

MISSIONARYS AND

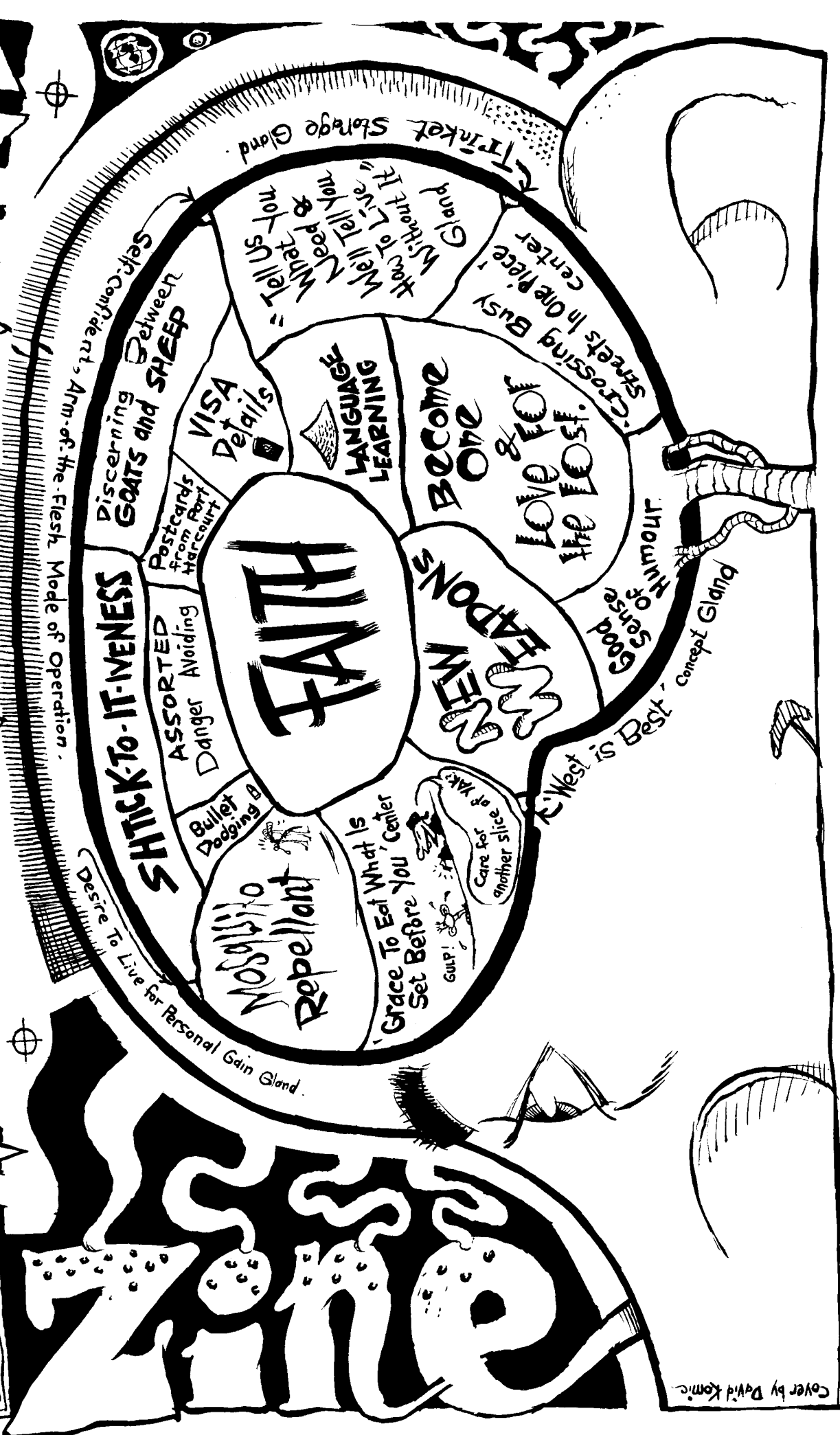


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Hijacked

Abner, Zambia

Elida, a potential disciple living in South Africa, recently had her car hijacked while she was out with two friends. The hijackers took the three of them to a cemetery, tied them up and talked continually about killing them. Elida was in prayer the entire time.

While they were tying Elida up she looked up into the sky, rain was drizzling down and birds were flying around the otherwise quiet cemetery. She said such a Heavenly peace filled her heart so that she could only smile, almost laugh.

One of the hijackers put the gun to her head, and cocked it in preparation to shoot her as they had said that they would. He asked which captive they should begin the execution with, but miraculously the leader hijacker suddenly changed his mind and said to just leave them, and exclaimed that they would be sending someone else to finish the three captives off instead.

The hijackers drove off. Within ten minutes Elida and her two friends were free, and left the cemetery. The Lord was definitely watching over her, and it was a testimony.

DEAR ED

Re: Interview with Juan Carlos (FZ #45)

From David Soldado, Russia

Wow, that interview was fantastic, needed and very inspiring! We need more testimonies like that! He's a representative of most of the Family and many youth that have "shtuck" to what they are doing. GBH!

Let's hear more. It's great! Thank you.

—From a street fighter from way back.

From Samantha, Turkey

chess plays: PAWN TO LADIES' ROOM

It all started one day when we were hurrying down the bustling (and about as impersonal as they come) streets of Istanbul. Busy on our way to an appointment, we saw an African man tying his shoelaces. The sight of him was the Bible safely tucked under his arm. That is certainly not your everyday common sight.

So we, the flaming evangelists (heh!) approached him, and struck up a conversation. We didn't want to heavily let on that we were missionaries or anything, due to this being a Muslim country, so we left him with the first issue of *Activated*. We didn't really think too much of it and continued on our busy day.

About a week later, we had just exited the metro and were hurrying towards yet another appointment, when suddenly the dire need to use the bathroom hit. Concluding that McDonald's was our best bet, we set off. Just outside of McDonald's, however, we were soon greeted by this man taking us totally by surprise with a sort of group bear-hug. It was our African friend, Sunny (alias). He looked a bit overwhelming; there were three tribal scars on each cheek and he was well built. Everyone on the street around us stood back, not entirely sure what the situation was with two gringos and a black guy "group hugging" outside McDonald's.

The three of us trudged inside and sat down. Shortly thereafter, Sunny began telling us the story of what happened since we had last met. He said that when he first saw us he was

certain we were Jehovah Witnesses (if only he knew!). Though Sunny took the *Activated* mag, when he got home he chucked it aside, deciding that he'd read it "someday" when he was bored. However, Someone higher up definitely knew the better worth of it and in the middle of the night Sunny was woken up and told to go read it. So he started it, and ended up reading it cover to cover three times. He was in tears over many of the stories and testimonies.

