

010 AUGUST 1997

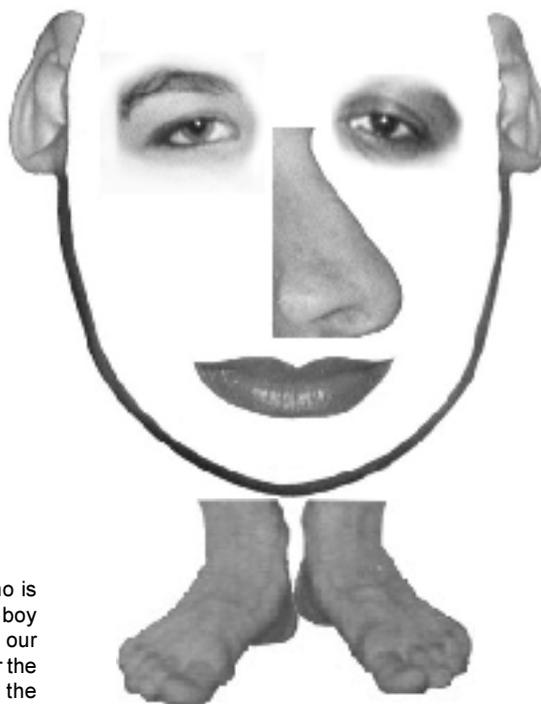
FREE
Nine

one body

Many members... but



Stephanie visiting a prison for boys ages 14-18, during mealtime. One boy brings a pot of cabbage to the door, and each boy gets a scoop. Conditions are very difficult, and the visits of the Family are encouraging and inspiring the inmates. One boy said, "You've changed my life. I believe now!"

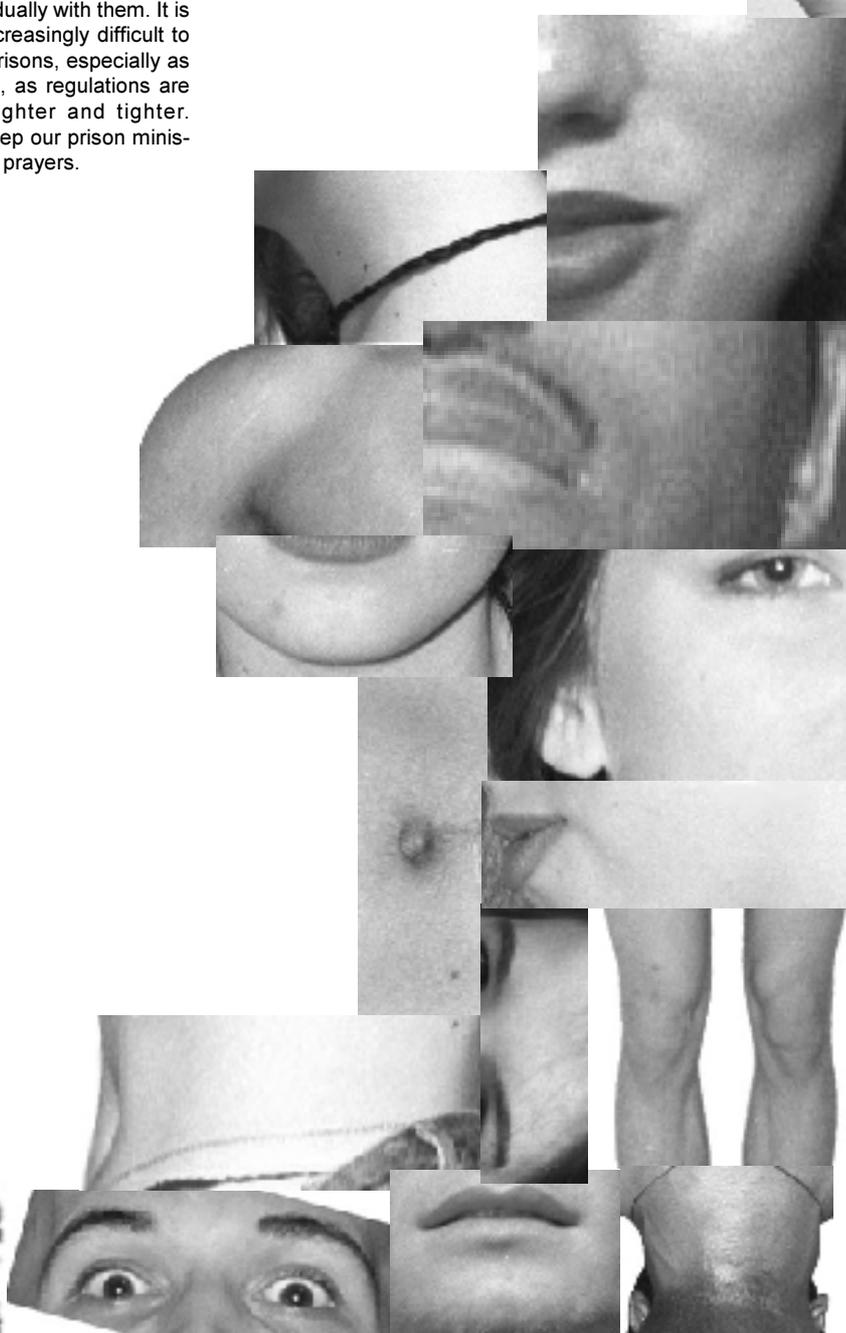


Jan praying with a boy who is in a quarantine cell. The boy was unable to make it to our program and concert. After the program we usually visit the boys to distribute more lit and talk individually with them. It is getting increasingly difficult to visit the prisons, especially as foreigners, as regulations are getting tighter and tighter. Please keep our prison ministry in your prayers.

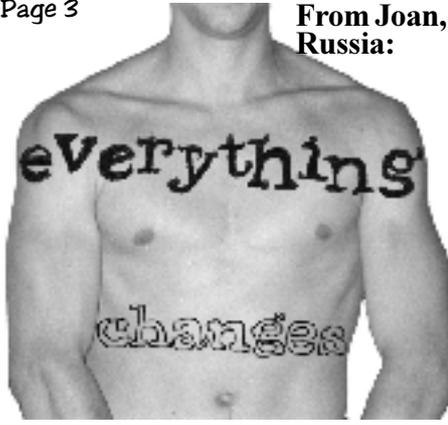
Photos sent by Nat in St. Petersburg, Russia.

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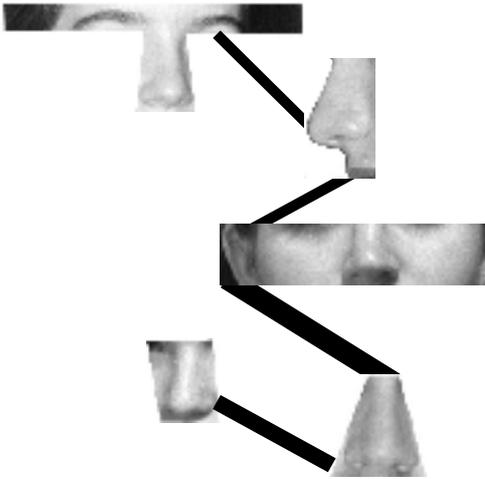
From Joan, Russia:



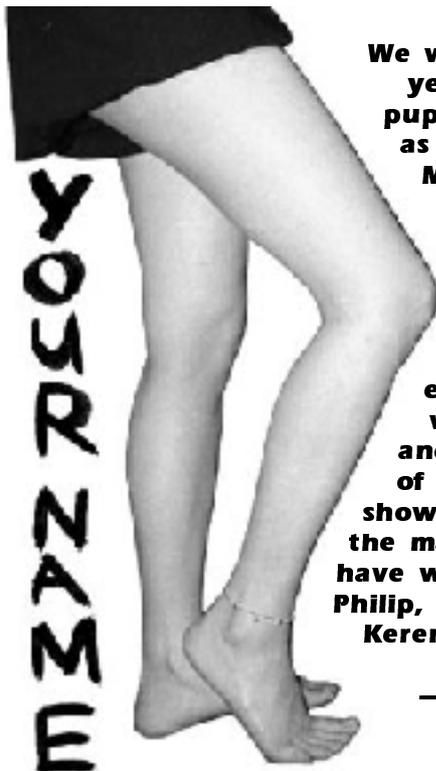
It's amazing to think that the Lord has gone to such lengths to show us how great His love is! The Letter "My Heart Belongs to You" touched me so deeply — it almost made me cry. Why?

I was 12 the first time I felt that void in my heart. I went to different churches, trying to find that "something" to fill it. But in seeing their sample, I soon became discouraged. I tried all the religions I could think of, but that special place was still empty. The longer I searched, the greater was the pain of that emptiness.

One day I met a Family girl on the street. When I prayed with her, I felt that at last I had found an alive Jesus! I had found that "something" I'd been searching for! It was almost like something clicked inside me. I knew where I belonged! And to know that that place was empty in my heart because He loved me so much — that's made it worth it all! All the trials, persecution or whatever will come my way! "Just seeing the light of your smile gave me strength"

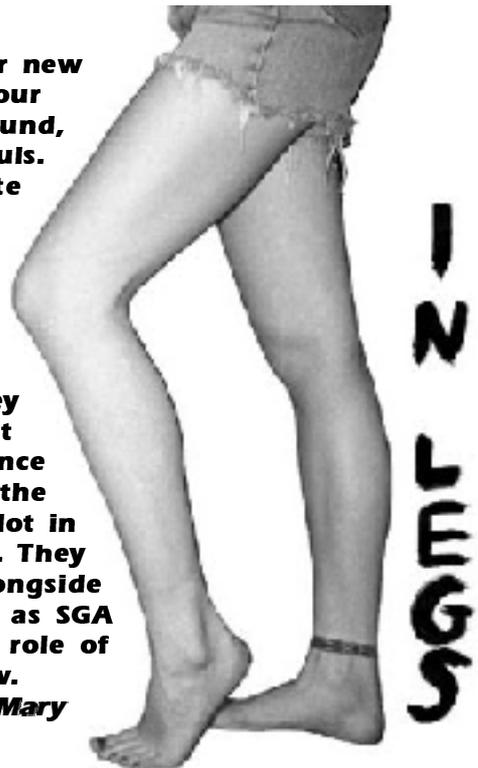


Francesco (18) P.I. Anna (13) and Promise (15)

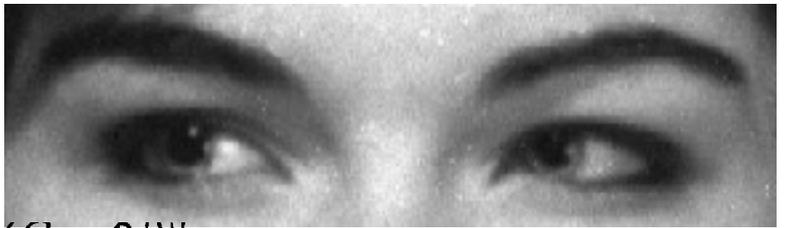


We were able to fulfill our new year's goal of getting our puppet show off the ground, as an avenue to win souls. Martin (13) and Celeste (11) took up the challenge, and saw this puppet show all the way through. They worked very hard on every aspect of it: They wrote their own script and did a live performance of one of the stories in the show. They also helped a lot in the making of the puppets. They have worked beautifully alongside Philip, their teacher, as well as SGA Kerenina. Martin took the role of director of the show.

— From Andrew, Lily, Mary and Franz, Kenya



Cries ^{IN} the wilderness



After a massively fruitful ministry of clowning in Toronto, Canada, dear Michael and Claire and Co. decided to return to that "Down Under" place (now commonly known as Australia), bringing with them that much-unused form of fundraising (in Australia anyway) — CLOWNING!!!

Several months later, the adults were feeling burnt out after going the nth degree in order to provide us teens with the fellowship that is so necessary for some. And then — lifesaver! We received a message confirming the upcoming teen meet-

ing of raising our fare to the teen meeting. We discovered that there was an upcoming festival celebrating the Chinese New Year which lasted several days — TTL for His brilliant timing! We went clowning there for a few days, which turned out to be massively fruitful, the Chinese people being as sweet as they are. Mission accomplished, operation successful. PHN!

Next target: an unsuspecting open market where many families and buskers go. — A likely place for some receptive soul to come along and buy a balloon. We ended up going there every weekend, which again was extremely productive.

Alas, the Lord's work is not without its troubles (nor rewards, for that matter) as we soon found out, when, after handing posters and tracts to every person we met, we were approached by a security guard who informed us that it was "illegal to pass out leaflets of any kind in the market." We were somewhat discouraged, but hey what — Who says you can't witness without posters, tracts and ket is a particularly good place for meeting people and personal witnessing. TTL!

THE MOOMBA FESTIVAL: One of the largest festivals in Victoria, lasting ten days, during which approximately 500,000 people come to see the sights and hear the sounds. There was, however, some doubt as to the possibility of our getting into the Moomba, as in order to do this we had to pay a high price to obtain passes — which, we must say, we were not prepared to do.

We got together one night in desperation mode to seek the Lord and His will in the matter. The Lord spoke — not through one awesome prophecy, but several awesome prophecies, in which He not only granted our wish to be there, but told us that He wanted us to be there. Of course, technically we shouldn't have been able to get in, but we would have had

to be majorly FLAT Flatlanders to see it that way.

The day the festival opened we marched in, "claiming the land" — despite the fact that we were minus passes and authorized permission.

