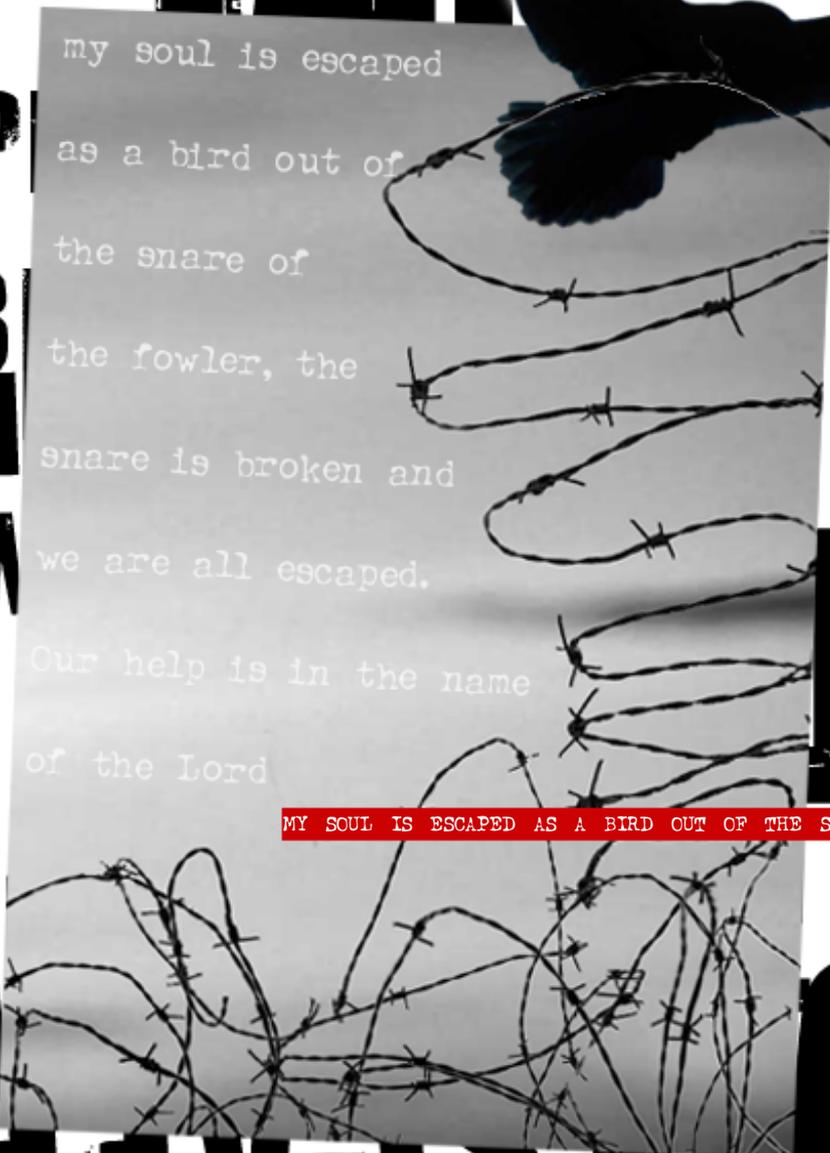


MY SOUL

IS
ESCAPED
AS A BIRD
OUT OF THE
SNARE OF THE
FOWLER

IS
OUR HELP IS
IN THE NAME
OF THE LORD



my soul is escaped
as a bird out of
the snare of
the fowler, the
snare is broken and
we are all escaped.
Our help is in the name
of the Lord

MY SOUL IS ESCAPED AS A BIRD OUT OF THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER



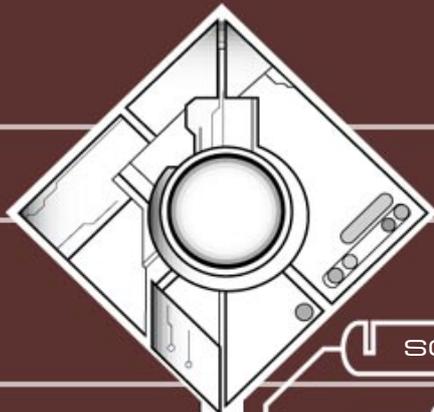


TABLE OF CONTENTS

	scrawlathon III
4	cries in the wilderness
5	upfront
6	dreams and wonders
7	everything changes
8	i used to be a prisoner
10	scrawlathon
18	stuff
20	spooky stories
22	orb of the prophets
23	zinetoon

PRO.6:20-23 DAN.12:3 HEB.4:16 LUK.10:19 1JON.2:14 DEU.28:7 MAT.26:52
 ISA.40:31 MAT.16:3 PRO.25:25 1COR.1:10 DAN.11:32 1SAM.12:16

NOTICE ME...

references to the verses appearing in zine 28 comic

It has been pointed out to us that several less-than-cool people have used the *Zine* to do some less-than-cool things. That is, apparently some nameless folks have sent in pics of other people without their permission or knowledge. On our end, if we get a goofy picture of somebody with no note, we assume that the person in question sent it. And that is all very fine and good, if you're sending goofy pictures of yourself. But if you were to open the *Zine* one bright day and find that a perfectly ordinary picture of yourself was made into a goofy picture and then contributed anonymously into the *Zine* ... yes, not terribly inspiring! Enough said? Please, all, let's save our goofiness for our own contributions!

HOW'S BUSINESS?	Tailor Sew sew.	Astronomer Looking up!	Author Write on!	Farmer Keeps growing!	Wizard of Oz art by Evye
	Barber Hair today, gone tomorrow.	Veterinarian Going to the dogs!	Drummer Booming!	Undertaker A real put down.	

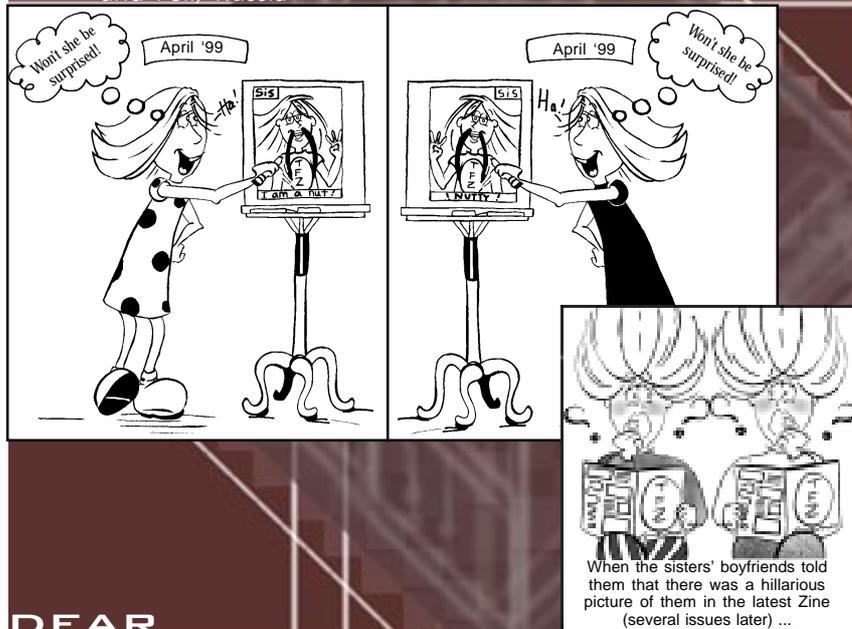
TRIVIA

TIME

Q: We were wondering who wrote the song "Brother to Brother" on the new *Treasure Attic*.
— from Regi, Lillie and Feli, Russia

A: Here you go—from the IVM archives:

I Get Along with My Brother (or as you called it ... Brother to Brother)
Sung by: Jeremy Spencer
Written by: Roberto Adan, Paulo, and Jeremy Spencer.



NAME

YOUR

LIGHTS

IN

Going through hard times, a certain teen needed to go to the field more than desperately. The Lord opened the door for her for the Siberian summer camp, but thousands of K's across the ocean means big fares ... and only three weeks for it to happen. ... Another teen saw the need and responded above and beyond the call of duty, and what can I say "of a love that is stronger than death"? (Song of Solomon 8:6). ANGELA gave all her savings to teen friend Karishma (Kristina), so she could buy her ticket ... and it was no mean amount ... well over \$600! I do know that that the Family is a special place, and Ang ... it's people like you that make it that way!

— From Jonathon and Faith, Australia

I want to put LUKE (17, of Johnny and Fe in Venezuela) in bright lights and give him a mega thank you for the donation he gave me to come to Columbia. Luke, I wouldn't have made it here so soon if it weren't for you. I love you lots!

— From Dulce (18), Columbia

I am really thankful that Peter and Crystal let me come to their Home to raise my fare to Hungary. They are so sweet and I'm truly going to miss them. Thank you for everything Peter, Crystal and Home. I love you!

— From Jenny Heart (16), USA

I would like to say a big "thank you" to my dear shepherd, for all of his labors of love in caring for us; for his love, patience, understanding, wisdom, and sample of serving the Lord faithfully with his life. Thank you, U. Steven, for always being there as a help, encouragement, and even a father. GBY!

— From Sam (17), Asia

There are two people who I think deserve a lot of credit, not just for who they are but also for who they help. Matthew and Marie ... WE LOVE YOU! "We" (as in "the Russian and SEEC area") are very thankful for the time and effort that you've put into making our communications go so much smoother. It wasn't always like this, but you've invested time (and patience) into making it work. As a result, we now have a successful communications set-up! Thank you so much for your unseen labors in the ABM office these many years and for your faithfulness in the smallest of details. We couldn't have made it without you! With love and appreciation, the ex-Russian and CIS ABM secretary!

— From Charlene (YA), Austria

DEAR

ED...

I was just wondering, is there any way we could have some section where we could ask personal questions about you or others in WS? I mean, maybe something like that would get out of hand with people asking questions that can't be answered for security reasons, but then those ones just wouldn't be printed.
— From Leifke, USA

(FZ: By all means, send 'em in! We love to hear from you and—of course—we love to talk about ourselves! Anything we can answer in print, we will. And those we can't answer for the time being ... we'll put them in a special red polka-dot folder marked "to follow up on after the Rapture"!)

The poster in *Zine* #24 is really great! One year ago I asked in my report for posters like this, and one brother told me he had asked too, at the same time. Keep them coming! We desperately need them!

— From Paul and Lilas, France

I really love the new music that is coming out and all the new GNs. It's just so cool to know that Mama and Peter know where the Family's at and that they're sending out all these new head-on GNs, which are really getting people to see the need for change in their lives, including myself.

—From Jenny Heart (16), USA

Dear Simon Black, I just read your interview and wanted to write in to comment how much I liked it. What stood out to me the most is your still-revolutionary spirit + your sold-outism. You're a real sample of a dedicated missionary. I also will use the chance to tell you that I love your songs, they're the ones I listen to the most. Keep'm coming!

— From Angie (16), Spain

Draw the flesh...

Capture the spirit.

(Jesus speaking): Close your eyes and think of Me. My arms are strong. I am a mighty fortress, Master of all things, strong and mighty. I am your Savior, your Hero, your Deliverer. And yet, I am a tender Lover, compassionate, warm, loving and kind. My eyes pierce with love, pierce with warmth, pierce with passion, pierce with fire. My arms hold you firm, yet caress you tenderly, slowly, softly, completely. Sexy I am, but raw cold flesh I am not.

I want to use your hands and your mind to draw My likeness. I want to use you to portray Me in a unique way, which I will lead you to do as you trust Me completely and let My spirit flow through you. It doesn't matter what your age is, or your background or experience or anything, all that matters is that you seek Me desperately and trust Me fully, and expect a miracle.

Have no preplanned ideas of your own of what you think I should look like, just seek Me desperately for each detail, each line, each stroke. I will perfect your work and make it just what I want it to be.



(Jesus speaking:) I will give you the angle, the idea, the thought. I will show you what kind of clothes to put on Me, what kind of hair, what facial expression to portray, what style of clothing, what body position, what posture, whether it should be informal, formal, young, older, sexy, modest, down-to-earth or ethereal.

If one pictures Me in their mind's eye as a blond, then I become that creation for them. If one pictures Me as an olive-skinned guy with dark hair, then I become that creation for them. If one likes Me with a beard, I am that way to them. If one likes Me with a goatee, I am that way to them. If one likes Me with blue eyes or brown, I am that creation for them. I can become all things to all men, that I might win them to Me.

