

A Vital Skill

A W I A J S X J J

Why Live By Faith?

W Y L V E B Y F A I T H ?

Who Am I? Part 1

H O M I ? P A R T 1



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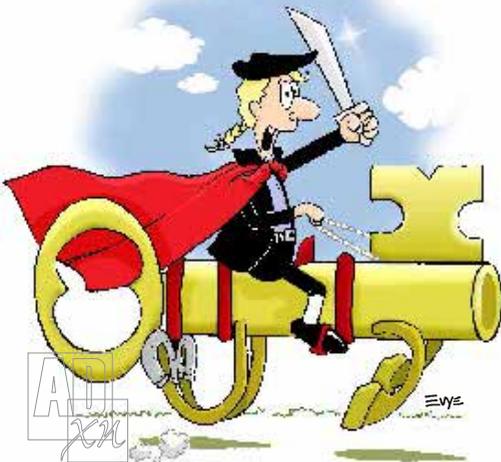
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HAPPY NEW  
YEAR! WE'LL  
SEE YOU IN  
2004!



*The Key of Adventure!*



(Jesus:) Ask for the key of adventure to help you to look forward to new horizons, to be excited and have the kind of faith that you need to step out in new directions. Ask for the key of specific faith—faith that will make the way easy for you to move forward. ("Being Rewired!" ML #3412:81)

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(Jesus:) I have spoken to you repeatedly, My loves, of the need to work with your spirit helpers, and to avail yourselves of the help I provide for you. I know this is a practice that you are yet learning to hone and to put to use in your daily lives. Dear ones, you must now make it a priority to progress in this area.

xn ad

As these days of evil continue, you must make use of these helpers I put at your command to a greater degree. You must not only call on the power of the keys to rebuke your enemies, to fell the dark ones who fight you in the spirit world, but call on the keys in conjunction with calling on these strong, courageous ones who wait to assist you, to fight for you, to encourage and uplift you, to help you in every way.

(ML #3429:14, September 2002)

C A N

# Who Am I?—Part 1

Y  
D O  
U  
I T ?

We've learned a lot from the New Wine about our spiritual friends and foes! Test your knowledge of some of these entities with this collection of "Who am I?" riddles! Some might be easy, some might be a lee-tle more challenging. Answers are posted on the MO site, in the pubs/comps section in a file called "Who Am I? Comp 01." (Could make great reading for devotions!) Enjoy.

Tip: The spirit helpers depicted on each page don't necessarily correspond to the riddle answers of that page.

**Keys Promise:** Focus on the keys and claim their power to increase your awareness of the spiritual realm. The keys will keep you firmly joined to My Spirit.

1. An energy purer than light runs through my veins.  
Cut the formality—call me by my nickname.  
I fight through fire.  
Who am I? (ML #3433:296,298–299,305–306)



Art by Philippe La Plume

2. I'm personally assigned to your queen and king.  
My buddies are the Activation Angels of miracles, revelation, and  
witnessing.  
Our level of power is unprecedented and unchallenged, save by  
that of the archangels.  
Who Am I? (ML #3455:58-59; ML #3349:9,11,15-17)

3. He doesn't clip his toenails.  
He likes to strike a chord with people.  
He prefers gold to green, an ornate jewel to a mound of  
flesh.  
Who is he? (ML #3365:66-67,74,76-79)

4. I possess all that is fit and uncompromising.  
I help free you from the fleshly crutches of Bacchus.  
My name sounds a bit like someone with an  
unconventional lifestyle.  
Who am I? (ML #3455:207-208)

5. I'm a whirlwind of positive spiritual activity.  
I bring destruction to Lethargy and his ilk.  
My name might remind you a bit of Styrofoam.  
Who am I? (ML #3455:196)



6. They are two underlings of pride.  
One, whose name starts with U, instills fear of the opinions of others.  
The other, whose name starts with M, is a source of the illusion of being powerful in yourself.  
Who are they?  
(ML #3455:135-138, 143)



7. During the time of division in Heaven, I pled with my fellow angels.  
You see me now as the woman of the wind.  
My mission is to draw you toward the keys.  
Who am I? (ML #3368:21-25)

8. Great power and privilege is given to me.  
I go way back, but you're still learning about my skills.  
One of my jobs is the keeper of the reservoir—the Word of God.  
Who am I? (ML #3119:27)

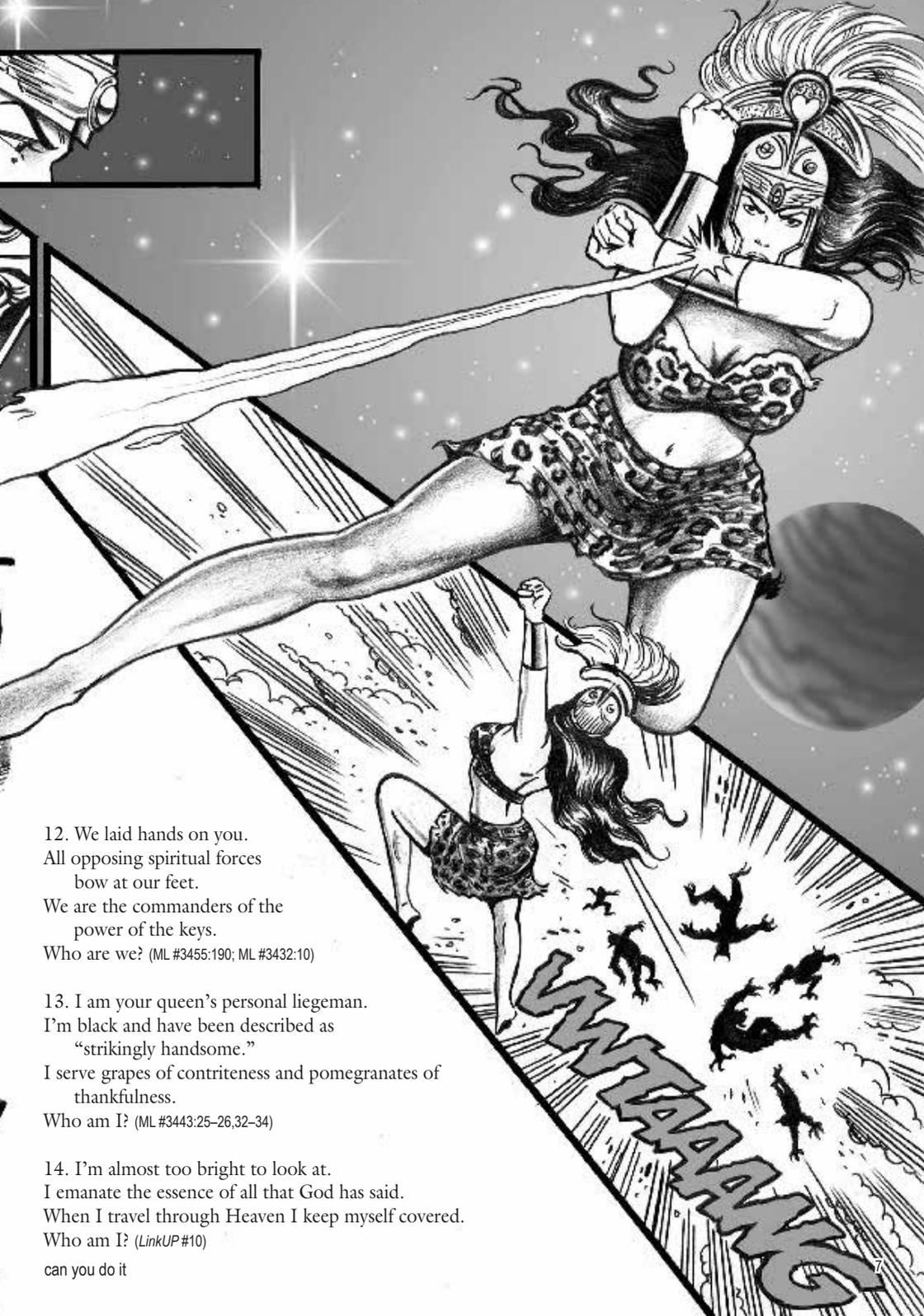
9. He is related to the neutralization demons of disobedience, bitterness, and division.  
His underlings include Accomplishment, Flesh, Worldliness, Carnality, and Materialism.  
When he falls through the power of the keys, he takes all his underlings with him.  
Who is he? (ML #3455:44-45,54,68,70,189)

