

LinkUP



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linkUP

For ages 12 and up.

In order to make this book appropriate for ages 12 and up, some articles from the original *linkUP* series have been removed, and some edits have been made to the remaining material. *

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TALES FROM THE

“I drowned when the Titanic sank”

The *Titanic* was a huge British passenger ship, (weighing 46,000 gross tons) a luxury liner believed by experts to be unsinkable until on its maiden voyage it struck an iceberg south of Newfoundland just before midnight on April 14, 1912, and sank early the next morning, in less than three hours. The sinking of the *Titanic* is considered one of the worst disasters in maritime¹ history. Of the more than 2,200 passengers and crew on board, over 1,500 died, many of them famous personalities on board for the maiden voyage. The *Titanic* has been the subject of several books and films, but not until September 1985 was the actual wreck found and the area photographed.

M

y name is Edwin, and I was one of the many who went down—or rather up—when that great ship sank. My father worked in the engine room of the *Titanic*, as part of our payment for passage, and my mother, my three little sisters and I came along with him, hoping to find a new world, a new life, a new beginning. Well, we sure did end up finding a new world, a new beginning, and a new life, but it didn't come the way we expected it to.

I had a lot of ambitions, a lot of youthful desires. I was born poor and my one



¹ maritime: relating to sea

legend: ^p = prophecy ⁿ = note

desire was to become rich, to become famous, to become somebody important. Those in the higher levels of society looked down on the commoners, the working class, and I detested that. I didn't want to live my life as the underdog, as the scorned, as the destitute.

My family was poor. I saw that we were always in need,

point. But because I hadn't seen God's love made manifest in the ways I was desiring—an end to the humble life we led, and in its place, wealth and prestige—I decided that I couldn't trust in a God that I couldn't see; I was going to strive for the things of this world that I could put my hands on. I wanted to be someone. I wanted wealth. I wanted

Cost of a (one-way) ticket today:

1st Class (parlor suite): \$50,000

1st Class (berth): \$1724

2nd Class: \$690

3rd Class: \$172 to \$460 today

Passengers:

337 1st Class

285 2nd Class

721 3rd Class

885 Crew

always scraping by to make ends meet. Then I looked at the rich, the wealthy—those who seemed to have it all. I wanted what they had. I wanted to live a life that I could be proud of, and I wanted the same for the children I would someday have.

I envied those my age who ate in the great dining hall. I envied those who could wear what they wanted to wear, have what they wanted to have, say what they wanted to say, and be respected—all because they had wealth and position. I had always been taught that achieving wealth didn't bring happiness, but I couldn't see how that could possibly be so.

My parents had taught me about God, had taught me to love, to live a good life, and I had valued these morals my whole life—at least until this

to enjoy life and be happy—and I thought that I knew how to find that happiness.

Then it happened. The Titanic hit the iceberg and the engines stopped. People had said that the Titanic couldn't sink, and I thought so too. She was a magnificent ship—the greatest in her day. Panic didn't strike at first, but after awhile my father came up and gave us the shocking news that the ship was sinking. He then had to go down below again, saying he would return as quickly as he was able. Mother stayed with the young ones in our room, trying to keep them unaware of all that was going on while she waited for my father to return.

My mind turned back to God. I had just resolved a few hours ago to go on in life without Him, yet now all I could



think of was what it would be like to meet Him, and what He would say to me. I had decided that I didn't believe that He could bring me happiness. But now, faced with the possibility of my life ending, I felt the press of my childhood faith returning to me.

I knew deep in my heart that the only thing that truly mattered was God and my faith, and my assurance that there was something else to live for in the next life. I realized that riches couldn't save anyone, and I felt ashamed as I thought of the frivolous life I had planned to leave God for, in order to pursue.

I walked through the corridors and hallways, and around the dining room and sitting rooms. Everyone was frantically running to and fro, trying to get to the lifeboats, trying to save their treasures, trying to save their lives. I realized that the whole ship in all its earthly glory—with all of its wealth, treasures, riches and jewels—was going to be lost.

In the panic that followed, the lower levels of rooms and passageways were locked off, and I was unable to return to my parents' room. By that time the lifeboats were full and people on the decks were in a mad frenzy. Once there were no more boats, the gates were again opened, and my family was together again. Father and Mother chose to keep the children calm, and to spend their last moments together. Soon my little sisters were soundly sleeping. And with an unimaginable

sense of peace overtaking us, we all went peacefully to sleep.


I don't even remember the ship sinking, and at that point it didn't really matter to me. Everything was just dark for a little while and

then we entered a glorious light and came face to face with Jesus. Everything that had happened in my life on Earth faded from my mind; it was of no importance to me anymore.

I felt that I had practically denied the Lord when I decided to live my life in pursuit of earthly pleasures—though just for a short while—but He still welcomed me and never once accused me or made me feel condemned about the wrong choices that I had made in my life. Heaven is such a beautiful Place, and I have everything I ever wished for on Earth, and much, much more.

Maybe you can't relate to my story so well because you didn't live in my time; you weren't a boy or girl in a poor family, and you weren't aboard the Titanic. But I think I may have more in common with some of you than you'd care to let on.

There are different levels of society in the world even now, and in the eyes of the world, you—those within the Family—are of no esteem or comeliness. You are beggars for Jesus. You've given up everything for Him. You've become poor that you might

 The history books tell one thing, but the world of the spirit is another. Things that appear to be are not always how they are, and things are changed over time by men seeking their own gains and purposes. Who are you to believe?— The words of man and the history books? Or My Words? Sometimes there is a choice. In those situations you must go against history; you must go against the writings of man and stick to My Words.

win the destitute to Him.

Sometimes you may be tempted to think that you got the raw end of the deal. Maybe you feel like you don't get to enjoy yourself. Maybe you feel that if you were elevated in the eyes of the world just a little bit, you would be content. Sometimes you even wonder whether Jesus is worth living for, whether all of these sacrifices are really necessary. What about happiness? What about popularity? What about freedom? What about all of these pleasures that you see around you?

Well, I know the feeling. But please don't trade the spiritual riches you have for the material riches and pleasures of the world. Material things, earthly pleasures, joys and feelings can be gone in an instant. Yet your riches—your spiritual riches—live on. You can take them with you.

You never know when the Lord's going to choose to take you, so live each day as if it were your last. I didn't know my life would end that night, but it did. Strive to live for the things that count in life. Don't give up your crown of service in the Family for something that's just going to fade away, like that ship sank into the ocean of nothingness. Take it from someone who was once at the bottom and knows what it feels like to be hated of all men, to be despised and to be rejected. Jesus is worth all that! And believe me, you have riches in Heaven that will blow your mind.



Cost of the Titanic (in 1912): \$7,500,000
Cost to build Titanic today: \$400,000,000

Titanic Provisions

Fresh Meat	75,000 lbs
Fresh Fish	11,000 lbs
Salt and dried fish	4,000 lbs
Bacon and Ham	7,500 lbs
Poultry and game	25,000 lbs
Fresh Eggs	40,000
Sausages	2,500 lbs
Potatoes	40 tons
Onions	3,500 lbs
Tomatoes	3,500 lbs
Asparagus	800 bundles
Fresh Green Peas	2,500 lbs
Lettuce	7,000 heads
Sweetbreads	1,000
Ice Cream	1,750 lbs
Coffee	2,200 lbs
Tea	800 lbs
Rice, beans etc.	10,000 lbs
Sugar	10,000 lbs
Flour	250 barrels
Cereals	10,000 lbs
Apples	36,000
Oranges	36,000
Lemons	16,000
Grapes	1,000 lbs
Grapefruit	13,000
Jams/Marmalade	1,120 lbs
Fresh Milk	1,500 gal
Fresh Cream	1,200 qts
Condensed Milk	600 gals
Fresh Butter	6,000 lbs
Ales/Stout	15,000 bottles
Wines	1,000 bottles
Spirits	850 bottles
Minerals	1,200 bottles
Cigars	8,000
57,600 items of crockery	
29,000 pieces of glassware	
44,000 pieces of cutlery	
Aprons	4,000
Blankets	7,500
Tablecloths	6,000
Bed Covers	3,600
Eiderdown Quilts	800
Sheets	18,000
Pillowcases	15,000
Table Napkins	45,000
Towels	36,000

Tabitha Praisemore, England: I had been to see the movie "Titanic" with the teens in our Home, and had been quite moved by the plight of those who died—so moved that I felt led to pray for them. That night while climbing into bed I started to get a poem. It came quite forcefully and I scrambled to get a pen and notepad to write it down. I've never received something this way before, as if the person giving it was really in earnest. I asked for a name and got "Edwina."

Shortly after this I went to a big library in town and did some research on the Titanic. I was able to obtain a complete passenger list, and lo and behold, there she was! Edwina Celia Trontt, 27 years old, traveling from Bath, England, to Massachusetts. (Incidentally, of all the first names of female passengers, Edwina only appears once.)



To add to the mystery of these messages, it's interesting to note that despite the similarity of the names Edwin and Edwina, the channels who received these prophecies were thousands of miles apart.

The heart cry of the dying ...

Down, down to a watery grave.
I knew Him not, and all I'd got
Could not save me from my end.
Down, down to a watery grave,
With no one to save me
In body or spirit. Can you hear it?
They cry to be free—just like me.

So proud a vessel you never did see—
A ship of dreams for all to see.
My father, my mother, and I made three;
Refined passengers in fine company.
Dressed in ermine-trimmed coats and strings
of pearls,
The darlings of the dukes and earls,
Society's finest, the cream of the crop,
Life but a dream of parties nonstop.
No time to care for the common folk
Or their plight, save to laugh and poke
Fun at them and what they had not.

Down, down to a watery grave,
All alone with no one to save us
From our end.

"Women and children first!" they cried.
But frightened men tried and tried
To escape the inevitable end,
Searching frantically to join a friend
Or loved one dear who might be safe
Aboard a lifeboat.—Might be safe?
And the sea, she knows nothing at all
Of class and rank, of rich and poor.
No money or wealth or precious fine jewel
Can dissuade her from her mission cruel.

To tempt God—what folly indeed!
"Unsinkable!" "Immortal!"
"Man's finest ship made!"
And yet in just o'er sixty minutes twice,
The sea swallowed up so many lives.
It once was said that the best-laid plans
Often go astray;
Good counsel comes when men do stop,
Acknowledge God, and pray.

Had I known that my voyage was to end
Not in America among my friends,
But in the bosom of the deep, vast sea,



Though this one did not sink with the Titanic, she is sharing the thoughts, feelings, and the desperation of her soul during those moments when she feared that she would die. Edwina speaks the thoughts of fear, doom and tragedy that all faced when this mighty ship was set on its course of destruction.

This one is now happy in Heaven with Me. She did know Me while on Earth, and it was partly in reply to her prayers of desperation as she faced death that I was able to deliver her and continue her life on Earth.

When calling for release through your prayers, she again speaks on behalf of her fellow passengers, some of whom have been trapped aboard this ocean vessel; who have remained in a spiritual limbo because they had not known Me before their passing.

.....
 How different my earlier thoughts would have been!
 My plans much altered, prayers faithfully said,
 The Bible of my youth more faithfully read.
 And yet in all of this I can smile,
 Happy in what I have learned this while;
 I rejoice in my Savior's love,
 Redeemed by fervent petitions of love.

Listen! You'll hear us on the wind,
 Or in the seagulls' flapping wings.
 We bear witness to the shortness of time,
 And how quickly life's over—to you in this rhyme.

Adieu! The time is up and I must return.
 But I trust you'll not forget or spurn
 And dismiss this as a dream,
 Or flight of fancy or supreme imaginings.
 Love us into Heaven through your prayers;
 Let us walk those golden stairs
 To eternal peace and eternal rest.
 Release us from the bosom of the deep,
 Into that land where none can weep;
 The land of promise where all dreams do come true.
 You hold our tickets.—What will you do? ■

Titanic luxuries

Gymnasium with rowing machines, a stationary bicycle and an electric horse.

A heated pool (first ever built into a vessel).

State of the art infirmary staffed by two physicians, including an operating room.

Authentic Parisian café with French waiters.

Turkish bath.

Squash court.

1st and 2nd class libraries.

10,488 sq. ft.
 1st Class Dining Saloon.

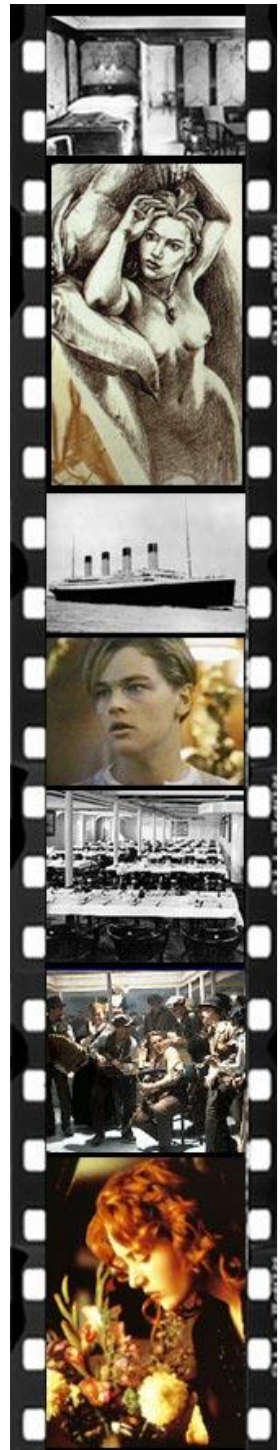
Veranda café with real palm trees.

A darkroom.

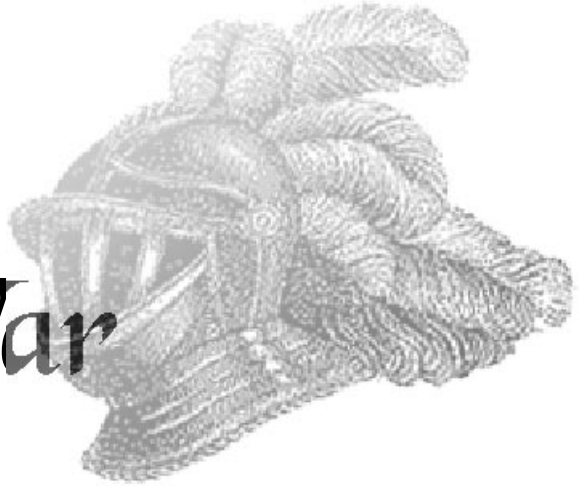
50-phone switch-board, with operator for inter-ship calls.

Four electric elevators complete with operators.

2228 Passengers
 705 Survived
 1523 Perished
 306 bodies found



Calling Sons of War



My name is Simon the Warrior. I lived hundreds of years ago in the land of France, where I was a mighty warrior for the vassals¹ of my land. I fought a good fight against the heathen Moors that tried to engulf our land. I was a firm believer in Christ but I rejected the harsh and unloving ways of the Church of my day. I was appalled by the lack of love and how they did not follow the teachings of our Lord and Savior. So I waged a militant war against those who wanted to corrupt the simple faith of my people. I fought for them and I was their champion.

From the time I was born I had to fight. I was born with only one good eye; the other was nearly blind. I had to fight to be accepted in my family and to not be pampered or babied, as I was the only boy. I had to fight for my father's land, for he had a secret lover who bore him a son. When this boy became a man, he would have usurped our lands had I not shown myself strong and valiant in battle against him.

¹ **vassals:** those who held lands from a lord or perior

There were times when I felt that I could not go on, and I most certainly would have failed if it were not for the strength of Jesus that my mother had instilled in me when I was young. I was taught to love and serve as a knight of the realm; we all were taught to bow our heads and bend our knees to the cross. Yes, it was through the bowing down before Him that I found my strength. Every night before a battle I would go into a chapel and throw myself at His feet and ask for God's help and strength to fight my foes and to overcome in His Name.

I wore the crest of our family proudly. It was of a white eagle with the Holy Script in one hand and a sword in the other. Behind it was a shield bearing the words "in Christ do we make our war." On my sword were engraved the words: "By His might do I overcome." And on my helmet was the inscription: "Thy Words, they comfort me."

My death was tragic and unusual. My son and I were engaged in sword practice, and for a moment, I stepped back and paused. However, my son, Henry, did not realize that the match had paused. Thus he took the opportunity to thrust, being confident that I would, as

always, deflect his youthful blows. But I was caught unaware, and suffered a mortal wound.

Thus, after many years of fighting and overcoming, I was brought to my Heavenly reward. Though I had not asked Jesus to come into my heart on this Earth in such words, I had certainly given my heart to Him in my life. As I lay dying, with my grieving son at my side, I looked up and saw the face of the most wonderful, loving Companion there could ever be.

He smiled at me and said, "Are you ready now to come Home? Do you believe that I died for your sins and that I can give you eternal life?" I looked up with pain and said, "Oh my Lord, my God. I give my heart once more to You. I surrender my life into Your hands. If it is Thy will that I go Home to be with Thee, I accept it. I fought for Thy name and I have lifted up Thy name among my kinsmen. I am ready to keep fighting if You will but heal me."

He looked lovingly into my eyes and said, "Son, it is time to come Home." With that I knew that my fight was over on this Earth. I looked into my son's eyes and said, "Son, Christ calls me to His side now. I must go. I must go and fight for you from there, but I will never leave your side. Take now my sword and swear to me that you will purge our lands from the workers of iniquity, and that you too will give your life to the service of the cross."

My son was weeping. He said, "Father, I lift up now thy honor and thy sword, and in the Name of Christ shall I make my wars. I will fight till the death any that challenge His

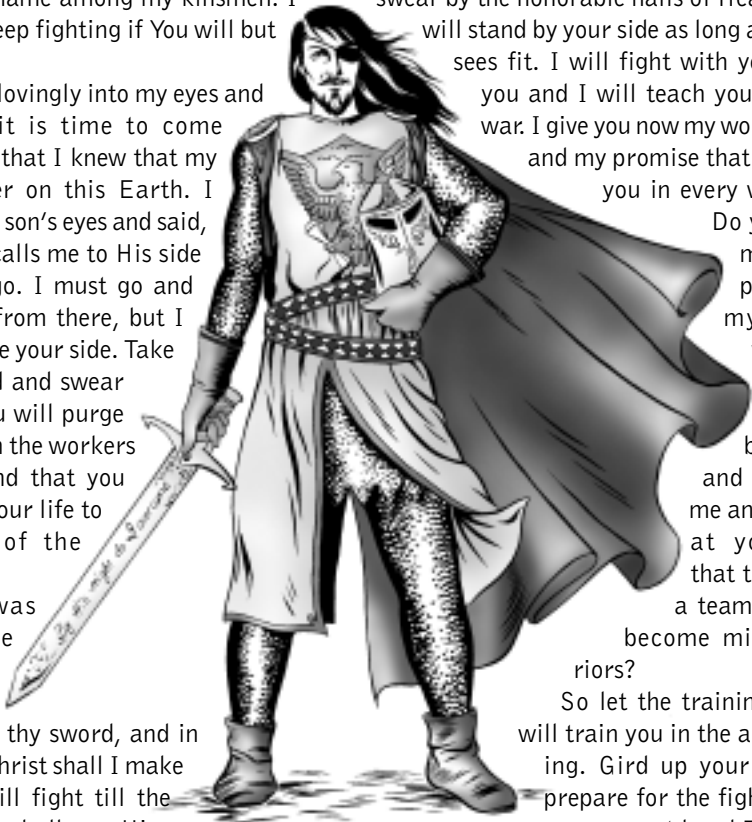
Name. I will fight for you and for Him. I commend you now into the arms of my Creator." With this release I left my body and raced into His arms.

I leapt at the chance to come now and defend you, the children and mighty men of David, and teach you how to war. I long for more warrior sons whom I can train and fight with. I want you to accept me now as your trainer. Let me help you learn to uphold the standard of David and fight for the right. I have met your Father David, and have talked many long hours with him, for he too was a fighter and a servant of our Lord. He commissioned me to come down to you and to fight for you.

Will you now accept me as your trainer? Will you accept this token of my allegiance? I swear by the honorable halls of Heaven that I will stand by your side as long as the Lord sees fit. I will fight with you and for you and I will teach your hands to war. I give you now my word of honor and my promise that I will help you in every way I can.

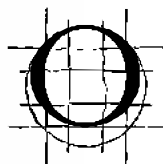
Do you accept my humble plea to be my son of war? Will you embrace the battle code and fight with me and the Lord at your side, that together as a team we might become mighty warriors?

So let the training begin. I will train you in the art of fighting. Gird up your loins and prepare for the fight, for it is even now at hand. ■





I'm Christon,
monitor of the
Ride Dish.



ut with
hash, down
with speed, ditch the
heroin, kick the
cocaine, trample the
opium!

I'm Christon,
monitor of the
Ride Dish. If
you're wondering
what the Ride Dish
is, it's one of the
latest additions to our
Exotic Exhibit pavilion.
When you get Here, you
won't just be calling this
place cool—you'll be
stunned.

I've never been to
Earth. I've never been a
human. But I've got some
good friends who've been
where you are, and on the
side—if there were an
"off the record"—I think
I've got a streak of your
human side in me as well.
I've heard a lot from the
teens and young people
who've come Here lately,
coupled with my own
mind-reading capabili-
ties, and frequent trips
down to your planet to
figure out what you all
think is the latest craze.
You know, we don't want

to disappoint you when you get up Here, not that we ever could, but it has given me plenty of new ideas for inventions and contraptions, to further jazz up our niche in this pavilion.

I know that a lot of you have thought about messing around with some of those earthly highs. You've been offered marijuana.

You've come close to some uppers, downers and the like. But when you look back and wish that you had taken your chance to test them out, remember me—

Christon—and what we've got going up Here.

For every rush that lasts one second in your world—given to you by an illicit drug—there is a thrill up Here that will make you wonder what world you've landed on! Here you can try every sensation, trek out to your dreams and back, experience that weightless feeling, supernatural power, incredible abilities. It's all right here at the Ride Dish.