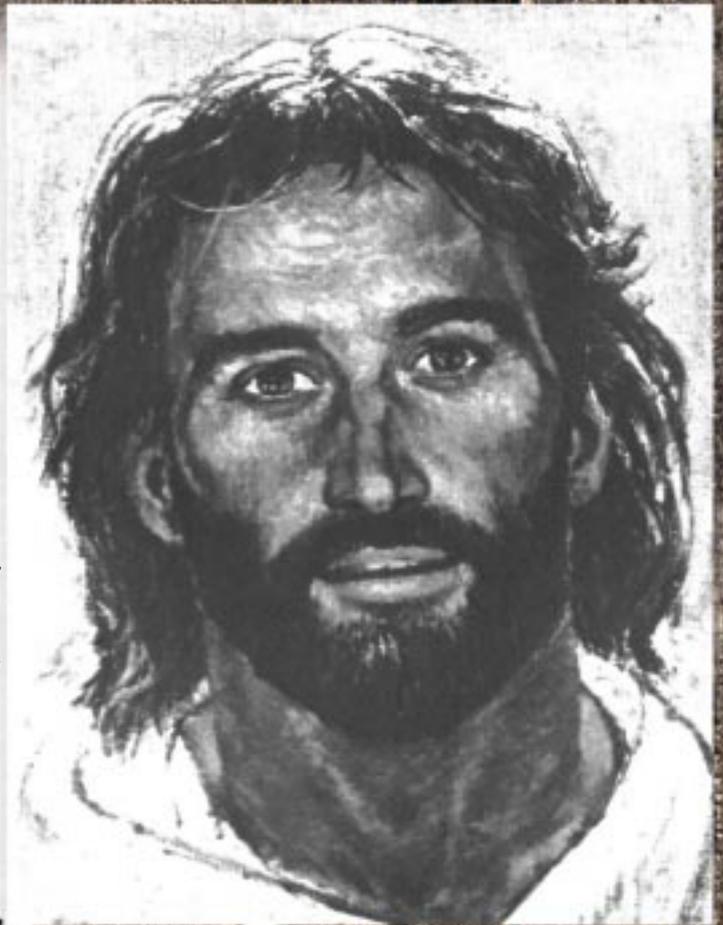
Launching ...

Scrawlathon III

Attention Zinists: What's our Man to you? Is He a celestial Brad or perhaps Don Juan? Is He gentle? Is He wild? Send us your imaginations, dreams and fantasies of our one and only Dream Lover!

*Capture the Spirit wild and free,
Thought handsome and cool
He may be;
Let's give to Him His due
In this scrawlathon from you*

PS: We realize it's not quite the same having a Scrawlathon without Shanice, but we're trying Shan, we miss you! Send us your contribs, 'kay?



CRIES IN THE WILDERNESS

OF CATS AND TRAVELLERS

FROM KAT AND ANGELA, CHINA

Going on the road was awesome and totally amazing! PRAISE THE LORD! We stayed for a week with the family of one of our catacombers, and were carried around like "the pride of the family." At every turn we got invited to see and visit different relatives and friends and tell them about our Christian faith. They all treated us royally, and we had quite a few in-depth witnessing opportunities.

We had plenty of fun. We visited some of the famous sights and had a two-day excursion in the mountains, with a five-hour rapid ride in a rubber dinghy, only two people in each, and we had to make our own way down the rapids. It was really neat!

Then we went to a pretty little town that's

mainly geared to foreigners. This town is usually full of backpackers, crazy westerners,



many of whom are real searchers of truth. We met three real cute guys who were real searchers. For me it was amazing to see guys like them from the States, coming all the way to China trying to find the truth! We met up with them over the course of three days, and could witness to them in a real cool way. All three of them were into all kinds of System trips, so at first we felt like "Why in the world would they wanna hang out with us?" We never took drugs, we didn't use foul language, we weren't into "wearing a front" and you know what?—They kept telling us how different we were from the rest of the "deadheads," how we have this amazing light in us...! (The real "cool thing" is the Lord's Spirit!)

So they kept finding us and asking if we could eat together or go places together. Sometimes they would apologize for their foul language. For me, it was really an awesome feeling—we were in total authority in the Spirit. When we talked to them about prophecy and we told them the different things the Lord showed us about them, they thought it was far-out!

One of the boys had been born into a Jewish family with strong traditions. Although he didn't get saved, when we gave him a prophecy from the Lord, he was totally in awe about "how we knew what things were in his heart." We told him it wasn't us! Although a personal message from Jesus was a bit strong meat for him, he couldn't deny that it was truly supernatural! Prophecy is really working!



named Kwajo. He had an evil spirit in him, and he knew it! This spirit made him steal and lie; he had had it since he was five. Tina told us all about him. Afterwards I asked if I could pray for him; she said yes, so she called him. First I asked him if he would like to receive Jesus into his heart, and he said sure. So I prayed with him and then I said, "I hear you have an evil spirit in you." He nodded and I asked, "Would you like to pray for Jesus to take away this evil spirit?" He said, "Okay." So I prayed and he repeated. After we prayed he had a light in his eyes. I then asked if I could pray for him so I prayed, "Dear Jesus, we command You to take away this evil spirit and bind it under the rocks in the center of the Earth. In Jesus' name, amen." Then he gave Auntie Ruth and me a hug. Please pray for him that he continues to keep up his resistance against the attacks of the evil spirit!

I CAST
OUT DEVILS
BY THE
SPIRIT OF
GOD

(MT. 12:28)

FROM JOHN MICHAEL
(10), GHANA

One day we went out to see two friends of ours called Fred and Tina. They have a thirteen-year-old boy that helps

them around the house,

UP FRONT

African students and lasting values

From Jasmine (YA), Russia

Spiritual schedulers

From Charishma (15), India

I was having a hard time planning out my time and fitting everything I wanted to in my week, and one day when I was praying, the Lord told me that He wanted to help me plan my schedule. So I got my paper and notebook and the spirit helpers came and planned out my whole schedule. I was pretty shocked when I was writing it down, and thought I couldn't possibly fit in two hours of Word, praise time, loving Jesus time, prophecy time, helping with my Home ministries, etc., in one day. But He just chalked it out real simply for me.

He told me I should make a Word curriculum for myself so I wouldn't spend my Word time trying to figure out what to read either. PTL! Anyway, I thought that was pretty cool. I'm quite thrilled with prophecy, and a lot of the things the Lord has been showing me recently have really flipped me out! ■

Good communication with others is something I've been learning, and it sure is worth the cost, because life is so much happier when you don't have any walls between you. It was pretty tough for me to learn to do something differently than my own way, but I'm glad the Lord brought me through those lessons. The excuse sometimes comes to my mind, "Why should I try to be so considerate of others and learn how they like things?

We're not married or something." But then the Lord checks me that hey, we are all married together, and that's what makes us the Family of love!

This year I went through my toughest trials about whether I would be in the Family when I was going through a tough time of forsaking all, including friends, fellowship and more free-style living. I didn't think I could make it without some of these physical things that just seemed so necessary, but Jesus proved He was enough. And life is so much happier now that I've learned more lasting values! ■

When asking the Lord where I should go, He said it should be to a place where I could prepare for my future field of Africa. I thought maybe that meant somewhere that I could team up with someone/s who I could later work together with in Africa. Down the line the Lord showed me to go with a sister who has a toddler and is "great with child," and her husband's gotta go on a visa trip. So I sort of put what the Lord said previously on a back burner, thinking it was sort of outdated.

Lo and behold, in the Home I went to, to help this sister, they've been reaching students from Africa! I'm getting to know them, and they're telling me about what life's like in Africa, and I'm getting more and more thrilled! It's one of the Lord's perfect setups, and it's all preparing me for what's ahead.

I sure am glad I followed the Lord, and now, with this new weapon of prophecy being so useful, I'm wondering how I ever lived without it! Jesus has also given me special messages when I've felt discouraged, lonely, confused, bored—you name it! It's just lifted so many clouds; it's great! He makes me laugh, smile, cry tears of joy, and gives so much through His Words. I'd say it's really been the key to helping me through some really rough times.

As we read the "Goals for 1998" GN, I started checking my heart, and as the day of the Feast came closer I waited with expectancy. I really wanted to have better communication! The Lord and His angels must have been fighting twice as hard in the spirit, because during the Feast we were able to read and comment, exchange opinions and clear things up in a way that we hadn't been able to before. I know that we will still have a few battles and tests along the way, but with the Word and the Lord's help it will get better every time. Thank You Jesus! ■

A year or so ago, our family opened a Home. I turned 16 the same year and became a voting member, which along with other things meant that I would be having to counsel with my parents about the Home and other things, which we weren't used to doing. Our communication wasn't the best; actually, due to a lot of misinterpretations, misunderstandings and a big difference in viewpoints, we often had a very hard time when it came to counseling together. In the long run, this created an atmosphere of disunity, and sometimes I would just not voice

Sweet communication!

From Mariana (17) (of Santiago and Clara), Brazil:

better than a fantasy

Dreams & Wonders



ghosts, goblins and goddesses

Ghosts, goblins and goddesses

From Thaddeus (of Sara), Iceland

England has its fairies and wood nymphs; Ireland has its "little people"; Norway has its trolls.—But Iceland has them all, and more!

The need to get help from a mechanic led us to an area of town we hadn't planned to go to. After fixing the problem—and getting out some tools at the same time, we saw a very unusual sight. Back in the early days of the settlement of Iceland, they had built houses into the hillsides, covering them with soil and turf for insulation. What stood in front of us was a very modern update of this technique: A geodesic dome, designed by one of Buckminster Fuller's students, set on the side of the mountain, half-covered in turf.

We thought it was a flower shop, as the open part was filled with plants, flowers and trees. Walking through the garden, our senses were filled with the sounds of the small waterfalls on either side, the scent and the beauty of the flowers, and we could see that someone had put a lot of love and thought into it.

Despite the chill outside, under the dome it was very warm and humid—heated only by the sun. It turned out to be the home of one of the town's leading anti-drum activists.

The course of our conversation led to spiritual things and she told us of the many spiritual experiences she had had herself, and how people were seeking spiritual answers and solutions. Then she rose and got a map. It turned out to be a large-scale map of the area, showing the location of sightings of different spiritual beings of all descriptions! From towering angels, some over 300 meters high, to beautiful Divas (goddesses), down to little elves and dwarfs, all had been faithfully recorded. These normally invisible beings are taken very seriously and treated with respect.

dreams and wonders better than ghosts, goblins and goddesses

Many people are quite sensitive to them and have seen or felt them. After praying with this lady to receive the Lord, both Sarah and I saw them for ourselves—Sarah saw the mountain ridge lined with

After praying with this lady to receive the Lord, both Sarah and I saw them for ourselves

powerful angelic forces, and I saw a beautiful goddess on one of the mountains at the end of the fjord who said, "Thank you for coming! Now you can release the forces of God to fight on our behalf, because you know about these things and understand!" When I asked the woman if she knew of anything in the area at the end of the fjord, she told us of the "diva" who lived on the mountain, and that she frequently talked with and prayed to her!

Better than fantasy

From Lily (25), Moldova

I had a dream that I was somewhere in the mountains, running from someone who was chasing me. I can't remember who and why I had to run, but the forest was so beautiful. The trees had beautiful green leaves—like the beginning of summer, but even more beautiful, even Heavenly.

I ran by a river. It was so clean and clear; you could see the different kinds of stones, of different colors and sizes. Then suddenly it seemed I was with my mom in the town where I was born, but at the same time I was on the same mountains by the river. My mom looked like she was about 30 (now she's 61). She said, "You show people this nice forest just to get them into your organization. There's no such thing as this forest. It can't be!" "But Mom," I said, "it's true! It's real, it's the truth!" My mom continued, "I'm sure this beautiful forest is just at the beginning, and later it's a desert." I told her, "No way! The deeper into the forest you go, it is much more beautiful. Come and see!" I could see the deeper parts of the forest and it was even more beautiful.

Thinking about the dream later, I realized that this beautiful forest, mountain, river, and everything beautiful in my dream is what's in our hearts. Every time people look at us, they see it. Many of them don't believe it when they see it; it's too much for them. It's only in their dreams and fantasies, but for us it's reality because we have the King in our hearts, and we have His love forever. Then people start to accuse us of lying. They just can't believe we are honest; but if they are crazy enough to try it they will never be sorry. ■

I am Chandra, and new to the Portland Home. I am 20 years old, born 6-30-78, a Cancer. I met the Family about four months ago, through my mother who met Star (formerly Kadee) downtown witnessing.

My mother was suicidal, and that day out her head was hanging down with her hood over her head. Star said, "She looked like she was asleep." So Star put the "True Love, Forever Love" tract on her lap. My mom read it. She said that it answered all the questions she was crying out to the Lord about. It completely lifted her spirit and brought her completely out of her state of mind.

So my mother went out and tried to find the feet she had seen walk over and put the tract on her lap. I think that is amazing! My mother said, "I just walked all around the square looking for those feet so I could tell her thank you, and that I thought she was a messenger from God." Finally she found Star and thanked her.

