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# The world's a stage



*From Meeka, USA*

After passing out tracts in a mall I went to the bathroom. I didn't think anyone was in there with me so I started singing "Pet Shop." When I came out of the stall and started washing my hands, I was surprised to see a lady come out of the stall adjacent to the one I was in.

She was in tears and said, "Thank you, thank you! I never had anyone sing to me in the bathroom before, but it was so beautiful!" I gave her a tract which encouraged her. It was so inspiring!

I want to say  
**I LOVE YOU**  
each and every day!



Evye

# LAYOUT

I HAD A LITTLE STORY THAT I THOUGHT WOULD INTEREST YOU ZINE READERS. WHEN THE TIME CAME TO LAY OUT THE ARTICLE "IS MY LIFE WORTH IT?" IN FREE ZINE #44, I WAS COMPLETELY BLANK ON WAYS TO DO IT. ON TOP OF THAT, THE LORD TOLD ME THAT I WAS TO TRY SOMETHING A BIT "GRUNGY," A STYLE I'M NOT SO GOOD AT. TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, AFTER A LOT OF SEEKING THE LORD, HE PUNCHED THROUGH AND THINGS

started to flow almost magically. It amazed me as designs came to mind, pictures that I would've never thought of on my own.

In the layout of this particular article the idea was for the illustrations and graphics to carry a story. For instance, the first page carries the simplicity of life when you're younger. Then for the second page, things are going topsy-turvy for this guy when he's in trouble with the law and so forth. The last page is supposed to show the joy of the Lord's promises and of again finding his place in the Family.

Since I haven't really had the firsthand experience of going through all that

MYSELF, IT MADE IT EVEN MORE MIRACULOUS THAT THE LORD COULD GIVE THESE IDEAS AND SYMBOLISMS TO PORTRAY THOSE PHASES IN LIFE. THAT'S WHEN THE LORD TOLD ME THIS: "I ALLOWED YOU THE HELP OF SOME SPIRIT INSIGHT INTO THE THOUGHTS AND MIND OF SOMEONE WHO WAS LOST LIKE THAT. IN FACT, THIS PERSON [WHO HELPED YOU] IS SOMEONE YOU KNOW PERSONALLY, AND THE REASON SHE WAS ALSO ABLE TO FILL IN THE HAPPY ENDING [LAYOUT OF THE LAST PAGES] OF THE STORY, WAS BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT IT TO HER."

That was an exceptional shock—though a nice one—as it put a new twist on the "you reap what you sow" theory. I was still a tad puzzled as to who this girl was, and when I asked the Lord He just gave one word: "Tammy." That still didn't match anything in my mental database (as incomplete as it is), so the Lord gave me the answer that night in a dream.

In my dream I was on a bus that I had taken a while ago, where I witnessed to an Australian girl seated next to me. I then remembered that she was Tammy, and the Lord had chosen her to help me.

Besides the joy I felt in finding out who my unseen help was, I was a little

DISTRESSED TO THINK THAT TAMMY HAD GONE HOME SO SOON (AS IT SEEMED TO ME), AS SHE HAD JUST COME TO KNOW THE LORD AND WAS COMMITTED TO GO BACK TO AUSTRALIA AND DO SOMETHING FOR HIM. BUT WHEN I ASKED THE LORD ABOUT IT, I GOT A SURPRISING ANSWER.

(JESUS SPEAKING:) THIS GIRL YOU MET IS HAPPY, SAFE AND WITH ME. BUT WHAT I MEAN BY "WITH ME," DOES NOT MEAN THAT SHE IS DEAD, AS YOU FEARED. SHE IS WITH ME IN SPIRIT, AS SHE WILL FOREVER STAY, BECAUSE YOU REACHED HER, YOU SHOWED HER THE WAY. SHE HAS CHOSEN

in her spirit to come to you and give a portion of what you gave her. You showed her the way to understanding Me, and so she will help you to understand others. (End of prophecy excerpts.)

I hadn't heard of this before, but it seemed the Lord is able to use anyone He chooses to be our spirit aide—even someone still living. God bless you! Lots of love to you all and it is a pleasure to be serving you in this way. I'd just like to say a special thank you to David who wrote the article, "Is My Life Worth It," as I'm sure his testimony will encourage many, as it did me. Keep fighting!

FZ: THIS CONCEPT OF RECEIVING SOMETHING IN THE SPIRIT FROM SOMEONE WHO HASN'T YET PASSED ON TO THE HEAVENLY REALM ISN'T SOMETHING WE'VE HEARD MUCH ABOUT. WE ASKED THE LORD FOR ANY CONFIRMATION OR CLARIFICATION HE HAD ON IT, AND HERE'S WHAT HE SAID:

(Jesus speaking:) This is a true principle of My Spirit and something I have been

known to do before. I can work through My agents and children in the spirit world and on the earth as I wish. It seems a strange thing because My children are not accustomed to it, but in truth it is a small thing for Me to allow one human a peek into the heart and mind of another human who is also alive, whether they live with you or far away.

You know how it is when you live and work with someone closely, you kind of know what they're going to say or do or how they'll react. In a sense you could say you're reading their mind or knowing what they think or feel. Well, I'm able to allow you the same glimpse into the heart of someone, even if they're far away, if it will accomplish My specific purpose.