It turns out that Sunny was the pastor of eight churches in Nigeria when the Lord told him to come to Turkey as a missionary and to witness to the African community here. He was so happy that he could get in touch with "real Christians," as he put it. In touch, though? He didn't have our number or address; the only contact he had was with the European *Activated* Desk's e-mail address, which he speedily contacted. God bless the brethren there. They wrote him back and communicated with him and then encouraged him to get in touch with the Family in Turkey. But how? Finally he concluded that where he met us would be his surest bet, so every day he went and waited at the spot where we had first met.

Lo and behold, on that day when we had the divine urge to use the little McDonald's ladies' room, the Lord engineered for all of His chess pieces to be in the perfect place so that we could meet again. Sunny told us that he had an informal congregation of over thirty African members that go to his fellowships.

He asked if we could come and help pastor one of his meetings.

A few days later, battling the rain, mud, and of course, Istanbul's notorious traffic, we met Sunny, and he led us to his underground church. Now if there ever was an "underground" church, this was it—buried deep in what must be the dirtiest area of Istanbul's downtown. We walked, and then walked some more, up some stairs, back down and around, till we finally reached a little nook about ten meters long and three wide. Mind you, this was for all nearly forty of us. To make matters worse an open-air bathroom occupied the latter end of this church, if we dare call it that.

There we were, squished body to body with these dear folks, one of us even cramped like dear Eutychus up in the windowsill. The smell of the open-air toilet and the dampness of the den were almost overwhelming, but God bless these dear folks who gathered despite the conditions, hungry for even the smallest portion of Word. We started with a few songs a cappella (the guitar would've equaled one person's standing space, so we couldn't bring it). They loved it, and totally took off on the songs as well as the Bible study that followed it—a full two-hour Endtime Bible study.

Now we have our very own African flock that we are ministering to right in the heart of Turkey. Thank the Lord for the power of an *Activated* mag.

If you can't go to Africa, don't worry ... it can come to you!



The year was 1974, and I had been in Cyprus for a number of months, traveling to the different towns and villages and doing a lot of litnessing. One day while passing out lit on the Greek side of Famagusta, two policemen came and took my partner and me down to the station for questioning. They treated us very harshly and accused us of many things and then confiscated our passports, saying they'd be returned at a later date.

When we contacted the Home in Nicosia we found out that the police had raided the Home that same day and had taken their passports away as well. We had a good friend who was an influential lawyer, who stood up for us and was able to get some of our passports back. However, Immigrations said that both my partner and I would have to leave the country and that they



the island. We were staying in the Greek sector of Famagusta, near the hotel district. We thought that fighting might break out near where we lived, and decided that it would be safer if we stayed in one of the hotels, as there were tourists there and we didn't think they would bomb the tourists. However, we found out that all the tourists were being evacuated, and the hotels were literally empty—not even a receptionist. We landed a free room!

Most of the fighting was on the Greek/Turkish border about two miles away, and after three days there was to be a ceasefire. But the Greeks started bombing the Turkish civilians shortly before the scheduled ceasefire, which so angered the Turks that they decided that they would hit them where it would really hurt, the economy. They started to bomb the hotels—where we were staying!

A sister and I had gone out to the local store, as it had just re-opened after being closed for three days, when all of a sudden we heard planes in the distance. Machine gunfire then broke

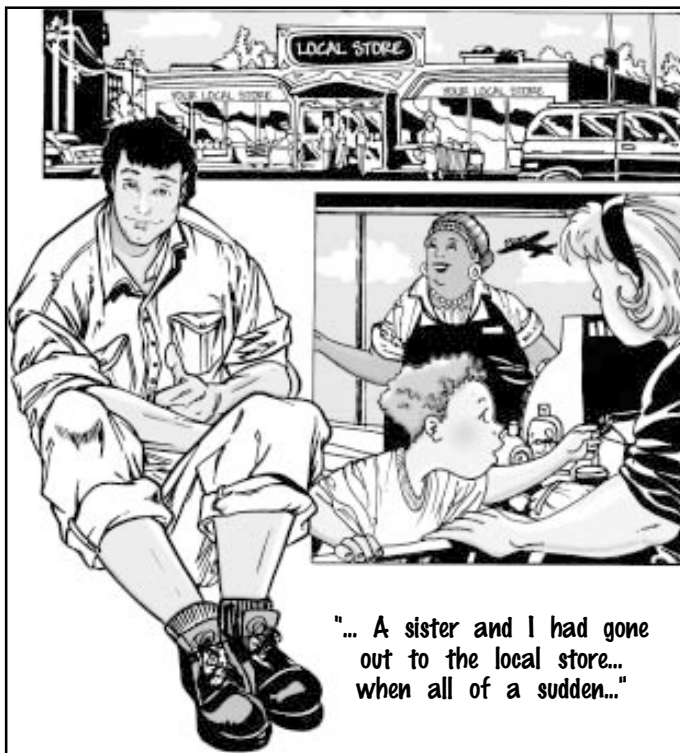


would not return our passports until we showed them our departure tickets. So we went down to the station with tickets to a boat to Turkey that was scheduled to leave in two weeks. The Greek immigration official was quite mean to us and told us that if we were not on that boat that they would find us and then deport us.

Just three days later, the coup happened and then the Turkish invasion. That very same police station was bombed and completely destroyed, along with all its records. We then ended up staying on the island for over two more months, until it was the Lord's time for us to go! This was actually a direct fulfillment of a prophecy the Lord gave Dad in the Letter "Makarios" (ML #230), that states, "The peace of his country [Cyprus] depends on how he treats the Children of God, and how he gives sweet peace to the children of David."

So the war was on and there were four of us left on





"... A sister and I had gone out to the local store... when all of a sudden..."



out all around us. We ran back to the hotel room as fast as we could and then all four of us got together in desperate prayer.

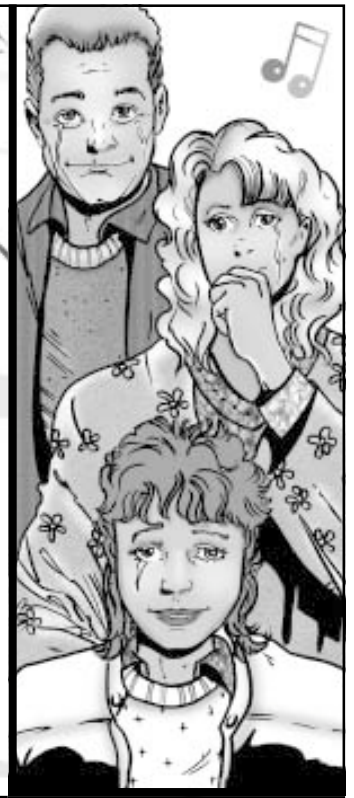
The sound was deafening as Phantom jets swooped down real low, breaking the sound barrier, and then dropped their bombs. The explosions would literally shake the building to its foundation. Each explosion sounded like it was right next to us and we could hear the sound of glass shattering everywhere. We desperately prayed for the Lord's protection and kept quoting Psalm 91. I remember that the seventh verse really seemed to jump out to us at the time: "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

A very long half-hour or so later a ceasefire was called; the bombing stopped. We waited for a while to make sure everything was safe before venturing out of our hotel room. When we went out we were amazed at what we saw. Right next door to us stood a very large hotel called "Kennedy." Nearly every window was out and glass was strewn all over the lobby. Glass and debris covered the sidewalks and streets.

