, we climbed into the car. I took the seat behind the rider, and we drove to the port and started speeding on the icy roads for kicks. Suddenly our tires started skidding and the car slid uncontrollably towards the end of the pier. There were guardrails along the edge but they were only about 20 centimeters high. The car went straight over the rail, balanced on the top for few seconds, and then slid into the ocean.

All the windows were closed except for the front window on the rider's side, and that was less than half-way open. What was probably only seconds seemed like hours as the freezing water seeped in from everywhere, immediately filling the car with icy water!

The car continued to sink, and by the time it hit the bottom at nine meters under, we were choking and gasping for air.

Suddenly, all went quiet and black.

I immediately felt around for an escape, but was completely out of breath. I couldn't find the door handle or a window switch, and I was certain I would die.

At that moment a picture flashed in my mind: I saw my mom in tears and my dad was holding her trying to comfort her. I decided then and there I did not want my life to end like this!

As quickly as it came, the picture faded.

I realized there was no way out. I pulled myself up to the top of the car where there was a small air pocket just beneath the roof. I was coughing and still swallowing gulps of seawater but I managed to take a breath.

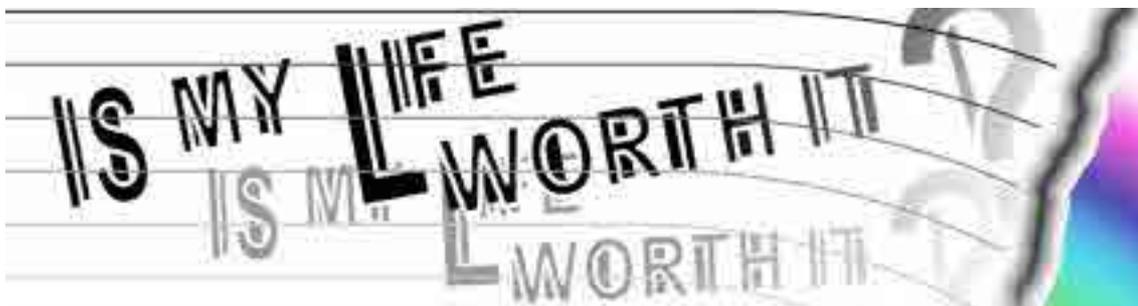
I could hear my friends' muffled screams for help and I thought, "What do I do?" I could think of only one thing, so I said the words out loud, "Jesus, help me!" I took one more breath and went under. I pushed my arms out again to once more try to find an escape when I realized there was nothing there. Where only moments before I could feel the seats, floor, doors and windows of the vehicle, I was now flinging my arms

IS MY LIFE WORTH IT ?

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IS MY LIFE WORTH IT ?

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and legs around and there was NOTHING THERE!

I didn't stop to think! I just started swimming up and up and up. It took forever. My lungs felt like they were about to burst and my body ached from the freezing temperatures.

When I finally got to the surface, I was hit with the 8°C air—ice and snow blowing all around me. I began treading water, and a couple seconds later one of my friends also surfaced, gasping for air. He was having a hard time and couldn't swim very well, so I tried to help him, but he was panicky and nearly drowned us both. I managed to get myself away from him and it was then that I realized my other friend had not surfaced yet. I tried to dive down and help him, but it was impossible for me to swim down that deep in my near frozen condition, and after a few attempts I had to give up, and swam towards the pier instead.

The edge of the pier was a two-meter, vertical cement wall. There was no one at the port that night, only one truck way in the back of the parking lot, so no one had seen the accident. I tried to grab onto the wall countless times, but it was too steep and there were no ropes or tires—or anything for that matter—which I couldn't use to climb up.

My muscles started cramping and it was difficult to breathe. Both my friend and I removed our heavy clothes, and continued treading water. We were screaming for help and trying to keep afloat at the same time. We waited for 20 minutes with the ice, snow and wind freezing us half to death, and now my friend was barely able to keep himself up. He kept going under and each time he did it took him longer to resurface.

I prayed once again and asked Jesus for His help, and just a few minutes later six young teenagers and a trucker who had noticed our predicament came by with flashlights and threw down a chain for us. I grabbed a hold and pulled myself out, and then they helped get my friend up.

Nearly dead, we lay half naked on the snow, shaking, and convulsing like crazy. But we were alive.

A few minutes later, the first police car arrived, they helped us into the car, but even with the heater on full blast it had no effect, we were literally "freezing our balls off"! When the ambulances arrived, they took us to the hospital. We had acute hypothermia, our blood was so jellified due to the cold that the doctors could not take blood samples till hours later. My parents and

boss from work arrived a little later.

Nearly two hours later, divers from the company I worked for went down and pulled the car out. It was too late, though, for my friend, Kasai; he'd died before they could get to him.