It is a bit of a mystery to you how I do this, but then again, most of the workings of the spiritual realm are, aren't they? You, My children of David, have learned that the impossible is possible in the realm of the Spirit—and that includes happenings such as this one. (End of message from Jesus.)



# DESPITE RAGING WAR

*An African  
Tale*

*By Maria and Joan  
Liberia*

“Six foreigners were taken hostage by rebels in Liberia,” Stephen announced, “and a state of emergency has been declared in Liberia. I hope Lisa and Dan are alright! Lord, is it still Your will for our team to go?”

“Any messages from Lisa?” Maria asked.

“No, we haven’t received anything for the last three days,” Stephen answered.

“I hope everything is okay!” Joan exclaimed.

Crazy thoughts were running through our heads as we packed and made ready to go to our new field of destiny. ... Or was it? We were a team of four adults and eight children—and number nine on the way—on our way to Liberia, a war-torn and unstable country.

**Desperate for the Lord’s approval on proceeding with our planned agenda to leave, we asked Him what we were to do. Were we to continue as planned? His answer: “Yes!”**

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To backtrack a little, Lisa (of Stephen) and Dan (a YA who helped us before moving on to his next field) had gone to Liberia to find a landing place for the rest of our team—as we were due to fly in ten days after Lisa and Dan. We had made all the arrangements and preparations, praying desperately about each and every decision that presented itself.

When we heard about the foreign hostage situation in Liberia we were discouraged.—It was our second attempt in nine months to enter Liberia. Our first attempt had been cancelled two days before departure, due to a flare up in the fighting. However, this time, two of our members were already there, and we had lost contact with them.

Our tickets and visas were already paid for, and now fighting had erupted again. The question at hand was, “Lord, why?” All we could do was stop and hear the Lord’s view on the situation and plan. Talk about getting desperate!

As always, He was our lifesaver, telling us not to worry, our co-workers there were doing fine.

He also told us that it was safe enough for us to join them. Two days before our departure date we heard from Lisa. Everything was fine, she just hadn't been able to get on-line.

She wrote: "Everything since we arrived has been a struggle, to say the least. Six pieces of our luggage got lost, and the airport harassment was extreme. Every person at immigrations was looking for a reason to get a bribe from us, even going as far as searching through our personal belongings asking if we could give them things. At first they didn't want to let Dan in because he didn't have a return ticket, but thank the Lord, I had the PR album, which helped to soften their hearts."

**Best of all, further down it read, "Come on down, we have a place."**

The week after Lisa and Dan's arrival had been extremely tense. Besides the fighting and looting on the border, the Chief of Police had died in a plane crash when the pilot couldn't find the airstrip because the lights on the runway weren't working. Some people considered it sabotage. All of that lent to the difficulty of Dan and Lisa's house hunting, which in short was looking at one bombed out apartment after another.

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We boarded the plane and set off to our future—a future in which we didn't know what to expect. Though we had already been in Africa for nine months, we still experienced a slight culture shock when landing in Liberia. We weren't used to seeing armed soldiers sticking their heads in our window as we stopped at the various checkpoints.

Lisa and Dan met us at the airport accompanied by a dear Liberian man who helped us get past the many checkpoints. Whenever we were stopped at the checkpoint he'd tell the heavily armed men, "Hey, man, these are my good friends, they're missionaries, and they've come to help us here." And they'd let us through.

The Lord was right about it being safe for us to enter the country, as after we had been there a week the state of emergency was lifted, the hostages were released and things settled down a bit. A month later they did away with the road checkpoints.

A friend of the previous team

... uh, actually a grungy set of rooms. There was no running water, our cook had to haul in water from the well, and sometimes there were little red worms, bugs, and plant pieces floating in it.

It was hard to know whether we were getting cleaner using the water for a shower, ha! We started putting bleach in the water to try to counteract the bitsy "floaters."

After a shower: "Ummm ... is that *Eau de Chlorine* you're wearing?" or "Gee, I think the blond/green streaks suit you!"

When we arrived at the apartment we couldn't figure out

which of the rooms was the kitchen. There was one with a precariously suspended wooden counter and shelf, but we couldn't find a sink. Must not be the kitchen, then!

Wrong! Try again! ... There was no sink!

"In Liberia most people use charcoal stoves for cooking," Lisa explained, as we stared at the odd barbeque-like contraption on the floor with looks of concern. And since there were no gas stoves, and electric stoves use too much electricity, we spent the next few days bent over the charcoal stove trying to figure out how to get it to light.

Coffee first thing in the morning wasn't as simple as we'd hoped, more like, "Hey, why are your hands and face all black?"

"Uh, could someone explain how you get this contraption to produce some heat?"

The soot coated the kitchen ceiling, walls and shelf, it would also cover the kitchen floor, and it wasn't long before we had black footprints trekked throughout the entire apartment.

"ARGH! There are little black footprints all over my bed and my clean white sheet!"

Cooking with charcoal became the usual, but we got the "fire lighting" technique down nicely, and we had the stove strategically placed on our balcony, so that the sooty smoke went into the great outdoors.

We had to hang our laundry inside, too, so it wouldn't get stolen outside. Small, dingy, hot room with laundry strung across it. ...





