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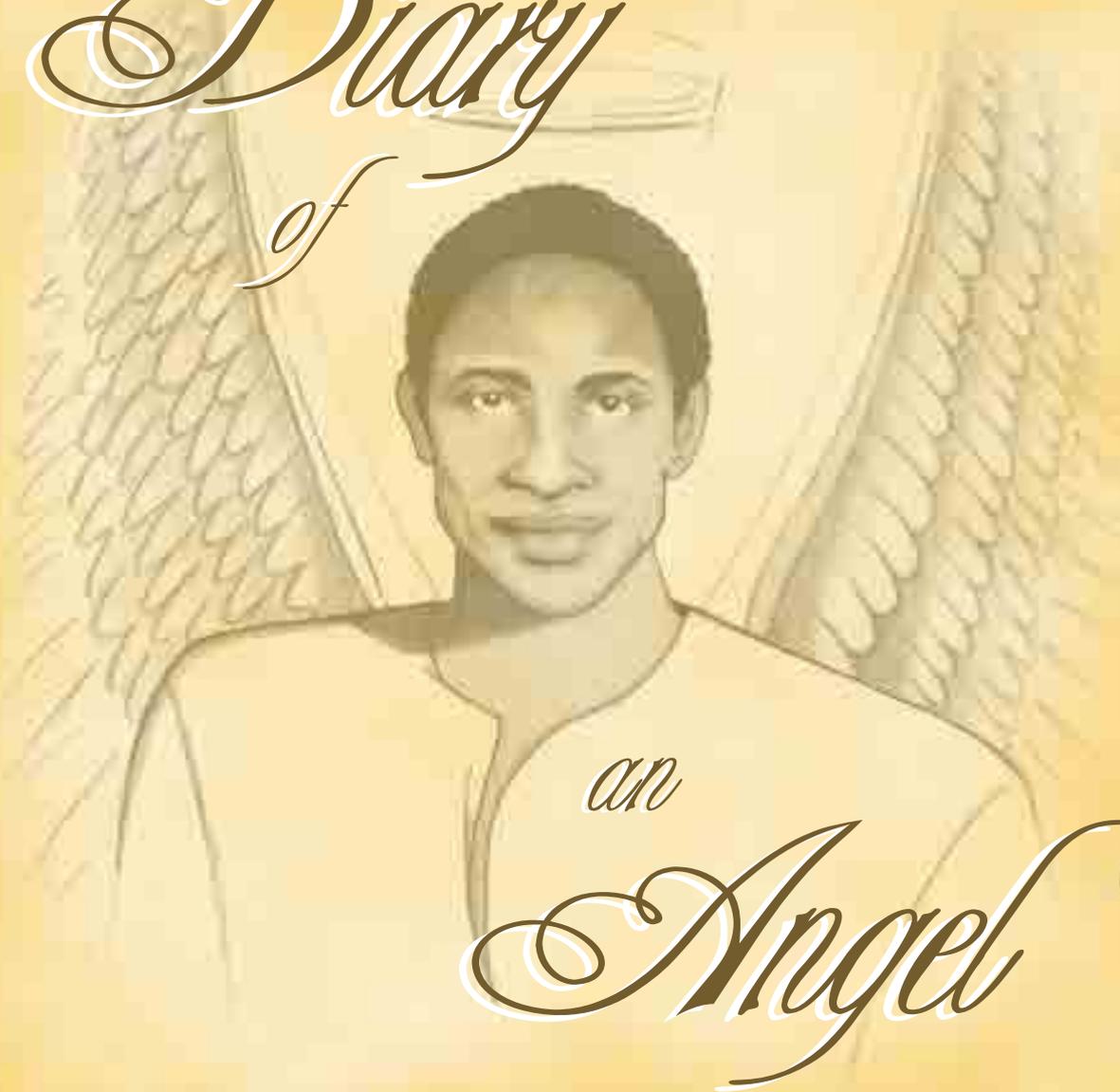
COVER
WINGS OF PROPHECY
TITLE

Five Poets Society

There was once a crazy man,
Living in an asylum cell.
He was always worried;
Hardly ever feeling well.
Worrying he wouldn't get his meals;
Worrying they might be late;
Worrying they wouldn't come at all
Oh, what a horrible state!
His worries nearly killed him;
His mind never thought in ease.
Every night in his confinement,
The fellow never slept in peace;
Worrying that for breakfast
There'd be nothing on his plate.
Worrying that for lunch
Or any meal, at any rate.
He kept on worrying every day,
Or so the story goes,
And he never gained his sanity.
As far as anyone knows!

How like that man we sometimes are,
Fretting for what we haven't yet got.
Let's learn a lesson and make a change;
He was in an asylum; we're not!
Nyx (18), Philippines

Diary of



EVEE

[FZ: This article was sent in by Martin in China; it consists of his guardian angel retelling his version of past experiences in Martin's life in China, with all the details of how the angels helped and guided them. Alias names used.]

ADVENTURES IN LHASA

I will tell you a story that you know quite well. Even though it happened to you, there are many things that you were not aware of. For those of you readers

who don't know where Lhasa is, it's the capital of a province of China, the province of Tibet also known as Xizang.

This happened about eleven or twelve years ago, when you were visiting Tibet from Katmandu (the capital of Nepal, a country located between China and India, in the Himalayas). At that time you had been living there for a few years with your wife Chloe and your then four children. Life was interesting in

that small city in the valley of Katmandu. Your Home and town were surrounded by some of the highest mountains in the world.

To get to Lhasa you had to cross the Himalayas overland through some of the roughest terrain you had seen. You traveled at altitudes of nearly four thousand meters high much of the time.

The incident in question happened during your third trip. You were coming with the biggest team ever, including Chloe and your two oldest daughters—Marina, who was then only six years old, and Sheryl, who was four. The other members of the team were Job from England and Pedro from Spain.

When you arrived in Lhasa, it was so cold! The two previous times you had stayed in that guesthouse for Chinese people, but this time we didn't want you to stay there. We knew it was too cold, so we had the gruff receptionist tell you: "No, you cannot stay here because you are foreigners; you have to go to the fancy new hotel."

We were talking to you; we were closing that door, as we wanted to take you to a better place. But you were leaning to your own understanding and going more by past experience and by sight than by faith. We even had your bus drop you off right in front of the nice new hotel, but you looked at it and said, "We can't stay here in this fancy five-star hotel; it's too expensive." And you left without even asking the price.

We felt so bad for you, because that's where the Lord wanted you to be. He wanted to help you and had given us instructions to get you the best possible accommodations, as He was so touched that you were taking your two young daughters with you, and He was concerned for them.

But instead you went to the place where you had been before, to that local Chinese guesthouse. Of course, it was very cheap, but that was not the Lord's plan for you. Anyway, you insisted that they give you a room. When they wouldn't give it to you—because we didn't want you to have it—you called some of your friends in Lhasa. You called that man that you knew from previous trips who was in the Department of Tourism, and you pleaded with him to help you get a room in that guesthouse. So he said yes and finally they gave you two rooms.

After staying the night there, you woke up the next morning and everybody was cold—even though you had all slept inside your sleeping bags and under two or three quilts. The inside of the window panes were covered with ice about one centimeter thick, from the condensation of your breath, which had become ice!

I'm sure you remember that Sheryl was feeling sick

and almost delirious because of the extreme cold.

That morning we were glad to hear you say, "It's so cold! We need to pray and ask the Lord what to do." When you prayed together we showed you to go to the fancy new hotel. What a surprise you had when you got there and found that this nice, new, one-thousand-bed hotel was *empty* because there were no travelers! Because of that, the rooms were so cheap that they were almost the same price as the old, rundown guesthouse!