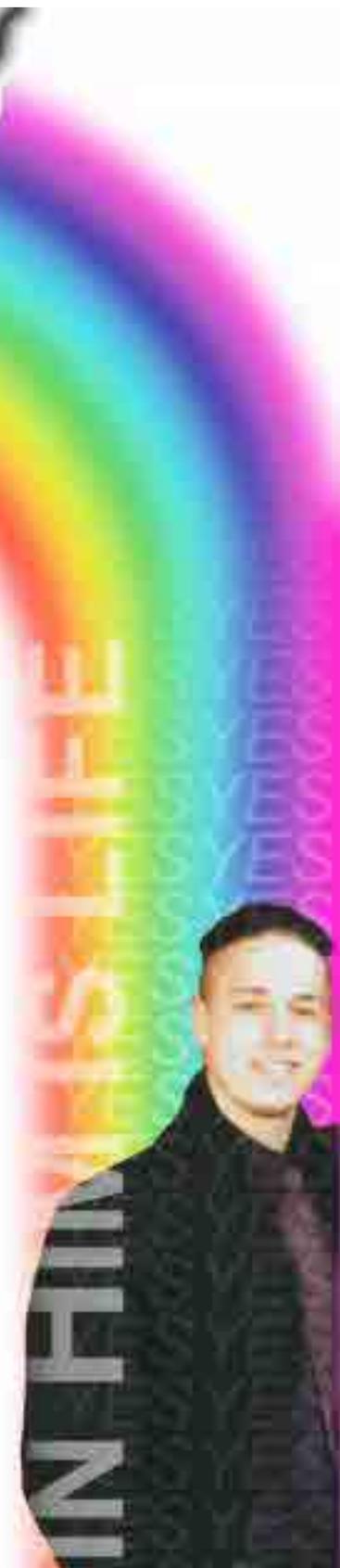
My other friend and I spent three days in the hospital. We attended Kasai's funeral a few days later. I'd known Kasai for over a year. He had been my best friend at work, and would come to visit our house often.

The whole experience shook me up a lot! The feeling I got at the time was that God didn't *have* to let that accident happen, but He did out of love. I know it was the Lord telling me—well, basically, saying to shape up or else! I came so close to dying that for me that was my last chance, and I knew then that if I didn't listen and make a change in my life, I *would* end up dead! I know it was just the Lord's love and mercy that He did not fail to keep and protect me through it all.

I also owe a lot to my best friend, James, who originally left the Family with me when we were 16. He tried to keep me in line and out of trouble while we were working together and living in Osaka. He always watched my back and tried to keep me under control. I'm glad he later rejoined with me.

I now realize how serious and fragile life is and I don't want to be the one to waste mine, or throw it away in a foolish, unguarded moment. I think I have finally got the point, and, Lord willing, I'm on my way to the mission field to give Jesus and the Family my all!

I don't want to repeat any of the mistakes I've made over the last three years of my life. I pray that by the grace of God I'll be able to move on and become what He ordained and, obviously, saved my life to be! ■





—Art by Nyx

and tales of terror, ingraining them into her impressionable young mind. But thankfully, her first encounter with the spirit world was a pleasant one. It happened in 1967 when she was only seven years old.

“I was lying next to my mother in her bedroom,” recounts Jenny, “It was 1 a.m. in the morning and I was sound asleep, when something woke me up. I couldn’t see anything, but I felt a hand move my head to face the wall. Then, all of a sudden, it was like someone turned on a TV on the wall. I saw a beautiful meadow.”

Being so young, the vision at first frightened her and she tried to wake her mother. But to her added shock, she found that she was frozen.

“I couldn’t move. I couldn’t speak. I couldn’t even yell for help. So, I just lay there, watching the picture form on the wall. It was very strange to me. A group of adults were dancing around in a circle. The girls had long hair and long skirts. I was watching from behind this tall, slender man, who was leaning against a tree watching the people like he was very pleased. Then, just like in the movie *Somewhere in Time*, I was pulled back into my own time.”

Of course, her mother didn’t believe it when young Jenny shook her frantically and told her of the vision. She told the little girl to go back to sleep, and that it was all a dream.

Little children are very impressionable, however, and during the following days, it was all Jenny could talk about: The picture on the wall, the dancing people in the meadow, and the observing man. Her mother took her to a doctor to get her head checked. Jenny went through a series of examinations and tests, but according to the doctor’s diagnosis, there was nothing mentally wrong with her.

The experience kept the youngster questioning and asking.

From that day on, Jenny’s sensitivity to things of other dimensions became keener. Many years later, after becoming a missionary in the Family, she experienced a very severe confrontation with darkness. “I was fighting the demons of Oplexicon in my sleep,” she says. “I was running and these ugly faces were trying to attack me. Then the Lord told me, ‘You have to face your fears!’ So I turned around and began to wrestle with the evil spirits, claiming verses like, ‘Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world,’ and I rebuked them in Jesus’ Name, until the whole ordeal was over. I woke up in a cold sweat, my whole sheet was soaked with perspiration and I was really tired, as if I was fighting physically. But I knew that that day, I had gotten the victory over fear!”

Jenny knows now exactly what to do when fear knocks at her door. She has come to rest in the peace of knowing that being a child of God gives her complete protection against any form of evil, whether physical



Jenny, PI

DISCLAIMER
Written and illustrated by
Nyx (19), Philippines

Passing shadows. Cool wind blowing on the nape of her neck. Premonitions. Contact with ghosts.

These are just a few of the supernatural things that forty-year-old Jenny encountered, things that until recently, used to scare her half to death. But she’s not afraid anymore. She has learned to overcome that fear with faith in God and guts that send the Devil straight back to the farthest corner of “the evil side.”

As a youngster, Jenny grew up around superstitious Filipino maids who spun stories of blood-dripping vampires



—Art by Nyx

or from an unknown realm. And the same Name that saved her from the terror in the night is the Name that comforts her heart today and watches over her in her sleep and shows her the beautiful side of the Light of the Spirit.

But what of the vision in 1967? Did it have a meaning?