Get the picture? It's a wonder that we kept our sanity living there, in those conditions and with eight kids.

The electricity was on for 16 hours a day. We'd wake up in a puddle of sweat because the electricity would be cut for approximately four hours before we'd get up.

We had to escape the apartment during the 5-7 PM power cut, so we started going to the beach. However, the beach left much to be desired—in fact, we'd never seen such a filthy beach! There was an atrocious smelling mountain of garbage, with rats rummaging around in it, and you had to walk through it to get to the waterfront. It was disgusting! We decided that beach wouldn't do. Thank the Lord, eventually we found a beach area that was cleaner, and was equipped with a nice place to sit and all.

Almost immediately the Lord let neat things happen, to show us how precious the Liberians are, the type of work there was to do, so we could at least know it was worth it all when we were faced with the rough conditions each day.

Joan witnessed to a guy one day at the beach and he got saved. The next day he brought his friend to hear about it, too. Within a week there were six to eight guys coming for Bible classes. Also, our kids would read stories, do skits and sing songs with all the slum kids who hung around, while the other Bible class was going on. Word soon spread and some upper class people would come down to our little spot on the beach twice a week for the classes.

During that time the Lord used Lisa to provision the supplies we needed to redo an apartment that we had found. During the war it was completely sacked and looted, and when we say "sacked" that's literal. This place needed everything—sinks, toilets, ceiling panels, wall patches, doors, windows, door locks, screens, electric wiring, plumbing and a whole lot of paint. Talk about making a house a home! And the Lord did it once again.

We got our nice apartment all fixed up, and there was even

running water for a few hours a day, but we couldn't move there because there was no electricity. In fact, there is no central power in this country! Our only option was to buy a generator, or pay someone to run us a line off theirs. However, fuel is way overpriced in Liberia, about twice the price that it is in the States, so running a generator seemed like an expensive option. Lisa approached a Korean man, Mr. Kim, who owns an ice factory nearby, and he said he would give us electrical power for US\$300 a month. Ouch! That was a bit steep for us, so we kept looking for other options.

The Lord showed us to go back to Mr. Kim, who then told us, "The Lord has been speaking to me, and showed me to give you 10amps for \$200 a month." We figured that was the best deal we were going to get, so we moved into our new house complete with 24-hour electricity, which is very rare here.—Even the rich Lebanese don't have power for the entire day because they have to give their generators a rest.

When Christmas came around, Mr. Kim invited us all to his house. The kids sang for him, and he talked with Stephen a lot about our work and way of life. Halfway through the evening he said, "You don't have to pay for the power anymore, now I'm giving it to you for free!" The Lord takes such good care of us!

A few months later, a Korean couple, friends of Mr. Kim, rented the apartment next door to us. They are joint owners of an international fishing company, and give us more fish than we can eat. They're so sweet, and have helped us out quite a bit.

Here in Liberia you have to be ready for anything unexpected to happen—phones failing, e-mail service going down, water cuts, etc. And, of course, the government doesn't really have the money to fix them, so you can't rely on anything getting up and running quickly. So when the city water shut off we were in a bit of a crisis.

Cholera cases increased in the areas where people drank contaminated water. Our well is situated in a swamp area, so there was no way we could drink it.

**The whole city was without water for about two months. People who had their own wells did okay, but most people had to go out of town to get drinking water from an uncontaminated well.**

Once again the Koreans came to our rescue! Our neighbor had a big tank on wheels, which he would take out of town to a clean well and pay to get it filled. He'd then pump the water up to his apartment and our apartment once a day. The Korean community here is relatively small, but they have taken us under their wing. We are just part of the family.

Recently Lisa had a dream that our family was besieged with all kinds of troubles and problems, and a Korean family gave us tickets to go to Korea. At first we were like, "What?! Korea?" But the Lord showed us that He had already brought us to the Korea here in Liberia.

Stephen was asked to preach at the Korean church one Sunday. Our whole family went to the service, which was being held out of town on an isolated beach. When Stephen got up to speak he shared the dream with everyone there, and thanked them for helping us get set up in Liberia. They were very touched. One woman had tears in her eyes during the service, and spoke with Stephen afterwards. She said everyone was talking about us, and were especially amazed at how well behaved the kids were. "We sure have things to learn from you," she said.

Liberia is a Christian country, with literally a church on every corner. At first we questioned why the Lord had brought us here. But He showed us to use the Endtime as our main witness. So Stephen teamed up with a Liberian Outside Witnesser, and they put together a power packed Endtime Seminar. It's a three-day seminar, and has been quite a hit in the churches. They go through all the Endtime chapters in Daniel and Revelations, and on the last day they show *Countdown to*

*Armageddon*. After each seminar, without fail, someone approaches us and invites us to their church to hold the seminar for them. We have been distributing "The Lion, the Dragon and the Beast" poster at the end of each seminar, along with the Daniel 2 class from the *Treasures* and different Endtime related articles from the *END*. We have also printed up a small, illustrated "16 Points of the Endtime" booklet that we distribute at each seminar.

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We have been in Liberia for a year now, and the Lord has led us to many inspiring ministries, but the neatest and most inspiring are the live-outs we're training. It's a long story but we know it is the reason we are here, and why we went through all of the above. These Live-Outs eagerly read the Word, believe in Dad and Mama and Peter, live by faith, witness and win souls—all because of the Family training they have received.

