





FZ: GUESS THE TITLE OF THIS ML WRITTEN 30 YEARS AGO TO THE MONTH.

Listen up, people, let me make this clear!

There's a revolution happening now, and it's happenin' here.
 There isn't time for distractions, or compromise for gain;
 Follow the Master all the way is the game.
 So here we're introducing a Letter of ancient writ,
 And to add some fun for us and to test your wit,
 We've laid it like a puzzle; give you a trick to coddle
 And hope comprehension kicks in when you get to full throttle.
 It's written as if, by some chance it had
 Been described by experts, the Bible, and Dad.
 Your role (if you don't know it) is to guess the big name
 And if correct you will be hailed in our Zine hall of fame!

Spy:

Working undercover,
 from a distance, I see
 them wait their wife;
 Shaking hands with
 the ones that they
 hope to "annihile!"
 They arm your
 enemies, while your
 friendship they keep;
 Hoping, waiting, to
 strike you when you
 sleep.

Scientist:

Yes, to me, my
 colleague, it's all very
 clear:
 Right and wrong
 equations is what I see
 here!
 There's either positive
 or negative; no in-
 between.
 Nature abhors the
 undecided—that's a
 rule, you see.

Reporter:

Their minds are
 made up; they
 don't want to hear
 the facts.
 "Don't confuse me
 with your opinion—
 I see only white
 and black!"
 They believe what
 they want, while
 with their smiles
 they play,
 And coax you into
 believing that on
 your side they'll
 stay.

**T
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Word**

The Bible:

Ephraim tried to do
 it, and others have
 too;
 Those of the
 Synagogue of Satan,
 hypocritical fools.
 Friendship with the
 world is enmity with
 God!
 We don't want those
 who have the form of
 godliness without the
 power thereof.

Dad:

Unlike the double-
 minded, doubting,
 and the suspicious
 _____.
 The martyr is of one
 mind, one heart,
 one soul.
 Are you ... a traitor
 looking for a way
 out?
 Or are you a martyr
 looking for a way
 up?
 He (the martyr) will
 go blindly on faith
 alone;
 There are only
 martyrs or traitors!
 _____!



Dead Men Talking	Stuff	Upfront Exclusive	Introducing...	Bleats from the Sheep	Blast from the Past	My African Safari	Zinetoon
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DEAD MEN TALKING

Heart of a queen

From Joyceline (of Abner), Lithuania

After watching the movie *Elizabeth*, I felt a presence at my bedside and felt that Queen Elizabeth I was trying to talk to me. It was confirmed when I received this message.

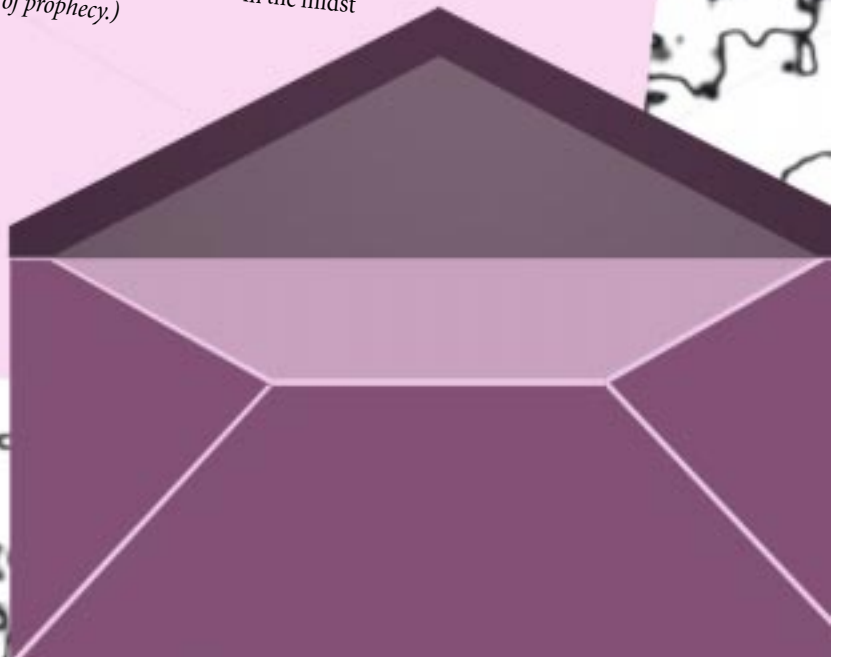
(Queen Elizabeth I speaking:) Yes, I was a queen of great prestige and power. But really I'm just your servant now. I was a weak woman when God's Spirit blew upon me and I became His creation, His light in the middle of a very dark, dark age. I couldn't have done it without Him. I am the sample of what God can do with a weak vessel that stays true to its calling.

Yes, I loved Lord Robert. He was the only one I ever loved on earth. But I had to harden my heart as I pressed forward. My calling was too immense, the responsibility too great for me to even consider my personal desires. When I came Here and met my Savior and Lord, I let go of my mantle and lay there in His arms and He loved me so completely. I felt like I was melting under His divine touch. That's when I thought of Robert, and the hurt and the forsaking we both had to endure to stay true to the kingdom. It was a heavy crown to bear. Jesus took this heavy crown of responsibility towards my country and my people, and gave me a crown of reward and glory—so light, so beautiful. I was sparkling with thankfulness for the incredible place He has prepared for me.

First I cried and cried, thinking of the hurt and wound my dear Robert had to carry through his earthly life. Now we are reunited and he is also wearing a light crown shining with love for our wonderful Husband and his forsaking.

So is it with you, each one of the children of David who have received a special calling to follow the Master. The crown of forsaking your personal desire may seem too heavy to bear now, and it requires total submission, yieldedness, and total trust. It's not easy to stay true to your calling, but it's in this laying down of your life and your personal desires that lies the secret of receiving His power. For He will give you this same power that gave me the strength and conviction to face the wolves and tame them.

As I said yes to Him, then could this power come down and flow freely through me and control me. It was nothing of myself; it was just a surrendering of my life to Him. That's how He'll be able to empower you through these dark ages approaching. Do not look at yourselves as weak and insufficient; these are the ones that He will use in His time, if they only want to be a channel for Him. Stay in tune. The hour of your glory is approaching. Stay true to your calling and you will shine in the midst of darkness, as the stars forever and ever. *(End of prophecy.)*





William Shakespeare

From Peter Attack, India

We recently watched the movie *Shakespeare in Love*, which I enjoyed. Having studied literature in college, I get inspired hearing beautiful poetry or prose. I have always been a fan of Shakespeare, and always marvel at his use of language and metaphors.

It was already past midnight, but I felt that he wanted to say something to me. Although I use my gift of prophecy regularly, hearing from departed spirits is something I've rarely done. This is the first time I have ever received something from him, and I guess his first emphasis was to make sure the Lord got the credit, since I have always admired his skills, GBH! What really encouraged me was that the message was full of metaphors and similes—just what I like! Ha! It really thrilled me because I know I couldn't have thought up this stuff so spontaneously.

(William Shakespeare speaking:)

Would that the night had a thousand eyes, and they all at once slept and dreamed the same dream!

Would that words would melt into a thousand streams that flow into a million seas, to be gathered up into countless volumes of treasures!

Would that all the winds would blow together in one breath, in one whisper, to say this: "Blessed be the Lord!"

Would that all light did unite as one flame, an offering of incense to Him.

Would that all hearts would beat in symphony, in one heartfelt throb to declare their love for Him.

Would that all lives be joined together as one life—an endless life of service to the King—that would span eternity.

Would that all music be as one song of praise to Him.

And yet it would be as little—as paltry, and as gentle an impression as a sparrow upon the vast sky. Yet it would not go unnoticed, for even that little praise would be carefully tended and nurtured. Even though little and insignificant, as a pebble upon a mountain, yet would it be treasured.

