



ICAN EXPLAIN...

Welcome to Africa! Land of splendor, continent of unrefined beauty, and at long last, the theme of an entire Zine! If you're reading this, you've already looked at the front page (and most likely the rest of the mag), thus I'll be brief. So, you're staring at this weird cover for too long, your eyes are bulging out of their sockets, your brain's beginning to feel like an overcooked raisin in a pot of cold oatmeal, your one and only intelligible thought goes something like "What .. ?" If this description matches up to your present state, let me offer you this ray of hope and enable you to "What in the world?" no further. Here's the big clue: there's a trusty little missionary that's busy at work and hiding out somewhere in the pic. He looks something like this. Did you see him?



...Alright, maybe that wasn't too difficult! But oh no, there's more! For any and all die-hard brain-strainers, here's a list of other details to find that are hidden throughout the pic.

Things to look for:

- 6 Zine readers
- Monkeys in love
- Man about to become a cymbal sandwich
- A warrior who chose the wrong place for his nap
- Two extra hands
- Two extra feet
- An attempt at filming "Animals are Beautiful People—part 2"
- 6 women who've lost their tops
- Man on a pogo stick
- A harpist firing an arrow
- Someone bending over backwards
- One type of trunk holding another type of trunk
- A poor guy caught with his pants down
- A messy milking session
- 5 hearts
- A native wearing sunglasses
- A sneaky bush-man
- The warrior tribes-women
- Felix and Dude getting into trouble—again

And for anybody who doesn't have a microscope on hand to see any of these—don't despair! Here's a special consolation box for you to check, it shouldn't be too hard to find—

- A very cluttered Zine cover.

—Shan.

C O N T

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E N T S

DEAR ED ...

"WELL, FOR ME THAT'S THE PART OF THE 'ORIGINAL' REVOLUTION THAT I'D LIKE TO NOT LEAVE BEHIND ..."

HOLY LAUGHTER

(Commenting on Zine 016, "Have Mercy on Foreigners," by Anonymous in Russia.)

The testimony of this Russian brother (or sister?) was soooooo renewing to me. I re-read it a few times ... know why? Whoever wrote it really had the Family spirit, talking about mistakes and all (that regularly happens with all of us), but expressed with zero self-righteous criticism. They just explained about the peculiar people we all really are and that we need to have a good laugh at things that happen, understand and uplift our brethren and know that we're all the same (uh ... not perfect, that is, and even make mistakes)

and therefore we just need to help and encourage each other. They really had the Holy Spirit—lots of love, joy, peace, etc.!

Well, for me that's the part of the "original" Revolution that I'd like to NOT leave behind; to ALWAYS encourage and look up to and help our brothers and sisters and just know that we need each other to climb His mountain together. To me this testimony was such an illustration of "Be So Happy" (ML #159)! Again, this was a renewal for me, to check my heart and to make sure that I'm not taking things too seriously (in the arm of the flesh!) but just show "His holy laughter, to rejoice and be exceeding glad" regularly. There-

fore, GBY brethren in Russia—Indonesia really does appreciate you and keep you in our prayers!

David Red
Indonesia

FAR-OUT FUNNIES

A big hand for Nikki (16) from the Philippines, for all the poems and funnies! It's really amazing how you can think 'em all up! You have a real far-out Man up There helping you! Keep it going! XXX!

PS to the Ziners: Keep the photos flowing too, I can't get enough of those either. Especially seeing some of my friends from India again makes

me float quite up to the ceiling with joy! Keep 'em flowing!

Tara (14) and Vladimir (13)
Holland

DEFINITELY THE SAME PLACE

Dear Spiro, We couldn't stop cracking up as we read "A Day in the Distant Past." We definitely were in the same place. We just felt sorry for poor Amy waiting at 1:30 AM in "the usual place" for James—who never showed up. Hope to keep reading stuff from you.

the Kat Girls (Kat as in Kathmandu)

PHOTO PAGE



Photo taken at a dance night during the YA/SGA meetings in Japan. L-R Back row—Dave (19), Jemina (18), Hans, Joanne, David (18), Front—Francis (18), Phil (18), Faith (18), Abe, Sheryl, Natalie, Nicky (18), and (very front) Maria (19). Photo sent in by Faith.



Rubi (17),
Brazil.

PHOTOPAGE

Here's a pic of a clown we all live with.— Aaron (25). (Sent in by some girls in Taiwan.)



Hey girls, looking for something? You say: "Where are all the boys?" Hey, here we are!! And wait, it might not look like it, but we're pretty much in the spirit!! Wanna know 'bout us? Write Dulce (18, in Spain) and you'll know the truth, all the truth, nothing but the truth!! Back row: L-R Daniel (17), John (17), Arturo (18), Juan Gabriel (16), Juan Andrés (17), Michael (18), Miguel Angel (16), Daniel (15) Front row: L-R Danny (18), Emmanuel (13).

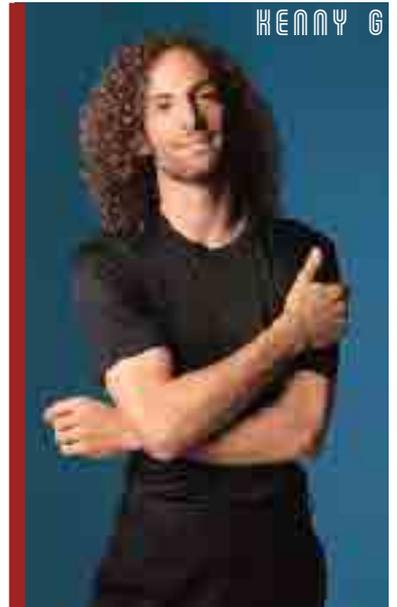


fame and glory

FAME &

KENNY G.

(From Rosa Amado, 18, Brazil:) A friend of ours met Kenny G. a few years ago in the Caribbean Islands, while she was on vacation. She gave him one of our posters and witnessed to him. She even has a picture with him while giving him the poster!



RICCHI E POVERI

(From Peter, Praise and Davide, Ukraine:) Last month someone in the Home had a burden to pray for "Ricchi e Poveri," a famous Italian music group. A few days later we found out that they were going to hold a concert in Karkov! We prepared an envelope that included a Christmas poster and a note. Davide, Chiara, Praise Irene (a friend) and Caterina (7) were able to meet them and spend the whole day with them. We were able to witness to them all, including their band and managers. They were very impressed by Caterina's good behavior. We talked about our work here and the fact that we home school the kids. They said it was very special to meet people like us, and that there are still people like us in the world. They thanked us for being such a help to them, and admired our way of life which they said was "unbelievable."

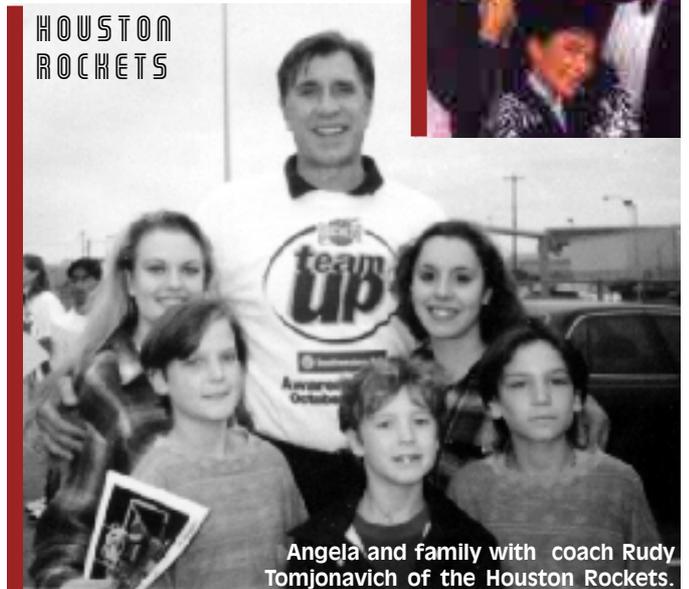
RICCHI
E
POVERI



THE HOUSTON ROCKETS

(From Angela, USA:) One day we stopped by a shelter to drop off some of our extra produce, and our friend told us that the Rockets basketball team were coming there that day! The supervisor invited us to come along if we wanted. They were so heavily guarded and protected, we could hardly get near them! The Lord did it, though, and we were able to take a few snapshots with a few of the players as well as the coach, Rudy Tomjonavich, and give them tracts too! They were sweet and really looked at the tracts.

HOUSTON
ROCKETS



Angela and family with coach Rudy Tomjonavich of the Houston Rockets.

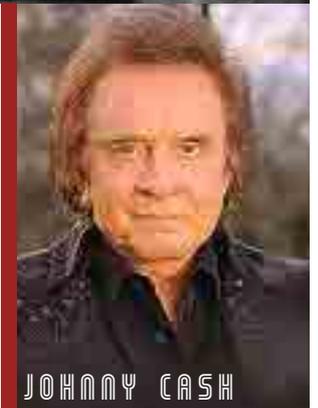
REPRINTS FROM FSM #108. PRINTED AUGUST 1988

MOTHER TERESA

(From Gideon and Heidi, Asia:) We have been ministering to the head of a local school. She used to be a Catholic worker in one of the Mother Teresa outreaches for lepers, so when Mother Teresa was here, our friend personally gave her the gift of a four-pack of tapes. She told Mother Teresa that it was the most wonderful children's music she'd ever heard (she's been teaching for 30 years!) and that she knew that Mother Teresa would really appreciate them. Mother Teresa thanked her and said she'd be sure to listen to them, TYJ!

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN

(From Etoile, Japan:) I was given a letter that was sent to the wrong address. It was from one of Richard Clayderman's musicians, saying that they would be playing in Tokyo at this time. I was able to meet them and give a good witness to Richard Clayderman and also to all of his musicians.



JOHNNY CASH

When I gave "The Magic of Music" poster to Richard, I asked him if he had had a chance to read the ones which he had been given a year earlier. He said yes and that he liked them very much, adding that the tapes were also very good and that he had given them to his son who plays them often. I told him that Father David likes him very much, saying that, "A man who plays such beautiful music must have a beautiful heart," and that he prays for him and hopes for him to know Jesus. Richard was very thankful and asked me to say thank you to Father David from him.