There was one very important thing that we were definitely not minus, which was the Lord, and of course that made up for all the missing things. Clowning for 26 hours a day, every day, can be a draining experience. In the middle of a festival, one would be quite vulnerable to attacks of the Enemy. Therefore, the Lord told us through prophecy that in order to pos-

BELLWETHER
Notes

What is WORLDLINESS?

It's...

WITHDRAWALS

if you don't get your SATURDAY NIGHT MOVIE!

The SCREEN is BLACK - my BLUES are Black!



Cuddles the clown — Alias Kristina (14, of Jonathan and Faith), Australia



sess His Spirit and anointing, it was vital that we stay drowned in the Word and hear from Him daily, which we did thanks to the continued faithfulness and pushing of the adults here. At times it seemed a trial to have to delay our departure to have Word or a prayer meeting, but we realized that it was extremely important.

On one occasion, we were stopped by a security guard who evidently thought we shouldn't be there and told us so after demanding to see our passes. We walked to the other side of the grounds and continued our work peacefully. The funny thing was, there were security guards and police/police vehicles and the like posted everywhere but we were not bothered by them again. Another miracle was the fact that we made friends with one of the authorities there who realized that we shouldn't have been there, but turned a blind eye to it and was quite friendly, even "shouting" (slang for "buying") us drinks etc.

We received our share of persecution, but not from the expected source! We had naturally thought that when

the Lord said that there was going to be persecution, it would be coming from the authorities — little did we know! Our offenders happened to be a number of the many inebriates who hang out at the Moomba. As many of you may well know, Australians love their beer, and as it happens, the Moomba is a favorite time and place to get drunk. Naturally, we all meet our share of rude people, but some more than others. It seems that many people delighted in bothering us. But, hey!

What are clowns for? Seriously, the Moomba is quite a dangerous area, and it is quite a likely place for would-be thieves. Once we had a pump stolen and on several occasions we had wigs pulled off our heads (only two wigs actually got stolen). TTL for protecting us from anything more drastic!

We met a lot of people and made a lot of friends, which was quite a witness — on the last day of the festival people we had met offered free games, rides, etc., which was like an extra blessing from the Lord for our efforts to please Him. As a matter of fact, we were definitely blessed 100 times over as far as having fun goes. It was quite a special time for all of us, a learning and growing experience in all aspects, along with being heaps of fun. We also learned major lessons in the area of "in unity is strength." Actually, speaking for all of us, we can say that it was an experience that we

ZINE



sent in by Peter Fisherman (15), Brazil

funnies

wouldn't have missed. It was COOL! — Or, as we say in Australia: **GROUSE!!**

Be special, stay original and keep the faith! — LY!

From Kristina, Sharyn and U. Michael, Australia
 PS: We might add that our team consisted of five people, three boys and two girls (four teens and one JETT), + the dear adult that drove us to and from the festivals, and on weekends two teen girls, Amber and Serina from another Home who joined in.

To College We Go

From Tara Streams (18) and the Harvest Moon Show Troupe, India

It had started off as just a thought, a nice idea, but further along it became evident what the Lord had in mind: to reach the cream of today's youth — the college students.

"But Lord, do you know what that entails? First, to

give superintendents the vision that this is what their students need, and then to inspire a company or five, in business-like terms, to help us and that they're giving to a good cause and that they'll get coverage out of it also. And Lord, who do we have to work with? You know how teens are and how much time and effort it's going to take for us to learn to work together as a good sample and witness to our peers who are lost, searching and looking for someone to turn to, someone who will lead them? You, Lord. Are we ready? And even if these factors were in place, what about the sound? How will we get the costly equipment to project the message to 1,000 people or so, some of whom aren't fluent in English? And Lord, just think if you do come up with all of this, how will we transport our team and our mountain of wires and boxes to plug the wires into? What are we going to do? Rent two *tempos* (a rickety mini van) or 12 auto-rickshaws? Or what? Jesus, think of our poor Home! — They'll suffer, be short-staffed, and what about their outreach?"

Well, where God guides He also provides,



and the way He provided for us was quite amazing! Firstly, the other Homes sweetly agreed to "lend" their teens for two days a week to have dance practice, and one full month for the shows. A team went out every day, getting

bookings and sponsorships. This meant that most days there was only one regular outreach team out and some days none, but the Lord continued to supply nonetheless. And if by any chance the Lord told you to do something sort of like this but you were worried that it would take away from your outreach and therefore your finances would go down and you would go broke, in debt and eventually bankrupt, hold on! The Lord says, "If I fail to care for Mine Own I am worse than an infidel!" And has He ever failed in any of His promises? No, and neither did He when things looked almost impossible for us. One company said, "Yes, we would like two full sets of videos!" So the next day we promptly dropped off 30 videos and picked up a hefty donation. TYJ!

One good example of how man proposes but God disposes is what happened when looking for sponsors. We went out with hopes of finding a big company whose advertising was already geared to the youth, approach them with the possibility of sponsoring our programs, and in return we'd do some advertising for them, like hang up a

banner or two and mention their name in our show as our sponsors. And so we found Pepsi! It sounded good, we met them a couple of times, and although initially there was no commitment, it did look promising. We could just pray it through and concentrate on other stuff. But lo and behold, at the last minute they backed out. "Oh well, okay. They were asking us to conform to their requirements a bit too much anyway. But, oh my God, what are we going to do *now*?"

Well, He never fails, and with Pepsi out of the way He led us to a lot of smaller companies who needed His blessings more. "What did Jesus do without a Pepsi-cola?"

Sound was quite a big deal, as none of us were experts, so we were quite desperate. One day we came across two guys who worked in a small shop assembling foreign parts for technical equipment, like huge speakers. Just what we were looking for! Not only did they give us a decent price, but they also came to every show to help us work the contraptions. We couldn't have done it without them, and with their help, the message projected loud and clear to over 10,000 people in nine different colleges, many of whom got saved. PTL!

Well, we won't get into details on the "training" side of things, but suffice it to say that we definitely learned a lot and we're all very thankful for the time we had working together. There was a lot of fun involved, but the greatest job of all was being able to witness to all those souls who otherwise might not have had a chance to get reached.

Oh yes! If you were wondering how the Lord eventually worked out the transportation for our rather large team of dancers, singers, stage hands and others, it was quite neat! See, we knew we didn't have enough money for 12 auto-rickshaws or whatever to go parading all the way through Bangalore to whichever college we needed to go to. So one day (this was all in the last

- Ana (14)
- Joana (17)
- Becky (13)
- Claire (16)
- BRAZIL**



week, mind you), by a miracle we met the man in charge of tourism for the state. We presented him with our need, and told him that he'd better not get any big-money ideas be-

cause we didn't have any. He couldn't help us, but he told us to bring some request letters to his office the next day and he'd see what he could do — and what he could do, he did!



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He presented our letters to some private tourist companies and asked them to help us with a bus each week. Since he was a government official, they kindly obliged. So we'd pick a bus up in the morning, tell the driver where to take us, and be driven home at night. These busses were spacious enough so that we weren't squished, even with all our equipment! — And we were even able to take extra onlookers to our programs — Family members who also helped out with setting up and witnessing. GBT!

Well, that about sums up the big stuff. No, we didn't run around naked, the Lord supplied some good costumes, material and tailors (some free of charge), shoes, boots and what-not. Yep, folks, we didn't even run out of food (though it took a few meals to finally figure out exactly how much more to cook)! And we were even able to get a pro to capture some of our precious moments at two of the colleges on videocassette. So stay tuned, it may be coming your way soon!



Mark and Mikol

? How did you get together?

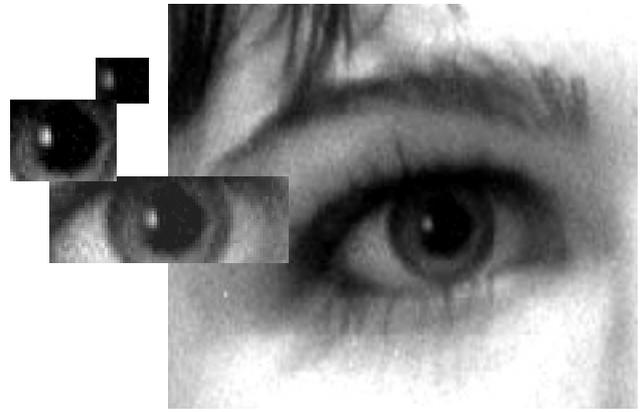
(Mikol:) Mark and I met when I was 10 years old, and he was 14. I was just a kid, but I liked Mark and would often hang around him and Francis (who is now at Mama's Home) as they were roommates at the time. Mark left our Home and went to the EE for a while and then we met again at the Mexico TTC (I was 13 then, and he was 17).

From there, Mark came back to our Home in Peru, which was known as the PTC (Peru Teen Combo). It was one of the first teen Homes to open after the TTC. After living in the same Home for a few months, we fell in love.

If you ask Mark, he'll tell you I fell in love with him first, but I'll tell you he did first. Ha!

Anyway, about a year after that I guess you can imagine what happened. Yes, I got pregnant! I was so young though that to be quite honest I didn't

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think too much of marriage, plus my parents weren't too hot on the idea either. However, my parents got turned on to the marriage idea real quick when the "Make It Work" letters started coming out. — And as Mark puts it, we had a "shotgun wedding," ha! Well, maybe it was that, but we sure are happy for it now and thankful that the Lord let it work out this way. I know that Mark was the right guy for me, and I love him to pieces. We've shared nine years of our lives together now, and it's been just great!

(Mark:) That's right!

? Have you ever had difficult times in your marriage, and if so, what kept you together?

(Mikol:)

Yes, we've had plenty of difficult



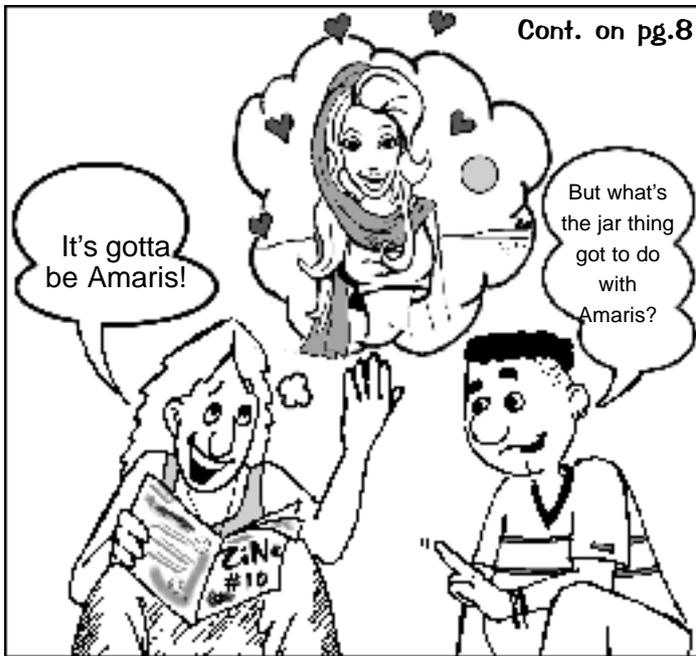
times in our marriage, just like I'm sure others do. We have our ups and downs, and at some points the downs were so bad we weren't sure if we'd come up again! But TTL, prayer, seeking the Lord together and getting help and counsel from our shepherds and parents helped keep us going.

There's an old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and believe it or not, that has been one thing that has helped us a great deal and we've proven it true. The times that we've had apart from each other — either because one of us had to travel, or just because we chose to be apart for a while — have helped tremendously. It helps you learn to appreciate each other so much more and show you how much you really love and need that person. One last little detail that helps keep us together is that after nine years, we're still in love!

(Mark:) Yes, we have had hard times, but love has kept us together. "Love has an extra spiritual eye that sees the good and possibilities that others cannot see."

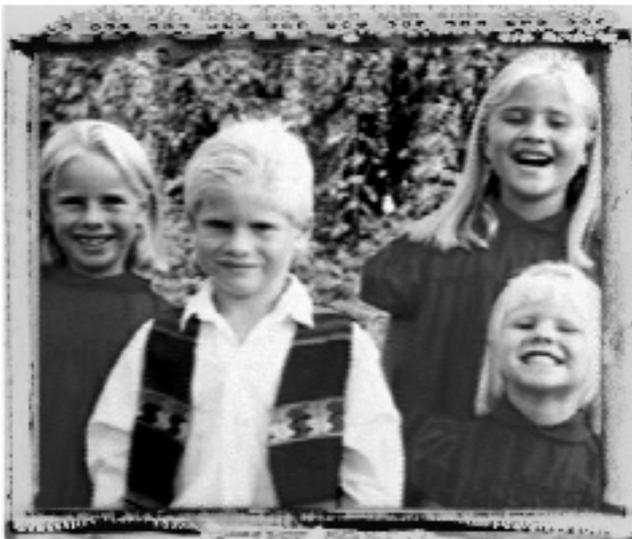
? After having been together now for so many years, what do you think of married life versus the single life?

(Mikol:) I don't think I could live without Mark (unless, of course, the Lord asked it of me). I love married life! It's just neat to have someone that you can share your life with and get to know in such a special and intimate way. Like Dad used to say,



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Our four oldest kids, Nana, Eddy, Tita and Carolina.



"Marry the person you can't live without" and that's how I feel about Mark.

(Mark:) If I were to think of ever getting re-married, I would only marry Mikol — nobody else! Ha!

? ages of your children?

Rosita Maria, age 8.

Mariana Clair, age 7.

Juan Eduardo (we call him Eddy), 5.

Carolina Mishael, 4.

James Paul, age 3.