There are tons of spiritual highs and new experiences that you'll thrill to

when you come to Heaven, but this pavilion doesn't have much to do with the regular feelings or powers that you'll have upon obtaining your spiritual body. These are additional ones that you have to come here to our pavilion to partake of. If all these thrills were just given to you upon

fall, he's been working on recreating some kind of counterfeit, some reproduction of what God had created.

Illicit drugs were masterminded by Satan, and anything that his hand touches is besmirched with a strain of evil and destruction. Whereas our line of

Do illicit drugs have a Heavenly counterpart?

arrival, then what would be the purpose of all the pavilions and the fairgrounds? God has reserved that each one contain something that can only be found and enjoyed there.

There have always been spiritual highs and dimensions Here that give you terrific charges. When Lucifer fell, he tried to recreate some of that magic, but was never able to in the realm of the spirit. He still is unable to. Ever since his

thrills are made in perfection. If you go for the counterfeit now, they'll leave their mark on your body, mind and spirit; they cause harm and damage.

Well, I'll be waiting for you. I have a feeling I'm going to have to employ a few more attendants at our booth. We're going to be packed come Rapture time! Until then, stay off the highs that the street tries to offer you. Hold out for the real thing! ■

Opium: a bitter, yellowish-brown, strongly addictive narcotic drug prepared from the dried juice of unripe pods of the opium poppy. Opium is grown mainly in Turkey and India. Besides the legitimate demand for opium (which is used as a sedative and painkiller), most of it is distributed and used illegally to attain artificial highs. Heroin is derived from opium.

Amphetamine; methamphetamine (a.k.a. meth/speed): any of a group of powerful stimulant drugs that act on the central nervous system (the brain and the spinal cord), increasing heart rate and blood pressure while reducing fatigue.

Cocaine: alkaloid¹ obtained from leaves of the coca plant and used medically as a local anesthetic. Cocaine came into particular prominence in the late 1970s and the 1980s. Cocaine hydrochloride, a water-soluble salt, is a dry white powder that is usually inhaled through a thin tube inserted into the nostril. More rarely, cocaine is injected into a vein.



Effects of drugs: Taking drugs such as those mentioned above first produce a feeling of pleasure and euphoria, well-being, increased competence and alertness for the user. But with their continued use, the body demands larger amounts to reach the same sense of well-being. Withdrawal is extremely uncomfortable, and addicts typically continue taking the drug to avoid the pain of not getting any, rather than to attain the state of euphoria they at first sought for in the drug. Complete recovery often requires years of social and psychological rehabilitation.

Malnutrition, respiratory complications, and low blood pressure are some of the illnesses associated with addiction. High doses of amphetamines can cause tremors, sweating, heart palpitations, or anxiety. Exhaustion and depression follow when the effects wear off. Serious mental illness such as paranoia, delusion, hallucination, and violent behavior may occur after prolonged use.

Chronic use of cocaine can lead to skin abscesses, perforation of the septum of the nose, weight loss, and damage to the nervous system. Negative mental effects include extreme restlessness, anxiety, irritability, and, occasionally, paranoid psychosis. Death can occur even from a small dose, and is usually caused by seizures or heart attacks.

¹ **alkaloid:** various organic compounds, such as nicotine, quinine, cocaine, and morphine

Selena



Selena Perez (1971-1995) began singing professionally between ages 8-10, and recorded her first album at age 12. She took Tejano music from backyard weddings to 60,000-seat stadium concerts; she won six Tejano music awards, including best female vocalist for the eighth time. She was shot to death on March 31, 1995, outside a Corpus Christi, Texas hotel by Yolanda Saldivar, the former president of Selena's fan club. Selena was 23 when she died. Yolanda was sentenced to life in prison.

I loved to sing. I loved music. I loved the stage and this became my passion. I was a natural, and charisma just oozed out of me. I loved the crowds and their cheers. I loved the bright lights. I loved the glamour and I loved the glory. The indifference and the prejudice that surrounded me as I grew up ran so deep that my quick rise to stardom seemed like a mighty nice wave to ride at the time. Yet along this road to worldly fame and stardom, I began to realize deep down within me that I was empty; something was sadly lacking. I could see it and feel it and sense it, but I could hardly talk about it with anyone. Did I dare?

As I rode the wave of popularity and glamour, many questions were raised in my mind and heart. Here I was accomplishing what all those around me said would bring happiness, yet I knew deep down that there had to be something more in life. I felt torn, because I didn't want to disappoint my parents and loved ones

who looked at my success as nothing but a good thing, yet I couldn't understand why everything my loved ones around me desired and longed for—the fame, the fortune, the success of the world—could not fully satisfy.

As I came into fame and fortune in the world, I loved every minute of it, but you know what? All that worldly fame and fortune, even the sense of fulfillment I had on Earth accomplishing my goals, designing my clothes, singing my songs, spreading a certain sense of joy to my fans and helping to console others through my music—all this was nothing, not even a drop in the bucket compared to what the Family has and what Jesus is doing and is gonna do through you in these last days of this spectacular Endtime show! No way, José! That stadium in Houston is child's play compared to the stage you all are gonna play on!

My life on Earth was cut short and it shocked the World, but the

Lord had a plan. He allowed it to happen when it did because He knew; Jesus knew exactly when the right time was to bring me Home to Heaven. The world looks at my death and they see it as unfair; they see it as tragic, and it was tragic. But there was another purpose in my death, and this may surprise you, but it was an answer to my secret prayer.

No, I didn't want to die. I didn't ask that my life on Earth be ended; that was the furthest thing from my mind. I wanted to live life to the full. But I did want to know the truth and I desperately wanted true freedom. I didn't understand it all on Earth, but as soon as I arrived Here in Heaven, I could see it clearly. While on Earth, I was in a cage and the doors were closing in on me. I was already embroiled in the rat-race. I was fast becoming heavily involved and caught up in fleeting Earthly values. I was about to cross the point of no return—the point of signing away my life, my usefulness, signing over my soul to slavery and bondage.

But Jesus could see my heart and my innermost desires, longings and prayers, and He answered, although in a way I would have least expected. My death served a two-fold purpose: a warning to the World of the signs of the times, and a deliverance for me—a new beginning.

Jesus knew that deep inside I was a rebel. He knew I longed for passion and the true values in life—freedom and love. He knew how much I wanted my music to make a difference. Not only did He deliver me from signing my life and soul over to the ways of the world in the nick of time, but now He's given me my heart's desire to do something that really counts. I'm learning all about Him and His true ways. Most importantly, I'm training so

that I can help you, the Family, in your mission down there on Earth! He's honored me when I was least deserving!

The minute I met the Family up Here, I knew this was my purpose. If I would have met you there on Earth I would have wanted to join you, because y'all in the Family really have it! What you're doing is gonna last forever, when in comparison, all I did and lived for passed away in a fleeting moment! Jesus brought me Home to Heaven so I could meet the Family—my true family—and so that now, by His grace and with His help, I can help you Family young people in your mission. As amazing as it seems, that was the reason for my death at such a young age—to help you sing music that will make a difference, music with meaning.

Dear Family, you have no idea how far your love goes! You have no idea how far your music will go! Never underestimate it! Don't belittle it! Don't give up, because there are great, great things in store and they're just around the corner! You Family folks are the stars of the End! You're the ones that will have true glory, true splendor, true fulfillment, and the best thing about it is it's gonna last forever! None of you who hold on to your crown are gonna get brushed aside and forgotten because of a new upcoming star. You're gonna shine forever and ever! That's stardom, folks!

And, hey! If any of you musicians and singers down there get an itch to try out some new music, maybe I can help. I'm still just a babe, but I'm Here and available! If you wanna try, I'm game.

In closing, my motto is: "Make the most of each day!" Don't waste precious time.—Live and love, each and every day of your life! Live each day as if it were your last!



● ● **Joan, USA:** After our Home watched the movie “Selena,” some of us began to feel
● ● burdened that maybe there was something she wanted to say.

● ● To say we were “busy” would be an understatement, and although we sincerely
● ● wanted to find time, it just didn’t seem to happen. But she didn’t give up so easily. A
● ● couple of days later while I was cooking, Robin (1) accidentally turned on the radio
● ● and a Spanish song by guess who came on! While out clowning we met three girls
● ● named Selena. Everywhere we turned we saw her picture, name, or something to
● ● remind us of her.

● ● One night we decided that come hell or high water, we would take time and tune
● ● in. Here is what she said:

Hi! It’s me—Selena. I’ve wanted to talk to you for quite a while now. While on Earth, my greatest joy was singing—I loved it. I do that up Here too. I sing and sing. I sing praise songs and love songs; I sing to my heart’s content.

There’s something very important I need to tell you: While I was on Earth, and had the opportunity to go many places and sing, the thing I forgot to do was sing songs of truth and hope, and most importantly, songs about Jesus. I even had a chance when I went to Mexico to sing to the multitudes of people there. I stood in front of all those people—and to hear them cheer for me was real ecstasy—but I didn’t give them the hope and the truth they needed for these difficult days.

That’s why I left this Earth at a young age; so Jesus could use me up Here to inspire the children of David and the Family to sing beautiful songs that make a difference. With the new Spanish songs I’m able to help inspire and publish the words that the people of Mexico need. Now I can see how Jesus wants this gift of singing to be used.

It’s like the story that Jesus tells us in the Bible about the three men that were given talents. I’m like the one who got one talent; I hid mine behind myself, and when it came time to pay the Lord, I was found wanting. At least now I can use my talent through the Family to sing songs of joy and truth. Now that’s really singing.

So I’m here to tell you guys to go for it! Don’t worry! Just trust that everything will work out—go for it and give it your all. Don’t you think I was scared out there sometimes? Sure I was scared! But I found courage inside myself, so you should have more courage knowing the Lord is with you. Life is too short (as I found out) to be busy doing nothing.

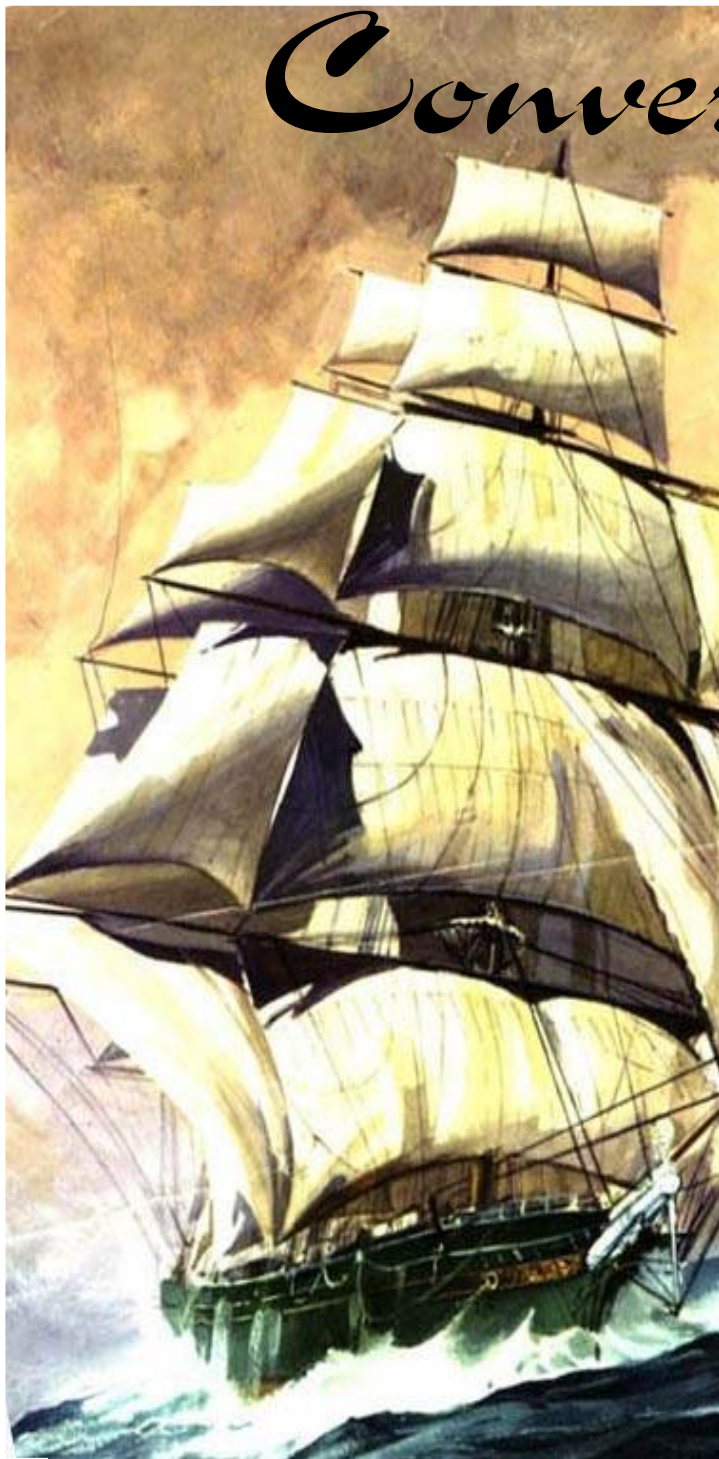
Can you do what I never did by showing people Jesus loves them, and that He can be more to them than all these things they think will make them happy? Do it for me!

Will you be my ears, my mouth, and feet? I’m counting on you. I’m watching you. Thank you! I know you will. ■



“The movie about my life is a pretty accurate portrayal of the way things were. It was tough to make it and sometimes the gigs were pretty exhausting. But it was fun; I really enjoy singing! It’s wonderful to sing when you have something to sing about—and you’ve got the best reason in the world!”

Conversion



it was a dark and cold night. There was a thick covering of clouds blocking any light from the stars. I'd been up late into the night reading maps and looking at charts, trying to figure out some kind of plan of attack should we come across any enemy vessels. My ship, the *Bonhomme Richard*, and the four others that sailed with us, had been assigned to the dangerous waters around the British Isles, in the very heart of enemy territory, and we had to be ready for anything.

It was early in the morning, and I decided to go up on deck and check the watch. The helmsman was a friend of mine, as far as it was proper for captains and sailors to be friends. His name was also John—John Rogers. But there was never any confusion

at Sea



between us, as no one dared call the captain by his first name. I was “Sir” or “Captain,” and when in company, “Captain Jones.”

The wind that night was fair, and the ship sailed smoothly, its bow effortlessly cutting through the murky waters. Out on the sea the nights were beautiful, except when there was a storm, and I even enjoyed those. I loved a good challenge, even if it meant fighting the elements for the possession of my ship. I could not understand those who were afraid during storms. I considered this cowardice. I didn’t know much about patience or understanding then; I was full of piss and vinegar¹! I was a fighter by nature, and consideration for the weaknesses and frailties of others was never one of my strong points.

On deck, all was calm. John stood at the helm, and two other watchmen were in view. I walked up to the wheel.

“Evenin’, Sir,” said John.

“Evening, Rogers,” I replied.

We were both taciturn² men, and this was often the extent of our conversation. I knew Rogers held me in esteem, in spite of—and perhaps because of—the only time we had ever come into conflict. The winner of that discussion was a foregone conclusion; one does not disagree or argue with one’s superior officer at sea. All the same, it was a

memorable occasion, and this is the tale I tell today: How I came to know my Savior.

I had become a seaman because it was my family’s wish, and because I wanted to see the world. I worked on several ships, and by the time the Revolutionary War broke out, I was commissioned senior lieutenant of a navy vessel, and was eventually given command of a ship of my own. In charge at last, yet insecure in my authority, I was hasty with the lash, and ordered strict punishments that often hurt more than they helped. John Rogers was the one who changed that.

One fine summer day, we visited an island for coconuts, fresh water and other supplies. As is customary, the men were granted shore leave for a day and a night while the ship was being loaded, mostly by the helpful natives of the island. My men had gone off, as delighted children, to stretch their legs and feel the firm earth under their feet. The chance, however, that some of the men might get out of hand, was a risk which always accompanied shore leave. Though punishments were severe, it seemed to happen all too frequently, and today would be no exception.

¹ **piss and vinegar:** lively and energetic

² **taciturn:** habitually untalkative

This time it was Sims who got out of line. He had been press-ganged at the start of this voyage, some eight months ago. Sick with worry for his wife and six children who had been left behind, Sims took the opportunity to drown his sorrows in the thick and potent coconut liquor of the natives. This was not unusual, and such drinking was usually overlooked, as long as the man caused no trouble and was fit to report back in and resume his duties at the appointed time.

This was not the case with Sims, however. He drank himself into a stupor, but not

face back on ship.

Within ten minutes of reboarding the ship, the crew knew what awaited poor Sims. Many of the men were well acquainted with the cat-o'-nine-tails, the standard punishment at sea. The question was how many lashes would he get? Though they must have felt a bit of leniency was in order, they expected the worst.

During the months that I had been in command of the ship, I had shown that I was a hard man, not afraid to have a sailor whipped until the skin on his back could not

been seen for the blood, till he cried out and fainted, only to be roused with a sip of rum and put through another set of lashes. Only once had I ordered such an extreme penalty, but it was enough to show the men that they could not expect mercy from me. At that time I despised mercy and forgiveness as the traits of a weak woman. Were we not men, and fighting a war at that?

Sims knew what to expect when he got himself into such a mess, I thought to myself. Therefore, he deserves the punishment that

shall be given him. I gave the order for 30 lashes. The punishment was scheduled to be carried out the next day.

In the meantime, Sims had developed a fever and was very ill, probably from the liquor. It was said to be harmful to white stomachs. On the following day, however, I was determined to get it over with, so Sims was strapped to a cannon. The two men assigned to the task were ready. I had only to nod, and the punishment would begin. All the men stood at attention. They would all witness the discipline, as a warning. The

What were pressgangs? It was not always possible to fill ships' crews with volunteers, especially in wartime, so the law allowed gangs to seize men and force them to join a ship. Officially, only men who were already seafarers were supposed to be taken, but in practice gangs grabbed many others, such as apprentices or laborers. Pressing peaked in the 1700s but it was still going on as late as 1850. The grief and anger of pressed men at being torn from their families was another reason why on board discipline had to be tough.

—*Courtesy of National Maritime Museum, UK*

before noisily disturbing the peace of the shore village, and insulting one of the young women. This could not be tolerated. We had to maintain friendly relations with the natives, as they provided supplies for many of our ships along this route.

The next morning, Sims was not among the group of sailors on the beach when the ship's boat came to collect them. A search of the area was made, and Sims was discovered under a tree, still sleeping off his liquor. The sailor who found him hauled him to his feet, with words of pity for what he was sure to

sailors looked to me for the signal, and I was about to nod my assent. With whips raised, they waited. It seemed that everything was still. No sound could be heard but the swish of the waves against the hull and sides of the ship.

For a brief second before the punishment was to begin, a twinge of hesitation afflicted me. I realized that I had the power to stop this. *This man need not feel pain*, I thought. Then I questioned myself. *Am I doing the right thing? After all, the man's already suffering enough. He's boiling with the fever. At the least, he needn't suffer such a severe castigation. What if he doesn't recover? All I have to say is, 'Dismissed!' and it would all be over, with no pain to anyone.*

But my hardened nature overtook me once again. *Of course not! What is the matter with me? I've done this before. Am I getting soft?* My last thought was enough to spur me on. Determined not to allow my men to notice any hint of weakness, I nodded to the sailors. The whips cracked, abruptly cutting the still silence. One, then two strokes. Then something happened which has never been equaled, in my opinion, in anything I have seen before or since.

A voice cried, "Stop! Don't do this!"

The well-trained men, oblivious to anything but an officer's command, continued the whipping.

"Stop, please!" Rogers elbowed his way through the astonished lines of seamen.

"Please, Sir ... Captain! Don't let them



By 1850, Congress abolished flogging in the Navy.

continue. He can't take it."

I signaled them to halt. Normally, a sailor questioning his officer in a matter of discipline would have been hauled off straightaway to the pit, as it was called, to face punishment of the same. But something in Rogers' tone touched a chord in me. I wanted to hear him out.

"How dare you interrupt punishment!" I cried indignantly, feigning anger.

"Please, Sir! Sims is sick. Thirty lashes will kill him."

"I can't help that. This man went against regulations, not to mention having insulted the chief and endangering our continued good relations with the people of this island. He must be punished. Now stand aside, Rogers, if you don't want some of the same," I retorted.

"But can't you understand, Captain? He

was press-ganged, neither prepared for or aware of the kind of regulations he would have to endure. His wife is ill, maybe dead for all he knows. Is there not room for a little compassion? Sir, I beg you!"

"The punishment must be given as an example to the other men. There is no alternative," I said stonily.

Rogers looked over his shoulder at Sims, shivering from fever, bleeding, and hopeless. He turned his face back to me. "Maybe there is, Sir. I can take his place. Let me take the punishment for him instead."

I was stunned, but intrigued by the proposal. Sims was indeed a good sailor, and however much I feigned indifference, I really didn't want to lose him. One man had been lost on our journey so far, to scurvy, and I didn't want to lose another. I knew we'd need every last man for what was to come. I turned to the first lieutenant, who stood a little behind me.

"Can that be done?" I asked.

"I've never heard of it, Sir," he answered.

Our navigator cleared his throat and said, "Begging your pardon, Sir, but there is a precedent." He went on to explain how a general had done something much the same

in a circumstance like this. I had my excuse.

"Very well," I said to Rogers. "You will have your request." Turning to the ship's surgeon, I said, "Mr. Lanney, tend to Sims' wounds."

It took but a few moments to untie Sims and strap Rogers down. Poor Sims, almost unconscious with pain and fever, tried to thank Rogers, to protest against his sacrifice, but he was too weak. He could only look at Rogers in amazement, as did the rest of us. What kind of man would endure such a thing for someone else?

Rogers received 21 strokes, the remainder of Sims' punishment. Not a word was spoken as the men quickly untied him and took him away to clean his wounds.

That night, I lay sleepless. I couldn't get the events of the afternoon out of my head: Rogers' respectful, but impassioned appeal; Sims' muffled cries of pain, and the look of overwhelming gratitude and awe that came over his face when he realized that Rogers was to take his punishment for him. He had done it not from constraint, but from compassion, with a strength of conviction I had never witnessed before in any man.