10. I give you the greatest power in existence.  
Of all your spiritual counterparts, I am the greatest.  
I am the mightiest opponent of those who try to oppose you.  
Who am I? (ML #3420:180)



11. He loves lifeblood donors.  
His effect on people is paralysis.  
Arcothon is his nemesis.  
Who is he? (ML #3400:178-179,181,193; ML #3433:296-297)

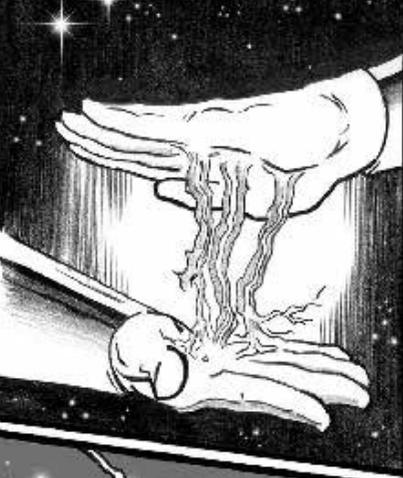




12. We laid hands on you.  
All opposing spiritual forces  
bow at our feet.  
We are the commanders of the  
power of the keys.  
Who are we? (ML #3455:190; ML #3432:10)

13. I am your queen's personal liegeman.  
I'm black and have been described as  
"strikingly handsome."  
I serve grapes of contriteness and pomegranates of  
thankfulness.  
Who am I? (ML #3443:25-26,32-34)

14. I'm almost too bright to look at.  
I emanate the essence of all that God has said.  
When I travel through Heaven I keep myself covered.  
Who am I? (LinkUP #10)  
can you do it



15. Their regiment dwells with the dregs of the spirit.  
They love putrid bodies of water and seek to mar the truth.  
An effective repellent that keeps them away is staying soaked in the Word.  
(Who are they? (ML #3420:146-147,150,152,157)

16. Bravery of the lion, speed of a cheetah, strength of a bear,  
Great force and power we demonstrate— better beware!  
When the little Punk comes around, we quickly react. ...  
Who are we? (ML #3151:4-7)



17. I keep a set of horses ready and strong.  
I call one Maxi, and the other Infinity.  
All Michael's messengers fly on the wings of these two steeds.  
Who am I? (*LinkUP* #10)





18. Bow and arrows are my weapon of choice.  
 My white hot arrows hit at the heart of Baal's condemnation.  
 I and my fellow warriors are ready to attack Baal and his cohorts anytime.  
 Who am I? (ML #3455:209-210)



19. He's an archdemon that Father David exposed in the early Letters.  
 He works with Obstacon, Pan, and others to fight against the Word.  
 Raphael assists Michael and Gabriel in destroying his power.  
 (Who is he? (ML #261:19; ML #3434:43-44; ML #3455:205)

20. She is one of the lowest demons.  
 Together with Vengeance, she tempts you to spread gossip about others.  
 Only through desperation and humility can you be delivered from her "wines."  
 (Who is she? (ML #3455:148-150,156,158-160)

21. We are a force.  
 We counter each seed of the evil Selvegion.  
 We fill your hearts with light as you call on the keys and obey.  
 Who are we? (ML #3455:198; ML #3456:91-92,101)

22. They are twin sisters of the netherworld.  
 They want you to become obsessed with self-satisfaction.  
 You can block them from gaining entrance to your mind through  
 unselfishness and sacrificial giving.  
 (Who are they? (ML #3455:163,166-167)

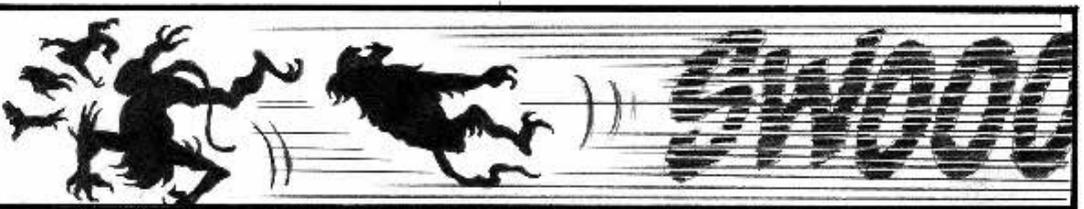
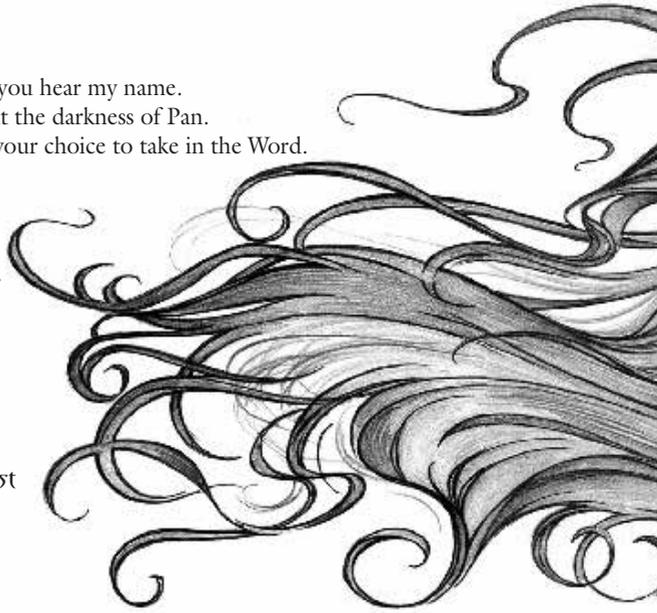
can you do it

23. I am among the mightiest who guard you.  
I am commander of the CHCF—or Chiefs.  
Call on us when your channel is being hindered.  
Who Am I? (ML #3443:78,80-82; ML #3455:187)

24. You might think of a light bulb when you hear my name.  
I'm an advocate of the Lord's light to fight the darkness of Pan.  
My power is released through prayer and your choice to take in the Word.  
Who am I? (ML #3455:200-201)

25. I watch over all that is born anew.  
I fan the flames of thanksgiving in your life.  
It is my specialty to lead all Heaven in  
celebration.  
Who am I? (ML #3265:3; ML #3456:105; ML #3443:18)

26. He tries to get in the way of your  
absorption of the Word.  
He loves to present you with a priority list  
of good things.  
You learned about him and the keys of  
imprisonment in the same GIF.  
Who is he? (ML #3434:10-14)



27. I wear a helmet with a long plume  
on my head, and leopard skin on  
my body.  
I have no visible weapons—the keys are  
all I and my troops require.  
I champion the causes of those in need.  
Who am I? (ML #3445:59,62-63,66-67)

28. The place I work is a beehive of  
activity.  
We have an incredible archive of every  
spirit helper available.  
It's my full-time job to process requests  
and coordinate personnel.  
Who am I? (ML #3350:10,18,21)





29. We are ageless beings, yet young at heart.  
As a couple our gifts complement each other.  
We are uniquely tuned to the needs of you young people  
in the Endtime.