Jenny's question was answered and her intrigue satisfied when, in the late 70s, she came across the Letters of Father David, and yes, there was the exact same picture that she had seen years before when she wondered if there was a name for those weirdly dressed, but happy folks.

Then she understood that she had been destined to become an elite child of God. And that qualified her for all the protection she'd ever need.

FLOATING FACE

From Meg, WS

We were in Bob's old brown Ford driving down the highway from Saskatoon to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, in Canada. Those roads are pretty straight and without much scenery—just flat prairie. Usually the drive was long and boring, but not this time.

We were approaching a hill, and for some odd reason my boyfriend pulled into the oncoming traffic lane. Extremely crazy idea when you're approaching a hill at about 80 miles an hour! I looked over at him, thinking he was just pulling a stupid stunt to scare me, or something.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

He just looked back at me and didn't say anything. He just kept driving!

God, is he playing chicken? I thought, *or what's going on here?* But somehow, I knew everything was going to be okay.

Logical feeling, right?

No! Honest, I sort of knew that as crazy as this was, somehow everything was going to work out okay.

You know those stories about how you can see the look on people's faces—the people in the other car—just as you're readying yourself for impact. Well, my eyes were glued on the hill in front of us and I was sort of bracing myself for a huge truck smashing into our windshield. Just as we got to the top of the hill, suddenly a car popped over the top of the hill, but on the *opposite side* of the road.

We just stared at each other in amazement.

"How did you know?" I asked Bob.

"I saw your face at the top of the hill and I just knew I was supposed to change lanes," came his halting reply.

"What do you mean—you saw my face?"

He answered: "It was just floating in the air at the top of the hill."

He was sort of a psychic guy! Mostly, I think our spirit helpers were praying desperately that he'd obey that very crazy check! Really makes you wonder why the other driver changed lanes, huh? Must be some amazing stuff going on in the spirit world!

MAGIC WATER BUBBLES

From Vicky S., Ukraine

Usually I sleep very soundly, but one night I woke up feeling that I needed to pour out my heart to the Lord. I'd been quite busy of late and hadn't had much personal time with Him lately. So I started praying, praising and saying loving words to Jesus, when suddenly I saw a vision of a garden with a stream flowing through it. I think it was in Heaven, because everything was bright, sparkling and perfect.

Then I saw Jesus, and He led me over to the stream. We walked alongside it, and then we walked into it. There we stood, with the water flowing around us. He turned to me and said, "I want to show you something."

He bent down and pulled a ball of water out of the stream! It was a perfect sphere. He didn't touch the water itself, but it was like the air around it contained it in a bubble, and by holding His hands around it He controlled it. He threw it to me and I caught it, though I didn't actually touch the water either.

It was so amazing; it was like the water moved and could be shaped. I looked at it, and somehow I made it into the shape of what I was feeling: a heart! I threw it back to Jesus. Not a word was spoken, but we felt each other's love and gratitude.



—Art by Nyx



—Art by Nyx



Well, I guess this is my turn to do the humble thing, and share some of the lessons I learned through my recent time of PE. For those of you who don't know what PE stands for, it's Partial Excommunication.

What did I do?

I had sex with an outsider. Pretty bad, I know. In my books it had always been considered "the worst sin." I guess that's why the Lord allowed me to break that particular rule—just to show me what a mess I am, and how I can do completely nothing without His help, except get in a lot of trouble, ha!

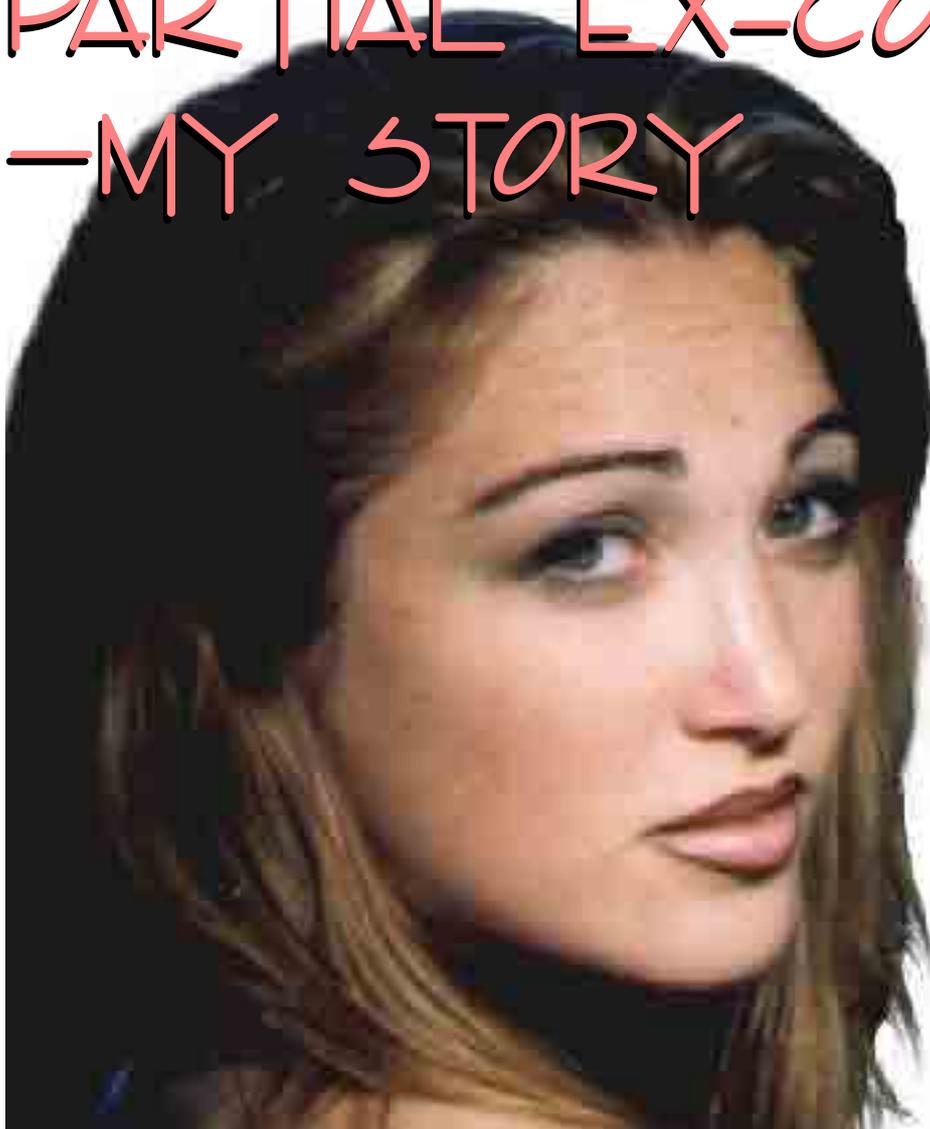
I'm getting a little ahead of myself, though. To give you a little background about how this all happened I'll retrace