I?—What am I? Little puffs of breath upon the sands of time. Little puffs of breath! *(I got a picture of how a small puff of breath upon a beach could hardly displace any amount of sand. It was a simile of how ineffective that is.)* What can I do? Or what could I have done? Glory belongs to the Father, the Creator of all things. For when all the heavens and all creation declare His handiwork, would it not be insolence that I do not so as well? Would my silence not be treason?

F-Z WAS
HERE



But my soul is stirred within me, as does the ocean heave in a tempest, and I cannot stop the surge. In one great wave, I throw myself at His feet and give everything back to Him. As the great ocean is lifted up out of its bowels, so my spirit is moved out of me and I dare not forbear.

The beauty of the flower is in the seed, and the beauty of the petals is in the sap. It is the Spirit of God, yea, that moves within us and brings us to bud and fruit. It is the Great Husbandman that tends to us. It is the Great Blacksmith Who retools and tempers us. It is the Potter's master touch that shapes us, that molds us; tho' oftentimes He waters us with [our own] tears to make us soft and pliable. Yet glory belongs to Him! I can of my own self do nothing!

Should a candle make its boast in the day? Should a sparrow challenge the wind? Should a lamp mock the stars, or a torch the sun? Oh, vanity!—What have I to do with thee? A gift is the Giver's grace, and the beauty of the creation is in the Creator.

Ah well, I can't stop talking about that. Yes, there's poetry Here—lots of it! I listen to it and thrill! So will you. Words that clasp your heart and lift it up, where your spirit and soul follow suit—and sometimes, the other way around. Tune in! There are sonnets in the air—whispered upon the breeze, as a soothing caress upon the ear, as gentle as a word, as soft as a touch, as a healing hand upon the heart. Listen, it's all there. And it all comes from one place—the Source—the Throne of Heaven! Beautiful!

Words flow like a woman dancing—they gesture, they beckon, they entice you, they touch you, they move you, they embrace you and kiss you—they are spirit and they are life. They are the embodiment of the Spirit of God! Cherish them. Love them. Eat them and they will fill your soul. They will bring you joy. They will bring you hope. They will bring you light—and gladness, and lift the drooping heart. Don't let them go! They are the hand of God that holds onto your soul through the storms and tempests in life. They make you stronger than the sea of battles that threatens to engulf you. Hold strong and draw nigh to Him. I love you! *(End of prophecy.)*



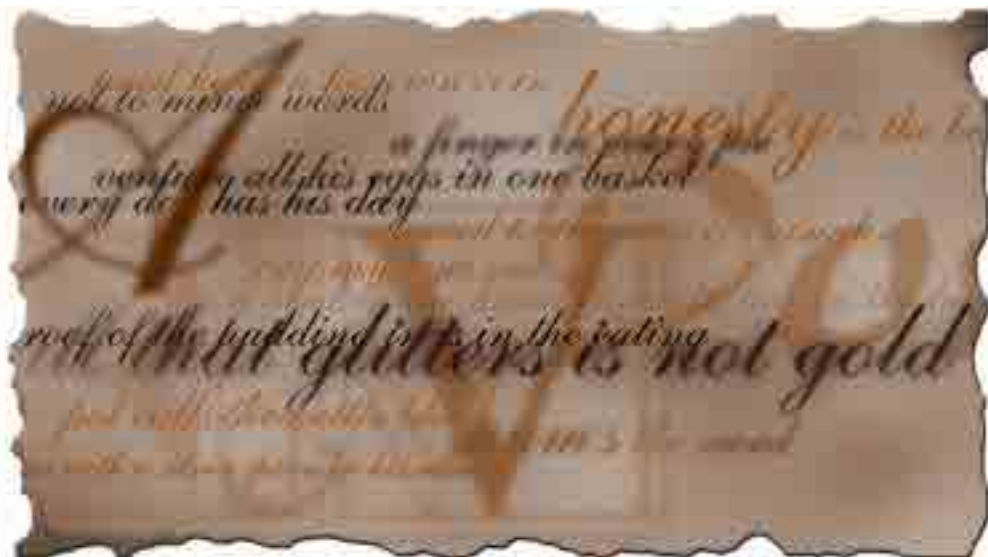
Signed: Shakespeare



INFOBIT

Who coined these phrases?

- 🐾 "Not to mince words"
- 🐾 "Paid him in his own coin"
- 🐾 "A finger in every pie"
- 🐾 "Every dog has his day"
- 🐾 "Venture all his eggs in one basket"
- 🐾 "Cry my eyes out"
- 🐾 "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"
- 🐾 "The proof of the pudding is in the eating"
- 🐾 "All that glitters is not gold"
- 🐾 "Honesty is the best policy"
- 🐾 "A word to the wise is enough"
- 🐾 "Pot calls the kettle black"
- 🐾 "Mum's the word"
- 🐾 "Born with a silver spoon in his mouth"
- 🐾 "There are only two families in the world . . . the Haves and the Havenots."



Answer: Miguel de Saavedra Cervantes, all in his book *El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN

From Thaddeus, Iceland

I'm standing on the threshold. Just outside the glass door, the winds are storm-force, blowing clouds of snow. Dimly, I can see the figures of people clothed in one-piece snowsuits, warm gloves and boots. Their faces are all but hidden by their hoods to protect them from the elements. The neon display shows temperatures are way below zero.

"What on earth am I doing here like this? Thaddeus, you must have a screw loose somewhere! Here I am, stark naked save for a swimsuit, planning to go out into this winter weather!" Suddenly, a small group of teen boys, similarly clad, rush past me. At least I'm not alone in my madness! "Ok, Thad, 'Once more into the breach' and all that!" Then I remember the rest of the line from that famous poem, and filling it up with the English dead looks a more likely outcome!

I step outside, hesitantly, my bare feet scrunching on the snow, confirming my thoughts of insanity. I think back to the story of the man crawling over the ice—but at least he was dressed for the occasion and was only traveling outside on necessary business. Here, I'm meant to be enjoying this experience. Snow has built up on the banks to the side. The winds whip around me and I run. Clouds of smoke are rising—similar to the clouds that gave Reykjavik its name when the earliest settlers arrived and saw what they thought was smoke in the bay, naming it "Smokey Bay." I come to the edge of



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the water and, wondering if I'm jumping out of the frying pan into the fire—wrong simile, that—plunge in! Anything must be better than the snow, which has already numbed my feet and the wind that has frozen my body in the 5 seconds since I left the safety of the room!

I sink below the surface of the water! Opening my eyes, I can see the crystal clarity of these waters that have come from the bowels of the earth. "Better than the tropics" I think initially, but immediately change my mind. Remember, it's snowing and blowing a gale a few inches above my head! These Vikings are either crazy or know something I don't! They actually use these open-air pools in winter! The smoke is the steam given off by the warm water. Great! When you're under the water, it really is warm and you might forget for a moment what the weather is like. However, I'm no water baby and I have to get some more air. Yikes! They really are crazy! Okay, so the water is warm, but you stick your head out to get some air and you're back in reality! Winter weather with wet hair! It's enough to encourage anyone to take up snorkeling!

Through the steam and snow, I can see the hot pots.—Four circular holes in the ground about three meters in diameter each. You're meant to go from the coolest and work your way up to the hotter ones. Forget that! I make a beeline for the second pot and, gingerly

climbing out of the pool and scrunching over the foot-numbing snow again, I descend the steps into the small pool. Like a hot bath, beautiful! I could stay here! Deep enough that the winds blow over me and hot enough to melt the snow before it reaches the surface. This is more like it! I close my eyes and relax.

A man gets out of the pool and presses a switch. Suddenly, a powerful jet of water hits my back, sweeping me off the underwater bench I'm dreamily relaxing on. The Jacuzzi churns up the water, making it seem hotter. Having regurgitated the gallon of water I swallowed in my surprise, I struggle back to my place on the bench, holding on to the rail to prevent being swept off again. Let's put a positive spin on this! This jet can be used! My sore muscles get the massage of their life. Again, I'm starting to

enjoy this when just as suddenly as it had started, the jet stops and I'm awoken out of my reverie.