As we continued walking we saw that a bomb had hit a hotel just down the street, demolishing that hotel and causing extensive damage to the adjacent ones. We walked up and down the street and saw that a number of hotels were either completely destroyed or badly damaged. It was then that we realized that our hotel was the only one on the entire street that wasn't damaged at all. Not even one window was cracked! The Lord fulfilled His promise that it "would not come nigh us."

After this there was a lull for about six weeks, with only a few skirmishes along the borders; however, life had not returned to normal. Many people had lost their homes and were now staying in makeshift refugee centers that were set up in different schools. During this





time we visited a number of these centers bringing hope and comfort to the many broken hearts. The hospitals were also packed and we were able to minister to many there as well.

The second invasion then happened. It was announced on the radio that 300 tanks were headed for Famagusta and that the city was to be evacuated. People were streaming out of the city, but we had no vehicle and no way to leave. Thank the Lord our neighbor gave us a ride out of the city to the southern part of Cyprus. We then ended up staying at a large refugee camp set up at the English base Dhekelia, just outside of Larnaca.

Thousands of people had lost their homes, cars and all their worldly possessions—everything they had worked their whole lives for—and were now staying in tents. The food was also rationed and we had to stand in lines when it was served. Once while waiting in the long food lines, an elderly man standing behind me told me that he hadn't believed us when we were passing out the MLs, but that now he could see it was true.

The whole experience left the people so broken and disillusioned and it created a huge spiritual vacuum in their lives. They would visit our tent from early in the morning till late at night asking us what the Bible really says and what the real meaning to life is. A group of young teens that got saved started memorizing the Set Card. We would also get together with most of the young people every night in the center of camp to do skits and sing songs. Often we'd have literally hundreds of people sitting around in a big circle singing along with us.

I know it left an impression on these young people's lives. In fact, about six years later I was litnessing in London and I met a young Cypriot girl who recognized me from that camp. She still remembered some of our songs! We stayed at the refugee center for about three weeks and then it was time for us to move on. It was such a fruitful time as we were able to witness to and comfort thousands. PTL!

Thinking back over that time I was reminded of the quote that says, "When you get under pressure and persecution, the Lord gives you a special anointing, special revelations, even more than you had before, to encourage, guide and help you." We found this to be so

true! For example, I hardly ever have any dreams but during this time I had two very clear ones. The first one happened the night before the coup started. I dreamed that Makarios was being persecuted or chased. In the dreams he was fleeing for his life, which is what happened.

In the second dream, we had to flee our house and we had very little time to do so. Everyone was running around at the last minute trying to grab this and that and we were almost too late. So after that we all had a small bag by the door and so when we did have to flee we were ready to go (this was before the Letter "Gotcher Flee Bag").

Even if you do happen to get caught in the middle of a war, like we did, the Lord will not fail to keep and protect you there. He will find a way to use you to be a witness and a blessing to many!



Blast from the Past

Anonymous FGA, Taiwan

Myself and another brother were on a mission to find a refuge farm in northern Canada in 1972. Why? America was to be destroyed, and we needed a place of safety, thus the refuge farm. Thankfully, a few years later, dear Grandpa set us straight with "Hide in the Cities."

Anyway, we learned about this area where there were several hippy communes. The only mode of transportation to this remote area was by canoe or by train. We chose the latter! After a two-hour train ride we arrived in a fairly unique community, which we'll dub "Hippyville." There we distributed "Sweet Pea" tracts. "Sweet Pea" tracts were some of the only tracts the Family had. At the time "You've Gotta Be a Baby" was the message in the tracts, and they had simply illustrated cartoons throughout. The reason they were dubbed "Sweet Pea" was that the baby looked similar to the one illustrated in the cartoon series *Popeye*.

We spent the day searching for vacant housing that could house 100 or so people. "We sleep 'em in the barns when we have to," one communal resident told us.

Cool, we thought. There are houses and barns that can house 100 people. Looks like this place has potential.

After a busy day of checking out the houses, barns and chicken coops, and passing out tracts, we thought of taking a train back to our city commune.

"What? No one told ya?" quizzed the jolly hippy stationmaster. "Sorry, only one train a day. Tomorrow you can get the train back home."

Thankfully, this dude invited us to his commune to sleep not in the barn, but on the floor. We spent the night sharing testimonies on communal living.

"In our commune we share the duties," we told them, after listening to laments like: "Yeah, man, we had close to 100 people here this summer. It was cool, but when we asked people to do certain

jobs, we ended up with only about a dozen."

Not to worry, we caught the train the next day. It didn't take us months to get back.

Some months later, while on the streets of Vancouver witnessing to some hippies the most amazing thing happened. This hippy fellow came up to me with this statement: "Man, I'm looking for the Children of God. Do you know where I can find them?"

"You are talking to them, man," was my answer.

"Far out!" he replied. "This is heavy. I prayed that I would find you. You see, man, I was living in this commune in 'Hippyville' and I missed my train, so I decided to walk."

"All 30-some miles?" I asked.

"I had nothing else to do. And while I was walking along the train track with miles and miles of nothing in front of me I looked down on the track and I saw this piece of paper..."

He pulled a paper from his pocket; I perceived that it was a "Sweet Pea" tract.

"I had nothing else to do," he continued in the recital of his story, "so I read it. I prayed the prayer at the end. It was so cool! It's like, wow, I met Jesus. I couldn't find an address, but it said 'Children of God,' so I came looking for you," he explained.

From there I took him in my arms and after giving him a warm hug I said, "Welcome home, brother!"

Such is the power of a tract.

power of a tract



*Anonymous,
Earth*

I walked through the garden with a heavy thought looming over my mind. The sky was clear and the notes of the birds were pleasant. The flowerbeds spread their color around my feet and the long blades of grass carpeted my path.

But amidst the beauty in the garden, there lacked one form of art: the art of love, which I wanted to feel so much. And because of that, my garden seemed dull and boring, for there was no one else to share it with.

I turned my face towards the purple sky and whispered a prayer in my heart that the Creator above would let me feel what my heart yearned for in a more personal way.—And that somehow, somewhere, that special someone would walk into my life and into the garden of my heart.

If I could have foreseen the future, I would have myself been amazed at how swiftly my own prayer was to be answered. For, in a short time, God gave me a friend.