PIERRE TRUDEAU

(From Jeremiah and Pandita New Morning, North America:) One day while out I was having some car trouble and the car stopped right in a gas station. I looked up and saw the former Prime Minister of Canada, Pierre Elliot Trudeau, standing right next to me. I quickly





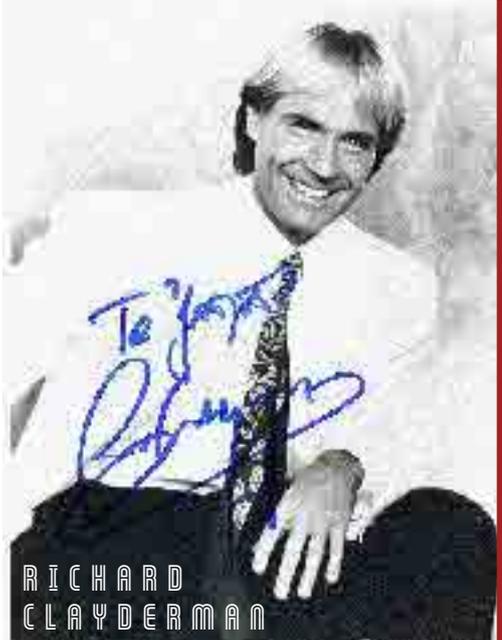
GLORY fame and glory

went and got a Poster out of my bag, which was "The New Heaven and the New Earth." I asked him, "Is it Pierre?" and he replied, "Yes!"

I offered him the Poster and said it was something I wanted to give him. He asked what it was and I replied it was a Christian message, to which he replied, "Oh! How nice! What group is this?" Since I knew he had met the Family before, I wanted to be open. I replied, "We used to be called the Children of God," which is the name he knew us by, and he seemed to remember us.

I told him we felt he was God's leader at the time he was Prime Minister, and seemed to really have the anointing for the job. He replied that he had had help, and that the Spirit is always with us, giving glory to God. He is a Catholic Christian and told me he goes to church every Sunday and reads his Bible as well as asking God every night, with his two sons, to bless them. We continued with other small talk, and then as I was about to leave, I felt the tug of the Holy Spirit to ask him to pray to receive Jesus into his heart. He replied "Sure! Why not?" He then repeated the prayer with me on the spot, TYU!

END OF REPRINTS



RICHARD
CLAYDERMAN

KATANINA TONG LAN HWA

From Christina of Marcus, Taiwan:) Tabitha (a sister from a nearby Home) and I met Katanina Tong Lan Hwa, and her business partner Kayo. Katanina was a famous actress and singer in Taiwan, Japan and Hong Kong years ago. Later she married a HK businessman, had a son and retired from her public ministry. For a while, she was into Buddhism and other religions, and strayed away from the Lord (she was originally Catholic).

Later, it turned out her husband used her name to borrow a colossal sum of money and left the debt to her, then divorced her for another woman! This whole ordeal was really devastating to her, to say the least. Some wealthy men offered to pay off her debt if she'd be their mistress. She declined their offer and preferred to pay back the debt herself, and so became an actress and singer again.

During her hard and trying time, her mother stayed with her and daily prayed for her, read verses to her and encouraged her. Slowly, the Word took effect in her heart again. And, slowly, she was able to pay back all her debt. Six years ago, she joined a cosmetic and health food business started by the Mormons. Daily as she prayed for guidance, the Lord kept giving her the verse "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

After six years of hard work, now she is one of the top executives in this company, which has branch offices in over 15 countries. Recently her company held a ceremony to honor her. When it came to her turn to give a speech, all she could do was cry as she exclaimed, "Thanks be to God! Thank God!"

Her eyes welled up with tears as she was recounting these experiences to us. She thanks God for helping her through her hardest time in life, and can see that the Lord has a reason in allowing her to go through all these breakings. She is writing a book to testify to what the Lord has done in her life, and is saving up money to found a hospital in Ali Mountain in Taiwan. I gave Katanina a copy of the GP Daily Might, and she was really touched. I

asked her to call us whenever she needs prayer and support, and we promised to visit each other again.

JOHNNY CASH

(From Annick, Norway:) I met Johnny Cash (famous American country singer from the 50s and 60s) last April here in Norway, and gave him some Family music tapes and posters. After recently hearing through the media of his sickness, which seemed very serious, we prayed a lot for him and his family. I wrote him a long letter, that I sent to him along with some CDs ("Fear Not," "Coloring the World," "The Lion, the Dragon and the Beast" and "You Can Be Healed"). I just got a phone call from his family and they told me, "Our prayers have been heard! Right now Johnny is sitting up in his hospital bed and is smiling! It works! It works!" PTL!

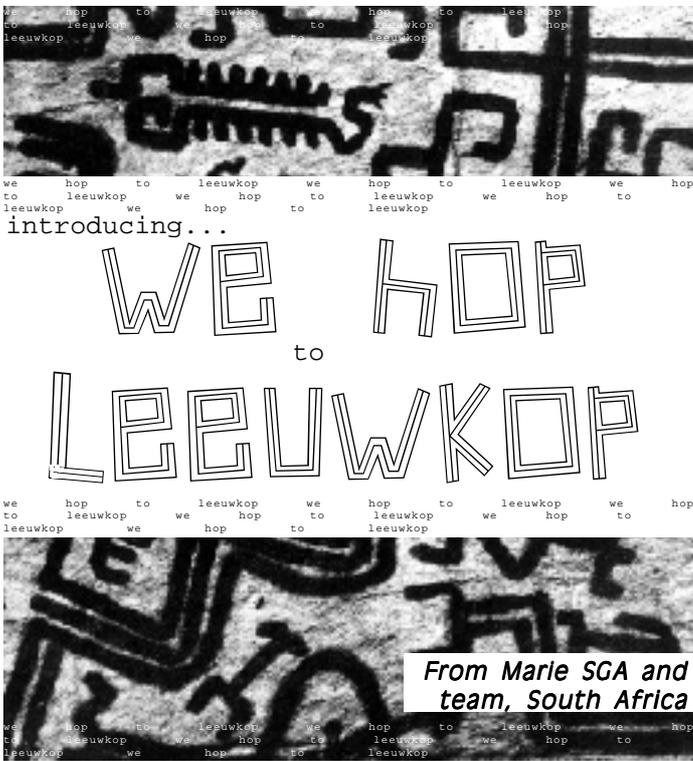


PIERRE TRUDEAU



MOTHER
TERESA





welcome from a warden.

The register book is signed and the team of five is swiftly moved on down the hall and into the hospital courtyard, where Sunday school is to be held. Time seems to fly as the area fills up with attending members. The air is teeming with tangible excitement and mirth over the upcoming stories, songs and skits from the Bible.

Class is assembled and songs ring through the atmosphere. Clapping follows the beat of the music and smiles mark the face of all those present. A hush falls over the group as prayer rules prevalent for a few moments, the weekly topic then being announced. The details of events are quickly related. Volunteers come forward to participate in the impromptu skit that is to be performed.

"I need a Pharaoh!" exclaims Marie, but before she can choose, three inmates queue to be listed in.

Soon Joseph, Pharaoh, guards and other leading figures have new representations. The act is underway, the narrator introduces the scene and the "actors" assume their positions. Seconds soon turn to minutes, and when the hour perks up, we've come to know a Bible story in a completely innovative and awesome way, that assuredly no one will ever forget.

Class wouldn't be complete if it ended without songs and united prayer. But neither does our job end with the closing of the week's session! Smaller groups of inmates gather around each of us individually for a few hours, where the topics range and questions fly. Many come for prayer, or even just a word of reassurance, encouragement, comfort, or perhaps out of interest to get a closer look into what our lives really entail.

BBBBRRRRING!

Jolted from sleep, a hand groggily fumbles towards the small nearby table in search of the sonorous alarm clock, desperately attempting to silence the strident ringing. Crooping a little further, it manages to nudge the occupant of an adjacent bed.

"Cherish!" says a drowsy voice. "It's past 7:30 AM!"

"Uhhh," comes the muffled response.

In half-comatose mode, the beds are slowly vacated and daybreak is rapidly turned into a bustling highway, as the habitual morning operations are put into effect.

"Ten minutes till we leave," shouts Marie, rushing to organize the last-minute details.

"Is David up?" Tuchi calls, as she sits inscribing the weekly Bible verse for the class ahead.

Meanwhile, David A. and Cherish, in an accelerated state, tune the guitars and pack them into the car. Finally, after an eternity of preparations, the slam of the car door is followed closely by a concise, earnest prayer, and the vehicle rolls out the driveway and onto the road. The drive is quiet, as everyone catches their breath while still trying to shake off the last bits of sleep.

Rolling to a halt at the Leeuwkop prison entrance, the driver's window is soon shaded by the face of a guard on duty, who with a low, gruff voice inquires, "Can I help you?"

"We are holding a Sunday School service at Medium B," replies David.

After a few seconds the car is again on the move, passing the grounds containing houses and other facilities. Rounding the bend, it starts up a dirt road and quickly approaches the entrance of the juvenile section.

A short walk leads them to the front door, where a loud knock is soon followed by the sound of clanging keys as the door opens.

"Good morning!" comes the cheerful



Everyone knows that goodbye is the hardest thing to say, and this is the case every Sunday morning ... well, afternoon, by the time we leave. But our mission is only partially complete, as inmates write consistently to share with us their heartcries, personal life stories, thankfulness for our concern, etc. They affirm the differences that they recognize in themselves—changes that have come about in their lives which are not only noticeable to us, but to the wardens and their own immediate families as well, who are grateful and extremely appreciative of our efforts.

Since the above testimony was written, the team involved in the juvenile prison ministry at Leeuwkop prison has changed, with Tuchi, Cherish, and David moving on to new horizons, and Kerenina (16), Megan (15), James (15), Gabriel (Italian), Stephen (South African), and Praise (Danish) being added to the only one left of the original team: Marie.

Here are some portions of some of the letters we've received from those attending our weekly classes:

* "I want everybody to know how good life can be with Jesus. All I need is faith, because sometimes I feel trapped in my own body. I don't know if it's just me or others too. Well, I think that's how I'm made. But by going to class I don't even feel it. You don't have to worry, because I'm reading my Bible—or shall I say, the map that's going to take me to Heaven ..."

* "Friends, I will always keep you in my memory and heart. You have been a light on my ways, you shared with me in my distress, and you have helped develop my faith. I will always owe you a debt of thanks in my life!"

* "So tell me, the day I repented, all the angels of God rejoiced in Heaven? Well, it's harder to do right than to do wrong, but I know I will step Satan low in the ground, and I will lift Jesus higher, so high that Satan won't be able to get there. What a wonderful group of people Jesus sent us! And to tell my feelings—if you ever leave, I think I will cry! I have to thank the Lord that He sent you to us!"

During the last 1-1/2 years, we have been able to actively participate in the rehabilitation program instituted by the South African Department of Correctional Services in Leeuwkop Prison at Medium B, a juvenile section of the prison hosting up to 750 inmates. Working with the juveniles is a dream come true for all of us privileged to be a part of this wonderful ministry to the poor in spirit! It's

been beautiful to watch the boys slowly change from hardened criminals into caring young men.—To see them come to a better understanding of the Scriptures through the many Bible classes that have been offered, and watch them grasp the basic leadership skills that have been promoted therein, thereby making Jesus paramount in their lives! We now have about 50 students in our Sunday school classes, and have found deep fulfillment in this unique highlight of our week!