Things are still far from perfect, but we can say that the Lord *has* made it worth it all and has given us such a wonderful purpose for being here. In spite of all the battles there is no question that the Lord brought us here. We can tell because of the way He has supplied and led us straight to the people He wanted us to train. It's a definite fulfillment of the GN "Our *Activated Future*." We see it as we train these hungry people, who are in turn eager to witness and get the message out to their people.

We'd love to tell you more, but time fails us, so we'll try and work on an update in the future. We love you and are so thankful for all the wonderful, sacrificial Family members who support our work in Liberia. We couldn't do it without your help! ■





# An Island Account



WITH CARMELA AND MONICA, FIJI ISLANDS

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## WHAT IS THE PERSONNEL MAKE UP OF YOUR HOME? HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN FIJI?

When we first arrived in Fiji one year ago, our team consisted of Carmela (27), Monica (16), Cromwell (23), Davina (22), and their two kids, Kurt (1½) and Sean (3 months).

## CAN YOU TELL US A LITTLE BIT OF THE HISTORY BEHIND YOUR WORK IN FIJI?

Cromwell, Davina, and I (Carmela) had been working together in Hawaii and the U.S. mainland for over a year. We all shared an interest in the South Pacific, and over the time we had spent together we made a good team and had learned to work together well.

A few of us had dreams and burdens for different countries in the South Pacific. Fiji came up because it is English speaking with relatively easy visa requirements, and is also one of the largest countries in the South Pacific. So we started raising funds by caroling in southern California over the Christmas season.

In January '99, we went back to Hawaii to continue raising funds. We stayed with Cromwell's

parents and family during that time. Davina was due to give birth to her second child, Sean, so we were waiting on that as well.

When Sean was three months old we bought our tickets. The Lord had supplied funds above what we had expected. The Lord led us to Peter, the top manager of Air Pacific in Honolulu, who offered to help us after we explained our work to him. In the months prior to

our departure, Peter passed on helpful information about Fiji to us, as he often visited the island, so that we had a general idea of what Fiji would be like. He also put us in touch with a few Fijian Air Pacific staff, so when we arrived in Fiji we had the phone number of Lute, a stewardess who helped us look for a house and get us oriented with Fiji.

The week before our departure we had a few big

Maria (22), Monana (4), Monica, Liberty (17), Kurt and Davina.





tests, which were mainly on the personnel front. We had counted on several other young people joining our team, but their plans changed, bringing our team to a considerably smaller number. But we set off anyway.

When we arrived we had the phone number of only one person in Fiji, so we started by booking a week's stay in a backpackers' lodge. We soon became good friends with the staff and they'd invite us to their villages where we started meeting people and getting to know more about the local area. Looking for a house wasn't the easiest thing to do, as in Fiji everyone lives in small villages, and there are not a lot of houses for rent. However, we finally found a house after many scouting trips and problems, but the Lord worked all the details out and placed us right where He wanted us to be.

Our first month in Fiji was full of tests and battles, beginning with all of us coming down with colds after only a week on the island. However, the Lord, as always, broke through and helped us get going and build a work. Obviously the Enemy was trying to get us to quit before we'd even begun. Another major test that changed our whole team happened two days before Christmas. We were having dinner away from our house with some friends, and in our

absence, someone broke into our house and stole a considerable amount of money, and many other items.

Having just arrived, we hadn't found a way to support ourselves locally, so Cromwell had to return to Hawaii to raise funds. Shortly afterwards, Davina and the kids joined him (which is why we put out a want-ad, as we need personnel). The Lord led Cromwell and Davina to do this, and has since confirmed that it is His will for them to stay in Hawaii and support us from there. They are still a major part of our team, even though they're not physically with us.

### CAN YOU TELL US A BIT ABOUT FIJI AND THE PEOPLE THERE?

Fijians are some of the friendliest people you'll ever meet. Fiji is about 45% Indian, and though they are also friendly they are more reserved than the Indians. The Indians are mainly Hindu, whereas the Fijians are Christian.

Fijians are Melanesian, though most people think they are Polynesian; however, much of their history and traditions are similar to the Polynesians.

They're similar in looks to African-Americans. Fijians are very affectionate and will hold your hand in a friendly manner as you walk with them. They always have time to stop and talk to you no matter where you are or what they're doing. Fijians don't walk—they stroll.

People generally live in *bures*, which are houses made of bamboo and thatched roofing, put together entirely by hand, many of which make up a village. We have had the opportunity to live in different villages for two weeks at a time on some of the outer islands, which was an incredible experience. There are so many traditions and things to learn, but it's a lot of fun and they make it very easy for you. The outer islands are much stricter in the keeping of their traditions than here on the main island.

There is no such thing as a starving Fijian, they all have food, shelter and whatever else they need for a simple village life. The land is theirs, and if they need materials to build a house they can simply get it from the hills or nearby areas. Still, the overall living standard in Fiji is very low, and



Davina, Monica, Maria and Carmela with Pa'a and her husband, John, Hawaii.

Fiji is rather lacking when it comes to modern technology. Most people grow the major part of their food in the village. Those who fish will ironically spend all day fishing, and then will take their fresh catch and sell it to buy canned fish?! Sugar and tourism are Fiji's main industries.