P a g e 8

What are the names and



? How has it been for you having so many children so young? — The difficulties, the blessings, etc. If you had it to do over again, would you do anything different?

(Mikol:) At first it was hard to get used to, and I often wanted to just be like all the other teens and enjoy all the things they did — which of course just wasn't possible when having babies and raising kids. I'd say there were many "sacrifices" — or so they seemed — which we made, that seemed to be so hard and difficult at the time, but that now I'm happy I made. It's so neat to be a 23-year-old mom of an 8-½ year old girl. Just think — by the time I'm 30, she'll be 15! If I could do it all over, I would do it just the same!

(Mark:) I'm happy to say we have five growing children,



Mark and James Paul, our youngest boy.

MARK & MIKOL (PERU)

and if we could go back in time to before my oldest daughter was born, I would do it all over again and have all five again!

? What is it like being VSs? What does your job consist of?

(Mikol:) Being called a "VS" doesn't make me feel any different than I used to, except for when I walk into Homes and I

have all these people staring at me. Ha! I can be quite a shy and quiet person if I don't know people, and sometimes it's hard for me to face a bunch of people. I forget people's names or ask the same questions over and over, and it can be pretty humbling. But I guess "humility" is the name of the game nowadays!

We don't always travel and visit Homes, as we both have other ministries. Mark works full time in the PAS studio, and I am the business TWer in my Home. I also help care for the Home and the kids as well. However, when we do visit or travel, usually we just spend time with people — talking, fellowshiping, praying for people, and hearing from the Lord for situations. We also try to be a blessing and help out in the Homes we stay in, time permitting. In our recent visits we've majored on showing the Summit and delegates' meeting videos to the Homes, which made our job quite easy. TTL! I guess being a VS consists of just that, being a servant.

(Mark:) I work basically full time in the PAS studio on getting out the GP tools to the Spanish-speaking world. In between projects, I sometimes visit Homes.

? And here's something that Korie asked, which we've all wondered about at some time or another: Mark, did you write the song "You're My Best Friend" or is it a System Christian song?

(Mark:) How did you guess? Well, most people already know that it isn't totally my song. The melody and part of the chorus lines are from a popular country singer, Don Williams. I just inserted a few lyric changes on the chorus and put new words to the verses to sing to the Lord. I was 17 back then and thought I'd get away with no one finding out — but I guess everyone did, ha!



THE GHOST AND THE CONVENT From Simon, Bulgaria:

During a trip to Italy, Vicky and I went to follow up on a medical professor, an old friend of ours. He was very happy to see us again and said that our visit was a good surprise for him, as he had something important to tell us that we would be happy to hear about. (This was right after we had read the GP pub about "Heavenly Messengers.")

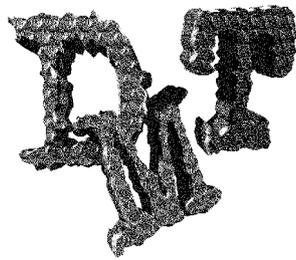
He went on to tell us about a daughter of his who lives in Madrid, Spain. Her daughter (his granddaughter) was born with a defect in her kidneys, and was taken from doctor to doctor. They all said that what she had was incurable. This happened a few years ago, and at that time they didn't yet have a medical solution to the problem, so the mother decided to go to a psychic medium to seek an answer as to whether the child would get better, or if she was going to die.

The medium told her to not worry, that her daughter would heal up completely and miraculously, and she explained that this assurance was given to her by an appearance that she had from the "spirit world."

This medium lives in Madrid and has never been to Italy, but she said that the ghost that had appeared to her was a nun who had died about 50 years before in the Catholic convent of a small Italian town called Orvieto. This ghost said that she was taking care of the little girl and would help her to recover and be her protector.

Years went by and recently our professor friend received a phone call from his daughter in Madrid, who told him that her little girl was miraculously healed! She also told him about the medium and the story about the nun, but of course it was quite hard for our friend to believe, as he is a man of science and has been trained to take this sort of "supernatural" thing with a lot of caution.

However, his daughter asked him if he knew of any nuns that had died in that particular convent — and to check whether that convent existed at all. So he decided to take a look and see what he could find. His sister remembered hearing about an



aunt who was in charge of a convent in Orvieto and who had died about 50 years before. So they decided to visit that little town, and after locating the convent, they asked to see the records of it, they discovered that there had been a nun with their same last name, who had been in charge of the convent — and she had died 50 years

earlier!

At first it was very hard for him to accept this and believe it. But after seeing his granddaughter get healed and realizing that there was no way for a Spanish medium who had never been to Italy to put together all this information — which neither he nor his daughter knew anything about — he's now convinced that it is more than a coincidence.

CONVERSATION WITH JAMES DEAN From Gabriela (19), Czech Republic:

"I wonder what happened to him?"

"James Dean, you mean?"

"Yes, did you know that there are still questions being asked about his death?"

I didn't know. I only knew James Dean from some older movies that I saw him act in. Mom remembered him of course; he was popular when she was young. I visited her just after she had watched one of his movies, and she came up with this idea:

"Wouldn't it be neat to hear from him? Maybe he has something he wants to say from beyond. I mean, we're hearing from all kinds of people; why not from him too?"

Sure, I thought, but it won't be me. I mean, I'm not even remotely interested in him. Besides, I don't know if I'm the right person for the job!

I somehow weaseled my way out of having to do it right away, but nevertheless put it on my to-do list. -- You know, with all the things I procrastinate about, but intend to take care of "some other time." Maybe I would write in and ask someone else to do it, that way it would come out in some form of publication, and everyone would be happy.

After that I didn't think much about it (except when I looked at my to-do list). However, one night, as I was just about to fall asleep, I had this strong feeling that James Dean wanted to talk.

Oh, no! I thought, Here I am all sleepy; I can't turn the light on to write anything down

because it'll wake up the others, and our tape recorder doesn't have a recording device. I prayed and asked the Lord and James Dean if he could keep it till morning. And sure enough, the next morning, right after my private Word time, I felt like I should get my paper and pen, and this is what came:

(Message from James Dean:) Hi! So, you wanted to hear from me! Well, I'm more than happy to give you this little message. In fact, I'm happy that someone is taking the time for me, because I have so much I could have said when I was on Earth, but now it's too late. — Well, not really, with you all being so tuned in to us over on this side.

I was famous in my day. I was an idol that everyone wanted to be like. But actually, I was sad! I didn't like the way things were running. I was dissatisfied with my life. I could have done so much more — I see that now. I tried to make myself famous, so I took on this image. Well, actually, my movies portrayed the way I felt inside. I wanted to rebel. I wanted to be different. That's why the young people liked me so much. I was speaking their language.

Unfortunately though, I wasn't what you might call the very best role model. I drank a lot and that affected me in a bad way. You have no idea how good you guys have it. You have all the answers right at your fingertips. I didn't really have many answers, although I liked to pretend I did.

I had so much emptiness inside. And loneliness! — Boy, was I lonely. You know, in Hollywood they all pretend to be your friends, and you think you have someone you can count on when things go wrong. But nothing could be further from the truth. It's all just a big show. Sure, there are good guys, they know what they stand for and they don't really fit in. But when the crunch comes and you need someone to ask questions to or get answers to your problems, they don't really have the answers. It's all just a phoney. They're all acting. None of these people are really like their movies portray them. At home, they are just like everyone else, with imperfect lives and hunger for love and attention.

Here's an idea for you guys. You're all so good at getting out the message to the world — why

Christian, but popularity ruined him. He's gone off the track. But I pity him. Just like everyone else, he needs love. And the Lord loves everyone, good or bad, so don't give up praying for these guys. They need it.

Well, I've said what I wanted most to say. I could say more, but it's time for me to quit. Keep in touch, and maybe come visit me again. And keep in mind what I've said. Not that you should start becoming Michael Jackson fans now. That's not the point! The point is, pray for them! Okay? Well, I'll see you up here. So long for now. (End of message from James Dean.)

The night before, when James had started talking and I wasn't able to record it, he said something about dying of a broken heart. I had the feeling the whole time he was talking that he had had a very sad life, and things didn't work out the way he would have liked. Although he didn't say exactly how he died, I was under the impression it had something to do with what he said about drinking a lot.

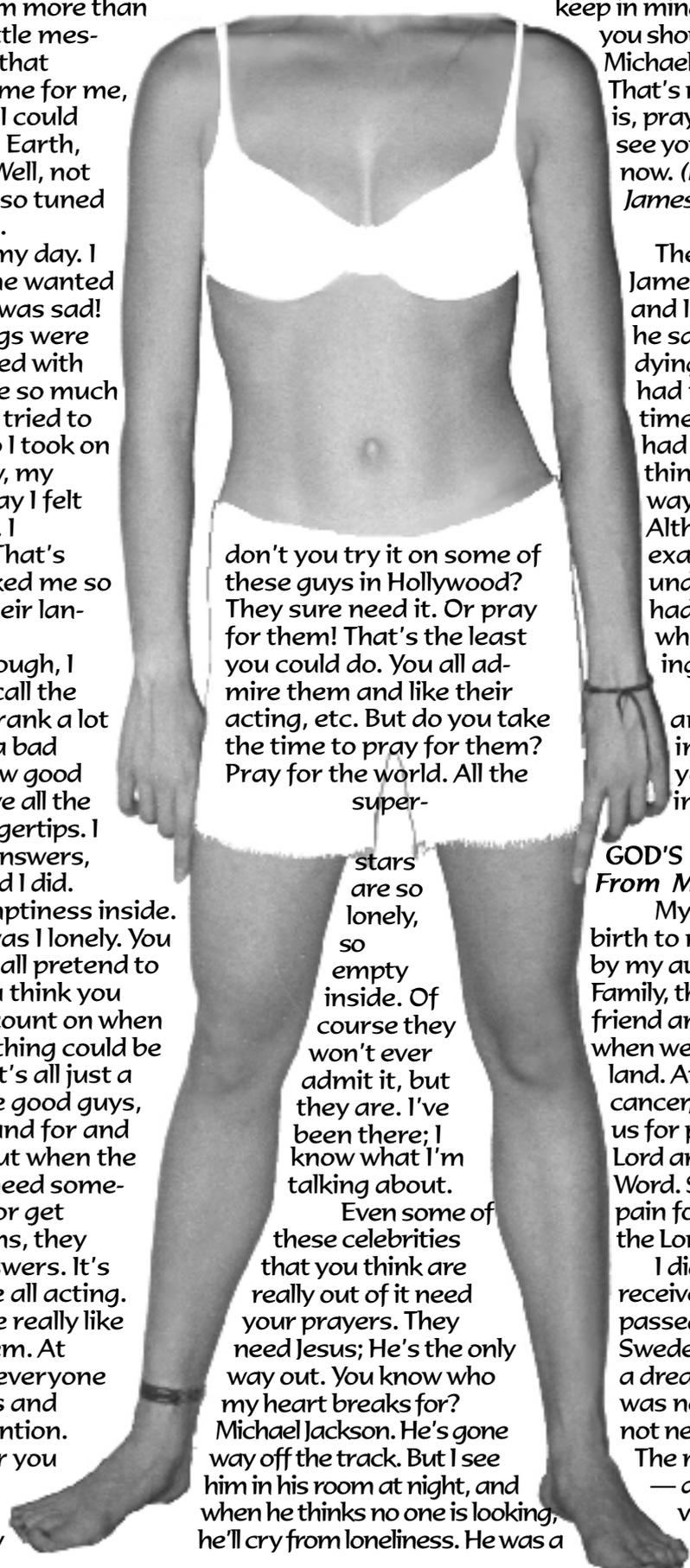
So, Mom, and anyone else interested in James Dean, I hope you find this interesting. I sure did.

GOD'S EARLY NOTICE SYSTEM
From Miracle, Slovenia:

My mother died giving birth to me, so I was brought up by my aunt. When I joined the Family, this aunt became a good friend and visited us a few times when we were pioneering Finland. At the time she had cancer, and she often came to us for prayer. She received the Lord and loved to read the Word. She suffered intense pain for five years, and then the Lord took her Home.

I did not immediately receive the news that she had passed on, because I was in Sweden. But she came to me in a dream and told me that she was now very happy and did not need to suffer any more.

The next day I phoned home — and was told that that very night, she had passed away. ■



don't you try it on some of these guys in Hollywood? They sure need it. Or pray for them! That's the least you could do. You all admire them and like their acting, etc. But do you take the time to pray for them? Pray for the world. All the super-

stars are so lonely, so empty inside. Of course they won't ever admit it, but they are. I've been there; I know what I'm talking about.

Even some of these celebrities that you think are really out of it need your prayers. They need Jesus; He's the only way out. You know who my heart breaks for? Michael Jackson. He's gone way off the track. But I see him in his room at night, and when he thinks no one is looking, he'll cry from loneliness. He was a

By Gideon (SGA, of Shellena)

Romania just finished a Fabulous (now Famous) Family Fellowship — a Fantastic amalgamation of Firsts. Ranging from Romance (the first-ever Family wedding held here in Timisoara) to Reunion (the first-ever Romanian fellowship). From Enlightenment (the first time most of the nationals met their CROs) to Enchantment (you can guess at that one).

The fellowship took place in Timisoara (famous for originating the '89 revolution [that toppled Communist dictator Ceausescu], hangout of the hip, and saturated with students, but now more significantly **ON THE MAP** for hosting this Heavenly Hora) and was attended by 75 people, mostly young people and almost all the 40 or so nationals. — As well as CROs Philip and Dawn, and a team from Hungary.