The Lord inspired us with the story on page 605 of GT1 (the story of the little prayer group who decided to pray for the worst guy in town, who then got saved within a week, etc.). We presented it as a challenge to our 50 students who come on a weekly basis, so they picked the worst guy in their juvenile section. All of us, both inmates and outmates (ha!) decided to center our prayers on this guy for a week and see what would happen. This guy was in solitary confinement at that time, for having instigated fights (including stabings, etc.) the week before.

He is the leader of one of the most popular prison gangs here, and has 300 other inmates under his command! This means others do the dirty work for him at his command, while he just sits back and watches. This young man was not one to be trifled with, and many live in fear and trembling of his wishes.

A week and a half later, we went to the prison to bid farewell to one of the pillars of our work who was to be released the following day, only to find out that he was not due to be released till later on. Since we were there, we figured we might as well redeem the time! We got some of our main guys together for a surprise informal meeting, and started talking about this guy we were all praying for, everyone checking to see that the others were remembering to pray for him as well.

One of the guys related to us some details regarding this guy's particular

gang, and explained that normally, he would have taken the prison laws into his own hands, since he has many men to execute his slightest wishes, even though he's in solitary. Our friend continued: "Instead, he said he's not getting involved! He wants to go home and doesn't want to be in trouble anymore! He never would have done that normally!"

This inmate then persuaded us to go and personally witness to the guy in his



solitary cell. So after a brief prayer, off we went into the confinement area and ended up meeting this skinny scrawny, short dude. He was the type of kid that looked barely able to defend himself, much less command the respect of over 300 men, and the fear of many others besides! God bless Gabriel who went on the attack and started witnessing to him, and got him saved! What a testimony of the Lord's power of prayer!! Under normal circumstances we wouldn't have been allowed into those areas, as they are to remain unseen to the "public eye," but due largely to prayer, and having connections in the right places due to being part-time chaplains, things turned out okay! The warder that was leading us around even gave us some personal prayer requests! Ha!!

We want to give the Lord all the honor for what has been accomplished here, and to Mama and Peter, as we couldn't have made it without the beautiful vision imparted to us via the latest Letters, especially those on hearing from the Lord in proph-



ecy, as we can honestly say that only following the Lord in prophecy helped us to accomplish what we have.

Love from Marie (22), James (15), Megan (15), Kerenina (16), Stephen (26), Praise (43), and Italian Gabriel (44).



In light of Mama's counsel on martial arts in "Mama's Memos No.5" (ML #3148, GN 753), I wanted to tell how the Lord helped me once

While out witnessing, I had met a very sweet girl. She got saved and her whole life was changing. She was having Bible classes and was considering joining the Family. One day she invited me to a concert, and said she would also invite a boy, a friend of hers. During the concert I kept witnessing to this girl and also to her friend. After the concert, the friend got very angry and upset at me. It turned out that he was this girl's boyfriend, and he said that all the things he had been working on for years in trying to win this girl, I had ruined in just a few days.—It was really the Lord who had changed her, but of course he couldn't see that.

He got so mad that he started hitting and beating me quite hard. I had never really been into fighting, and especially since I had my young son, Thomas, with me, I didn't want to get into a fight. So I just tried to get away from him and appease him. He called me names, said I was a coward and tried all he could to get me to fight, so he would have more reason to hurt me. After a while he left, but then returned and started hitting me again, and this time even ripped my shirt off me. When he finally left I was a bit bruised, but thank the Lord I didn't really get hurt too bad, and got safely home.

About a week later, while out witnessing, I heard someone behind me, so I turned around to offer them a MO Letter. It was the same boy who had been

TAKING A BEATING

fighting me the week before! Now he had one arm in a cast. As soon as he saw me, he quickly walked away. A few days later I was able to contact the girl again, and heard that his arm had been broken in his fight with me! Though I had never hit him once, somehow, either by the way he hit me or by the Lord's intervention, he broke his own arm!—Maybe the Lord even sent one of his beasts as described in "Victory '97" (ML #3151, GN 758) to help me in the battle. Whatever it was, this has always been a reminder to me that the Lord is always with me, and is able to help in a very real and tangible way. I'm sure the boy himself will never forget that fight, and hopefully have more of a fear of the Lord for the rest of his life.

"The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." (Exo. 14:14)

**Peter N.
Thailand**

MY VERY OWN BOREALIS

The very first time I sat alone in front of *Family Fun* 16-17, where it shows the Aurora Borealis at Camp Laurentide, I suddenly felt a presence and my eyes were glued to the beautiful light show I was watching. The Lord reminded me that several years ago, while living out in the countryside, He had showed us another astonishing light show of the Aurora Borealis, one balmy summer evening in late July. That summer there was a lunar eclipse also, and the moon had turned "red like sackcloth." There was a huge circle of light directly hovering over only our cottage. The light show we watched was full of amazing lights, colors, flowers blooming and curtains opening and closing. It was truly an incredible sight to behold!

**Joy Michael
Canada**

SOME PAT PRICE

Remember the old MO Letter "Pat Price" (ML #387)? I don't know if it's related, since the "Pat Price" in Dad's dream was a woman, but there was an interesting British documentary on TV that presented how sometimes different intelligence services have used people with ESP powers. The program dealt mainly with the US organizations—the SRI, DIA and CIA—using people that are so called "remote viewers," who can see objects, landscapes, etc., at far distances in their minds—even on the other side of the world. One of the main pioneers of this project was a man called Pat Price! He was employed by the three above-mentioned organizations, but died in 1975. The project was then continued by a colleague called Ingo Swan, another "remote viewer" with strong powers. It was quite an interesting program.

**Isaiah
Sweden**

DESCRIPTION: Poem.

Topic: REPORT OF A RECENT JETT AND JUNIOR TEEN MEETING IN OUR CITY.

From: ANGEL (15), INDIA. Recently on a hot summer day,
The JETTs and teens of Hyderabad went to the park to play;
To play some football and get in the know:
The Word and Jesus are cool, man. Yo!
We had lots of fun playin' in the heat,
And after that, of course, we took time to drink and eat.
But the most important thing I learned that day
Was that hearing from the Lord is so important, hey!

THERE IS A TIME AND A PURPOSE FOR EVERYTHING!

VERY VERY TRUE!

I was in my early twenties when I met the Family, which was changing from the *Children of God* to the *Family of Love* in those days. I come from a traditional Catholic Portuguese family. My father made my sister and me go to mass every Sunday. When my father died I was 18, and I just went wild, trying all the things I thought I had missed while under his control.—My mother didn't have much control over me. To make a long story short, after traveling, experimenting and getting disappointed with humanity for different reasons, I ended up with a nervous breakdown and in need of psychiatric treatment.

As the quote goes: "It takes an impossible situation for God to do a miracle." And there it was—the perfect setup for me to meet the Family. And that's exactly what happened! One day, after already having been introduced to the Home in my town, I went with them to a disco (very popular in those days—part of the witnessing ministries). We were sitting down having a drink and talking when I looked up to see a sparkling, gorgeous smile that just made me melt. Alas, she was on her way to witness to my best friend, who was sitting close by. But I had my connections—the fisherman was an old friend of mine. We had been close friends before he had joined the Family. I told him that it would really help my deepening of convictions (I had already gotten saved) if I could be assisted by the awesome woman I had seen going past me to talk with a friend of mine. Since he was aiming to please, my request was granted.

Did I say I was going to make a long story short?! Well, about 20 years passed, and she is the mommy of my nine wonderful children. She is still gorgeous and I wouldn't trade anything that happened to me for the world!!!

Barz
Portugal

CROSS-EYED AND STAMMERING

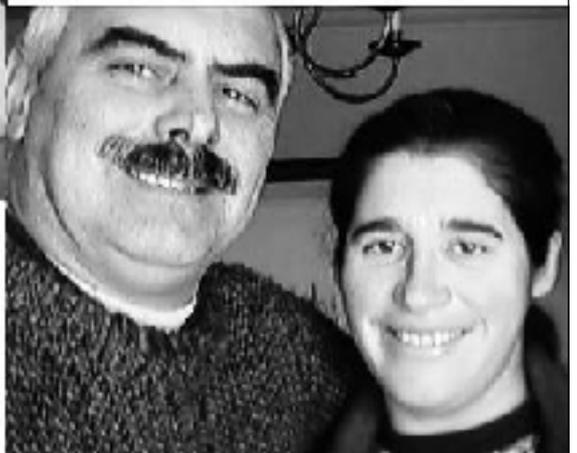
I had an experience that goes along with what the Lord told us in the prophecy warning the young people against imitating homosexual behavior. (See ML #3156; GN 761.) When I was a preteen I had a sweet classmate who had a severe problem with stammering. She was very shy and introverted, and everybody made fun of her. I also started imitating her, but to my horror, I suddenly started stammering real bad! I got really scared and snapped out of it. But that was a lesson the Lord taught me that sobered me up. Also my cousin used to cross her eyes for fun, imitating people that had that problem, and she became cross-eyed and had to use correctional glasses.

Praise
Romania



Still at it, 20
years past! TY!!!

Zee little pigeons



GHOSTLY TUNES

FROM ANDREW GREENEYE, USA:

When John Denver graduated to the Other Side, he came to visit me a number of times. At first he was in transition, still down here watching the investigation of his crash, etc., and said he felt uneasy. George Burns and Bing Crosby came to greet him and help him adjust, reassuring him that he could still write and sing from beyond the veil.

A couple days later, he came meekly asking if I would catch a song from him. I

said yes. He didn't want to disturb me that night, so we made a deal that he would wake me in the morning with the tune for the song. We agreed, and the next morning I woke up to this beautiful little tune! He sang about a special place in Heaven called "Memory Fountain," where lovers go to gaze at loved ones—those here on Earth that they had to leave behind. You can reach into the fountain and see and feel their presence, and it's a comfort and soothes away the pain of missing them. This helps keep you until you get to actually see them later. I'll be putting this song on tape and sending it in. TYL!

Also, Bing Crosby sent me another song about all these famous composers and actors up in Heaven, gathered around the grand piano and they all sing different parts to the song. "Ba ba ba boo—a Holy Ghost song to you!" I'll send this song in too.

HE SANG ABOUT A SPECIAL PLACE IN HEAVEN CALLED "MEMORY FOUNTAIN," WHERE LOVERS GO TO GAZE AT LOVED ONES

WHAT KING DID YOU SAY YOU WERE?

FROM MARIA (POLISH, OF GABE), RUSSIA:

One prayer day we decided to listen to our spirit helpers. We were curious as to who they are and what they have to tell us. Honestly speaking, it was difficult for me to have faith that I'd hear something and that I'd get the name also.—I'm just learning to prophesy more.