The day he came into my life did not seem an extraordinary one. At the time, I did not even realize that here before me was a drop of color in the great masterpiece which was about to be painted by the great Artist. We became closer friends over a span of time and the more we talked and learned about each other, the more I realized how much we had in common. By balancing out our differences and learning the value of honesty in friendship, there grew a mutual trust and a stronger bond between the two of us. I had found a wonderful friend, a confidante, someone with whom I could share my fears and deepest secrets. Someone whose strength I

could rely on. And someone with whom ... I began to fall in love.

And so blossomed something else in that garden. A feeling that I had never felt before, but its presence made all the difference in the world. I was no longer alone. My days were filled with the happiness of being able to share what I had with another heart and being content to know that God had heard my prayer. I wondered if this was the feeling that so many ballads and tales of romance are spun from. Was this what the poets spoke of when they wrote of love? I wondered, too, if this was the time to give my heart away more freely without a second thought of rejection.

Then, the dreaded word suddenly repeated itself: Rejection! I feared that if I told this one how I really felt, the feeling might not be mutual. That would ruin everything. So, for a while I never opened up that part of my heart. I never told him for certain the degree of my emotion. I chose to live with my secret all those days and nights, for fear of losing something more.

But I soon realized that the hurt I'd harbored was discomfort enough. Not having the courage to honestly tell him how I felt was killing me. My mind was constantly awake, thinking over and over again of the possibilities of either what I wished and hoped for, or the reality of the nightmare of rejection that I so dreaded.

When I finally felt that I had within me what it took to open up my heart, I prayed that he would accept my love as I told him honestly, plainly. But the fear that I feared the most came upon me. Rejection.

He wanted nothing more than friendship and was silent about the matter after

that. I felt a ton of bricks falling upon me, breaking my back, its impact shattering my heart to pieces. It seemed as though my prayer's answer lay incomplete.

That night, I sat in the solitude of my garden, alone once more, reminiscing, imagining a different scenario. I had been taught to believe that love is not love until it is given away, and when it is, it was surely to come back to you. But I did not see how that would be enacted in this story.

My garden looked horribly dark now. The flowers wilted beneath my feet and the grass gave way to ugly mud caused by the rain from the blackened skies. My own eyes were flooded, too, with tears of pain and uncertainty. This was my first heartbreak, and it seemed unbearable.

In my despair, my first instinct was to harden my heart, to close it up to love. For I was afraid of giving it away too freely again and I feared similar, if not worse, consequences. I would close my eyes and cover my ears to the part of my heart that was crying out for understanding and companionship. Because maybe, I thought, I just didn't deserve to be blessed with love.

At that awful moment came another voice in my heart—a stiller, quieter one, almost in a whisper. It told me that no matter what happened, and despite the pain I would go through, I should not allow it to affect my heart in such a way that it would close up and shut beauty out.

"Keep your heart open always," the Voice said. "Keep on giving out to others. Let this trial bring a blessing upon you and not a curse. Let your broken spirit be lifted up on wings, and carry your heart like raindrops to water another soul's heart."

It was a very hard thing to do—to let go of all the agony and the bitterness, to decide

that I would keep on loving without even knowing just where that love would end up if I gave it away.

Yet, difficult though it was, I yielded to the Voice and prayed once more for a softer heart, not one of stone. Yes, deep down inside, I wanted to experience the wonderful fulfillment of sharing my garden with someone and bringing double happiness to my own life by opening it up to somebody else.

And so I did. In the days following, I kept my heart open and became willing to love again. I made an effort to enjoy the pleasures of life without thinking too much of the minor sacrifices I would have to make in caring for others. I grew a new hedge in my garden—not to shut other people out and enclose myself, but to welcome them into the center of my habitat. As I forgot about my own heartache, the garden grew in its magical beauty. The hues and blends of crystal dew filled every space. The birds returned to sing and the reflection of the sunshine merged with the droplets of mist on each leaf created such wonderful color.

I was soon to learn a much more valuable lesson. I learned why my heart was allowed to feel that bit of grief, why it was necessary to endure that bit of suffering.

The lesson came to me in the form of another friend who had entered my garden with a cloud of rain drenching him. It was a familiar sight, all too easy to remember. This person had also been through heartache similar to mine and it was for this reason that God had allowed him to enter my garden. I was to speak to him of hope, of comfort, of life after the loss of love. I was to let him know that true love never really dies. It lives on forever and ever in your heart and grows and multiplies, if you will let it.

When he heard these

words from my lips, he at first thought that it was only in theory. Yet when I related my firsthand experience, then he knew that he could trust in the wisdom that I had learned, for I had walked his path before.

I learned to sympathize with another lonely heart. And not just that one, but many more came to me after that, with their stories and their heartaches. God taught me that at times, He lets my garden be filled with rain and mud from the storms of life so that I'd be strong enough for those other hearts needing comfort. I have learned that true love is only realized when it is given away.

Having gone through what others have experienced or were about to experience, I could relate. I could understand the feeling. I could sympathize. I could comprehend the clouds. I could know that when they pass, the sun shines again.

And in my garden, I could go on loving.





Vas, Mexico

Anisa, Brazil

Pattience, Thailand

Gina and Maria, USA

TURKEY PHOTO PAGE TURKEY PHOTO PAGE



TURKEY PHOTO PAGE TURKEY PHOTO PAGE





by ERIKA SKYE (20), KOSOVO

Kosovo is the most exciting field I personally have ever worked in, yet in the same way it has held the most difficult things I've ever encountered.

The Devil has fought me the hardest physically, emotionally, and spiritually since I've been in Kosovo. I've had tremendous highs of the spirit, but I have hit rock-bottom depths as well. It was—and still is—a constant fight to stay in the spirit, in the Word, loving the Lord and giving Him first place in my heart and life. And it was during one such period that I hit rock bottom!

At the time I was battling intense attacks, and was not, due to many choices that I had made, in a situation where I could be helped. I was working almost full time with a certain nongovernmental organization (NGO), something the Lord had confirmed in the beginning, but which I had not gone back to Him about or stayed close to Him regarding. I

was extremely busy and hadn't been keeping the Word and the Lord as priorities in my life. Doubts about the Family standard and beliefs had begun to seep into my mind, and as I didn't take the time from the beginning to confront them with the Lord's Words, they began to take root.

At that time I regularly met with a friend who began to grow very close to our work and us. He loved what we were doing, and was open and receptive to Bible classes. He prayed willingly to receive Jesus, and even talked about wanting to serve the Lord. He was also in love with me.

Initially, it was only the Lord's love I felt for him. I saw him as what he was—a sheep—nothing more, nothing less. But the more time I spent with him, hearing his heartcries, praying and crying with him, listening to his need and love for me, the deeper I felt love taking root in my heart. And because I wasn't giving my whole heart to the Lord in other areas of my life, I found my heart slipping out of the Lord's hands in this area as well.

Finally, in continuing down this path, the inevitable happened. My heart had been convinced that I was truly in love with him, wanting to make him happy, and thinking that my love was what he needed. How wrong I was! How deluded I now see I had become! But deluded I was, my convictions had disappeared, and I did what I thought I would



ERIKA WITH BROTHERS: BRIAN & ROBERT



With KOSOVAR MOTHER and CHILD

never do: I slept with him.