I still can remember how when you all got into the nice centrally heated hotel, Sheryl was immediately healed. It was so warm inside the hotel that you took off all your jackets and you just walked around in your short-sleeve shirts. How happy you were!

Of course, everything works together for good, and even when you make a mistake, the Lord uses it for His glory and for your good. You don't have to worry too much about the mistakes you made or will still make, because your mistakes humble you and bring you closer to the Lord; like the story of the tree and

The receptionist



the vine during the storm.—The storm either presses the vine against the tree, or causes the vine to cling harder to the tree. So the Lord allowed these things to bring you closer to Him by making you desperate.

Sheryl



The previous day, some of you had gone to visit friends you'd met on your first trip. Your friends encouraged you to witness to a guest they had at the time and one of you told this person about the Lord. Later you discovered that this man was a police informer, whose job was to report and tell on others. Your friends later felt bad about you telling this person who you were!

Then your friends came to see you the next day and they told you that they had read an article that spoke about a group similar to yours. When they asked if you were part of that group, although you didn't know if they were talking about your group or not and although you didn't know what the article said, you said yes. This was the second shock to your friends, who from then on were afraid to meet with you. It was the very last time you spoke to them.

The Lord had to let this happen to wake you up, to prepare you, to make you desperate, to break you, to shake that false sense of security and self-confidence out of you. Believe it or not, we—your angels—were helping to engineer all these things. I was actually the one who arranged that visit to your friends' house, knowing that the police informer would be there and knowing that you were going to witness to him—without praying, without listening to us.

When we first found out what was going to happen,

it was somewhat painful for us to hear that you were going to have this trouble, but we were reassured by the Lord Himself that He was going to use this to bring you closer to Him. So we didn't worry.

On your last night in Lhasa, you, Martin, were out of the room when the telephone rang and Chloe answered it. A man's voice said, "We know who you are and what you are doing here!"—And then hung up! The man called again and again. In one of his last calls he asked for money.

By the time you returned to the room, Chloe was afraid that this man was blackmailing you and that he was going to tell the police about you unless you gave him money.

It was I who helped you, Martin, not to panic, following the Lord's precise instructions. I gave you courage and spoke to your heart and said, "Fight back." I put the thought in your mind to tell the man when he called again, "Stop bothering us; it's 11 o'clock at night and if you call again I will call the police. I will call the management." That helped.

It always helps when you pray and rebuke the Devil and attack him. It was us also who gave you the idea of going to the night manager to report these events. He apologized and said that they had received other complaints from other guests saying that they had received calls from someone making fun of them or waking them up.

When you asked the night manager why the operator would put those calls through, he told you that the person was not calling from outside of the hotel, but it was someone on the inside, who was using a house phone. But, he explained, there were so many house phones in the halls of the hotel and on the different floors that it was impossible to know who was calling. Then we put the idea in your head to walk back to your room instead of taking the elevator. We led you through the halls of this big hotel and when you were on the second floor, as you passed by a certain room you heard the sound of people laughing and joking. It was we who gave you the courage to get close to the door and listen. You heard a group of people, and one of them was saying, "Now call number 2-2-5-8."

As you stood in front of the door, your heart beating fast, you then you heard a phone ringing down the hallway. Then you clearly heard them saying something and hanging up the phone and you heard the laughter of the people in the room near where you were. You were so mad, because you could see that the Devil had been trying to trick you through these drunken people.

We then gave you the idea to go back to the reception and get the night manager. How surprised that man was when you told him that you had found the people who were making those prank calls, and how

quickly he sent four hotel security guards to go with you. The night manager thanked you and you stood a couple of doors down the hall as they knocked on it and you saw the surprised faces of the people inside. You saw the manager asking them for their identifications and the policemen checking them, and then you left. How happy you all were when you shared the victory the Lord had brought! How you praised the Lord and how happy you were to know that the Enemy was defeated! We also praised the Lord for the victory.

Later you went down to see the night manager again to find out what happened to those people. He told you that they were a group of tour guides that were staying at the hotel and they had gotten drunk and they were calling and disturbing people.

So that was your lesson on not being afraid and on attacking fear and going on the attack and finding out the difference between the real and the imaginary, and doing something about it. The Lord used that to keep you desperate and to teach you a very valuable lesson—a lesson that was going to help you in the future.

As guardians of your lives and as your teachers we often have to arrange things for you, things that you wouldn't even imagine, to help the Lord's plan to come to pass. Like that time you were...

FOLLOWED IN KUNMING!

This was your fourth visit to China. You, Chloe and your daughter Marina had spent almost two months traveling to different provinces—witnessing, passing out posters, visiting friends met on previous trips, and learning how to win people one by one.

On duty



For a couple of days, you and Chloe had been out of unity. You had had some small disagreements, and hadn't taken the time to pray and discuss them. We had tried to help you and speak to you about the importance of stopping and making things right between you, but you didn't pay much attention. You felt you didn't have time to stop and talk about these things, as you were so busy. But if you don't listen to each other, it's even more difficult to listen to us.

That morning you made a major change of plans and went out to change your plane reservations. However, because you were not in unity, you had not stopped to ask the Lord to help you. On the way back, as soon as you got on the bus there was a man standing

next to you and we told you, *Martin, be careful about this man! Watch him carefully!*

There was no reason whatsoever for you to think that this man could do something bad to you, as he looked like anyone else. But you listened and started watching him from the corner of your eye. Then quietly you told Chloe, "Be careful about this man." He

stood close to

you on the side where you had your shoulder bag.

We led you to play the first trick, to test him. You pretended to leave the bus and he started to leave also, but then you didn't leave and he didn't leave either. Then you knew the Lord was right, and this man was following you. Then you told Chloe that you were all going to leave the bus at the next stop.

You were watching your bag carefully.

This man was about your age. He had on a hat and a green Mao jacket, a white shirt and blue pants. Looking more carefully at him, still from the corner of your eye, he seemed like he was not Chinese, but of another nationality.

When you left the bus the man followed you from a distance. When you stopped he stopped, and when you walked he walked. You could see that he was not an amateur, but a real professional. Was he trying to rob you or just following you to see who you were or where you lived?

Then you turned suddenly and walked back and faced him. It is a good idea to have a good look at the person you think is following you, as then later you can know if you are still being followed or not. If you can't tell for sure if you are being followed, or recognize who is following you, it is a lot harder on your nerves and you are an easy prey to your imagination and fears. The man walked another twenty or thirty meters—not aware that you had turned purposely and thinking that you still did not know he was tailing you. He stopped and waited to let you pass him again.

You walked about 100 meters to the next corner

and played your second trick. You walked fast, turned the corner, went inside a building and waited. You wanted to see if this man was going to follow you around the corner and if he was going to start looking around when he didn't see you. You waited about 10 minutes and he didn't come, but then just when you thought you'd lost him, there he was again, still following you.