Who are we? (*Blade #14*)

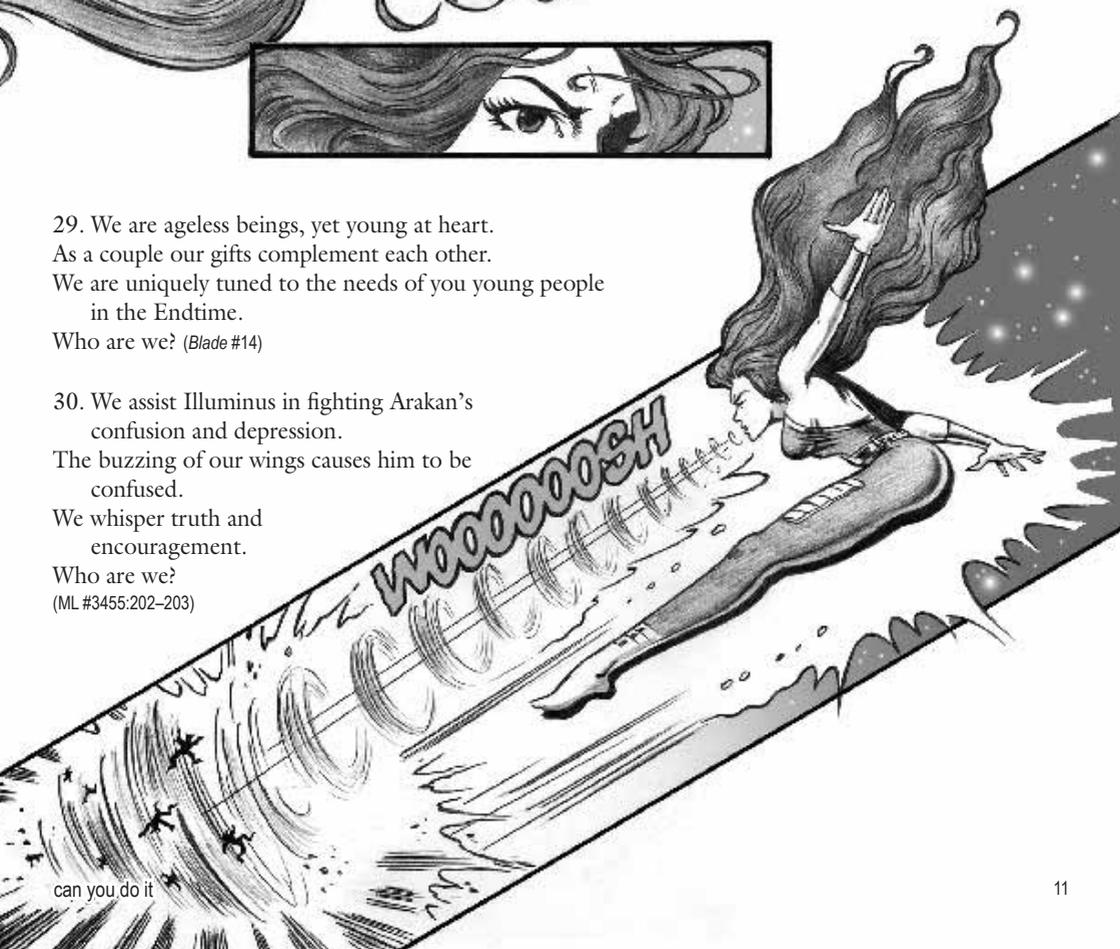
30. We assist Illuminus in fighting Arakan's  
confusion and depression.

The buzzing of our wings causes him to be  
confused.

We whisper truth and  
encouragement.

Who are we?

(*ML #3455:202-203*)



31. They transmogrify between two forms.  
They attack when you let your shield weaken through gossip,  
negativity, and rebellion.  
They have no power over those who claim the keys for forgiveness  
and the power to forgive.  
(Who are they? (ML #3362:105,121,149-155; ML #3403:4,15)

32. I'm a communications instructor in Heaven.  
Hearing from the Lord is a subject that's very close to my heart.  
I talk about being in tune always to hear what the Lord has to say.  
Who am I? (ML #3271:28,35,46)

33. His throne is hewn out of stone.  
He wears leather armbands with silver studs.  
His power melts like butter when cut with the power of the keys.  
(Who is he? (ML #3365:80-81,83-84)



34. I embody great power, but  
also great mercy.  
I'm made of crystal-clear  
materialized light and hold a  
flaming ball.  
I'm the Lord's counterpart  
of light to the darkness of  
Satan's depression.  
Who am I?

(ML #3464a:129-131,133,139)



35. We help you to fight,  
We help you to obey,  
Whenever Obstacon blocks your way.  
Who are we? (ML #3434:54)

36. I give attendance in the courts of the nine orders of angelic beings.  
I told you that there is always the counterpart of light versus darkness.  
Do not be afraid to seek the names of those who stand within the hierarchy  
of our angelic warrior order.  
Who am I? (ML #3443:45,49-50)