Star invited her to come to a Bible study. My mom was so excited she told everyone, which included me, but I wasn't too interested. I told her on the phone when she called to tell me the great news, "Oh, that's nice... Umm... I'm happy that you're happy." That was the only thing I could think of saying. I didn't really care too much for the religious thing. I was completely house-bound at the time from agorophobia. I was suffering from extreme fear, always thinking someone was going to attack me, or kill me, or that I would catch a disease, the list goes on and on.

My friend Stuart had to come to get me out of my house to bring me to visit my mother. It took him 2-3 days just to get me out the door. I sat in the back corner of the bus, with Stuart right next to me. I had headphones on so I could distract myself from all the fears that constantly would run through my mind. It took two buses to get to my mother's house. I stayed there for about three days—since of course I was too afraid to go back out into the evil unpredictable world that lay outside the door. Then it came time for my mother to go to Bible study.

She had been trying to talk me into going for a long time. I was too scared to go, but when the van showed up ... I really can't explain it, I wasn't scared to go anymore. I thought, "Well, I went this far already, I'd better go." I remember thinking over and over, "Act normal, and most of all please, Mom, don't put me on the spot." I was afraid that she would tell them about me, or something. Well, she did! But the people were so sweet and loving, which actually was scary to me.

They all hugged me, tried to talk to me and ask me questions, till I crept away into a corner and waited for whatever was to happen next.—Hoping it wouldn't involve me having to say anything or be put on the spot.

I remember Star looking at me from time to time, and knowing from the first time I saw her that she was going to want to talk to me. Through the whole Bible study I felt her thoughts, thinking, "I've got to talk to this girl." I didn't know what to think. I thought I was crazy or something.

I am only telling you what I was feeling shortly before I met the Family, because if I were to tell you my life story, it would be a series! I went through so much abuse of all kinds—drugs, violent groups, different attempts to find the truth including witchcraft, other forms of religion, different states of personality, mental wards ... this is the only way I could think of telling you how much I have changed through only the love of Jesus and the Family. Nothing, no one, in any way has gotten me to feel the peace of mind, joy, and comfort that I feel now.

Back to the story: I was really uncomfortable to say the least. Just sitting there, feeling the love all around me, and the extreme feeling of "RUN" that I had inside me. I wanted to just scream or cry or something. But when they all were singing, I felt my nerves being calmed. — A feeling of almost being hugged. I was almost completely comfortable for the first time in the longest time. They started the study and I began feeling tugged back and forth between the loving, hugging feeling and the utter confusion and fear that was trying to overcome me from within.

I felt quite dizzy, a major headache arrived from all of this. Of course, I still stayed. I don't know what everybody was saying, or what they had me read. All I felt shining through was Star, and that hugging that just kept me from just losing my mind and making a scene. I was scared of Star, but I felt sure I knew her from somewhere. I don't believe in coincidence. When the study was over they all prayed for me. I don't know why, or who asked. But that was the worst time I had. That feeling



of "RUN" was extremely present, but I was even more terrified of making a scene, and having more people think I was crazy! Sometime afterwards Star and her boyfriend asked to speak to Stuart and me. I don't really know what she was saying, my head was changing from a horrible headache to a fuzzy, cloudy feeling.

I was so confused about what happened, I just tried to answer whatever they were saying as normally as I could. Seeing the weird looks on their faces as I answered whatever they asked, I knew that I was saying something strange or at least not what they were expecting. So I got out of that situation as soon as I could.

She gave me some posters, and a *Treasures* book. Then we were all taken home. They asked me if I would like to go to the Rainbow Gathering. I don't know why I said yes. But I figured I was too tired and I would sort things out later and tell them if I changed my mind.

They took me to my mother's home where I slept for the night. The next morning I felt different. I felt energetic; I wasn't afraid to go home. I left with Stuart and told him to go home. I went home the rest of the way by myself. Then I cleaned my house. I turned on the radio, but I wasn't interested for some reason. So I turned on the TV. Same thing; I wasn't interested. So I grabbed the *Treasures* they gave me to read. It was pretty cool. I thought, "This will do until a good show comes on TV." I called my mother and asked her what was on so I wouldn't miss it.

I don't know which shows were on, but they were a couple of my favorite shows, and I had no intention of missing them. But I got so interested in the *Treasures*. I decided to grab my dusty, unused Bible someone had given me. I had a lot of those books that people for some unknown reason had a weird impulse to push on me.

So I looked up the little Bible addresses (whatever they are called) in the *Treasures* and proceeded to compare, and make sure it said the same beautiful things the *Treasures* did. I had thought all the Bible had to say was "You're evil, no good." I couldn't understand how people found these loving things in that book!

When my shows came on I turned on the TV. After a short while into my first show, I thought "I'll see this later on the rerun. I want to read just a little more ... I'll watch the next show." So I read and read, until the next show. The same thing happened! I read into the night until I finally went to sleep. I had nice dreams, instead of the horrible nightmares I'd been having for years. I woke up again with a clearer feeling of peace than the day before.

The next day I saw my counselor. She said, "Well, you look better than when I saw you last. What happened?" I looked at her with a puzzled expression and told her. She

calmly listened and told me she was happy for me and she saw a big change. I thought, "Really, hmmm ... wow ... I wonder." So when the next Bible study came up, I went.

That Bible study was completely different from before. I understood almost everything they said. I was still shy and cautious, but I had a fun time. Star and Josh, sometime around then, gave me some verses to memorize on fear, which was perfect for the time. Out of nowhere that week I began getting phone calls of people warning me about the Family.—People who barely knew me! I got two marriage proposals and guys from modeling agencies telling me about a gift that I supposedly had.

I began having dreams of being a missionary. I decided to hang out with the Family more often. I decided that they were the only safe people to be around, for some reason. I just liked being around them. I felt at home around them, and was really tired of the people who were crawling out of the woodwork so to speak, out of nowhere, that seemed to think they had the answers.

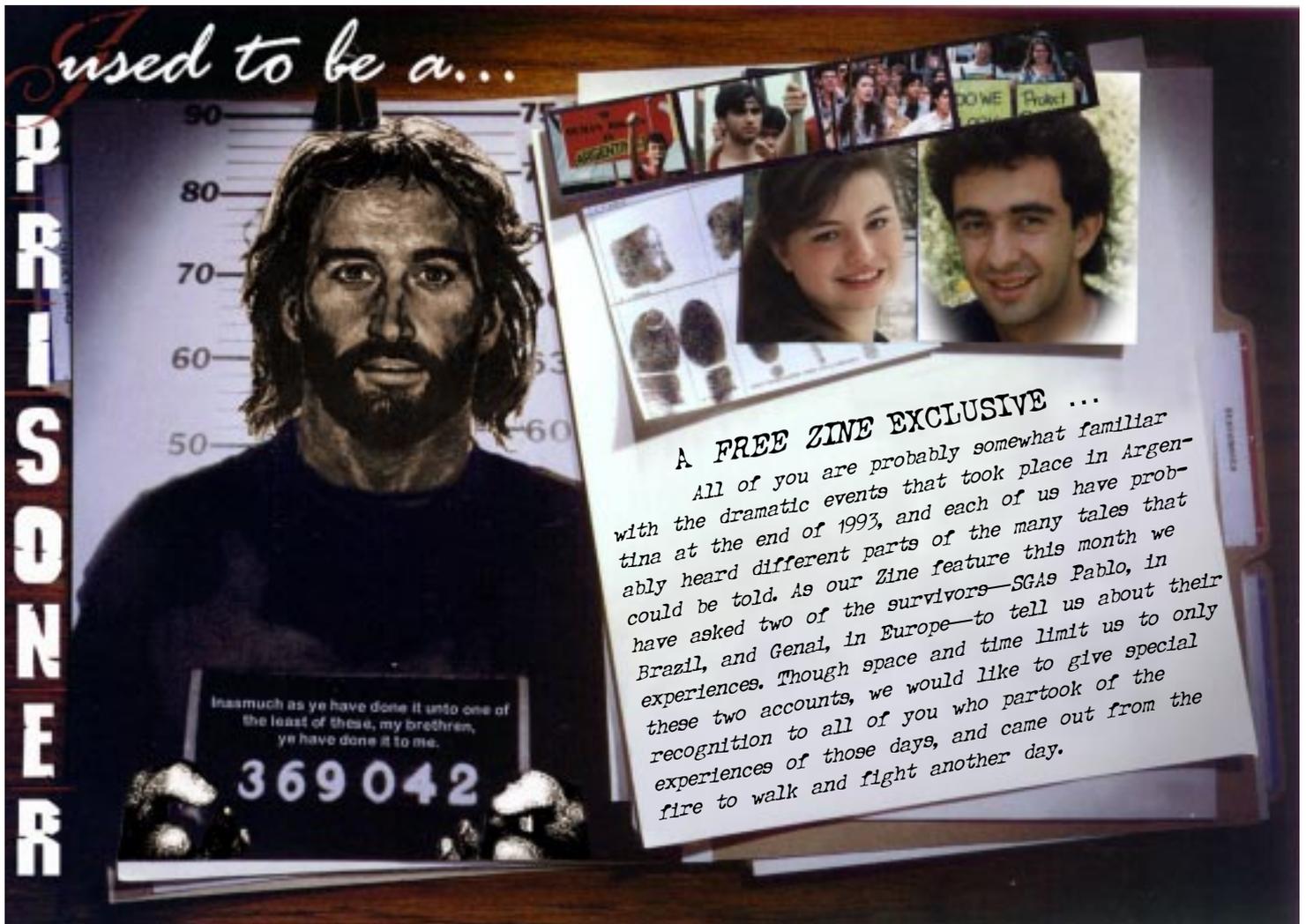
A friend named Wizard who had never bothered me was one of the guys who suddenly wanted to marry me. Now he was calling me at my house constantly, telling me that he could heal me. I thought, "Why didn't he ask before?—Before when I was going in and out of mental wards? Why now when I am smiling does he want to heal me?"

He told me that the Family might be a cult and just to be careful, and that he cared for me. Others told me I was being brainwashed. I continued having dreams of being a missionary. I then remember why I might know Star. When I was 16 I'd had a dream of a girl with the same spirit as her. She was my roommate in a group situation of some sort. She was crying and I comforted her. I thought, "WOW! That was Star!" I didn't want anyone to know I was thinking of being a missionary. I wanted to make sure first. I also wanted to make sure they weren't a cult. But I thought, *How could they be a cult if for the first time in my life I feel so free because I met them, and they prayed for me?*

Well, I wanted to keep my thoughts to myself. Then my mother said out of nowhere, "Have you thought about joining the Family?" I was stunned! I said, "No way. Why would you think something like that?" My mom said, "I don't know, I just thought you would do good with them. I thought that you probably would like being a missionary."

I told her about my dreams and told her the truth. She told me to pray about it. So I did, and practically scared Patrick one day when I was witnessing with him and I hugged him and sweetly said with a smile, "How do I join the Family?" We talked for a long while. Then later I went to the Rainbow Gathering with them.

I saw the others in the Family and thought, "If this is a cult, I wish the whole world would go through their brainwashing program!" I have never met people that glowed with as much love and enthusiasm as these people did. So here I am, and here I stay!



PRISONER

INTERVIEW WITH PABLO LATINO

Q: Can you tell us a little about yourself?

A: I was born in Chile and raised in Argentina. At the age of 9, together with my mom I joined the Family. ... I'll never forget that day!—Being a missionary was “*Tan buena onda!*” (The in thing to do!) I have to admit my reasons for wanting to join weren't all that pure. I thought it would be the best way to get out of school, but it didn't work. My mom had me in a Catholic private school; the education was pretty good, but the spirit was so dead I thought that being a Christian was the most boring thing. When I first visited a Family Home, I was just captivated by the Spirit of the Lord. I remember any free-time I had, I would do anything to visit the Home; it was the highlight of my day!

I've just turned 22, and now looking back I can honestly say that I love this Family to pieces and think it's the best thing that ever happened to me! I'm not a typically spiritual guy, but I'm trying my best to keep up with all the New Wine and the REVOLUTIONS the Family is going through! I'm proud of our Family and am so thankful to be a part of it!

Q: What do you do?

A: I live at the froggie pond. I work full-time as an editor for the “Family Fun” shows and other projects we have. Also whenever there's a need I help out with the puppets, the new “LA News” and around the house. I like to help with the kids and the regular day-to-day jobs. Do my regular JJTs every day. Have a good time cooking granola and pancakes when it's my turn on breakfast. Love to e-mail my friends. Enjoy very much a good soccer game (espe-

cially if we win). I help out with our “consider the poor” ministry.