my steps a few years.

I had been living in the States for about five years, and I can certainly agree with what Mama says in *Will You Answer the Call*: "The Enemy's spiritual grip on America is getting stronger, and as those of you who have lived there for the past few years can probably testify, the negative pull on the **young people** is intensifying. ... If you're not careful, you could get stuck in the quicksand or raped by the materialism of the Whore" (GN 708: 8-9).

I had been doing well for a time, but after a while, being there among so many worldly temptations started to wear down my convictions and certainly took its toll. It **wasn't** an overnight change, where one day I was gung-ho about all

PARTIAL EX-COM -MY STORY



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the new weapons and the New Wine and the next day I was in bed with an outsider, but it was a gradual wearing away of my convictions. It's how the Enemy works because he knows we wouldn't fall for his lies if they were blatant from the start. He begins with a little doubt here and there, **sugarcoated** in some truth, and then continues to increase the daily dosage until you're swallowing things you never would have dreamed of doing only months before.

Thus was my sad fate.

In my situation, I had begun letting my guard down while I was fundraising. I would get offers to do modeling while out canning or car washing; guys would ask for my phone number, giving me theirs, begging me to call, etc. It's not that I'm some gorgeous babe or anything out of the ordinary, in fact, I think many Family girls get this type of attention while they're out.

In the beginning, I would turn down all offers point blank. Whenever agencies would give me their modeling cards I'd throw 'em away as I didn't want it to be a temptation—this went for the phone numbers of any cute guys I would meet out as well. But after a while, I started hanging on to those cards and numbers, in case they came in handy one day. I began looking more at what the world had to offer, **feeling like** I wasn't living up to my full potential in the Family.

It all started out pretty innocently. I wanted to try some of these modeling gigs to bring in more support for the Home, or so I told myself. After all, "it's all to further the cause of Christ," right? Ha, wasn't that a load of crap!

One night this girl and I went out. It was her birthday and we wanted to go have some fun. While out this young guy came up to us and just wouldn't leave us alone. He was a rich corporate lawyer from out of town. He wasn't having that great of a time and begged us to come and have some drinks with him, which we finally agreed to. He was a sweet guy and we told him all about our work and what we do. We were able to witness to him a bit, but not too extensively, as the techno was drowning us out. He begged us for our number, but being the big "spiritual giant" I was at the time, I wouldn't give it to him. I was still under the policy of not giving out numbers to cute guys, so he gave his number and begged us to call.

A couple days later, after talking it over with the girl I met him with, **I called him.** I was able to get into a deeper witness with him on the phone. I called him a few times after that, but after a while, it was more like he was "witnessing" to me rather than me witnessing to him. He never talked negatively about what I was doing with my life. To the contrary, he thought it was great, but at the same time he would tell me of the fun he was having, his weekends in Vegas, Christmas in Ireland, and he would ask me to visit him in Atlanta.

Several weeks later, while I was out hitting the streets, another young guy walked up to me and asked me what I was collecting donations for. I gave him my usual spiel and he gave me \$20. Not bad! It turned out that he worked as a bartender across the street from where we were canning, and lived in the same neighborhood as us. Then came the

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I was worried that I'd be thrown out of the Home, **lose my job**, be completely and **utterly humiliated**, and no doubt the subject of a new "Julie Series."

with a couple
of kids at a
Kosovar refugee
camp



usual phone number question, and for the first time ... I gave it out. Big mistake on my end, the first of a long string of blow-its, I'm afraid! I guess at the time I didn't really see the harm in it. I was calling this other lawyer guy and it was fun. So that was the beginning. I would see this guy a lot as we would go canning near where he worked. He also came over to our house for dinner and a kid's birthday party, and a couple of us went to a house party he was having.

At this time, **I never thought I would have sex** with him, and when someone asked me if I ever would, I was horrified that they would think I would do such a thing. A couple months later, the inevitable happened. I did what I thought I would never be guilty of.—I had full sex with him.

Although I immediately felt pretty condemned, the Devil hit me with "Why confess? There must be other people who do this and get away with it without telling anyone, so why don't you?"