The Indians have it a bit harder than the Fijians, as they have to lease their land. The Indians were brought to Fiji to work on the sugarcane fields, and now own and run most of the sugarcane farms. Though most of the Indians have been born and raised in Fiji, they still have to live on leased land, which is an issue that causes a lot of tension between the Fijians and Indians.—However, most of the taxi services, shops, and businesses in Fiji are owned by the Indians. They are quite intelligent and business-minded people with a desire to work hard for their money, and do what they have to in order to get the job done.

Usually the Indians keep to their traditions and cultures strictly, as do the Fijians, and the two don't mix well. The Indian culture is kept very strong, especially many of the Fiji-born Indian men go to India and marry there. The reason being that the dowry they get in India is considerably higher than if they were to marry an Indian girl from

Fiji. It is rare that a Fijian and an Indian will marry—though it does happen, it is the exception rather than commonplace.

Fiji is hot. Except for a couple of months during the winter season when it gets a bit cooler, daytime can reach over 100°F (37.7°C). Despite the year-round hot weather, the Fijian and Indian women wear long skirts or dresses, more than one layer of clothing, and sometimes a veil around their head, as Fiji is a fairly conservative country. The locals don't shed clothes no matter how hot it is, so we have learned to be dressed from head to toe and walk around with sweat dripping from every conceivable place while just smiling and saying, "Bula!" (hello) to everyone, ha! Since we've been here, however, we've gotten much more tolerant of the hot weather and now just call them "beautiful sunny days." There are a few months out of the year also where it doesn't stop raining, but other than that you can usually count on sunny days, which is one of Fiji's best features.

For women the clothing is generally stipulated by culture—the Indian women wear saris, and the Fijians their traditional *sulu*, a wrap-around skirt which goes to mid-calf in length.

There is not a great deal of variety in the food here. The traditional food is mostly boiled or cooked in a *lovo* (an underground oven), which is nice in its own way. You basically have two or three veggies a season and two or three fruits. Fiji is not exactly known for

its food. There is a lot of Indian food, though.

At times working in Fiji can be very frustrating because everything runs at a much slower pace. We call this "Fiji Time." You can buy T-shirts that say, "I'm on Fiji Time," which in short means if someone tells you they'll meet you at 9:00 AM they will usually come at 12:00 PM. And no matter how important an appointment you had arranged with someone, if it rains then everything is cancelled. This goes without saying—when the rain begins to fall, don't expect anyone to show up, and you are not expected to show up either.

The Fiji Islands are a very beautiful place to live. Since we've come here the Lord has done many miracles and allowed us to meet many wonderful people, whom we have come to know and love.

We also had the opportunity to spend a week in the Kingdom of Tonga, where we were houseguests of the (now former) Prime Minister. We had met his granddaughter and were then invited there. Tonga is a great place, and we made many friends that we still stay in contact with.



Monica with Pa'a, our Tahitian dance teacher, after dancing at our going away party before leaving for Fiji.

## WHAT ARE SOME OF YOUR MAIN MINISTRIES?

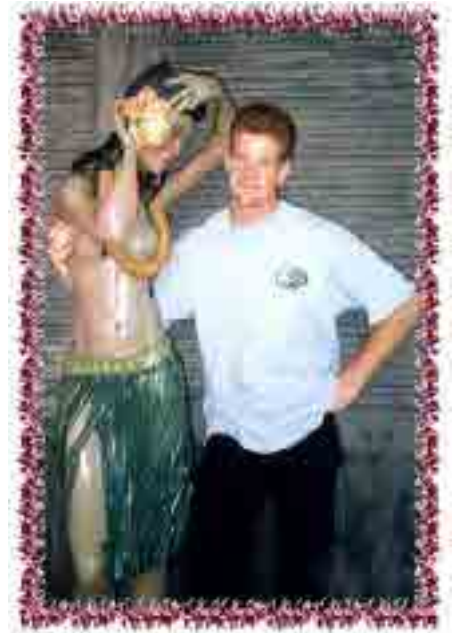
Initially it was difficult finding what ministries were available to us, so we started out by calling the established organizations—the Red Cross, Salvation Army, and Save the Children Fund—to see where the need was. However, not much ever came from it, as they'd ask for our help with certain projects, but when the time came to work on them they'd put them off until later.

During this time most of our outreach was making trips into the larger cities and passing out tracts and personally witnessing. Finally we got in touch with Habitat for Humanity, who had projects coming up and needed volunteers. We helped build five houses with them in one of the Fijian villages near our Home. Shortly afterwards we started another building project with Habitat for Humanity, but Cromwell returned to Hawaii so we couldn't continue as we didn't have the personnel needed for the job. For a while

we also worked with the Fijian Social Services by making house visits to parents with handicapped children. We helped them to understand their child's disabilities, and how to educate and accept their child despite his or her handicaps.