Right after the prayer I got the name: KING RICHARD! "Oh no!" I thought. "What king did you say?" Once again I heard the name: "RICHARD THE LIONHEARTED!" I saw a picture of a man on a white horse with a big sword in his hand. He looked like a majestic and strong knight. Then I saw his face. He had dark blond wavy hair, a beard and blue eyes. He smiled. At first I honestly thought it was only my imagination. I didn't believe that Richard the Lionhearted could be our spirit helper. Number one, it was the first time that I was going to hear from a spirit helper and I expected to hear from somebody kind of "unknown." Instead, here was some kind of a king I'd hardly heard about! I wasn't even sure if he was a good king, I just knew that he had lived a long time ago in England. How could I give a prophecy from somebody like

this? Wouldn't it be "safer" to hear from somebody else? It would be so much easier to believe! And number two, what in the world would an ENGLISH KING be doing in such a teeny weeny Home in the middle of SIBERIA, with little nobodies like us?

So I prayed to Jesus that if this message was really from

Him, that He would encourage me somehow. And He gave me a beautiful prophecy where He encouraged me to not be faithless but believe, and to listen to the whispers in my heart.

And here is the little message that Richard the Lionhearted gave us:

(Richard the Lionhearted speaking:) Hallo, my dear ones! I'm Richard the Lionhearted.

I SAW A PICTURE OF A MAN ON A WHITE HORSE WITH A BIG SWORD IN HIS HAND. HE LOOKED LIKE A MAJESTIC AND STRONG KNIGHT. THEN I SAW HIS FACE. HE HAD DARK BLOND WAVY HAIR, A BEARD AND BLUE EYES. HE SMILED.

You may wonder what a knight of England is doing in Russia, but Jesus has a special mission for me. Jesus sent me to you, the children of David, to teach you to fight. For I tell you, each and every one of David's children is very special to Jesus. He wants you to learn to fight. I'm here to tell you how to fight. I'm here to encourage you to fight, to fight with the lion's heart, to fight with courage, to teach you how to hit the Devil where it hurts.

As the days go evil, as the days go dark, you have to learn to fight. You have to learn how to wield the weapons of the Spirit. I'm here to give you strength. I was in many battles, I fought countless enemies. And even though my work was the work of the flesh, the Lord gave me the "lion's heart," and He gave me the heart of a king, and the heart of love and compassion to fight for those who were in need.

And so Jesus gives you the hearts of kings, the heart of the Queen of Heaven, the Holy Ghost, to help you to fight the spiritual battles that are before you. When you are in the battle and the foe is all about, don't relax and sit down, because you'll get killed! When you are in the battle and you see your brothers being killed, you won't care to sit! And behold I tell you: you are in the battle! And there are brothers and sisters dying on both of your sides.

I'm here to teach you how to fight. I'm here to teach you how to persevere. I'm here to teach you how to be the children of David with lions' hearts! For behold, Jesus looked at you and in this He found you weak. That's why He sent me to you: to teach you. *(End of prophecy.)*

I checked in the Letters to find out who Richard the Lionhearted was and what Dad thought about him but I didn't find much. Later we saw a documentary about him. I didn't understand much of it since it's in proper British English, but what stood out the most to me and what they emphasized most in that documentary was that Richard was a great fighter.—He knew how to fight and he loved to fight! How about that?! Isn't it wonderful to hear from our spirit helpers? I love you!

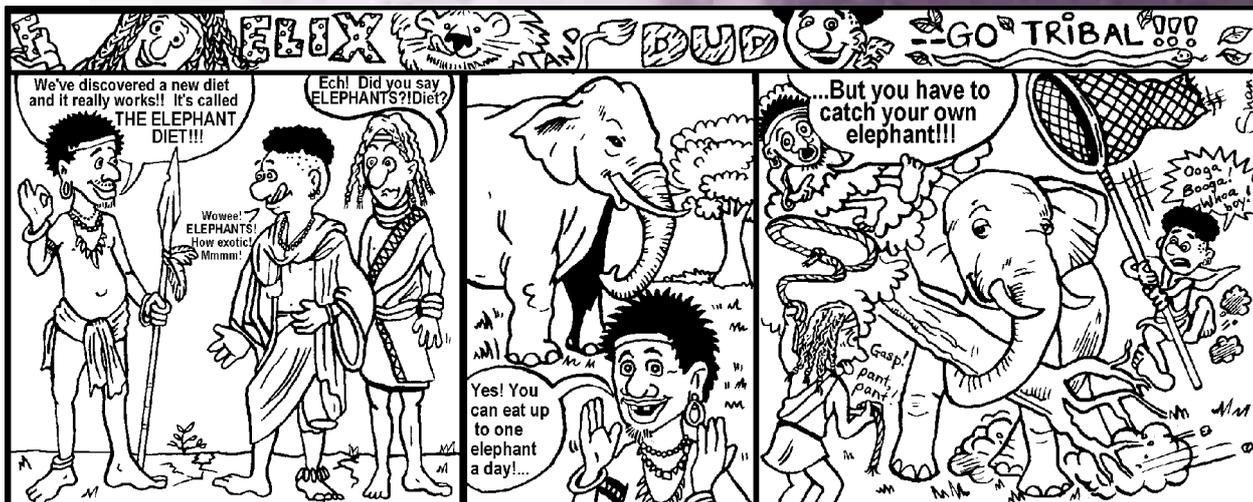
ARAB BANKERS FROM BEYOND

FROM MEEKNESS, MIDDLE EAST:

When we had the "Releasing of our Spirit Helpers" prayer, a Middle-Eastern man, Mr. S. (founder of the Arab Bank, and numerous other libraries, foundations, and cultural centers) spoke to us. He said, "He (Jesus) has come to me and asked me to help you, to teach you, to educate you in the ways of the world, the ways of raising the money that you need to do the good job that you are doing in my land." We were all so inspired to know that the Lord had sent this successful businessman to help us with our fundraising. The very next day, I received a call from a top secretary saying she wanted to do more to help us. We didn't

**HE (JESUS) HAS COME TO ME
AND ASKED ME TO HELP YOU,
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realize it then, but this secretary works for the director of a foundation by the same name as this man who came to us in the spirit! PTL!—It looks like Mr. S. is already influencing people on our behalf. ■



THE YEAR OF



CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

YOUTH CAMP 1998!

A FREE ZINE EXCLUSIVE



HOW IT ALL BEGAN ...

The year is Anno Domini nineteen-hundred and ninety-eight. The place: South Africa. The situation is critical. With over 60 young people scattered across the country—many of whom have never met—it is imperative that the preparations for the very first youth camp to be held on the continent get underway immediately! The reaction: Baie Lekker, man*!

(*Translation: Afrikaans for "Totally Awesome!"—Or something to that effect.)

The preparations went unnoticed by most of the future attendees, but for the VSs and members of, well, we call them the "Cape Town One" Home (where the VS's and Lisa CRO were staying), things were hectic. The first and strangely enough

(Note from the Authors:) In late February the African continent's first youth camp was held! (As described in Grapevine #33.) Not much more has been heard about Africa and the surrounding areas as far as individuals, Homes, etc., but with more and more Family coming down here, there sure is a lot to tell!

The Lord has been speaking to many about this being a "year for Africa," and we wanted to share a little of the action, introduce ourselves and what we do, etc.—As well as, of course, convince as many as are called to come join us here.

Lots of love,

Danni and Tuchi for the young people in Africa.



ABOVE: WE CONQUER TABLE MOUNTAIN! AND BOY, WAS THE WIND COLD UP THERE! PITY YOU CAN'T SEE THE GOOSE-BUMPS, BUT TRUST ME, THEY'RE THERE. BRAVE PIONEERS WHO MADE IT INTO THE PICTURE, IN UNSPECIFIED ORDER: BEN, PHILIP, MARIA, TOD, ARTHUR, SAM, JEREMY, MELODY, CELESTE, JENNY, CHERISH, CHRISTY, ROSY, TIM, LILY, EMILY, JAMES, PAUL, KATIE, DANIEL, DANNI, ANGEL, SHARIF & KEVIN. PHOTO BY JOHN.

most pressing problem was finding the venue for the Camp. Ideas and prayers flew back and forth, and finally it was settled. The destination of choice: the mother city of Cape Town, southern-

AFRICA

most city in Africa. This decision didn't keep some adventurers from trekking the continent from as far afield as Kenya and Mauritius (this is not a dream), sweeping over the harsh African terrain, ferocious predators and blistering weather from the comforts of modern aircraft.

*Meet the Camp's Hosts and Organizers:
(Ages withheld for personal security reasons.)*

- Lisa CRO
- Andrew (of Phoebe, VS)
- Phoebe (of Andrew, VS)
- Ben (of Tirzah, VS)
- Tirzah (of Ben, VS) — *Our highest respect for this hard-working soul, who ran around non-stop both before and throughout the camp, masterminded the scheduling and saw to it that we all did our jobs. Tirzah gave birth to her second daughter a week after the camp ended.*
- Eva (main provisioner, who almost single-handedly kept the camp running food-wise, all the while making trips back and forth bringing the needed items, GBH!)

Ben (of Tirzah), bravely going where angels fear to tread, headed up responsibility for finding the spot, and

steep hill overlooking a breathtaking scenic view of the ocean and the jagged rocks lining Cape Town's meandering coastline stretching into the distance in a maze of wide bays and jutting peninsulas.

By nightfall, even the twinkling lights of Cape Town's suburbs set against the dark shadows of its mountainous landscape were far surpassed by the beauty of the Southern skies. The camp offered a full-scale panoramic view of stars unseen by 80% of the world's population. If people think that nothing compares to African sunrises and sunsets (both of which we had tremendous view of—the former if you were up that early) then the size and brightness of the stars we saw must've been unparalleled. It was as if you could reach out and pluck them from the sky. This romantic setting was the scene for more than groups of eager star-gazers, as there was frequently to be heard (it was way too dark to see, fortunately) loud rustling in the bushes surrounding the camp after lights out, which the rangers reassured us could not be caused by baboons, who usually took to their dens for the night.

There were some stipulations laid down by the Nature Park as conditions for making use of this camp, which was generally reserved solely for scout groups or

real nature freaks visiting from places like Germany and the US with the sole objective of analyzing the mating habits of aging coelacanths and taking urine samples from sea slugs. Ben, who successfully negotiated the renting of the campsite, explained that they need not worry, he and Tirzah would write a compulsory report on what we had studied while there and how we had "appreciated nature." Considering the great amount of interaction between

the genders, I would say the goal of "appreciating nature" was accomplished without much difficulty.

THE ARRIVAL

Also: How to survive a baboon raid!