So I let myself think, "If those people aren't going to grow a **conscience** and keep the rules, then why should I put myself through it?"

It's like that quote: "Learning to live with evil makes one become hardened to it and what is good becomes distorted. Therefore they themselves become compromised in order to survive."

My convictions at the time were just about nil. I did a couple of modeling jobs, and was getting into that whole scene. My hunger for the Word had just about died. I was having a lot of doubts about the Family, the Word, what we believe in—everything. I was going down the drain and getting there pretty fast. I knew that if I didn't get myself out of that situation, and out of the U.S., I would end up on the scrap heap and out of the Family completely.

"I finally broke down and told a good friend of mine that if I didn't have a change I was going to leave the Family. God bless him, he really helped me, and I ended up coming to the EE to work as a secretary." Thanks, Sam, I owe you one, buddy! I don't think I would still be around

today if it weren't for your help in getting me here!

But my story **doesn't end** there ... oh no, we're just getting started! You see, I still hadn't confessed to having sex with an outsider. The thought of going six months without sex, alcohol, and movies just wasn't too appealing. So I landed in Europe thinking that I'm on my way up and was starting afresh. Everything was cool and I thought the change would all of sudden make everything better.

Okay, I'll admit, a little naïve of me!

I honestly wanted to get the victory and get the help I needed, but I wanted to "get all better" without having to confess and suffer the consequences of breaking the Charter. For some reason the Lord just doesn't work that way. I wonder why? It seemed that all my efforts at self-improvement just came to nothing and I found myself **slipping** back in my convictions and standard. I was still battling with all the same doubts. Although it was easier being in the EE where the materialism of the West didn't have such a strong pull, it was still super discouraging, and I would go through trials of condemnation. I would do my best to stay busy and absorbed in my work to keep from facing

my problems head on.

This went on for a couple months and then came the time of the Feast of '99. I was able to get a lot of extra Word time and I felt the conviction of the Lord speaking to my heart. When rereading the "Weakness Revolution" series there was a quote that **hit me straight** between the eyes. One of the practical tips for progress was: "If you have an unconfessed sin in your life, get rid of it. Either pour out your heart to Me in private, or if necessary, confess your faults and sins to your mate, teamwork or shepherds, whichever is appropriate. Unconfessed sin is like a concrete wall that blocks the flow of the water of My Word and hinders your faith in My ability to answer your prayers, supply your needs and do miracles for you. Unconfessed sin makes you feel unworthy of My blessing, therefore it saps your initiative and greatly hinders your progress" (GN 820:351-352).

Boy, that described me to a "t." This sin, that I didn't want to confess, was blocking my receptivity to the flow of the Word and greatly hindering my **progress**. I knew it had to come out before I was going to get anywhere in my spiritual life and repair the damage that had been done through allowing my-

“Learning to live with **evil** makes one become **hardened** to it and what is good becomes distorted. Therefore they themselves become **compromised** in order to survive.”

self to become weakened.

Realizing that I needed to confess was fairly obvious, I knew it was the right thing to do, but actually doing it ... man, that was a toughie! It was one of the most difficult decisions I've ever faced, but I finally came around and decided that I was going to “spill the beans.” I was waiting for that “inner peace” I thought I was supposed to get after finally deciding to be honest and quit fighting the conviction of the Lord, but I was an emotional wreck until it finally worked out for me to talk with my shepherds about it.

Maybe the Lord knew He couldn't let up on me that easy or I might change my mind, ha! I felt so condemned and thought **my shepherds** would be disappointed in me. In my opinion, they had every right to be. I mean here they take me in to work with them and I pull a boner like this. I was worried that I'd be thrown out of the Home, lose my job, be completely and utterly humiliated, and no doubt the subject of a new “Julie Series.”

Amazingly enough, none of that happened!

I can only say that the love and understanding that my shepherds showed me after I confessed was unbelievable and such a relief. They held me in their arms, prayed with me and **even cried with me.** They were a wonderful example of the Lord's unending



My brother, Michael, and me.

and unconditional love. It felt so good to get it all out in the open. I felt like I had been carrying around this huge weight with me and was finally free of it.

As expected, I was given six months on partial ex-com, but one thing that really touched me was that everyone in my Home was very sweet about it. No one looked down on me like I was some outcast. I was hit with bouts of severe condemnation during my PE, but being shown so much love and understanding even though I blew it so bad was definitely a key in pulling me through. I remembered all the times that I had looked critically upon others who landed on partial because of some blunder they made, LHM. I realized how self-righteous I had been and felt convicted that I hadn't done my best to help others out when they were going through their Jordan. Before I blew it, I had a hard time relating to or understanding anyone who broke the rules, and the Lord really had to bring me to rock bottom to realize that I'm no better than anyone else.

Doing my six months was tough. I have to be honest and say that there were times when I almost regretted confessing. But now that I'm through with my PE term, I can honestly say that it did me a world of good. I learned so much, got utterly humiliated (which I think was one of the Lord's main goals, ha!), and now I understand and can **sympathize** with others when they're being buffeted by the Enemy, as I now know what it's like to experience that firsthand.

I still have a long ways to go, and although I made it through my PE term, I don't feel that I've arrived in the least. I know that it's only by the grace of God that I'm still here, but I do have the faith that if the Lord can pull me through then there is hope for anybody!