Our overall ministry, though, in Fiji has been teaching. We teach in three schools five days a week—about 400 children daily. At the first school, Sigatoka Methodist Primary, we have seven classes of six and seven-year-olds that we have Bible classes with. It is a Methodist school, but many of their teachers are Hindu, so they needed Christian teachers to take these classes. Flannelgraphs, songs, stories, and memory verses are the key. The children absolutely enjoy them and we have a blast teaching them as well. What we teach them is entirely up to us, as the school's given us permission to make our own curriculum. Our classes memorized Psalms 23, and then proudly quoted it for the entire school at one of the functions it held, along with singing the song "I'm in-right out-right," and several "Devotion in Motion" poems from the *Activity Book*. The children are so sweet, and they get very excited when they see us coming to their classroom.

From that school we go over to Get Smart Kindergarten to teach reading, writing, art, and music. There are only two teachers in this particular school, one of which is the owner, for the 45 children that attend, so we are now teaching both of them how and what to teach the children. We made them flashcards and taught them about math dots, picture facts—just about everything there is to teach young children. They had only a vague idea on teaching how-tos, so they were thankful for the input, basically giving us free rein in



Chris (19) getting acquainted with a local girl, Hawaii.

this school, and so far it's been great!

After this we go to another pre-school, and help them with activities and whatever the project for the day is. The children are younger here and don't speak English, so everything we do has to be translated into Hindi and Fijian.

Three nights a week we make house visits to various villages and Indian settlements with the principal of Sigatoka Methodist Primary School. On the visits we teach Bible stories, songs and memory work to the kids of these poor families. And on Sundays we have a Sunday school going with a few children of the sugarcane workers.

The University of the South Pacific is three hours away from where we live, and we've gone



Liberty (19), Hawaii.

there a few times for personal witnessing. Students from all the kingdoms and countries of the South Pacific study there, and we wish we could go there more often, but it's a little difficult with there only being two of us and needing to teach school every day.



Monica (13), C.J. (15), Liberty (17), Maria (19) and Cromwell (20), of Dan and Ruth, Hawaii.

#### HOW DID THE RECENT COUP IN FIJI AFFECT YOUR WORK? (See info box for more details on the coup.)

School was out for five weeks, and when school began again, the first day was cut short when there was a bomb threat, so the army and police sent everyone home—bringing our work to a grinding halt for a time. We were unable to visit the major cities to witness either.

The coup, or hostage situation as we call it here, affected the country considerably. For example, before the coup, an average of 1500–2000 tourists would arrive per day, but it decreased to 400, on a good day, that is. Hotels had to lay off more than 50% of their staff, and some major hotels, like the Sheraton Royal, closed completely. Food supplies started to run out because of the bans on anything coming to Fiji from Australia and New Zealand, and many people lost their jobs with various businesses closing down.

People's attitudes changed, too, with the Fijians being a bit cocky and not as friendly as before. The Indians were scared and locked up in their houses, as the Fijians used any excuses to harm and harass them. Fiji was under martial law, and there were curfews in place. Also there were roadblocks and military everywhere, something we never saw in Fiji before.

Arthur (19), Matt (18), Cromwell (23), Sam (20), and Thomas (18).



#### INFO ON THE FIJI COUP

Businessman George Speight led an armed group into Fiji's Parliament on May 19, taking 45 legislators and the country's first ethnic-Indian prime minister, Mahendra Chaudhry, hostage. Speight declared himself the nation's new leader on behalf of indigenous Fijians.

Racial tensions dominate Fijian society: Its population is split almost evenly between indigenous people and ethnic Indians, mostly descendants of migrant sugar workers. Fijians own more than 80 percent of the land, but Indians dominate commerce, and produce 90 percent of the sugar crop (Fiji's leading export). Indian-owned shops in the capital of Suva were looted and burned.

The two-month standoff ended when Speight agreed to release the last of his hostages. The military, which imposed martial law after the coup, scrapped the constitution, agreed to depose Prime Minister Mahendra Chaudhry's government and installed a new government stacked with nationalists.

As part of the deal, the military promised Speight and his key supporters immunity from prosecution. But Speight was arrested on July 26 amid a military crackdown that also netted more than 350 coup supporters. While most supporters were charged with unlawful assembly and released, Speight and his key advisers were charged with treason and other serious crimes.

Fiji, a nation of 320 islands, lies about 2,250 miles northeast of Sydney, Australia.

## DO YOU HAVE ANY OUTSTANDING TESTIMONIES OR WITNESSING ADVENTURES?

Over the past year we've gotten to know many people who have changed so completely since we first met, that you would not even recognize them as being the same people. Our house was located beside a construction site, which was being supervised by a group of people from overseas. After living there for a couple of months they invited us to their house for a barbecue, through which we got to know them better.

At first they were skeptical of what we were doing in Fiji, and what our motives for being here were. Having been hurt in the past, and seeing a lot of misery and hate they were hesitant to trust us. Then, after simply being there for these special people—a chat here, or a deed of kindness there, and accepting them on their level—they slowly opened up their hearts to us and came to trust us a little more with each passing day. They saw that we respected them for who they were, and they saw a special love for them in us—they saw the Spirit and love of Jesus.

When we look back and recall the past months of interaction with them, we can't help but marvel at the wonder-working magnificence of the Lord. Over the months they've grown closer and have become very special to us, and we believe that the Lord led us right to these lost people to show them that He certainly does care for them and love them. And there are many lost people just like them here in Fiji, longing to know the love of Jesus. It took a while to see results, and took time to develop a rapport with them, but a little bit of love certainly goes a long way and in the end that tiny seed has grown into a big, beautiful tree. Praise the Lord!