It didn't end there, either. I knew I had stepped outside of the Lord's circle of protection, and the circle of the Family. But "truth resisted loses its power over the mind," and that's what happened to me, the truth was losing its power in my life. I became so calloused to the Lord's voice

other. If you neglect Me and My power, you find yourself falling short of the standard I desire in each and every soldier. Because you didn't stop immediately and get reconnected when you saw yourself slipping, you continued down the path of disobedience, falling further and further away, until you were almost in the jaws of



~~my convictions had disappeared~~

my convictions had disappeared, and I did what I thought I would never do..."

~~and I did what I would never do~~

that I continued down this path, to where I had convinced myself that I shouldn't even try to reach the standard of the Family again.—I was too bad to ever make it; I might as well quit, I concluded.

The Lord told me later in prophecy: "The ones that stray from the flock, from the shepherd, thinking that they know how to quench their hunger, thinking that they know a better way to greener pastures, they're the ones that are attacked and wounded, rendered useless or even killed by the wolves. It couldn't be clearer. This is exactly what has happened to you.

"You've gone astray, seeking your own desires, thinking that you know a better way—a way of fulfillment and self-satisfaction. Your intentions have not been totally wrong or completely selfish, but in your actions you have fallen short of all that I have meant for you.

"There is power in Me, and in no

the wolf.

"When you were so low, so far into the realm of the carnal world, you began to become entangled in the affairs of this life, the ways of the world, the cares and sins which do so easily beset you. You had lost the vision, and your mind became even further muddled in the muck and mire of this carnal world. The carnal world is at enmity with God. To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life eternal.

"That's where you began to die. You got your eyes on the waves, on the things of this world, on your emotions which were rising and falling, and you began to sink. And then, you were so ashamed of that fact that you were sinking that you didn't even call out for help! The fear you felt in your shame was even greater than the fear you felt of dying! And so that's what began to

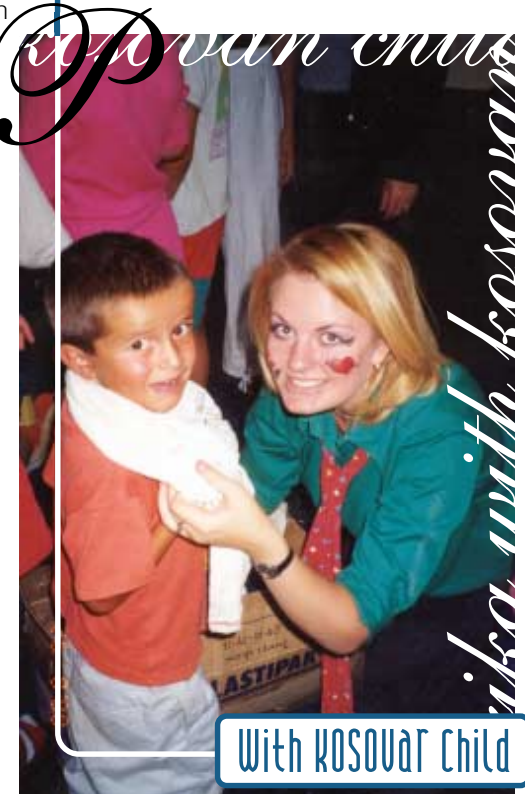
happen—you began to drown. The Enemy's lies were compassing you about, engulfing you, and because you did not call unto Me to save you, your [spiritual] death was becoming more and more sure." (*End of prophecy excerpts.*)

When I finally realized how far I had gone, I thought for sure that I was beyond the Lord's mercy. I had betrayed His love in a much greater way than I could ever be forgiven for, I assumed. One day I stayed home from work and was alone in the house. I broke down, convinced that I could never make it

back to the Family standard again. The thing plaguing me was how I would word the news to my mom that I was leaving the Family.

Then I saw, through the corner of my eye, the GN "Spiritual Attacks Intensified" (GN 856). The Lord's voice amazingly punched through my muddled mind. "Read that!" His voice compelled me. I had read it when it first came out, but at the time I was doing relatively well spiritually and didn't find it very applicable to me. Amazingly enough, I consented to read it (my angels must have been working overtime), saying, "Okay, it's the last thing I'll do before I sit down and write my mom with the news."

I had been at such a low point in my life that I couldn't even read through a *Daily Might*, the conviction of the Holy



With KOSOVAR CHILD

Spirit was too great. But I sat there and read that 24-page Letter from cover to cover. When I finished it, I was sobbing uncontrollably. It was like every word was written specifically for me. Everyone that spoke, be it Mama, Dad, Jesus, Gabe, or Misty, they were speaking directly to me.

I raised my arms right there, with tears running down my face, and thanked the Lord over and over again that no, I didn't have to quit. That yes, with His help, I could fight and win the battle. I had made a great mistake. I had sinned against Heaven, against Him, against the Family, and I was not—am not—worthy to be called His daughter. It was then that I realized I didn't want to give up the

privilege of being in His household.

I left Kosovo shortly after that for Christmas '99 and the Feast, and was able to receive some wonderful help and strengthening while in a CM Home in the West, back in the loving arms of my shepherds there. I came very close to confessing, but because I loved the field of Kosovo so much, I didn't want to get stuck in the West for the "time" I knew I would get by confessing. It was my Huddersfield, my excuse, and the Devil preyed on it.

In the Yieldedness GN ("Prophecies on Yieldedness," ML #3044) it talks about how if we don't put our heart fully in the Lord's hands, then He is not able to

massage it with His warmth and love, and that unyielded part becomes hardened. So even though the Lord had won a major victory and I had given my life back to Him and the Family, I did not want to go through the humiliation and shame of facing the consequences of my actions, thinking that I had gotten over it and would go on from there. But it's just like Julie quotes in her testimony (FZ #44): "Unconfessed sin is like a concrete wall that blocks the flow of the water of My Word and hinders your faith in My ability to answer your prayers, supply your needs and do miracles for you. Unconfessed sin makes you feel unworthy of My blessing,

therefore it saps your initiative and greatly hinders your progress" (ML #3218_2).

Initially, the Devil came in with thoughts like, "You're doing fine, just leave it at that and move on." And as more and more time passed, it became virtually impossible to confess, because, as I had told myself, "It's been too long! They'll condemn you for not coming clean sooner!" And on and on it went. But that unyielded part, my resistance to confess my sin, began to grow and affect other areas of my life, to the point where I no longer cared. I just chose to ignore it, hoping it would go away and I would be fine.