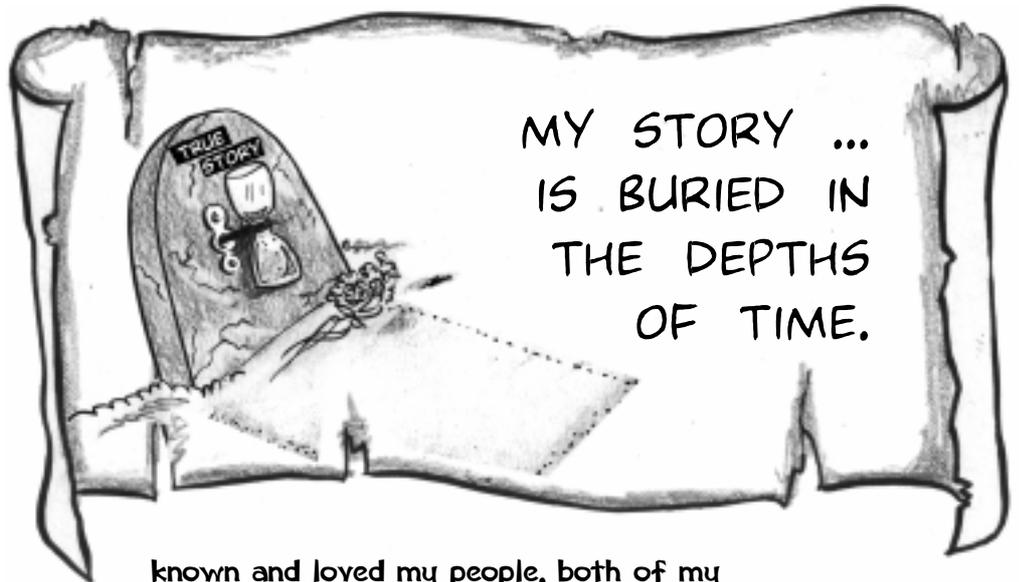
In closing, I just want to say to anyone who thinks **breaking the rules** in order to have sex with someone might be worth doing time for, I implore you: think again. Take it from a partial ex-com who has been there and done that. In my opinion, nothing and no one is worth doing six months, or even three months for.

I'd like to encourage any of you who have blown it and broken one of the Charter rules, but haven't confessed yet, to get it off your heart today. Don't let the Enemy have that Huddersfield in your life. I know it's a scary decision to make but please **don't worry** that you'll get thrown out. If you are truly sorry and want to change, you can rest assured that as you honestly and openly bare your heart to your shepherds, they will handle it with a lot of loving care. They too know that it's not easy to confess to something like this. Although you'll probably get some sort of discipline for it, everyone will admire you all the more for doing the right thing and being honest. (I figure it's better than the shepherds having to investigate a report because you didn't want to be honest about it yourself. Don't you think?)

Best of all, you'll be free from the weight that has been slowing you down and hindering you from making the progress that you need, and you'll be on the road to victory! I love you all and am praying for you. Please keep me in your prayers, too, because God knows I need them!

Saint Patrick Speaks

Art by Evye



From Antonio Ugo (26), Italy

When I lived in Ireland I became interested in the life of Saint Patrick, after reading a book based on the many legends about him. I was curious as to what the true story was. I recently received two very exciting spirit stories of long-ago missionaries, which were full of accurate historical detail. I wondered if they might have been true stories. (I've always had a hard time having the faith for well-known people's life stories!—My pride in case I'd get it wrong!) Anyway, the Lord said, "Would you like to receive Patrick's story too?" But I chickened out on that one. LHM!

A week or so later, on my WNR I wanted to spend some time with Jesus. Then I got a strong impression of Scotland, where I spent four very happy years, and the old song, "Green hills are the Ireland hills, but the Ireland hills they're not highland hills. And fair as these green foreign hills may be, they are not the hills of home." I felt something coming through and I knew in my heart who it was—St. Patrick.

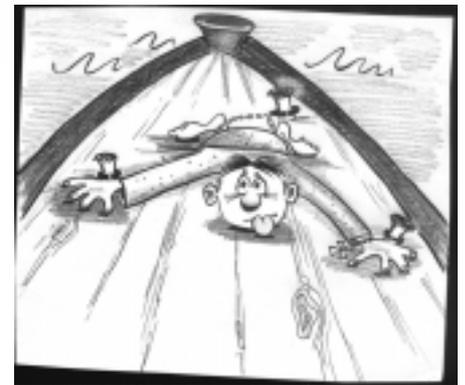
So I ran to get a pad and paper, thinking, "I can just write it down for myself," but when I came to the end of the message, I couldn't do it; I'm still as in love with the sweet and precious Irish people as he became.—How could I not pass on the message, even if due to being not such a good receiver I got some things wrong? So here's what he said!

(St. Patrick speaking:) For you have

known and loved my people, both of my native land of Scotland and my adopted children of Ireland. You want to know my story? For many tell it, but they tell it not aright. How can they know? For it is buried in the depths of time.

I was but a lad when I was taken from my home. I was taken captive, alone and scared. I clung to the small black rosary hidden under my shirt. Pirates they were! Irish pirates at that! It was a long journey, tied hand and foot on the wooden deck of a boat as the waves roared and thundered all the way across the Irish Sea.

A stormy crossing it was. There I was sold to a pig farmer and spent my days on the hillside minding the swine. There was little food and less shelter on the rough hillside. At night I would cry for my father and



TEND THE SWINE, LADDIE!



mother alone in the darkness. So dark seemed my life, I felt forsaken by God Himself. Yet the little rosary remained with its silver cross, to remind me of One Who had also suffered.