Q: We understand that you were involved in the 1993 raids of the Family Homes in Argentina. How old were you then?

A: I was 17 at the time. Prior to the raids I was living in a cozy, medium-sized witnessing/provisioning Home called the “Lighthouse.” At the time of the raids I had temporarily moved to another Home, the “Heritage,” which happened to be the most populated Home in the country, and therefore the primary target of our enemies.

Q: Can you briefly tell us how you were involved and what happened to you?

A: I heard people banging on the door very loudly. I was asleep on the top bunk, and my mom and little brother were on the bottom. Beside them was Joshie, a toddler boy my mom was taking care of.

The police thought the door was locked, so they kept banging.—The problem was that the door handle had been installed upside down (the mistake of one of the teen boys doing maintenance a few days before), so they couldn't open the door because they were turning the knob the wrong way. The policeman thought someone was holding it shut from the other side to keep them from opening it.

Oblivious to the danger ahead, I went and opened the door just as the policeman was about to burst it open, and found myself facing an already upset and now also frustrated police officer.—He thought I was the one who had been holding the knob (apparently he failed to notice I was only a teen and not strong enough to match his grip), so he held me flat against the door, pointed his gun at my head and said, “You're coming with me.” I tried to explain about the door, but he didn't seem too interested and kept saying, “Quiet! Quiet!”

In a matter of minutes, the house was crawling with reporters, photographers and cameramen from all the major newspaper and TV networks. I didn't know what to say, how to react or anything, though it was quite obvious what the purpose of their "visit" was.

They thought we were an undercover terrorist group or something like that. I guess they'd heard so much about us that they were prepared for anything. They brought police cars, buses, motorcycles, an army of policemen, plus all the media. They had the wrong address and were having trouble finding the property. When they finally found our house, one of their cars crashed into the gate. That was our reveille call.

They broke in at about 2:30 in the morning and had us all go to the living room. That night in particular was very cold and they kept us up all night, answering questions and then waiting there. We were all really tired.—Especially me, 'cause I had stayed up till 1:00 AM talking with some of the other boys.

Before taking us to the institution, they were supposed to let us go back to our bedrooms to get a few belongings, but they didn't give us much time to do or get anything. I pretty much left with just what I had on. They didn't want us to bring Bibles or any literature, so one of our guys grabbed a guitar and stuffed some books into the hole of the guitar. They loaded us all into one van and drove us straight to the institution. We kept trying to get them to tell us where they were taking us, but they said, "You'll know soon enough." We knew Buenos Aires pretty well, and by the time we arrived at the institution, we knew exactly what part of town we were in, so on our first phone call we let everyone know.

It was lunchtime when we arrived at the institution. The institution we were taken to operated as a school during the day for the poor kids from the neighboring slums, while at the same time it housed 50 or 60 homeless kids. It was a big place, a former monastery. Everyone had heard about our arrival, so we were the gossip of the place. The cooks and those serving the food were told not to talk to us because we had powers and could do things with our minds, etc. (Boy, I wished that to be true!) So at first they wouldn't even look at us in the eyes.

Can you imagine? They really thought we knew witchcraft and had magical powers! The day we got there, we told the director we needed clothing. They took us shopping the very next day. The worst thing they could have done was to ask us if we had any preferences in brands, and of course, that's just what they did. We took them to the best and most expensive shops we could find, and made them pay for what we wanted. The lady with us almost had a heart attack, but at least she became convinced that we were no "mindless zombies."

Q: How long did you remain in custody?

A: We were there for about 14 weeks. We got out shortly before Christmas. Every day that passed, we would make our bed, gather our few possessions and say, "Okay, this is our last day here." We did that every day for 14 weeks. Finally, one day we gave up.—That is, we realized that the Lord was in control and left the matter in His hands. The very next day, we were released! PTL!

We were out of touch with the Family and the rest of the world for a week or two. I didn't see my mom during this whole time. We did read the newspapers, but soon found out that made it even worse, because all the articles were quite negative, and we weren't hear-

ing anything positive or hopeful. I knew the Family was praying, but we had no idea what a big deal it was for the Homes worldwide.

I had lived in Argentina for many years and the word "persecution" was a regular in our vocabulary. In 1989 there had been another major raid, and it seemed like every year the Family in the country had some persecution-related incident serious enough for us to start memorizing again. So I was somewhat used to this type of situation, but it was my first time in an institution.

Q: We heard some story that you and others used to sneak out at night to the Home ... Can you tell us about it?

1993—Marathon runners— Top: Oseas, Rafa, Pablo, the Director of the Institution, Jorge (institution Kid), and Emmy. Bottom: Josiah Q., Tommy Q., Diego (institution Kid), and one of the guards.

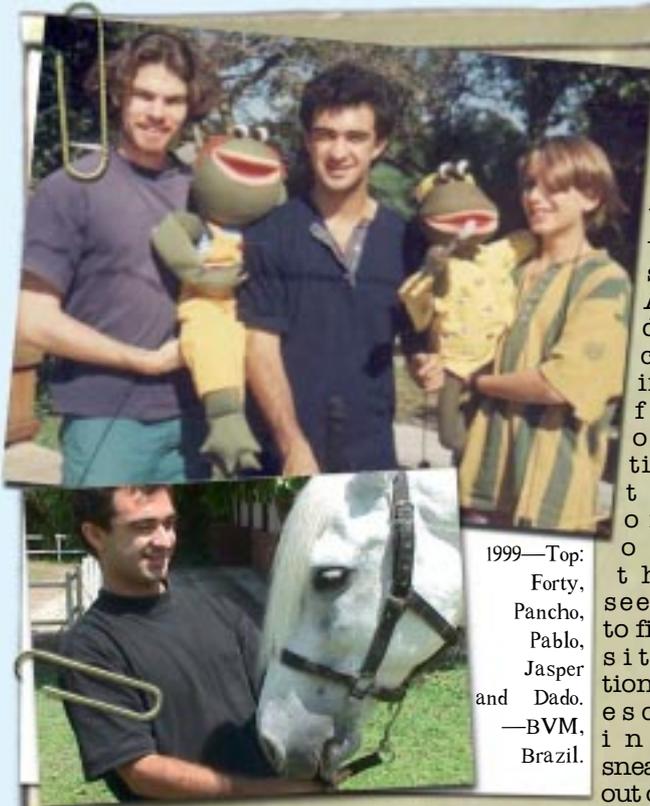


A: Well, let me tell you how we mustered up enough courage to do that. One day we got a phone call from Philip Q. (the father of two of the teen boys there).

He was free and had gotten in touch with a TV station from Chile. They wanted to do an interview with his two sons and me. He called us at the institution and told us where to meet him, but didn't tell us anything about the interview.

We thought it would be no problem, as we were allowed to go out to the video club to rent movies, and we figured we could go from the video club to the meeting place. (Before, when we went to the video club, guards accompanied us, but our guards had become so friendly they didn't even bother to come with us anymore.) So as usual, we went to the director asking for money for the video, but she said, "Why are you going at this hour? The video club is closed." We tried telling her that there was a special deal going on that day and it would stay open later than usual, but they wouldn't let us go.

All we knew was that we had an important appointment that we were supposed to show up for and time



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If you're wondering how we came up with that idea, take into consideration that we were typical adventure-seeking, testosterone-driven teen boys looking for any open (or at this point, even closed) doors. We ate lunch in a rush while all the other kids were still in the dining area and took advantage of the fact that the six guards were eating lunch. There was a gap in the wall surrounding the premises, so carefully, one by one, we managed to sneak out without any complications.

After all that, we finally made it to the meeting place on time and saw a TV crew and realized it was an interview. They were very friendly and amazed that we had made it out of the institution. After the interview, they wanted to film us going back into the institution through the main gates. We told them that we couldn't do that, because we would get in trouble with the director. (Wonder why?) So they drove us back to the institution and left us by the spot we had escaped from. They actually filmed us sneaking back in and it was all included in the program when they broadcasted it. Thankfully, the director never watched the program and therefore never found out.

After the success of our initial rendezvous, we realized that escaping was not such a difficult task after all. A brother would come and visit us in the institution; he brought the New Wine and news about what was happening with the rest of the Family. We knew of one Home in town that hadn't been busted, and we heard some of the brethren who had been released from different jails and institutions would go there for fellowship and to get filled up with the New Wine. We approached this brother one day and asked if we could go there for a visit. I don't think he took it seriously and he said, "Sure, sure, whatever." So one day we made all the preparations. We did it the same way as the first time, at lunchtime. This time instead of all of us going, three would go and two would stay, and then the next day we'd rotate.

We would provision a bus to the main highway (a 15-minute ride), then take a second bus (a 20-minute ride), then a train to the end of the station (a 45-minute ride), then finally one more bus that made it

to the Home (a 15-minute ride). We had to do this twice every time we came for a visit, and we always provisioned all the rides.

When we showed up at the Home for the first time, they were stunned! The brethren were so happy to see us there and that we were finally free! (Yeah, just for a few hours.) When we told them about our new ministry of escaping, a few could not believe their ears, ha! Having fellowship with the brethren and being able to watch the Family around the world on video picketing, praying for us, etc., was more than we could ask. It was a real treat for us—the best!

Whenever we made these escapes, we made sure that one of the remaining boys stayed by the telephone, as we always had calls from lawyers or brethren that were in different institutions. And the other would continually stay with the guards, as they played with us all the time—ping-pong, cards or whatever. One important thing we had to remember and especially the ones out, was to be back from the Home before 8 in the evening, as they would then close all the metal bar gates and lock the doors, and there was no way to get in.

Q: Did you ever almost get caught?

A: Looking back now, I can laugh at things we did and things that happened to us, but at the time it was real, so it wasn't so funny. The rough part of the actual escaping was "snack time." Y'see, the first day we got there, we told them very clearly that we weren't going to accept the way they were feeding us ... tea with milk and white bread for breakfast and snack.—Nope, forget it! Not nearly as good as what we ate back home.

That's when we pulled out our list of wants and things we were accustomed to eating for breakfast, like granola, yogurt, milk, whole wheat bread, honey, cereal, corn flakes, etc, etc, etc. Boy, they thought we ate like that for both breakfast and snack every day!

The very next day, they brought this massive breakfast!—Way too much for our normal appetite. *Everything* we had asked for was there. It was nice, but can you imagine, every time the other guys would escape, the two other guys that were left had to pretend that we were all there eating, and get all the dishes dirty and eat as much as we normally would. "Choosing rather to suffer affliction..." The reason we had to eat everything was because we were not allowed to wash our dishes, and it would have been quite obvious to the ladies that did our dishes that some of us were missing.

On one occasion I stayed back in the institution with Tommy (another teen boy). Everything was working out as usual, until we heard one of the guards approaching our bedroom. (Our room was huge. There were about 50 beds in three different rows and it was on the second floor of the building.) He knocked on the door, which we kept locked from the inside, 'cause we had had a few bad incidents with some of the other kids stealing some of our stuff.

The guard was looking for Emmy (another teen boy). Sure enough, that day he got a telephone call from his mom, and he wasn't there. What could we tell the guard now? On top of it, he could only see two of us there, instead of five. However, we had set the other three beds looking like there was someone sleeping in them. When the guard inquired about Emmy, we didn't know what to say. If we said he was taking a nap, he'd tell us to wake him up.

Quickly I told him Emmy was in the bathroom, to which he replied: "Go and call him." I ran to the bath-

room, not knowing what to do. I started talking out loud and pretending to be having a conversation with Emmy. After a few minutes, I came out and said, "You know what ... Emmy is on the toilet and I think he has the runs." The guard then told me I could come and answer the phone for him—thank God! I talked with his mom and explained that Emmy would call her back and not to worry, that everything was okay. I couldn't say much, 'cause the guard was standing right there next to me.

I returned to the room soaking wet after sweating it out for the guy. Nevertheless, we were very thankful that no one had discovered that he and the others were gone. Two hours later we got another phone call and we could hear the guard saying, "Emmy, your mom is on the phone." (I almost fainted and could not believe my ears!) The guard was a little more aggressive this time, "Come on man, where is he?" (Gee whiz, should I try the bathroom again?)

For some reason I went blank and was starting to see the great cloud of witnesses. With no idea of what to do, I went to the bathroom once again and then came and told the guard, "You go and talk to him ... he has it really bad!" Then the guard said, "No, it's fine, I believe you." (YIKES, close call!) The director looked at me a little puzzled that time, as if there was something fishy, but he never found out what happened.

I don't even remember what I told Emmy's mom; something like, "He'll call you later, please understand." I don't think she understood exactly why, but this time I think she got the point. Later that night, it was almost 8:00 and I was getting nervous because they hadn't returned yet. Thank God they made it just in time. I went up to Emmy and told him, "If anybody asks you how you're feeling, just say your stomach is doing much better." As we all went into the dining area, the guards and everyone were asking how he was feeling and if he needed anything, ha!