Time for a change! Next pot! Whew, this one's a bit hotter. Nice! My body adapts to it quickly, taking in the heat. They say that you won't even feel the cold when you get out. Let's try that and move to the next pot. Hey, they're right! I'm walking on the snow in sub-zero temperatures in only a swimsuit and I'm not frozen. These hot pots are where it's at! I plunge into the next one, forgetting for a moment that a few degrees rise in temperature can have unpleasant effects on the body! By the time I find that out, I'm already up to my chest in water so hot it takes my breath away! These Vikings really are crazy! Swimming in open-air pools in winter and then soaking in water so hot you can barely stand it!

Still unable to speak, my world in slow motion, I turn and make it back up the ladder as fast as I can. Now I understand the reason for the swimming pool. I dive in with relief to cool off. I can even put my head up out of the water without ice appearing in my hair! I'm starting to understand why it wasn't so difficult to provision tickets to come in here. They must have been laughing! Mad dogs and Englishmen don't only go out in the midday sun—they also go out swimming in the mid-winter pools of Iceland! Though, come to think of it, I didn't see the mad dogs! And I still have to get out of here! ■

ANSWER

TO "FROM THE WORD TANK"

Last month's ML summary was describing "The Cinema Café" (ML #1285, Vol. 13)

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Upfront

EXCLUSIVE

“I want all of you who worry about your weight to hear my story and decide for yourself whether extreme dieting is really worth it.”

MY FIGHT AGAINST EATING DISORDERS

From Niki (19, formerly Becky of Ezra and Ginny), Japan

The Lord is healing me from two very serious eating disorders that I've suffered from for three years—anorexia and bulimia. I was a little hesitant at first to write up the details of my sickness, but recently I have heard a number of junior teen girls who sound the exact way I did when I started getting anorexic. I want all of you who worry about your weight to hear my story and decide for yourself whether extreme dieting is really worth it.

To start at the beginning, when I was growing up I was always the biggest in my class. I was the tallest and usually weighed more than everyone, but I was never fat—just big-boned. Even as young as six years old, I was concerned about my weight, always wanting to be small and skinny. Two of my older sisters battled with weight problems throughout their teen years, so I was determined not to let it happen to me.

But I love food, and never had much in the way of will power. So around my 14th birthday I began pushing “maximum density.” I had no moderation in my eating habits, going way overboard to where I weighed 183 pounds (83 kilos) at my heaviest stage—too much for my 5'8" frame. Okay, I needed to lose weight, but little did I know that it would turn into an obsession, a horrible sickness.

When I was 15, I decided to do something about my ever-expanding body, and I began simple dieting—cutting down a bit on what I ate (dropping my thirds and fourths—sometimes even seconds). I also began exercising several times a week. This helped me lose some initial pounds, but not too much. For the rest of my 15th year I mildly dieted and exercised. By my 16th birthday I was 160 pounds (73 kilos). Yeah, I

was making progress!

My goal for the next year was to get down to 145 pounds, which I did by continuing to diet (now a little more strictly). I started exercising at least five times a week. I cut out butter, cheese and red meat from my diet, as well as most fattening snacks, although I did indulge every once in a while. I made my goal, and by the time I turned 17 I was 142 pounds (65 kilos). But I still felt fat. I felt I would get more attention from the guys and be more popular with the girls if I was thinner, so I was determined to diet until I felt comfortable with myself. It was then that I had the “brilliant” idea of sticking my finger down my throat and puking up what I ate. I figured what didn't stay in wouldn't do me harm.

I started this bulimia, thinking that I could eat whatever I wanted and then throw it up and I wouldn't gain weight. I had quit eating meat all together and cut out all starches from my diet except bread. During this time my

The Devil is not only the enemy of your soul, but since the Lord has put you in this earthly body and made it His temple, the Devil is also the enemy of your body, and he and his demons are out to damage and destroy it however they can. This is one way in which the Devil has deceived and deluded thousands of young women around the world into throwing their lives away (“*Mama’s Memos - No.11*,”GN 858).

mom found out what I was doing and prayed and received prophecies for me, which convicted me enough that I stopped the bulimia thing for a few months. But I soon got into it again. LHM! I became quite rigid with my exercising, and towards the end of my 17th year I weighed 120 pounds (55 kilos). I was bulimic on and off during this time; sometimes I wouldn’t do it at all, and other times it was every day.

This is when something snapped, and I totally lost control of my eating habits. I decided that I wasn’t comfortable at 120 pounds, and needed to be thinner. I slowly stopped eating almost anything. I drank large amounts of coffee to fight off the hunger pains, and only ate apples, and occasionally bread or egg whites if I was feeling fatigued. It reached the point where I was living off three or four apples a day—one for every meal. That was all. (And I wondered why I had no energy! Duh!

I also began to exercise for an hour or more every day, sometimes up to three hours a day. I would wake up at 3:30 or 4:00 in the morning to exercise if I knew I couldn’t fit it in the

day. I was totally addicted, and I would literally freak out if I missed my exercise slot. I always found time to do it, though, and for the space of nine months I never missed a day.

Bulimia had now become a bigger problem, until one day I had a very bad experience, when my stomach and throat bled. It scared me enough to make me stop. I had read some very frightening things on the Internet about what bulimia can do to you, which shook me up quite a bit.

Though I was now very slim, and everyone told me to stop dieting, I seriously thought I was still fat. I was enjoying the attention a bit, finally having everyone thinking I looked good, but I secretly harbored the thought that if I lost a bit more weight I would be comfortable with myself, and then everything would be fine.

So I lost, and lost, and lost, and lost. By this time I had gone to 100 pounds (46 kilos). My mom was getting worried, as were the people I lived with. My boyfriend took a look at me one day and said, “Niki, this is enough!” But I didn’t get the hint. When I looked in the mirror I felt fat, and I had convinced myself I was still overweight.

All the attention I was getting for being so thin started to bug me, so I began telling people, “I’m not losing anymore,” just to get them off of my back. I was still on a basically eat-nothing diet and wasn’t doing anything to rectify the situation. If some concerned person would ask me what I had eaten that day, I would often lie and tell them about these “meals” I was eating. In actual fact, I was hardly eating at all.

I was so messed up in my thinking that when I was super hungry and my stomach was totally empty, I felt elated, like good, clean and happy. But when I had any food in my stomach or whenever I ate, I felt yucky and dirty. LHM!

“I was so caught up in it all that I couldn’t see past my own problems. As one of the guys in our area put it, ‘Your personality went with your boobs!’”

A HELPFUL READING LIST ON DIETING:

- [] “Why Do People Become Bitter?” in “Bitterness: The Deadly Root that Devours and Destroys,” ML #2672:31-35, Vol.19 and DB10.
- [] “Comparing Yourself to Others,” FSM180, “Teamwork,” par.185-204.
- [] “Self-Righteousness,” ML #2140:51, Vol.16 and DB8.
- [] “My Body, My House” in “Total Joy” *Marvellous Marriage*, p.517.
- [] “The ‘Count Your Blessings’ Game” in ML #2621:52-59, Vol.19.

“I was totally obsessed with weighing myself and would get on the scale two or three times a day just to make sure I hadn’t gained anything.”

It’s amazing how your eating habits can affect your personality. I am by nature an outgoing person, one who is talkative and your all-out crazy girl type. I love to be around friends and have a good time, but during this time I was so obsessed with my weight and body that I quit joining in when my friends invited me to do things. I would decline invitations to go somewhere if I knew food had anything to do with it. I would make some excuse, the real reason being I was scared I would have to eat if I went with them, so I opted to just stay home and get even more into myself. LHM!

I was so caught up in it all that I couldn’t see past my own problems. As one of the guys in our area put it, “Your personality went with your boobs!” Ha! But it’s true. This whole eating disorder got me very depressed. Several other personal changes happened in my life, which only made me unhappier. My boyfriend and I broke up, and my mom, her mate and my brother and sister moved to another country and I missed them.