Time passed on those rough Irish hillsides. I was treated roughly with blows and curses, even as our Lord had been. I began, in my darkness, to grow closer to Him, to hear His voice comforting my heart.

Years later I was able to escape my servitude and sneak on board a boat bound for England. My thankfulness knew no bounds. I decided to dedicate my life to Jesus and joined an order of monks. But they didn't live as Jesus lived. Their lives were lives of prayer and piety, an outward obedience to Christ, yet somehow I was not as close to Him as I had been on that far-off hillside. Something in my heart told me I must return. The very thought filled me with foreboding. Return to that land in which I saw only darkness and devilry?

Though I wrestled within my heart, I knew there would be no turning back. [I pictured him in

SAAAARRENDAA



saint patrick speaks

tattered monk's robes and a long woolen cloak standing on the shore of Ireland—I had the impression that it was somewhere near Cork, in Ireland. St. Patrick held a great iron cross set upon a stick in his hand, as if to rebuke the power of the Enemy. For it was indeed a great and mighty cross, an iron cross of great strength—the symbol of Christ's triumph over death; for through Him we are more than conquerors.

They lit a chain of fires every year at solstice, the druids presided, for they had fled England and come to Ireland to carry on the old religion—a religion of darkness and devils. They plied their trade among the Celts of Ireland.] The day was cold and misty (still a little dark). We had spent the night in prayer against the demons of the land. God's power is far greater, but to challenge the powers of darkness head-on took all of our courage.



Two brothers stood with me—John and Amos. [Picture of Patriarch

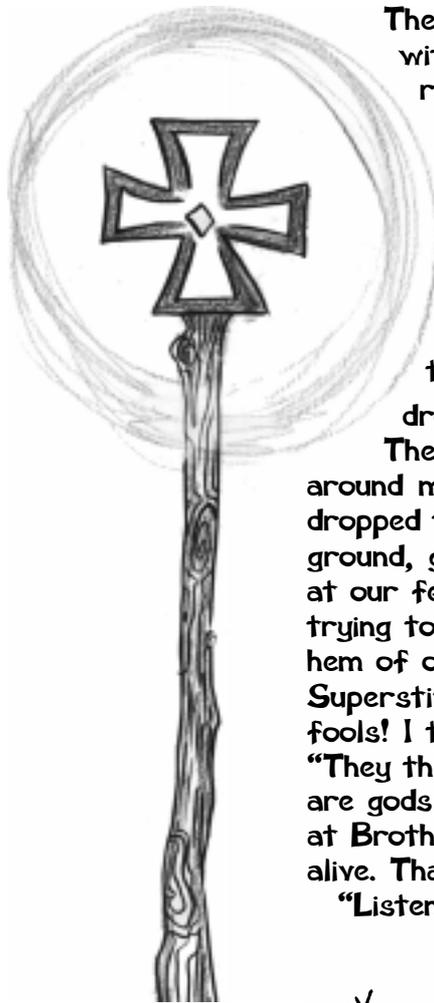
with flaming torch. He thrusts it into the fire.] All hell broke loose! (No man could light the sacred fire before the time appointed. It was forbidden.)



Rough hands grabbed me. I felt a blow on the head!



July 2000 | The Free Zine 13



Then the cross began to glow with a great radiance. The rough hands loosened their hold and I staggered to my feet. I looked over at Brother John. Blood was streaming down one side on this face from a wound on his scalp. All eyes were on the glowing cross as it lay on the ground where he had

dropped it. The men around me dropped to the ground, groveling at our feet and trying to kiss the hem of our robes. Superstitious fools! I thought, "They think we are gods or sorcerers." I looked over at Brother Amos. He lay wounded but alive. Thank God! "Listen! Listen!" I yelled in the Celtic

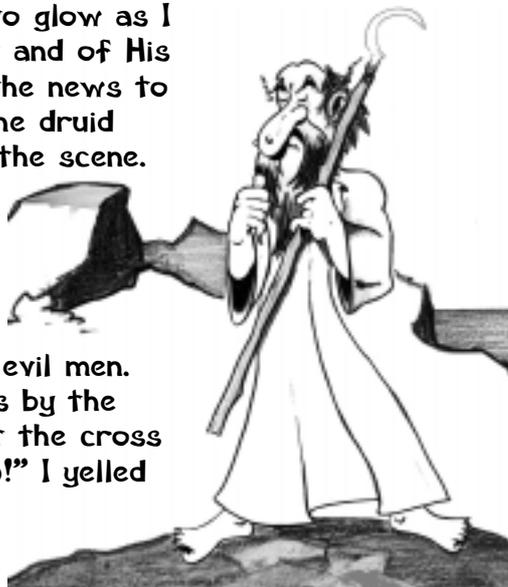


tongue. "This was not our power, but the power of One Who hung upon the cross, Whose servants we are!" I noticed a glint in some of those raised eyes. (I feared they might fall on us again!) "His blood was shed to set you free!" I said.

LOOK, LORD DRUID!



The cross continued to glow as I spoke of a risen Christ and of His commandment to take the news to all men. At this point the druid priests came racing to the scene. The Devil does not give up so easily! As God had His servants, so the Devil has his minions. "Stop! Stop!" they yelled. "These are evil men. Listen not to them! It is by the power of our gods that the cross glows." "Then pick it up!" I yelled back. "If it is by your power it will do you no harm!" The head



priest hesitated for a moment. I had heard of his powers. They were real—given to him by the Evil One (I was reminded of the story of Moses and the magicians of Egypt.—They had power, but God's was greater.)