I tossed and turned, trying to think of an acceptable reason for Rogers' actions, but

Jones, John Paul

(1747-1792), American naval officer, born in Scotland. At the age of 12 he went to sea for the first time, as a cabin boy. By the age of 19 he was first mate of a slaver brigantine. In 1773, as commander of a merchant vessel in the West Indies, he killed the leader of a mutinous crew. He then fled and

was thereafter considered a fugitive from justice by the British.

In 1775, at the outbreak of the American Revolution, Jones entered the Continental Navy. By 1776 he was promoted to captain. In 1779, Capt. John Paul Jones sailed with a Continental navy squadron of five ships. He rounded the British Isles, and on September 23

engaged a fleet of vessels commanded by the Royal Navy vessel *Serapis*.

Heavily outgunned and outmanned, Jones moved in close, and lashed his ship to the *Serapis*; the muzzles of their guns were touching, the two ships firing their guns into each other at point-blank range. He continued to grapple with the enemy even after his vessel, the *Bonhomme*

finding none. After several hours, I could not shake the strong urge to speak with him, and to get the answers to the questions which were running through my mind. I felt I must ask him, yet I didn't dare go down to where the men were sleeping. I didn't want anyone else to know of my curiosity—but it was more than that. I had a feeling that what I would hear would change my life.

I went up on deck to get some air. There, to my surprise, I found that the doctor had fixed a makeshift bed for Rogers. This was unheard of. Members of the crew were to sleep in their assigned quarters only. Why did the watch not stop or report this? Evidently, Rogers' act of self-sacrifice had touched them all, and they must have figured that since the doctor would take the blame, what was the harm? For my part, I was just glad that I could talk with the man without being overheard.

I went over to him,

Richard, began to sink. When asked to surrender, Jones replied, "I have not yet begun to fight!" The *Serapis*

surrendered, losing 100 out of 325 men in three and a half hours of bloody

and saw that he was sleeping. I wrestled with my resolve for a few minutes. Just as I'd decided that this had been a bad idea, he opened his eyes. Seeing me, he tried to move in order to stand at attention, but his wounds were too much for him, so I motioned for him to stay as he was.

"Thank you, Sir," he said.

I remained silent. The truth was that I was desperately trying to figure out what to say, but nothing was coming to mind. A few moments of silence ensued.

"Sir, I..." he began, still lying on his stomach. "If it means anything to you, Sir, I'm sorry for challenging your authority today. I just couldn't let them..." His words grew faint. "If you knew him, Sir... he's a good man, but so heartbroken over his

family. This would have been his death."

"But why, man?" I blurted out. "I don't understand why you would take the pain, even if he is your friend."

"He's not, Sir,"



leaving the *Bonhomme Richard* to sink.

The Congress of the Confederation awarded him a gold medal in 1787, and in 1788 Jones accepted an offer by

battle. Jones, who lost 150 out of 332 men, transferred the survivors to the *Serapis*,

Catherine the Great of Russia to enter her navy. Jones retired in 1790.

came the answer slowly. "He swears at me and swings at me when he feels like it, and is as sullen to me as he is to the rest of the crew."

I was speechless. "Then, in the name of God, why?! Why go endure the agony for such a man? What makes you care whether he lives or dies?"

"Because I'm a Christian, Sir. I love Jesus, and before I was press-ganged into the navy myself, I was preparing to become a preacher of His Word. I spoke to all I met of His love—which means everything to me. You marvel at the sacrifice I made today. But I would willingly endure far worse for my fellow man, because of what Jesus did for me. Do you know the story of the cross, Sir?"

"Uh, yes, I suppose," I managed to mumble. The man's actions were even more unfathomable than I had anticipated. I was dumbfounded.

"Then you know about the sacrifice Jesus made for us?"

"More or less."

"He gave up everything for us, Sir—His Home in Heaven, His honor and glory, His comfort, much of His power and finally His life, in the most cruel and painful way that can be imagined. He did it because He loved us—you and me, and Sims too. And so, Sir, there is nothing I would not do for Him, because He gave His all for me."

"But," I protested, "it wasn't Jesus who was to feel the cat today! It was just another man, a sailor who would just as soon spit in your face."

"May I speak plainly, Sir?" Rogers asked.

I nodded.

"You see, Sir, when you look at men like me and Sims, you see common sailors. Your only concern is whether or not we carry our part of the load. As long as we're good sailors and obey orders, we're worth our

weight in salt to you. But when I look at others, I see Jesus in them. To me, every man's need is an opportunity for me to show my love to Jesus. When I see someone suffering or in need, I think about how much our Lord loves them, and it makes me want to do whatever I can to help. He said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' So what I did today, I did not so much for Sims, as I did for Jesus."

Rogers and I talked on for several hours that night, through two watches. I gradually began to understand what he was saying. Finally, as the dawn broke, I received Jesus as my Savior. That was the beginning of a whole new life for me.



Many years had passed since that eventful night. There I was, having spent another sleepless night, walking on deck and talking to Rogers, who had stayed on under my command.

The misty dawn began to break on the Atlantic. I thought of that other dawn that had just flooded its way into my mind. It seemed as though it had been only yesterday, and yet it was as if a lifetime had passed. We had been through much together. High in the crow's nest, the lookout scanned the horizon. Suddenly, he cried, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" I shouted.

"Two points off starboard bow."

It was the *Serapis*—the ship we fought in the story that is so well known to you. What happened in the hours that followed became a well-known bit of maritime history. It was a terrible battle, which we were sorely losing. But even in the face of sure defeat, Jesus held me up and gave me the strength and courage to keep fighting, to keep resisting. He can do the same for you, if you will let Him. So don't ever give up, no matter what the odds! ■

“Is there **make-up** in Heaven?”

You asked if there's make-up in Heaven. Well, I have to laugh, because there really aren't such things up Here that you paint on your face. Everyone has the perfect complexion—rosy cheeks and lips. There's really no need for make-up. There are no blemishes to cover up with foundation. You don't need to make your eyes stand out any more than they do, because they sparkle and shine with the Lord's love and light. Your skin has perfect tone and shading. Everyone looks happy and healthy with beautiful, radiant smiles, so there really isn't a need for make-up. Everyone looks their best all the time.



I'm Angela.

The Lord's taken care of all of that for us, so that we don't have to spend our time grooming ourselves. We don't have to wash up either, because there's no dirt. There's nothing to worry about as far as personal hygiene goes. We don't have to spend that time on ourselves, but we can instead spend all our energies and efforts on the Lord's work, loving others and fulfilling the mission and calling He's given us.

You won't be occupied with thinking about whether you look good or not today, whether your hair is out of place, or if you smell bad. All these things are taken care of and you don't have to worry about them anymore! Won't that be great? It's one of the beauties and blessings of Heaven. ■

2

Tales from the Titanic

Two passengers tell of life and death.



10

Do illicit drugs have a Heavenly counterpart?

Check out a Heavenly pavilion—one you've never heard about.



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Calling Sons of War

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Suggested reading age for this publication is JETTs and up. Parents or shepherds may read with or allow portions to be read by younger ages at their discretion.

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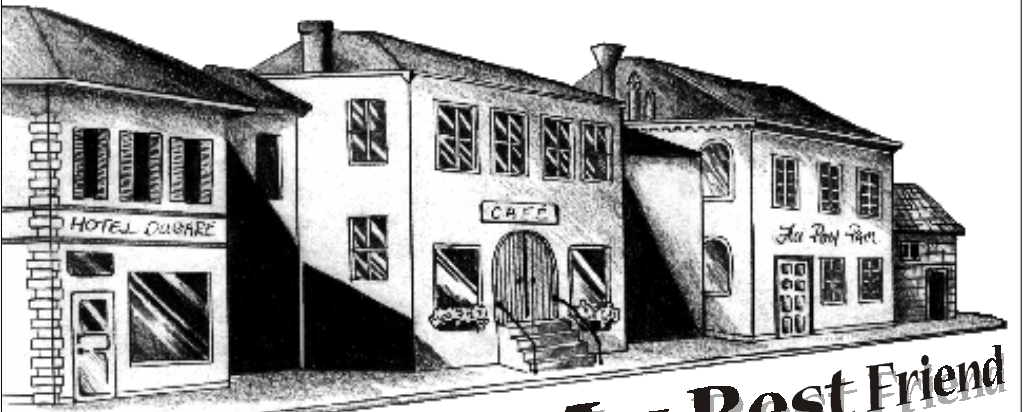




Q There have been reports of flying saucers (UFOs) being sighted. Are they real? Are they aliens or angels flying around?

P My spirit beings, those on both the side of good and evil, travel in this form, as this is a means of travel that is beyond human comprehension. But do not fear them, for nothing can harm you. The Evil One has great power, but his power is minimal compared to My angels and My guarding, protecting police force.

However, there are men on Earth who have studied and learned, and have developed similar methods of transport. But they are keeping it top secret, for this will be one of the devices of the Anti-christ. He will come with signs and wonders, and this will be one of his wonders. This will make people look to him in awe, thinking that he may be superhuman, "out of this world." Their minds are being prepared to believe in the extraordinary, the superhuman, the super race.



FOR MY BEST FRIEND

As told by Albert

Pierre was my lifelong friend. He was jolly and adventurous, and we'd spent the happiest days of my life together. But going to see him today was different; I knew that I'd most likely find him the same way he'd been for months—melancholy, nervous, and in pain. Pierre, my best friend, had cancer. I could hardly believe it. I didn't want to believe it, but it was true. He was slowly dying, getting sicker and sicker, and I felt I was dying with him.

As we drove along the river to Pierre's house that day, I thought about what the doctor had said: Preliminary tests had shown my *bone marrow could save his life*. I was feeling selfish, cowardly, and like a hypocrite. I felt my manhood was being tested, and the last thing I wanted to do was have some doctor digging my bone marrow out. The science of bone marrow transplants

had not yet been perfected, and there were risks. But how could I even think of denying Pierre? What was wrong with me? Any man in his right mind wouldn't hesitate to help his best friend, even to his own hurt. I was tormented by the thought of not helping Pierre and later having to live with the guilt, yet enduring torment at the thought of going through with the operation and feeling the pain.

We soon passed by St. Augustine's Church. Somehow, just seeing something that reminded me of God made me utter an inner prayer for His guidance. *But if I go ahead with this thing, God, what if something goes wrong and I end up crippled? How can I be sure that I can trust You to protect me? What if...?*

I had tossed and turned on my bed the entire previous night, mulling over the pros and cons, imagining the

worst possible thing that might happen to me if I went ahead with this treatment that could save my friend's life.

In the morning, I was no less convinced that the worst might not happen to me, but I'd come to feel peace about giving it a try. I had to be willing to give what I could to help my friend. I chose to put my life in God's hands. I figured God was big enough to take care of everything.

That day, Pierre looked the same as he had for months. Everything looked the same on the outside—the people in the park, St. Augustine's—nothing had really changed. Yet I felt different. It was as if a big wave of anticipation welled up inside of me, and I was on the edge of something happening.

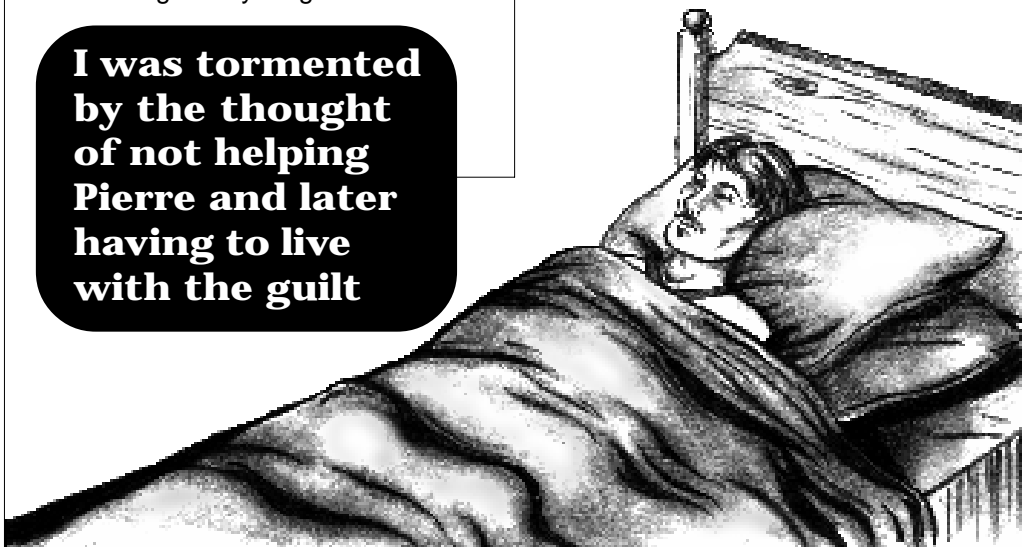
I agreed to the operation. However, the doctors found out that my bone marrow wasn't the right type after all. I was disappointed, because I really wanted to give anything I could to

I was tormented by the thought of not helping Pierre and later having to live with the guilt

It wasn't up to me to save his life...

help him. But Pierre never stopped thanking me, and even though we didn't get the miracle we had hoped for, it gave Pierre something even better, because he knew I truly cared. His face would light up every time I came in the room; he was happier despite the pain.

Imagine if I hadn't chosen to go through with it. Pierre would have never known how much he was loved. It wasn't up to me to save his life; it was just up to me to do what I could for him. That was all it took to give Pierre what he really needed. He needed to know that I was a caring friend who was willing, despite risks, to give whatever might help to save his life.



Master of SLAVES

My name is Louina Kay Klowke, but everyone always called me Lina. I grew up in southern USA, in Louisiana, around the New Orleans area. My dad was considered wealthy for those times, and we had a lot of farmland. I lived in the years just prior to the Civil War, before the liberation of the slaves. We were white and they were black—very black.

We had farms, we had plantations, and we had slaves, plenty of them. I had my own slave or attender, as we often called them. We must have had close to a hundred slaves working our fields and farmlands, and they were all black. No good white person would have been caught working alongside the slaves, even just to lend a hand.

My parents were good folks, kind and courteous, but they stayed separate from the slaves as best they could. My dad, though, had a heart for them. He'd been through some rough times when he was younger, and came close to losing his land a few times, so he could relate in his own

way to the slaves having no place to call their own, really. He tried to be good to the slaves who worked our land. They had their homes, their huts, and they even had some time off. They had done well for themselves by catching a master like my dad, 'cause there were some others around—even our neighbors—who weren't nearly as kind, and who worked some of their slaves to death. Some of them even put a few of the slaves' little ones "out of their misery," as they said.

It was heartless, really, and it only served to turn the remaining slaves more against their masters. But they were so far removed from their workers, that they couldn't smell the smoke coming. We didn't worry much about them. What could we do? They were grooming their horses to take them to their own funeral, which in time,

they sure did—in a real galloping sort of way.

Come to think of it, it was the gruesome murder of a certain "white lady" that put my mom in a shock that she never came out of. What happened to our neighbors—the Cornells—was that finally when the Master of the house was off on trading business for some days, Mrs. Cornell got up to her usual antics, trying to clean up and rehabilitate "those dirty folks" as she called them—even to their faces. I'm sure there were plenty of folk who thought nasty things about their slaves, but they had the sense not to say 'em, at least not as cruelly as was her habit.

One black family hadn't quite finished their chores on time, and that gave their taskmaster something to lord over them—as if that was anything new. She deprived them of their food, which wasn't a first, but this time they didn't take it in much of a docile* way; their child was very ill, and they needed the food. They pleaded, they tried to explain, but she just marched off cursing at them. They finally got the head maid to come and
docile: yielding to supervision

look at their daughter, to see how sick she was, and to plead with Mrs. Cornell on their behalf.

Katie Bulwine was an older white woman, but sensible, thankfully, and she'd worked as the go-between for many a rich family and their poor, black slaves. She was their last hope, and Katie did the best she could for them. She appealed to Mrs. Cornell, but there was no softening that heart of stone. She was set to kill their daughter, and from what Katie told me later, once she heard just how ill the little one was, Mrs. Cornell almost glowed with an evil aura, determined not to allow anyone to hinder the evil work she'd begun.

Mrs. Cornell saw the sympathy in Katie's eyes, and keeping a jump ahead of her, ordered Katie off to a nearby town with one of the men servants on a two-day trip. It was obvious what she was doing, but she was not about to be corrected or reined in. She marched Katie rudely to the carriage, and stood there till she was off, hardly even ready to go, but more awfully, without any reason to go or purpose for the trip. It was all to keep Katie from feeding that little girl herself, which she would have done, bless her heart.

Mrs. Cornell had to have lost her mind. What on earth

was she thinking?—Sending Katie off with two of her trusted men-servants, and the Master already gone. She cut right down her whole protection force, but I imagine none of those thoughts even crossed her mind. She had her slave guards stationed in front of her little palace, but they were bought off just by the story of the poor black man and his wife—both slaves, both crying with a dying child in their hut. Getting help for their revenge was not a problem; all the slaves were with them.

The story that circulated among the slaves was that the parents of the dying child had

never miss. And I find it hard to believe anyone would have noticed the other thing that had gone missing either, but when Katie arrived home, she stumbled upon Mrs. Cornell's body. She was dead, and had been given no mercy in her death. It was gruesome, and all the blackness which she had ever cast on the poor slaves now rested on her. Mrs. Cornell's body had laid there for nearly two days, and it was no pretty sight.

When the Master got word, he came home immediately, and was thankfully too late to see the mess or smell the stench. The slaves were punished all right, and the

Getting help for their revenge was not a problem; all the slaves were with them.

gone into the big house to get food for their family. Mrs. Cornell would never know the difference, since she didn't know what amount of supplies they had on hand, except that when Katie would inform her that they possessed surplus goods, she never would allow it to go to the slaves.

"Let it go to waste, as it would in its natural environment," she would simply and coldly instruct.

The next morning, I'm sure, there was plenty of food missing from the Cornells' cupboards, which they would

guilty couple was prepared for a harsh beating. For all they had been through, their spirits had a way of putting up with the unbearable. Their lives were saved by the fact that no one could ever really know who did it. Katie didn't let on, and of course, none of the slaves talked, and the Master needed his slaves. So life—bad as it was for them—went on.

When my mother heard of all this, upon Mr. Cornell's return home and with the funeral and all, she went into such a state of shock that she

never quite came out of it. She couldn't believe that a white woman, so much like herself on the outside, could have been murdered so cruelly, and so close by. Perhaps that was the most frightening part. She didn't have much of a rapport with

She couldn't believe that a white woman, so much like herself on the outside, could have been murdered so cruelly and so close by.

our slaves, and she was overtaken by fear. From then on, she kept holed up on the top floor of our mansion. Not a slave was allowed on the top floor, nowhere near her, so our head maid had to become her full-time attendant, for she would have no one else.

It was frightening for us children, and Father seemed to just ignore it. I think he didn't know how to handle it, and was perhaps concerned himself with the whole situation. I noticed that he tried harder from then on to be good to our slaves. He started calling them "our people," and they seemed to like that all right. There was a great element of respect and distance between them and Father, so you could never really tell if they liked him or not. Of course, why would they? He was their master, after all; thus, they had no freedom.

It was all very consuming, and some years passed before the topic was raised again, and I asked Katie what had become of the little girl and her health—the underlying cause of the murder. I had always supposed that she had died. I was surprised and

happy to hear that the little girl had lived. I soon resolved to find her and befriend her. I think some of that anger got inside me, as well, over the whole incident. She became my first black friend. Her name was Saffra, and she changed much of my mind. She was younger than me by about six years, but for all that she had been through, living the life of a slave, she seemed to hold no less wisdom than I did.

She changed my whole perception of slaves and colored people. I hadn't been unusually harsh or cold toward them; I just acted the way I was raised, which was fairly tolerant. But as Saffra and I became closer friends, I saw there was no difference; just she was bound and I was free, that's all. We both knew there was no way that I was going to be the one to change all that, though there had al-

ways been talk of revolution and freedom among the slaves. And through our acquaintance, I surely was more in favor of it by this time. But I knew that we needed to treat them better, as friends, as partners, as workers, providing them with more benefits.

I talked this over with my father, and he, being the good-natured man that he was, after much thought, agreed to allow the slaves to purchase their own land and homes on his properties. He basically gave them wages, though small, and they were overjoyed. You could even see hints of a smile here and there as he walked by them. They were happy. But we had an agreement: We kept this very hush-hush. We didn't tell our neighbors, and our workers didn't tell anybody either, else they would lose their privilege. We just couldn't risk having the whole white community storming us for starting such a horrible trend. Mother never knew about it either, for she wasn't in on the discussions. She was still in a daze, and became more reclusive by the day.

This went on for years, and Saffra and I spent as much time together as we could, without her being too missed. Her parents were good about it and would cover for her, and after Mrs. Cornell's death, the Master got a bit sloppy in his taskmaster du-



ties. He spent most of his time away from their property, doing business elsewhere, I think so that he wouldn't have to be confronted with the memories that the house brought back to him, and no wonder. They could have been nothing short of horrid.

Then came the day that the slaves rebelled. They were turning to force and violence to get revenge on their masters—at least some of them—but mostly to obtain their freedom. We had heard of slaves violently attacking their masters, even in a much larger

way than we had witnessed with Mrs. Cornell's death. Then it happened to our town.

A large group of slaves escaped from their farms and places of work. Embittered against their taskmasters and any like them, they were ravaging through our count

side. They attacked, destroyed, beat and killed, bringing with them a wave of destruction that you could feel as hot as the burning sun. The resident slaves were left untouched, but the masters of the land and any white inhabitants were sought out.

By the time we heard

“Quiet down, girl! Your panic is going to get us all caught!”

word of it, there was nothing to be done. The large band was upon us, and it seemed there was no escaping. There had been no warning. We were set to be destroyed along with our lands, for the clatter of their horses and shouts could be heard in the distance.

Then came the loud knocking at our front door. Father looked over as we three children were heading up the stairs; it seemed he would not open it. The look in his eyes said, “Break it down if you will!” But I lingered for a moment.