About this time, my baby sister went to be with the Lord. She died of SIDS (Sudden Infant Death Syndrome). It was quite a wake-up call for me. It showed me how precious life is, and that I was abusing my body—I could be the next to go if I didn’t stop soon. Right before she went to be with Jesus, I was having quite a few thoughts about suicide, thinking that I really didn’t care anymore whether I lived or died. All of this stemmed from my eating disorder.

When you have anorexia and you have denied your body food for so long, you become SEVERELY depressed. Thank the Lord, the GN on suicide (ML# 3228, GN 830) came out right at that time—a total miracle and lifesaver! For about two weeks I made an effort to eat a few things, but I was utterly terrified of getting fat. So I fell back into my diet and lost even

more weight, to where I was 88 pounds (40 kilos) at my lowest. I was so thin that I could put my fingers around the upper part of my arm and they would touch. As my dad and mom said, I looked emaciated. I was also totally obsessed with weighing myself and would get on the scale two or three times a day just to make sure I hadn’t gained anything. If I gained so much as half a pound I wouldn’t eat the rest of the day. My health was really bad by this time, too. I had chronic fatigue, anemia, my periods totally stopped, and a host of other sicknesses, plus I was often down with fevers. I fainted one day and had to go to the doctor, who told me all my problems stemmed from the fact that I was severely underweight.

My dad (who I am living with) was very concerned about me, and I guess somehow the Lord broke through and showed me I was going to end up killing myself if I didn’t stop. I started to eat a bit more and put a couple of things back in my diet, like tofu and some proteins and veggies. Nothing too drastic. It was a huge battle for me. Every

So look for the Spirit that satisfies and for My love in each other, and you will not be disappointed. And remember that I made each of you different so that the world would not be boring and there would be something for everyone! You are all perfectly formed in your own way, as David said, “Thy hands have made me and fashioned me. ... I am fearfully and wonderfully made” [Psa. 119:73; 139:14]. I love you! Love, your Jesus (“Special for Teens: On Eating Disorders and Your Body,” FSM 343).

time I ate something I had the chronic fear that this mouthful was going to make me fat and I was going to turn into what I had fought so long not to be ... a great big whale. I began to ask my dad for prayer every time I felt fat. This was my lifesaver! One day I stepped on the scale to find that I weighed 98 pounds (45 kilos), and I freaked out. I cried for several hours and had to have my dad desperately pray with me and rebuke the Devil.

I started to make small amounts of progress with my eating habits, nothing too big. I guess a bad habit like mine is very hard to break—almost impossible without the Lord! One real key for me was that I had my name put on the local Prayer List against anorexia, and that I would gain weight. It was very humbling, but I figured the Lord would probably bless me doing the humble thing, and He did. I began to gain weight slowly.

As I write this now, I am not completely over this “disease.” I’ll look in the mirror and feel like I’m a fat pig. But I have to just rebuke it with all my might and ask the Lord to put a protective shield around me to ward off the Enemy and his

lies. It’s such a spiritual thing! I can’t explain what it’s like to be basically a skeleton and look in the mirror and be convinced you are fat. I know it may sound stupid to you; often it sounds stupid to yourself. You know by common sense that you are not fat, but with one part of your mind you still think you are. It’s a real spiritual thing.

I had my slumps where I fell back in to bulimia, losing weight again. But I finally got desperate enough to confess to my dad and he prayed for me. We had a session where we really rebuked the Devil and got some very encouraging prophecies for my situation. I still get hit from time-to-time with the fear of becoming fat, but the Lord has really helped me and I am now looking normal again—although I am probably what most people would still deem quite thin. The Lord has done a total miracle and I can now eat sensibly without feeling guilty. Of course, I have some health complications from abusing my body, but the Lord is healing me and I’m so thankful.

I hope this is a blessing to you, and if you are considering becoming anorexic or bulimic ... DON’T DO IT!! It will ruin your life and your health! And it’s such a fight to get over. Get your parents or a friend to pray for you and every time you’re tempted with feeling fat or wanting to throw up your food, go to that person and have them rebuke the Devil with you until the feeling passes. Anorexia and bulimia are just NOT WORTH IT! ■

“I am me, and I am beautiful because God doesn’t make junk!”

(Ed. note: For more on this topic see “Mama’s Memos #11” GN 858 and “Special for Teens: On Eating Disorders and Your Body” FSM 343.)

“I have to just rebuke it with all my might and ask the Lord to put a protective shield around me to ward off the Enemy and his lies. It’s such a spiritual thing!”

INTRODUCING ... HAVE FAITH, WE'LL TREK ... MONGOLIA

From Daniel, Russia



Even before I came to Russia, four years ago, I wanted to make a trip to Mongolia. Through various roundabout ways, the idea came up for us to drive there for an extended road trip. After getting the confirmation from the Lord, our team of five—Joan, Milah, Ivan, Ricky (4), and myself loaded up our Lada Niva (a Russian four-wheel-drive, sturdy but with about as much room as a VW Bug) and a small utility trailer with our tents and belongings, and prepared to go.

While working on our exit visas we met a very helpful Mongolian man. It was quite a miracle, as it's not every day that you bump into someone from Mongolia; according to him, he's one of only three

Mongolians in our city! This man was the second Mongolian I'd met in my whole life. Not only was it an encouraging confirmation for us to meet him, but he also gave us a lot of useful information about the country, as well as a map.

So with that we set off across Russia, visiting sheep all along the way. Our goal was to witness and visit as many MM members as possible on the way there (which was a whole adventure in itself), and then to drive straight back. I don't think we exactly realized all that it would entail, though, as some of the cities where our friends lived were completely out of our way, not to mention very hard to find. On we drove, and the kilometers just kept adding up.

Due to our many ventures, we drove 11,500 kms on the way there (visiting our friends), compared to 5,000 kms back! It was worth it though; many of these people were flipped that we had come all the way to their village to meet them. We tried to leave each one with a cassette, *Treasures*, Bible (if they didn't have one already), a stack of posters and an assortment of other lit. It was amazing to go into a house in the middle of nowhere, where no Family person had ever been, and to see a poster on the wall! It just shows how far our lit goes, as a large percentage of these people got our address through friends of theirs and



not necessarily directly from the Family.

After a long drive, a nice time of camping on the shores of Lake Baikal, and many other adventures, we arrived at the Mongolian border ... only to be told we couldn't cross! The problem, they told us, was that this crossing was for Russian/Mongolian travelers only; foreigners had to go through another border, 20 kms away.—But at that border, only trains could cross! Our





conversation went something like this:

"Now let me get this straight," I said to the guard. "The car has to cross here, but I, being a foreigner (and the only driver, mind you) have to cross by train? Isn't there something we can do? We just saw a whole caravan of 20-some German campers cross here. How did they do it?"

"Oh, they had special permission from the Ministry of Interior."

"So ... how do you get that?"

"You call them, request it, and they decide."

"Great!" I beamed. "Piece of cake! Can you give us the phone number?"

"Sorry, that's a military secret."

In the end, Milah (Russian national—who got a driving license back in school but had never actually driven) took the car across the border (a 20-minute trip). Meanwhile, Ricky and I took a taxi to the other border for foreigners and caught a train to the next city in Mongolia. This little journey turned out to take 12 hours round trip, because we had to catch a second taxi back to the original border to meet up with Milah.

But all hassles were soon forgotten with the thrill of finally arriving in Mongolia.

Everything about the country was noticeably different upon entry. The landscape was bare, with horses running free, and an



occasional *ger* (a round, wooden-framed hut, covered with skins). For your info, two or three *gers* together constitute a town.

The capital city of Mongolia, Ulan Bator, has only 600,000 people. Some people speak English, some Russian, and others neither. They are predominantly Buddhist, but from our short experience it seems that it's more of a nationalistic thing than true faith. It takes a while to win their trust, but once you have they're very open to hearing about the Lord. The majority of the people we met were very friendly and went out of their way to help us in any way they could.