"Is everyone here yet?" "Who's still missing?" Such lingo was rampant among the bustle of exhaustedly impatient attendees. For over two-thirds of the partici-

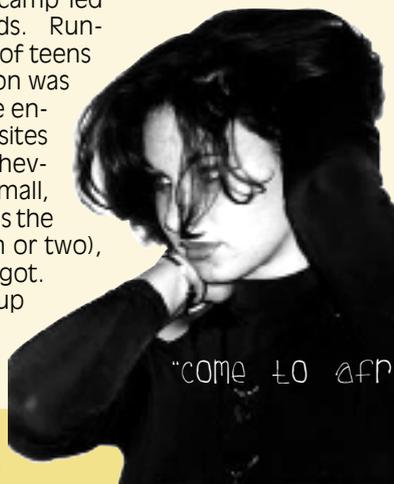
THE AUTHORS: (L2R) TUCHI (18) AND DANNI (19)

had some memorable sight-seeing escapades besides, when on occasion his quest for the perfect camp led him to some less-than-friendly neighborhoods. Running on a bit of a tight schedule with busloads of teens due to arrive on Sunday Feb. 22nd, the situation was desperate. Unwilling to give up and subject the entire youth population to one of several campsites which were best described as replicas of disheveled, dilapidated and unhygienic, fenced-in, small, cockroach-infested concentration camps (minus the gas chambers, except for maybe a boys' room or two), Ben claimed a miracle. And that was what he got.

The end result was a very nice, well-set-up camp situated in a nature reserve at the very southwestern tip of Africa, Cape Point. This nature reserve is quite large, taking in hills (though I still think they were mountains!), cliffs, hiking trails, beaches and the very famous Cape of Good Hope. The camp sat on a



HERE'S AN ALL-GIRL SNAP TAKEN ON "FAMOUS CHARACTER DRESS UP NIGHT." GIRL POWER, YEAH! PHOTO BY KEVIN.



"come to africa, guys"

pants, the drive down was more than just long: it involved sardine-like seating in heated vehicles, and for some there were *days* of such excruciating conditions. (We DO NOT recommend usage of vehicles in this manner.) We can all agree, however, that it was well worth the unpleasant smells, aching bums, bumpy roads and body friction caused by the closeness.

Finally ... van doors flung open, causing a domino effect of people tumbling out of the heavily populated vehicles. Bags were strewn far and wide while people looked for their belongings. Arms and hands flew in a frenzy to get the hug quota in; intertwined with the

"I BELIEVE I CAN FLY!" WE BELIEVE YOU, TOD. WAY TO GO! THIS FREEZE-FRAME SHOT TAKEN ON EXCURSION DAY, SEA POINT, CAPE TOWN. PHOTO BY DANNI.



greetings was the warning to watch yourself — baboon raids were not to be taken lightly. Upon our arrival, the kitchen had just experi-

enced the extent to which baboons will go to quell their insatiable desire for food, their stomach being their sole motivator. Believe me, being confronted by a baboon is not a delightful initiation to any camp—unless of course you plan to study such creatures.

The first day at any event should be one to remember; well, when you are constricted to the three hours of remaining daylight to find your way through the unfamiliar surroundings, that would leave a mark on anyone's mind. Unaware of the fuel used by the generator (so alienated were we that electricity lines did not reach this isolated post), we were obliged to rest the first night without such lush commodities as electricity. Toilet and bathroom usage was advised to take place before the darkness around you caused a universal blindness lasting until the dawning of the next day. We were warned by the ranger to forgo adventuring while night was upon us — previous attempts (not our own) had met with tragedy. The unwillingness to be counted a man down kept us all close to home.

On the line of the first day it would be tragic to let the celebration of a "sweet 16" pass unnoticed. The nightmare of every birthday person, since pre-Charter days, is to have a chorus of exuberant, cake-seeking, inharmonious singers eager for the chance to engage in the ceremonial procedures and initiation of all those "coming of age." Cherish was subjected to this unwelcome festivity, but we agree she enjoyed it, no matter what she'd say otherwise. James also met a similar "fate" when his birthday fell on another camp day. Our wishes and prayers are

with them both, it certainly was "A Birthday to Remember."

GET OUT!

—And other substitutes for sex!

Bittersweet memories. The first day of the camp (the morning after the "great black-out") we set out on a zealous expedition down the hill (mountain) in search of a distant beach visible from our camp by binoculars only. Everybody seemed to have boundless energy, despite the fact that everyone had stayed up late chatting. With the boys in the lead, the great exodus began.

It took several hours before all could be accounted for at the beach. The sight which greeted me upon my arrival there was truly amusing. Perhaps it was the oversight of the fact that this beach is situated on the Atlantic side that was responsible for the scenario. (This should be interpreted as freezing.) Despite winds strong enough to blow away small cars (this is an impression), the braver souls of this expedition, risking goose-bumps and cramped muscles, took to the tidal pool for a rather short-lived game of boys-against-girls ball tackle.

One by one the die-hard swimmers left the icy water to the comfort of warm towels. Shortly thereafter an impromptu session of touchdown began. Some people stayed away from this game as it was heavily populated by competitive members of the male species. Just when things were starting to warm up, someone remembered that we needed to get back at camp for class and, glad for the excuse to abandon the chilly beach, the entire assembly scurried off with the all the enthusiasm of lemmings.

As far as I can remember, our get-outs were equally as fun and challenging throughout the camp's duration. There was one especially long excursion led by Ben who had

organized a guided tour of the Cape of Good Hope with one of the rangers. We were to meet this ranger at the Cape of Good Hope where we would climb a few different pinnacles, which apparently gave some fantastic views of various famous spots.

When we had finally made the walk to the Cape of Good Hope, we understood why the ranger had used his car. But being young people with reputed limitless energy to dispose of, we forged ahead in a long procession, all the while trying to make out the



THIS IS WHAT GET-OUT AT CAMP DID TO TOD, 17. TAKING A SNOOZE AFTER THE NOTORIOUS CAPE OF GOOD HOPE HIKE. PHOTO BY DANNI.

voice of our guide who expounded

loudly on lengthy chapters memorized from Portuguese and South African history books, in apparent competition with the wind.* For those who managed to retain some of what he said, his store of knowledge on the area and its background was fascinating.

(*NOTE: This place is recognized as the second windiest spot in the world.)

THE SECURITY MAN

shall neither slumber nor sleep ...

In your life in the Family, have you ever taken the security fellow for granted? At this camp, we learned his full potential. First let's give credit to the souls who put their lives in "danger" for our safety. Placed in the Hall of Fame are Daniel and Kevin. These brave, daring young men, I'm sure, could fill you in on some of their encounters, but since they are not reachable momentarily, we will settle for recollections.

Because of the baboons' curiosity for our living quarters, we were forced to bolt the doors behind us. Who ever said that monkeys aren't intelligent? (Darwin needed some mental backing for his doctrines, and it's quite possible that their mental capacity far surpassed his own.) The baboons would reach up and pull the door handles down.

The bathrooms held a great amount of interest for these beasts, and in an attempt to quell their intrusions, the doors were constantly being locked. When dark set in and the lights were out, any late night troopers groping in the starlight towards the bathroom unbeknownst to the security men's keen eyes were in trouble. Sharif and Danni were among a few who, before being heroically rescued, heard the bolts clang shut and dreadingly anticipated a cold night in the bleak stone bathrooms.

With all hope rapidly diminishing, help



came— whether in the form of the security troop or a wandering loafer—and fortunately no one did

end up spending a night in the bathroom.*

(* I remember nights when I'd hoist myself up onto my top bunk-bed and sit there for 45 min. or so weighing up my options before I decided that I'd rather endure a full bladder than take the 200 meter walk in the pitch dark [the generator was switched off punctually at 11:00 by our dear security men] to the toilet, at the risk of: 1. Being paid a surprise visit in the small cubicle by an uninvited primate while trying to find the toilet paper, look as fierce as possible brandishing the toilet-plunger, yell loudly to alert the security man on the other side of the camp and shoot up a prayer for the opportunity to live to tell the tale and make a hasty exit, forgetting to flush the toilet.



2. Or being blown away in my pajamas by gale-force winds.
3. Or taking a wrong turn and walking off the mountain.
4. Or—as one night actually happened to me—using the bathroom just before the security man came to lock up, leaving me helplessly resigned to spending the night in the showers, before I was rescued by what must've been an angel who heard my door-battering 10 minutes later. Whew! That was close!

Of course, there was always the option of traipsing across the

camp to the boys' dorms [during which time three of the previous four things could happen] and wake up the security man and employ him and his flashlight as an escort. [And face his wrath?]

I decided to stay in bed.)

(Note: Our dear security men stayed up way past their bed time for other than personal reasons throughout the camps duration, making just such escorting trips. Thanks, boys!)

As the camp days drew to a close and the lengthened unofficial evening activities worked their way into the night, the security guys found the job more taxing then before. The last evening, in their attempt to complete their job to the full they saw the starry sky unfold into a glorious dawn. It was certainly a loooooonnnnggg night. Thanks guys for your care!

PRAISE TIME!

Great tips for all ...

Overall, I'd say that the camp's schedule ran quite smoothly and things were well organized. There was a huge industrial kitchen with large industrial pots and pans, industrial mops and brooms, industrial oven, and industrious kitchen deacons. Angel, Cassandra, Katie, Claire and Sharmini went above and beyond the call of duty with fantastic meals and even snacks for every odd hour of the day and night. They saw to it that even the teen and YA boys had adequate intake. (This is more significant than you think. Science has proven that it would be a great deal easier to feed an army of ravenous baboons.) This was practically a full-time job, and on behalf of the other young people at the camp, I think this would be a good time to express our appreciation for all their hard work.

"We'd recommend you as the finest kitchen workers to any camp that needed grub, any hotel that needed a chef, any boys' school that was looking for a cook, any homeless-feeding project requesting sacrificial volunteers, any army seeking to recruit professional meal-makers, any ..."

Actually, no, just come to our Home! Ha! In all seriousness, though, thank you girls for all that you did to make the camp a success! We love you!

An honorable mention of the host of varied ideas that people came up with for PRAISE TIME. For each day of the camp there was somebody scheduled for each of the three praise times, and it was up to their own inventiveness to come up with something wild and wonderful/new and different for everybody to do. Some of the most memorable were:

(PEOPLE, FEEL FREE TO TRY THESE AT HOME!)

· "Be a missionary" Praise Time. This involved someone from each table (this Praise Time took place at lunch) being assigned to praise the Lord for something in a different language. We were whisked around the world with praises in Norwegian, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Afrikaans, Hindi, Chinese and the predictable, "American" and "Australian," etc.

· "These Famous Characters" Praise Time. On our Dress-Up night, everyone showed up as various strange people and things at dinner, and all present had to guess who they were. The planner of Praise Time that night asked everybody to stand up one at a time and praise the Lord in a manner synonymous with the character they were dressed up as. Some of them were hilarious!

· "Make a joyful noise" Praise Time. For this one, each table sang a praise song of their choice and the table voted as having sung with the least gusto had to do another one "on the spot."