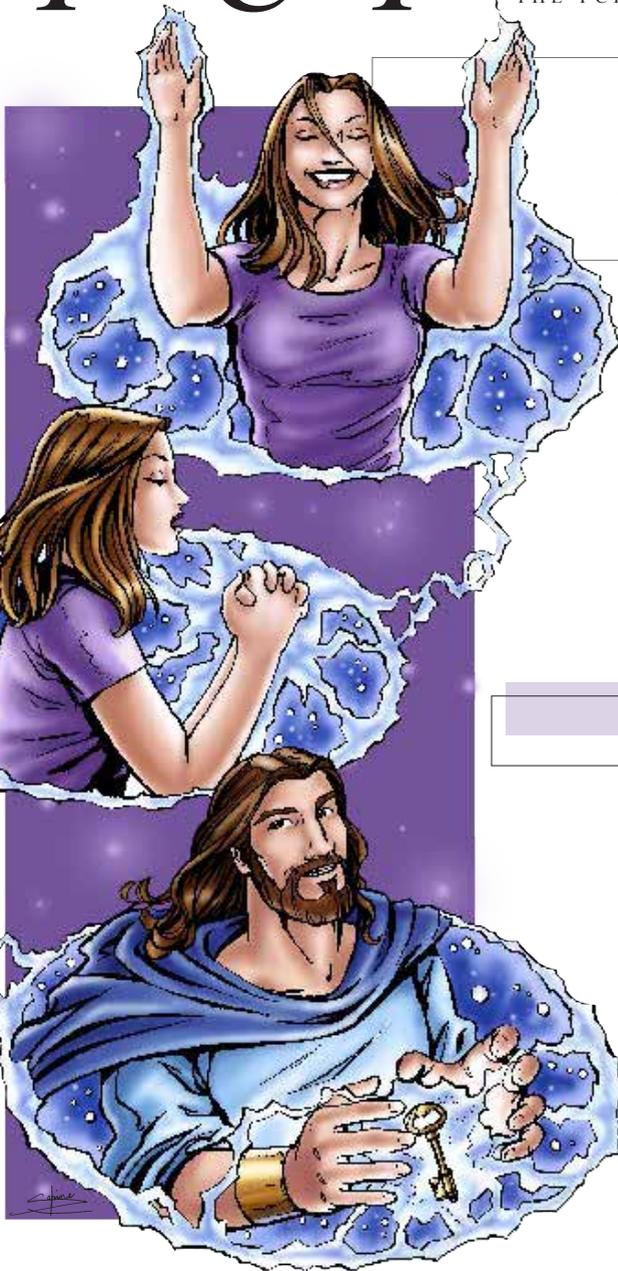
**Notable Quote:** (Mama:) Being reminded of the unmatched, unlimited, and undefeatable power we have in our Husband puts everything in perspective. Those who fight against us, even those who are powerful in the realm of darkness, are puny, lame, weak and helpless by comparison. (ML #3464a:127)

**Keys Promise:** You can command the power of Heaven by calling on the keys, and the warriors of My Kingdom will be unleashed to fight on your behalf, to help and heal and protect and deliver.



# THE PCP PLAN

{ THE PCP PLAN }



(Jesus:) The PCP Plan: praise, call, perform. First you praise, then you call, then I perform.

1) Praise Me. This declares your faith in Me and restrains all the emissaries of the netherworld.

2) Call on Me in prayer; call on the power of the keys.

3) Then I perform. I answer your call by doing what you ask. The keys perform; they deliver your request. (ML #3449:12)



**Notable Quote:** When you find yourself in the midst of hand-to-hand combat with the Devil, the first action you should take is to praise Me.—Jesus ("Praise Your Way to Victory!" ML #3449:12)

# WHEN LOVE STRIKES!

## Chapter 5: Unexpected

"Can I ask you something?" Gabriela asked as she stood with Kyra in the kitchen putting away the last of the dishes from the evening meal. The rest of the house was quiet, except for Javier who briefly puttered around the living room before heading to his room.

ART BY TIAGO



"Sure, Gabi? Do I have to brace myself?"

Gabriela laughed and shook her head. "It's nothing that unusual, especially for you all. It's along the lines of my recent 'crisis,' you could say, over this Law of Love doctrine."

"Oh, okay. How are you doing with it by the way?"

"I asked Jesus to help me understand, whatever it takes. And my prayer was answered. Just not the way I'd imagined it would've been."

"I see ...," said Kyra with a nonplussed expression, "I think. Your question?"

"I'm getting there! It took this birthday party and a little loosening up to come out and talk about this."

"Lord bless this time of talking," said Kyra.

"Yes, Jesus. As you know," Gabriela continued, "I've really appreciated all that you've shared with me regarding the Word and all. By the way, I also love those *Eve* magazines you've showed me a few times. But you know how Clay has been helping to show me your scriptural backing of this Law of Love doctrine."

"Right."

"And I am so grateful for that. It's helped clear up a lot of questions, especially having it spelled out with so much thoroughness from the Word."

"That's great," said Kyra. "Thank You, Lord."

"Well, it's gotten a little complicated in the process."

"Oh yeah?"

Gabriela drew a deep breath. "I can't explain these feelings I have for him."

"Who, Javier?"

"Clay."

Gabriela let her hands drop to her sides in mock helplessness, and the two women fell into fits of laughter.

"It's crazy, isn't it?"

"Not really," said Kyra. "But it is complicated!"

"Tell me," said Gabriela, "are all the guys in the family so ... er ... attractive? I mean, even Justin is quite ... er..."

The girls fell into laughter again.

"But to explain," said Kyra, "it's the *Spirit*. I've been seeing the truth of it again recently, that by taking proper time in the Word and with Jesus, that is what your spirit reflects—God's Spirit. Though I find I sometimes struggle to really give the Lord my priority time."

Kyra paused, mulling over what she and Justin had talked about, and the changes she'd been experiencing in her life since then.

"Interesting," Gabriela said, after a few moments.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Kyra, apologizing for suddenly becoming silent. "But what about Javier?" she added.

"Javier who? I'm sorry, that's cruel. No, I still love him. It's odd. But then this sudden thing for Clay has taken over as well. I mean, I really look forward to those classes. They're so heart filling.—Can you explain these feelings? You must think I just fall in love for kicks. I mean, I know your policies about these types of things, so I realize this isn't going anywhere,

so I guess the Lord has to have a higher reason for it."

"Gabi, what you're falling in love with is Jesus' Spirit, and He uses those feelings to show you how much He loves you.—He loves you more than a friend. Jesus wants to use those feelings to draw you to Him, and to love Him in a deeper and closer way, not necessarily to the person you feel those things for. Does that make sense?"

"I guess it does."

"In other words, Jesus has to be the foundation in your life and heart."

Gabriela lowered her eyes sheepishly. "Yes, that is the most important thing."

\* \* \*

"Does your brother get *all* the chicks like that?"

"Like what? What are you talking about?" Abner asked, rolling over in his bed.

"You know ... Gabriela."

"Gabriela?"

"Yeah, the way she looks at him. She's totally got the 'hots' for him! Are you like, following in his footsteps?"

"What do you mean?"

"With the chicks."

"I don't really want to talk about my brother and his business."

"Okay, then ... do *you* have a girlfriend?"

"Er ... not really."

"That chick in the photo on your nightstand isn't, is she?"

"Ivana? No, er ... just a friend." Abner felt a pang of shame hit his stomach and he wished he could have retracted that statement.

(Jesus:) You are an inhabitant of Shangri-La.

However, unlike the story, you are going out into the highways and byways to invite the worldlings to "come and see" the fruits of those who live for Me. Those you meet are falling in love with My fruits of the Spirit—the anointing I give you, the aura of My love and power.

They are drawn to Me in you. You are My vessel, My cup filled with the most glorious wine. If you draw them to yourself, the wine will not be replenished, and they will no longer see Me in you and will lose their respect for you, and you will lose your power over them. I have given you this power to conquer them and draw them to Me and My Kingdom. You are My ambassador, My anointed representative, and it is this anointing which attracts them to Me via you. ("Witnessing and Follow-Up Pitfalls!" ML #3245:101–102)



"I didn't think so," said Tim with a sneer. "She's not that cute."

"I ... I ... like her though," said Abner. "A lot."

"Have you ever *done* anything with her?" Tim asked.

"Not really. I mean, she kissed me at her last visit to our Home before I came here, but not much. What about you, do you have a girlfriend?"

Timothy smirked. "Tons of 'em. All cute, too."

"And *you* did something with them?"