He easily put on a "poor me" face and told everyone, "Oh, I feel much better now, thank you." That night at dinner everyone had a normal dinner except us. They served us white rice and cheese. (Whenever someone was having stomach problems, they would make sure the meal was bland.) That day we were so hungry and that particular menu wasn't so appetizing to us.—So we never used that excuse again.

Another close call we had was when Gerson was being released from another institution and was returning to Colombia. He called us and asked if we could meet him at the international airport (almost three hours from the institution). We mustered up the courage to give it a try and went for it. It was late that night so we decided the three older ones would go. The guards were in their little cabin watching TV, so the coast was clear. As we were sneaking out, we saw two guys' shadows standing in a corner. As they drew near we heard: "Stop!"

We didn't know if we should run or stay, but opted to stay. As they got closer we found out that the two shadows were guards from the institution. They were puzzled to see us out at that time of night and asked us: "What are you guys doing?" It was 9:00 PM, obviously not a good time to say we were going for a walk. We told them, "Oh, we were going to drop off a video we rented earlier today!" It sounded pretty realistic, but they were still wondering why so late at night. We said, "The video was rented earlier and the lady told us to return around this time." (This was partially true.) They were okay with that and didn't mind. So we had to change plans and get one of the rented videos we had inside to show the guards it was all true. We made it just in time 'cause the video club was just about to close. Right after this, we went for plan B and gave it a second try. This time I stayed and

the other two guys went. They provisioned the buses all the way to the airport, but made it just a little late. Gerson was already on the plane, but they wrote him a note and passed it to the stewardess.

The next day nothing happened and everything seemed as usual. Actually, one of the guards would always bring up the subject: "Why don't you guys ever try to escape or anything of that sort ... ?" (Big grin!)

The guards that we had were federal police, and as an extra job they would serve so many hours at the institution. They became super good friends of ours. One of them wanted to take us to his country house just for fun. The director gave permission for that one time, and this guard took us to his house. We had a real blast—played a good soccer game and rode the nice horses he had. It was super sweet; his whole family was there and they had prepared a big barbecue especially for us. It was the perfect setup from the Lord for us to witness to them. They had heard all the bad publicity and lies spoken about us, so they were full of questions.

Q: Tell us about the marathon you were involved in.

A: Shortly after we got to the institution, the head guy in charge of all the institutions came to check us out, because one of the main accusations against us was that we were deprived of any activities and that we were not very socialized, etc. So he asked us, "What do you guys do in your free time? Do you like any type of sports?" (As if we were dumb or something!) We told him: "Yes, of course! We like jogging, swimming, biking, riding horses..."—And everything we usually did back home.

That's when the word "jogging" clicked with him. "Oh, so you guys are into jogging?" We didn't know what he was leading up to, as it seemed like a pretty innocent question, but we answered yes. Then he mentioned an opening at this important Adidas Marathon that would be taking place in the next few days. (It happened once a year and it was a massive operation!) I thought, "You're kidding!" I hate that kind of running.—I mean, I like running in "capture the flag" and games like that, but this ... FORGET IT! Minutes later, we had all agreed we would do it. (To this day I'm still wondering why I said yes.)

They got us special running shoes and the whole works. With those outfits we could fake it pretty good and looked like we knew what we were doing. Generally to run in something like this, you're supposed to train for months and months. Here we were, ready to run and with no clue how long we were going to be running. To top it off, we got there a little late and for warm-ups we only had enough time to go around the block and take a leak. (The Lord was good to us.) There were tons of people everywhere, the main roads were blocked with police cars (not a good place to escape), and everybody was pushing around to be the first ones in line. I was just praying in tongues for the strength of Samson, the patience of Job and that I would be able to run like Elijah. Two of the guys from the institution joined us for the race too.

It was painful stuff! Man, if you like jogging it's one thing, but if you don't, you just have to claim "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us." For a moment I thought the pearly gates were opening for me and I was coming home. But nope ... not this time! In a situation like this, you just have to keep a positive outlook or else there's no way you'll make it. I pictured myself as the guy in "Chariots of Fire," then I pictured myself as Rocky running and training in the city. (Boy, talk about daydreaming!) It went on for a little while,

until I got tired of seeing re-runs and just wanted to get it over with.

Everyone was quite surprised to see us when we all made it to the finish line ... we were surprised too! The end was the best part of the whole race; they had all these cute girls giving us leg massages to make sure our muscles were okay ... a good open door to be a witness! For the next few days, we couldn't even walk or sit down. All of us moved like robots with stiff and clumsy movements. After the race was over, they took us to eat lunch at this super expensive restaurant. If you looked at the pictures on the wall of famous people who'd eaten there, you could see the president, famous actors, famous people, and guess who else?—Our busking group, ha! It was one of the places where we used to sing. The institution people spent about \$600 for our lunch. We were really hungry, but they really spent tons of extra money.

That experience of running in the marathon was fun. At least I can say I did it, but I don't know if I'd have the guts to do it again.

Q: How did the whole ordeal end for you?

A: We wanted to leave right away. Our daily prayers were: "Please, Lord, when are we going to get out?" The second month it was the same or even worse. By the third month, we had already escaped on a few occasions so we had some plans to escape for Christmas if we weren't out by then. Then, the next thing you know, we got a call from the girls' institution. There were five girls in another institution and they would chat with us once in a while. They said: "Guess what? We're going to beat you out! We're going home before you!" That day we were getting phone calls from everyone, all letting us know that they were going home. But our director wasn't telling us a thing.

When we first got there, she was super sweet with us. We would always eat a special dinner together and had good conversations. But she changed drastically from one day to the next. She must have gotten a huge rebuke or something and she stopped talking to us. We would just eat normal with the other guys, and if we asked to talk to her she would put us off. Then finally, she came to us and said, "Okay, I'll be taking you to your home at 4:00."

It was a dream come true!! We were flying high and started singing, dancing the macarena, hugging everyone, etc. We were so happy we couldn't believe it. I made little cards in calligraphy for the guards, teachers, kids, laundry girls, cooks and the director. (Thanks to Johnny B. who had been travelling in Japan and had brought me a calligraphy set!) We also went around to each group and got them all saved, including the director—a total of 65 souls.

Everyone was in tears when they heard we were leaving. The kids made cards for us, some of the girls even wrote us these little love letters That was funny! They all begged us to stay. It was really sweet to see the change in everyone at the end. The same people who had been so cold and yucky with us, all of a sudden were giving us hugs, crying and waving goodbye. You could hear them saying: "Please pray for us and please stay in touch." I guess our sample spoke louder than anything we could have ever said or preached.

After three-and-a-half months of not having seen our house, it was quite a shock to go home. It was in pretty bad shape after having been ransacked by the police and left deserted. The grass was very tall and everything was really dirty, but there was nothing like being back home again! We had massive clean-ups to get the place in shape again. Our Christmas celebration in the Home was the nicest Christmas I ever had. I didn't have any physical possessions, as all our stuff was gone. We didn't even have food—well, we must have found something, but we were just so happy to be back together, and that it made it real special.

Q: What do you think about Judge Marquovich, the man who ordered the raids?

A: In my personal opinion I thought he was pretty dumb to be a judge. So many things went wrong when they conducted the actual raids.

Q: Do you feel differently about him now than you did at the time of the raids?

A: Now? I feel sorry for him. At the time, I was full of ideas of experiments I wanted to try out on him. I was determining what I was going to do with the guy when I got to Heaven. Then I realized the Lord will have something special for his judgement, better than what I could come up with. I know the Lord let it happen for a reason and He had to use him to fulfill His will. He knows best!

Q: If you could do the whole thing over again, what would you do differently?

A: In the first place, I never thought I would be ready for that type of persecution situation. I don't know what I would change, because if I had planned it, to begin with I wouldn't have included myself in it! I would probably have said, "Maybe later, when I'm ready for it." But the Lord knew I needed to go through that persecution for Him to work in my life. You see, being the typical Taurus that I am, I can be very stubborn and strong-minded when it comes to submitting without objection or resistance to what the Lord is trying to teach me.

At the time, I was really afraid of persecution, and in the middle of all that mess I had started doubting if the Family was really a work of the Lord or of man. Three-and-a-half months seemed like an eternity—especially when you're counting the days, hours, minutes and seconds as they go by. At first it looked so black that I had no faith things would get better. Now I can easily see how it was just pure lies of the Enemy just trying to make me give up my crown.—I look back and I can see how the Lord's hand was in practically everything we did. It's just amazing how He turned the whole thing around. I wouldn't trade that experience for anything in the world!

I'd also like to take this opportunity to thank all our dear Family around the world for standing up for us during the persecution! What a Family! What a life!

Q: Any closing comments?

A: One thing I learned from all this was to have a good balance in whatever situation you're in. Just because you're going through rough times it doesn't mean you can't be happy and have fun too! Doing beats stewing!

INTERVIEW WITH GENAI.

Name: Genai

Age: 21

Sunsign: Taurus

Status: Happily married to Bernie + one poochi = our dearest Alan Grant

Q: How old were you during the Argentine persecution?

A: I was 16 during the persecution and I lived at the Heritage (the school Home).

Q: Can you tell us about your involvement in the raids and what followed? How were you personally affected?

A: That is a very big question, and one which would literally take a book to answer! But to make it short and

to the point, I will try to only hit the highlights.

Before the night (dawn) of the raid I was busy packing my things, as I was planning to move to the YA Home the next morning. Things in my Home were a real MESS, as we had had no electricity and water for the previous three days. You can imagine ... about 120 people packed into this farm-like place ... we were supposed to be scaling down the work there, and all the larger families had come to our Home in order to then move on. (Just washing the cloth diapers were enough to keep you busy forever...)

Thank the Lord, He was faithful to give Jonathan (teen shepherd) a check to have a united Home blitz cleanup before going into my goodbye party and bed. The room where I stayed was very full as we had so many extra people in the Home. I had a very hard time sleeping that night; I kept waking up as I felt something was going to happen. I woke another girl up (Kristy), quite a few times. We weren't sure what to expect. About ten minutes before the raid, I got this incredible peace. I knew what was going to happen.

It's funny, 'cause even though the Lord told me that the police were coming, I was shocked when I heard the noise of all these cars on our gravel driveway, and men screaming with police sirens and lights. It hit me like BOOM!!! I had no time to get all down or worried though, as it all happened so quickly. As they were uncovering all the girls and yelling, I couldn't take it any longer, so I stood up and took charge.

All that happened in those next moments I'm sure you have heard countless times—from having someone watching over me going pee, being slapped across the face by the head social worker (when demanding to see the minors' judge), battling it out with officials who wanted to film my passport, sneaking off to try to get a coat and Bible, stepping on the toes of those who wanted to constrain me ... you name it! It's amazing what you do in those situations, like Dad has taught us in "Stand Up and Fight" (ML #2476, Vol. 18). After a number of incidents it was no surprise when they started to call me "El Rebelde" (the rebel). Hey, I didn't care!

But even though I seemed to be "strong," inside I was crumbling. Sitting across from where they were starting to line up the men and women, I realized how much everyone meant to me. People that I never really got to know ... it tore my heart as I watched them walking away, and the question in my mind was, "Have I really told them everything I wanted to? Did I live the same toward these, my Family, as I would have if I'd have known this was going to happen?" I was cracking, as FGAs were asking me to care for their kids.

The Lord was so sweet to me, as for a moment I was able to slip into a smaller adjoining room with my shepherd, Jonathan. He gave me the best advice he could have: "Genai, it's no time for tears. You have got to be strong and fight, and take care of those around you." From that point on I was able to focus on the One Who could really help me, Jesus. After that, I never saw Jonathan again—my last memory is of him being handcuffed and taken away, but those words will always live on.

Thinking back on how I was affected, I can say that it really strengthened my spirit. It made me see how I needed the Family, and I needed to believe what I was living for enough to fight for its very existence. I didn't really care what happened to me as much as what happened to others.

Q: What were the best and worst things about that time?