· "Somebody Guess!" Praise Time. This was a bottle-breaker! Four brave and unsuspecting volunteers had to act out what they were thankful for. The funny thing was the amount of time some of them spent up there while people fired guesses, ranging from baboons (who was that?!) to submarines. Then it would turn out to be something like, "No, you guys, I'm thankful for fellowship here at the camp." Oh!

SKITS 'N' CLASSES!

(From Lisa:) During the keynote, prophecies from Jesus, Dad and David Livingstone were read that had been received specifically for this particular camp. These prophecies helped set the stage for what our Heavenly



counselors and shepherds wanted to have happen during the camp, and gave us some good tips on how to understand each other and lovingly interact during the days to come.

There was also a convicting and fun class about the Goals of '98 and practical steps we could take to implement these goals, helping to give a clearer picture of where we stand and what we need to aim for. When we came to the point of loving one another and

the field we have been called to work in, we read some eye-opening prophecies on prejudice and how we are to look at the people of Africa—or any nationalities, for that matter, different from ours. I also shared some of my experiences about respecting the individual and looking to their

hearts rather than the outward appearance and circumstances, and what a difference this can make in a person's life. Would you want to hear a few excerpts of what Jesus said?

"As I, Prince of a glorious Kingdom, came from Heaven down to Earth to learn the ways of Man, to win their hearts and bring them up to My glorious Kingdom, so must *you* learn through the things you suffer and experience, to have respect unto the lowly, as I do.

"Please know that it will not come naturally. It is something you will have to fight for, and I don't expect for you to be perfect or to know or understand it all. This is a deep matter, because it is not just something you can change on the surface by new guidelines, or rules, or even the ideals in the Word being put forth to My children. It is something that each and every one will have to pray about and try to implement in their own hearts for it to really take effect. It's a matter of the heart.

"If you could only see how I see these people, you would have no questions in your minds or hearts on how to treat them. It is because you see them as *you* see them. If you could only ask Me for the key of My sight. Ask Me to show you how I see these people.

"One of the keys is to ask Me for spiritual help from My spirit helpers who have been through so much and see things in a different light and in a different way. They see things through mature eyes. Many times, you have not experienced the events that would make you mature, but you can call upon My helpers to give you insight and a different viewpoint on people who are sick, people that are downtrodden, or people that are poor and have very little. You may have very little pity, and very little patience for people like that. But when you are weak, then I can be strong, if you seek My strength through My spirit helpers."

The attendees were excited to learn that although they are young and new to this very different field, they can avail themselves of the wisdom of the spirit helpers to reach and understand and relate to the local people and their different cultures and ways of

DRESS-UP NIGHT: (L2R) DANIEL (18), JAMES (16), MARIA PE (14), JOHN (18), TODD (17) AND TIM (20). PHOTO BY CHERISH.



doing things. Through the gift of prophecy we can learn from them and find the right keys to reach these nations, and mature very fast to do the job better.

We also had a class on vision and goals, about how to set personal goals and go about reaching them one step at a time, and not to look to circumstances and people to make things happen. In many respects our lives can be what we make them. At the end of the class each person took 20 minutes to individually pray about and make commitments to reach personal goals.

The class "Be a Missionary" also stirred us up to see all we can do and gave us itchy feet to get out and do the job.

EVENING ACTIVITIES

What the boys won't tell you!

What camp memoir would be complete without a listing of the evening events? However, due to space and length, as authors we decided to keep this to the "scheduled evening activities." We hope this is not inconvenient or a douse on inspiration levels.

Camps always entail a great deal of fun, and this is more than evident when the evening activities come 'round. The inspirations, games, dance nights, talent night and dress-up proved to have substantial participating parties, of both genders that is. (Comment: Pity was expressed for the exhausted male species who were booked for dances days in advance, not to mention the queue that formed if a booking fell through. Clear exertion of all energy was written on their faces as they cheerfully greeted the next girl, well disguised by the sometimes faltering smiles. Boys, you were our heroes those nights!)

Talent night presented us with many

All in all it was an evening to remember, not only for the humorous breaks in acting, dancing, writing and performing but the wild enthusiasm with which everyone participated, reaching the climax of overall FUN.

TAPPING INTO THE SOURCE

— The Year for AAFRRICCAA!

According to the Chinese zodiac, this is not the year of the baboon. According to the Lord, however, it is the YEAR FOR AFRICAN SHEEP! This year the South African Homes enjoyed their first CRO visitation since the work was reestablished in late 1994. Lisa was able to do the rounds of most of the Homes in South Africa as well as the many other African nations the Family has pioneered.

One of the most exciting classes of the camp was the "Be a Missionary" class.

Andrew and Phoebe led the meeting which was needless to say very challenging! It was a time to think about our calling as missionaries to Africa and hear some of the fantastic testimonies of things the Lord is doing for our Family here. Then out came the map! Andrew had a collection of little red dot stickers, which



The Young People of the SURF HOME

GEORGE, SOUTH AFRICA

in cartoon form

ART BY DANNI

budding pros. Although many of the contestants' names have faded from recollection, the acts themselves remain indelible. This does not in any way detract from the excellence with which they performed, and a big hand of applause is rightly bestowed on all present.

The diaper changing episode is one always present, however; Super Dad Sharif gave it an authentic flavor, opting for an entire bath and diaper change, completing the task in under 5 minutes. Tristan was an easy child to please, but Dad equally fulfilled his part.

would represent a Family Home on the continent. With the help of the gathered assembly, these were pasted onto the map on the correct site (country, city, town). Each team represented by our gathering had its representative go up and put their Home on the map. Naturally there were some brethren from farther-flung African destinations who were not present at the camp, but we didn't forget about them, and pumping people power, we managed to come up with a lot of dots. Africa had "Family measles" by the looks of it.

We also had some good P&P to hear from the "Man Upstairs" on His will for us personally, as well as for the African work. The Lord has clearly shown us all that this is the year for Africa, and we're all planning on taking full advantage of it. Already there's talk of some wild adventurous faith trips into "virgin" Africa from here and the volunteers signing up are many. There's an overall feeling of excitement for all of us here as we prepare for what the Lord has promised is going to be a real ride—of the African kind! (This does not always mean travel by elephant, camel, wildebeest, zebra, springbok, ostrich, crocodile or hippo, but just leave yourself open to whatever the Lord has for you in this exotic mission field!)

One of many stats quoted at this meeting that I happen to remember is the population of Africa. Anybody wanna take a guess? We tried, but it took a little while before we got it. Know what? There are approximately 700 million people inhabiting this continent, which is the second largest continent population-wise on the global expanse—and only a handful of people to reach them. Africa has endless CTP opportunities, openings for show groups, "invading" churches, reaching the top, faith trips, prison ministries, and the list is endless.—Plus the means to support these worthy causes! We could go on all day, and further try the patience of the *Zine* team, solely describing this fascinating place and the great need there is, but we're staking our claim here and inviting any of you crazy (but wise) pioneers to come and see for yourselves: AFRICA IS AWESOME! And we can use YOU (especially if you're a guy—no offense girls, you're welcome too!)

Who could've thought of a better way to conclude such a collage of extravagantly fervid journalistic fever than in (an adaptation of) the words of one of the Bible's most famous passages:

"And what more shall I say? For the time shall fail me to tell of inspirations, and of African pioneers, and of hearing from the Lord, and of prayer, of prophecy also, and of unity, and of all the classes:

"Who, through the enthusiasm of their organizers, subdued boredom, wrought 'righteousness,' obtained participation, stopped the sounds of snores,

"Quenched the violence of spiritual hunger, escaped the wiles of the Enemy, out of Word were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of baboons.

... "And all these having obtained a good report (from the hosts) through faith, received not the continuation of the camp: God having provided some better thing for us ... (Another youth camp?)

— Adapted from Hebrews 11:32-34, 39-40

HAVE YOUR ZULU AND USE IT TOO!

South African lingo in two minutes!

Yebo: Zulu for "Yeah!"

braai: Afrikaans (but used across the board) for Barbecue.

baie: Very; really (Afrikaans)

lekker: Cool, awesome, tasty (lit.) baie lekker!

robots: S. Africans mean "traffic lights" when they say

this.

ja (pronounced: yaw): Afrikaans for yes. Everybody uses this.

lank: Some strange S.A. English slang word used by young people meaning really, like as in "lank strange, if you ask me."

mielle: Don't ask for corn on the cob. They won't understand what it is, even though this is eaten throughout South Africa.

shosholoza: A Zulu mining song which became something of a national anthem (unofficially). This was sung off-key by Rugby fans of every color of the rainbow during the Rugby World Cup 1994 held in South Africa. (The S.A. "Springbok" team also won, by the way.)

Nkosi sikeleli Afrika: Zulu. It means "God bless Africa" and is the national anthem.

Shayawena: Also Zulu. This means you're gonna get a spanking. Or a "hiding" as the English speakers like to say.

Eina! This is what you yell when it happens. (Afrikaans for Ouch!)

bro (pronounced: brew): Bro, you know! The Afrikaans will say "boet" or "boetie".

china: "Hey, China, howzit goin'?" People call each other this, though it is not known why.

jol: This means a real party. As in "going out for a Saturday night jol."

Biltong: A favorite snack (Dried meat, often wild game—actually quite good!)

Remember the "Boer War"? Well, "boer" actually just means "farmer" in Afrikaans, it's what most of them were, though.

So, how well did you listen? Uh-huh. Here then, for the purpose of determining just that, is a very South African paragraph. This time you translate, I've got a headache!

"My boetie grows mielies. (He's a boer.) He even makes his own biltong, real lekker stuff! The other day I went hunting with him in the bakkie and the china drives through a red robot and barely missed hitting into this other oke! Eina! Anyway, we shot down a lank nice buck. To celebrate we went jol-ing that night—met some of the guys for a braai and beer. Then we sang 'Shosholoza' while watching the rugby match on TV."

Did you get it? Oh, you got stuck on the "bakkie"? Hold on to your "tekkie's" china, I've written a lank long section already, just get yourselves down here, y'all, 'cuz Africa's a real jol!

THANK YOU ...

To all those who had a hand in planning and organizing the camp. Thanks, EURCRO and our wonderful VJs for making it happen. And thanks to all you great guys & gals who came! It wouldn't have been the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE YOUTH CAMP 1998 without YOU! See y'all at the next one?!!