"Of course!"

Abner turned his lamp on and leaned over the top bunk, wide-eyed. "Like what?"

Tim winked.

Just then the phone rang.

"I'll see if he's awake," Kyra was saying as she walked down the hallway toward the boys' room. Abner turned off the lamp.

Holding the cell phone, Kyra slowly opened the boys' room door.

"Abner?" she whispered into the darkness.

"Marisa's on the phone for you."

Abner sat up. "Hello?"

"Hi! Look, I hope it's okay to call this late. We've been having a great party for my friends, and I got this thing to call you. Were you sleeping?"

"No."

"Anyway, I need to come up to Puebla for a day. It's to do with a Cinco de Mayo historical research project for school. I asked Papa about it, and it's fine with him if I come and see you. If that's okay. Our driver will take me up there and drive us around. You could join me and we could make a day of it. What do you think?"

"Er ... fine by me. I just need to ... no, it'll be okay."

"Look, if it's not okay, please say so."

"No, it sounds like a fun idea. I just need to, you know, make sure. When will that be, exactly?"

"Monday. It's a national holiday," Marisa's voice softened. "You know, I've been thinking quite a bit about you and that leaflet you gave me. Do you have any more writings like that?"

"Yeah. Er ... tons."

"Look, gotta go. See ya! *Buenas noches!* Mwah!"

"B ... *buenas noches.*"

"Who was that?" asked Tim.

"Marisa. A girl I met on the plane when I came here. I've seen her a couple of times in Mexico City, and we've written each other a few times, you know, witnessing stuff."

"Cute?"

"Sort of."

\* \* \*

"Can we finish the story tonight, Jav?" Jessica inquired from the top bunk.

"We only have a short time, so I don't know if we can."

"Tomorrow's a sleep in," said Carol who was cuddling a well-worn teddy bear on the bottom bunk.

"Yes, but it's already late," said Javier. "You need your beauty sleep, and I need to get ready for a show."

"Baba doom, baba doom!" said Jessica with a giggle.

"And what's that?"

"That's you, Jav!" Carol said with a titter. "Baba doom, baba doom!"

Stifling giggles, Jessica sat up and pointed her finger at Javier. "When you beat on those drums ... what are they called?"

"Congas or bongos. The big ones are the congas."

"Those," said Carol. By now the giggling had approached uncontrollable levels. "Baba doom, baba doom!"

"Are you going to play the baba dooms?" asked Jessica.

"Absolutely."

"How?"

"Wait," said Javier and left the bedroom. He returned a few minutes later with his congas and began to beat out a rhythm. Jessica climbed down from

the bunk and, true to her Latin blood, began swaying. Carol sat up and clapped her hands.

"*Aleluya! Aleluya! Aleluya, te amamos, Jesús!*" she sang.

Jessica joined in, and the two girls harmonized the choruses, leaving Javier to sing the verses. Once the song was over, Jessica breathlessly demanded another one.

"Sorry," said Javier.

"Gotta go."

"No, Uncle Jav! Another song!"

"Let him go, kids," said Amy from behind the divider, where she was sitting at her desk. "He can give you a performance some other time."

Javier prayed with the hyped-up, giggling girls, kissed their foreheads good-night and turned off the lamp.

"Boy," he said cheerily, sticking his head around the divider. "They sing good!"

"Thanks," whispered Amy. "You don't know how much this means to them. But I don't want you to..."

"Oh, it's fun," said Javier, and was about to exit when he noticed Amy's strained look of concern. He sat on the bed. Amy took off her glasses and swiveled her chair to face him.

"You need to go," she said softly, "and I don't want to take your—"

"It's okay, I have a few minutes before we leave," said Javier.

"I just don't want you to feel—"



"Don't say it," said Javier. "Obligated."

"Something like that. Look, I know we don't have a big flaming—"

"I know," Javier whispered. "Love affair."

Amy let out a weary chuckle. "Jav, how can I get my little point across if you keep finishing my sentences?"

"Sorry."

"Actually, it's not such a little point, and maybe I shouldn't lay this on you just as you're heading out the door, but you'll all be sleeping late tomorrow morning, and if I don't tell you this now, I don't know when I'll have the guts. Anyway, when I prayed about whether I should tell you, the Lord said yes. I was going to write you a note, but that's not very personal. And when I prayed about *that*, the Lord even told me to tell you in person."

Amy sighed and said a short prayer for blessing upon her words before continuing in a whisper. "I want to stress, Jav, that you are absolutely under *no* obligation to me. I hope and pray that you fully understand that."

Javier looked quizzical and shrugged his shoulders. "I totally understand, Amy. There's no problem. I've told you before—I love the kids, I like being with you, we have fun together and that's it. Don't worry."

"Okay, well I probably should've told you before, but I'm ... er—"

"In love with me?"

Amy chuckled. "This time I didn't mind you finishing my sentence."

## Chapter 6: Ashamed

It was Monday morning. The members of Luna were finishing up their prayer time in the dining room in preparation for the day, and Amy was going over the week's projected schoolwork with Abner and Tim in the living room when the doorbell rang.

"*Buenos días!* I'm Marisa. Is Abner home?"

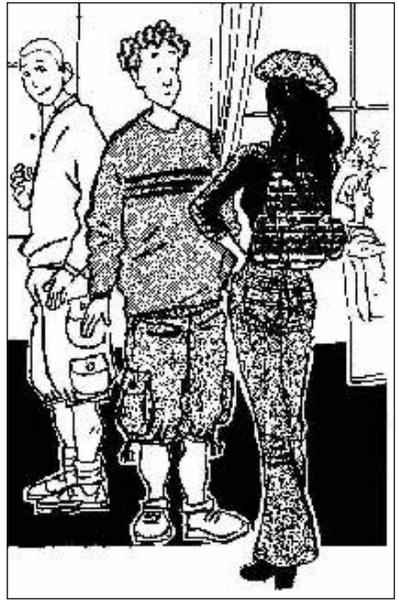
"Yes, he's just in here. Please come in. My name is Amy, nice to meet you."

Marisa shook her hand. "I suppose you know about my arrangement with Abner for today. I hope it's all okay."

"It's great," said Amy as they entered the living room. "We were expecting you, we just didn't know exactly what time you would show up."

"It's early, I know! Although it's a holiday, Papa wanted me to start my research at the same time school would have started today. Hello, Abner."

story feature



Abner stammered a reply and blushed.

"And this is Timothy, my son," said Amy.

Speechless, Tim stared open-mouthed at their visitor, who, with a small backpack over her shoulders and a black felt beret perched on her head, formed a shapely and strikingly elegant figure in a tight, black silk blouse, bellbottoms and high heel boots. A disarming smile and a "*hola, Tim*" reduced the spellbound youth to crimson jelly, and Abner couldn't suppress a chuckle of triumph.

"Would you like something to eat?" Amy asked.

"*No, gracias,*" said Marisa, and flashed another adoring smile at Abner. "I've been stuffing my face with *camotes!* But I would like to use the bathroom, if I may. My ... er ... driver kept his foot on the pedal the whole

way here from Mexico City—Papa’s orders! We only stopped once to fill up the tank!”

“Come,” said Amy. “I’ll show you.”

Still open-mouthed, Tim turned to Abner.