Our stats for the two-month trip were:

Posters: 21,000
Tracts: 19,000
Videos: 26
Tapes: 52
Souls: 225

The journey back was also a whole adventure in itself, as our poor excuse for a trailer broke down many times. The roads in Mongolia were the worst any of us had ever encountered. A couple of times while we were driving, the trailer wheel broke off and went shooting past us along the road. On the last occasion we weren't able to find it, but thank the Lord, He didn't fail to rescue us and sent someone along with a large truck on which we loaded everything and set off for the next city.

There were many other miracles along the way. Suffice it to say that the Lord brought us home safely, and it is a trip we'll remember for the rest of our lives. ■



Photos:

Page 1:

- Top:** A view of the Mongolian countryside.
- Center:** Daniel and son Ricky in front of a Buddhist temple.
- Bottom:** Ivan, Joan, Daniel, Milah and Ricky in Mongol garb.

Page 2:

- Top (right):** Ivan and a sweet Mongolian girl we met.
- Top (left):** Our team.
- Bottom:** We had to get the trailer to the mechanic somehow.

"Real People"

From Heart (14) and Jay (19), of Filo and Char, USA

Dear Ziners,

God bless you! Here is an exciting testimony that we would love to share with you all. Dig it deep!

We're a teen singing group of four—Jay (19), Raffy (18), Chris (16) and Heart (14). The other day we were doing a show in a pub, open-mike, where we met this sweet sixteen-year-old girl named Sarah. She was real interested in us, and—well, we couldn't spend as much time with her as we wanted to. But we left her with a *What's Wrong with This Picture?* tract. She then wrote us this letter:

Dear Band,

I just finished reading your flyer (tract), and I started to cry on the first paragraph. I feel I can be real with you guys, unlike with my friends. I have secretly believed in something like Jesus-peace, love and that something is watching over me. I don't go to church, I don't believe in church. But I do pray "Something, save me!" a lot, and I believe very strongly in my "Something." My so-called friends would laugh at me if I told them, and that hurts. It hurts to think the only friend I can be real with is my "Something."

I loved your music and the flyer you gave me, and would love to get to know all of you. You have nice vibes. What I would consider real people.

(See attached page.)

Here is a song/poem I wrote a couple of years ago, at a deep, depressing and very lonely time for me. Please don't laugh. It's called "Real People." (They are lyrics to a song; I wish I had the voice to sing. I changed it to poem form.)

Where did all the real people go?
I don't know! I don't know!
Multiple personalities, so far from reality
Who's the real you? Do you have the slightest clue?

So many teens just like me,
But doing drugs and being mean.
Just 'cuz you're lost
Is it worth the cost?

You think it's cool,
But drugs and hatred are for fools.
I try to help you,
But in trying, I only hurt myself.

You spit in my face,
But anger, I feel not a trace.
I only feel sorry
For you're losing the race
Of getting off drugs.
And I pray for you!

Where did all the real people go?
Does anyone know?
Who's the real you?
Do you have a clue?

From Heart:

We did another show the following week, where we got to know Sarah a little better. She was pouring out to me, telling about her past, family and friends. I prayed with her to receive Jesus. That night, alone, at three in the morning, after she left, she wrote this song that her friend helped put to music. When we saw her two days later at our next music show, she got up on stage and sang it, dedicating it to us. It really touched our hearts.

I'VE CHANGED!

I've changed.
Ever since I met you, I've changed.
Everything feels right
And the sky is always blue.
In my heart I feel what's right.
I'm so glad for friends like you!
I was blind, but now I see.
In Jesus Christ I now believe.
I was trapped in my depression
But I think I've learned my lesson.
I'm free!
Real friends I've had very few,
But all that changed when I met you.
I've changed.
Ever since I met you, I've changed.
Everything feels right
And the sky is always blue.
—It changed.
Life will never be the same
—I've changed.

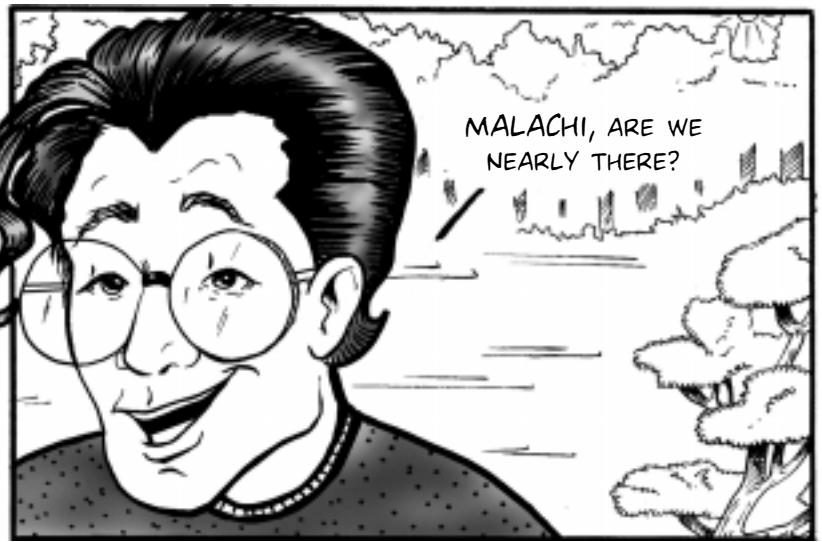
BLEATS FROM THE SHEEP

**B
T
S
A
K**
from the
Past!

**Wartime
Adventures**
by Gary, FCF

Art by Ewe

In 1973, Malachi Wind and I traveled by train through Yugoslavia to Greece, to join the fledgling work in the Mideast. We arrived in Central Athens after a two-day train ride, and I thought, "Boy, its really quiet here in Greece. There's nobody around at all." That November day, the city was as dead as a doornail. It took us an hour to even spot



a taxi to approach at the train station! It turned out that the junta government (the same type as what Chile had) was being challenged, and the city was in a state of siege. The military government had been in power for seven years and had had a total stranglehold on the people. And that very night that we arrived, after seven years of oppression, an attempted overthrow of the government was underway! The students in the Polytechnic University had stockpiled generators and food and all kinds of stuff, were broadcasting on the radio, and had gotten all the workers to unite. (Though this 1973 uprising was put down brutally by tanks, this event is viewed historically as the beginning of the end of the Greek junta, which ruled from 1967 to 1974.)

HEY MAN, WHAT'S WITH THESE EMPTY STREETS?

I DUNNO!



Finally, after standing forlornly on the street in this strange new land, we were able to flag down a lone taxi driver and gave him the address of where we were headed. We started driving away and only minutes later, tear gas canisters began exploding on the car! Suddenly there were people screaming, and fires bursting out everywhere. We were in the middle of a massive riot. (We were just a block or so from Polytechnic where it was all happening!) The tanks were rolling down the street and it was chaos.

While we choked on the tear

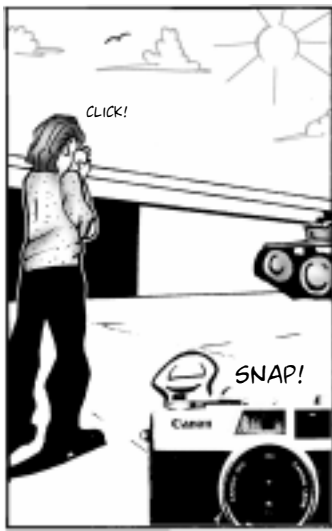
gas, the Lord miraculously guided our taxi driver through the back streets, and finally we got to the Home, where they explained to us what was happening. (We didn't read the newspapers too closely in those days!) The workers had joined in with the students, and they thought the army had joined them too. So the students opened up the gates of the university to them, and the tanks came in and the soldiers came in with machine guns blazing and just massacred the students! (Although the official news said only two people were killed!)