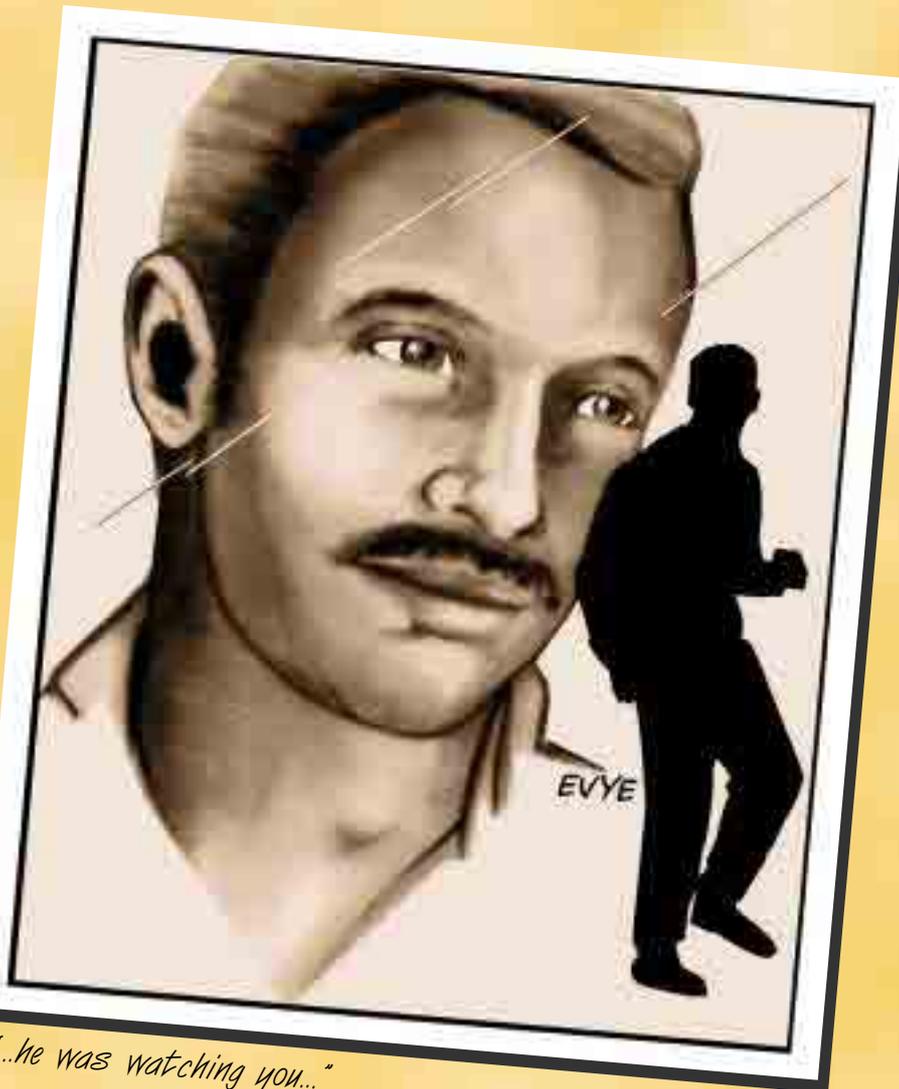
He was even better than you had thought. Was he a secret agent, or a plainclothes policeman? Were the authorities following you? By this time you were starting to get desperate and to realize that it was dangerous to be in disunity, as the Lord couldn't protect you so well when you were fighting among yourselves rather than against the Enemy.

He also seemed surprised to see you face to face for the second time and he crossed the street immediately and disappeared among the crowd in the other side.

You walked a couple of blocks to where you had seen a big department store, about six stories high. You knew that it had more than one entrance and we were reminding you that Dad had escaped once from someone following him by going into a building with

a couple of entrances, entering through one door and leaving through another. You went up and down from one floor to another, always checking if he was following you or not. He wasn't. When you were sure that he was not following you any more you both decided that it would be okay to do some shopping in that store.

You were looking around on the 6th floor in one corner of this big department store and suddenly you felt an impulse to walk clear across to the other side of that floor, making your way through hundreds of people. When you got to the other side, you suddenly raised your eyes and saw him! He was right behind you, with his back to you, and he was watching you through the reflection of a large mirror on a nearby counter. When your eyes met his, your surprised look betrayed the fact that you had recognized him, and he left abruptly, and ran down the stairs. You ran after him and saw him go all the way down to the bottom floor and disappear there.



"...he was watching you..."

It was now your turn to disappear as soon as possible. You all left the building through a back door and jumped into a taxi which miraculously was there, almost as if waiting for you. After some distance, you then changed to a public bus, which took you to your hotel.

How thankful you were to get to your hotel room, where you discussed the incidents of the day and the lessons learned. We also took the opportunity when

you were in a receptive and desperate mood, to help you see the importance of being in unity and of constant vigilance.

You never found out if that person was a thief or a policeman trying to follow you, but you were so thankful for the Lord's protection! Of course, we angels know many things that humans don't . . . we know who was following you and why, and one day all secrets will be made known!

The End

Always at your service



"Don't forget to thank the Lord for His angels that guard us. And we thank Him every night when we pray for His guardian angels, so that we're able to lie down in peace and go to sleep and not worry about enemies or troubles or anything, because our guardian angels never sleep. They neither slumber nor sleep, they're always awake. They don't need to rest, they're not affected by gravity or weariness or anything, they just can be on the job all the time."

-Dad

*"Celebrating Heaven"
(ML #2094:76)*



Our Basketball ANGELS

From J. (a blonde female from planet earth)

The most amazing thing happened to me the other day when I was shooting baskets. I can usually get the ball in the basket without too many misses, but for some reason this time I could not get the ball in the basket.

Jokingly I told the others that someone must be stopping the ball from getting in, and a couple seconds later M. (one of the other players) said she saw three angels playfully blocking the ball. At first she said there was just one, an angel who we later found out is called Ruphus, but then two other angels joined him soon after. For a while after that none of us could get the ball in. It would be going in and then for no apparent reason it would bounce out and stuff like that. It was pretty hilarious!

When we prayed about it we got that they were our personal guardian angels, and we each received a name.

One of them was black and had blue eyes (C.'s angel). His name is Sparky.

Next there was Ruphus, with long, curly locks of a metallic gold color and light bluish/purplish eyes. He's my angel.

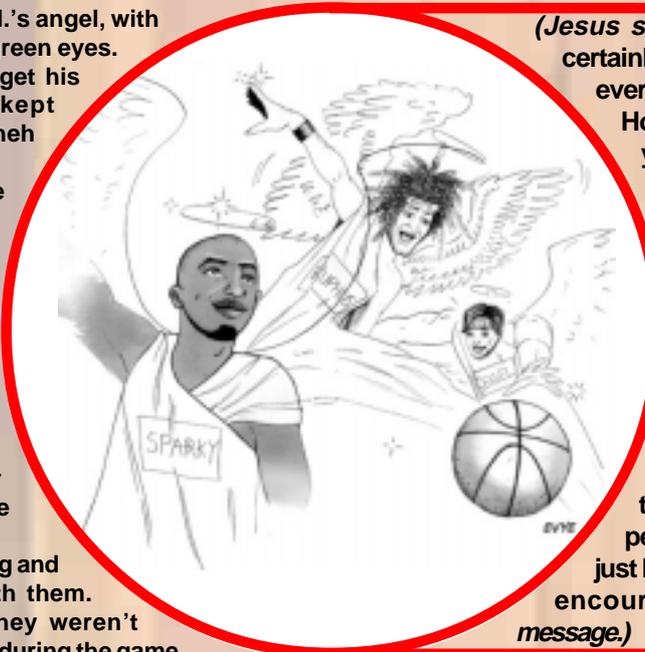
Lastly was Segel, M.'s angel, with brown hair and gray-green eyes. It took us a while to get his name because we kept getting it mixed up, heh heh!

It was so cool! We could see them sitting on top of the backboard having fun with us. Sparky was sitting on the left side of the board and helping C. score. Ruphus was in the middle and Segel was on the right, our personal favorite places to shoot from.

It was pretty amazing and awesome playing with them. We told them that they weren't allowed to read minds during the game.

When we finished planning our next game and turned around to play again they weren't up there anymore, just like that. One ball in and they were there, the next and they were not.

Later the Lord let us have a conversation with them. It was so fun. We could actually feel their presence strongly. They are so amazingly cool and they have these awe-inspiring, gorgeous bodies too. It was just great! Jesus gave us a chance to see and talk to them.