So hang on to your hats as we clue you in on all the cool happenings. It all began one evening when the Timisoara

Home's hallways were jammed with a bustle of people arriving from all over the country. After a massive love feast, a bone-crunching hug here and there, and some excited reunions (Hey

Airde! Haven't seen you in a few zillion years!" — Our finance man just

ROMANIA

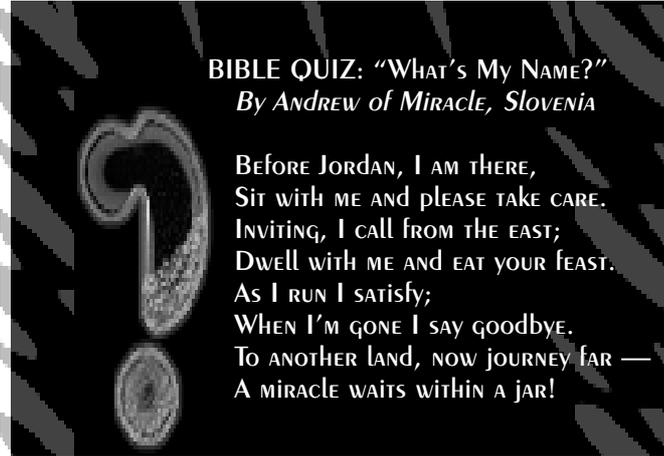
gave his stats: 13 hours of hugs as every team arrived!) everyone was escorted to their respective rooms (each a few inches taller from passing their hug quota). These were mostly hotel rooms provisioned all over the city.

The next day included a sizzling inspiration led by Ben G., Matthew and Daniel, with some rather comical impersonations of Bible characters Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Hosea. This was followed by a convicting Word study on love and an open forum which Philip and Dawn had with the nationals.

As an additional treat, a friend donated the use of his restaurant for everyone to eat dinner, in rotational shifts of about thirty a day ... and as the day stretched into evening, it culminated in a dance night.

We were all purrrty surprised by a visit from Louisiana's

"Daisy Mae" — if not hip she sure was hick, and heck, she had the whole house splittin' their sides (and scrambling for safety from her audience-participation demonstration of old MacDonald's farm). None of us are ever gonna drink Orange Juice again now that she informed us that "OJ can kill you!" — Ha!



BIBLE QUIZ: "WHAT'S My NAME?"

By ANDREW of MIRACLE, SLOVENIA

BEFORE JORDAN, I AM THERE,
SIT WITH ME AND PLEASE TAKE CARE.
INVITING, I CALL FROM THE EAST;
DWELL WITH ME AND EAT YOUR FEAST.
AS I RUN I SATISFY;
WHEN I'M GONE I SAY GOODBYE.
TO ANOTHER LAND, NOW JOURNEY FAR —
A MIRACLE WAITS WITHIN A JAR!

Well, after all that everyone was ready to retire to their rooms for some "Rest and Recu-

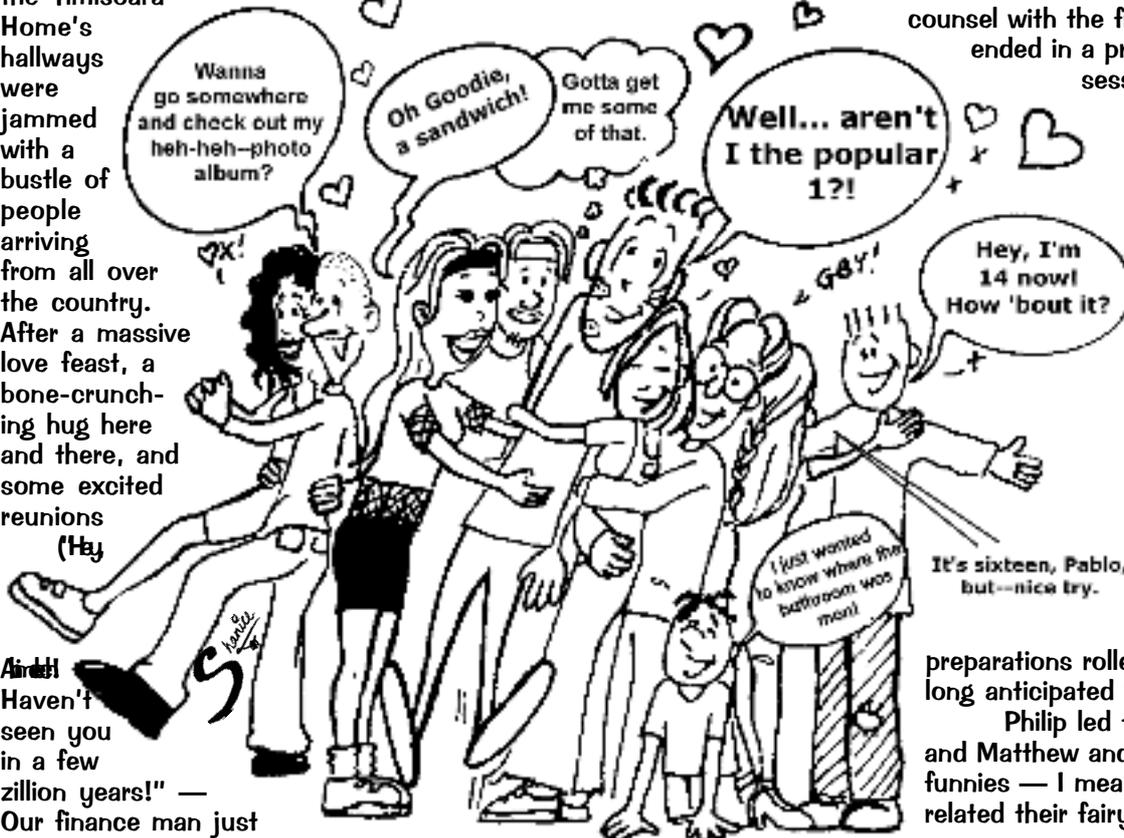
peration" — funny, I don't know what went on that night but somehow it looked like the recuperation part was still needed the next day.

During the morning meeting the next day, Philip and Dawn shared some very-needed counsel with the field which ended in a prophecy session that drew

all our hearts closer together, uniting the work. In the afternoon they showed some inspiring Family videos which everyone really enjoyed. In the meantime,

preparations rolled on for the long anticipated WEDDING!!

Philip led the formalities and Matthew and Clara led the funnies — I mean like they related their fairy-tale ro-



mance. (If you wanna emotional roller-coaster ride, give a glance below and read all about it!) It really takes the cake — a wedding one at that. Anyway, by then it was gettin' late and the lovers couldn't wait, so down went the lights and it ended with a dance night (at least the organizers took no responsibility for anyone's post-party actions). All in all, a pretty fun few days.

(Matthew of Clara): It's the first time a RFF weds a NRFM (Romanian Family Female; Non-Romanian Family Male), and she is beautiful! The guy ... well, at least she's beautiful, but they both have lots of love and dedication.

Everybody loves a love story, so here it goes. First the background: The guy comes to Romania in Nov. 95, lonely and convinced that he'll never have a relationship again. That was it, no more honey-bunny nor children for his own. Those that saw him and heard him talk said, "Behold, a man of convictions!" But ... the guy: "My unbreakable convictions lasted just a few months; I came to Romania to give my all but not willing to receive!"

Everybody was in awe to see the results: "Yep, he fell for her! — She rescued him from stupidity!" Others frowned at it: "She is just a babel!" The children said: "It's like in 'Bambi'!" The girl: "I had to put the Lord and my training first, but the waiting made me desperate — oops, typo! — I mean dedicated — well,

you know what I mean!"

Yep, you're right! Those were the days of count-down, but not to Armageddon. Then that fateful day arrived. — Wait, folks! Not yet! They just got engaged. She: 19; he: 34 — and according to the *Charter* ... sorry, I didn't mean to get

witnessing for That's when the guy the elders! Keep on was such a crunch

Interviewer: drastically?

Guy: Well, she healed my heart when I thought that I couldn't love again in this way. I had experienced some deep heartbreaks in previous relationships, including losing my children to the System, and I was closed to the idea of another relationship. But Clara broke down my walls of resistance, pulled out her big guns and completely overwhelmed me with understanding, love and faith to try again. — There were no ifs and buts: Jesus had started His healing process, and all I had to say was YES. Mama's quote "cupid is going around" got fulfilled one more time!

Girl: I fell in love with him because of his broken heart, tenderness and love. I felt very secure with him. I'm so happy feeling useful healing his heart and the pleasure of having a child.

Another beautiful thing the Lord did was to use this marriage as an illustration of the foreigners becoming one with the work and the people, underlining the precious lesson we all had to learn about working more hand-in-hand. ■

Page 12



THE POLICE ROADBLOCK

cont. from pg. 6

From Alf, Praise, Mary and Faith, South Africa:

We were merrily on our way back to South Africa from Zimbabwe when we became aware of a country-wide police action to crack down on illegal stolen cars that have been flooding out of South Africa through Zimbabwe. We were a bit worried, as our car papers were not yet in perfect order. Not the best situation to be sure, but before going on this trip we had specifically asked the Lord about this, and He had indicated that as we didn't have another car available for this trip, we didn't need to worry about it, and that He would take care of us.

We were able to avoid the first roadblock we encountered by a shortcut through African bush land. The second one we sailed through fairly quickly, as the policeman realized we were tourists. However, the third one was a big roadblock and the police were very thorough

in their check. Sure enough, when checking our car they discovered that not everything was the way it should be and they had to get clearance from the South African authorities to let us through.

They all looked quite official and stern, but the Lord showed us to come right out and witness to them. So we got out of the car and started giving posters to all the policemen and officials at the roadblock. This resulted in a real change of attitude amongst them, as they became real friendly and some were very interested in our message.

Shortly afterwards we were given the green light to carry on with our journey, as everything was checked and cleared. We realized the Lord might have engineered this situation to see how we would react, and if we would be faithful to reach these sweet people whom we would not have been able reach any other way. PTL for His inspiring witnessing setups! ■

**! ANSWER TO LAST BIBLE RIDDLE:
GOG (REV.20:8-9.)**

LIVE POETS' SOCIETY



THE VALLEY OF DESPAIR

There was once a lonely soul,
Who roamed this desert earth.
Desert? — Of places, things and people it lacked not,
But love, peace and understanding is what this dear soul sought.

Where'er this soul would seek,
To her dismay she'd find
That those around her, of only themselves cared.
And as her endless search went on, she found herself greatly despaired.

Yea, trapped she was —
Not in prison, or cave, or anything of the sort.
But in life — in vain it all seemed.
Love, peace and understanding? Why, that was only dreamed!

One day, God's love passed by;
A simple thing it was!
A word, embrace, a song or smile? I know not to this day!
But I do know God's love worked a miracle, and I can boldly say:

This soul no longer seeketh,
"Trapped" now has no meaning!
Freedom, joy, happiness, peace of mind,
God's love, with her doth always abide. For He is ever merciful and kind!

Neither you nor I may have been out there,
In the desert of the world.
But may God help us to be His love in the midst of their despair.
Don't forget, you could be that soul that was hopelessly wandering out there!!

— By Ruth (17), Portugal



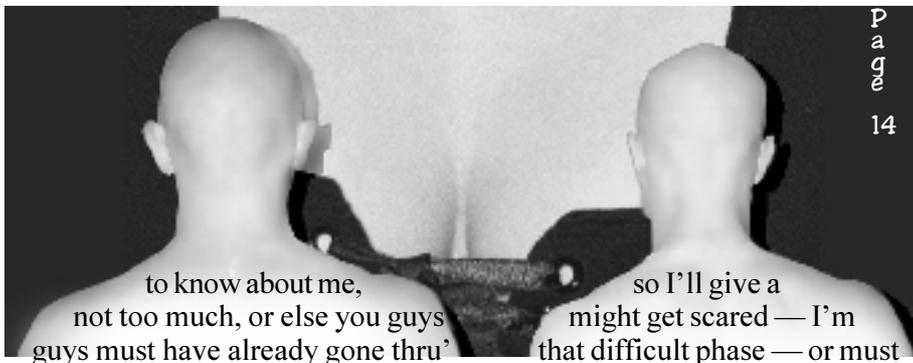
JESUS TO U
Listen, I don't wanna hear about
what you've been moanin' here all day —
All this gutter-talk about your faults,
Your sins and wackiest mistakes.
True, I listen and I sure understand
The helluva flood ur wadin' thru',
But some dude's been tearin' u apart —
It's Satan and his vile crew!
He's tryin' to trigger you down an' dead,
Juz cuz he knows you're hot.
You've been alive n' really kickin';
So he's targeted your spot!
Sowin' u his filthy lies and weeds,
Feedin' u on his crap,

Sayin' you're a good-for-nothin'
And juz a stinkin' whack.
Now's the hour to sock'm good,
Hit'm hard with My Word — and well!
Cuz I know you're a real cool soldier,
U got the guts to fight all Hell!
Then turn around 'n' praise Me loud,
Go ahead 'n' get in touch.
Have a feel of My real, true love,
Juz check it out — there's so much!
Replace Satan's garbage with My way-cool Words
And nestle up in My arms.
Cuz I'm the only Guy around
Who's gonna keep u from his harm!
So whaddaya think about Me now?
Ain't I juz the best?