A: Some of the physical things were pretty bad, but nothing that He didn't give the grace for. One thing that was very hard for me was not knowing that the Family

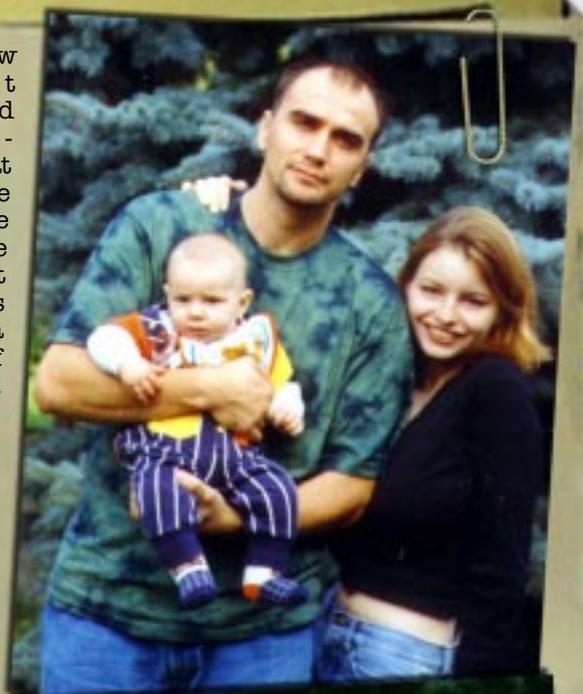
knew about us, and thinking that we were alone in the fight. It was such a relief when we finally snuck in to watch the news (as they did not let us see the news). We saw the Family in London fighting on our behalf, and then we knew that the Family around the world knew about it and were fighting for us. GBYA!

The fact that there was quite a bit of disunity between some of us, because of different opinions about which of our guards to trust or not trust, was very difficult and made it a whole lot harder. (Of course, we were not used to using prophecy to get it straight from Him.)

One of the best things of that time was that we had the opportunity to put the Word into practice and fight for the truth. It was also a big help that we had others around us and were not alone most of the time, but were able to uphold each other in prayer.

Q: What was it like where you were in custody? Tell us about any outstanding experiences.

A: Well, I was moved around to several locations, each one varying in their standard of dirtiness and cold temperature. The first place I was taken to, along with ten other girls, was a minor's jail. All those there were in for real crimes and most had AIDS. Having gone to places



1999—"Our family! My perfect Croatian creation—Bernie, Poochi and I."



1993—Following their release, Genai and Sam join Family members in standing vigil outside the Argentine Embassy in Miami.



like this while doing CTP projects or shows made it easier for me to accept the surroundings; however this time we were not coming in as helpers, but rather “criminals.” They replaced the staff there with English speakers. We had constant guards, all day and night.

Everything was a fight—if we wanted a Bible to read, to get better food, talk with our lawyers, or to find out about other Family members. I had decided along with another girl that I was not going to eat until they let me talk to my brother, and they

were very mad at me for this but still refused to let me call him. I went storming downstairs to demand to talk to them, and to get some things to clean, and at that moment they put me on the phone with the head of psychology (who on the day of the raids smacked me across the face). I did not trust this woman, but took her as the two-faced snake that she was.

I was pretty heated up, the phone. She was trying to get me to start eating again, and I told her, “No way! If you don’t want to face the consequences of what might happen and all the press finding out why, then you had better let me talk to my brother!” I think this shook her up. The strange thing was that while talking to her I could hear in the background a very distinctive male English voice, telling her what to tell me, using the Letters in a mixed up way to try to calm me down. I didn’t feel like answering “this fool,” so I passed the phone to Claire, who was there with me, and she also socked it to her, and the lady just hung up. I think that they realized that we were not going to take things lying down but were going to fight for our rights and what we believed in, it was after this that we were supplied with very good food and a much better standard. TYJ!

I was very thankful for all the Word that I had stored in my heart before! Although I wasn’t as faithful as I should have been in reviewing the Word previously, LHM, the Lord quickened the Word to my mind, which gave us the strength and answers we needed.

After the barred doors were closed behind us, it began to dawn on us what the situation was. The institution sent up their best psychologists and psychiatrists

to try to “calm us down,” but they were just as lost as anyone, and had no answers. Some of them were fulfilling their duty, and others were trying to get us to say things that they could twist and use against us.

The next week was full of medical tests, psychological analyses, being guarded 24 hours a day, bored as hell, wanting to find a way out or something to do, being moved around to different locations, being lied to and sometimes falling for it (from what we thought were well-meaning people). I think it took a while for some to learn where different ones were at, and we learned the hard way! (Of course, if we had been used to using prophecy then as we are now, it would have been a world easier.)

One funny thing I can recall was in the last place where they moved me (which was an old Catholic church, used as a governmental facility for minors), there was this big statue of Mary—a pretty common sight in South America. At the top of this statue there were two large candles lit in her honor, and every time we would pass by I’d go up and blow them out (without them seeing me). After three days all the guards and workers were scared stiff because they thought Mother Mary was upset, and that we were bringing in spirits. It was so fun, and such a spoof on all their ceremonialism!

There were moments during the course of every day that were often scary and things that came up that we did not expect, but the Lord gave us the grace every time. Despite all the hardships and it being quite difficult to sleep, the Lord was always there whispering in our ears. Actually when we (the girls there) got united with the Word and made an effort to really watch out for each other, the Lord started to bless our efforts by putting guards in our path that we realized really needed us.—When I say us, of course I mean the Lord through us. One particularly large guard, whenever it was her shift, liked to wake us up at 5:00 AM and have us sit in a freezing cold room till breakfast was served at 9:00. One morning when I was sick I refused to get up as my back was out, so she came over and sat on me till I gave up and pleaded with her to get off. She was about 6 ft. by 5 ft! I endured as long as I could but ...

While in custody I got very sick with a severe cold in my spine. The pain was so bad that I could hardly walk, whether I had help or not. The cold room and lack of heat did not help, neither did the solitary confinement that they gave me for being “rebellious” (in other words, standing up for what I believed). When I was in confinement it was normally for a day at a time, in a room that was about 2x3 meters. There was a freezing cold stone floor, with an open window to get all the winter air and nothing to sit on but the floor. For me those were the exact conditions needed to catch some kind of cold. However, it was quite a shock to the guards when they saw I was sick. First they thought I was just faking it, so they would force me to do more than the others. Finally after the other girls stood up for me they decided that they would take me to the doctor.

The hospital they took me to was disgusting. I could go on and on but the main thing was that it was there my sister (who had left the Family some time before) walked in...

Q: Tell us about your sister’s visit.

A: I hadn’t seen my sister for about four years, and had no idea she was in the country. My first impression in seeing her was a whole lot of mixed emotions. I did not know how to react or what to do. I asked the doctor if he could give me some aspirin and something to bring down the swelling in my spine. My

sister started blabbing away about how it was against our beliefs and how we don't take things like that. I had no strength to argue with her. In the end she told the doctor to give me some very powerful drugs (I found out later).

On the drive back to the institution my sis talked the whole time of all the fun I was missing and how she was going to help me so much. I talked with her for about five hours till she finally decided to leave. (The judge had given her permission to visit me 24 hours a day if she wanted.) By the end of the first day I could tell things weren't right with her; she was obviously up to something and was letting it out slowly. All possible emotions were let loose in me; I wanted to stay friends with her, and ignore the fact that she was completely opposed to what I was doing and was trying to get me out of the Family. But it didn't work. She hounded me night and day and I could not refuse to see her, as the guards liked her.

One day the director told me I had a phone call. To my pleasant, wonderful surprise it was my mom. I hadn't talked to her for quite awhile as I had already moved away from her before all this happened. She was so reassuring, and made me feel like it was worth it all, as the Family knew about us and were fighting for us. (After hearing people tell us that we were never going to see our parents or anyone again and that we were wards of the state—even though I didn't believe it at first, it really started wearing on me.) My sister was right next to me and noticed my face when I was talking, so she took the phone and started talking to my mom. (I was glad for this, so at least my mom was aware of what was happening inside.)

My sister's goal was to try to get custody of my brother and I. She'd go back and forth every day between our different locations and tell one that the other had said such and such. (They were all lies—but we didn't know that.) On the day that we went to court, thank God my brother and I were able to scream to each other, "Don't do it!" You see, my sis had told me that Sam, my brother, was going to leave the Family and go back to the States with her, and she had told him that I was going to do the same. I thought that if what my sister said was even true, that Sam probably had some plan in mind, and did not intend to leave the Family.

Seeing my sister in that state did not make me hate her (although I was very mad at what she was doing), but it really gave me the fear of God of what can happen to anyone who strays from the Lord. It made me love my greater Family more and evaluate if I was doing what I was doing because I really wanted to or if I was just too scared to try anything else. Thank the Lord for keeping me. I know that despite all the temptations that were thrown my way, He was the One that pulled me through, as I definitely did not have the strength.

(Editor's note: Since the time of the persecution, thankfully, Genai's sister has now reconciled with Sam, Genai, and her parents.)

Q: How did it all end for you, as far as your release and all?

A: The Lord did a real miracle and had them sign the "wrong" paper; as a result we were out of there. We went from the institution to the airport, and off to the States. It was incredible how the Lord worked it all out for us. At the beginning of the day it didn't seem like things were going to work, but the Lord pushed it through and we were able to get out of there before they even knew we were there. It was very hard for me to leave all the rest of the girls in the institution, and as I was saying goodbye to them I realized what was happening.—I was free but

the battle was not won. I didn't want to go, and my mom was trying to convince me to. Finally she just put me in the taxi and we left.

At the airport there were a number of Family members, all were praying and watching over us, as Dad had had a dream or impression that they might try to kidnap us. TYJ, the Lord completely freed us from them all. Upon arriving in Miami, the Family was there with reporters to meet us, and that's when I had to learn to fight and not take it all lying down. From there we spent the next months in bear pits, media battles, interviews, sackcloth vigils—you name it!

Q: Do you feel that you are a different person today because of that whole situation? If so, how?

A: Yes I do. If anything, the whole situation grew me up a lot and helped me to learn the things that I needed to more quickly. I had to evaluate why I was in the Family, if I wanted to continue being here, and what I wanted to contribute towards the Family. It was so clear that I could not continue on as usual; I had to be able to put my all into it.

I don't know about many of you, but I have found that I'm quite miserable when I try to do things without really believing in it or being fully behind it. All the lessons that I learned through this were mostly learned after I got free, as I had time to re-evaluate my life and let the Lord work in my life. God bless those that helped me over this "rebellious" period in my life (especially Dust and Ahlai), as it wasn't all that easy to get through to such a "hard cookie" as myself.

I had so much confusion over what had happened. At first I thought that it wasn't fair that I had to be "marked" into all of this and wanted "freedom." Because of this attitude I had to learn the hard way, and it took me a long time to "break." But the Lord never fails, and as soon as I turned to Him, He picked me up and carried me along right to the VICTORY!

Q: Is there anything you personally would have done differently if you could have known that was going to happen a month from when it did?

A: For sure! The first thing I think I would have done is stored more Word in my heart. Secondly, I would have made a greater effort to get to know the people I worked with a lot more. I think I also would have spent a lot more time witnessing to different inmates once in detention.

In looking back, I can see that almost everything I did then would be different now, as the circumstances in the Family are so different. Also, the Lord has equipped us so much better, in helping us to have a more direct personal link with Him, which helps know exactly what to do—instead of having to try to figure it out yourself!

Q: Any advice for anyone who may find themselves in a similar situation in the future?

A: Not like I'm a pro at it or anything, to where I feel I can give advice. The best advice I can give is: Get your advice from Him, and it's sure you won't be caught up in vice. And be not afraid of their faces.—The Devil is constantly looking for a way to get us to fear and look at the waves. But nothing will happen without the Lord's permission, and if He lets it happen He will help you overcome it. Everything the Letters have been saying over and over again is really the key!

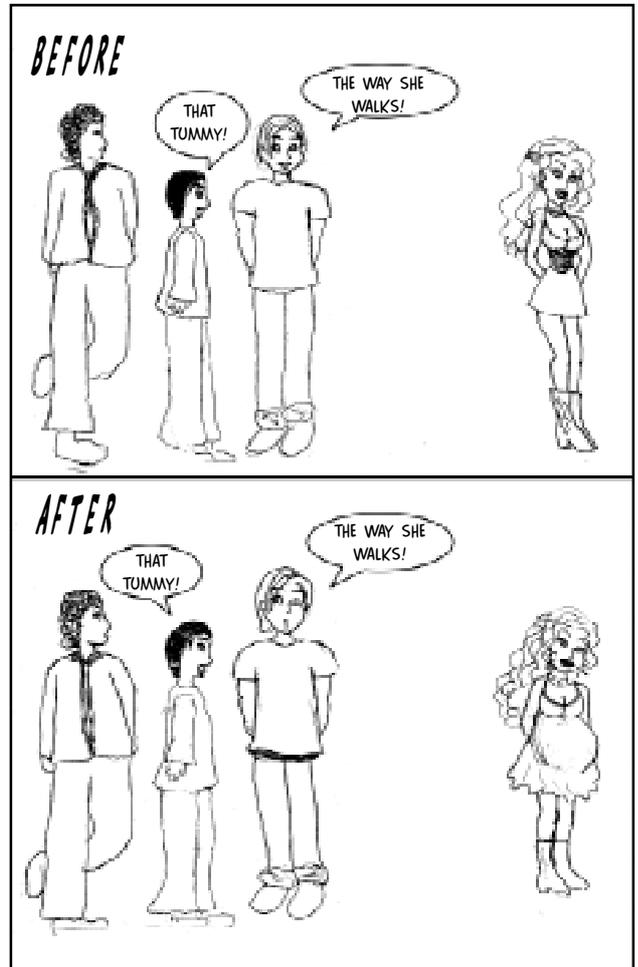
Q: What do you do now?