In *From Jesus—with Love* there is a prophecy that always hits me when I opened up to it. It says:

"A child who is obedient has faith to come into his father's presence, to enjoy his company, to partake of his love and his words of praise and commendation, to receive from him affection and tokens of love and rewards. ... The obedient child does not hide in the shadows and stand afar off,



CLOWN SHOW FOR REFUGEE CAMP

only partaking of the love from a distance because he is ashamed and embarrassed on account of his disobedience. ... The obedient child makes his requests known, because he knows that his father is pleased and eager to grant these requests, even his heart's desires.

"But the disobedient child has not such faith or confidence, and the loss is his. It is not because the father loves him less, but it is because the disobedient child is reluctant to come and sit at the father's feet and sit on his lap, wrap his arms around him and kiss his cheek. His disobedience is what separates him from his father's love. He knows the love exists, but he only knows it from a distance.

"Faith to draw nigh unto the father and to receive his blessing of love is the difference between the obedient son and the disobedient son" (FJWL 01:347).

distributing donated clothing



I had always lacked the faith to get as close to Jesus as I knew I should be! I still had this unconfessed sin in my life, and it was rooted so deep, to the point where I thought it was too deep to be pulled out and destroyed.

Then we received FZ#44. As I flipped through its pages, it hit me in capital letters: PARTIAL EX-COM—MY STORY. I didn't want to read it at first; I knew it would have an affect. But thank God for my angels and His mercy—once again, my heart was pulled by the Lord's power—by a miracle I yielded. The whole time I was reading I had an actual physical pain in my heart. My burden became so strong; I could no longer bear it. I found myself—to my utter astonishment—considering confessing. *NO WAY! You can't! Not after ALL THIS TIME!!* The thought flashed in my mind.

But then I started thinking about my options ... live with this weight for the rest of my life? Or confess? And when I started leaning toward the second option, even just imagining going through the whole thing, I could almost breathe easier. I went to bed at 1:30 a.m. that night; my mind was struggling so furiously. But the next

for me to come forward and be honest with the ones I love is the greatest punishment of all. But at last it's over, and I am ready and willing to go through anything it takes to rid myself of this burden, come out from the shadows, and partake of my Father's love firsthand, in confidence and faith that I will not be



amy & erika with the children

they "embraced (me) back as a sister and mate" and were "so thankful the Lord had snatched (me) back from the Enemy's grasp." Once again, I was presented full face with the Lord's unconditional love through our dear shepherds. Why had I ever hesitated?

Yes, I received the necessary consequences for my actions, and though it has been very difficult, I have never yet resented coming forward. The freedom I have found in surrender is far greater than the privileges I've temporarily forsaken because of my actions. I'd much rather bite my lip for six months and get on with life! Anyway, isn't it said that absence makes the heart grow fonder, and you never miss the blessing until the blessing is gone? All hail to blessings appreciated!

So that's my story, my burden, and my release. Writing it up for publication is yet another step the Lord asked me to take in the humility process, and my prayer is that someone out there will benefit in some way from my mistake.

I love each of you—those I know, and those I don't yet know—and thank you for the sacrifices and heartaches you have gone through in your service for Him. To all of you that I've hurt through my actions, I sincerely apologize. His and your love is the only reason I'm still here, and I'm forever indebted to you.

With His love and my gratitude,
Erika Skye

The freedom I have found

the freedom I have found in surrender is far greater than the privileges I've temporarily forsaken."

in surrender is the

morning, when I woke up, my heart spoke its verdict. A conclusion had been reached: I would confess.

I knew I wouldn't be able to talk to the teamwork right away, but I also knew I had to get this out—I was afraid I would change my mind—so I grabbed my roommate and asked to talk to her. After a prayer for strength, the whole thing came tumbling out. With many tears and prayers, I felt the huge burden of guilt lift, and such a peace swept my soul. I couldn't wait to tell my shepherds. Later that night I went through the whole thing again, with tears, apologies to them and the Lord, and sweet relief flooding my heart.

The hardest part, every time I think about it, is the sorrow I feel—not that I'm finally facing the consequences of my actions, but that my pride held me back for so long. The fact that it's taken so long

rejected.

I have wholeheartedly faced the fact that I'd made mistakes. I was not worthy of His love. Let me be a servant ... I just want to be in His household. "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. *One thing* I desire of the Lord, *that* will I seek after; that I may dwell in the House of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple" (Psalm 27:4).

After I wrote the CROs, I waited anxiously for their answer, my tears held back by an invisible wall. Even though some questions and fears played in the back of my head, I almost knew they would love me anyway. When their answer came, every lingering doubt was erased. That invisible wall broke down, and the tears flowed freely. In their own words,

Dead men talking

Anonymous, Earth

I received the prophecy below at the time of the Russian nuclear submarine, Kursk, disaster. Upon hearing the first news of the disaster, I was moved to keep the sailors inside of Kursk in my prayers, hoping each day that the survivors would be rescued.

I followed the news faithfully over the next few days, and then one day while sitting in front of the computer attempting to write a letter, I kept hearing a voice trying to get through to me. So after awhile I decided to stop pushing it away, and put my letter aside. I tuned into this voice from beyond, and just typed whatever I heard. I had goosebumps while receiving it, especially when I realized who was speaking and what the subject was related to. It was a totally awesome experience!

(Prophecy, Russian sailor speaking:) It all happened so quickly. I was one of the lucky ones; I was taken instantly. There was a small margin of time when I could think of what to do, but before I could even gather my thoughts together and come to terms with what was happening, like a flash I was out of the situation and viewing it from above.

At first it was a relief, I felt so light and even thought that I had escaped by some miracle, not realizing that in effect I was dead. I was hovering over the sub and thinking how great it felt to be alive and not be inside that tube, that nightmare. But then I wondered, *How can I breathe without a breathing apparatus, and without being in a capsule?*

Then it came to me that I was no longer alive. I saw my dead body, and crossed myself, like I was taught. I was then determined to save my buddies [who were still alive], but it was not possible. What could I do in my ghost-like form? I felt this awful feeling of remorse, of desperation, as well as that of failure for not being able to help my mates who were trapped. There were some others with me, some I did not recognize. Then I realized that these were a Heavenly force present with us. A great feeling of comfort came over me. I began to realize that none of us were alone, nor ever were.

It was one of those things that we all knew would happen sooner or later, although we always thought it would never happen to us. You know the feeling? Well it did. You have seen some of these type of things happen in the movies. But I tell you, in real life, it is scary. Big, huge men fear for their lives and loves. We did not have the reassurance that those who have the Lord live on eternally. That little capsule, our workspace, is lethal; we are always at risk.

The games we played underwater were like big kids' games. Each time we got a little more daring, and just like you become so familiar with your surroundings, with each other, we also became familiar with the nukes on board. At first you respect it all, but later you feel you have so much power; you become accustomed to the little war games that you no longer have the healthy respect and

fear of what could happen. I suppose that is how life is in reality.