Yo, I'm a-talkin' to you now —
You're sure to pass this test!
Ya know, I juz luv your praises,
And we can zoom off anywhere.
The opportunities are so limitless
When we chat one-on-one in prayer.
My trip's the coolest, the grooviest yet —
It's what you've been waitin' for!
We're gonna touch the stars, past the sky,
And the vast universe galore!
Yep, I'm here for ya any day.
To give what you're wishin' for!
Ain't no bad joke, the only deal is
That you crack open ur heart's door.
Gimme a chance to be ur Lover, ur Man,
U'll be My mate, My bride.
Get high up here in My arms
So u'll have someplace to hide.
To juz escape the daily cares,
Get away from it all...

Okay now, do ya get the drift?
Right, it's upta u! — Just call!
By Nikki (16), Philippines

I was very surprised — in a good way — when I read in the last page of *Free Zine* #1 about Shanice's special likes: Provisioning, chocolate + basketball. Basketball?!! Did she actually say basketball? Wow Wee! For the 1st time in my human history I found another female creature that actually enjoys the same beloved sport as I do — pretty good! Well, by now u guys must be curious quick summary about myself. (A little, though, pretty wild, but that's understandable, you be at it!)



I live in Brazil — at this moment in a beautiful island with 46 beaches (sounds good, hmm?) called Florianopolis — quite a long name, hmm? Well, you can call it Floripa, like most people do for a short cut. Now let's talk a little about my likings — which are of course after Jesus, the Word, etc.

#1 I'm at the age so I'm sure it'd be reasonable if I say this word, which is probably most girls' favorite: Boys, males, guys — you know, get the kick? I love tight hugs, they just melt me

#2 Basketball. Oh my, I could spend I don't know how long playing it. It's very hard to find girls who like playing it — how sad, so usually when I go to play I'm

Dear Ed

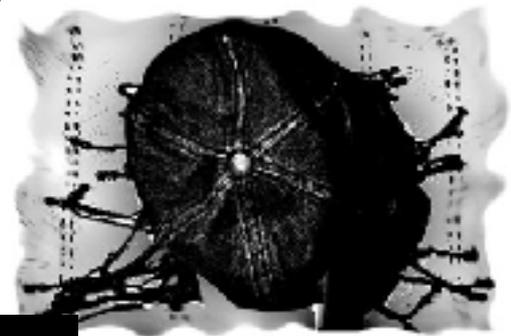
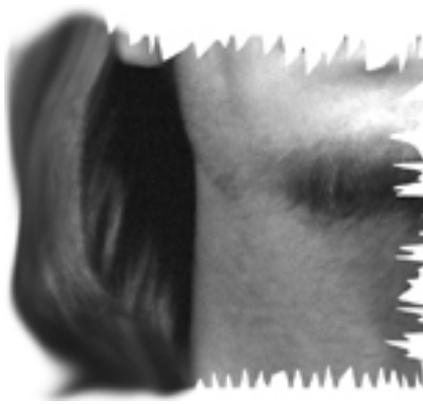
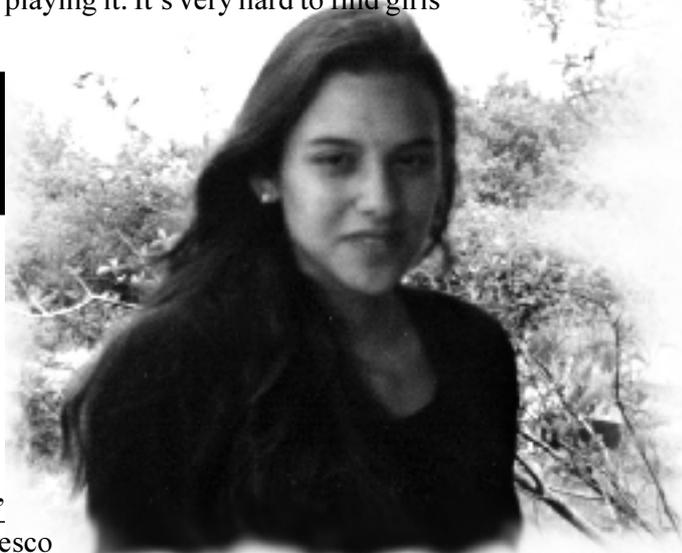
the only girl in the midst of 10,000 guys. It's very different — to be more specific, it's fun, very fun!

#3 Music. Music is my passion. I duper super like it! I love these new FTTs that are coming out. Gosh, the Family is getting pretty modern, I mean real good, hot, burning stuff — each tape better than the other. I've got a special liking for the songs,

"Hallelujah," "The Essence of Life," "You Are to Me" (or whatever it's called), "When Will the War Be Ended?" "Charlie." (Goodness me, the way Francesco + the other guy sing it is tremendously amazing — they sing it with so much "gusto." I mean, you can practically see their lips + eyeballs popping out of the tape recorder when the song plays) + tons + lots more. My joy would be completed if we could have more reggae!

Well, I guess that's it for now. I Love y'all! A huge kiss + a very tight hug. Heavy loads + toads of love,

Rachel (15)!



Courtesy, Talking Heads

WHAT IN THE WORLD? =>

I really like the testimonies — especially the "Moose Hunt." I wanted to bring to your attention the slang word "Ho" used in "The Last Course." That has become an abbreviation for "whore," and kids will greet each other with it or just call each other "Ho." (Yuk, right?) We stayed at a motel called the Westward Ho, and another guest there was commenting that she was embarrassed to tell people where she was staying. Sometimes we inane copy styles or use lingo that can give the wrong impression or even get us into trouble. (Jaz: Oh yikes! So sorry about that; I had no idea!)

□ I sure appreciate your labors on that great Zine!
—Love, Sarah (USA)

And if this REVOLUTION is going to sweep the world, it's going to sweep it in color— with colorful leadership, in the color of most of the nations of the world!—Including Black, Brown, Red, Yellow, Olive, and every shade in between.

—WHO ARE THE RACISTS?



From Piper (15), Turkey:

This is in answer to your riddle from Zine 005. I think the answer is "the river in the garden of Eden." I am not completely sure, but in Genesis chapter two it talks about the river going into four heads. And the part about forsaking joys and delights, I figured it's because it talks about the gold and onyx stone and bdelium, but the river has to keep going so it has to leave them behind — and forever in the river bed it lies.

I am not 100% sure if it is right, but if it is, then here is a poem I wrote about it:

100%

I was reading through the Zine
While I was eating beans,
When my eyes fell on this riddle
And I started to twiddle.
I went straight to my dad
Who knows the Bible not so bad.
I said, "Hey, Dad! Take a look at this!
"Have any idea what it is?" Asked my sis.
My dad decided to take a look;
"Why," he said, "it sounds just like a brook!"
I thought for a moment, and then I said,
"The river of Eden, it has four heads!"
I opened my Bible to take a peek,
And in Genesis I decided to seek.
I looked, and right there before my eyes,
Was the answer to the riddle that was sent by you guys!
I hope the answer's not arriving too late,
'Cause we just received the Zine; the 16th is the date.
I do hope that the answer is right,
If not, I think that I shall die of fright.
All that to say, the Free Zine is real cool.
Keep sending it out; it's a great new tool.

A+

Good job you!



Cristian (11-1/2) is a real sweet foster brother for our only MC in the Home, Felipe, a rascal of 5-1/2 years old. In our Home there are four OC boys and then Felipe, so their group is pretty equal and smooth in almost everything, like outside activities, fun time, scholastics, movies, Word projects, etc., but not for Felipe. So Cristian, of his own free will has taken him under his wing, and every day he gives Felipe devotions on his own level and also memory projects, and during quiet time he helps him practice reading and do scholastics.

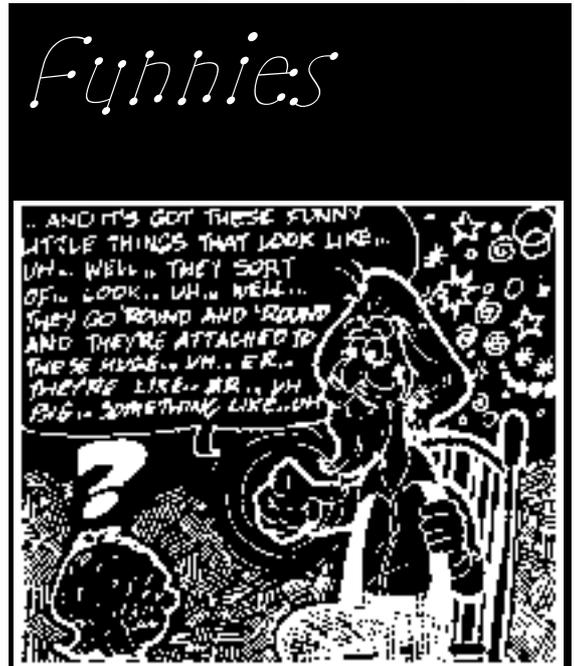
Cristian's prayer at the candle-light service this year was to be able to help Felipe more, and surely he is doing it! God bless him! Felipe doesn't have any brothers and sisters, and in a small Home situation we can't afford to have one teacher just for him — but Cristian is standing in the gap!

—From Ben, Marie and Perla, Brazil

God has to call out a new man with some new motive, to make some new move to form a new movement of dropouts from the once-new System, grown old and corrupt, stagnated, contaminated, and frozen together in formality, inflexible, unbendable, unchangeable old bottles that can only be broken to give birth to the new — just a fragile, empty eggshell which cannot contain the volatile life within — an empty womb which can only give birth to new life! — if you can read this you don't need glasses! — from DROPOUTS!



The
Jesus
Revolution was
begun by a bunch
of rowdy reddish
radicals from some
of the lowest strata
of human society and
had in the greatest
contempt by the
established order and
has shocked and shaken
the world of the
system of prudish
conventionality and
the hypocritical
traditions of man
ever since!



The ZINE foretold...



Sent in by Julia (SGA, of Emanuel), Brazil

Fuhhies

SOUND OF THE REVOLUTION

Francesco Paladino

Name: Francesco

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17

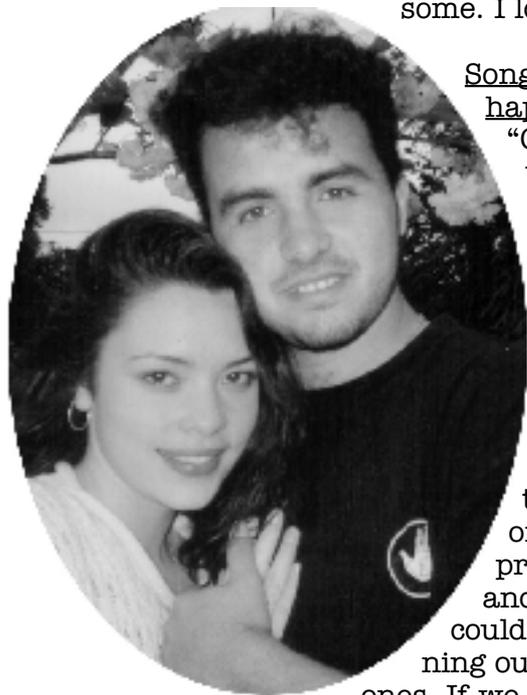
Studio: JAS

Status: Thank the Lord, I am very happily married to a beautiful, wonderful woman. Her name is Crystal Lily, and we have a son, Kevin Leif Bradyn, who was born this year on April 17.

Time you've worked in Family recording: About two years.

In studio work full-time or part-time: Five days a week. I help on childcare one day a week.

Your favorite Family song and why: I don't really have a favorite Family song, but I have a favorite musician. — His name is Makoto. He is the lead guitarist for songs such as "Charlie," "The World Ain't Got That Much Time," "Till the End of Time," "All Hail to the Queen," and many more. — Oh, one interesting fact is that he is a YA, Japanese, of medium height and handsome. I love to watch him play!



Song that you worked on which you're most happy with and why: I think would be "Charlie." Not so much because of how it turned out, but because of how fun it was to produce. It was a nice change from doing slow songs.

Inspiration/Vision/Styles for the future: One of my great desires is to write more songs — fast, medium, and slow. I am hoping to produce more fast songs. Particularly rock and dance (R&D) songs. I really like R&D. I hope to see us produce a lot more of it. If any of you would like to hear more R&D produced for the Family, please help us and write new songs that are R&D, or could be transformed into that. We are running out of songs to produce, especially fast ones. If we are to continue producing for FTT's we will need a huge influx of new songs!

Just think, the Lord has millions of songs to give to us — all we have to do is make an effort. I, in particular, will be very interested in producing a song just because it has potential to be a good fast song. So try, venture out and write a new song, and see what the Lord will do for you. If you feel better just

writing words for a potential song, then do that, send it in, and one of us might have a burden to put music to it. Of course, if there is someone in your Home that would like to help you with a melody, all the better — but send them in.



Name: Philip (aka Brother Sun)

Status: Taken by Japanese Julie, and we have eight children.

Time you've worked in Family recording: About 12 years.

In studio work full-time or part-time: I work part-time with the JAS studio, and the rest of my time I spend with my kids or going out night-singing.

Your musical specialty: My musical specialty is rock and folk. I also enjoy songwriting.

Favorite Family Song: The song I like best is "Let Me Live Just One More Day." Every time I hear it, it really feeds me. When I first joined it always made me cry. I also like "The Famine," written by Kerenina and sung by Sunny. — It gives me goose bumps. I like songs that touch me.

Song I worked on that I'm most happy with:

- I'm happy with the intro of "Just Say Yes."
- I'm happy with the words to "Double Speak."
- I'm happy with the tone and main riff of "They've Got the Money."
- I'm happy with the nylon on "My Name Is Nighttime."
- I'm happy with the folk in "The Stranger."
- I'm happy with the solo in "Not Just One Life" and the lead in "Run to Me."