Not judging people by their outward appearance or attitude is something we learned through ministering to these people, some of them were pretty tough on the outside and even unpleasant to be around at times, but slowly

they have opened up and blossomed into beautiful caring souls. They call us their angels, but we know that God just placed us in their midst to touch them, and we are thankful to have been the ones He used.

Also around town there were people who were very grumpy and never smiled when we first got here. The baker, for example, never said much or smiled, but whenever we saw him we would smile and greet him with "Good morning!" Now he grins from ear to ear every time he sees us, and calls out, "Good morning Monica and Carmela! How are you today?" and gives us the hot bread right out of the oven.

In the morning when we walk through our little town en route to the different schools, everyone knows us and calls our names, and greets us as we pass. Some of the parents will talk to us about their children that we teach, saying how when the kids get home from school they'll play house and one of them is Carmela and the other Monica, ha! It's great

living and working in this happy little town of Sigatoka.

## IN CLOSING, DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY TO OUR READERS?

It doesn't matter how small or insignificant you are, the Lord can still use you in special ways if you are willing to be used of Him.—You don't have to be a flaming, renowned evangelist to be used by Him. Even if it doesn't seem like you're accomplishing much for the Lord, remember that He knows best, and if you stay close to Him and let Him lead and guide you, you'll find, as we have, that He can mightily use you in ways you would never have even imagined. We love you and hope you found this little insight into our work interesting and fun. God bless you all.

*Moce!(bye)*

**Carmie and Monica**

Back—Cromwell, Chris, C.J.  
Front: Monica, Maria, Liberty, Carmela and Davina, Hawaii.



In the course of my personal witnessing adventures, I have come to know and love the Lord's words so much more by seeing the beauty and truth in them. Prophecy has been a real tool in getting out His personal words of love, encouragement and instruction for those I meet.

One guy I had just met was going through a rough time in his life, so before our second meeting I felt led to receive a message for him. The prophecy included a line that said, "Remember the footprints in the sand?" Now that was kinda weird! I thought that maybe it should've said, "Like the footprints..." or "as with the

footprints..." But, no, it clearly said, "Remember..." So I wrote it down.

Then a couple paragraphs down, I got something like, "The way you love your child is how I love you." I thought, "Wait a minute, these must be my own stupid thoughts! How do I even know this guy has a kid? I know he's not married, and if this prophecy said something really off, then yikes!" So I didn't write that part.

The next day I met him and passed on the letter from Jesus, not quite sure how he'd react. As he started reading and got down to the middle line, he shook his head in amazement and smiled.

"I've read this before," he said, "the

footprints in the sand!" Three years ago, during the worst crisis in my life, my mother gave me that story to read and I've held onto that encouragement ever since! Wow! No wonder it distinctly said "remember"! It had been during an important turning point for him, years before.

Then, as we talked some more, he told me his story and how he had a child that he had only seen once—the day she was born. He and his girlfriend had parted on bad terms, but he still really loved his kid. When he said that, I wished I hadn't left out that important part of the message, which would probably have made it a lot more special to him! Lord forgive me!

True prophecy isn't my own stupid thoughts, but a very real spiritual weapon."



From Nyx (19), PI



"I don't get it", she said.  
 "How do you know all  
 this stuff about me?"



that He that meant exactly what He said, but I slept on it.

Believe it or not, the very next day it was fulfilled. I met her as she was coming around in her car outside the mall, where minutes earlier I had bumped into her boyfriend who assured me she was fine and still in town. I was overjoyed! The promise had been fulfilled word for word, and so soon! Not only that, but the same day I bumped into eight other friends whom I had witnessed to before, and whom I wasn't counting on ever meeting again. God works in mysterious ways!

Another sweet girl who I gave a "message" to was kinda spooked. "I don't

(Moral: True prophecy isn't "my own stupid thoughts," but a very real spiritual weapon, not to be taken for granted!)

There was one girl whom I was ministering to for a while, who then basically disappeared for a month. I tried to contact her in every way I could, but I couldn't locate her. This worried me, 'cause I remembered how she had mentioned she was moving to the States that month, so I thought she'd left already and I'd lost touch with her. One night I took that worry to the Lord, and asked Him to show me what was happening with her. He said, "Concerning this one, don't worry, for she is safe in My care. I will bring her 'round to you very soon." It took a lot of faith for me to believe

get it," she said. "How do you know all this stuff about me? It gives me shivers reading this stuff, 'cause it's just right for me! How can I have as close a relationship with God as you do?"

Now I know how true that verse is, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." Thank you, Mama and Peter, for helping us get used to the concept of everyday prophecy, and using it more. It has not only benefited me, but a whole lot of other lost and searching sheep. I guess it's like how you've gotta be sold on the product in order to sell it yourself. ... Well, I'm sold! ■



# The *oyibo*\* has landed!

(\*oyibo: white guy)

By Tim E. (22)

Since I arrived here in Nigeria last year, there's been no end to the interesting things to learn, see and experience.

Although, I'm sure it was just as great before I got here! Granted, some things take a bit of getting used to, but the heat, bugs, power failures, and the men, women, and children who call out "*Oyibo!*" upon sighting me, are all just things that come with the continent.—Making Africa the unique and interesting place that it is, which I should be able to adjust to soon enough.