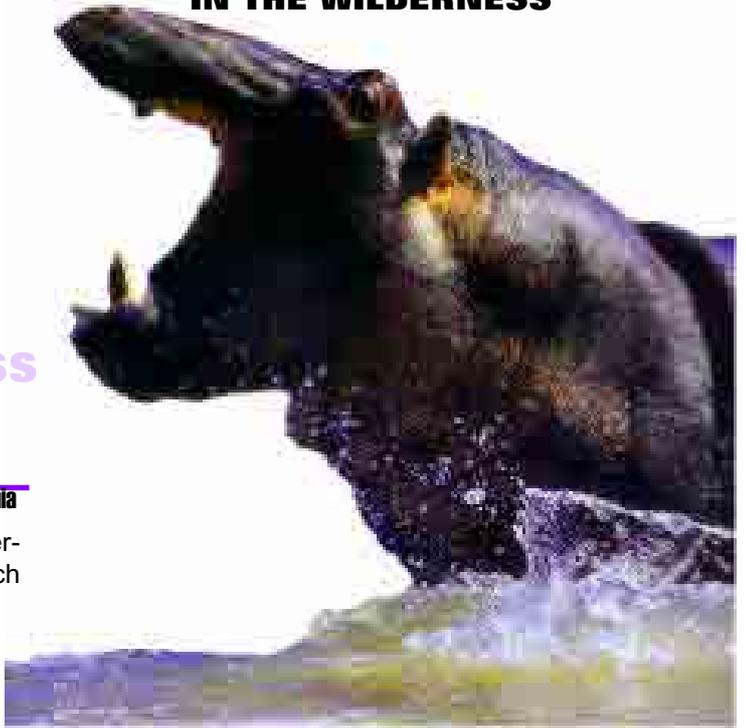
"... Roger that, command. This is S.A. Ziner '1', standing by. Over and out." ■



CRIES

IN THE WILDERNESS

WILDERNESS



THE WHIRLWIND THAT HIT ESTONIA

From Armi (16), Estonia

“ARRRGHHH! Imagine!” someone said. “It was perfect, the sun was shining, and we were going to the beach for a poster blitz ... and now this! Constant rain!”

“Just think, it’s July, the summer’s nearly over, and we’ve hardly even left the house.”

“Yes, and now because of the meetings in Budapest, our only driver and Russian—God bless them—are gone.”

Such was our conversation one late July morning as our plans were spoiled—once again—by rain. We had done hardly any witnessing because of the rain and lack of personnel, and it seemed impossible.

But where there is a will there is a way, and after praying and putting our heads together, we came up with a plan. As soon as the team was back from the Budapest meetings, we left. Our plan? A whirlwind road trip, scattering posters all over Estonia and getting to the top of the poster shiners list—a technical impossibility.

We left on August 1. Our adventure consisted of three trips: First down to Parnu, the major beach resort of the country, and as we observed, the major rollerblading center as well. Next to Rakvere and Narva in the northeast coast, which are also the most Russian areas. Our third trip was to the southeastern part of the country, reaching the Estonian-speaking university city of Tartu, as well as Villjandi and many smaller towns along the way. Our team was John S., Patience B. (21, Russian), Paul (15), Armi (16), Sia (18), Jo (13), Mike (13) and James (2).

Our favorite tactic when “invading” a town was to divide into three teams. One team would poster in the center while the other two would go to the main apartment areas and “stuff” mailboxes. This way we could reach the entire population of a city in a few hours.

Almost all the towns we went to had never seen the posters, since ours is the only Home in the country, and

the response was GREAT! By the end of our trip we had distributed over 40,000 posters, reaching all the big and most of the smaller cities in Estonia.

Naturally it was not without its share of trials and adventures—like when the tent collapsed on top of our heads in the middle of a cold, rainy night. Or a drunkard falling on the girls’ tent in the early morning. Or constantly getting lost in city parks and small towns with no lighting, and other related stuffs. But it was fun—and what’s more, I’d do it again. Not to mention the thousands of posters that got out and the tons of mail responses we are still getting.

So that’s how our tiny Estonian Home tackled the impossible and won; and if we could do it, anyone can. (Speaking of impossible, check out Grapevine 27 & 28, pg.12 — WE DID IT!!!)

NOTE: In writing the above, I don’t want to forget to give credit where credit is due, so here’s a big THANK YOU to the loving souls who “stayed with the stuff” and watched the kids so we were free to go. Thank you Mercy, Andres, Catherine, and Lily.—We couldn’t have done it without you!

DREAMING OF BEASTS AND MONSTERS

From Crystal, USA

Having the 1-800 number is a big blessing and provides good witnessing opportunities. One 21-year-old, John Santos, called explaining a dream he’d had about beasts and monsters. He was quite troubled by it, shook up, and not understanding the meaning of it. That same morning he had woken up and found

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our poster tract “The Lion, Dragon and the Beast” on his kitchen table! Not knowing how it got there he called us, asking how to get a CD and if we could explain more about these pictures.—HE SAW THE EXACT SAME PICTURES IN HIS DREAM! He’s already saved and fed up with the churches and could be very potential. While discussing how he got the tract, we realized later his parents received it by car witnessing, TYJ! God’s Word never returns void.

THE AMAZING TRANSFER

From Katrina (16, of Johannes and Joanna), Indonesia

I’ll start by introducing all the characters in this story. My mom and dad, and eight of us kids—well, actually, my two older bro’s are YAs, I’m a senior teen, my junior teen sis, and the rest are from 12 to 4. And not to forget the single adult who is working with us. For the last two years we have been planning on moving back to the field (we have been living in western Europe for about eight years), and were not really sure where we would be heading. So we went through the stage where every week we had a new country which we were set on, only to completely change the next week, ha!

Our greatest heart’s desire was to move to an Arab, or at least Muslim, country. Now with a big family, it can almost be a joke to move to a country such as Egypt (we had lived there for nearly a year before, and loved it until we had to split when things got too tight), and with all the things we were hearing on the news about wackos highjacking and bombing German tourist buses (Ve just heppen to be Chermen ourselves!—Never mind the accent!) You can just imagine our trepidation! Well, we asked the CROs and it seemed there was an open door for us in Turkey, as we know a family there very well. So for a while we were already set on that idea, and my mom and dad even made a trip to check things out, and look at the situation there.

Well, before we got used to the idea, we got another



**Top Row (L-R): Johannes, Joanna, me (Kate, 16), Michael (19), Julie (14), Philip (18), Stephan (12).
Bottom row: Angela (9), Anna (6), Larissa (4).**

opening, which happened to be Indonesia! We all seemed to like this idea a little better, seeing the options of beautiful beaches, tons of islands to go on exciting road trips, more Family there, etc. The only thing is we had never heard anything about a Family teen population in Indonesia in the *Zine*, *Grapevine*, or any mailings for that matter. Actually, around that time, the big crisis in Asia was just beginning, so believe me, we got to see a whole lot of Indonesia on the news after that! (Not that that made things better or anything, ha!)

To start with, we wanted to ship some trunks ahead, so we prayed and got the idea to ask some of our friends and supporters if they could help us out with it. To our delight and surprise one of our dear friends was more than willing to pay for the shipping of six whole trunks! Then of course there was our van, which had pretty much already one foot—or wheel—in the grave, so-to-speak. But the Lord really did it, and it was sold for a higher price than we could have ever expected! It was a huge, tiring ordeal to empty out the house, and it took quite some time. We couldn’t have done it without Mike (my oldest brother) who stuck with it to the end, even though he wasn’t planning on coming with us. (Many thanks, Mike!!) During the last week, our house was so empty that we had to sort of “sit where we stood,” and eat on banana boxes, and so on.

Now finding cheap plane tickets for so many people on a good plane (not the kind where you have to fear possible death during take-off and landing) and a reasonable weight allowance is no piece of cake! Miraculously we hit the right guy, a Singaporean who was a great help! He was there at the airport to make sure we got our excess weight through, and at the last minute our flight changed and it worked out that we got a much better flight on Singapore Airlines, instead of Garuda Airlines—for the same price!

Everything worked out and we finally arrived in Indonesia! Even though it took a good amount of time to get adjusted



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NOT A VAMPIRE

From Douglas and Peter, Hungary

After witnessing one day, we were walking down the streets of Budapest when we noticed a suspicious-looking guy who was occasionally shouting and screaming at the passersby. As we took a closer look at him, we noticed that he was breathing in glue from a plastic bag, and presumably being under its effect was the reason why he was trying to scare people away. Having a couple of posters on us and seeing his stranded situation, we decided that we'd approach him. After saying a prayer for the Lord's protection, we offered him "The Princess' Wedding" poster, but were quite surprised at his reaction!

He opened his mouth and snarled at us! His teeth looked like a vampire's in the movies—two of them being low-lying on the sides, probably because of lack of care. Instead of answering our questions he continued to bare his teeth in anger and started hitting me in the stomach.

That was when we started to rebuke the evil spirit, commanding it in Jesus' name to depart from him and not to come back. As we finished the exorcism we asked whether he was ready to make the right decision. For the first time during our conversation he blurted out a word, saying yes to Jesus. After he prayed and we departed, I recalled that we had not asked him if he wanted to receive the Holy Spirit. During our discussion about this, we suddenly noticed him walking toward us. To our question if he wanted to get filled with the Lord's spirit he expectantly said yes and also expressed his desire to give up inhaling glue. We know that now he is saved but still needs our prayers. "Likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth..." (Luke 15:7)



Sum won tolled me
wee wood knot knead two learn
how too spell because computers
wood dew it four us.
Eye disagree.
--Dew ewe???



wizard of odd

to everything, we made it, and we are all very happy to be here! As for myself, I'm very happy that many of the "fears" I had before I came here are completely gone! If any of you young people are looking for a change and are not yet sure where to go, and you like the gorgeous tropics, this is the place for you to really burn free! Especially now with the crisis, people appreciate the help a lot more, and companies are more than willing to give what they can to help. Provisioning is definitely the thing here, and even though it's a third world country, it doesn't mean we have to live third class! Also for all you guys out there, there are many "damsels in distress" just waiting for you, so come now; tomorrow is definitely too late!

Lots of love, and a big "hi" to anyone who knows us (and wants to support us! Really, no kidding! Every dollar "goes a long way!"), please write us!

Much Love, Kate and family

CRIES IN THE WILDERNESS



CRIES IN THE WILDERNESS



NAME: MAKOTO

STUDIO: JAPAN

Age: 20

Birthdate: March 8, 1978 (Pisces)

Q: When did you start playing electric guitar?

A: I started playing electric guitar when I was 15, because my dad gave me one for my birthday. (It was all his fault, ha!) It was an old beat-up thing, but that's what got me started. Before that I started on a ukelele when I was three or four, then I got a mini acoustic guitar when I was six years old.

My dad taught me all the basics like chords, strumming, picking, etc. I still remember him making me strum on beat and me falling asleep and then waking up still playing. Ha! God bless him for having the patience to teach me at that age, as it probably wasn't easy. As I got older I tried keyboards, and then I was into drums for a while. I thought for sure that I wanted to be a drummer until that fateful day I got my first electric guitar!—And that's how it all began for me!