(Jesus speaking:) Well, this is certainly not an experience that everyone can expect to have. However, the truth is that you all do have a guardian angel, and they are all amazingly fascinating and beautiful beings. I allowed these girls a little glimpse into the realm beyond, not because it was necessary or they were in dire straits—as is often the case when I allow people to see angels—but just because they needed the encouragement. (End of message.)

Kissed by an Angel

From Vicky S., Ukraine

I'm not the kind of person that has lots of far-out spiritual experiences, but occasionally the Lord lets something very special happen to me. For instance, there was a period of time about one-and-a-half years ago when I was feeling quite lonely. One morning I had a dream that a handsome young man came to me, embraced me gently, and kissed me like I've never been kissed by anyone. I woke up and I could still feel his kiss on my lips, as if it had really happened. All morning I was thrilled and even overwhelmed. I told all my roommates about the dream I'd had. It made such an impression on me!

Cheryl (14) said, "Oh, maybe it was an angel!" I didn't think so, because I had the impression that angels were always blond and blue-eyed, but the guy in my dream had dark, shoulder-length hair. Then just recently Clare (19) and I asked the Lord to show us who our spirit helpers are, and the Lord showed us my helpers and my guardian angel too. His name's Ralph, and he told us that that was him!—He had come to me in my dream at that time when I felt so lonely, and had encouraged me with that sweet kiss which I'll never forget!

INTRODUCING...

Africa Calls



Our
Team in
Senegal
- Joy
(in the
tree),
Coco
(in the
basket),
Victor
(on the
animal)
Lily
on
Crystals
back,
Abi (up
front
and
personal),
Marianna
(looking

pretty,
Luke,
(in a
stew),
and
Julie
(becoming
one.)

From Crystal (of Luke), Senegal

Our story begins somewhere in India with a present-day Family team doing their best to follow His whispers day by day. Unbeknownst to us, a call had been given in the spirit world to send missionaries into all parts of Africa. The trumpet sounded as legions of angels listened to the fascinating plans to recruit teams who would take on this new and exciting challenge.

Soon a small enclave of helpers gathered around our small Home on the Indian field.

"Psst!" spirit helper Starkey whispered excitedly. "This seems a likely team to be used in Africa! He speaks French, which is needed in the West Coast, and the others are on-fire and eager to serve our King!"

"No, not them!" responded Orb. "They would be heartbroken to leave India!"

"Well, why don't we find out more from the Lord about them and see what counsel we get," Starkey suggested.

"Sounds good," agreed Orb.

Luke woke from a deep slumber, and stumbled into the dining room late for breakfast. "Joy, Crystal," he said, as he

rubbed the last bit of sleep from his eyes and kissed both of us on the top of our heads. "Our visas are nearly up! We'll need to get together and pray for direction."

"Okay!" we both responded in unison. And so it all began...

"Hey, Starkey," Orb said, "now that we have a clearer vision, let's speak to their hearts. You start and I'll join in!"

Starkey leaned over and relayed the message they were given from Jesus, "Dear ones, I have big changes coming for you!"

Orb interjected, "Yes, turn your eyes toward the lands of Ham! Turn your eyes toward Ham!"

We picked up our pens and started writing down all that the Lord had to say. As we opened our eyes, each looking at the other asking, "What did you get?"

"You go first," I said.

"I didn't get anything specific," Joy replied.

"Crystal, *you* go first," Luke decided.

"Okay, but brace yourself—I think we have some big changes coming!" I paused waiting to see their reaction and then read: "I have big changes in store for you. You will not be coming back to

India. Turn your eyes toward the land of Ham, for I have many hungry souls waiting!"

"Could it be?" Luke asked.

Days passed before we dared to broach the subject again, each of us seriously pondered what the Lord had said. When we finally got back together again we were more yielded, seeing the Lord's hand moving in that direction. After further prayer and discussion, we determined that the Lord wanted us to move on.

It was a major heartbreak for us, and the children, to leave this country we had come to love, but we followed the Lord's leading. We had a special love and burden for the precious folks in India and it was hard to leave that field. But we forsook all, and left houses, jeep, furniture, computers, and equipment to follow the Lord's marching orders. But India will be etched on our hearts forever.

Little did we know what the Lord had waiting for us in the West before we were met with the big challenge of Africa!

The Lord has said when you put yourself out on a limb and cut it off, He's there to meet you; well, that's exactly what happened! The Lord sup-

plied half-price tickets, so we boarded the plane en route to Europe with only our suitcases in hand. We landed at a relative's house with no clue where we would live or what we would use to get around in.—But *He*knew! With no visible means of transportation, or a house, our only option left was to trust the Lord!—It had come to that!

Lo and behold, our step of faith was rewarded. A friend from the Mercedes car company gave us the use of a brand-new van, free of charge for three months.

To make another long story short, the Lord supplied above and beyond our wildest imagination! He supplied temporary housing for us, an eleven-bedroom house in the French countryside bordering Switzerland. We were again taken aback—almost speechless as we ran up and down the stairs of our new house, thanking the Lord for His supply.

The landlord, a precious soul, was involved in humanitarian work. His house was fully furnished with bedding, a full kitchen set-up, and extra food included, all of which we were welcome to use. The rent was very reasonable, as the landlord only rented the house to people who were doing something for others. Without a doubt, it took a dynamic work from the spirit world to arrange this miracle!

Let's talk about food now ... oh yes, food!—We were stuffed to the gills! We provisioned enough to share with all the Homes in the area, and more! We gave food to the nuns, the monks, the dogs and cats—wait, that's a bit of an exaggeration, but we had more than we could hold. The more we shared, the more the Lord poured out.

After the Mercedes van's time had expired, we needed another vehicle. As always, we got desperate, praising and thanking the Lord knowing His hand would provide. Some friends from a well-known car company whom we had witnessed to while in India

offered to give us free use of another brand-new van, for three more months! Is the Lord good, or what?

We were totally mind-blown with everything the Lord was doing! When we prayed again—this time for more team members—French Abi flew in from nowhere, with a guitar on her back and a song in her heart, wild as the wind—a very refreshing wind at that. She took us by storm, and we soon fell in love with her.

So what exactly was Abi's role on our team, besides being a French speaker? She was supposed to be on her way to another part of Africa joining a different team. But when she, and our new team member Marianna (Joy's daughter) started singing and harmonizing, and Joy (Sabina) pulled out her violin—well, the goose bumps hit, and the Lord began the miracle of piecing this singing team together.

Now we had French speakers, musicians, dancing dogs (oops, I'm being foolish), and to top it off we received a message from a single mom with her teens who wanted to join our team too. We were geared up for the challenge! Africa awaited us! Different contacts had promised to help us—offers of equipment and furniture were promised on a daily basis. Donations started coming in, as the singing team wooed the lost with their sweet songs.

Luke woke up one morning feeling extra inspired. He pulled out his best tie, grabbed his trusty PR book, and thrust it into his shoulder bag. With a gleam in his eye he knew something neat was about to happen. He prayed with the home team and went off with a partner in search of the miracle.

As he turned the pages of his well-worn album, and explained the work to the manager of a container company, Sparkey and Orb whispered in the man's ear. What do you think happened next? A

Senegal
postcard



Joy
with
Cathy
and
adopted
street
children



Singing
team
- Joy,
Abi
and
Marianna



Ma,
my
new
African
friend





Abl making a balloon for a small street child

huge container was donated to us, and the spirit helpers bustled about looking for means to fill it. Moving on ... we were excited, we had a container to fill and knew we were not capable of taking on such a feat! But miracles happened left, right and center. Each day we came home with stories of supply, and everyone jumped for joy at all the exciting things that had happened. We were now getting ready to go, and days ticked by as we rounded up the equipment—the brand-new washing machine, fridge, freezer, stove, and furniture to fill our new house.