“Father, the knocking is desperate, persistent! Allow me to open it.” Without a word, Father went instead.

To all of our surprise, Ruth, one of our workers, stood at the door. They were not allowed to knock on the door, or at least they never did; it was just an unspoken

rule.

With boldness in her voice, though her hands were trembling, she reached out and touched Father. “Come with us, all of your family. We will hide you!”

Father’s expression betrayed his shock.

“Now there ain’t no time

for that,” Ruth said, and looked toward me pleadingly.

I grabbed the hands of my younger brother and sister and pulled them quickly out the door, tugging on Father’s coat as I went by. He followed us, then paused as if thinking of Mother upstairs. Ruth had already thought of her, and said, “Master, I’ll send somebody strong to fetch her. You come with us now.”

Those were bold words for a slave, but Father said nothing against them. We were rushed by Ruth to a clump of huts a ways off, heading in the direction of the oncoming terror. We were split up and taken into two different huts, where our workers—the slaves to whom we were masters—hid us. One of us was stuffed under a rugged bed, with a blanket, thinning in parts too numerous to count, thrown over the side. Another was put in a wooden box

made of slats, then covered by whatever kitchen utensils the hut afforded them. Father was put in the tool shed, pressed against the wall behind the dirty work clothes. I was small in stature, and since there were no more conceivable hiding places in these bare abodes, I was put in a bed with a large black mother, who wrapped her few blankets snugly around us, and began rocking back and forth as if I were her little babe.

I could hardly breathe. The noises and shouts of the approaching band were drawing closer, and it was only then that I realized the desperateness of our situation. Their hiding us was so risky. Not only could we be found by anyone who cared to give the huts a second look, but if we were found, our workers’ lives would be placed in the hands of certain death. They would be inevitably seen as traitors and would die, along with us, on the spot. My heart beat faster and more furiously, until my hiding place squeezed me and said, “Quiet down, girl! Your panic is going to get us all caught!” I tried to obey and settle myself the best I could.

Then they entered our property. From the sounds we could hear, I made out our fence being broken down, our tins and storage cans being knocked over, and I listened carefully for the rush of fire

through our fields, but did not hear it yet.

The creak of the hut door swinging open sent a chill down my body. "Who's in charge here?" a rough and bitter voice demanded.

"I am!" Ruth's husband spoke up, indicating that he was responsible for the two adjoining huts where we were all stashed. They stepped out of the hut and the conversation quieted, till we could not understand the words, but only heard their voices. It seemed to go on for an eternity.

"Men, listen on up here!" Again I recognized the same bitter voice that had demanded to know who was in charge. He was speaking to his men, who must have not yet dispersed into destroying our land. "Our brothers here say that the masters of the land are not at home; lucky for them they are away. We haven't the time to baby-sit the house and await their return, so we'll leave it in the hands of these good brothers to do the dirty work for us, which they've agreed to. Other masters await our vengeance, now don't they?" he called out, and a shout of assent flooded the air.

"But," he added with a note of cheer, "there is still the house and grounds to be destroyed! We brothers will still leave our mark!" Another round of cheers and sounds

came up from their rowdy band. I shivered. Then Ruth's husband, who I suppose had stood beside him during this speech, called out, "Wait, my brother! If you would have your men wait just a moment, I have an important word to speak with you."

The respectful tone in his voice seemed to rather please the leader of the rioters, and he gruffly instructed his men to remain in position until he returned. I heard a grumbling, but soon enough the door creaked open again, and Ruth's husband and the leader were in our hut. They say he looked around for a moment at the scanty dwelling place, then spotted the mama lying on the bed, holding a bundle about her body.

"What's that there?" he

questioned.

She spoke up with a deep voice that said she knew more than he could ever hope to know about these sort of things, "Son, I have a child here, not a young one, but she's my child no less. I'm having to warm her with my body for the safety and health of her young life. Now be quiet in your talking and keep the door shut; there's a draft blowing through here."

She knew how to put a young man in his place, and almost respectfully, he walked up to the bedside and laid his hand on my back, giving it a gentle pat. I shuddered so hard he must have felt it. Then he said, "Ma'am, I hope she is well."

"Oh, she will be well. She will be very well." She then



turned and gave the top of my head, which was covered entirely by the blanket to keep my ash-blond hair out of sight, a motherly kiss.

Then his gaze must have turned toward Ruth's husband, who instantly began explaining, "Sir, naturally I would have no objection to your men ravaging the grounds, destroying the house, taking what you would, for all these goods and luxuries have been kept from us for such a very long time. I understand with all my heart the feelings of deep resentment that run among your boys."

"So you wish to join us in our destruction?" he asked.

"Ah, you see, if we burn and destroy, then we will never lure the masters of our land back. For they will certainly send someone ahead of them to prepare the house, prepare the food—all that master stuff—and once they hear word that all's been destroyed, they'll never set foot here again. They have so much. The loss of one piece of their land is hardly punishment.

"Brother, the slaves here will assuredly agree with me and give me their full cooperation. Leave the house and grounds be. When we hear



word of their arrival, we can then have our way with the grounds, with the crops, with the house. We can destroy it before their very eyes; we can do whatever we like. Yes, they have been our masters, and we have been their slaves, and I am sure that on this entire Earth, they have been masters like no other slave has ever had masters.

"But if you allow us to follow our own plan, then we will also have them in our very hands, to give unto them ... how is it the Good Book puts it?—their 'just dessert.' That is what we want to give them."

"And we can't wait to see

the looks on their faces when we dish it out to them!" Ruth added, in as hateful a tone as she could put forth.

"Most spirited, and well thought out," the leader replied. "Since I am a man of power, you shall have your way. Our band will be off, but first we must be fed. My boys are a rowdy bunch, and they will not be able to keep themselves from doing some noticeable damage should they get close to your master's mansion.

So, have some of your womenfolk fetch us food. Surely your masters keep a good stock, do they not?"

"It would be our pleasure to feed your band and sustain you to your next destination," Ruth's husband smiled.

The two men left the hut, and then I heard him calling out the names of six or seven womenfolk, who rustled up barrels and tins, and headed to our house to collect food and supplies for the band, in order to set them off as soon as possible. It took nearly an hour for the whole band to be on their way again, and we could not wait to get out of our hiding places, yet not for

all the world would we have budged for many more hours had we needed to remain still.

Father was the last to be let out, and the three of us children were there to greet him. "And Mother?" he asked, with a look of concern on his face.

"Mother..." Ruth repeated. "Ah yes, she was barely saved. My son went to fetch her, but she would not come, for she was too frightened. He finally was obliged to bind her mouth and carry her out. He could not make it to the hut, so he stayed with her a ways away in the bushes. He says she passed out from fear, and he thanked God that she did, for she was a troublesome one to keep quiet."

Father could have had her beat for those words, but as I looked at him, he cracked a slight smile. "Thank you, Ruth," he said sincerely, and it must have been the first time he had ever called her by name.

She smiled back, "Why, you're welcome, Massa."

The exchange that followed must have been the sweetest I'd ever experienced. We were no more masters and slaves; we were friends and family. They had risked their lives to save us. Why? They said out of appreciation and love for our kindness and for trying to make their lives better. They could have just let us all die right then and there; they could have had

everything we owned. But they hid us. They fought for the safety of our lands, our home, and our life together. We all embraced and talked for hours.

The troubled times passed eventually, and when the winds of change finally blew over the southern lands of slavery, our property held no more slaves. They were all free men and women who had chosen to work for us forever. We paid them, we cared for them and they knew we loved them. And did we ever know that they loved us, 'cause they had saved our lives. That's the greatest kind of love you can ever know, and the kind of love that binds people—no matter their color—together for life. ■

Slavery in the United States existed from the early 1600s until 1865, and played a central role in US history. The vast majority of slaves were black Africans and their descendants. The vast majority of masters were white Europeans and their descendants. Most slaves lived with their masters; and most able-bodied adult slaves did field work.

What many slaves hated most about slavery was not the hard work they were subjected to, but their lack of control over their lives and lack of freedom. Slaves often developed their own way of life and struggled to increase their independence while their masters often strove to limit it. Most slaves lived together in families with a mother, father, and children. Slave marriages, however, were not recognized by State law, and masters had legal authority over slave children. The possibility of forced separation, through sale, hung over every family. The most common form of resistance was flight: About one thousand slaves successfully escaped to the North each year during the pre-Civil War decades.

Abolition of slavery in the North, largely complete by the 1830s, divided the United States into the slave-holding South and the free North. Slavery increasingly separated the South from the rest of the country and the Western world. By the mid-19th century, slavery existed only in Brazil, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the southern United States. Debate over slavery increasingly dominated American politics, eventually leading to the American Civil War (1861-1865), which largely brought the practice of slavery as it was then known, to an end.

Adapted from Encarta® 98 Desk Encyclopedia

THE GHOST & THE DARKNESS

Francis [YA], Europe: After watching the movie “The Ghost and the Darkness” (starring Val Kilmer and

Michael Douglas), I was wondering how factual it was. So I decided to pray and ask the Lord if someone who was there could give some insight into what really happened. He let the engineer, Laurence Peterson (played by Val Kilmer in the movie), speak, and here is what he had to say:



The Ghost and the Darkness, Drama based on true events that occurred in 1898. A British railway engineer, John Patterson (played by Val Kilmer), goes to Uganda, Africa. Work on a railroad bridge is hindered because of two man-eating lions on a killing spree. These two lions kill 135 victims in nine months, and haunt and terrorize the

It's something I don't really enjoy talking about that much. It was horrible; much worse than what is portrayed in the film! We were scared to death of those lions, and some of the natives were doing their demon worshipping and the Indians were fighting amongst themselves. It was frightful to see those lions face to face; it was like looking into the eyes of Satan himself. They were evil, and the Devil had his demons there to try to hinder the work that we were doing. He knew that with the railway built, more missionaries would come and conquer the land that was the most demon-possessed continent at that time.

It definitely humbled and humiliated me. Here I was, the most experienced engineer of that place, and I couldn't even build a little bridge because of two lions! Of course, you may think that it was the lions' fault and I should not be blamed, but if I had been more in tune and led by the Lord, then most of the people there would not have died. But because I was leaning to my own understanding, and we thought we were able to do anything we set our minds to, we did not proceed prayerfully enough, and as a result many people lost their

remaining workers and villagers. They are devilishly clever and ruthless, dragging men silently from their cots and even invading a hospital full of malaria patients. Patterson teams up with Remington

(played by Michael Douglas), a white hunter familiar with Africa and with lions. And they, together with some help from the locals, track down and eventually kill the two ferocious beasts. After having killed the first, Remington himself is killed by the remaining lion.

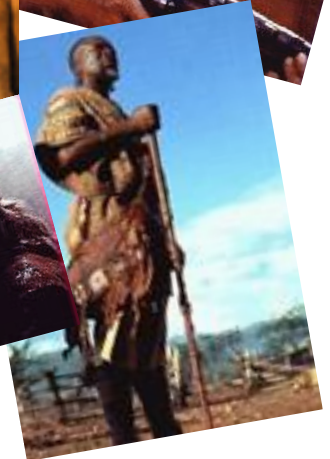
lives. I learned the hard way, but let me tell you, once you let the Devil into your life there is no telling what he will do.

Most of those natives were completely sold out to the Devil, and were used of him to create fear and spread the ways of Satan before we even got there. Of course, we were able to lead a few to the Lord, and of those, not one was ever touched by the lions. The reason the Lord allowed Remington [played in the movie by Michael Douglas] to be killed was because he was a demon worshipper, and he had rejected Jesus and salvation, although he had had many chances.

We tried to persuade him to change his ways, but he refused, so he suffered a cruel and vicious death. Samuel [played in the movie by John Kani] later received Jesus and changed his ways, and that is why the Lord spared him.

This is a warning to those of you who think that you can toy around with the Devil and not get burned. Don't ever let the Devil come between you and what you are supposed to do. We did not give up and leave when the going got tough and we did not see how we would make it another day. We just stuck it out, and we won in the end.

Another thing I want to say to you out there who like watching movies and TV: Don't believe everything that is shown, even if it's supposed to be a true story, because the Devil goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he can devour. So watch out that you don't make the same mistakes that we made, in trying to do everything in our own strength and not leaning on the Lord for guidance.



SPORTS

My name is Allen, and I'm a real sports fan! Yes, you heard me right. I like sports, so that means we have'm Here too. Believe it or not, I enjoy watching some of the very same sports you have down on Earth, like basketball, football, and soccer—sometimes I even tune in my 3D TV to check'm out.

The main difference is that up Here everything is fair play—no one cheats, fouls, or gets violent. Sports were originally meant to be fun—games, recreation, physical activity and exercise, etc. But sadly, down there on Earth, they've degenerated over the ages, until now they carry the spirit of war. People get so worked up, their adrenaline level gets so high, and their competitive urge so strong that they get out of control.—I'm talking about both the players and fans.

Is there fair play?

When playing sports in Heaven, if all have similar powers—power of thought, appearing, disappearing—how can you have fair play? For example, if you want to play baseball, the opposing team player would always be able to catch every ball, which you'd also always be able to hit. Similarly, with other games that require guessing, figuring, logic, etc.—will we still play those in Heaven? How can they be any fun if you know what the other guy is thinking?



We do play some of the same games that you do on Earth, just minus all the rough stuff, and the politics that influence worldly sports. We play for fun, basically, though we do sometimes have championships, sort of similar to the Olympics, but on a much wider scale—with a much greater variety of sports. We don't represent different countries, because we're all one country, one nation, one family. We organize ourselves into different teams or groups, and yes, we actually compete. Even our competition, though, is for fun.

But if you knew who was going to win a game, or if there was no scoring, well, it wouldn't be much fun, right? In that sense, things are similar up Here. It's all perfect, because there are no hard feelings when you lose, nor are there problems of people getting

IN

Heaven

proud, stuck up or snotty when they win or if they're good at a particular sport. We don't use those same words—"lose" and "win"—but we do have methods of keeping score, and it's a challenge for people who enjoy these sports to improve their skills.

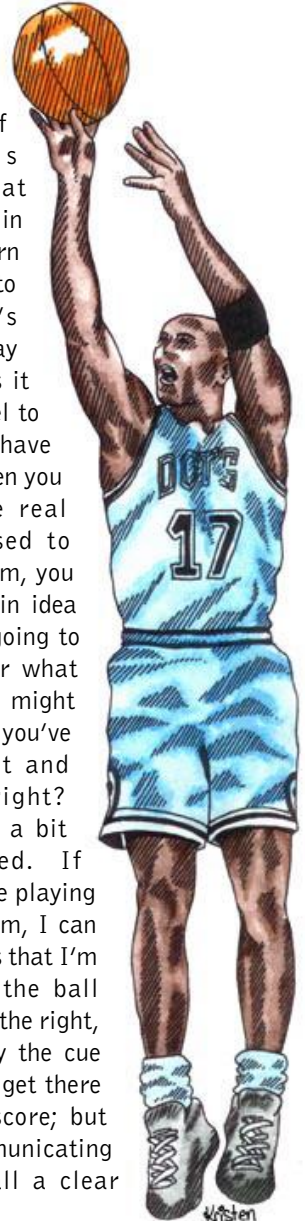
You wanna know where mind-reading fits in, right? The fact is, we can read each other's minds up Here to some extent, but it's all controlled by the Lord, and it's on different levels for different people. It's not like you're walking around constantly hearing the thoughts of every person around you. Your every thought is not blared aloud, as if on a radio channel, for anyone who may so desire to tune in.

It's a finely developed Heavenly art and skill that takes practice and training. There are also different levels of clearance. Anybody can't just think, "I wonder what So-and-so's thinking right now," and always know.

In some cases you can, because you've agreed, or the Lord's decided, that you two have open-ended telepathic clearance, to be able to know any and all of each other's thoughts at any time, no matter where you are. You might have partially transparent communication with another person, where if you're in each other's presence you can read all their thoughts, but if you're far away, then it's more like telephone communication, in that if you want to talk to each other you can, but you're not constantly radioing out your thoughts to each other.

When we play games and sports, I'll use

soccer for example, we have a sort of gentleman's agreement that when you come in the game, you turn your receptivity to the other guy's thoughts way, way down. That puts it at a similar level to what you guys have down there. When you know someone real well or are used to playing with them, you do have a certain idea of how they're going to act or react, or what their next move might be, especially if you've talked about it and planned it, right? Well, Here it's a bit more enhanced. If Johnny and I are playing on the same team, I can pass on the vibes that I'm about to pass the ball about 20 feet to the right, and give Johnny the cue that he'd better get there if we want to score; but we're not communicating on what we call a clear

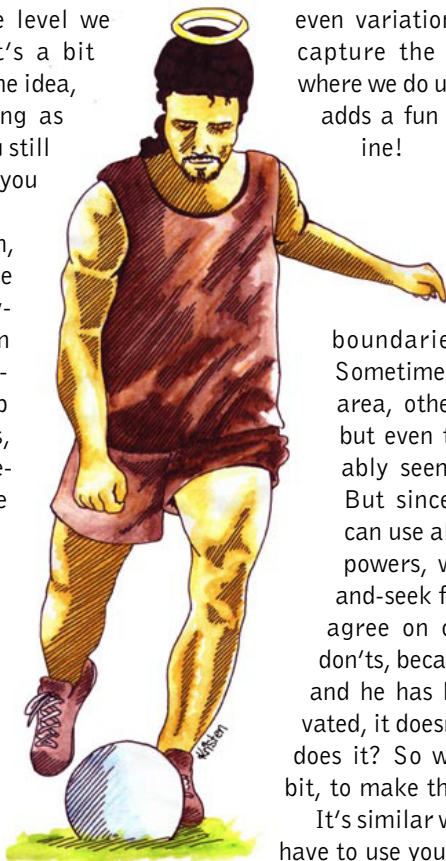


wavelength, which is the level we usually mind-talk at. It's a bit lower, just enough to get the idea, to help things move along as they should. Of course, you still have to be listening, and you can't be spacing out.

As far as the other team, well, again we have these sort of communication v-chips—for lack of a term you'd understand any better—that we can click up or down to certain levels, or click off entirely. So depending on the sport, we decide whether we want to get any vibes at all from the other team, or whether we'll just shut it off entirely and let ourselves be surprised. Of course, it's still not an entire surprise, because, even down on Earth you have a general idea of what the other team is likely to do or not do. We agree together before the game what level we're going to play at, and then everyone is at least on the same level, whether it's real low or completely off, so at least it's fair.

As far as being able to appear and disappear, that's one power we relinquish when playing many a game. Every game has its rules, and here in Heaven, we just have some additional rules, like: "No disappearing and then re-appearing five feet forward."

There are other new games that you've never heard of, and



even variations of some of yours—like capture the flag or hide-and-seek—where we do use our super-powers, which adds a fun twist, as you might imagine!

We do set boundary areas, though, in most cases, like: "Jupiter is off limits for this afternoon's game!" Ha! Well, the boundaries depend on the game. Sometimes we play over a very large area, other times in a smaller one, but even the small one would probably seem huge to you earthlings. But since we never get tired, and can use all these cool transportation powers, we can run and play hide-and-seek for ages! Of course, we still agree on certain rules and do's or don'ts, because if I'm hiding from Mike and he has his x-ray vision fully activated, it doesn't do me a bit of good now, does it? So we tone down everything a bit, to make the chase more fun.

It's similar with other games where you have to use your mind and get those brain cells moving—figuring out puzzles, solving problems, all that. Our minds are more advanced; we've gotten much more education, input and information, so any games that involve such skills are on what you would think to be an incredibly high level. But those of you who get off on that kind of stuff can still do so Here, and it can be fun challenging your mind and sharpening your knowledge and problem-solving skills.

It's not any big deal if you're particularly good at a certain game; we don't make careers of games or sports, because our main thing is our jobs

You should see our sports stadium Here; it makes those ones down there look puny. We get together every now and then for great big festivities, but not only centered around sports.

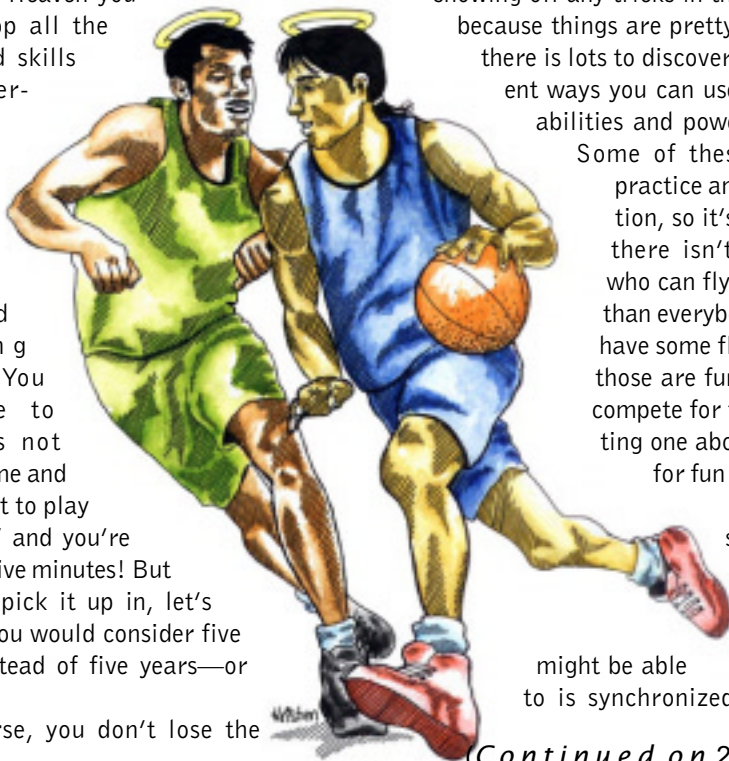
and ministries for the Lord. There's no such thing up Here as professional athletes, or professional chess or poker players or whatever, either. The sports and games we play are for fun and recreation—a blessing and token of the Lord's love. He does it especially for those who have grown very fond of these kind of activities while on Earth.