I had been the equivalent of a VS in Italy before this, and Jethro (of Deborah) had sent me on ahead to Greece, where he was going to join me. However, when I called in with news of what was happening, he abruptly changed his plans and said, "You're in charge of the Mideast!" My first job was to try to

locate all the Family members in Athens, because they had been all over the place witnessing when the violence broke out. Now, however, helicopters were flying above the city, except for two hours per day, and they would just shoot anybody that was out in the street. So we would go out during those two hours a day and try to find our people, and bring them back to safety. We could only go out two by two—groups of any more than two people outside were considered an "illegal assembly." So when we located someone, we'd just walk by the Family members and kind of pass them a note, and then move on.

One day, I was with this Greek-American new disciple, Josh,





who was my translator and all. Everywhere around us were Greek soldiers all using American military supplies, American tanks, etc. That part of town was just teeming with tanks and soldiers, all with walkie-talkies, etc. So we were walking along and this brother started speaking Greek, and a bunch of soldiers came out of nowhere, grabbed him, and started beating him up!

I ran over and said, "Stop it! He's American!" (He was a dual national.) He produced his American passport and they backed off right away. (These soldiers didn't know if he was some

diplomat's son or whatever!) As a sideline to this story: Having previously been in Italy where there were demonstrations on a regular basis, I hadn't grasped the seriousness of this situation in Greece. In fact, every chance I got I took photos of the military artillery rolling through town! I sent these photos to an old school friend, who got them published in his newspaper as a "scoop!"

Finally we located everyone, and since things weren't getting any better, we worked out a temporary evacuation, indiscreetly holding a meeting in the waiting room of the train station just prior to everyone boarding. But some people had already been thrown in jail.—They had been litnessing, and of course in those days we were litnessing with the latest MD Letters like "Godhafi," "America the Whore" or "End of Allende"—radical messages! There were two guys in jail: Fortunatus and Asher

Ben-Canaan (now Peter). We knew we had to get them out, but the first question was, "Which jail are they being held in?"

I got out a suit that Emanuele's brother or someone had given me. It had skinny little lapels and was too small, but hey, I could use all the "officialdom" I could muster! I put it on, and Malachi and I were just

walking around downtown Athens, praying that the Lord would lead us to our guys that were in jail. It was serious business being in jail!—I mean, the Greek military employed electrodes to the testicles, and other forms of torture! That was the kind of mentality that was prevailing at the time.

I remember Malachi and I were just walking along, praying, "Lord, please lead us somehow." We didn't even have a clue where the jails were or anything, and we didn't speak any Greek. All of a sudden this little slot opened in a big, massive metal door. A government building guard looked out and said: "Go there," in

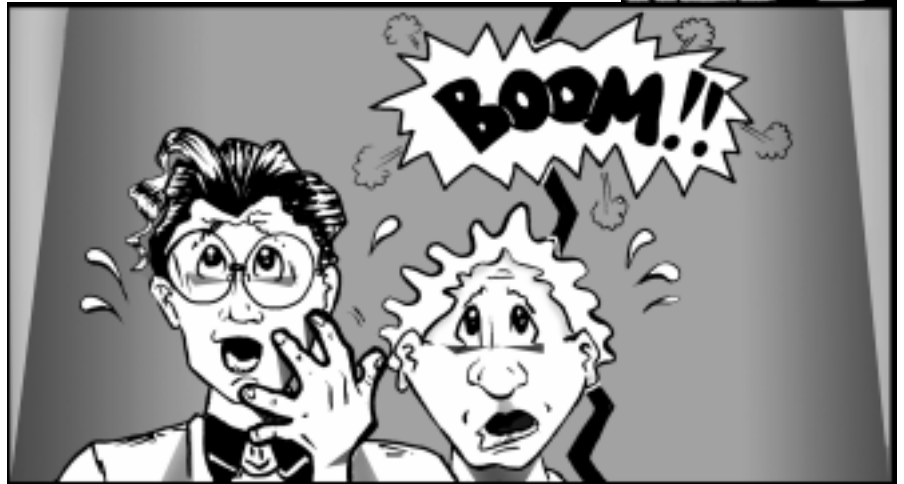
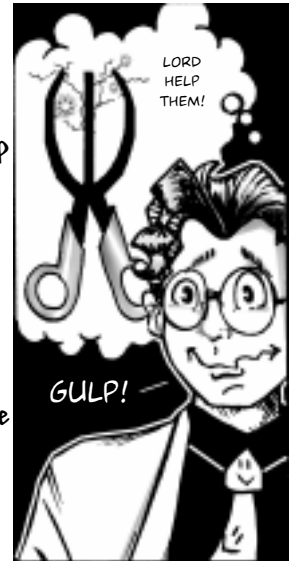
English. And the door shut! We were like, "Did you hear what I heard? What did



he say?" He had pointed up towards a building, so we just walked into it, totally unaware of what it was. The people started asking us questions, and we said we were Americans. Remember that word on the street was that the CIA was behind the government. These people didn't know how to deal with us, so they kept referring us to other people, each one heftier than the former.

We were going through *Mission Impossible* Kind of doors, where you go in and they automatically close behind you. There was no way back out. We went further and further into this complex—and we had to keep going! Here I was in this ill-fitting suit, but they had the impression that we were somebody.

We got in the elevator, and ended up at the very top floor of this building. (We later found out it was like the Greek equivalent of the CIA.) We started talking to these guys who spoke English. (Not too many people in Greece spoke English in those days, so they had to keep referring us to someone who spoke English.)



So we finally talked to this top guy who spoke English. He said, "So what do you want to tell me?" We just started witnessing to him. We pulled out a piece of Greek lit, "Sounds in the Night" or something. The guy was touched and said, "Are you Orthodox Christians?" And we answered, "Yes." One thing led to another, and he made a bunch of calls, and located our two guys, and said they'd be released. I remember I had to give my word to this guy, and he let our guys out. At four o'clock in the morning they were delivered to our place. So the Lord did a major miracle to get them out, PTL!

A few days after this incident, with virtually everyone either safely out of the country, or in a stable Home situation, I flew to Cyprus, where the Family was under investigation—largely due

to the intense political situation there at the time. Within months there was a military coup there, and at that time leading up to it there was a lot of political activity.

For example, I walked out on my porch one day and I found a machine gun pointed right at my face! I just thought, "This is it. I'm going to get killed. I'm going to go meet Jesus." (It was sort of a welcome thought, actually!) Then I looked around and saw there were fourteen machine guns trained on me!

The guy started yelling at me in Greek, and I just said, "I'm a tourist. I don't understand." In English, he said, "Let us in the house." I said, "Well, come on in." He said, "No, downstairs." We were living on the top floor of a two-story



This is a short testimony of God's amazing communication system. Around 1979, there was a team in Teheran, Iran. During these years, opposition to the Shah of Iran revolved around the Ayatollah Khomeini, a radical Muslim cleric. I was involved with the Reporting Office for that part of the world. Timothy Concerned worked

apartment. As it turned out, downstairs was an "Enoka B" hideout—it was an anti-government terrorist hangout! (Because we were a Selah regional office, we didn't go out of our way to talk to these people, nor did they go out of their way to talk to us. We just said hello, but we never really spoke to them at length.)

All the neighbors were hanging around, true Mideast-style, gawking at the events from their balconies and wondering what was happening. While I was standing there, still with a machine gun on me, grandmothers were handing lemonade to the soldiers! Then the military police flushed the people out downstairs with a megaphone. Thank God they eventually came out peacefully and there was no fight or anything, but there were about eight anti-government terrorists. The lady who had rented the place was like their front. The police carried out eight boxes of hand grenades, rocket launchers, rifles, and all this kind of stuff.—All from downstairs of our Selah office!