The song I worked on that I'm least happy with: Almost every recording session has emotional lows and inspirational highs. Often in the heat of doing tracks, I fall madly in love with the song, and then fall into despair when my talent can't seem to provide the needed excitement. Then by taking a prayer break and with the help of friends, the Lord gives us the magical musical keys. Every song I've played on has at least a few bars that make me cringe and realize why I retain my amateur status.

Inspiration/Vision/Styles for the future: My dream is to one day write a real touching, heartfelt song, not just a rock 'n' roll comedy ditty. But I'm thankful that any of my songs get chosen for recording at all. From "Why Is That Tear in Your Eye?" to "No More War,"

there was a 12-year gap of no lasting songs. In the past year I've received about 20 songs, although so far only some have been recorded. Please pray that I can tune in to Jesus and receive songs anointed by His Spirit! Thank you!

Styles: I hope to experiment more with the 12-string guitar. I'm also working on a new way to string a guitar by putting the low strings where the high strings go and vice versa. I want to milk all the possibilities out of acoustic guitars to come up with unique and original blends of sounds. Usually I come in and add guitar as an overdub to a pre-recorded sequencer-driven BMT of synthesized instruments, but I hope to learn more about how to build a song from scratch using live instruments.

Comment: When I was 18, I forsook music to serve Jesus in the Family. Since then, God in His mercy and love has always let me use music in my



service for Him. I feel so privileged to be a Family musician, and I marvel at what God is doing. He's showing that "anyone can be a heart specialist," and in like manner, "anyone can be a singer/songwriter and studio musician." Simple little normal people are being used by God to grab the mike on the world stage and encourage all the downtrodden nobodies with unsystem "wild flower" songs. I love you.

Name: Byron
Studio: DC Studio
Status: Taken, by Susie (age 26). Kids? Yeah — lots of 'em!
Time you've worked in Family recording: About 9 years.
Studio work full-time or part-time? Fulltime.



Your musical specialty: Arranging/producing/mixing.
Your favorite Family song, and why: "I Sing to Him" — I love the melody, and I can identify with what the song is about. It's kind of like my expression too!

Song you worked on which you're most happy with and why: I haven't worked on it yet, but I'll let you know when I do!

Song you've recorded which you're the least happy with and why: Since hardly anyone knows I did it, I'd rather just leave it that way! But if you really want to know, it's "This Little Light of Mine" from the "Let's Dance" series. We really didn't have enough time for that number — about three days — and it was a long time ago, '92.

Inspiration/vision/styles for the future: I want to do some serious rock, some reggae, some a-cappella. I want to see Family music completely take the place of System music — but it's gotta be good!

Comment: It would be nice to see a girl trained as a music producer — not just a songwriter and singer with a bunch of musical ideas, but someone who wants to do the technical as well. It's actually not that hard — if you've got an ear for music, a knack for computers, a lot of patience as well as determination, you just might be cut out for it. Do you like adjusting the tone controls on tape decks, TVs or big stereo systems? — Drop me a line (via your ABM)! — Oh, yeah, Family music rules!!!

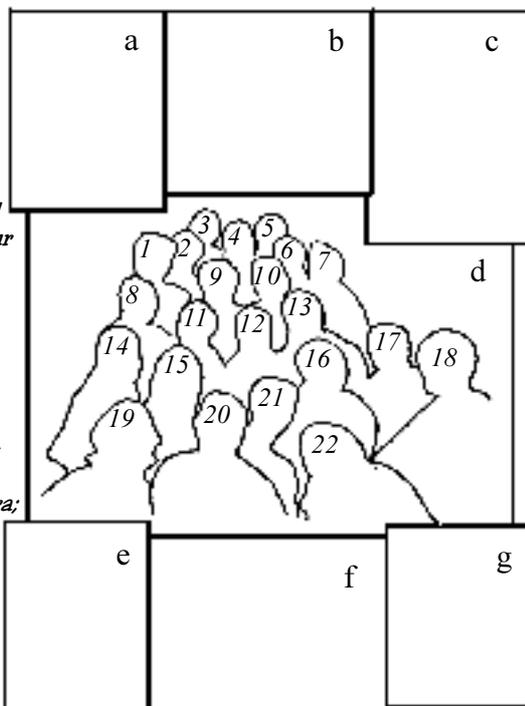
Signature
Byron

MUSIC SEMINAR '97

(Excerpts from a report by an attendee.) It was just wonderful being together with all the musicians. Our Praise Times were incredible—A room full of musicians all singing in harmony together and belting it out with all our hearts. It was a rush. With everyone singing at the same time, it was like a concert every time we'd have an inspiration or Praise Time, just amazing.)

Captions for photos on page ...

- a) Philly
- b) Barry and Windy
- c) Godfrey
- d) All the attending musicians: 1. Ben G.; 2. Mark T.; 3. Andrew; 4. Barry; 5. Godfrey; 6. Francesco; 7. Jeff; 8. Pedro; 9. Martin M.; 10. Andrew V.; 11. John Listen; 12. Clara; 13. Jonas; 14. Byron; 15. Windy; 16. Jeremy; 17. Michael P.; 18. Jerry P.; 19. Tim H.; 20. Vas; 21. Philly; 22. Emmanuel
- e) Pedro, Byron and Clara
- f) Vas and Jeff
- g) Emmanuel, Clara and Andrew





Music Seminar '97

For Captions see Page 19



SPOOKY STORIES

THE EERIE GLOW BEYOND THE HILLS

Hi, this is Sonny Harper, and I want to tell you about an interesting spiritual experience we had on a recent camping/witnessing trip: Lake Baykal is an interesting place with a number of unique features: it's the world's deepest lake and holds one fifth of the world's surface drinking water. It's also home to 200 species of fish and water plants found nowhere else in the world. Another thing the Baykal is known for is the frequent sightings of UFOs. Everyone that lives there has seen them at some time or another. Teams of scientists from many countries come to study UFOs at this site. Well, believe it or not - we got our chance also. We made our camp in a wooded area on the foot of a

mountain not far from the lake. We had limited tent space and nine of us had to sleep in a six-man tent, and the other three in a two-man tent, but hey, we were roughing it! By the time night fell, the darkness in the woods was total - you wouldn't know it if anything was out there, except that we had a dog that followed us and she would bark if there was anyone approaching. One night after dark, Lorraine went to get water at the lake 50 meters down the mountain. She came running back with the water pot empty, saying that she had seen something really strange down there. She said that as she got close to the lake, she made out what looked like the lights of fishing boats in the middle of the lake, but then strangely one of the lights started to

move in her direction at an incredible speed. Within moments it was crossing the beach and came right up to some nearby trees. She didn't feel like sticking around to find out what it was, and she came running back. [Just after she told us her story our dog started barking and we all stood up, shivers running down our spine. It was only then that someone noticed a reddish-orange glow through the trees that looked like it could have been a fire on the next ridge. But if it was a fire it would have had to have been huge, as the next ridge was more than a kilometer away. We took a better look and realized that what we were seeing was indeed a UFO! It was oval in shape and the psychedelic orange and red moved in swells inside of the

oval. We all stood there, stunned, just looking at it as it hung in the sky. Then our curiosity got the better of us, and a few of us boys decided to get a closer look. We scrambled through the woods to the top of our ridge and then down into a clearing where we would be able to see it better. We arrived at the clearing two minutes later; when we looked back into the sky ... it was gone!

We got back to camp and told them that by the time we got to the clearing it wasn't there. The guys at camp said, "We know; as soon as you passed over the ridge, we all saw it disappear!" We all sat around the fire to discuss the strange sightings. We told our stories of UFO sightings we had had in the past. A few of us told stories about sightings of flying saucers that we had felt

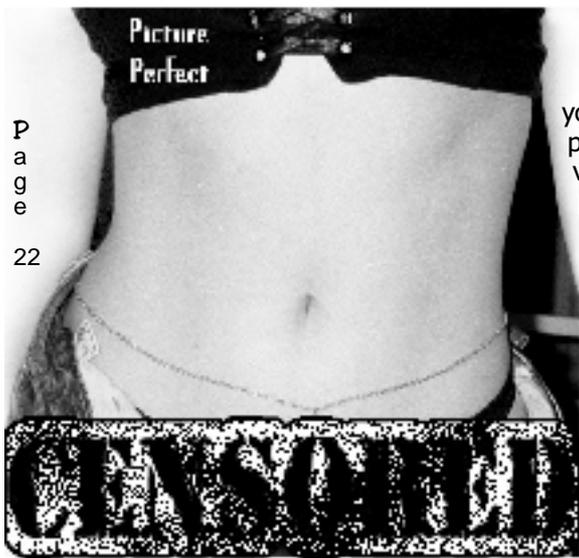
were from the "dark side" - and they all had one thing in common: they had appeared in the form of a red or orange glow. We all looked at each other in silence, the campfire reflecting on our faces. It was an eerie feeling to know that you have just seen what could have been some of the Enemy's forces so close. Then we realized a possible reason why it disappeared when some of us boys went to check it out: maybe our angelic guardians extended their borders and the being from the

dark side was forced to leave. For more than the second time that night, we all felt the hair on our necks stand up. It was awesome to witness what seemed to have been a visual show of the Lord's police force that is always on guard for his children. Hallelujah! Even so, that night none of us complained about having to sleep so close to each other in our six-man tent.

NOTE: Wow, far-out adventure!

I guess we'll have to wait until we cross over to get the inside scoop on all the colorings of the spirit beings and what they represent, but this is an interesting possibility.



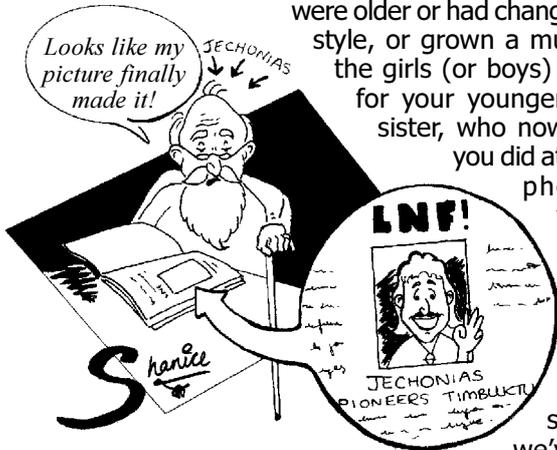



In the old days when you wanted to send in a picture of your pioneer trip to Tim-Buck-Two there were lots of steps before you actually got to the pay-off of seeing, and more importantly, having the girls (or boys) see, your name and face in lights. First and most obviously you had to take the picture and get it developed. Then you had to write the testimony and send it via mail with your TRF. If you're anything like me you probably forgot about the pictures until a week after the TRF was sent when you went to pick up a batch of photos that contained a photo of your evangelization of the locals. Upon seeing the photo you immediately realized that this photo really should be pubbed with your testimony, so you immediately took the photo and sent it off with a note on the back. — "To be pubbed with my testimony." (Naturally, the people receiving the mail would know who's testimony it was going to be pubbed with seeing that one fellow at the office had been your dad's witnessing partner for a couple of hours 17 years ago in Madras.)

Once it was in the mail, there were a variety of things that could happen to it, such as the plane crashing, the mail-train de-railing, a post-office worker taking a shine to it and decorating his wall with your picture,

or it just plain getting lost. However, sometimes it did get through and by a miracle of Holy Ghost power the brother at the office recognized you by your resemblance to your father, and it was sent to WS. Even so, it was a bit of a slow route, and by the time the picture was actually pubbed you were older or had changed your hair-

style, or grown a mustache, and the girls (or boys) mistook you for your younger brother, or sister, who now looked like you did at the time the photo was taken.



Okay, let's be serious now. With e-mail and even snail mail we've managed

to get things flowing a little quicker. But there are still some pitfalls which you want to avoid to make sure that your pictures don't get placed in the nefarious "file Z." We'll break down some of them below:

Photocopied pictures

Several people have recently sent in photocopied pictures for inclusion in the Zine, (these look kind of like a picture made by an unevenly inked rubber stamp). Sad to say these pictures don't print so well and thus probably (actually for sure) won't get printed in the Zine.

TIFF versus JPEG

Some people have been sending us photos in TIFF format. I did a test today and

saved a photo (of a pretty girl of course) in JPEG format and then the same one in TIFF format, the TIFF file was 5 times larger than the JPEG file. This means that I could save 5 JPEG pictures of the same quality in the space it took for that one TIFF file. So you'll save yourself and everyone down the line a lot of phone time waiting for that e-mail to go if you save your photos in JPEG format.

DON'T STOP READING YET!! One important point, though is that if you are going to send artwork such as Zine Funnies, or just your own art work and stuff like that, please do use either PCX format or TIFF format, as generally JPEG format doesn't do so well with line art.

Okay, that's probably getting pretty confusing, but let me break it down really simply below:

- 1. For photos, the best format is JPEG, (not TIFF).
- 2. For art, the best format is PCX (TIFF is also okay).