I never lived as a human on Earth, but my dad did, and he loved playing basketball, so when he came up Here he wanted to keep playing, and he was so happy he could. When I came along, he thought that'd be a fun thing to do together, and he was sure right. Games can be great for fellowship, entertainment, and even for unity.

Here in Heaven you can develop all the talents and skills you're interested in, and you have a lot of time to do so, as well as increased learning abilities. You still have to learn; it's not like you come and say, "I want to play the piano," and you're doing it in five minutes! But you might pick it up in, let's say, what you would consider five months instead of five years—or 15!

Of course, you don't lose the

We enjoy a lot of other things together, like eating, listening to beautiful music, watching dances, plays, live history, or dancing, singing or playing music ourselves—sometimes all at once.



skills or talents that the Lord gave you on Earth either, and while you're free to develop other skills as your interests lead you, that doesn't mean that everyone is equal in every area—everyone has some special area that they

shine in. And there aren't any handicaps like being tone deaf so you can't sing. In sports there's no one who can't catch a ball or shoot a basket. Everybody can do something with just a little practice, and those that are more into it and spend more time on it get better. But we don't show off, because really, these games are peanuts.

We can all do much cooler things with our spiritual bodies—but we don't get into showing off any tricks in that sense either, because things are pretty balanced. But there is lots to discover, such as different ways you can use your spiritual

abilities and powers, like flying. Some of these things take practice and experimentation, so it's great fun. But there isn't one cool guy who can fly so much faster than everybody else! We do have some flying races, and those are fun. But we don't compete for the sake of putting one above another, but for fun and recreation.

You ought to see some of the flying shows, though. The only thing you might be able to compare it to is synchronized swimming or

(Continued on 2 pages below)

Big Stick vs. Velvet Glove

—Teddy Roosevelt



I realize that I'm far from being young, but more than a century ago, I was. I was the 26th president of the United States. You all know my motto: *Speak softly and carry a big stick*. It's true that my way of leadership got me places and accomplished a great deal.



I was generally lively and energetic. But suffering from poor health in my early years created within me a stifled dam of emotions which I was unable to release and let out like the other children my age. I became resentful; and though in time my body strengthened, and I went on to enjoy a very athletic remainder of my life, even during my presidency, still an untamed and angry flame had been ignited within me.

I carried this with me throughout my years as a young man, and it bears evidence in some of the rash things I did, most of which you will not find recorded in the annals of history. A general disregard for the emotions I vented during outbursts

of anger or frustration cost me some good friends. In fact, my lack of patience and understanding on one occasion nearly cost me my fiancée, for I had not learned to restrain my tongue as I ought to have.

At length, when I was nearly forty, though I had corralled* my temperament somewhat, I found myself walking along the cold and damp streets of New York City. It was late at night, and the race for

governor was in full swing. I was exhausted and stepped out of my dwelling for only a moment to catch some night air. Walking along the sidewalk in the dark, I did not notice the form of a man lying on the sidewalk, and I tripped over him, landing hard on the pavement.

"Damn it!" I yelled, with a string of curses following. Turning to the man who had by now risen to a sitting position, I berated him for his carelessness and let out my frustration on him.

But I had finally met a match for my vindictiveness. No sooner had I ended my brief tirade than he launched into one of his own. But his was justified. Here I was,

corral: to take control of

a fully clothed, housed, employed man, and there he lay on the sidewalk, lacking in every commodity I considered basic and essential. Yet I had the nerve to take a verbal swing at him, and lacked the ability to constrain my negative emotions. He let into me as no one had ever done before, sparing no description of the heartless wretch that stood before him—myself. I saw myself through another’s eyes that night, and forgot entirely that I was running for the position of governor of that very state. Being lectured by one of my own constituents* was perhaps the gravity I needed to drive the point home.

This marked a change in my attitude, and while I retained my zeal and fervor, I endeavored hard to lose that untamed spirit. From time to time I regressed, and on one occasion paid a high price for my rash foolishness; I lost the use of my eye in

constituent: a member of a group represented by an elected official

a boxing match with a professional boxer during my term as president. Errors certainly help you to solidify your learning.

I purposely choose to omit much detail of my career and the thinking behind some of my actions and decisions, though most were heralded by the general population as being wise, and I was largely regarded as one of the most favored presidents in American history. There is much behind the political scenes, and even

in the days when good was much better and bad was less evil, still, in the shadows of Satan there always lurked a great temptation.

Yet, I strove to do the best I knew, and struggled with my high spirited nature until the end of my days. However, I did find in all my dealings with people, that the wiser man deals softly, and the most persuasive prodding is one done not with a big stick, but rather with the soft hand of a velvet glove.

Walking along the sidewalk in the dark, I did not notice the form of a man ...

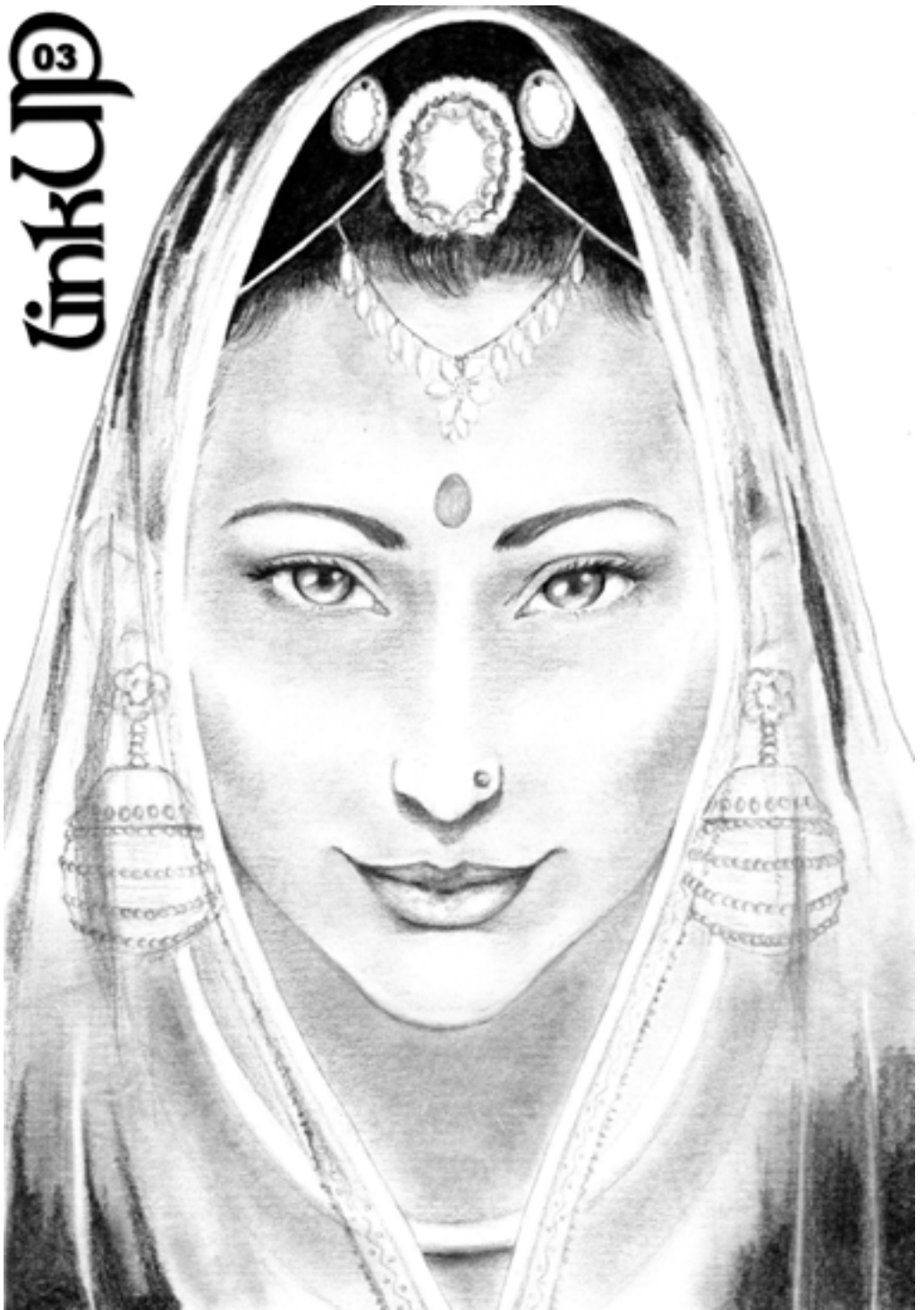
Continued from Sports, 2 pages above

water ballet, or maybe some trapeze acts—but there’s no trapeze and no water, just the air. It’s beautiful. Some of these girls really practice, and do these way cool formations and dances in the air. It’s really a pleasure to watch. My sister’s into it, and she even helps choreograph some of them. It’s her hobby, and one of those things the Lord gives as a gift to those who desire and have an aptitude for it.

So, for you who enjoy sports and games, while they aren’t exactly the same up Here, there are lots of wonderful recreational activities. Having Heavenly powers doesn’t take away the fun at all, it just enhances it. It’s also fun for us to turn off some of our usual abilities for awhile; it gives me an idea of what you guys down there feel like all the time. It’s fun for a game or two, but I’m glad I don’t have to walk around that way all the time. Ha!



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The computers up Here are awesome! They can take a lot and do just about anything you program them to do. And I've just mentioned a little about the uses of our *personal* computers. That's not to mention the many mainframe computers that run in God's control center, or the wonderful computers that run so many of the leisure centers around Space City. They offer major "actual reality" experiences and any of thousands of pleasurable challenges, games and experiences.



For starters, if you realize that everything on Earth is a mere shadow of things to come, it'll help you imagine it all a bit better. A shadow can't exist without the real thing, right? So, every modern convenience and technological marvel that exists on Earth is simply a glimpse of the real thing that God thought up, and that exists in the realm of the spirit.

Man thinks he's so great with all the neat stuff he's thought up, but everything that's ever been invented was thought of by God first. Then of course there's the Great Imitator—the Devil—who takes some of God's pure thoughts and twists and deranges them into tools of destruction or pollution or degradation. But that's another subject; I'm just trying to set the stage.

You know how the Internet is all the rage now on Earth? Well, you computer buffs don't have to worry that you'll be leaving computers behind when you enter Heaven—well, actually, you are—you're leaving the junk on Earth for

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I'm Mike, and I'm here to tell you a few of the things you'll be able to look forward to in Heaven—that is, I'll explain them as best I can in your limited earthly language.

Cyber heaven

the *real* thing. How about computers with unlimited capacity and memory, that operate at the speed of light and never crash? Pretty cool, huh? They can even communicate with us and help us when we're not quite sure what we're looking for or how to perform a function on the computer when you're stuck. Of course you'll still need skill to operate them, and some people just aren't into computers, just like on Earth, but our computers are much more user-friendly.

We have what you might call an

Internet in Heaven. Most mansions in Heaven have some kind of computer which you can use to link up with the centerboard, or communi-

...[internet]...

cations control. We use telepathy a lot to communicate; it's pretty cool because someone can be miles away and you can hold a conversation just through your mind.

...[telepathy]...

But that's not the only way you can communicate. We have a sort of e-mail system as well. It's all amazingly efficient and organized.

There are bulletins that the heavenly control center sends out to

...[e-mail system]...

everyone, or to a certain group of people, which could be made up of thousands or millions of people, depending on the subject. This is how a lot of the residents of Heaven get their information about the goings-on on Earth. The neat thing is the bulletins aren't necessarily just text; sometimes you'll open a bulletin and get a full-color, real life movie

...[bulletins]...

of the event the bulletin is announcing. Those of us in tune with God's children on Earth are on a special circuit, and we receive any and all bulletins related to His children on Earth. That sure generates a lot of prayer from

us! Sometimes we'll even get notified of assignments through our computers. Everything's efficient. It's really awesome.

If you've ever had an overload of e-mail on Earth, you're probably wondering how we handle receiving all these bulletins, since there are thousands a "day" really, depending on who you are and what your job is. Well one nice thing, needless to say, is that our mental capacities are much increased in Heaven. Because we're in the Lord's territory and completely yielded to Him, and since we're in our heavenly bodies, we're not subject to

the pain, fatigue, sickness and hardships of Earth-life; thus we can perform a task tirelessly.

We don't need hours and hours to read our e-mail, because our increased capacity means we can program our computer to whiz through all our e-mail, one after another, in a matter of minutes, Earth-time speaking. In other words, everything is put on a kind of fast-forward speed that lets us "speed read" through everything. It's not the speed reading you sometimes do on Earth, where you just get the gist of the message because you're going so fast; we read every detail, just at a much faster rate. There are times we want to view and enjoy something in "real time," if it's particularly interesting to us, for example when there's special news about our home country or loved ones on Earth (if we lived on Earth, that is) or personal messages from friends in Heaven, or even from the Lord Himself!—He's not limited by personal audiences either! But for the most part and for the daily business details we must tune into, the speedy way is adequate.

Don't get me wrong, the Lord does like us all to move at a slow and leisurely pace, because He knows that we'll be the most prayerful that way. So don't get the mistaken idea that we do everything in a "rush, rush" way. I'm just explaining to you one tiny aspect of Heaven. The fact is, we can't show love to our computers anyway, so the Lord knows it's not really necessary to spend a whole lot of time at them—just as much as we need for the information we're gathering and any communications we choose to send out.

While we all interact lovingly together, this doesn't mean there's any less efficiency. We can move fast when we need to, and we

all go at a good, efficient pace. But since the Lord is completely in control, we never experience the mad, anxious rush that people on Earth are so prone to when they get under pressure or are late.

So hold on to your hats! Life is beautiful, there's creation everywhere, love and peace fill the air, but don't despair, 'cause there are computers *everywhere!* Ha! I look forward to seeing you Here soon! I'll give you a guided tour of every computer in Space City if you like—though it might take a thousand years! See ya later!

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linkUP three

A Challenge to Rebel

The decisions you make right now are formulating your character. Even you who are ten, eleven and twelve are formulating your characters right now. You're formulating your future. So formulate it well. Be somebody! Be somebody by building a real fortune in your spirit world, in your spiritual conditions. Be somebody who helps others. Be somebody who reaches out to others.

If you do this, you'll be so grateful and so happy! And you'll fly so high in the spirit that nobody will ever be able to catch you unless you want them to! That's how to fly the freest. That's how to be the most wild—give to others. Give with your whole heart. I know, because I tried both ways.

Don't be deceived by self-gratification, by the trick of self-fulfillment, because this does not truly fulfill. There will come a time when you will enter the Eternal, and when you do, you bring with you your own spirit and the condition of your spirit. Now is the time to be sure that your spirit is in the right condition and that your heart is striving in the right direction.

Rebel from this evil that you see your worldly counterparts involved in! You want to be a rebel? You want to carry the spirit of a true rebel? Then rebel against this selfishness and this self-gratification and these things that the Devil is trying to foist on your generation. Rebel against these things that people are trying to put upon you—this hatred and these things you know in your heart aren't right. Don't you? Rebel against it! You want to be a rebel? Rebel against the evil. Be a true rebel. Rebel against what you know isn't right.

Be different, and see if you can make a difference in this world. I know how you can rebel against the good and how you can rebel against the evil, and I challenge this new generation to rebel against the evil!



FROM "THE REBEL" HIMSELF, JAMES DEAN

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linkUP three

Jules Verne

talks about
missions
in Heaven



here are many types of missions we get to be involved in, sometimes as a team, and sometimes individually. But usually there are at least two or three of us assigned to a task. Such a task can involve anything from helping to bring certain circumstances to pass—passing on comfort, help or guidance to one in need—to sometimes even miraculously intervening in impossible situations, that the name of the Lord may be glorified.

Everything we do, every mission, every learning experience, every fact-finding expedition is all to the glory of God.

The Lord gets very involved in each mission. Don't ask me to explain this, because I wouldn't know how, but He is everywhere, always with us. It's as if His consciousness pervades every

breath of His spiritual creation, just as it is manifested in every

sphere of His physical creation.

But man with all his buildings and “civilizing” is tearing down more and more of the natural creations of God, and replacing them with the workings and mechanization of man. And in this day and age, when man has stopped giving God the credit and the glory for his discoveries, his reasoning, his inventions ... let me tell you, it is not long before these very machinations will destroy mankind altogether.

Don't get me wrong; there are many good and God-inspired inventions. Modern technology is a gift of God when used for good, and all of this is part of His greater plan, so that the destiny of man can be fulfilled. But the time has come that man has chosen, in all his learning, to forget God. But God will not forget them as easily. The time will come when these purveyors* of such

purveyors: one that makes something known



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higher and advanced technology will stumble and fall, and the meek shall inherit the Earth.

You may wonder how I got on to all that. Well, I, for one, am involved in designing and passing on some of the inventions and technology that man “discovers.” Thus, one of my ongoing missions is to monitor the inventions and research of man, making sure that the process of man’s intellectual evolution* does not exceed or fall behind its God-ordained timetable.

You may wonder whether the harmful discoveries of man are allowed by God, or whether they too are part of God’s timetable. The answer to that question is that in accordance with the free choice that God has given man, man is allowed to discover that which he seeks after. The Prince of the power of the air and his demons also strive to put the inventions of evil and destruction within man’s hand. As men have turned away from God and sought their own way, their cup of iniquity fills to the brim, and according to their choices they will be judged in the end.

When I was on Earth, I was fascinated by the inventions of man—

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evolution: the process of developing

inventions of the past, and inventions of the future. Some people thought I was a prophet. Well, I’m flattered, but I really didn’t think of myself as being any kind of mystical seer. What I did have was a vivid imagination, and I know now that it was a God-inspired imagination. I guess you could say that I was a prophet—a channel.

It wasn’t difficult. I had a gift for seeing the evolution of knowledge, at least from my own primitive perspective. I had read in the Bible that knowledge would be increased, and I loved to imagine that someday people would be able to travel at great speeds in these fabulous inventions like cars, planes, rockets and submarines.

I also loved to think that there were still so many more places to be explored and discovered. My home town was a pretty boring place, and though I traveled around, it was always in a rather “controlled” environment. Everything seemed to be settled, colonized, discovered, and was becoming civilized. But I dreamed of new places, new worlds to discover, whether under the ground or above the ground—anywhere, as long as it was somewhere that no man had gone before.

I realize now that my yearning was

Verne, Jules (1828-1905), Considered one of the first writers of science fiction, French novelist Jules Verne wrote highly popular adventure stories that have also turned out to be prophetic. In his 19th-century works, Verne’s fertile imagination accurately predicted some of the technology seen in the world today, including spacecraft, guided missiles, aircraft, and submarines. In *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1870), one of his most famous books, Verne told the story of a crazed submarine commander, Captain Nemo, who piloted his vessel beneath the world’s seas. In other works, Verne guided his readers to space and the far reaches of Earth, as in Phileas Fogg’s journey around the world to win a bet in *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1873).

Courtesy of Culver Pictures, Inc.



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really for the spirit, and you can't imagine how thrilled, how happy, how excited I was when I died and entered the realm of the spirit world. I wasn't even sure if I was dead, or if I had somehow stumbled upon a mysterious

world or dimension, and that if I turned around and went back the way I had come, I would end up back in my body, and back upon Earth.

But it felt so good that I didn't want to return. Suddenly I was in a place I had never heard of or imagined before—a place unknown to man, with everywhere to go. Unknown lands, places and adventures waited in every untold direction. It wasn't long before I came face to face with the Lord, who came to welcome me into this Heavenly place, and explain where I was, and what had happened to me.

I had many things to learn, and still do. But now I help to inspire and relay all kinds of knowledge, information, inventions and technology on to man, all according to God's great timetable.

And yes, I have been given the opportunity to travel to other worlds, other peoples, other star-systems and galaxies, but this has been mainly for the purpose of observation. We do not interact much with peoples of other worlds, simply because they would not relate so well to us. Instead, we of Earth are usually assigned to Earth-related missions. After all, that's what we were trained for by being there ourselves. Ha!

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There are other worlds out there, and one of these days you'll get to see them too. But really, you shouldn't be all that concerned about such things. Of course there is life on other worlds. God is the Creator. God is the beginning and the end of everything. But you need not concern yourself with God's business on any other world but your own. The main focus of our ministries and tasks is helping those of Earth—you.

And your main focus should be the same—to accomplish and bring to pass God's will on Earth. Sure, you can dream about some day preaching the Gospel to some odd-looking alien creature, but in the meantime there is a world full of people to be reached with the message of God's Kingdom. And God has given you and me—those of you on Earth, and us departed spirits of Earth—that job to do.

Remember what our Lord told us while He was with us, the prayer He taught us to pray? "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on Earth, as it is in Heaven." You first have to make sure that you're accomplishing His will on Earth, before you can hope to start doing the same somewhere else. So don't lose that heavenly vision. And when His righteousness covers the Earth as the waters cover the seas, then maybe you can start thinking what next planet you want to work

on. But in the meantime, there's a lot to be done on Earth!



Our fateful return home



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y name is Scott. I'm not Walter the famous writer, though I have gotten to know him and he's a great guy. I am Captain Scott from the famous, or infamous, trek to the South Pole. Yes, we got there and I've had to bear the condemnation of the failure of our mission. You see, I was a proud, self-sufficient, sure-of-myself type of guy. What I'd like you, the children of David, to learn from me is the importance of listening to the whispers and not brushing them aside. You are so blessed. You have the power of God and the voice of God at your command.

When the ponies died on our way to the pole, I thought that maybe we should just turn back. But my men and I were blinded by glory, the glory we wanted of being the first ones to reach the South Pole. We didn't stop and pray. I doubt if the thought even entered our minds. I was used to pushing things through in my own strength. But this time, I wasn't strong enough in myself, and I failed. I failed myself, my family, my country, and those who looked to me for leadership—who had put their trust in my leadership ability.

They were good men. They had learned to be obedient and follow orders. But neither they nor I had learned to listen to the whispers of the spirit. That's why you are so blessed. That's why the wisdom of God has broken up the blobs and made you each become more dependent on hearing from God personally, individually. You will need it in the days to come. You're in your training period now. Don't be afraid to make mistakes. Learn now. Develop your gifts now, for they will save you in the future when you are crossing your Antarctica of the Last Days.