I think I left about two days later, as I was called to join Jethro in London. A few days after being in London, Turkey invaded Cyprus, and I saw the headlines "Cyprus Invaded." The other members of my team were caught in the middle of it, and told their story in a Family pub entitled "How to Survive a War!" TTL for our exciting lives! (See also "Witnessers in Wartime," in FZ #33.)

with Dad and Maria and phoned me one day, and said, "If there's any way you can get a message to the folks in Iran, Dad got a revelation telling them to get out, as it's all going to hit soon." (This later came out in that Letter, "The Shah's Last Resort.")

I told Timothy, "I think all the phone lines are out, because we haven't heard from them in a long time, but I can try." When I hung up the phone, I figured I'd at least try and dialed their number. Amazingly enough, Tim (of Rejoice) answered it. I said, "I was just talking to Timothy, and Dad said you guys need to



get out of there fast ..." I explained the rest of it, and then hung up.

It turned out that the phone lines to Iran had all been out for like a solid month!—That was the only time their phone had rang in a month, and it never rang again. But they got the message, and then they were out of there. It was incredible!

from bethy

(21, of michael and peace)

gambia

the song "Wake with the Morning Sun" rings in my ears as I wake at 5:30 am. The sound of the birds chirping and the wind rustling through the leaves of the trees surrounding our beautiful Home fills my ears. A cup of cold coffee awaits me, after I wake my dad and two sisters to greet this glorious day that will no doubt be held long in remembrance.

EXCERPTS OF MY LOG

MY

african

**my 12-year-old
sister, Fanny,
suddenly yells,
"Crocodile—
alligator,
whatever!
Something is out
there."**



Jane

today, we are off to the inland village of Sintet, a small yet important village up river from Banjul, where Family Care Gambia was commissioned to open a school for the village children. The project started with an old, dilapidated, half-finished building, mud brought from the river for firebricks, and the endless list of tasks that needed to be done. In time, it took form and though it is still unpainted, at least the floors are cemented, windows are being built and the roof is finished.

We set off with a guitar and our other baggage in hand to catch a bush taxi, that will link us up with yet another bush taxi that will travel even farther. In simple African terms: longer distance; cram more people! When I first came to Gambia I mentioned to my dad, "The roads are better than the ones in India!" He laughed heartily at this comment and said, "Well, wait and see!" I now understand the reason for his laughter; never in all my time in India had I encountered such roads! They truly make me think I am traveling upon the very craters of the moon! I suppose the decent roads they have when you enter the country are to give a good impression that I am afraid is very short-lived!

The entire journey lasts about three-and-a-half hours, while African jungle music rings loudly in the air. Completing the atmosphere is the never-ending yakking all around us. We try to enter in with our "Nagadeaf?" (How are you?) and "Jamareck!" (I am fine!) Our only stops are the numerous police checkpoints, and when we tell them we are from Family Care Gambia we are let through royally.

We finally come to a fork where the road branches into a small, five-foot wide sandy trail. We put our baggage on our heads and shoulders, and begin the 2-km trek to the village. The heat is withering—I have never been so hot in all my life! This sounds like I'm telling stories, but every detail is true.

safari

halfway there, we met two African boys with bicycles. As they appeared to have little to do, we asked them to help us by transporting some of our luggage to the village. They did try, but after awhile even these jungle veterans say it's too hot and decide to wait under a tree.

So we press on, until

the village comes into sight. While trying to convince ourselves that this was not yet enough adventure, we walked off the trail to pioneer a shortcut. Following the river to the village instead—thinking to surprise the villagers, who would then admire us for our bravery. (Did I mention there are crocodiles in this river, as well as snakes and other friendly animals?)

The overgrown grass reaches our thighs, as we remind ourselves how brave we are. Suddenly we can go no further; a swamp completely fills out the land before us, except for a small path about six inches wide. The path cuts through and reaches a beach beyond the swamp, which *seems* to be dry. What choice do we have but to try?—Either that or wait for an escort that *might* come along to help us out?

We finally make it to the beach! Careful, the mud is sinking! Move, quick!!! But there's nowhere to go but farther out. We are glad to note that the further out we go, the drier it gets. It has been dry season, and there is a patch of dry ground that cuts across almost the entire river, so this is where we travel. Odd, but it seems that our ultimate goal, the village, is getting further and further away.

Dad decides to sit down a moment and wait with the bags. I take my sisters as far out as possible on this patch, when my 12-year-old sister, Fanny, suddenly yells, "Crocodile—alligator, whatever! *Something* is out there."

I scan the horizon, as Crocodile Dundee music rings in my ears. *Will I have to be the hero in this one?* I wonder.

Out in the water, a small figure moves along looking pretty harmless. We toss stones and run back to the safety of our bags. Continuing our sweaty walk to the village, we finally decide that—unadventurous as it might be—our original path was probably the best way to get there.

Finally, there it is—the school, in its height of glory. School is scheduled to begin today, but has been delayed for another two days. People come running out of the school building, relieving us of our luggage and carrying it to the building—a custom involving all, no matter what their station or importance.

There is a speech of appreciation, and Dad makes a speech in tears as he presents the school with the only thing that we could carry with us: a can of blackboard paint. The committee members are so touched they begin to sing a song my dad had taught them on one of his previous visits, "He's Got the Sintet High School in His Hands."



on the road to Sintet



Dad sets up chairs outside our tent and the old men make their way there to sit, try to communicate, laugh together and play with the children. It's almost like they've never been touched by the outside world.

The school elders are gathering for another meeting, while my sisters and I are taken by the village boys to experience a little more of Africa. We spend the afternoon horse riding around the village, then parading through the grass again to try to see some crocs and try and get a picture. But as brave as these boys are, when they notice the rain has caused the normal walking path to connect with the swamps, they are eager to get us back to the village. Not all is in vain; we did at least see the holes dug by the crocodiles to shade themselves from the heat.

One boy wants to take us to visit his mom, who lives in another village close by. We walk, and walk, and walk. We walk through cuscus fields, and through villages, and still we walk. I have learned a new meaning for "close by." Finally we make it to see his mom, his family—and not to forget the family donkey. This boy tells us, "That boy over there is my father's son." I ask, "Isn't he your brother, then?" The response is no, because he from another wife. It seems quite common here.

Another interesting peculiarity is how the women wear no shirts—I guess it's not needed, much less thought about. In the city they do wear shirts, but leave one sleeve off in order to show off their new bras, ha!

The sun is setting as we make our way back to the village where my dad is. Mosquitoes are known for their viciousness, so out comes the *OFF*, and we spray ourselves down. A lady once told us that in this season, ten children die every month at her school from malaria. Worse yet is that it's not just malaria; but because nobody knows exactly what they die of they just call it malaria. Thank God for our tent, which does the job of keeping any and all creepies out!

We settle down, exhausted and tired, when an elderly man knocks at our tent, inviting us to dinner. We aren't exactly hungry, but it touches our hearts all the same, so back out our tent we come. The food is delicious; a mix between Arabic and ethnic food.

My sister, Hannah (14), had read somewhere that there are jaguars in Gambia, and continually reminds us that we are sleeping outside, and it isn't safe. Well, we ask about it, and one guy says that maybe a hundred years ago, but there is nothing to worry about nowadays. So we sleep, only it is so hot we don't sleep that much—at least I don't.

Hannah wakes us up in the night, convinced there is a jaguar outside the tent. We look ... at a pair of great big eyes and hear a distinct panting noise. It turns out to be a wild dog—still a big fright, though! Thank God he leaves and we have no *Ghost and the Darkness* experiences.

At 5 a.m., we awake to the crow of the rooster—just as the weather has cooled down and I have fallen asleep. Dad moans, "Ooooh, please!" And then he starts laughing, and we all join in. What will not happen here? Our breakfast is a simple bread, after which we begin to pack up. This was just a one-day trip for the school opening, and we will return for a longer stay to paint and build, etc.