About the container, the Department of Finance sent us a beautiful letter telling how happy they were to have us in Senegal, and would do all they could to help us with the container. They promised to dismiss us from the obligation of paying any import tax.

We approached the shipping company that our container came in by, and the company offered to do all the work of getting the container to us for free! He never failed!

Oops, not to forget to mention the ones who we haven't named yet, but who stayed by the stuff and kept the home fires burning: precious Julie, who without fail made yummy meals so we could get out every day, and took care of the younger ones, wonderful Victor, Lily, and Corrina who did everything they could to help us in any way needed.

There are still many untold stories of the temporary sacrifices made in order for the Lord to do all He did in the way of blessing us. Please do keep us in your prayers in this new adventure of loving Africa. We also desperately need males on our team. Description: tall, and at the same time short, one blue eye, and one brown eye, with long hair and short, a musician and a handyman, a driver and a Home person. In their late 30s, and early 20s.

In conclusion of this true tale of how we journeyed to Africa, we can surely say with Dr. Livingstone: "I never made a sacrifice!" For everything we gave, the Lord in turn returned to us in double measure.

What a wonderful Husband and Provider we have! We all admit that using the New Weapons is the only thing that got us to Senegal. So take the plunge; He'll meet you every time!

When it was time to look into flights, armed with desperate prayer, Luke stood in the phone booth for hours as he tried to provision airplane tickets—discounted or free. What happened next will blow your mind as it did ours: we were given four FREE tickets, and the other tickets were only US\$165 each.

Excitement was in the air: What would Africa hold for us? We wondered where we would stay once we arrived in Africa, knowing that we faced ridiculous prices if we'd have to pay for a hotel while we looked

for a house. We were desperate like never before, but we knew He had never failed in one of His good promises. Luke called the manager of a five-star hotel, and he said he would be happy to help. Wow!

The manager gave us his personal luxury suite—a four-bedroom deluxe accommodation, with a huge living room, bar, and a nice kitchen. Hey, what more could we ask for?

Through another series of miracles, we found an ideal, homey seven-bedroom house with a beautiful garden, and near the beach. The landlord and his wife are very precious, and the rent is reasonable. And to top it off, a big company here in Africa donated two secondhand vehicles—a van and a little car! So what more could we say ...

What He has promised He is able also to perform!

Victor, Marlana, Abl, Lily and Julie at our new CTP



We can surely say with Dr. Livingstone "I never made a sacrifice!" For everything we gave, the Lord in turn returned to us in double measure!

CRIES

FROM V. (16),
A. (16) AND C., CHINA

The senior teens in our area were able to go on a four-day road trip to the N. Korean border and surrounding area. We took an overnight train directly to the border town. After a short walk in the morning hours, we prayed for the country and people on the other side of the narrow river, where the grass is not so green. Half the population of this autonomous region is Korean, who have kept their traditions and colorful customs as well as their language. It didn't even seem like we were in China anymore, as everyone was speaking Korean.

The next day we traveled for four hours, driving deep into an area of rich forestry toward the Chanbaishan mountain range. We were surprised to see small churches in almost every village we passed through.

After walking near the 60-meter waterfall, we climbed the 10-km path leading to the volcano. Hiking through the forest was a truly enjoyable experience, such a contrast from the busy cities we all live in. Finally, after a two-hour climb, we were rewarded with the sight of the crystal blue water of the volcano's lake where we praised the Lord for the beauty of His unspoiled creation. We were sad to return to the valley that day, and promised to return here in God's time.

On the third day we asked the Lord what to do. It was lunchtime and He told us to go eat in town—to be more specific: hamburgers. It was all by faith, as our tour of the city the day before hadn't revealed any fast food joints, and the people we asked

had never heard of anything of that sort. With our growling stomachs leading the way, the Lord led us to a sweet Korean girl who took us through the market, across the street, inside a mall, in the lift, through the clothes section, up two floors... *et voila*—the only fast food restaurant in town. Everything the Lord shows always works!

At the counter we met a South Korean pastor who has a ministry helping the North Koreans who flee their famine-stricken country into China. We spent quite a bit of time talking about what the Lord is doing in this part of the country. He shared some heartbreaking stories, as well as insights about his work. We promised to keep in touch for further work, as he is in a good position to help.

We also went witnessing at the zoo, where we saw a panda bear that traveled from park to park during summer to entertain young and old alike. We had plenty of opportunities to share the message with some young people of the city.

During our dinner at one of the university cafeterias, we met a German couple and their three young children, who work without pay at a Christian university. They shared testimonies of their calling to the field, and it was so encouraging to hear. We prayed with them before we left.

Then we traveled back to our city, winning more souls on the train. Overall it was very inspiring trip to see what the Lord is doing in this part of China, as a large number of Koreans are Christians. "The Lord works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform." ■

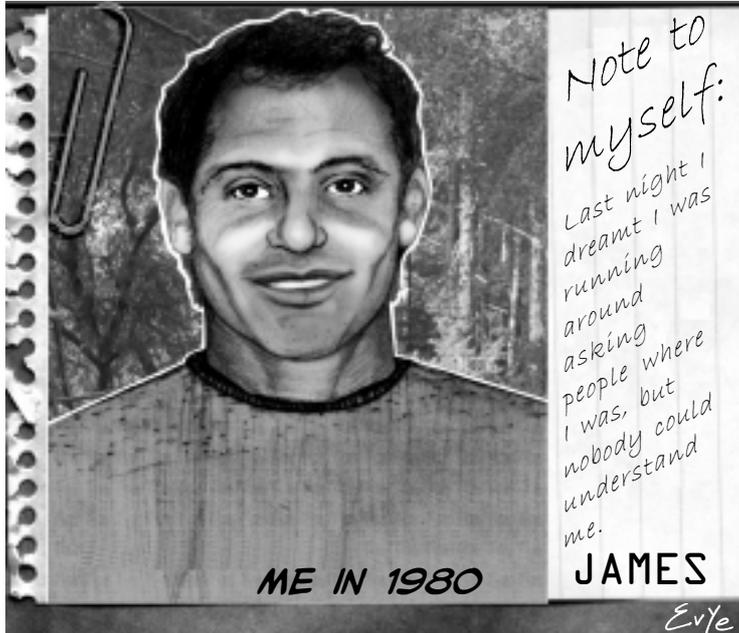
Money in the Most Unexpected Way

From James, WS

I was in England when "Americans Abroad" (ML #905, Vol.8) came out, encouraging people to go to South America. I went to sleep that night, burdened about where the Lord wanted me to go, when I had this dream—and I hardly ever have dreams, especially vivid ones.

In my dream I was running around asking people where I was, but nobody could understand me. I was running around this nice, modern metro station and I went up the stairs where I finally met somebody who spoke English. I asked her, "Where am I?"

"Don't you know where you are?" she asked. "You're in Santiago."
And I woke up.



At the time I didn't know where Santiago was. I had a map of South America on my bedside table and when I woke up I took the map and the first thing I saw was "Santiago," right in the middle of Chile. From that point on we felt that was where Lord wanted my mate and I to go.

Money in the Most Unexpected Way, from James, WS

The Note Under My Foot, from King Peter

BLAST
from the Past!

We had been in England for about two years and we had zero money; we were barely getting by. We went to a fellowship meeting and somebody there shared the testimony from Grandmother's book *Streams That Never Run Dry* about Etta, the girl who proceeded as if possessing (also in *Life of Grandpa*). The Lord spoke to our hearts that that was the step we needed to take.