“Sort of ‘cute?’” he whispered, shaking his head. “She’s a *knock out*.”

Abner shrugged and grinned.

“And you’re spending the whole day with her?”

Tim continued.

“Yeah. No big deal.”

“We’ll have to see about that,” interjected Amy.

“The Lord said you’d need to be home this afternoon.”

“And you’re being chauffeur-driven?” Tim asked, looking out of the window.

“Seems like it,” said Abner.

Marisa returned from the bathroom and timidly asked Abner if he had any other publications like the one he had given her on the plane. Abner, with a display of confidence that was as much for Timothy’s benefit as it was for Marisa, informed her that he had stocked his backpack with sufficient reading material for the day. A few minutes later, with “see ya laters” and a prayer for their outing, Abner and Marisa were trotting out of the front door, leaving Tim—still stunned—staring forlornly at his schoolbooks.

“We could’ve invited your friend,” said Marisa as they climbed into the waiting Mercedes. “But, you know”—she smiled flirtatiously—“two’s company, three’s a crowd.”

\* \* \*

“So the gig is still on in the plaza this evening, as far as we know,” said Clay, after their morning prayer and prophecy meeting had ended. “We should pray for that.”

“I’m praying about a list of appropriate songs,” said Mer. “It’s the Cinco de Mayo thingy, so everyone’s going to be in a mega party mood.”

“It’s early enough that we can take Amy and the kids,” Javier added.

“And we can’t forget to pray for Abner,” said Kyra. “He’s spending most of the day with Victor Galeriu’s daughter, Marisa. I’m a bit concerned. But I did ask him for a full report once he got back.”

Kyra continued. “The Lord did say it was going to be a good experience for him. And He okayed it, especially seeing that they’re being chauffeur-driven.”

“Actually, if it’s any consolation, the driver looks more like a bodyguard!” Javier remarked.

“Anyway, whatever reservations we may have,” said Clay, “besides the Lord giving the green light for it, this opportunity has made an incredible difference in Abner. It meant a lot to him that he was being trusted with this, and he doesn’t want to betray that trust. He spent his whole WNR yesterday bonding up on witnessing GNs!”

“I noticed that,” said Kyra. “It convicted me to want to get more stocked up on the Word myself! And I must admit I was impressed to see him getting those *Activated* mags together. He even asked me what else would be good to give her. He was so concerned.”

“And he made sure he was spiffed up this morning,” said Mer. “You should have seen him make the effort to look nice, and he smelled like he had taken a bath in cologne!”

“I don’t blame him,” said Justin. “At his age, with a *chiquita* like that, I would’ve been *totally*...”

Moving the discussion along, Kyra said a fervent prayer for Abner, and then carefully brought up and outlined the discussion she had had with Gabriela on Friday night.

“It seems like a vic, really,” said Clay.

“Why?” Mer asked with a worried frown. “It just makes things more complicated.”

“It’s diffused that whole trial she had about the Law of Love.”

“I don’t think it’s what you need,” Mer blurted out with a flushing face.

"But it could be what Gabriela needs," said Kyra gently. "It's helping her to make the Lord her first love. I just feel bad for you, Javier. I hope it's okay."

Javier smiled. "To be honest, I have other things on my mind right now. I'm just glad that it's worked out! And it's all a good lesson—a few actually—at least for me. We should have introduced both her and Rafael to our meatier doctrines sooner."

"We had gotten them in touch with the Home in Mexico City," said Mer. "Didn't they explain it to them?"

Kyra shook her head. "They considered them our sheep, so they'd been treading softly with them."

"It looks as though this is turning into a witnessing meeting," said Clay and suggested that they adjourn and save any further discussion until after they had had time to pray about those issues.

After the team had closed in prayer, Mer waited until the others had gone about their various morning duties, then hovered by the kitchen door as Clay washed the breakfast dishes.

"That was news to me," she said.

"About what?"

"About you and Gabriela."

"Me and Gabriela? You're talking as if we have something going. It was news to me this morning,

too. I just pray that my knowing this is not going to make it awkward when giving her classes. Anyway, I had no idea about her feelings."

"Like no one has any idea about *ours*. Including her."

"What do you mean?"

"No one knows about our feelings for each other," Mer said sulkily, sweeping the hair back from her face. "And it's not like I'm underage any more..."

"I don't know that we need to address this with Gabriela right now. Besides, it's not exactly correct that no one has any idea of our ... er, ... you know. People are picking up on it, they're just not saying."

Mer put her head in her hands. "Oh gosh, Clay. It's giving me a *humongous* trial. The whole table must've wondered what I was so bent out of shape about."

Clay put his arms around her and drew her to him. He lifted her chin and looked into her pain-filled eyes.

"Mer, I ... I just pray that..."

Mer rolled her tongue across her chipped tooth and drew her breath. Suddenly his lips were on hers and the kitchen door opened. It was Amy, who apologetically informed the discomfited pair that it was time for Mer to take the children for get-out and reminded Clay that he had offered to be her driver for the shopping trip.

"Well, that's one person whose possible suspicions have been confirmed," said Clay.

\* \* \*



"So how was your last Home?" Clay asked Amy as they drove towards the already bustling center of Puebla to pick up groceries.

"The one in Perote?"

"Yes."

"It was a sweet, fun Home," said Amy. "But I just needed a change."

"Somewhere a little more *vision increasing*, I suppose," said Clay.

Amy shot him a questioning glance. "I guess. All I know is that the Lord said it would be good for me and the kids, and strangely enough, even for you all."

"Really?" asked Clay with a chuckle. "So, do you miss that Home?"

"Actually—and this is not to sound like I'm not happy here—I do."

Clay's face fell. "Oh?"

"The thing is," Amy continued diplomatically, "a lot of times you guys are all out at your shows and things, and you sleep late, which is understandable, so most of the time it's me and the kids."

"What sort of outreach was your Home involved in?" Clay asked.

"We did a lot of CTP work until the Lord got us moving with the Activated and follow-up vision."

"Great. How did that go?"

"It was difficult at first, because it's a fairly small city."

"Must be, I've lived in Mexico for four years and never heard of it!" Clay said with a laugh.

"Yes, but with prayer and desperation, we managed to get quite a little flock going. Nothing very flashy, just a few sweet sheep who are still going strong last I heard."

"Cool. How did the RTR vision grab you all?"

"The what?"

"The reach the rich vision."

"Oh, that's an area where we could have used a little work," said Amy. "Although we did win the owner of the biggest restaurant in the town, and he would feed us whenever we needed."

"That's great," said Clay. "Every little bit helps."

"But, I must say I'm impressed with the success you all have had with reaching the rich," Amy added. "Our Home could have learned a little something from you guys."

Clay smiled smugly. "Right. But it takes work. I've found it's a whole different ball game than the usual ministries. The potential is tremendous and we haven't even *begun* to tap it. Lord help us."

"Amen," said Amy. "But the Lord blesses our baby steps to try. The Home in Jalapa just recently led the mayor to the Lord."

"Great! It's important to get them not only saved, but activated and contributing to the work. You can't afford to be intimidated.

The more you get into RTR, the more you see how they are just like anybody else.

Their hearts are just as empty. As Dad said, 'The heart of man is the same the world over.'"

"You're so right."