## FZ: Following is a column on life in Africa, that will be continued in upcoming *Free Zine* editions, so stay tuned.

Getting into the country was an experience in itself. The gentleman representing immigrations, who spoke fairly good English with the local accent, expressed concern that I was traveling alone on my first visit to Nigeria, and kindly advised me, "Take care to avoid being accosted!"

I was immediately impressed with this man's vocabulary, as I have not personally used the word "accosted" in casual conversation, or like, *ever!* He had some good advice, but having been given the same or similar warnings repeatedly by numerous and concerned individuals prior to coming here, I had, in my familiarity with them, failed to realize the significance of his words.

But sure enough, before I had even left the terminal I was approached by a cheery porter who demanded US\$20 from me after helping me to get my luggage from the baggage claim. Naturally, I refused; instead I attempted to reason with him, but failed to change his mind. Me: "\$20? No way!" Porter, holding my stuff: "Bring it!" By this time he was beginning to pass my luggage on to other porters who seemed eager to help me carry it out of the building. I was clearly not Nigerian home cooking the

next day at the home of a national disciple's relatives. I admit I was apprehensive about the plantain and dried fish soup (extra heavy on the palm oil), but I went ahead and ate it anyway, so as not to offend them, and it turned out to be quite good. Many people in that particular family are fairly well built, which they credited to their good cooking, and being as skinny as I am, I didn't have much of an argument.

Next we were off to the local slaughter grounds (make that "market") to buy some meat. I'd been to some fairly primitive markets in Asia, but this was definitely a new thing for me, especially after being in the States where I had come to associate buying meat with the supermarket shopping experience. But there were no little old ladies inching their way down the aisles of attractive refrigerated displays, or complaining about a squeaky wheel on their shopping cart to be found here. Instead, there were literally dozens of muscled guys lugging around what appeared to be whole halves of cows killed only moments earlier, and sweaty vendors selling meat that was so fresh it was still moving. I somehow doubted any of it was kosher!

After making our selection ("I'll take that piece over there if it doesn't escape within the next few minutes!"), we watched as the merchants, who were very handy with their machetes, hacked the meat off the bones and weighed it. As chance would have it, the price of meat seemed to have doubled since I'd arrived at the market. All in my honor, I suppose. But the happy ending is that after a few moments of intense debate with the muscular, machete-



wielding butcher (and a few moments of intense personal prayer on my part), we were able to negotiate the price back down to where it was a little more missionary-budget friendly. Then we flagged down a bag boy who sold us a bag.

Before I sign off, I'd like to say for the record, that despite the fact that Africa has presented me with a few surprises, and some minor inconveniences—in the form of difficulty in communicating with the locals, primitive road conditions, and electricity that's not always there for me when I

need it—I have never been on such a fascinating or needy field in my life.

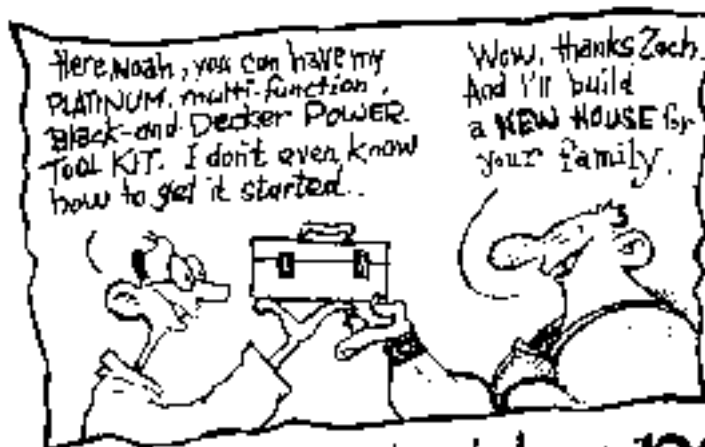
In writing this, I have in no way meant to belittle the culture or people of Nigeria, so please do not send anyone to accost me! ■



# The FILES

by David Scobie

So here it is:  
Zinetoon's 'Easy-To-Follow'  
Unity To-Do List.



Here, Noah, you can have my PLATINUM, multi-function, Black-and-Decker POWER TOOL KIT. I don't even know how to get it started..

Wow, thanks Zach. And I'll build a NEW HOUSE for your family.

## 1 Share **What** you HAVE With YOUR brothers & sisters.

\* See Below for FURTHER CLARIFICATION of the words 'What you HAVE' i.e. as in 'Share What you HAVE'.

'Share What you have' does **not** refer to:

- a Items that do not work.
- b Items that are of absolutely NO use to the recipient.
- c Please see POINT **1**
- d Certain personal hygiene items such as Dental Floss (Pronounced: DEN TAL FLOSS)

We refer specifically here to 'THE SAME PIECE OF DENTAL FLOSS'



AN Acts 2:44,45

## Quiz

Circle the items below which are O.K. to share with others.



## 2 Share **What** you HAVE CHEERFULLY!

Quiz: Which of the 2 pictures below best illustrates 'Share What you HAVE CHEERFULLY'?



Next Issue: The FILES -- Final Instalment -- MORE ADRENALIN-PUMPING

Unity-ACTION!... Coming to your ZINE