But let me tell you, this is going to be a historical lesson, for all those not just underwater but above ground too, of what can happen when you think you are invincible. Life is not just in our hands; it's not just a game that is being played. I have come to know that our overseers enjoy [our games], and use us as guinea pigs, because it is all experimental. We are just little test tubes in their hands, which is why they allowed us to get away with so much, not because they liked us or respected our ingenuity or because they thought we were so useful to our country, but more because they wanted to be the heroes. There is no true feeling or concern for each life that goes down, or the lives of our loved ones who give us up for the mother country. It is all a great farce, and this is something that we have come to reckon with Here, on the Other Side.

We gave our lives for our country, but it was just experiments. It was for [our officers'] end and their glory. We did not really die in glory but in shame because we gave our lives to the wrong cause. How I admire those who fight for a just cause, and the only just cause is the Heavenly one. The Lord had mercy on my soul, because I did pray and loved Him, in a Catholic way.

Since arriving at this beautiful wonderland, I see that there is no Catholic corner or Protestant corner, just one

big happy family. Earthlings do not think the way they do up Here. Our God is such a God of mercy and has so much love and patience. He sent along my grandparents to care for me and to help me readjust to this new life. It was not easy for me at first; it was too good to be true. It is truly Heaven, for where else can there be so much light and love yet at the same time so much simplicity?

I always had a desire for more truth, but it was not always possible to get it and I suppose all my other desires for knowledge and science overcame the spiritual desire for my wonderful Savior. Oh, how complicated life can be, when He wants it to be so simple. There is a learning process Here, one that is created for those like me who have never really had much of a chance to see and know the real light and the real truth.

(End of message.)

(Compiled from news wires:)

On August 12, the Russian nuclear submarine, Kursk, one of the most modern vessels in the Russian fleet, sank to the bottom of the Barents Sea (near the Arctic Circle) with a crew of 118 on board. Two explosions were detected at the time, and theories for the sinking range from an explosion of one of the Kursk's torpedoes to a collision with another submarine or a mine. After a few days of silence about the disaster, the Russian Navy made desperate attempts to rescue possible survivors, with help from divers from other countries. All attempts failed. In November, divers were able to enter the Kursk and recover the bodies of the sailors who perished. (See also END #34, page 9.)

I felt so 'light and even thought
that I had escaped...not

realizing that...I was dead.

I saw my dead body, and crossed
myself...I was then determined to

save my buddies...what could I do
in my ghost-like form?

Periwinkles! That is, as I was saying last time, the only questionable thing I've had to eat so far in my African experience. Periwinkles are basically snails.

This happened when a friend of ours took some of us out to lunch on the way home from a CTP project that he'd accompanied us on. After being reassured that I, the only white guy on the team, was okay with Nigerian food, he ordered us all native soup. We were given a choice between fish and meat (presumably beef) in our soup. Everyone else ordered fish but I'd been eating a lot of fish around that time and felt the need for a change, so I ordered meat. But I guess I must have gotten the variety pack or something, as well over half of my soup's protein content was in the form of little slimy, bluish-gray thingies that did not exactly jive with my concept of beef.

On the bright side, however, the soup was served with *gari*, the national starch, which is made from the cassava root. The idea is that you take the *gari* and roll it with your fingers into a little ball, which you then dip into the soup and swallow. I'm real big on *gari*, but the fact remains that I'm still a beginner, and as such, I tend to chew the *gari*. But believe me, I was swallowing my *gari* that day! I just made my little *gari* ball, scooped

OVER half of my soup's protein content was in the form of little slimy, bluish-gray thingies..."

up some soup and a few "strange truths" in the process and swallowed it like a man.

Perhaps you're wondering what the big deal is, as millions of technically civilized people eat snails all the time and actually seem to enjoy them. Maybe so, but even though the name "periwinkles" is kind of cute, and they were just little ones, I'm a Virgo, and therefore am not naturally inclined to eat snails or anything else that low down on the food chain (if snails are even on the food chain). But I guess it could have been worse.

Here in Nigeria, many people eat things like J-5 or bush meat, so God only knows what I'll be offered next! "J-5" is a popular nickname for dog meat, and bush meat is any kind of "meat" you might find in the bush. A wide variety of bush meat dishes are available for reasonable prices in thousands of stalls here in town marked with a sign that reads "Food is ready." The menu doesn't list the ingredients and I guess no one asks.

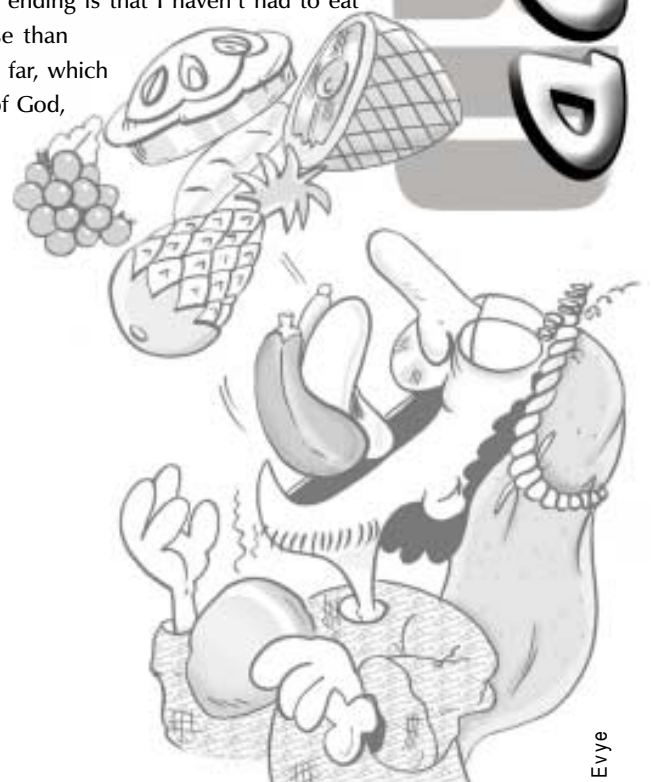
However, if you've got a preference or want to cook it yourself, you can purchase your own bush meat from street vendors who vend it on the street

while balancing large quantities of it on their heads. You can even drive out into the bush if you like, and purchase the fresh rodent of your choice right out there in its natural habitat from hunters who stand along the roadside displaying their wares on handy portable racks. These displays somewhat resemble the displays a hunter might make of the animal furs he's collected, except that there's still meat in these furs.

As far as dogs are concerned, a neighbor told me she likes to eat local dogs better than English ones. How she got a hold of an English dog beats me as it would have had to have strayed pretty far or been imported. But I imagine if someone were to serve me English dog, they would probably think they were giving me a real treat, and do so with all the elegance of Pierre dishing out crayfish for Don David, and my refusal would most likely be met with similar results (LWG Vol. 1, page 255). Needless to say, this is something I would like to avoid.