At the time my mate was about six months pregnant and our visas were running out so we had to leave soon. So "proceeding as if possessing," we sent our letter for clearance. We still had little money—nothing, in fact! And we had no idea where it was going to come from.

I received a letter from my dad at the time, who had told me before never to ask him for money. In his letter he said, "I was just thinking that you might need some money at this time." Out of the blue he came through with some money, and it was from one of the most unexpected sources I could have ever imagined. However, it wasn't enough to get us there; we were still short.

Two years earlier, when we first arrived in England, the brethren there suggested we apply for child benefit, an amount of money the government gives for each child. It's not welfare, as they give it to anyone with children, but it's not that much money. The problem was that neither my mate nor myself were British so I was pretty sure that we weren't eligible, but with the encouragement of some of the brethren there we applied. Nothing happened until about two years later when I got this notice saying that they wanted to talk with me about my application. This was just after we had sent in our clearance request for Chile.

So I went to the office where the guy questioned me, and was actually quite friendly. I was honest with him and witnessed to him. I told him that I was a missionary. He said, "Well, you're really not eligible for the child benefit, but I'll pass on your application to the head office." I wasn't expecting it to come through anyhow, and I was just glad I wasn't in trouble for applying. Ha!

But about three days later I got a letter from the head office. I thought it was a notice saying that my request had been denied, but when I opened it, to my great surprise there was a check in the envelope. There was also a letter stating that they had accepted our request and that it was retroactive from when I first applied two years earlier. So they had decided to give me over two years' worth of child benefit payments all at once! The check was for over 2000 pounds (about US\$3000)! It was a miracle of the Lord that they accepted our application, since we weren't even eligible!

A couple weeks later we were off to Chile. It all happened so quickly; then suddenly we had enough for our fare and a little extra for landing funds. We were even able to bring some needed items to the field.

And an interesting point is that when we got to Chile we found out that the metro system was brand new, clean and modern—just like I saw in my dream! Praise the Lord!



The Note under My Foot

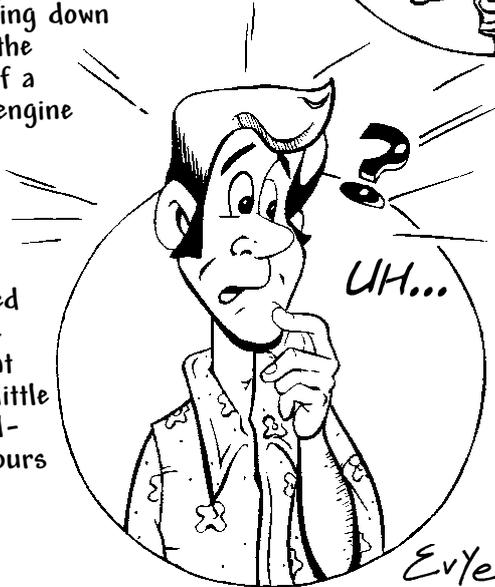
From King Peter

This happened a long time ago, around 1974. Hosea asked me to go to a book fair in Frankfurt. When I got there, they asked me to drive a van to a Home in Nuremberg that was closing down, to pick up a bunch of mattresses for our Home. So a brother and I drove all the way to Nuremberg and got the mattresses, and loaded them into one of these big Mercedes vans. I don't know if I was driving too fast or what, but I was going down this hill on the freeway all of a sudden the engine started making all this noise,

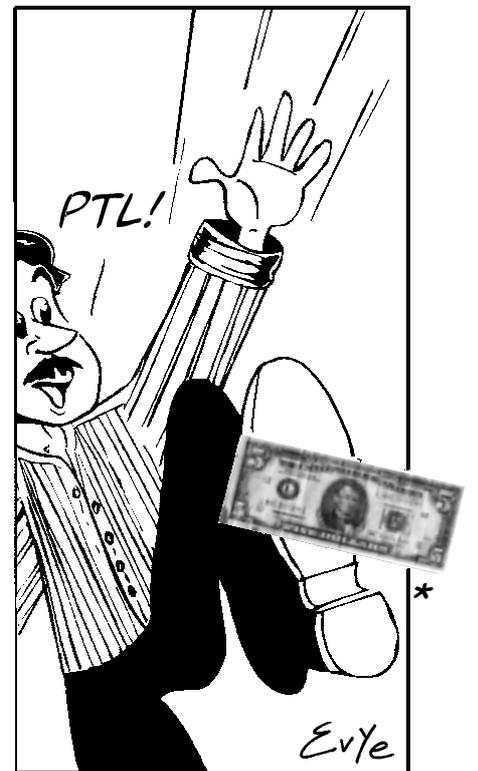


so we pulled over. This van was broken down, and wasn't going anywhere!

About two miles up the road was a rest stop, so we walked there. We made some long distance calls and told the Home what happened and where we were. They told us to wait, that they'd call us back. So we sat in the restaurant and got a little hot dog. We had hardly any money, just about 20 or 30 dollars, so we were trying to be real judicious. Two or three hours later we called again and they told us to call back later. We had to wait around for a few more hours. This went on for about 20 hours, and pretty soon we didn't have any more money.



After waiting in the van, we walked back to the rest stop. We had enough money for one more phone call, but we were also hungry and didn't have money for both. So I said to the other guy, "Let's pray." We prayed and asked the Lord to supply our needs. When I opened my eyes, my foot was on a five mark note—like a five dollar bill. It was just enough to get us a little something to eat and make our phone call. The team arrived right after that to help us out. TTL!



* THIS IS ACTUALLY SUPPOSED TO BE 5 MARKS.

DEAD MEN

It was a dark, dark night. We were in a van coming back from another city, and almost everyone was sound asleep. All of a sudden I heard a song in my ears, loud and clear. The words were so good that I realized I could have never written anything like that, and that it must be from one of my spirit helpers. But the song was so anti-System, so honest and straight to the point that I wasn't sure if I would ever sing it to anyone besides the Family, ha!

Later when I read the words, they reminded me of the kind of songs a certain Russian singer used to write. His name was Igor Talkov, and he was shot during one of his concerts in St. Petersburg at the age of thirty-five. He was famous for his songs full of truth and love, and many said he was killed because of those songs about the rulers of Russia, and because he tried to preach Jesus too obviously.

He was too bold for Russia and he paid for it with his life, leaving his wife and a young son alone to fight those whom he exposed—who didn't want to leave him alone even after he died, printing all sorts of dirty stuff about him and trying to discredit him. He was a rebel, and sounds like he still is! Anyway, I'll let him speak for himself!

(Igor Talkov speaking:) Thank you for calling me! Thank you for asking me. I feel there are lots of things I hadn't finished when I came Here; most of all I didn't tell others about Jesus as much and as well as I wish I'd done.

Thank you that together we can reach those who I wasn't able to reach while I was alive. Reach the people of Russia while there's still time, before the authorities close the door and close all the opportunities to tell people about Christ.

I have some other songs that nobody has heard yet, which I will give you if you will ask me, if you will take time to talk with me, if you will tune in to my wavelength. Music is what attracts people. I tried to attract them to God the best I knew

A RUSSIAN REBEL

From Joanne M., Russia:

how, but I didn't see the main thing. I didn't see that through my music I could really give them Jesus, help them to feel His love. But I did what I could and Jesus gave me a reward when I came up Here.

The only thing that grieved me then was to see my loved ones in tears when I left. Too

bad that people feel sad about it, because Here there is so much happiness, so many different new things to try. Heaven is worth anything you might have to suffer on earth to get Here!

I'm glad they still listen to my songs, that there are still people who like the truth, whose eyes and hearts are open, those who still know how to think and don't let the government or media control them and their actions. When you are talking with those people, know that your words are not wasted.