But all is not over; the bush taxi awaits, and the return leg of our journey. We finally make it home at about three in the afternoon—completely bushed out indeed! What a day! And undoubtedly—Africa is beautiful!!

after the speeches, we are taken to the house of the schoolmaster, Ben Roberts. His house is connected to all these other mud houses in what they call a compound. We have brought our tent along for sleeping, as we will be staying the night. Ben asks us if we would like to learn how to make Sintet bread. Eager to learn about the people's customs and ways, we spend the next four hours in the heat, making bread, which is cooked in this neat, make-shift fridge-like oven, where you stick charcoal inside of it and jam the door shut while it cooks. Everything is so neat about this place—the village children come from their houses singing, "He's got the whole world in His hands." It's beautiful!

**Jane,
Fanny,
and Beth
with
group of
villagers
from
Sintet**



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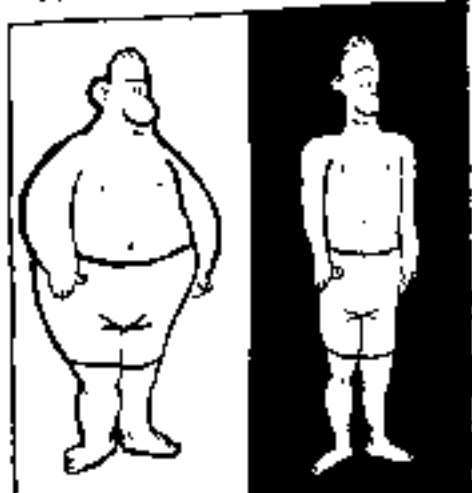
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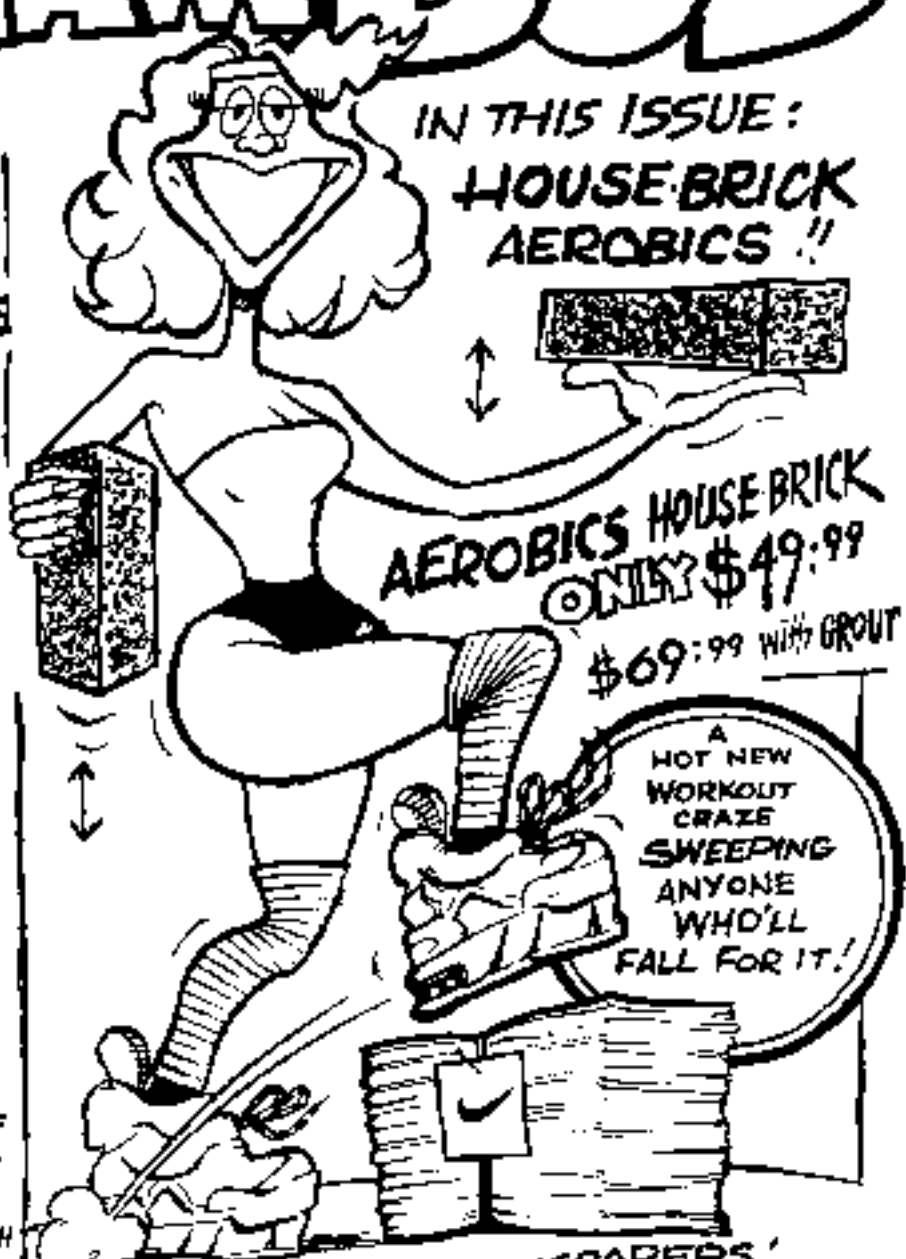
IN THIS ISSUE:
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WINS 'BEST
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FOR 'REALLY,
REALLY MATERIAL
GIRL'



I just want to THANK all the beautiful people who made this moment possible [SNIFF SOB] My director, my analyst, my HAIRSTYLIST, my MANICURIST, my PLASTIC SURGEON, my LIPODUCTION ENGINEER, my SILICONE SUPPLIER, my DIET-REGIMEN OFFICER, my BREAST COACH, my THIGH-FIRMNESS MONITOR, my OFFICIAL, PROFESSIONAL PERSONAL TRAINER... I love you, Baby... COOCHY WOOCY--MWAH! MWAH! KISSY KISSY... [SNIFF SNIFF] my AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR, my YUMMYSNACK-WITHHOLDER, my... etc etc

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A **BODY** LIKE
LEROY SLAMDUNKAN
of the
CHICAGO LEMMINGS



WELL, I HAPPEN TO KNOW
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PILL! ONLY \$ 49:99!!
(\$ 59:99 WITH GLASS OF WATER!)

And so, the fine yet fitness-freaked folk dutifully read 'Dreamed' and 'Self-Absorbed' (Other Titles: 'Dive Exercise', 'Slim But Sick', 'Fit till You Drop')

They spent.

They dieted.

They exercised.

They pumped iron.

The MERCHANT MALEBLENT'S COFFERS were now FILLED to OVERFLOWING

The fine folk, however, were IMPOVERISHED (though they tried to comfort themselves with the thought that though, yes, they were now COMPLETELY PENNILESS, they did at least have firm buttocks.)

WILL DO BENCH-PRESSES FOR FOOD

But do not despair, thou reader, for one day a wandering stranger wandered into the land.

It was none other than...

ROBIN DUDE

We did this REALLY COOL Archery demonstration which was well-received by all and got an excellent write-up in the Sherwood Forest Archers' Digest.

OH BRAVO! Right on the BULL'S EYE

And then Robin Dude dispensed the following GEMS of WISDOM in song to all present.

You MAY eavesdrop-but just this once.

Ha Ha, I jest!

'Twas meant for THEE!

Sung to the tune of... er... WILDCATS

Verse 1:

If ye'd lead HAPPY, healthy lives The BOD GOD gave ye, don't despise And be not taken for a ride For the REAL YOU dwells inside

Chorus: And a Hey Nanny No And a Hey Nanny No

Verse 2:

Oh there's a fact you just can't hide That Over-Slim's a TRIP of PRIDE So if ye'd be a healthy size Just EAT right, SLEEP right, EXERCISE

Chorus: And a Hey Diddle Diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle

Verse 3:

And THAT don't mean to OVERDO Just find what works the best for YOU Your REAL FRIENDS love your precious SOUL And they don't want NO BARBIE DOLL!!

ZOOOING!!

Ye End of Tale