Soon I joined Thaddeus, and his sons Jeff and Chris, and their band. I think we were called "Hearts Aflame." We did a lot of street performing (busking), and playing at shows, festivals and basically anywhere we could play. Then I was with the "SOS" band. (That was when we played on a four-lane street in Tokyo that on Sundays was closed off to cars and open to pedestrians and bands.) We played, sang and witnessed to hundreds of young people from around the world. We did this every week for about two years.

Then there was the "Heart Beat" band, that evolved into the band that we have now called "Strange Truth." Currently we're involved in a youth ministry club called the "Spice Club," where we play live music in a bar/live-house down town. We get to use this place once a month for witnessing and live music, which has been very exciting and fun. Our studio is also in the final stages of producing a GP CD called

"Million Voices." We also help with the band arrangement songs for FTTs like "Give a Little," "Sometimes Lord," "Heart Beat," "Million Voices," etc., that will be coming out soon, and hopefully more in the future.

Q: Did you teach yourself or were you taught by someone?

A: My dad, Kenny, taught me the basics on the acoustic guitar, then when I first started to play the electric guitar I would listen to a lot of music with solos, and I'd try to figure out what they were playing and what the notes were. At first it took a long time to figure the simplest solos, and I even

had this funky four-track to slow the speed down so I could hear it better. Then after listening to it 100 times I'd get it. (Sometimes!)

I also learned a lot from watching Philip (Brother Sun) play. He made

a few cassette tape recordings of him playing different licks, and he encouraged me to keep practicing.—That meant a lot to me.

Lately I've been learning through various instructional videos, CDs and books. I find that I only retain what I use right away in a live situation or for a recording, so I try to learn things that I can apply right away. I've got a bad musical memory, and I'm always forgetting things I learn, so I've gotta use what I do learn right away. (Talk

about a redundant sentence!)

Q: Any thoughts on music?

A: I'm really thankful that the Lord has let me be involved in music, and for the situation I'm in now where I'm able to use it to reach others in my witnessing ministries. My personal goal right now is to write and produce more songs specifically for the Japanese youth here. Our new CD is in Japanese and English, and DV will be in music stores for the public and also used as a GP tool for us to distribute.

PS to Steven, Lily, Kristy, Sara, Jeremy, Joyful, John M., John B., Angelique T., Pandita, Angela, Angelina, Topaz, Michelle, Mary, Tim Indo, Jono, Mike P, Daniella, Anne, Cephas, Joan, Benny, Zack, Emmy, Florence, Laura, M. Daniel, Tim A. and Vas: It was great working with you all! Luv U all! KGFG! Take care. And to all the Family I got to meet in India: GBAKY! See you all again someday!



NAME: BEN G.

STUDIO: EAS

Status: Taken by the Joy of my life and my three—well, now four—ever-active kids.

Time you've worked in Family recording: Almost 2 years.

My studio work has been one of appointments and disappointments till a couple of years ago. I tried to get into the studio in Japan in

1988, then got my foot in the door when in Peru a few years later. I tried to open a studio here in Europe but it wasn't the Lord's time yet, then just missed an invitation to a music seminar in Brazil as I was helping a large family open a Home. Finally ... "dream come true," while I was out in the boon-docks in a little Home in the EE raising funds to return to Russia with my family, I got an invitation to help open the studio Home for Europe! It was quite a wait, but I have no complaints as I've found myself in the most ideal situation I could have wanted, to be able to work in a studio yet be here in the EE, a field that I enjoy, where I can wit-

ness and help care for our dear catacombers as well.

In studio work full-time or part-time: I try to get in there as much as I can, but I can't say it's full-time, as I have other responsibilities, being on the Home teamwork, working with the Catacombers, fundraising and having a family to take care of.

Your musical specialty: I enjoy almost all there is to working on a song, from getting the tune, writing the lyrics, arranging, recording and finally mixing. I don't really know what my specialty is, but I would like

it to be songwriting.

Your favorite Family song: I can't pick one song, but some of the FTT songs I really enjoy are "Lady Maria," "Fifth Dimension," "Spend Time, Take Time," "The Dancer," "The Famine," and "Far Country," to name a few.

Your favorite type of music: Variety is the spice of music for me, and I can't put myself in a box and say I only like a certain style or category, as music to me depends on my mood and setting. Generally I don't care much for Country, R&B and Techno, except for on dance nights. One reason why I think I don't care for these styles much is that to me, if you've heard one you've usually heard about 90% of them.

Right now I'm going through a phase of liking Alternative (whatever that means), and some Grunge. I like using big fat chunky samples and putting something melodic over them. Or having a melody that's run a bit out of the norm. I like music that is different.

Songs you've recorded on which you are the most happy with: The next one.

I haven't really produced that many songs yet, although I hope to do a lot more in the future. But with each song that I do I learn something new and that for me is the most fun. I'd say I'm the happiest yet with "Outlaw" and the last two I did, which are "Anticipation" and "Online," as I feel they're different—maybe a bit weird to some's taste, but then again I'll take that as a compliment.

Song you've recorded which you're the least happy with: "Wings of

Prayer" (not the "Wings in Prayer" that came from BAS, but the "Wings of Prayer" that never came out. It was the first song that I produced when we started the European studio. I asked JAS not to put it out after I had sent it in, as I didn't want to be further embarrassed.) Maybe someday I'll get enough courage to do a second production of it, as the song itself means a lot to me as I was going through a

lot at the time I wrote it. Inspiration/vision/styles for the future: On a personal scale, I pray that I can become a better channel to receive songs in prophecy. Up until now I have only received one song in prophecy, which is "Time with You," a LJ song, which I got at the Music seminar after Peter asked us to take some time to get one while there. It wasn't



CALVIN (5)

easy for me at first as it didn't come the first time around, but it did the second time. Tunes seem to come easy for me (often during my morning JJT!), but I find myself at times struggling with the words. So in the future I pray I can get them straight from the Source. Of course I often have to

work on my song-writing with three little energy balls climbing on me, so as you can imagine that slows the progress as well, but keeps it all the more challenging!

On a greater scale I pray that our music will become such a powerful instrument that it will astound,

amaze, and rock the youth of today; that we may use it as our "ace" to make them take notice of and receive our message. My ultimate goal for music is to win souls and feed them with some of our "strange truths," and also if the songs that I write or the songs that we produce can help encourage and inspire others to keep going for the Lord, for me, it makes it all worthwhile. I really love you lots and pray that the music that we produce will be a blessing and inspiration to you!

DAVINA (3)



LEIANNA

PLEASE PRAY FOR BEN & JOY'S DAUGHTER, LEIANNA (AGE 2)! SHE HAS BEEN DIAGNOSED AS HAVING A MALIGNANT TUMOR IN HER LUNG, AND IS UNDERGOING A DIFFICULT CHEMOTHERAPY TREATMENT. PLEASE PRAY FOR LITTLE LEIANNA'S HEALING, AND FOR COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT FOR HER, AND FOR DEAR BENJI AND JOY!

RICHIE ALLEN (ONE DAY OLD)





From Samson, Nigeria

**PROMOTED
TO THE LORD'S ARMY**

My first contact with the Family was in 1986, during my studies as a defense student in Vishakapatnam, a small coastal city on the south-eastern part of India. I had been sent there to study by the Nigerian military. At this time I was already fed up with life in the military. The only thing that kept me there was the twelve-year contract I had signed

near to dumping my Bible and completely letting go of Christianity and anything religious. It was at this point in my life that I met the Family.

Right away, the message in the audio tapes and Letters began to answer my many long-standing questions. Added to this was the Family's sample, which altogether returned the reality of the Bible and Christianity to me. I saw that it was possible to live like Jesus and His early followers, even

today! These truths, taught and lived by the Family, so turned me on that I wanted to drop out immediately to follow Jesus,

I WANTED TO DROP OUT IMMEDIATELY TO FOLLOW JESUS, SERVING HIM FULL-TIME.—BUT THERE WAS ONE MIGHTY HURDLE: MY MILITARY BONDAGE.

with them, starting in 1985.

Before this time, I had given my life to Jesus and was getting my constant doses of churchianity. It didn't take long to realize that something was wrong with the church system, as it left me with many unanswered questions, but I had continued very devoutly therein since I didn't know better. After several fruitless attempts to meet a minister or a denomination that really taught and believed the truths of the Bible by practice, I sadly concluded that it was impossible for anyone to live like Jesus and His early followers. Although I had Jesus and wished I could live for Him, I got

servng Him full-time.—But there was one mighty hurdle: my military bondage.

The thought of returning to Nigeria and continuing in the military for another eight years nearly drove me insane. Thank the Lord for the love of Family members who had the trust and faith to really feed me the Words and give me the preparation I needed to keep me inspired and my mind revolutionary enough for the length of time I was compelled to remain in the System, with oceans between me and the nearest Family Home. God bless Simon and Joan, John and Praise, and other faithful members too numerous to mention here and now, whose fervent prayers and regular communications were added and very necessary

blessings. It was the Lord through them that made it all possible. Through the lonely years that followed, I needed the fellowship of the Family but since they were so far away, the few MO Letters I had become more alive and personal than ever before.—You can never fully appreciate how spiritual and alive Dad's writings are until you find yourself all alone on some lonely island!

When I first returned to Nigeria in 1989, the country had gone through many major changes and I felt it was all a big mistake that I had to return at all. Yet I continued the long agonizing years of my contract with the navy. However, I continued personal witnessing, litnessing and distributing posters, tracts and audio tapes which I had brought with me to Nigeria. God bless Simon and Joan, who kept sending any literature they could afford to mail, to help me during this period. During my witnessing, I soon realized that the people needed a sample much more than the sermons which they were already having enough of in the churches. The fact that I could not live the sermon to the full because of my military bondage was another source of worry and almost broke my heart, but with constant encouragement from Simon and Joan I was able to survive.

Despite every stumble, failing and failure, the Lord brought along my way a real sweet sheep who flipped out on the Words. Poised with the motivation to also serve the Lord full-time and disillusioned by the ineffectiveness of the church system, we became so bonded together through the Words and our goals, and it was not long before we were also bonded together physically. Janet and I got married first to the Words and secondly to each other, in total disregard to all the traditions and conventions of the church system. That was in 1993, four years after we had been together in the Word. In 1995, the Lord blessed us with a baby girl, Mariangela. Today, the three of us are in the Family, serving the Lord full-time, and will continue to do so for the rest of our lives, despite the Enemy's trials.

Slowly but steadily, at last the time came for my legal discharge from the military, but the Enemy came up with both barrels to stop it: The naval authorities refused to give me my discharge papers. Thank the Lord, this time around the Family was in Nigeria. I asked for prayer and did all the wanting I could, and after delaying me for another nine months, I was fully discharged from the "lower Army" so I could continue my military career in the "higher Army!" So the Lord kept me through 14-odd years in the Nigerian Navy, "without even the smell of a smoke." TYJ! ■