They don't go into the land of nowhere and are not going to come back with nothing. Each one of your words, each poster, each song that you sing finds response in their hearts, though they often do not confess it even to themselves. In many of them you will not see the results immediately, but know that it is not wasted. And great is your reward in Heaven!

Do all you can before the door is closed! Good people are always few and they don't live so long. Our people know it and many are afraid to turn to the good just because of this! They are afraid that others will know about it, and that their lives will end abruptly too. To you the Lord has given faith, so live by faith while there is still time, and this faith shall save you, as it saved me, and it will bring you Here! Keep going! Keep doing your work! I love you! *(End of message.)*

Igor Talkov (1956-1991) started the movement known as Patriotic Rock, grabbing hold of the music charts with his hit "Russia." He used to say his whole life was one giant battle, "a battle with a wolf that bit." He never lived to see the true results of that battle of his, as he was murdered by a single gunshot in the fall of 1991, right before his concert. The prophetic words of "I Shall Be Back" were whispered by thousands of people at his funeral. —Arthur Barsky and *The Barsky House*.

**I would not play a prophet,
But know for sure that I shall be back,
Perhaps a hundred centuries from now,
To see not a country of fools,
But that of geniuses—**

"I Shall Be Back"
—Igor Talkov

**And, fallen in the battle,
I shall rise and sing again
On the occasion of the First Birthday
Of the country
That will have come back from the War.**



You must watch and pray in this evil world. Do what God shows you to do. Live free—free from corruption of riches, the ideas of man, the murmurs of the unbelieving in heart. For those are the ones the Enemy uses to destroy God's work. You will know them by their fruit even as Jesus told us.

WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT

From Mercy Rios, USA

I saw the movie *Rasputin* and enjoyed it very much. Afterwards, I was sitting by the fireplace thinking about it when I got the words, "Little Babushka, come! I want to talk to you!" So I went to my computer and the following is what came.

(*Rasputin speaking:*) I did many crazy things, things unheard of—filthy in the eyes of men. But I wasn't mad—I did what God told me to. I surrendered to God and His voice inside of me and I just did what I felt was right. Yes, sometimes I was wrong, but God was never wrong. Sometimes I could have used more wisdom concerning when and where I said things that I received from God, but my heart was right toward God so He protected and prospered me in spite of everything my enemies tried to do to cause my destruction.

It is not bad to be crazy in the eyes of men who only live for themselves. You must shock them out of their sleepiness; wake them up to what is really happening. So, will you, the children of David, be unto men, even as I was? Even as our Savior Jesus Christ was, even as your prophet David was? Those who choose to follow the unconventional voice of God will always be outside the system, not accepted by the masses. Though we heal, though we save, though we give our lives for their lives, the hardhearted won't flinch; they only turn their backs and let us be killed for they do not love the voice of God. So watch out for the defunct, those of deaf ears, the hardhearted among the people who do not listen, and walk in wisdom toward them. For they are wolves in sheep's clothing seeking to destroy you before your job is done.

I walked in wisdom. I knew who would kill me even before it happened; God told me, but I could do nothing to stop it as it was God's plan and my job was finished, my job as God's voice to the Czar and Czarina. They chose not to believe my unconventional ways and turned their backs on the voice of God, so my job was finished and I went Home to my reward.

Ah, but those were the days of usefulness, the days I walked close to God listening to His voice tell me things others wouldn't hear. I saw through men's hearts to their intentions. I saw through their façades to their purposes whether they were good or bad. Some were confused. This present world has not changed. The same sin governs people's hearts, but they only have more power to cause worse death and destruction than before. It is the same sin

of unbelief and rebellion against a loving God. So you must not be deceived by the evil society that will surely come to naught. But in your heart you must take a stand against it and the selfishness that it stands for and vow with all your heart to live differently than them.

You must live selflessly, helping and caring for those around you. You must live to listen to the voice of God, of our simple loving Jesus Who gave His life for you. You must keep your eyes single as He admonishes, for the powers that be are of great influence and seek to work their way into your ranks to weaken you and destroy the pureness that Christ has given you. You must not compromise nor be ashamed of your heritage of faith,

but stand strong against the forces that lie to you. You must love your King and God and not allow anything else to come in between that love. Then will He use you mightily and be able to call upon you to do many things in His name to show the people of this world His true Kingdom.

My children, my little ones born of the followers of David, know you have a heritage far greater than your counterparts in man's system of this world. They are weak, but you in *your* weakness are strong. Don't forget that nor be ashamed of that—ever! Live for the truth, die for the truth and do not let go of your heritage. (*End of message.*)

Rasputin, Grigory Yefimovich (1872-1916), Russian mystic and court figure in pre-revolutionary Russia. He was born in Pokrovskoye, Siberia. Rasputin acquired a widespread reputation as a wandering holy man and faith healer. He also became well known for his sometimes eccentric behavior. In 1905 Rasputin was presented at court and made a deep impression on Empress Alexandra Fyodorovna. He soon became the most influential person in the Czarina's entourage. After 1911, his appointees filled many high government offices, and he exerted great influence in the government. In 1916, a group of aristocrats assassinated him.

(FZ: See ML #12, Vol. 1 and ML #1118, Vol. 11 for more about Rasputin.)

UPFRONT

THE COOLEST PLACE IN HISTORY

FROM BRIGHT (15), OF JOHN AND PEARL, THAILAND
FROM BRIGHT (15), OF JOHN AND PEARL, THAILAND
FROM BRIGHT (15), OF JOHN AND PEARL, THAILAND

Hi, guys and gals of all ages and creeds. Do you feel bored, unchallenged? Well, think a moment about your life. Right, the one that is destined to be a part of the coolest place in history!—And you're sittin' there dreamin' of what it would be like to have a "special" place in the world? You've probably heard this sayin' before, or at least one similar to it. Yep, about 100 times! Well, then take it from someone who's been "out there" most of her life, and is sick to her stomach with all that stuff.

Now don't get me wrong, I grew up FM and I don't underestimate all the training my parents gave me, but I've also had my taste

of what it's like out there, and it sure isn't what some people think it is. Yes, this is coming from the East all right, but the worldly pull is strong nevertheless.

After seeing some of my friends leave the Family or cool off towards the Word and all that we were trained to be, I started to

wonder why they couldn't see all the treasures they had. What was it they thought to be so much more glorious out there? I finally came to the conclusion—and it's sad—that they're blinded to the truth, and are lusting after something that will only temporarily satisfy them.

Yes, the road we take—the narrow one—can be, and is a lonely one, 'cause not many choose it. But if you grit your teeth and smile through your tears, as you carry on up that road you'll find it was worth it all. It really is, I know it! That lonesome feeling can be lifted by the knowledge that you are not alone. There are others who go through

similar things, and of course you're not alone because He's with you. So let's prove we're worthy by not giving up! Love ya!

MY INVISIBLE

FROM ISAAC (17), OF THAI ABE AND CHRISTINA, THAILAND
FROM ISAAC (17), OF THAI ABE AND CHRISTINA, THAILAND
FROM ISAAC (17), OF THAI ABE AND CHRISTINA, THAILAND

My dad is up in Heaven, and he watches over me and is faithful to keep me in line. Now this may seem fictional to some people, but for me, it's a fact. Sometimes it bothers me when I see other people get away with things that I can't, or am not allowed to do. For example, I'm not allowed to get aggressive in basketball or soccer games. Why? I always get a sprained ankle. After praying about it, that's what I was told—I was being too aggressive.

The other day I walked down the stairs after being in a heated argument. I missed my footing and hurt myself. I had to go make up with the person right away, as I know if I procrastinate, I'll probably be in for something bigger. I didn't get my required amount of Word time on WNR; instead I went off to play my electric guitar. Suddenly I got hit with a headache so bad that I had to go back to bed. After some rest and prayer, I was told through prophecy that I hadn't put my Word time first. Coincidence? I wouldn't say so.