"You heard about Justin's dad giving that donation, right?"

Amy shook her head in amazement. "Yes. That's just *incredible*. What do you plan to do with all that money?"

"We're asking the Folks about it," said Clay officiously as they pulled into the supermarket car park.

\* \* \*

With a distant expression on her face, Mer sat on the grass as Jessica and Carol gleefully kicked about in the sand pit. Mer half-heartedly acknowledged their occasional requests to watch them perform a balancing trick or some other feat. Mer was sick of herself. She ruminated over the events that took place here at the same place and time one week ago.

She had snapped at Amy for stepping in and protecting Jessica when she had tried to correct the girl for screaming unnecessarily. Mer was now realizing her manner of correction had

been too forceful, which had left Jessica devastated in a puddle of tears. The worst thing, however, was that in front of the two children, she then accused Amy to her face of being a delinquent parent.

Mer had been out of it.

"I'm going to request to be taken off of get-out with them," she had threatened. "This way of handling them is totally contrary to the 'Are You a Delinquent Parent?' GN."

The emotional scene that had erupted in the garden resulted in a teary-eyed Amy taking Carol inside and leaving a red-faced Mer to reconcile with a sulking Jessica.

But this was not the only instance when Mer had clashed with Amy on the discipline issue. It had come up at a number of mealtimes when the children, including Timothy, had whined over the food and refused to eat, to which Amy's response had been to scrape their plates back into the serving pots and cook them something else. Mer, who assumed that the teamwork was well aware of the problem, had been reluctant to bring anything up to them, knowing that her disunity with Amy would surface. At the same time Amy—although she knew her children desperately needed help—had no desire to ask for counsel, feeling that the rest of the team was too inexperienced to understand the complexity of child rearing, and preferred to let it pass in the hopes that the problem would rectify itself in time.

Mer had reread the "Are You a Delinquent Parent?" GN not long after Amy had arrived, and had illuminated certain portions with decisive yellow high-lights and underscored keen phrases with a red fine-point marker—all in application to Amy's "deplorable situation."

But the problem for Mer right now wasn't Amy. It was Mer. She was gung ho about the Word and was adept at seeing how it applied to others. But now the light that she had so self-righteously held aloft was burning uncomfortably within her as it exposed the hitherto unseen areas of her own heart. With tear-filled eyes, she made a mental list of her sins: anger, criticalness, sowing discord, self-righteousness, and now jealousy.

"Oh Jesus, what can I do?" she sobbed quietly. "Two more and I'm Mary Magdalene."

"What's wrong, *mi amor*? You look so sad!"

Mer looked up to see Jessica run to Javier who scooped her into his arms and hugged her. Carol stood in the sand pit, eyeing Mer apprehensively.

"Show Jav that neat handstand," said Mer bravely.

Carol's countenance warmed into a smile and she performed her little feat that drew appreciated applause from Javier.

*It takes so little to make someone happy,* Mer thought, ashamed of herself.

*To be continued*

(Dad:) These are the pillars of shepherding: keeping the standard of the Word of God, and showing love. Both of these must be there for the proper balance, to uphold the Family, to uphold your Home, for one without the other is not enough. If the pillar of love is not standing, and only the pillar of the standard of the Word is, then people become self-righteous and critical and follow the letter of the law. But if only the pillar of love is standing, then the conviction to follow the Word is weakened and no one wants to stand strong, for they fear that they will be seen to be unloving.

Without the pillar of the standard of the Word of God, the love will have no backbone. The love will ooze out, but it will be weak and will not be able to uphold the Home, for there is no standard and it is not standing in conjunction with the Word. The pillar of the Word alone becomes too strong and hard, but the pillar of love alone becomes too weak, too soft. But together, they are a perfect balance. ("The Two Pillars of Shepherding!" ML #3067:42–43)

# A v i t a SKILL { A VITAL SKILL }

Dear Lord, hearing of the shakeup in Brazil is sobering. Please show me something I can gain from this for my own spiritual life.



(Jesus:) One of the most important things you can gain from the situation in Brazil is the vital skill of learning how to apply My Word—getting into the habit of taking even those things in My Word that are very specific to someone else or another situation, and asking Me to tailor the lessons to you.

The art of learning how to glean jewels from My Word and pulling portions and asking Me, “How does this apply to me? How am I doing in this area of my life?” is an important part of growing and progressing in spirit.



Forward movement doesn't happen automatically; you have to work for it, fight for it, seek for My answers, and apply the Word very specifically and personally for it to have the full effect of change in your life that I desire it to.

MAKE  
THE

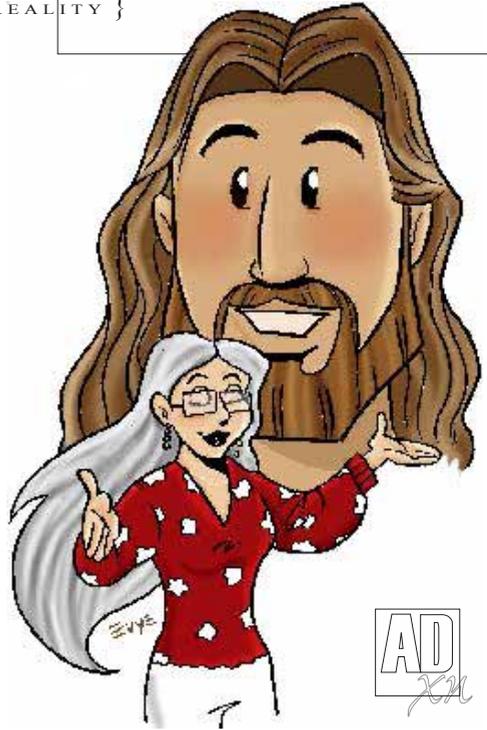
# Word Revolution

A REALITY

{ MAKE THE WORD REVOLUTION A REALITY }

(Mama prays:) Help us to be willing to fight and make whatever sacrifices are necessary in order to make this Word revolution a reality in our lives and Homes. We claim the keys of lasting change, of faith and determination and obedience. Help us not to lose the closeness to You that we have gained. Help us to take Your Spirit with us, and return daily for that cleansing, feeding and strengthening that is so vital for our spirits, especially when our spirits are worn down by the spiritual battle that surrounds us these days.