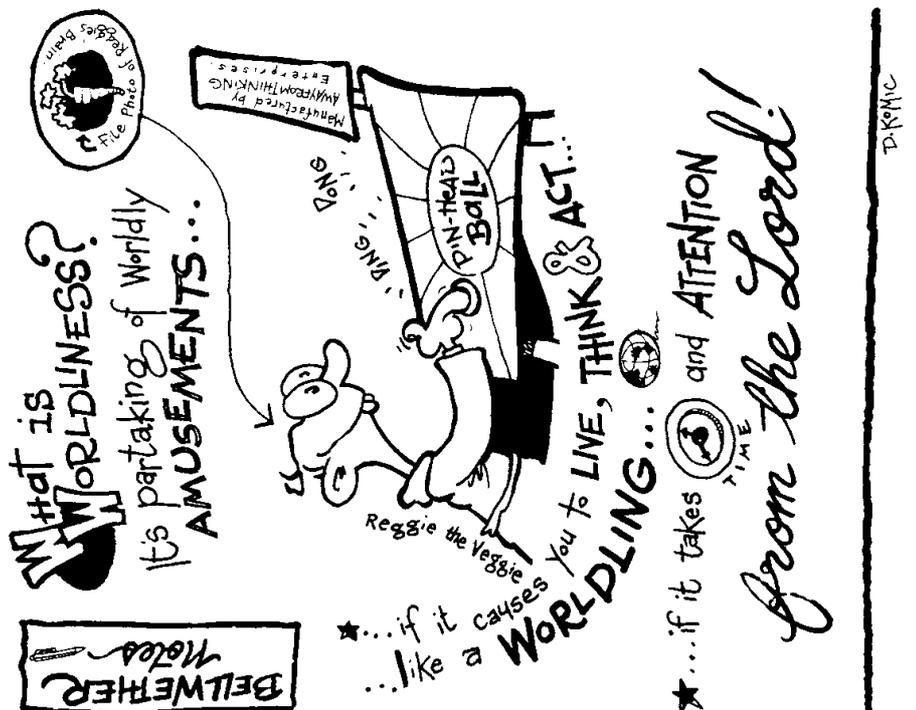


"Gee, I got this filesize way down!"

Some people have been doing great at sending in photos with a tiny file-size. The only problem that we encounter is that sometimes we end up with a picture that's so tiny that it can hardly be used. This is especially true of photos that are group shots with more than one or two people in it. Generally with group shots we try to print them as big as possible so that people will be able to see your beautiful faces, but if they're too small we can't really blow up the pic on our page without things looking blurry and poor in quality. So if you send

IT'S NOT TOO LATE... to send in your votes for the Great FTT Survey!

We haven't gotten all that many yet - don't you want to put your tastes on the map? Send in your Five Top Faves of all FTT tapes to date (including the Loving Jesus tapes and "Dropped Out"), while the polls are still open!!!!!!



T I E M S E B A U O E R I A L C E I R A M D N A
 E group shots, please try to make sure that the resolution is
 E high enough that it can be used as we've gotten some pic-
 E tures that have been excellent in content, but the quality
 H was so poor that it couldn't be used or it had to be used as
 W a little thumbnail rather than a nice big pic.

The Oh of Art

Thanks again to everyone for the great pieces of art. They really help to keep the Zine lively, exciting and full of variety. Here's a tip, though, if you want your artwork to have a better chance of getting in the Zine try to ink it before sending it to us. If it's just in pencil we either have to drop it or ink it ourselves, if we have the time. Sadly, sometimes we don't have the time to ink pencil art and then put it in the Zine, and thus your piece of art may get way-laid which would be a shame. So thanks for inking it so we can keep "The Oh of Art" in the Zine.

Returning Pictures

A lot of people have asked us to return the pictures they've sent in, and we will be doing our best to return all of the pictures which people have asked for so far. As you can imagine we could set up a department within a department answering mail and returning photos. But they haven't yet invented the 28 hour day or babies which take care of themselves, meals that cook themselves, houses which clean themselves, meetings which happen without people or a way to have get-out in your sleep. So we're limited to 24 hours in a day, and still have to take care of our babies, cook the meals, clean the house, attend meetings, and have get-out, as well as do all our other work so we don't really have the time to return each pic, as much as we'd like to. So we'd like to ask that from now on, if you send a pic in, consider it gone if that's okay. We're really sorry and wish we could send each photo back, but at present it's not very practical.

Love Your Fellow Zineists
 As represented by Toby

N A M R E D L A H P F W O L L I P S R O T S A P



Since we have printed the "Word Search Phun" in Zine 007, page 5, we have received letters from several notable noticers, informing us that it appears that several lines of the puzzle were missing! [These famous people are Sara (18) in Bombay -- who, by the way, sent us their answer sheet and had just about figured it all out anyway, with the help of Topaz (15), Sophie (12) and Lisa (12); also Clair (14) in Poland.] It turns out that there was some sort of computation error in our e-mail receipt, which resulted in some text loss. We're reprinting the missing text, which you can either photocopy and paste onto your other puzzle, or you could just copy it over onto there. How's that?

We also found out that we had the incorrect author! In fact, the greatly-deserving-of-appreciation creator of this great puzzle is: JEFF B., IN AUSTRALIA! Stay tuned for the next installment -- this time it will be complete!

Zesty & Zany Ziners Suggestions for Zapper Zymogenesis of our Zingy Free Zine

START SIMPLE Camera	CHOOSE BEST LIGHTING FLASHBUB	GET CLOSE FACE AND EXPRESSION	ONLY GET THE NECESSARY BACKGROUND We'll do the rest...
FRAME THE PIC ARTISTICALLY CENTER AND BALANCE SUBJECTS	Use Auto-focus 	GET PROPER PERSPECTIVE 	GET THE ACTION CLOSE-UP
TAKE FLASH SHOTS (CLOSE UP ONLY) NOTHING OVER 10 FT AWAY WILL BE Zine!	DON'T WASTE FILM!! 1 OR 2 SHOTS NOT 10 TO 45 !!!	TAKE BLACK AND WHITE PRINT SHOTS FOR FUN! COUNT 1,2,3 SQUEEZE DON'T SERK!	HOLD CAMERA STEADY OR USE A TRIPOD PRAY! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR GOOD SHOTS - GET INSPIRED & ALWAYS CARRY A CAMERA!!!



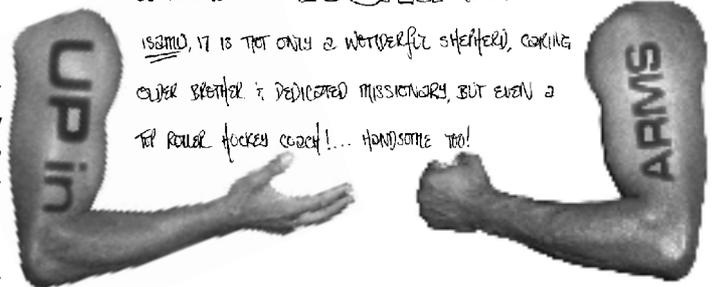
FROM MAGGIE, JAPAN:

Page 23
 ** as in "YOUR NAME IN..."
 OR LORD... PLEASE SEND US A FAITHFUL MAN

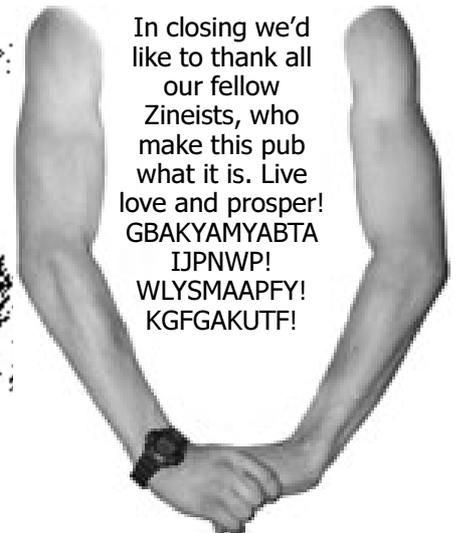
To BE A GOOD example TO THE KIDS, A STRENGTH TO THE O.C. BOSS, A GOODLY FUTI, POSITIVE INFLUENCE IN THEIR LIVES" WE PRAYED.

AND NOW THE LORD HAS ANSWERED OUR EVERY PRAYER, BY RAISING UP A YOUNG MAN!!!

ISAMU, IT IS NOT ONLY A WONDERFUL SHERHERI, COOKING OUR BROTHER'S DEDICATED MISSIONARY, BUT EVEN A TOP LEVEL HOCKEY COACH!... HANDSOME TOO!



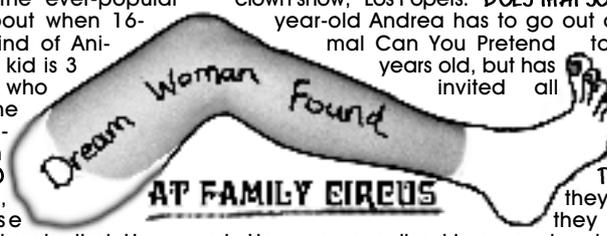
In closing we'd like to thank all our fellow Zineists, who make this pub what it is. Live love and prosper! GBAKYAMYABTA IJPNWP! WLYSMAAPFY! KGFGAKUTF!





Did you ever see a circus act where the whole family are acrobats, tight-rope walkers and trapeze-artists? They often might prefer to do something else ...

Here in Bolivia, Andrea and her sisters work shoulder-to-shoulder with their dad, producing the ever-popular clown show, "Los Popets." DOES THAT SOUND EASY? Well, what about when 16-year-old Andrea has to go out and dance to "What Kind of Ani-birthday kid is 3 years old, but has invited all his friends from the five pri-school in WHY DO t h e m , because their dad make their Home work. Have you ever lived in a country where the majority of the population works for an average take-home pay of about \$50 per month?



Where the people are so poor that nearly every time heavy rains come, families are buried alive as their mud houses collapse on top of them? Where hundreds of children live in the streets or in orphanages of every city, simply because their parents don't have money to feed them? If you lived in a place like that, you'd want to find ways to do something to help such people, right?

"Los Popets" found that their show accomplishes several terrific goals. 1) It gives them a perfect opportunity to know and be known by a sector of the population that has money, influence, and the ability to help the poor, and to touch their conscience to think of the needy. 2) It provides enough income

so that the Home can dedicate a good share of its time and energy to improving the quality of life for the poor, especially abandoned children. 3) Shows are fun, challenging, and can be a fountain of unlimited creativity for a show team. I mean, it's like **ACTIVITY-NITE** every day of the week!

Show-time is a real family affair for "Los Popets," as they all pile into the jeep and set up the puppet stage, lights, sound system, start **FACE-PAINTING** all the children, get the games ready and conduct a 2-3 hour show nearly every day.

Mama stays home with the little one, schedules the coming show times, and works on current CTP projects. The latest one is **CAMPAINING FOR MILK POWDER**, so that all the orphan children can drink milk every day. Not only does she have to collect the donations, but also has to organize passing them out so that staff workers at the orphanages give the milk to the orphans instead of taking it home with them or selling it.

Doesn't 16-year-old Andrea want to get out of town and go to one of those cities where lots of people her age congregate and have fellowship? Doesn't she want to go somewhere where her parents won't be so tempted to treat her like a kid? Yes, she does. Why doesn't she do it? Well, I think it's because she's got a vision for what it means to be a missionary, initiative to do her part to make it happen, and the **GUTS** to see it through.

By the way, Andrea is the beautiful dark-haired girl in the photo, which was taken at the border between Chile and Bolivia. The other girl is her good friend, Claudia, whose mother holds an executive position at the local branch of the World Bank. So the moral of the story, boys, is that your dream woman might be out there on some remote mission field giving her all for the lost. If you want to find her, **YOU GOTTA GO TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH** for Jesus, because there are dream girls (and boys), and wonder women (and men) there!



The other photo, of course, is the whole show team, "Los Popets." Buckets of love from Bolivia,

Lynn Clear

witnessing to the pocahontas show group

From Martin (12), Connecticut, USA:

We provisioned tickets to see the Pocahontas show on ice. The show was very fun, and afterwards we decided that we would like to witness and give tracts to the ice-skaters, so we went down to the practice area where they were going to come out. After an hour, a famous skater came out. I think her name was **Oksana Bajul** [Olympic gold medalist and world champion], but we were distracted and she left before we could give her a tract. We learned a lesson about not letting opportunities pass! Time went on and it was so cold that we decided to stay only three minutes more, and that if they didn't come out, we'd leave.



As my dad went to get the car, the girl who had been **Pocahontas** in the show came out with her boyfriend. We ran up to her and said, "We want you to have this!" and gave her a tract. At first she looked at us like, "Who are you?" But my mom told them that we had gone to the show for free and that we also performed in nursing homes, etc., to help people. They were really touched, and very sweet.

More of them came out, and we talked to them and gave them tracts. Others were from **Moscow, Armenia, Los Angeles, Chicago, Canada**, etc. Last of all, the skater that did the part of **John Smith** came out with his producer. We ran after him and gave him the tract. When we told him we'd been waiting for a long time to see him, and that we visit nursing homes and help people, etc., he was very happy. He said a few times that he was speechless to think we'd been waiting so long just to give him that little message. He told us to keep up the good work. It seemed that it made them happy that someone appreciated their show and tried so hard to give them something in return.

SOUL-WINNING AND THE BLIND MAN
From Angelina (12, of Philip and Jewel), Canada:

One day, as we were going postering, we met a teen girl, sitting in a car by herself. We asked her if she'd like a poster. She took one, and as we started walking away, my younger sister Emma (8) got a check that we should have gotten her saved. So we went back and asked her if she was going to Heaven, and if she wanted to pray with us. She said okay, and she got saved! We got to her just in time, because about a minute later her mom came and they left. That often happens when we go clowning: The Lord sends some children over and they stay just long enough for us to explain Salvation to them and get them saved. TYJ!