Scott, Robert Falcon (1868-1912), British naval officer and explorer of Antarctica, born in England. In 1910 Scott embarked on his second Antarctic expedition, attempting to be the first person to reach the South Pole. From McMurdo Sound (an inlet of the Ross Sea), his party traveled 1842 miles, the longest continuous sled journey ever made in the polar regions. Scott reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912, only to find that Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen had achieved the goal five weeks earlier. The return journey ended in the loss of the entire party. With each man pushing a sledge whose load averaged 190 pounds, their daily ration of 4,800 calories was inadequate and the men succumbed to hunger and the cold. Their bodies and expedition notes were found November 12, 1912.

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The LEGEND



My name is Gretel. I was among the children who followed the Pied Piper up into the mountains. Many people over the years have wondered what happened to us, and why there is no record of where we went, or what happened to us after we got up to the mountains. I'll start at the very beginning of my story.

I was not from Hamelin. I was from a nearby town which is so tiny that you won't be able to find it on the map. As a matter of fact, it doesn't exist anymore. I was the third youngest of eight brothers and sisters, and one of the two girls in our family, excluding our mother. I had an older sister but she was away at the big city of Hamelin.

We lived on a farm with chickens and sheep, which we raised for a living. We had to work very hard on the farm since Daddy couldn't hire any hands to help us with the animals. We had to do it all ourselves. Still, we had more livestock and a bigger plot of land than some of the other folks in our very poor, small village, and were considered better off.

One day when my sister came back from Hamelin to visit, she said that there was this strange fellow who kept coming around and playing a pipe. She told me how his music was so captivating that everyone couldn't help but listen. He said he was a traveling minstrel, but something in his music said that he was more than just that. There was something magical, mystical, and enchanting about his tunes. His tunes weren't anything like our music, maybe

OF HAMELIN TOLD AT LAST

because we didn't use the flute in our traditional music.

Being musically talented, I was very interested in this man and his new music. I begged my sister to take me back to Hamelin with her but she refused, explaining that there were a lot

It was as if I had been in a daze. I couldn't remember how I had gotten to Hamelin ...

of bad things in the city and that many people weren't nice there. There was also a terrible problem with rats, and with them came a lot of sickness.

"No, Gretel, you stay here where it is safe and the people are still kind," she said.

I was very sad about this. I wanted so much to go with her. I felt as if I just had to see this man who wore a tall, funny-looking hat, and played majestically enchanting tunes. I felt as if the very voice of God was calling me to go and see him.

I talked with my father about this but he refused to let me go, and my mother was so afraid that I would come down with some pestilence in the city that she also forbade me to go. That night I threw myself on my bed and wept. I cried and cried until there were no more tears to cry. I wasn't happy on the farm. I wasn't happy with the dull and boring life we led, and now, when I felt this urge so strongly,

my parents had forbade me to follow it.

That night I could hear the tunes of the Piper in my ears, as if they were wafting in through my open bedroom window. I heard the enchanting notes and I knew that I must follow them. I packed a small bag, got dressed and climbed out my bedroom window. Since my sister and I shared a room, after she had grown up and moved away I had it all to myself, except when she visited; no one would know that I was gone until the next morning.

I made my way to Hamelin and as soon as I approached the street where my sister lived, the tunes ceased. It was as if I had been in a daze. I couldn't remember how I had gotten to Hamelin; I didn't remember the journey, the scenery or anything! All I knew was that I now found myself at the door of the bakery where my sister lived and worked. Still somewhat in shock, I knocked on the door.

Sis came out and said, "I knew you would come! I really wanted you to, but it had to be

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your own choice. I couldn't persuade you myself. I knew you wanted to come, but you had to make your own choice and take action for yourself, not just because of my enthusiasm or the choice I've made. Come on in, we've got room for you."

I followed her up to a room where there were two other girls already sleeping. "Here," she said, "you can sleep with me." With that, we both climbed into her bed for the night.

In the morning I woke early with the sunlight streaming into the room. I got up and looked outside to see folks in the marketplace bustling noisily about. Sis had gotten up even before the sun rose, as she did every day, to start baking the bread, and she came up just then to check on me, and smiled, somewhat amused at my interest in everything.

The two other girls woke shortly thereafter, and were clearly surprised to see me in the room. "Where did she come from, Erika?" they demanded of my sister.

"She's one of us, don't worry," Sis replied.

Lana and Helga weren't too sure about me at first. Then I told them how when I had heard the music, I just had to come, even though it meant sneaking out of my bedroom in the night.

"Won't your parents be angry?" Lana retorted.

"I wish I had seen the look on *my* parents' faces when they found out what I had done," Helga added.

"Wait a minute!" I said. "You mean you ran away too?"

"Yes, Gretel, there is something I need to explain to you," Sis said calmly. "You see, we are among quite a few children and young folks who have felt the urge to follow this majestic minstrel, as we call him. But none of our parents would allow us to do so. Most of our parents forbade that we have anything to do with him; so most of us have had to run away or are hiding out."

"But..." I questioned.

"Yes, you are right. Dad and Mom don't know that I am following him either. They think I'm just working at a normal dull business here in the city. But actually I'm helping others to get away to follow him."

I was too bewildered to speak. What was this sudden change in my life? It was as if I was

We never go and see him unless we hear the music.

suddenly thrown into a resistance movement, but I was so excited about it.

"Come on now, girls! I'll need your help with the rest of the bread and pastries. Let's get going. You can be thankful I've chased the rats out of the kitchen already," Sis announced.

"Rats?!" I replied, horrified at the thought of having to work around such filthy vermin.

"Yes, remember, I told you about them? I think they're God's curse on this town for not letting us follow the piper and believe in and follow God as he does."

Our family, being Jews, had been raised to not look kindly upon any religion other than Judaism. Much of Hamelin's townsfolk were also of Jewish descent, and therefore of course had forbidden their children to follow this mysterious man, the Pied Piper, who believed in Jesus.

After a few minutes of tidying the room and getting prepared for the day, the three of us girls followed Erika downstairs to the kitchen.

"I killed a big one today!" Sis said. "He was munching on the wheat. That evil pest!"

I was so disgusted by the thought of such creatures that I skipped breakfast that morning.

Later, Sis took me around the town and continued to tell me about the piper's God—Jesus! I was fascinated by the thought of a God of love who loved and cared for us personally. My parents had always taught me that God was someone to be feared, and that was really about all I had heard of Him until now. I ate up every word my sister told me, and I longed to know more about this man and about Jesus.

"When can we go and see him?" I asked impatiently.

"We never go and see him unless we hear the music. We don't know where he is."

Just then we began to hear the music.

"Quick! Follow me, he's calling us! But we must not be followed! There are many who

would like to see him harmed, so we have to be careful."

We went around the town, in and out of the marketplace, through the stables, through the butcher's slaughter house, and out onto a dirt road leading up to the nearby hills.

I was amazed to see that we weren't the only ones traveling this route. There were nearly 30 or 40 others who were making their way in this direction also. They were coming out of houses big and small, crossing small hills and streams. When we got to the top of a hill I saw that there must have been literally 200 others, coming from all directions. This was so exciting! We were following a tune in our ears without a clue where it was leading us, and there were many others who also heard it.

When we arrived at the foot of a large hill we weren't sure which way to go. There were so many of us that we could hardly hear the music because of the noise of our footsteps.



“Shhhh! Quiet down, everyone!” My sister called out. We all came to a halt. Then we heard it again, coming from straight ahead.

“It’s coming from that cave up there!” someone shouted, and we all began climbing furiously.

When we reached the mouth of the cave we saw a light burning inside. The glow came from a torch which lit up the dim passageway. We followed the path till we came to a big room. There, sitting with his back turned to us and his face towards the fire, sat a man with the strangest attire I had ever seen. He wore a green patched hat with a long, worn feather in it. We all entered quietly and sat around on stones near the

fire. He sat facing the rock wall, and continued to play his flute.

“Are you all here?” he finally asked, in the kindest voice I had ever heard. “Where is Hans?” He was still facing the wall.

At that moment a boy on crutches hobbled in and said, “I’m here now, Father. Thanks for waiting for me.”

Now he turned around to face us. He had a soft, short beard and his clothes were patched with green and brown. He had a long nose and big eyes, and long, wild red hair that flowed out of his hat. At first he almost looked scary.

“No! No! I can’t do that!” and he began to run.

“I see we have a new member! Gretel, isn’t it?”

I was tongue-tied! How did he know my name?

He looked at me kindly and said “Welcome, my dear, we are so glad to have you with us.



Has your sister told you about me?"

I swallowed hard and nodded.

"Good, good, then we are ready to begin. She's told me about you, too." And he began to tell us a story:



There once was a very bad city—one where there was so much hatred and cruelty that God looked down on it and said, "I need a man to tell them of their sins so they can repent."

God chose a man (and Piper picked a boy named Josef to act out the part) to be His messenger. "Jonah, will you go down to Ninevah and tell them what I have to say?"

Jonah looked up at the Lord and said "No! No! I can't do that!" and he began to run. He ran to his house and got all his clothes and money and ran down to the docks. There he found a ship and begged the captain to let him aboard.

Shortly after they went out to sea a big storm came up and angry waves beat on the ship, tearing the sails and terrifying the sailors.

"Who's to blame for this storm? What have you done?" the captain asked fearfully as he called each person's name.

From each person came the same reply, "Not I, sir!"

Then they all looked over to Jonah who was sitting on a barrel desperately trying to hang on.

"It's you, isn't it?!" the captain demanded.

"Yes, yes! It's me!" Jonah replied. "Throw me overboard, for I am running from God and now He has found me. Throw me overboard and trust God for my soul."

At his words, two burly sailors threw him overboard and a big, big fish came along and swallowed him up.

"God's will be done," the



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captain said, and to his and the crew's amazement the storm immediately calmed. The big waves and stormy winds were gone. The entire crew knelt down and praised and thanked the God who had saved them.

Meanwhile, Jonah, who had been swallowed up by a whale, finally called out to the Lord to save him. Soon afterwards, the fish spit him out right on the shore of Ninevah. Jonah praised and thanked God and ran as fast as he could into the city to warn the people. And the happy ending to this story was that the people repented, and God forgave their sins.



This was such an interesting story that I wanted to stay and hear more. But Pied Piper stood up and said, "God is about to judge this town. He has sent the rats to teach them a lesson but they haven't learned it. They have persecuted you, their children, for telling them about Jesus, and they have persecuted me for telling you about Jesus and showing you the truth of His Word. Now He's going to give them one last chance.

"God told me to go to the town and offer to play a tune that He gave me to make all the rats follow me out of the city in return for some money. I don't need the money, but God said to ask for it to see if they will be willing to share with us. So stay in your houses tomorrow and watch from the window, because there will be so many rats in the streets that you won't be able to take a single step."

By this time, it was getting late. He told us all to go home, and as we left, he gave each of us a kiss on the cheek. When it came my turn to leave, he took me in his arms and said, "You know, Gretel, now that you are here God's plan can be fulfilled. We have been waiting for you for quite some time. Do

you believe in Him?"

I nodded.

"Good then. Erika, will you pray our little prayer with her tonight?"

"Yes, sir," Erika responded.

He then proceeded to ask how Lana and Helga were doing. After a short chat he kissed us all, once again, and sent us on our way.

We ran and ran until we reached the foot of the hill where the cave had been the previous night.

"Be careful now!" he called out after us, and we all chorused, "We will!"

The next morning us four girls all stood eagerly around the window, watching and waiting. Suddenly we heard a tune—one so strange that we put our hands over our ears. It was so peculiar that it almost hurt our ears. Lana shrieked as a huge rat came bounding past her and jumped out of the open window.

"Quick! Close the door!" Erika ordered. I ran over and closed our bedroom door just in time to stop yet another vile pest from entering and making the same exit.

We watched silently as the street filled with a river of black vermin. They seemed to come from everywhere and they were in a hurry. They followed the peculiar tune—rushing, dashing, racing along until they all reached the dock where Piper stood on a large log high above them. They were all running so fast that they didn't have time to stop when they came to the edge, so they all barreled into the water, where they drowned. There wasn't a single rat left in Hamelin.

We smiled and waved as the piper walked back through the empty streets towards the town hall to collect his payment. We waited with eager anticipation as to what the outcome

would be. Half an hour passed, then one hour, then two. There was no reply.

Then we heard a new tune—one so compelling and moving that we rushed out of our house and into the street. Others came as well. We saw the town folks screaming and yelling, trying to stop us kids from running out after this melody.

Across the street there was a boy quickly adjusting his crutch when his mother came out with a long stick, yelling.

"Oh, look! It's Hans. Let's go help him, shall we?" Helga said. We ran towards him. Erika carried him on her back as we ran down the street.

Hans' mother was as mad as could be and she chased us all the way up the first hill but we didn't stop running. We didn't even look back. You see, Hans was a very special boy. Unbeknownst to us, there was a very special plan for his life, which we were helping to fulfill.

We ran and ran until we reached the foot of the hill where the cave had been the previous night. But there was no cave there anymore. It was gone! Though we thought it was odd, we didn't stop long to wonder because there was a sense of urgency in the tune that now filled our ears. On and on we ran until we came to the foot of a tall mountain. There

we saw the Piper playing.

“It is now time, children!” his voice rang out. “It is time to leave this wicked world! The people of this town have had their last chance, and they have refused to do as God had asked. They have refused to accept your belief in Jesus. They have refused to accept your desire to live according to His Word. They refused to accept me as God’s messenger or to pay me

my dues. They refused to pay any money; they refused to share. Now God is going to take us away from them. He’s going to take us all away! Come now. Go to that cliff up yonder. And Hans, you stay here with me.”

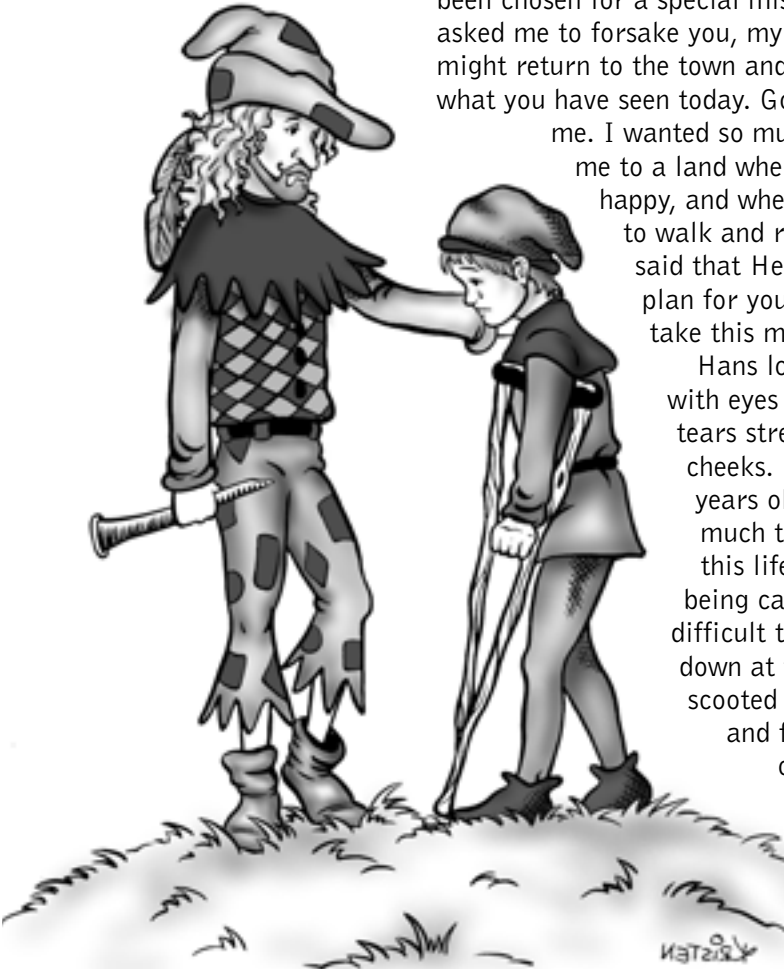
We all clambered up the mountain side to a cliff that stuck out sharply from the edge of the mountain, and there we waited.

I remember seeing a tear escape our beloved Piper’s eye as he watched his son return ...

“Hans, my son,” the Piper spoke. “You have been chosen for a special mission. God has asked me to forsake you, my only son, that you might return to the town and tell the people what you have seen today. God has asked this of me. I wanted so much to take you with me to a land where we will both be happy, and where you will be able to walk and run again, but He said that He has a different plan for you. Are you willing to take this mission?”

Hans looked at his father with eyes full of pain. The tears streamed down his cheeks. Hans was only 14 years old. He wanted so much to be able to leave this life, but now he was being called to do a very difficult thing. He looked down at the ground and scooted a few pebbles back and forth with his crutch.

“It won’t be for long, my boy. God has promised me that He will bring you



home just as soon as the mission is done.”

“Okay, Father. I’ll stay. I’ll try and do my best for Mom and the other lost people of this town.”

His father could see that this yielding was done with much pain. He threw his arms around the boy and said, “That’s the way, my son, that’s the way. It won’t be long, I promise.”

I remember seeing a tear escape our beloved Piper’s eye as he watched his son return, hobbling along his way, to obey the mission God had prepared for him.

Then I saw a light shining on Piper’s face. A beautiful hand came down and wiped the tears from his eyes. The hand of our precious Savior was comforting him.

My eyes turned back to the road where Hans had only moments ago made up his mind to yield, and I saw a sparkling path of stardust begin to form where he had been standing. Two magnificent angels formed out of the dust and followed Hans. When they caught up with him, one picked him up in her arms as the other wiped his eyes with the corner of her robe. Hans gave one look back and bravely called out, “Till we meet again!” With that farewell the angels

carried him towards the town.

I turned now again to the Piper, and I saw that Jesus Himself had his arms around him; they were both watching Hans with pride.

“He truly is one of My bravest soldiers,” Jesus said to Piper, placing His hand on his shoulder.

“Now, My children,” Jesus said as He turned and faced all of us, “Well done, My good and faithful ones! Enter into the joy of your Lord!”


I felt a wave of love and power and energy come over me. Suddenly my dress was changed into a white glowing gown. We all began to rise up toward a light in the sky which shone through a break in the clouds. And as the Earth beneath us faded slowly into the distance, I knew that we were going Home.



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN was made famous by Robert Browning in a poem based on a legend. According to the legend, the German town of Hamelin was infested by rats. One day, a man dressed in a suit of many colors walked into Hamelin and offered to rid the town of the pests for a sum of money. When the mayor agreed, the man drew out a pipe and walked along the streets playing a haunting tune. All the rats came tumbling out of the houses and followed the Piper to the Weser River, where they drowned. When the Piper claimed his reward, the mayor refused to pay him. The Piper swore vengeance. Once more he walked along the streets playing his strange melody. This time all the children ran from their homes and followed him to a cave in the nearby Koppen Hill. The cave closed upon them, and the children were never seen again. This legend seems to be based at least in part on fact. Old writings on the walls of several houses in Hamelin say that on July 26, 1284, a Piper led 130 children out of town and that they were lost in Koppen Hill. Some believe that the Piper was an agent of the Bishop of Olnutz who in the late 1200’s drew many Hamelin lads to Moravia, where they settled. Others claim robbers kidnapped the children. It is also possible that the legend came from the Children’s Crusade of 1212. *(courtesy of the World Book Encyclopedia)*



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Pied Piper: I preached simple belief in God, in Jesus, in the Bible, rather than following the traditions of either church or temple. Therefore I and the children who followed me were considered outcasts or were persecuted.

I was raised by Jewish parents, in Hamelin. When I reached my early 20s I started traveling about, roaming the country in search of something more. I found Jesus through simply reading His Words straight from the Bible, and I saw a vision, and received a call, to free the children of my home city.

When I returned to Hamelin, people didn't even recognize me. My parents had died, some of the first to be stricken with the plague. I had already gained a reputation by then of being a traveling minstrel, and I had earned my living that way for some time. I liked to be mysterious, to keep my

identity unknown—that's part of the reason I wore odd clothes and long hair. No one knew where my birthplace was, and I did not have a normal family life.

I loved a young woman in Hamelin, and we had a son together, but she grew hard and bitter against me and disliked my way of living, and my beliefs and my radical spirit. She would not accept me as her husband, nor would she tell my son the truth of who his father was. She became an outcast of sorts in her own way—her name was soiled and her reputation scarred, for having a child while unwed, and she continued to live up to what people thought of her. She sold herself and her body to the men of the city, and though all knew what she did, they managed to turn a blind eye and simply ignore her for the most part. Having a crippled son did help provide some sympathy even from the most hard-hearted of them all.

Our son was 12 or 13 when my following among the children of Hamelin and the surrounding villages began. He, like so many of them, was drawn to the tunes I played and the freedom I portrayed, and though his mother tried to keep him back, he followed. He did not know at first that he was my son, but when I felt the time was right, I told him, and he understood. He continued to live with his



mother, out of respect as well as out of pity for her and her sorry state—for, the tender and gentle child that he was, he provided some of the little joy and compassion in her miserable life.

The day I disappeared with the children, we were translated—we were ‘raptured’ in a sense, simply taken away, body and spirit, to be with the Lord. That doesn’t normally happen, but it happened to Enoch, it happened to Elijah, and it happened to me. We disappeared without a trace—just gone! Just like that! One of God’s mysterious workings. I just followed and obeyed God, and so did the youth of Hamelin.

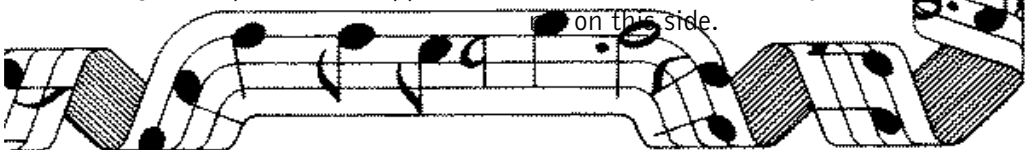
My son, Hans, was the sole witness to what happened to me and the rest of the children that day. The angels carrying him home paused and turned, allowing him to see that one moment we were there, and the next moment we were not. Although the people of Hamelin did not believe him nor even preserve his account of it, legend did preserve that one crippled boy did not disappear along with the other children.