("Feast 2003," ML #3435:50)

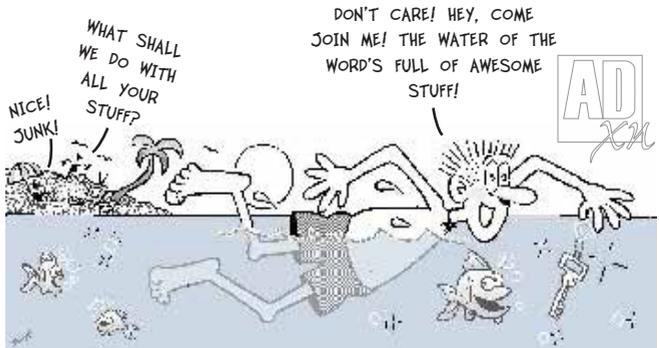


{ A GREAT AND SWEEPING CALL }

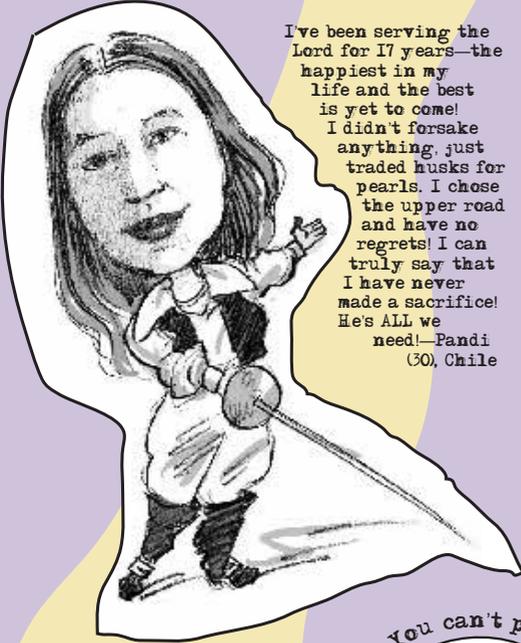
## A great and sweeping call

(Jesus:) Without consecrating yourself anew in this way to My Word, you will not be able to access the full power of the keys. This is the essence of My message to you. You must give yourself to My Word in this way in order to access the full power of the keys! You must live these messages, you must love these messages and all that they are saying with all of your heart, soul, and mind, which means putting into practice instantly what it means to love Me and My Word above all, even when it looks like all else that this world holds dear to you is slipping away from you. This is what these Feast messages mean for all My children. It is a great and sweeping call to leave all behind except Me and the surety of My Word. ("Feast 2003," ML #3434:61)

xn ads



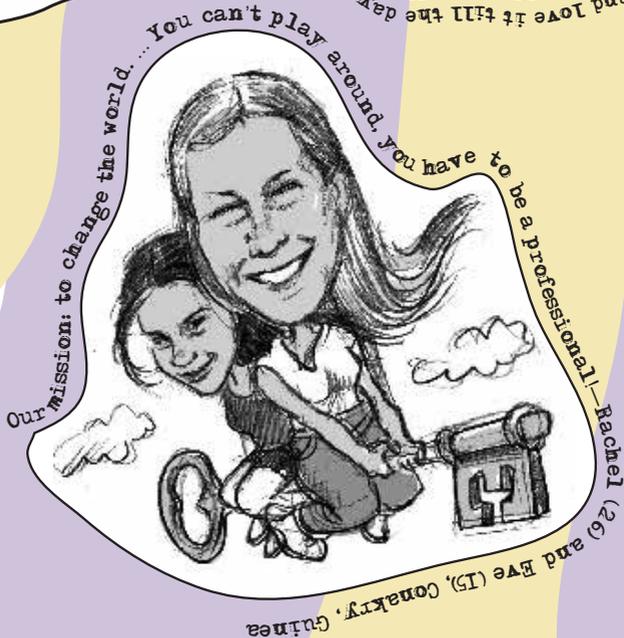
# CARICATURE OF A PROFESSIONAL



I've been serving the Lord for 17 years—the happiest in my life and the best is yet to come! I didn't forsake anything, just traded husks for pearls. I chose the upper road and have no regrets! I can truly say that I have never made a sacrifice! He's ALL we need!—Pandi (30), Chile



Let's live this life of service for wealth or fame: never! This is the life He has honored me with and I will live and love it till the day that I die.—Kari (20), Japan



Our mission: to change the world... You can't play around, you have to be a professional.—Rachel (26) and Eve (15), Conakry, Guinea

**Xn:** Also check out "The Professional Christian—A Poem," by Cephas Knoke (18), Japan. You can find it on the MO site, under Overflow, in the "pubs overflow" box.



# WHY live by FAITH?



Dad:

THE LORD IS ASKING THE FAMILY TO GIVE UP THINGS THAT SEEM GOOD AND TO CHOOSE HIS BEST INSTEAD. HE'S ASKING THE FAMILY TO LIVE BY FAITH. WHY? WELL, I'LL LIST JUST A FEW OF THE MAIN REASONS HERE:



1. LIVING BY FAITH STRENGTHENS YOUR SPIRITUAL MUSCLES—MUSCLES THAT NEED TO BE IN SHAPE IF YOU'RE GOING TO RUN THE ENDTIME RACE WELL. AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, IT'S A RACE IN WHICH SOME ARE GOING TO WIN MORE THAN OTHERS DEPENDING ON THE CHOICES THEY MAKE. YOU CHOOSE WHICH KIND OF RUNNER YOU'LL BE, AND YOU CHOOSE BY THE CHOICES YOU'RE MAKING TODAY.

2. WHEN YOU LIVE BY FAITH IT'S MUCH HARDER TO GET COMPLACENT, LAZY, AND SELF-SATISFIED BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO STAY STIRRED UP AND DESPERATE WITH THE LORD FOR EVERYTHING.

3. LIVING BY FAITH GETS YOU USED TO HIM LEADING, GUIDING AND SHOWING YOU THE WAY. WHEN YOU LIVE BY FAITH AND YOU HAVE TO TRUST THE LORD FOR EVERYTHING, YOU'RE MORE AWARE OF HIS PRESENCE IN YOUR LIFE; IT'S LIKE HE'S IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT INSTEAD OF YOU. AND AFTER A WHILE IT BECOMES VERY APPARENT THAT HIS WAY ACTUALLY IS BEST, HIS WAY ALWAYS WORKS OUT, AND THIS STRENGTHENS YOUR FAITH IN HIM BECAUSE YOU REASON THAT IF HIS WAY ALWAYS WORKS OUT NOW, THEN CHANCES ARE IT WILL WORK THE SAME IN FUTURE SITUATIONS.

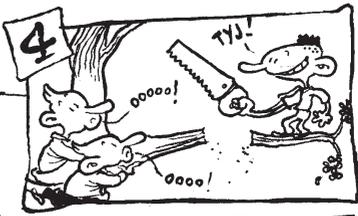
4. JESUS WANTS YOU TO LIVE BY FAITH SO YOU CAN BE A WITNESS AND SAMPLE TO THE WORLD THAT IT CAN BE DONE, THAT GOD DOES TAKE CARE OF HIS OWN, THAT HE DOES SUPPLY FOR THOSE WHO "SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS," AND THAT HE CAN DO THE SAME FOR OTHERS IF THEY HAVE FAITH.

5. LIVING BY FAITH AND THE FAMILY LIFESTYLE IS SO CONDUCTIVE TO FULFILLING OUR GREAT COMMISSION TO "GO INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE" (MARK 16:15).

DO WHAT GOD HAS TOLD YOU TO DO TODAY, OBEY BY FAITH LIKE NOAH AND GET BUSY BUILDING WHAT THE LORD HAS TOLD YOU TO. YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU TRUSTED HIM TOMORROW—I

GUARANTEE THAT! WILL YOU?—OR WILL YOU BE LEFT TO LAMENT, "IF I ONLY HAD!"?

LORD HELP YOU CHOOSE, LIKE THE WISE VIRGINS, THE REALLY VALUABLE TREASURES WHICH CAN NEVER BE TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU, THAT WILL KEEP, PROTECT AND BE YOUR SALVATION IN THE DARK DAYS TO COME. I LOVE YOU!



David Komic