These are just examples of incidents that happen to me all the time. In a way, I know why I get these corrections from Beyond. It's because I asked for it. I prayed and asked the Lord to send my dad to be my spiritual shepherd from Beyond. And I know what my dad stands for, and what he doesn't put up with.

It really helps me to keep my

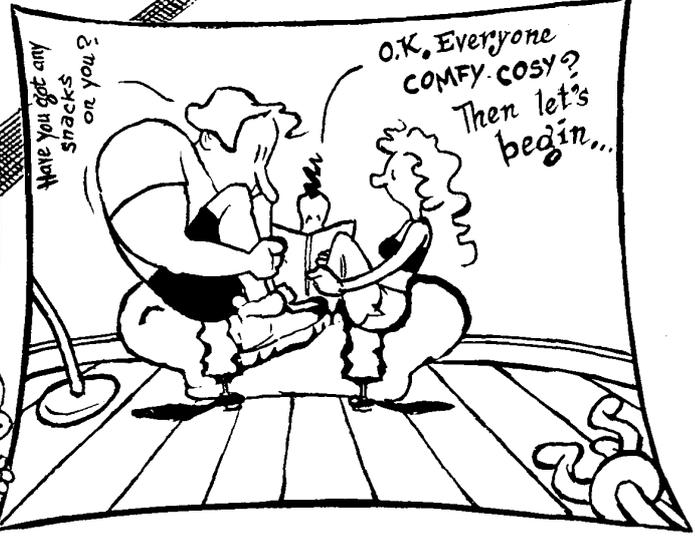
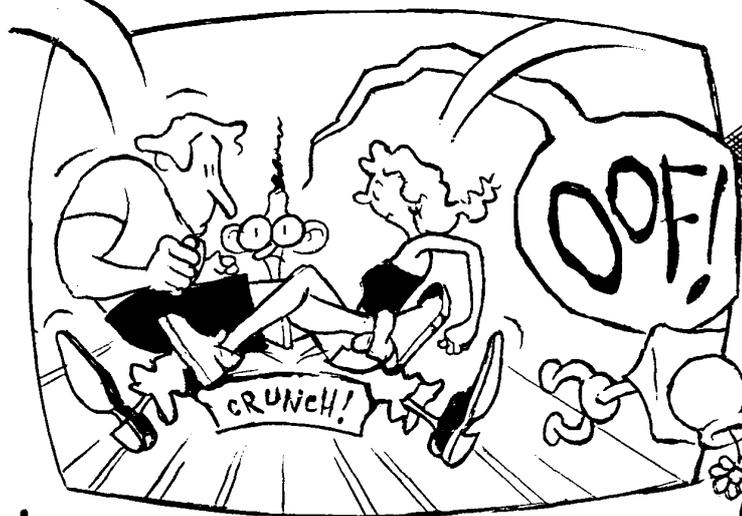
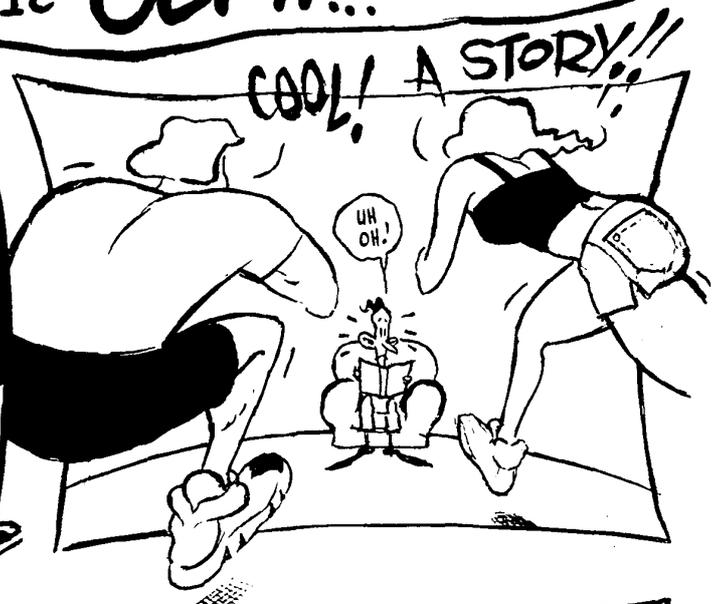
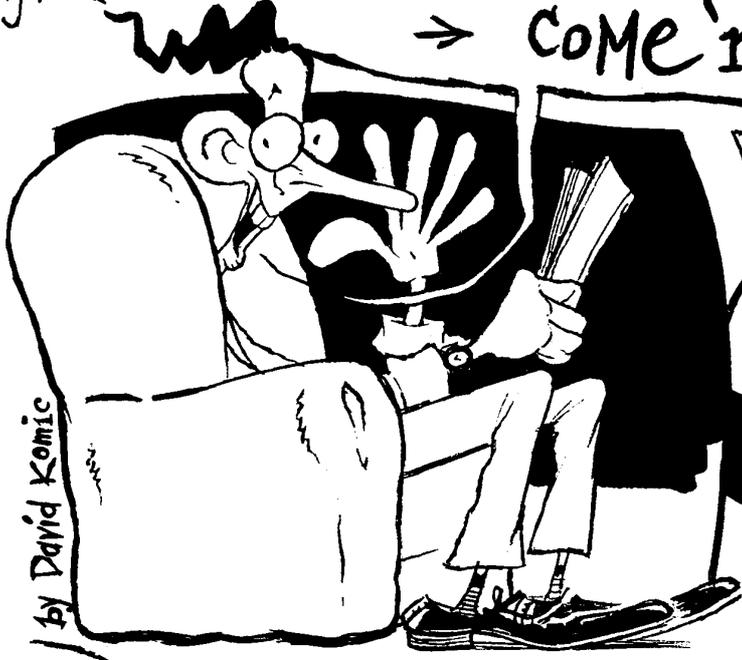
guard up, as I know that with this type of shepherding, nothing is hidden. If my shepherds don't catch me for it, my dad will. I sometimes complain that it's not fair and that I'm required to keep a higher standard in some cases, than others my age. But then comes the answer: "Well son, you asked for it." ■



O.K. YOUNG people! It's time for a friendly, fireside

charter chat!

→ COME 'n' GET IT!!!





First, Let's DEFINE those words, shall we?!



Now... 'UNGODLY and/or UNEDIFYING influences you are PERHAPS/maybe/possibly ALREADY aware of. Perhaps.

But... JUST in case you ARE NOT AWARE of them (snicker snicker) We now include a CANDID yet thought-provoking Selection of examples for your perusal*.

* Translation: "for you to LOOK AT"

From YOUR copy of the LOVE CHARTER, page 1 ↓

THOSE UNGODLY AND UNEDIFYING influences could be ANYTHING that pulls us away from the LORD or pollutes our spirit, mind or heart with Junk Food of the spirit and HINDERS our connection with GOD. This would include:

① the READING of UNEDIFYING or UNGODLY material,

③ ...playing unedifying computer games

② or the WATCHING of unedifying videos movies or TV.

④ or listening to UNGODLY MUSIC

So NOW we ALL, without exception, know what those INFLUENCES are, and there are some VERY RED FACES amongst our ZINE-READERS right now, I'll tell you!

But the QUESTION on EVERYONE'S LIPS is...

'WHAT is MINIMIZE?' and 'HOW do you do it?!!'

o.k... so it's 2 QUESTIONS, ... one question per LIP.

DON'T MISS charter chat TWO coming To A Zine near YOU!