Hans’ mission was to provide some proof, to those who would believe, that these things indeed happened. For all those who visited the town of Hamelin for many years to come could not help but take note that a whole generation was missing—except for one crippled

boy! He told his story to those who would listen, and though the people of Hamelin, including his own mother, refused to believe, and had rejected their last chance to make things right with God, there were other travelers and wanderers who Hans was able to reach.

Though the citizens of Hamelin tried to keep these happenings to themselves, news traveled far and wide, and though many dismissed it as a strange legend or idle gossip, some came to check it out. They saw the city had no rats, and they saw the city had no children, and while some were too hardened to believe in spite of this proof, others felt God’s spirit bear witness in their heart that it was true, and believed in the power of God. Hans’ mission, painful as it was for both of us, was not in vain. It was a difficult life for him, being left behind, but he was greatly rewarded for it when he came to join

on this side.





Twinkle

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Twinkle, twinkle, little star. Some of your peers out there are tasting the cup of success and are finding the brew intoxicating. They are only brief stars lighting up the horizon before they fall where all the other stars go. They'll learn that you're only as successful as your next movie, your next book, your next script, or your next program. Fame is transitory, and your successful peers are but joining the ranks of the rich poor—rich in body but poorer than ever in spirit, as they find that earthly riches do not satisfy the real person inside.

You, on the other hand, are the poor rich—poor in body and recognition, fame and fortune, but immensely rich in spirit. You are mining the jewels that will last for eternity—souls—and they will forever light up your name as My stars.

Don't forget that you'll have all eternity to explore your desires. You can write scripts or books, be a freelance reporter to the planets, travel wherever you want, meet with My greats, interact with people of common interests to your heart's content, and satisfy your curiosity as never before. All these things and more are rewards I have in store for your choosing.—All because you have contented



What's the scoop with other young people who are "making it" in the System, experiencing success and so on?



yourself to be obscure on Earth, to hide your life in Me, to do My bidding in the last flickers of Earth's present life.

You've applied your energies, your knowledge, and your love for learning and trying new things, to My cause. In many cases, you've zipped your own personal ambitions into a case and tucked it way into the back of your closet so you can concentrate on My will at hand, and in this I am well pleased. I am grateful.

Your faithfulness here will ensure limitless possibilities in the Hereafter, where you will be grades ahead of My rich poor children here on Earth, and thus freer to explore the universe. You'll be out of the elementary levels and ready to tackle the real problems and challenges, and to enjoy the thrills and joys of an unaltered life. You'll have access to any part of My Kingdom you desire to explore.—All because you chose to be counted as the scum of the Earth, the unheard of ones, the despised ones, the simple ones.

I need you to stay with Me in heart and in spirit. Your peers in the world are getting their fame and recognition now, but it's a far cry from the fame and recognition I will bestow upon you later. Take My word for it, you stars will have a permanent place in My Heavens.

TWINKIE

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TWINKLE, TWINKLE

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Cover by Rain
Inside illustrations by Kristen

Suggested reading age for this publication is 12 and up. Parents or shepherds may read with or allow portions to be read by younger ages, at their discretion.

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If you have suggestions for *linkUP* topics, or contributions to the mag, please send them via the *Grapevine* e-mail or postal address.



a better resurrection

True Life Testimonies Told from Beyond



In the Last Days, I will call some to be martyrs—not all, but some—those who are willing to lay down their life, that they may burn brightly and bring many who are lost to the knowledge of Me. Will there be pain? Or will you be given grace in death, so that you do not feel the hurt? Did those Christians over the ages who gave their lives as martyrs feel the flames, the sword's edge, or the lion's jaws?

The martyrs who now stand in My hall of fame were willing to suffer affliction, pain and death for My name's sake. For their courage, I gave them great release from the pain—so that they were able to bear it. Unto some was given supernatural grace to suffer for Me, that those who witnessed their deaths could see the love and dedication that forced

them to the cross, rather than to the false idols of their day, or to the renunciation of Me. With others, I showed their captors that they did not feel the pain, and they sang through the flames.

In each circumstance, I dealt out grace abundantly, sufficient for each one of My dear children who gave their lives so graciously unto Me in this way. You need not fear that torture or death as a martyr will be unbearable or excruciating. Though yes, some felt the pain and pangs of death, I gave unto these magnificent grace and endurance, that they were able to, with joy, rise above the torment of their bodies.

You, My Endtime martyrs, will be given great grace and a speedy deliverance. Fear not. Worry not.

Because the subject matter of these stories is persecution and martyrdom, parental discretion is recommended. Please prayerfully consider how to best present the material in a manner which will instill faith rather than fear in the hearts of the JETTs and young people who read them.

Your candles will burn brightly and be a great testimony unto the world. And unto those of you who are called to be martyrs, do not dismay. Facing the moment of death will be sweet relief to you, for I will stand by your side in visible person. I will hold your hand and lead you into the gates of My Heavenly Kingdom. You will rejoice, joy and glory in your hour of deliverance from this life. This is My promise to you.



Q:

Is this a promise that all the Lord's children can claim and count on—that He'll always be visible to their eyes?

This is how I give grace to My martyrs, to those called upon to die for Me—by making them acutely aware of My presence. Whether they see Me with their eyes, or visualize Me in their minds, it matters not. But they will, in every case, be strongly aware of My presence, in most cases more so than at any other moment in their lives.

R

The Little Maid of Orleans



Joan of Arc

Introduction: I saw a small, quiet girl who sat meekly at the edge of a great crowd. She looked up at me with big eyes, and an almost pixie-like* face, and said, "I am Joan." She spoke quietly and in an unassuming, humble way. "I was known to my country folk as *Jeanne d'Arc*.' Would you like to hear my story? All right, I will tell it to you. I have tried many times to tell it, but now I will tell it to you, and in a way that will help the Family young people."

She was petite, and wore a suit of mail, clinging tightly to her body. Her hair looked short, slightly below her ears, and contributed to the pixyish impression she gave. She had high cheekbones, a pointed chin—almost a sober bearing—but was a very delicate girl, with pale skin and light-colored hair. She stood up slowly, walked to the edge of a mountaintop, and looked out over ridges of more mountains and clouds, with the sun shining down on them. Then her message began.

Over those mountains, in a small meadow where I used to spend time with the sheep, I first heard the voices. You know how I heard these voices? *Tu sais? Oui, bien sur.* (You know? Yes, of course.) Okay, I will talk in English.

Let me say that I love you, and I

"Yes, I heard the voices! Yes, I followed God! For this do you kill me? Then fine, kill me, because I will live forever with Him in Heaven!"

*pixie-like: fairy-like

appreciate you for coming to talk with me. I am a quiet and a meek girl. I was a simple girl, but the will of God took me to great heights, then down to the lowest depths. I have suffered, and I have been glorified. It was all the will of God, and it was all for this—to give an example of what one little girl could do if she listened to God.

I was in the pasture with my sheep. I would often go there to sit and think and look at the countryside. It was beautiful, my country. The sky was sometimes blue, sometimes purple, sometimes pink. The fields were green with little blue flowers scattered about, and the gray rocks peeking out. It was peaceful and quiet, and I used to talk with God. I used to tell Him how I longed to show Him my love. I longed to be someone who would be devoted to Him, and who would be remembered as having loved Him above all. I could not read or write. I did not have special talents. I was a maid, a simple farm girl. But I loved God, and this was the desire beating in my

heart—to show my love to God.

One day in the pasture, I heard a voice talking to me. It was a gentle, sweet, but also firm voice. I later found out that it was the voice of Michael the archangel. I was only 13 at the time. But I listened to him, and listened to others, as they came to talk with me in the pasture. I heard their voices.

So I sat and listened, and I began to do this often. I listened, and learned, and the voices gave me courage. It was easier to hear the voices there in the field than it was later in King Charles' court. I helped him to be crowned king, did you know? It is true. God gave me my mission to march as a soldier, to lead the troops to victory—the French troops against the English—so that Charles could be crowned king.

This was my earnest wish and desire, because God had put this in my heart. You may ask why God would choose a woman for this task. Well, perhaps I was the only person He could find, the only one who would listen to Him.

When I went to see the king, who was at that time called the Dauphin, he was a thin, scrawny boy. I was 17 then. I rode to Chinon, where he lived. He tried to fool me by dressing as a courtier, and putting one of his nobles on the throne, but I found him in the crowd.



I knelt before him and addressed him as the ruler that he was. This gave Charles courage. God sent me to give courage to this man, whom God had chosen.

You may sometimes wonder at the job that God gives you. You may feel that you are too small, or too meek, too young, as I was, and you feel that you can't do

what God is asking of you. When you feel like that—small, afraid, even weak and delicate—then remember me, will you? Remember how I heard the voices, and then I just did what God asked me to do.

Remember that He sent His angel, Michael, to help me, and He sent other saints from times past to give me courage. I felt so little, so insignificant. I was a weak, small maid, but God was in me, filling me, telling me what to do. He didn't consider me too little to do what He asked. And because I was small, and a woman with no education, my story has attracted more attention than it would have otherwise.

The Dauphin received strength from knowing God had sent me. We fought battles for him, and God helped us to win. Then he was crowned king at Reims, in the cathedral, with me standing at his side.

Later, I was captured and turned over to the English. They confused me with their tales and with their talking, until it was hard for me to hear the voices. One time



I recanted, because I did not want to die. But after that, I again stood up for what I knew to be true, and I told them, "Yes, I heard the voices! Of course I did! Yes, I followed God! I followed God more than the Catholic Church, more than all your silly bishops! More than all your politics and your men with gray hair and faces full of hate! I followed the God whom I love! For this do you kill me? Then fine, kill me, because I will live forever with Him in Heaven!"

So they did kill me. They burned me at the stake. They did not like it that I spoke against their unholy church, against their wicked leadership, and against the politicians who were only interested in filling their pockets and increasing their power. I stood for the voice of freedom, for the voice of joy, of love, of the Spirit of God.

They did not like the Spirit of God, the Spirit that spoke to me through the voices. This Spirit made them afraid, because they could not control it. They saw that when I did what the

voices told me, I won battles, I helped a king be crowned, I was happy, I was joyous, and the people followed me. So they chose to kill me, rather than to allow a power that they could not control.

But I was not sorry. I was very glad that I could stand up for the One whom I loved so much. And I love Him still, because He has received me into His arms and He holds me oh so tightly whenever I want Him to.

Of course, when I came to Heaven, I was sad for the times when I was not faithful, for the times when I thought it would be better to admit to their political lies, and confess, and say I was sorry, so that I could stay alive. But then I was given another chance, a chance to stand up for what was true, and to speak of the veracity of the voices. And when I did, I was set free.

I was set free by death, to live a new life. And because I was set free in death, I have been able to influence and help and encourage so many people since then. I have been able to

lead and stir the hearts of people everywhere who feel that they are incapable of great things. For God does not use people who think they can do great things. He only uses people who are small in their own eyes, people who, like David in the Bible, are humble, small, and who call out to Him.

I was a small, young girl, and God spoke to me. All I did was obey the voices. I did what they said, and God used me to do great things. Will you do the same? Will you let God speak to you through His saints and through His angels, or speak to you Himself? He will give you great courage, as He did me. He will give you a mission, a calling that will change your life and make you a blessing to others.

Look to me, the little maid of Orleans, who didn't have any education, who couldn't read or write, but who was able to change history because it was the will of God. I will give you courage, and I will help you to find your calling. Please call on me when you need help!

Q: At what age were you when you first did hear these voices?

A: I was thirteen when I had a voice from God for my help and guidance. The first time that I heard this voice, I was very much frightened, it was mid-day, in the summer, in my father's garden I heard this voice to my right, towards the Church, rarely do I hear it without its being accompanied also by a light. This light comes from the same side as the voice. Generally it is a great light

Q: How long is it since you heard your voices?

A: I heard them yesterday and today.

Q: What were you doing yesterday morning when the

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voice came to you?

A: I was asleep. The voice awoke me.

Q: Was it by touching you on the arm?

A: It awoke me without touching me.

Q: Was it in your room?

A: Not so far as I know, but in the Castle.

Q: Did you thank it? Did you go on your knees?

A: I did thank it. I was sitting on the bed. I joined my hands. I implored its help.

Q: Has this voice sometimes varied its counsel?

A: I have never found it give two contrary opinions.

Q: This voice that speaks to you, is it that of an Angel, or of a Saint, or from God direct?

for Heresy and Witchcraft

circa A.D. 1430

**Courtesy of Counsel Quest, Spirea, I.I.C
Selected Excerpts of Testimony**

A: It is the voice of Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret. Their faces are adorned with beautiful crowns, very rich and precious.

Q: How do you distinguish them?

A: By the greeting they give me. It is seven years now since they have undertaken to guide me. I know them well because they were named to me.

Q: What was the first voice that came to you when you were about thirteen?

A: It was Saint Michael. I saw him before my eyes, he was not alone, but quite surrounded by the Angels of Heaven.

Q: Did you see Saint Michael and these Angels bodily and in reality?

A: I saw them with my bodily eyes as well as I see you, when they went from me, I wept. I should have liked to be taken away with them.

Q: Why to you rather than to another?

A: It has pleased God so to do by a simple maiden, in order to drive back the enemies of the King.

Q: If the Church Militant tells you that your revelations are illusions, or diabolical things, will you defer to the Church?

A: I will defer to God, Whose Commandment I always do. ... In case the Church should prescribe the contrary, I should not refer to any one in the world, but to God

alone, Whose Commandment I always follow.

Q: Have you then command from your voices not to submit yourself to the Church Militant, which is on earth, not to its decision?

A: I answer nothing from my own head, what I answer is by command of my voices, they do not order me to disobey the Church, but God must be served first.



Joan of Arc (1412–1431)

At the age of 13, Joan of Arc convinced a board of theologians that she had a divine mission to save France during the 100 Years' War with England. She led the French in several military victories over the English in 1429. When she led an unauthorized campaign the following year, she was tried and convicted of heresy for answering to God before the Roman Catholic Church. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in 1431, at the age of 19, but after 25 years the church overturned the conviction and later canonized her.

(courtesy of Microsoft® Encarta® 98 Encyclopedia)

Persecution of the Hussites



Peter the Bohemian

My name is Peter. I lived in a village with my parents and family, and all our relatives and friends. We knew everyone and everyone knew us. We were Christians, and we all believed in and loved the Lord. Ours was a farming community. We had sheep, chickens, ducks, pigs, rabbits and lots of other animals. We grew wheat, fruit trees and vegetables. We chopped wood for our fires, fetched our own water, and used lanterns and candles for light. Our homes were simple but strong. We covered ourselves with thick blankets on cold nights, and always kept a fire going to cook over and to keep warm.

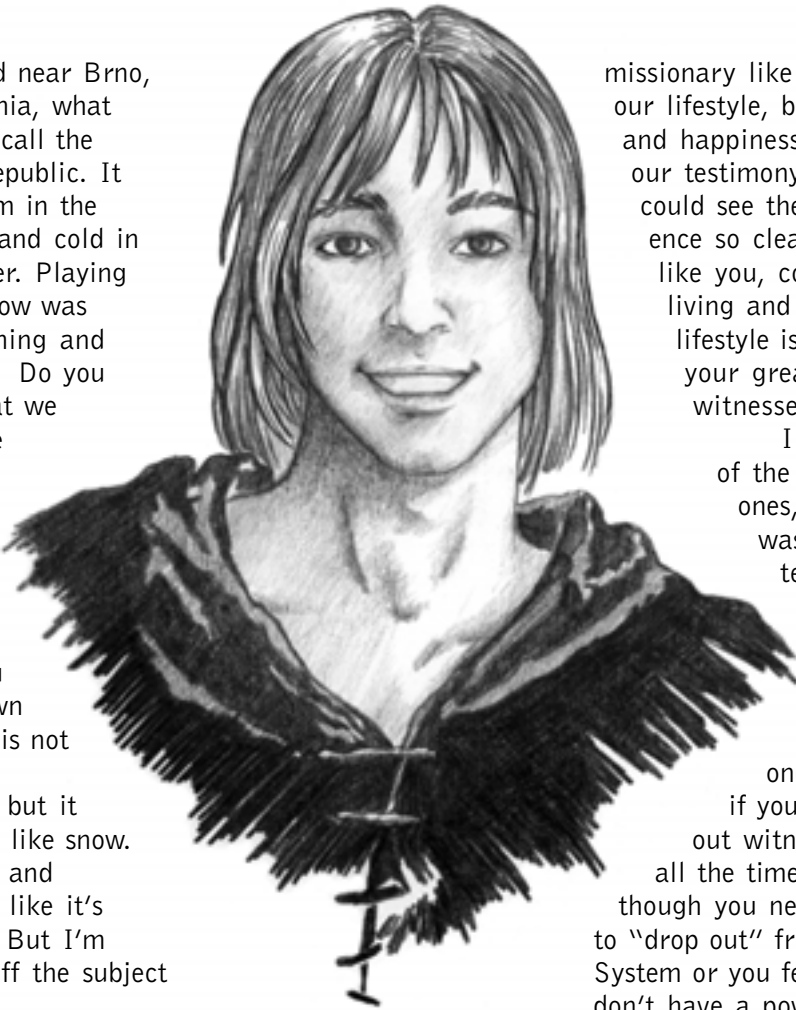
I had three sisters—one older and two younger. We were a happy family, and we depended on each other. We all took turns washing clothes, bringing water, cooking and cleaning, and helping in the fields and with the animals. The girls were sweet, and also strong. Mama taught them to sew dresses and curtains, store fruit and all the things that girls do.

My oldest sister was called Jenna. We were always good friends. She would save me some extra food when she cooked a special dish; she washed my clothes, and she helped me learn to read. Mother was always there for me, too, but I had a special link with my older sister.

"When the Catholics took control of our country, our lives suddenly became those of hunted criminals. Some of my friends left or turned away from the faith, but I couldn't. I thought, 'I can't deny my love for God and Jesus to follow a cold, heartless religion.'"

I lived near Brno, in Bohemia, what you now call the Czech Republic. It was warm in the summer and cold in the winter. Playing in the snow was fun; running and sledding. Do you know that we still have snow up here in Heaven? Only it's not like the snow you have down there. It is not cold and freezing, but it still feels like snow. It shines and sparkles, like it's magical. But I'm getting off the subject here.

I have many happy memories of my childhood, beautiful memories. Do you know that you'll be able to look back on your own happy memories up here in Heaven?—That special birthday, that Christmas, that show you were part of, that beautiful place you went, or whatever



your special times were. You'll be able to relive those happy moments. It's really a lot of fun. I do it a lot. It's kind of like the "Glad Game," remembering all the happy times.

We were Christians, Hussites, which was dangerous in our day. I was not able to be a

missionary like you, but our lifestyle, beliefs and happiness were our testimony. People could see the difference so clearly. Just like you, communal living and your lifestyle is one of your greatest witnesses.

I was one of the younger ones, but I was still a testimony.

That's how it is for you younger ones. Even if you're not out witnessing all the time, even though you never had to "drop out" from the System or you feel you don't have a powerful salvation testimony, you do have a powerful personal testimony. Your lifestyle, the faith of your parents, your going into all the world to preach the Gospel, the miracles you've witnessed—that's all a powerful testimony.

Speaking of traveling, I always loved to travel. We would often go

places with my father in our wagon. We would make trips like you do.

I was given great honor for my testimony, because I had died for my faith.

We didn't go around the world like some of you have, or even very far from home. We mostly made short trips, and a few long ones. Traveling was fun. In the Millennium you'll get to travel much like we did in our day, on horses and in wagons. That's the transportation of the future. When Jesus comes again on His big, beautiful, white horse, then horses will again be the way to travel. There will be big, beautiful,

strong, heavenly horses that fly, and also horses like I used to ride, such

gentle, helpful animals.

We were like the Cathars. The Pope didn't like them, and ordered them to be killed. Poor foolish man, thinking he could fight against God! He must not have read his Bible, for it says as plain as day: "Refrain from these men and leave them alone, for if this counsel or this work be of man, it will come to naught: but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against

God" (Acts 5:38–39).

Well, this pope fought God. But no matter what people do against us, "all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom.8:28), and "no weapon that is formed against (us) will prosper" (Isa.54:17). Although sometimes their weapons succeeded in killing our bodies, they didn't prosper—or let's say they didn't win. In the end, the Lord always wins.

I lived in troublesome times. There were many, many conflicts. When the Catholics took control of our country, our lives suddenly became those of hunted criminals. But, oh, the challenge to be true!



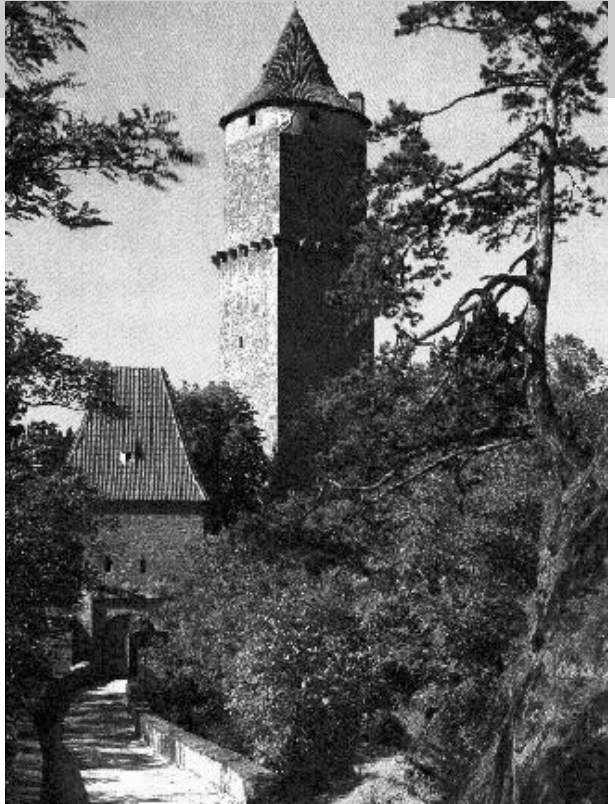
Hussites

The Hussites were followers of John Huss, a Bohemian martyr who was burned at the stake in the early 15th century. The Hussites soon gained popularity, and became the recognized church of Bohemia. But they continued to fight many battles against the international forces of the Catholic Church. In 1620, the Roman Catholic armies defeated the Bohemians, and orthodox Roman Catholicism was again enforced as the official state religion.