In writing about African food, particularly the kind you normally wouldn't eat without a good reason, I am not trying to discourage anyone from coming to Africa. Nor am I, as one who eateth not such things if he can possibly help it, judging him that eateth, for, as the Bible tells us, God hath received him anyway (Romans 14:3). My intention in writing this is simply to make those who are planning on coming here aware of the challenges that becoming one may, under certain rare and unfortunate circumstances, present, as well as remind the rest of you to keep those of us here in your prayers.

The happy ending is that I haven't had to eat anything worse than periwinkles so far, which by the grace of God, I would be willing to do again if He asked me to ... but only if I *really* had to.



By Tim E. (22)
(Continuation of "Please pass the possum!")

MORE ON FOOD

Evye

present's **The History of Nothing is Impossible!**
 by David Komic

but **FIRST** → your very-own 'SCRATCH 'n' SNIFF' feature!
 with VALUABLE PRIZES to be won!

Simply SCRATCH & SNIFF Squares #1 and #2. Can YOU identify the 2 distinctive FRAGRANCES?

		Square #1 	Square #2
		(Answers in Next Issue.)	

And now... We PROUDLY (yet in a humble, self-effacing way) present...
THE HISTORY OF 'nothing is impossible'.

SINCE A VERY LONG TIME AGO THERE HAVE BEEN TWO VERY DISTINCTIVE TYPES OF PEOPLE, A&B

<p>A. It's no use! WHEELS are IMPOSSIBLE to make!!</p>	<p>Hmm...now THAT gives me an IDEA!</p> <p>HEY DAD! WATCH ME ROLL DOWN THE HILL!</p>
---	--

UG GHUGRRGG, Caveman-Inventor.

ONK KNNKNGER, Successful Caveman-Inventor.

Special Motivational Quote for the Week. →

"MILLIONS saw the CAVEKID ROLL, but only ONK KNNKNGER asked 'WHY?'"

* We sincerely apologize if any of our readers found the graphic depiction of the nostril offensive, the Alternative Sniffing Pictures (or ASP) have been drawn & included in this Zine to cater to the needs of our many Nostro-phobic Readers (or simply NRS)

And speaking of CAVEMEN, the great military leader NAPOLEON BONAPARTE had absolutely nothing to do with CAVEMEN.



Le SCOFF!
Le SCOFF!

* A French term of scoffing.

IMPOSSIBLE! they SCOFFED when a poor CORSICAN boy named NAPOLEON BONAPARTE announced that one day he would be FRENCH. But, oh, NAPOLEON certainly got the last scoff after he led France to VICTORY after VICTORY & conquered EUROPE under the French Flag.

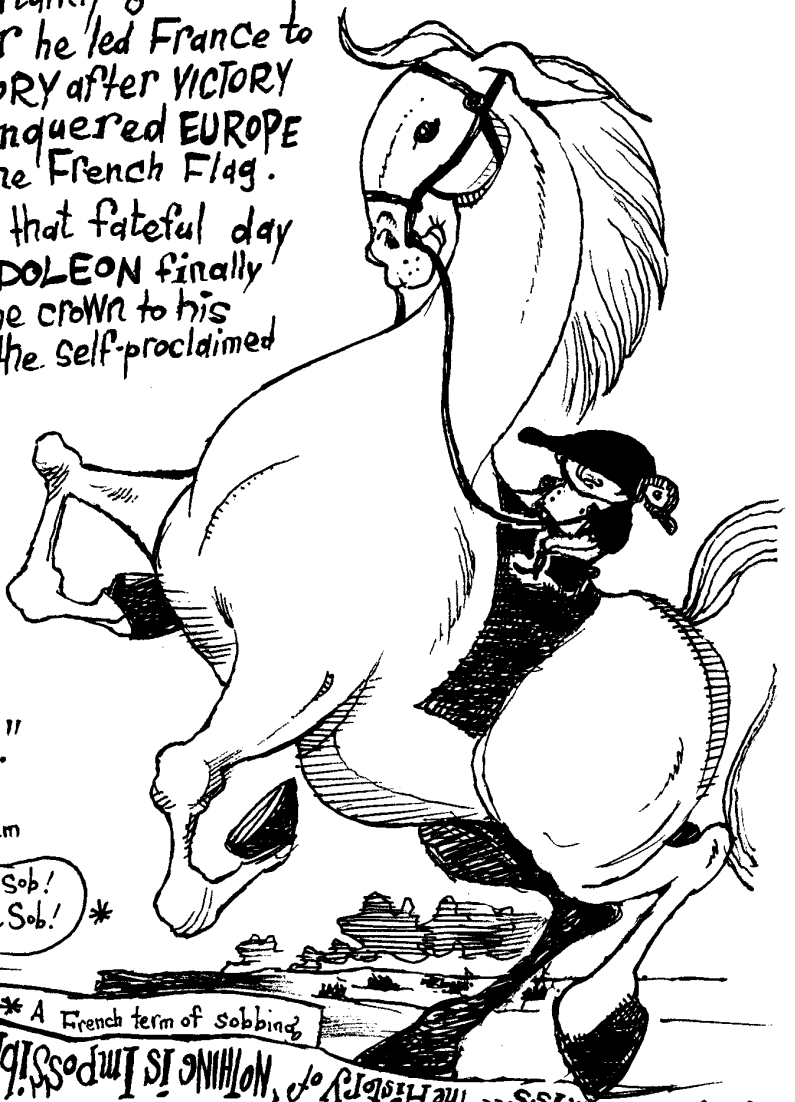
And on that fateful day when NAPOLEON finally raised the crown to his head as the self-proclaimed

EMPEROR OF FRANCE, he turned to the scoffers and remarked poignantly:
"You don't GET more FRENCH than THIS!"
"Oh, alright, so you're FRENCH..." retorted 'Les Scoffeurs' begrudgingly. "but we STILL think you've got a funny accent."

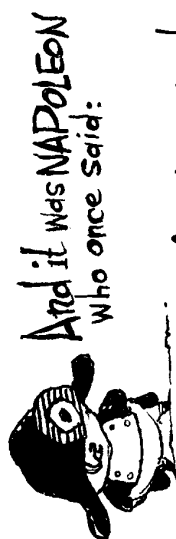
To which NAPOLEON responded by having them all banished to CORSICA.

Le Sob!
Le Sob!

* A French term of sobbing

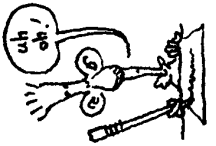


← DON'T MESS UP THE HISTORY OF 'NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE' PART 2 Featuring: and MUCH, MUCH MORE! Coming to a ZINE near YOU!



And it was NAPOLEON who once said:

"IMPOSSIBLE is a word found only in the dictionary of FOOLS!"



Note: As soon as I read that, I went to check under "I" in my dictionary. To my indescribable relief the word 'IMPOSSIBLE' wasn't there.

This may be due to the fact that my dictionary is:



However YOU might want to go and check out YOUR dictionary as soon as possible. (IF you know what I mean)

Tip: White-Out WORKS WONDERS.