A: I have been working in the EE for over two years, I'm involved in lots of things like witnessing, fundraising, CC, organizing camps, area provisioning and VSing. ■

IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER



CONTRIBUTIONS BY YOU



NAME: RACHEL CLAIRE
 AGE: 16
 PARENTS: ROSE, JOHN AND FAITH
 LOCATION: INDIA



AFTER
Africa

NAME: TUCHI & DANNI
 AGE: 19
 LOCATION: SOUTH AFRICA



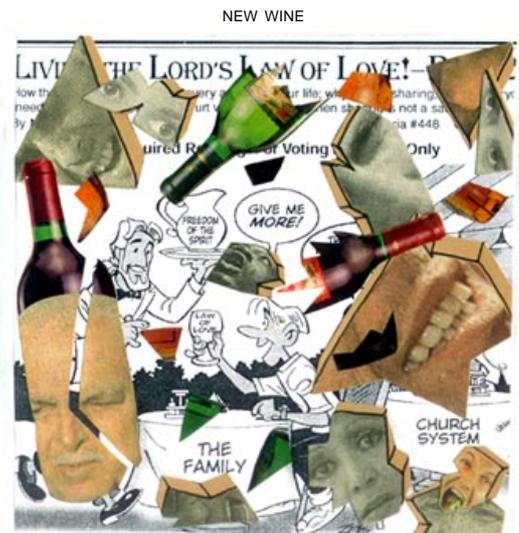
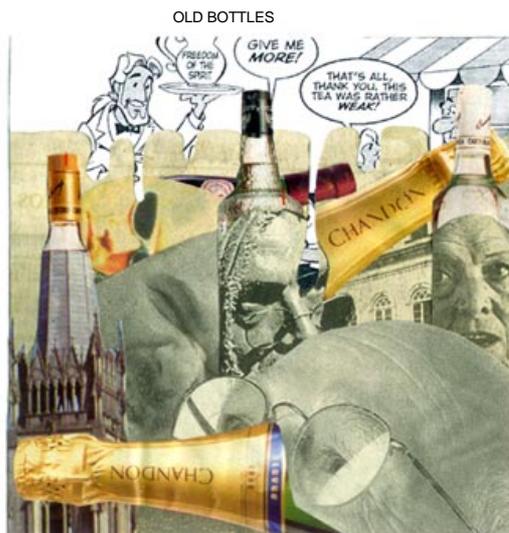


NAME: VIRGINIA
 PARENTS: CELESTE
 AGE: 17
 LOCATION: RIO, BRAZIL
 COMMENT: "THE FAMILY'S THE BEST PLACE TO BE."

Before and After

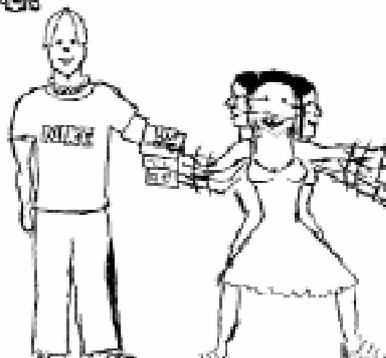


NAME: PEDRO
 EMMANUEL
 AGE: 28
 LOCATION: RIO,
 BRAZIL
 COMMENT: "NU
 DAY"



POSTERING

BEFORE:



AFTER:



NAME: SHARON
 AGE: 11
 LOCATION: USA
 VERSE: MARK
 16:15



Be there for "World Color"

FROM LILY SGA, NEPAL

In mid-Jan, one of our witnessing teams was given two tickets to a concert, and it turned out another team also received two free tickets to the same concert, without either of us knowing about it! So four of us—Angie (22), Francesca (20), Nina (16) and Lily (24)—headed across town to attend the concert. We didn't know too much about it, except that it was classical music by a Nepali band accompanied by an American flutist. We'd heard about the lead Nepali in the group, and were eager for a chance to get a witness in.

It was a really inspiring night; the music was more fun than we'd expected. They used a blend of traditional Nepali instruments and an acoustic guitar to produce beautiful renditions of many local, as well as western and contemporary numbers. The American woman, Pamela Whitman (granddaughter of the American poet Walt Whitman), was real on-fire and spunky. Try to imagine, if you can, "Hotel California" or the theme from "Mission Impossible" performed by a flute, a guitar, and a host of other weird instruments that look like they've just arrived from the Middle Ages ... (e.g., a one-stringed guitar?!).

During the intermission, Francesca and Nina went exploring backstage to find the leader of the group (the guitarist). They were able to talk to him and explain about our work, and give him one of our tapes, "Higher." They didn't have long, but we were thankful for the chance to meet him, as we'd heard he believed in the Lord. We weren't able to meet Pamela at that time, but Fran met her later on that week while out and about in Kathmandu. Fran told her about our CTPs here, and gave her a "To You with Love" tract.

Now here's the thing. Pamela Whitman has gathered together a band from all over the world, including the guitarist and drum player from here, a *tabla* player from India, some other type of musician from Africa, and I can't remember the rest. They're called "World Color," and will be touring the world doing concerts, returning here to Kathmandu for a Millennium concert on the 31st of December, 1999. So now if you see some obscure, international classical group adver-



tised, go along if you can, and get a witness in. Especially the guitar player (named Ashish) whom you'll find super sweet and approachable. And if you do, write in to the *Zine* and tell us all about it!

We're praying that the Lord will use the time these guys have outside of their countries and in a new, unfamiliar environment, to help them to get to know Him. Wouldn't it be cool if they "just happen" to bump into us everywhere they go? You could be the link in the chain that the Lord wants to use to reach them! THANKS FOR BEING THERE!

A Nuclear future?

FROM JOHN A., USA

Recently my wife and I met Dimitru Duduman and Henry Gruver. Dimitru was a Red Army officer who helped Brother Andrew smuggle 300,000 Bibles into the former Soviet Union. Henry is an evangelist who pioneered what the Pentecostals call the SPIRITUAL WARFARE movement.

Both of these men had the same vision. They were both taken up over the Earth in the spirit by the Archangel Gabriel and shown the entire panorama of the coming nuclear war from Russian submarines. They did not even know each other at the time. God showed them both the same thing. They even saw the cities that would be hit. What they saw paralleled exactly what Grandpa saw in the ENDTIME WHISPERING VISION. So my wife and I made copies of that ML, as well as others that went along with their visions, and went to hear them speak and gave them to them.

Dimitru went to be with the Lord last year, but we are still in contact with Henry. He is a dear, precious, sweet man of God. They saw many details of what will transpire, from the coming sea blockade of both the Pacific and Atlantic to the subsequent nuclear holocaust, from the submarines primarily. The military got scared when they heard of Henry's vision, and they asked him to address the Strategic Air Command in Omaha. He said they were very, very sober when he spoke, and knew exactly what the weapons were that he described from his vision.

General Sir Walter Walker of NATO now knows Henry, and said that what Henry has seen has been an actual plan of the Russians' for several decades. So this is heavy stuff!



Crash!

FROM SARA FREE, ALBANIA

Our team was ready to come back from a wonderful and exciting faith trip full of miracles in one of the cities of Albania. After a trip to the Heavenly treasure house, we raised our thumbs to hitchhike. A sweet young guy took us into his car. All of a sudden I had a strong feeling that we were going to crash. Then I forgot about it and was enjoying the view and praising the Lord for His creation.

As we were passing through a small village, a big empty van came sliding onto the road, without a driver. It crashed right into us. In that split second, I shot up a loud prayer: "Jesus, please, protect us!" By a miracle we only got scratches and bumps on our foreheads. To our amazement, we saw the entire half of the car where Marco (my partner) was sitting was destroyed! Yet he was unhurt! We praised the Lord for this total miracle of His protection. He loves us so much! I didn't even pray desperately for His protection, yet He brought us through with only a few scratches. But what could have happened if we hadn't tapped into the Heavenly resources? All things that happen to the children of God are planned, and Jesus used an accident to teach us how important is to take those trips to the Heavenly treasure house at every moment.

Check that tire!

FROM DANNI (YA), SOUTH AFRICA

My dad and I were on our way home from Capetown, and we had a check before leaving to change one of the tires on our car, which was wearing thin to the point we could see the rim. We tried provisioning at several places but none of them had the right size, and we were tempted to just leave it and try a little later in another town as we were really running late. On the way out of town we passed a tire place and the Lord clearly showed us to go and get it taken care



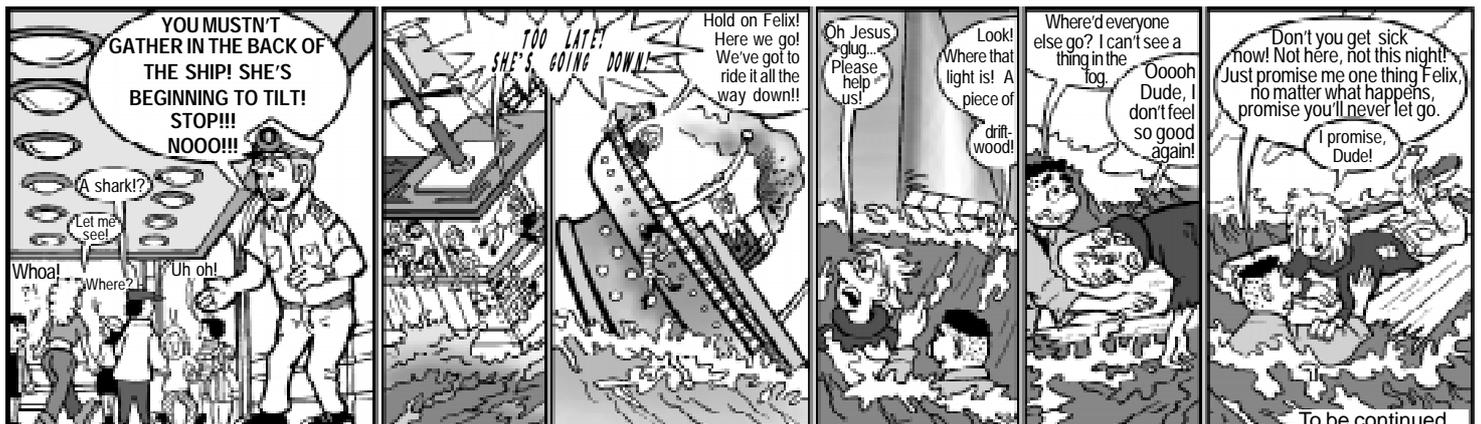
of. The man was real sweet and helped us with a tire and that was the end of that.

Late afternoon with about an hour to go of our trip back home, a car that was going quite fast overtook us on the freeway and disappeared around the bend. A few minutes later a man who had just stopped on the side of the road flagged us down, signaling that there had been an accident. My dad used our cellular phone to call the police and paramedics, and we went to see if we could be of assistance. The same car that had overtaken us moments before had skidded off the road, down the embankment and over a barbed-wire fence. It rolled numerous times before coming to a stop on its roof, which was crushed down so far it appeared not to have one. The windows weren't visible and there was no way of telling how many people were in the car or if they were alive. Thank God the first car to stop had seen them go off the road, or they might not have been discovered until much later 'cuz you couldn't see them from the freeway.

We ran down and climbed over the fence where a man who obviously knew what he was doing was calling for people to help turn the car over. I won't go into detail because it was quite gruesome, but after the car was the right way up we forced open the car and managed to get three of the four people that were in the car out and cover them up with blankets. The other one was dead. My dad prayed with a young woman who was severely hurt and going into shock. Right away she calmed down and managed to whisper "thank you." After that all we could do was pray as we were quite far out of the nearest town and it took the ambulances about 15-20 minutes to get on the scene. I was thankful that we had been able to help, as the fact that us "bystanders" had acted immediately to help these people had possibly saved their lives, preventing the car from further crushing them.

It was a pretty traumatic experience but what really sent the shivers down my spine was when the driver of the car turned to one of the rescuers and asked, "What happened to us?" The other replied, "You had a blow-out on the front right-hand tire and lost control of your car." My dad and I realized then that if it hadn't been for us obeying the Lord's check and changing that tire when we had, it could've well been us in that accident! It was a sobering lesson, needless to say.