Muttering some incantation beneath his breath he knelt confidently to pick up the glowing cross. Suddenly he recoiled in horror! "It burns!" he yelled. "None can touch it!" With a prayer on my lips, I bent and picked up the glowing cross. I raised it on high for all to see. The battle was won!

IT BURNS!

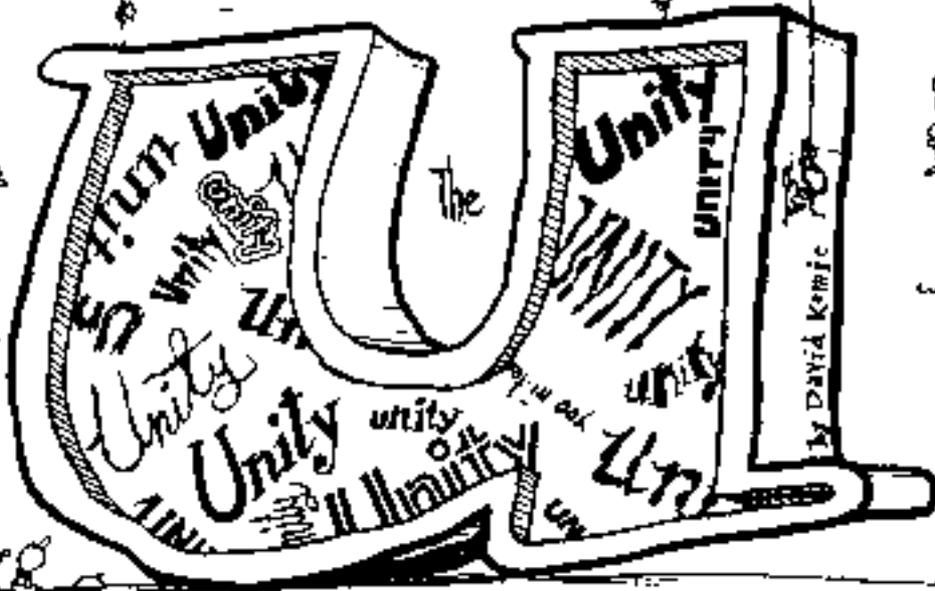
God's power was greater! The priests withdrew, muttering. The crowd listened in awe



as I told them the story of One Who lived and died to bring light to their darkness. Many received Christ as their Savior that day. What a great difference there was that day, as I stood even before the druid priests, the power of that land, in the power of Christ, the glory of His presence held high for all to see in the radiant cross. What had made this transformation? Nothing but the power of Christ! (End of prophecy.)



zineoons
PRESENT



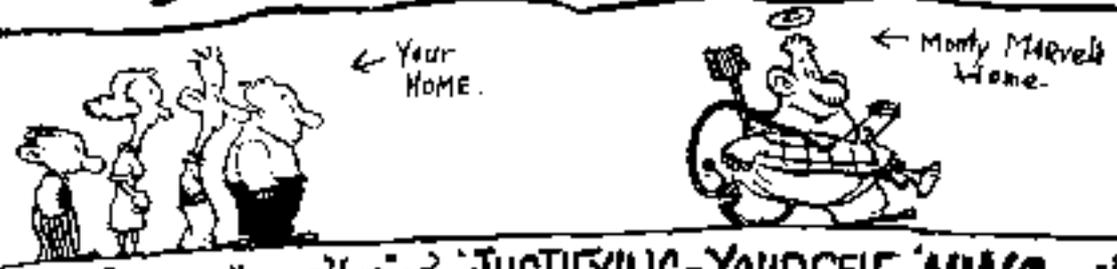
FILES



It is not ALWAYS that easy to find?



But can you say the same about **YOUR HOME**? Hmm? Has your Home achieved the standard of **UNITY** of 'MONTY MARVEL'S HOME'?



Some of you with a glaring 'JUSTIFYING-YOURSELF' NWO will say:

Well SURE it's easy to live in UNITY when you live all by yourself like MONTY MARVEL...

MONTY MARVEL, WORLD LIVING-IN-UNITY-AS-A-HOME SHINER for MAY, JUNE AND JULY, 2000.

But what about WE who live with OTHER PEOPLE?!!

Well just take MY HOME, for instance. We are WORKING on achieving the level of UNITY currently being enjoyed by (you guessed it) MONTY MARVEL'S HOME - The ENVY of UNITY SEEKERS WORLDWIDE and have decided, in a humble and self-effacing effort to IMPRESS YOU, to compile for your Home's benefit, a comprehensive list of UNITY TO DOs. FOLLOW these EASY-TO-FOLLOW steps and we GUARANTEE that you will have followed these 'EASY-TO-FOLLOW' steps.

- Before we begin, have you got a pencil & notebook handy? Your dictaphone & WALKMAN? Spare batteries? Assorted pens & BLANK PAPER for NOTES? ERASERS at the READY? Handy paperweight? Good supply of paperclips?..
-

YUP! Just as I thought. You don't just have DISUNITY to worry about - You've got a serious CLUTTER problem

Don't miss the THRILLING and ACTION-PACKED conclusion to 'The U Files' which, incidentally, hasn't as yet been done, but when it DOES get done we're really HOPING that it will, in some ways, be THRILLING and ACTION-PACKED.