I also have a joke I wanted to tell you:
A GIRL WAS TAKING A SHOWER WHEN SHE HEARD A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. SHE YELLED, "WHO IS IT?" THE MAN AT THE DOOR RESPONDED, "IT'S THE BLIND MAN." SHE THOUGHT, "WELL, SINCE HE'S BLIND, I'LL JUST GO TO THE DOOR NAKED - HE CAN'T TELL ANYWAY." SO SHE ANSWERED THE DOOR. THE MAN STARED AT HER, SHOCKED, THEN ASKED: "SO, WHERE SHALL WE INSTALL THE BLINDS YOU ORDERED?"
Well, keep going for Jesus!
Much love and prayers, Angie



The Odd The Odd

GIGGLE 'N' GASP

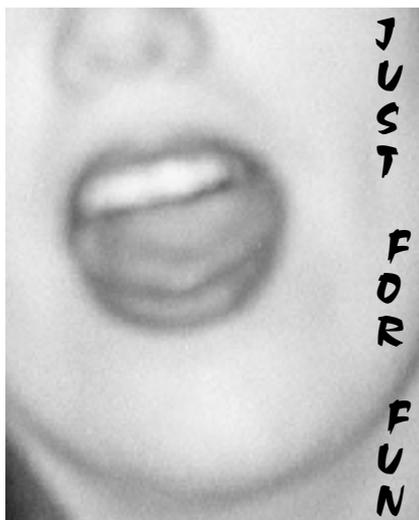
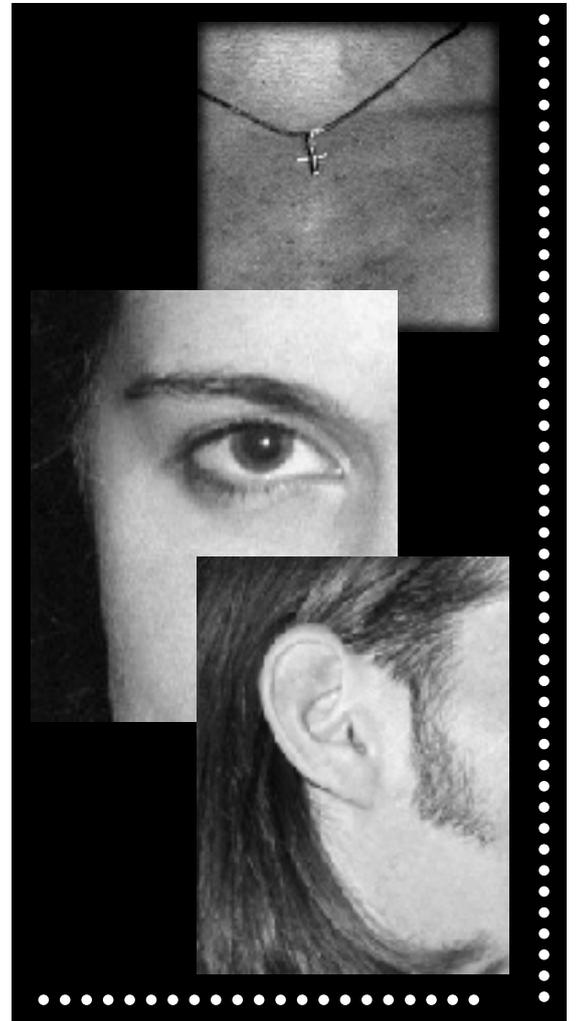
— Sent in by teen Cari Anchor (formerly Nina), USA; from Readers Digest

W I Z A R D O F O D D

* **WHILE I WAS SERVING AS A CHIEF MASTER SERGEANT AT BARKSDALE AIR FORCE BASE, MY SON AND NAMESAKE WAS ALSO SERVING THERE. HIS TWO-MONTH-OLD SON, WHOSE NAME WAS THE SAME AS OURS, WAS RECEIVING MEDICAL TREATMENTS AT THE BASE HOSPITAL. I WENT ON SICK CALL ONE MORNING, AND AS THE DOCTOR REVIEWED MY FILE, HE LOOKED AT ME IN DISBELIEF. "ARE YOU CURTIS E. CHAFFIN?" HE ASKED. WHEN I ANSWERED YES, HE TOLD ME, "IT SAYS HERE THAT YOU TURN BLUE WHEN YOU CRY!"**

* **A MAN WENT TO THE MOVIES, AND WAS SURPRISED TO FIND A WOMAN WITH A BIG COLLIE SITTING IN FRONT OF HIM. EVEN MORE AMAZING WAS THE FACT THAT THE DOG ALWAYS LAUGHED IN THE RIGHT PLACES THROUGHOUT THE COMEDY. "EXCUSE ME," THE MAN SAID TO THE WOMAN, "BUT I THINK IT'S ASTOUNDING THE WAY YOUR DOG ENJOYS THE MOVIE SO MUCH." "I'M SURPRISED MYSELF," SHE REPLIED. "HE HATED THE BOOK."**

* **ONE EVENING I NOTICED THAT MY DAUGHTER WAS ON THE PHONE LONGER THAN USUAL. IT APPEARED SHE WASN'T TALKING — JUST LISTENING. I FINALLY ASKED WHAT HER BOYFRIEND WAS SAYING THAT KEPT HER QUIET FOR SO LONG. "NOTHING," SHE ANSWERED. "WE AREN'T SPEAKING."**



J U S T F O R F U N

BIBLE JOKES

WHAT WAS THE FIRST HIT ALBUM? The record of John.

THE SMALLEST VILLAIN? The wicked flee [flea] (Prov.28:1).

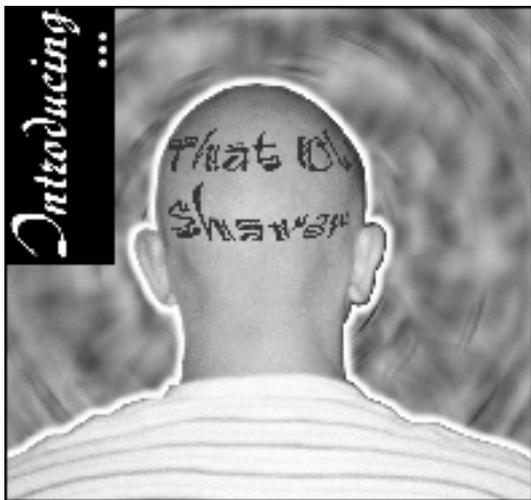
FIRST WEAPON FACTORY? The balm [bomb] of Gilead (Jer.8:22)!

FIRST ROCK SINGER? David: He "sang to the Rock!" (Ps.95:1)

THE STRONGEST APOSTLES? Paul and the men of Macedonia: They took up their carriages and went to Jerusalem! (Acts 21:15).

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE BIBLE? Rahab: "She dwelleth in Israel even unto this day!" (Josh.6:25).

— from Stephen SGA, Hungary



-- The very first thing that hits you once you get near these places is the smell!--



From David A. (19) of Micha and Sally, Kenya

Well, it's come to that. I've gotta type this up or no one else will. This is the first article I've written for any type of mag, so if some of you folks think this article's crummy and you feel like turnin' over to another page, I don't blame you. It just contains a brief account of one of our GTPs here; ministering to the street boys in some of the juvenile detention centers here in Kenya.

All right, here goes! The very first thing that hits you once you get near these places is the smell. I won't try to describe it for the simple reason that I don't know with what to compare it. But take my word for it: it's not inviting.

So, you come into the main gate and you enter this courtyard which is artistically decorated with a fine assortment of dried-out-beyond-redemption shrubs and trees, lending their meager shade to the dusty ground below. These centers are government-owned and all in pitiful condition.

The "courtyard" is surrounded on three sides by the "bedrooms" (although at first glance you'd swear it was a garbage dump for old WW2 bunk beds). I won't go into the details of what these rooms look like for fear of turning this mag into an emergency bag on account of some sensitive reader.

Each of the four "bedrooms" has 15-20 double bunks in them. Now, dig this ... at times there are up to 400 boys in this detention center (or "Approved School," as they call it here) which means they cram 100 guys into a 5-by-10-meter room which only has about 40 way-below-sub-standard beds. This means that you get four or five boys (mind you, these guys are between the ages of 7 to 17) sleeping on one level of the bunk.

Many of the boys are in there because of some petty crime, but you do find quite a few who are in there just because they were alone on the street when the police came along and hauled them off to the police station. From there they were sent to a "Remand Home" where they awaited their day in court. Once sentenced, they are either sent back home or end up in this "Approved School."

Most of the boys in these "schools" are plagued by skin diseases such as scabies, due to the constant dirt they are in contact with. When I look at the mattresses they've got, I'm not one bit surprised that scabies is so rampant there. The boys are divided into the different rooms and stay there amusing themselves for most of the day, only being let out for meal times. This is where we come in.

We've been going to these places regularly for over half a year now, with some guys from a Catholic organization who started this ministry and invited us to come along.

Usually, Juan (of Maggie) spends time with the boys that speak English (neither of us have mastered

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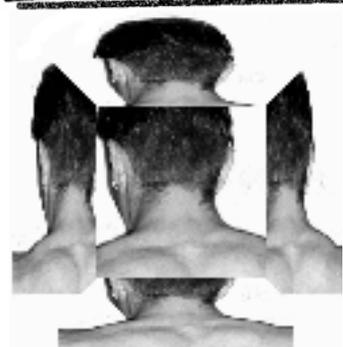
the gift of Swahili tongues yet), talking with them, getting to know a bit of their background, witnessing, losing badly at a game of checkers, etc. In the meantime, I pull out the electric shaving machine and start shaving heads. The boys much prefer a shaved head because it's a ton easier to keep clean. I mean, considering the living conditions and all the dirt you encounter there, I would prefer my head shaved too!

Shaving these guys' heads is not an easy task at all. In fact, recently I've gotten good at shaving with my eyes closed cuz I can't stand to look at all the life forms they have in their hair. No, it hasn't gotten that bad yet. But like I said, it's not an easy, much less enjoyable task. On a good day (that's how it should be) I can get up to 45 heads an hour. If the shaver just refuses to cut, sometimes does, I also talk with the boys or at a game of soccer.

After about an hour and a half of there, 250-300 of the boys crowd into the room, which is roughly equal in size to their rooms, and sit down, waiting for us to sing them. Somehow we manage to squeeze through this human sardine can and get from the door to the minuscule amount of floor space allotted us for a stage. Once there, we pull out our guitars and have fun singing with them. Of all the songs we've taught them so far their favorites are "Jesus the Light" (which, by the way, translates into Swahili as "Yesu ni mwangaza wa roho yangu") and "Hallelu-Hallelujah, Praise Ye the Lord," which we've taught them more recently.

It gives you such a good feeling to be packed in a room with them, just being there for them, to show them a bit of love in their otherwise dull situation. I know for sure that, even if I tried, I won't forget those times in that jam-packed, dusty room with sunlight shining through the half-cracked windows, and those boys singing and having fun.

Although I meet many of the boys on the street again (they come up to me singing "Jesus the Light"), I'm thankful that, at least we were able to show them a sample of Jesus' love and give a few of them the eternal treasure of Salvation.



PS: Enclosed is a picture I sketched of me shaving a boy's head. For obvious reasons, we're not allowed to bring a camera near these places, so the Lord gave us an idea of sketching a scene like they do in court-rooms. ■



DON'T B a Namby Pamby, string a Backbone

Well, Doctor... What's wrong with me?

Mr. Luke Warm

Your SPINE closely resembles a LIMP piece of STRING, a SICKENINGLY SOGGY SPAGHETTI, a SUPPLE STRAND OF SOTTO SPAGHETTI, a WILTING... BACKBONE

Hi there! GBY! My name is Steve D. I'm from Krabarovsk (Russia). Well, you've been saying that you like "Bold and Brave."

All this to say, "I like it too."

Love from Russian Fat East.

David Kohle

TAP INTO the POWER!



Gabe (18) on his way to Russia. Just finished dancing to one of the FTTs on blades!

THE FUTURE IS NOW

THE FUTURE IS NOW

JESUS

THE FUTURE IS NOW

art by Tiago

POETS AHON!

Hey. This is Keana here, tellin' u about another contest idea for TFZ.

13-year-old Natasha (somewhere in ASCRO) suggested that we have some kind of contest for those of ya out there who prefer to express yourselves through words rather than through images. So this is what we all thought: How about tryin' your hand at a limerick? (What is that? It's a five-line poem where lines 1, 2 and 5 rhyme, and 3 and 4 are little short lines which rhyme with each other.) We conveniently got one from Mikki in the PI recently — see nearby — so check it out for a live sample.

We thought that a fun topic would be on boys and girls, such as the

differences, similarities, how they interact, etc. Whatever. Just without getting too into the obvious interaction that we would all think about for comical value, if you know what I mean. Please.

We were majorly flooded with art from you guys with the last contest, which was mega-cool. I mean, we had no idea there was so much talent out there, and we tried to publish all that we were sent. So in this contest we'll try to put the best ones in, but not sure if we'll be able to publish them all.

Once again, we'll be offering a Zine patch. So give it a shot, huh? Thanx.

Just for fun



Page

28

*What are you tryin' to do?
 Like you had any of 'em on
 the table, 'cause the day
 that you had that one was
 it. It was just the way you had
 it.*

from Mikki



They are the

body

of Christ

ZINE READER'S SURVEY

- What are your favorite Free Zine sections or types of articles?
- Are there any outstanding articles which have come out which you remember as some of your "favorites"?
- What do you consider the least interesting sections of the Zine?
- What makes a page look appealing and interesting to read?
- What would you like to see in future Zine issues, either in the way of content, layout, articles, artwork, styles, surveys, etc. - anything?