(From Tuchi, YA:) Actually, around the same time that the accident happened (comparing times later) Esther, Danni's mom, had an urge to pray for them, and shot up a quick earnest prayer out loud. It's great to heed the Lord's checks, especially when we never could've known what the simple prayer saved!



For a while, we had been hearing different sounds coming from our attic at night—which happened to be just above my bedroom. I wondered what it could be. It sounded sort of like a round object moving back and forth on the attic floor. You know how in cartoons they show ghosts with a chain around their ankle dragging a big, heavy ball? Well, I was talking with my dad about it, and we jokingly said that it must be a ghost dragging his burden. But then since we live in a quite old house that's been passed down from generation to generation, we thought that maybe it was more than a joke!

The weird noise went on for quite a few months; at first it was just at night but then it started happening all through the day as well. Our neighbor used to live in this house, as had his parents, grandparents, etc., and we knew his grandfather had died here, so I thought, "Maybe he's stuck here, like the Letters Dad wrote—'Singapore Sailor,' 'Where Poppies Grow,' 'The Chinese Cemetery,' etc." So one night when I was lying awake in bed, I prayed that if there was anyone stuck to this house who couldn't leave, that the Lord would set him free and take him to Heaven. We didn't hear those noises any more for a while. But that isn't the end of the story!

A while later, we started hearing the noises in the attic again. One night I was lying awake in bed, listening to the noises. Then I felt like someone was trying to get through to me. So I prayed

and asked the Lord if someone wanted to talk to me, and if so, that He'd give me a clear channel. Then in my head, I started hearing someone speaking in French. He apologized that he didn't speak English very well, and since I speak and understand French, I told him to speak in French and I would get it.

He started talking to me, so I called my dad and told him what was going on. My dad said, "Ask him what the noise was, and find out his name." So I did, and when I asked him about the noise, he told me he was only trying to get our attention! I didn't really have to ask his name, 'cause I kinda had this "gut feeling" that it was Pierre (French for Peter) or Jean (John). All the while I thought I was talking to our neighbor's grandfather. This was one of the first times I'd ever communicated with a departed spirit, so it gave me quite a kick! I then told him it was the first time for me to do this, and that I'm not a very "spiritual" person. He told me that all you have to do is get quiet and listen to the whispers. He told me that he was happy we were living here and that he knew we were good people.

A few days later, my dad met our neighbor and in the course of the discussion, asked him what his grandfather's name was. He said "Jean." Then my dad asked him if anyone in his family was called Pierre. And the man said that his grandfather's brother was called Pierre, and that he also used to live in our house! So it seems like I actually had a conversation with both departed brothers, Pierre and Jean!

So, if any of you think you're a good-for-nothing kinda person, don't worry 'cause that's the way I feel a lot of the time—if not most of the time! I always thought I would never be of use to the Lord or anyone, since I'm sick with one of the worst kinds of multiple sclerosis, and my health has quickly gotten worse. There's no known cure for it and I thought, "Okay, the Lord's gonna heal me, but what do I do meanwhile?" Well, God bless Mama, she really had faith in me, and encouraged me to keep going, and that the Lord could use me as a channel for Him! ILY Mama!

From teen Precious, France

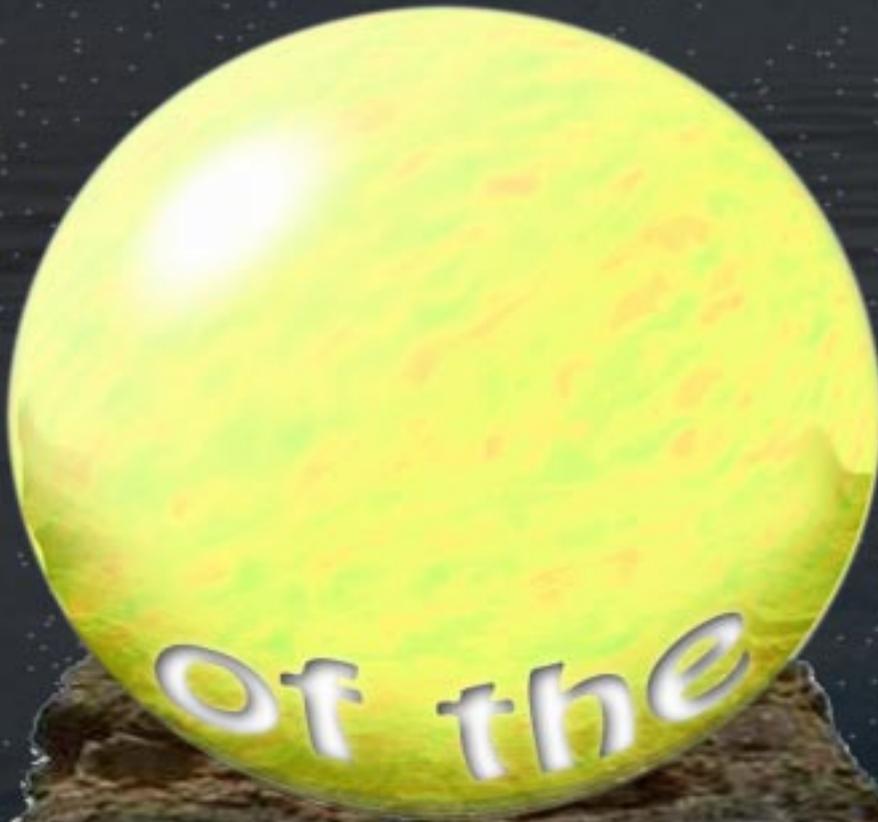


THE GHOST IN THE ATTIC



ORB

PROPHETS



Pray for Bruce!

From Liz (20), Mexico

After I saw the movie "Armageddon," my heart went out to Bruce Willis. My gift of prophecy is still a baby gift, but I wanted to send this in, as maybe it could be a blessing to others.

(Jesus speaking:) Pray for this one, for he is as many who are ensnared by the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust for power and vain glory. He is not lost unto Me, for all are Mine to begin with, but they must reclaim that which is rightfully theirs. Pray for his soul, for the Enemy does not lose easily those in his grasp.

He [Bruce] knows there is more out there; he has drunk of every cup of pleasure and quaffed every cup of fame, but still dies of thirst. He longs for Me, yet knows it not. He is in My hands and I am even now working in his life.—But pray for him, for Satan knows his time is short and is using every means available to maim and destroy. But mighty and powerful are the prayers of My children. For they reach My throne and cause Me to work miracles on your behalf, or on the behalf of those for whom you intercede. They send forth strong angels of power and might to fight with you, by the side of those for whom you have prayed, to win the battle.

Prayer sends forth fairies of My lovingkindness to soothe, comfort and encourage, and it surrounds them with My aura of protection. Therefore pray for these ones who have given themselves to the stages and cameras and sets of this world. They need Me! They hunger for something more, but know not what. Love them through your prayers, right into My Heavenly Kingdom.

Have I not said, "Ask of Me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the Earth for thy possession"? This world and all that is in it is Mine. The prince of the air is temporarily ruling it, but I and My power are much greater than he. Therefore ask what ye will and it shall be given you, unto the uttermost part of the Earth. For you are My precious children who seek only to do My bidding, following closely after Me and winning this world unto Me. Therefore, ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. (End of message.)

Wanna hear a secret?

From Francesco Romanian (25), Moldova

I received this beautiful prophecy concerning praise time:

(Jesus speaking:) Praising Me is the secret. Praising is acknowledging. Praise is FAITH. It shows faith that I AM, that I DO, that I CARE. Praise is not hypocrisy. Praise is the victory. Praise is the victory obtained through war.

When you start praising, all Hell lets loose upon you, but as you keep praising, all these weird feelings of hypocrisy and what the next guy thinks grow dim in the glory of My Kingdom. For no human words of praise can describe Me and My Kingdom. You don't have to be afraid to praise Me with big words, 'cause things that your heart hasn't dreamed of are prepared for you up Here.

Praise Me. I AM all those things and much more to you. When you praise, you acknowledge Me and help yourself to realize what a God you have! Praise gets you out of your human perspectives and projects you into the Spirit, high up on a mountain, from where you can see things as they really are, as I see them. So it is with "Loving Jesus." Love Me, praise Me and you will do well.

Do you remember how I see you? Many times you don't believe Me when I speak to you through other channels, about how lovely and perfect you are in My sight.

How much more perfect in your sight am I, your God, Savior and all to you! Do not be ashamed of praise, for I tell you, it's a powerful weapon. It will give you an optimist's heart, and soon you'll see the fruit in a loving personality that lives high up in the Spirit, next to Me and My Father, with the holy angels. I love you!—Jesus. (End of message.)





DOWN REWIND MUSIC

YOUNG PEOPLES' COMPLETE GUIDE (7)

Part 02 GUITARS

History and Development ↓

Early Cave-Dweller's Guitar
Depicted in early rock painting in France.

← ROCK MUSIC →

Guitar

Ancient Egyptian Guitar
(Nile-on-Strings)

I THINK IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE LESS ANGULAR

OUCH! I JUST PULLED A MUSCLE IN MY BACK

First Guitars used in CONCERT in ENGLAND
(1066 A.D.)
Featuring "The NORMANS" on their 'CONQUEST' Tour

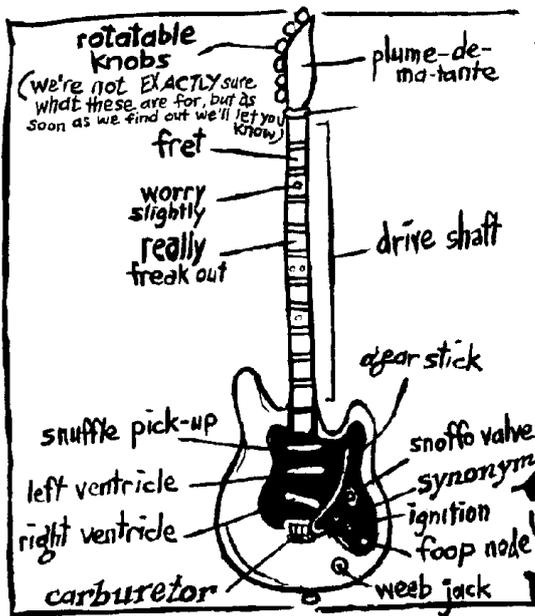
WITH A 'HEY-NONNY-NO!'

THIS SONG COULD USE SOME SAXON IT.

The NORMANS

PARTS OF AN ELECTRIC GUITAR

NOTE: AT THIS POINT WE WOULD LIKE TO ENCOURAGE ANY ACTUAL GUITAR PLAYERS [GUITARISTS] TO LEAVE THE ROOM, AS YOU WILL ALL BE EXTREMELY FAMILIAR WITH THE FOLLOWING TECHNICAL GUITAR



TERMS AND WILL NO DOUBT THEREFORE FIND THIS SEGMENT TEDIUS & BORING.. SO, NOW WOULD BE A PERFECT TIME FOR THAT TOENAIL TRIM THAT YOU'VE BEEN MEANING TO GET AROUND TO BUT HAVEN'T HAD TIME FOR, WHAT WITH ALL THE FFT SONGS YOU'VE BEEN GETTING LATELY... [Pause] (Have they done?) OK! Here's..

Part of an Electric Guitar!



Having just read 'PARTS OF AN ELECTRIC GUITAR' you the reader may be tempted to feel OVERLY DAZZLED at the high level of SMRTTI (Spontaneous Music-Related Technical Term Invention) This is understandable, but please remember, young person, that SMRTTI of THIS standard is ONLY achieved after YEARS of TOTAL musical ignorance and well, yes... just PLAIN, HARD WORK. □

Our Tribal Teen Correspondent from PAKISTAN writes:

"Like, O.K., but what does this all mean for ME?! I just have an old 4-string '3 CHERRY BLOSSOMS and-A-PEACOCK' Brand guitar with strings borrowed from Uncle Stewie's birdie racket. Even though MY guitar DOESN'T have a FOOP, a SNUFFLE PICK-UP or a SNOFFO valve (Ed= We sincerely apologise if 'FOOP', 'SNUFFLE' or 'SNOFFO' are actually OBSCENITIES in ANY foreign languages unbeknownst to us- we just didn't know) CAN I still use MY guitar to WITNESS in SONG for JESUS?"

Ed: Abso-LUTE-ly! (note the subtle music-related pun) check THIS out:

"It takes MORE than a GOOD BAND and a BIG NAME to make our kind of music, the kind that made the Revolution! It takes the SPIRIT of GOD & real inspiration & a Singer that can sing it with heart-felt EMOTION & really mean it and MOVE YOU." (see ML# 166)

So GO FOR IT!

Next Issue: Other Different Things!