Some of my friends left or turned away from the faith, but I couldn't. I didn't know exactly why. I thought, *This is part of me, it's what I believe. This is important. I can't deny my love for God and Jesus as I know Them, to follow a cold, heartless religion.*

So we were attacked. The soldiers came to our village, and killed us all, but my death was quick and painless. I came straight to Heaven.

I felt so happy and blessed and rewarded when I arrived Here. I was given great honor for my testimony, because I had died for my faith. It was the happiest moment! Imagine going to sleep and waking up in a beautiful wonderland. Wouldn't that be exciting? It's like when you're going on a trip



Bohemian Castle

somewhere and you fall asleep. Then someone wakes you and says, "We're here!" and you're so happy to be at your destination. That's how it is when you come to Heaven. That's how it

was for me. I woke up at my destination. If you die as a martyr, like I did, the Lord will be there with you and you will feel His loving arms as He carries you Home.

My Bible ... Or My Life?



Phueng Sen

I was born in 1960. My name was Phueng Sen and I grew up on a farm on the outskirts of Kâmpôt, Kampuchea. I met a missionary named John White when I was ten years old. He would come to the nearby village and read to people from the Bible. Most of the villagers feared him, just like they feared all foreigners and all educated people, and especially those that weren't devoted to Buddhism. I, however, was curious. Despite warnings from my parents to refrain from doing so, I would meet with him in secret and grew to learn more about the Bible.

I was the eldest son in my family, and was often called upon to run errands at the nearby village, even though I was only ten at the time. John and I developed a friendship that continued for four years. He taught me about the Bible, taught me English, and how to read. I think I was his only real convert. After four years in our little province with few results, coupled with his failing health, in 1974 he returned to his home in England.

I was sad to see him go, but out of the kindness of his heart he left his precious Bible with me. Over the next few months I studied hard in secret, trying my

“They spat upon me, beat me, beguiled me and shot me in the foot—all in an effort to get me to deny my faith and to hand over my Bible.”

best to hide my faith from my parents, yet telling my closest friends all that I knew, how my life had changed, and how I had found happiness in Jesus. I was 14.

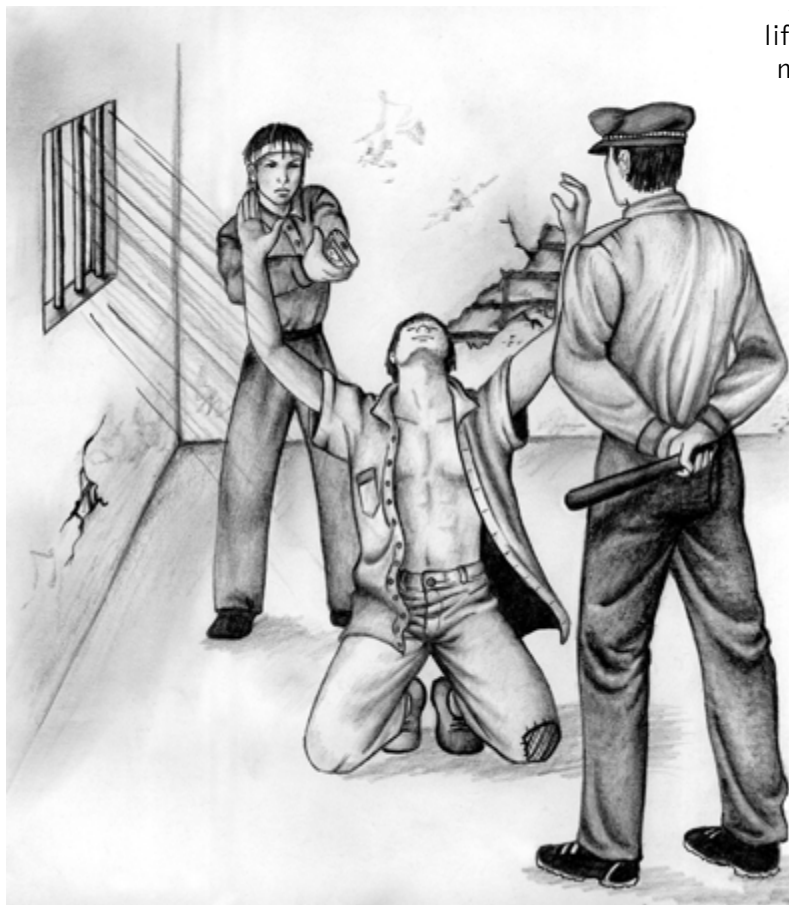
It was in 1975 that Saloth Sar, more commonly known as Pol Pot, and his regime, the Khmer Rouge, overthrew the existing government and imposed great hardships on the people.

From one day to the next, life was transformed from relative peace to hellish unrest, hardship and war. News traveled fast around the country—news of his iron hand, his heart of stone, his brutal murders, his anti-Vietnamese views, and his anti-foreigner and anti-religion stance.

My friends and I managed to continue

studying the Bible for two more years under the Khmer Rouge's rule. Men from his army would often visit our village or surrounding provinces, making threats, killing innocent men, women and children as examples to the nation.—Stamping down any who would raise their voice against their horrible, devilish, Satanic, bloodthirsty, power-crazed rule.

At this time in my life, my Bible was my dearest possession on Earth. I would read through the Psalms, receiving hope from the times when David was afflicted and persecuted. I would follow his example and would sing praises to Jesus, claiming His protection. I hid my Bible in a secret place out behind



one of our rice-fields. Its resting place was in a rotten, hollow tree stump, and only my best friend and I knew of this hideout.

It wasn't long, however, before word got to the authorities about this Bible, and my involvement with Jesus and Christianity, as well as my dislike for the powers that ruled the country as monsters. In 1978, when I was 17, I was arrested and brought before a counsel of armed men. They spat upon me, beat me, beguiled me and shot me in the foot—all in an effort to get me to deny my faith and to hand over my Bible. But I would do no such thing. I couldn't recant my personal pledge to Jesus. I couldn't give my most precious possession into the hands of those ungodly men. They had no mercy on me. They shot and killed me on the spot, right then and there.

A couple of days later they arrested my friend, and he also refused to give into their threats and would not disclose the location of our Bible. They murdered him too. But now we're happy in

Heaven. We've learned so much more since being Here, and have seen our precious Jesus, the One who meant so much to us that we could have never denied His name.

We've been assigned as spirit helpers, helping Christians in our birth-country, Cambodia, as well as the surrounding lands of Laos, Vietnam, Thailand and even China. If you need our help, please call on us. We love to help missionaries. We love to help people who love Jesus and want to tell our people about Him. We love to help the Family.

Our Bible is still in that old tree stump behind what used to be my family's rice-field, as a sign that our spirits are very much alive, and

that we're willing to help others come to know the happiness that we felt while on Earth and now know in full since coming Here. The words of Jesus and the words of David are treasures—precious commodities and rare possessions to the people that live in these Asian countries that have been oppressed and almost destroyed through war and political horror.

If you can't go yourself, pray for those who can. Or at least pray for the natives within these countries—that they will have the faith and guts to share their knowledge with their fellow-countrymen, so that more may come to know our wonderful Savior and Lord, Jesus.



Greater Things than These ...



St. Stephen

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. So very, very precious. It's with great glory and great honor that I recall that blessed day—that day I came Home. How unworthy I felt, to not even have suffered like our Lord did. He suffered the death of a sinner, feeling not only the pain and agony of body, but the grief of spirit, thinking He had been forsaken by His Father. My dear Lord suffered the agony of the flesh, He suffered the death of a sinner that we might be free, that we, through Him, could escape the death of the sinner, and rise above—above the pain of sin in death, above to the glorious light of the magnificent Kingdom of God, out of the realm of the flesh, and into the glorious light of the presence of God.

Yes, I counted myself unworthy of such a high calling as to die for my Lord. As Satan's people were casting those stones at me, I was able to rise above. I looked up and Jesus opened the Heavens—all I could see was His warm face, and I rose up. He lifted me up into His arms where I was safe and secure and free from harm, looking down upon that old lifeless carcass of the flesh. They could kill my body—but not my soul!

That blessed day when I preached up a storm by the power of the Holy Ghost, it certainly divided the sheep from the goats. The words of the Lord moved them to take action one way or the other. Some believed and later

"All I could see was His beloved face; all I could feel was His tender touch—His warm, loving, peaceful light surrounding me. I couldn't even feel the stones"

followed, but most were outraged, so much so that they ran towards me and bit me, and then picked up rocks to stone me.

I knew my preaching was going to move my fellow Jews to action that day. I felt it coming, and I knew that I had to look up and keep my eyes on Heaven. As I did, I saw the face of our dear Jesus, our dear Savior, and everything else around me at that moment didn't matter at all. I was not even aware of my body or any physical pain.

All I could see was His beloved face; all I could feel was His tender touch—His warm, loving, peaceful light surrounding me. I couldn't even feel the stones as the raging crowd thrust them at me. Jesus poured out His grace upon me in such great measure that I had enough grace and love to forgive those who persecuted me. I prayed and asked our beloved Jesus to not lay it to their charge, for many didn't know the full depth of what they were doing at



the time.

The Lord made it so easy for me. It was as if I just lay right down and went to sleep—it was as easy as that—as if I was lying down for a long, deep sleep. As soon as I closed my eyes, I woke up in the arms of my beloved Master.

Death is nothing to be feared or afraid of. So great and so wonderful was His power and His grace as He poured it out on me that day! He gave me peace that passes all understanding. In that moment, I came to know the full meaning of the words that had been written so long ago, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

For me, as Paul wrote many years later, to live was Christ, and to die was gain (Psa.116:15; Phil.1:21). It was gain—not pain.

Either way you cannot lose, because Jesus has promised to keep you, and He will, just as He kept me. What He did for me, He will do for you, so don't worry. Don't let the Enemy scare you with his

fear tactics: fear of persecution, of being tortured or martyred. You don't have to practice with balls and chains today for what might come tomorrow. If tomorrow brings persecution, and even bodily or physical harm, know that the Lord is so much greater, and that there is no need to fear anything that man would seek to do to harm you. It doesn't matter whether they stone you, like they did me, whether they hang you from your feet upside down, whether they sit you in an electric chair, or whether they stand you on a firing line and shoot you. God is able to keep you, and you will come through

without even the smell of smoke.

Don't fear your graduation day. It's something to look forward to. If the Lord calls on you to be a witness before the multitudes, to go out in a sudden blaze of glory—don't dread it, don't fear it, just know He'll pour down His grace on you like never before. When that moment comes, a whole host of Heaven will be waiting to receive you, and we'll sing and dance and shout the victory together in one happy praise meeting, giving glory to God for your safe arrival Home!

Look at those who followed in my footsteps—the great saints of God down through the ages. Look up their stories. There are many amazing stories. You can read about it, and then pray about it, because sometimes the history

books of man are colored by the lies of Satan to belittle or downplay the truth. They just can't bear to tell the truth; they say that it is only a legend or a tradition that they tried to boil this guy or that girl and they just wouldn't boil, or that they put another one on the wheel and the wheel broke but not the body, or that they tried to cut off another's head, and it just wouldn't cut, or that the Church of God had a song in their hearts, praise on their lips and smiles on their faces as they were cast before the roaring lions, as they prepared to meet our Savior!

There are so many stories that testify to the power of our mighty God, whose hand is not shortened that it cannot save. There are countless testimonies of saints who won the hearts of their captors, even in the face of pain and despair—

because Jesus lifted us above the pain, and there was no despair. Jesus never suffered us to be tempted above that which we were able to bear.

So listen to these stories from beyond, and let them thrill your soul! Let them inspire you, let them strengthen your faith for the days to come—the dark and evil days when Satan shall seek with a renewed fervor to destroy the Church of the Lamb once again. Yet, in those days of tribulation, when the world shall see a time of trouble such as it has never seen before, you can rest assured that Jesus will take care of you, for you who know your God shall be strong, and do exploits. Yes, greater things than these will be accomplished through you, the Children of David, upon whom the end of world will come.



Many historians don't dare admit that these things really did happen. But if you pray, you can tap into the great library of saints up Here, both known and unknown, great and small in the eyes of the world. Up Here, each and every one is great, and greatly honored for giving their life for Me. They all have a story to tell, stories that have been lost and buried by those who persecuted and killed My children down through the ages. There are so many of My precious martyrs, each one a witness, each one a saint in the eyes of Heaven, each one a great testimony, even if their death may not have had any great earth-shaking consequences. Each and every one accomplished a purpose, fulfilled My will, and—if nothing else—filled up the cup of iniquity of those who dared to touch the apple of Mine eye.

04

France

Joan of Arc

THE LITTLE MAID OF ORLEANS

She was a young, unlearned country girl who heard voices and obeyed what they told her. She led troops to victory, influenced a king, and died in flames.

10

Bohemia

Peter

PERSECUTION OF THE HUSSITES

A simple life. A simple faith. These simple differences cost them their lives.

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Cambodia

Phueng Sen

MY BIBLE ... OR MY LIFE?

A Cambodian teenager faces life or death over a book and its hiding place.

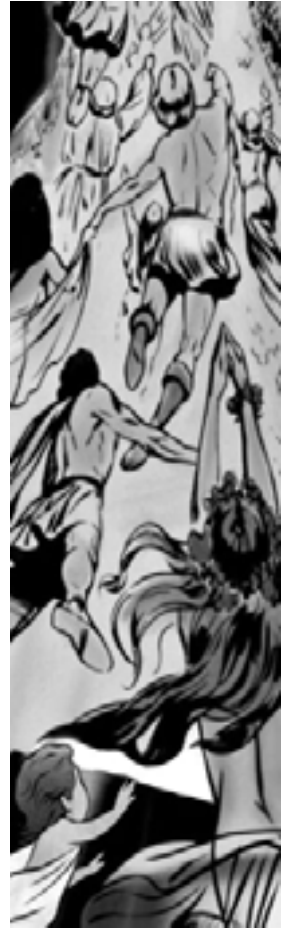
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Jerusalem

St. Stephen

GREATER THINGS THAN THESE

The first martyr of the Early Church recalls the day when he was stoned to death.



Cover and illustrations by Kristen.

Because the subject matter of these stories is persecution and martyrdom, parental discretion is recommended. Please prayerfully consider how to best present the material in a manner which will instill faith rather than fear in the hearts of the JETTs and young people who read them.

If you have suggestions for **linkUP** topics, or contributions to the mag, please send them via the **Grapevine** e-mail or postal address.

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LinkUp 05





Lady Jane Grey

The Way of the Martyrs

It was a time of great confusion for England. The struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism ran strong and fierce, and many poor folks were left to ponder. Many were hanging in the balances, many had questions; there were doubters. Many longed to be free, but they feared to break out of the molds that they had so long been forced into. They were in sore need of someone who was willing to stand up for the truth—someone who would simply live and follow the teachings of Jesus.

I was young, and was very accomplished. I read books. I studied the Bible, and in all my reading I came to one simple truth: that the ways of man and the wisdom of man always came to naught, but the truth of God—the Words of Jesus, our Savior and Lord—would live on. I realized that, in order to truly change people’s minds, you had to change their hearts—and only God and His miracle-working power and truth could do that.

I took it as my duty to live the truth as He had revealed it to me—I could do no other. I was young and strong in will and spirit. I was ready to do or die, to fight for the truth. The more I read His wonderful Word, the more His Word came alive in my heart, and I knew that even if it cost me my life, I would rather die for something than live for nothing.

It was a time of great manipulating—there were crafty political moves,

“They called me the nine-day queen, but little did they know that I was to become a queen in the courts of Jesus, and in the army of David...”

and many attempts to gain power and the throne. For me and my wonderful Guilford, the odds were against us from the beginning. But through all this, Jesus had a plan, a greater purpose—and we were part of that plan. The Lord had a plan not only for the short lives we lived, but for our deaths also, and He used us as mighty witnesses.

Our deaths were to be a great testimony against the tyranny and corruption that existed in our day. Jesus gave me the peace and the conviction to meet my executioner with faith and trust, and even the forgiveness that only He can give. During the months I spent in bonds, Jesus prepared me. He was always an ever-present help in my seeming distress, and I grew closer to Him with each passing day.

Our martyrdom was a witness against the corrupt System and those

who upheld it, and it brought down the judgments of God upon those who sought to fight His Truth.

When Mary claimed the throne, she knew the truth in her heart, but she compromised her convictions for her own gain, and to please the System, and she had no peace as a result.

The judge who sentenced us knew the truth too, and he was never the same after that. Truth always triumphs in the end. And for Mary, the judge, and others who were given over to their selfish and worldly ways, it didn't end with our deaths. They were unable to brush aside the hand of God.

The judge did go daft* after my execution. He felt my presence, as if I was following him—because I was! They killed our bodies, but we lived on! That stubborn



man was trying so hard to fight God—he had to suffer for his own obstinate insistence. Now he has had to reckon with the Almighty Himself. Now he knows the error of his ways.

Many people could not understand how I, at so young an age, could stand so firm in my convictions. Jesus helped me in those last days—but it was not of me. It was not that I was so strong in myself; it was only the grace of God. God took what seemed like defeat and turned it into a great

*daft: mad, crazy

Judge Morgan

Judge Morgan, who gave the sentence of condemnation against her, shortly after he had condemned her, fell mad, and in his raving cried out continually to have the lady Jane taken away from him; and so ended his life.

—courtesy of *Fox's Book of Martyrs*

victory. I really did not have a way out in the physical, as I could do nothing to change my position. It was not that I was so brave or any different than anybody else, but only that He poured out His grace upon me. There was so much politics involved; the corrupt and sinister ones around me were going to have my head one way or the other. Although I was fully confident that Jesus was able to save me if need

be, just as He had done for Daniel, in stopping the mouths of the lions, it was His plan that the evil

desire to be able to pour out and deliver my soul to those whom I loved and cared for. I did this

Little did I know at the time just how far those words would go and just how many lives would be touched.

System of my day be even more exposed through my martyrdom. Even in my death I was taking a stand. I was making a statement that was going to be heard down through the ages.

In those final months, in those dark dreary days I spent in the Tower of London, Jesus prepared me. He gave me peace that passed all understanding. He gave the warmth and the light of His love in such abundance that I hardly noticed the dampness and coldness that surrounded me. It was there, I was aware of it, but He carried me through.

My time locked away in the Tower became an answer to my most earnest prayers, as He fulfilled my heart's

largely through my letters; and by putting it down in writing, I was leaving behind something they could have and hold on to, something they could read and ponder on, and make their own decision whether they would live for the lie, or whether they, too, would accept the truth. This was my heart's desire which the Lord so graciously granted me. It was through my letters that I was able to live on in the lives and hearts of those I loved and many others since that time. Little did I know at the time just how far those words would go and just how many lives would be touched.

This was my joy as I left the world so full of corruption and deceit—the world I so detested—the world of carnal ways and carnal minds, of rivalry and frivolous living, of idols and bondage and a dead



religion. I died for the truth, rather than live for a lie.

When all around you is hypocrisy, when the corrupt System and evil ways of man are rampant, when rivalry and politics and the greed of evil men prevail, when men's faith and men's religion are controlled and dominated by lust, fear and idolatry, you have to do something. This was the driving force that compelled me to take the stand—to fight for God and the truth; I could do no other. This was my satisfaction and this was my peace—knowing I was dying for something rather than living for evil. This compelled me to live for Christ even in the face of death. I knew that should death befall me, at even so young an age, to die for Christ and the truth would only be gain, and I was happy to be delivered!

What a glorious day that was, as I met my Lord in the air! So precious is that wonderful reunion. Your head on the block is really not too difficult a way to go—it's quick, and I felt little pain. The anxiety beforehand was only minimal, as Jesus filled me with His peace.

After a beautiful and loving reunion with my beloved Guilford, and our orientation to the ways of Heaven, our real work began. Jesus allowed us to carry on our work from the spirit world. We were then able to touch lives and work in people's hearts in a way that had



Kneeling down, she turned her to Fecknam, saying, “Shall I say this psalm?” and he said, “Yea.” Then said she the psalm of “Miserere mei Deus,” in English, in most devout manner throughout to the end. Then she stood up, and gave her maiden, Ellen, her gloves and handkerchief, and her book to Mr. Bruges. After this, she untied her gown, in which the executioner offered to help her; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned towards her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frowes, pafft

and neckerchief, giving to her a fair handkerchief to knit about her eyes. Then the executioner kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, which she willingly granted, and said, “I pray you dispatch me quickly.”

Then she kneeled, saying, “Will you strike before I lay me down?”

The executioner said, “No, madam.”

Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, she said, “What shall I do? Where is it?”

One of the standers-by guiding her thereunto, she laid her head down upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, “Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

And so finished her life, in the year of our Lord 1554, and 12th day of February, about the 17th year of her age. Thus was beheaded the lady Jane, and with her also the lord Guilford, her husband, one of the duke of Northumberland's sons.

—courtesy of Fox's Book of Martyrs

not been possible while on Earth. At last we were free from the political trickery and conniving ways of corrupt men, to freely do the work of the Lord.

You have nothing to fear, dear Family, for all the prophets, all the martyrs and all the saints stand by your side. You certainly do not have to fear if God should require of you to suffer for His name, for He will never suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able to bear. And remem-

ber, most are called upon to be living martyrs, witnesses who will lay down their lives in daily sacrifice to win others.

I have since had the honor of getting to know Dad. Because I was a teen at the time of my martyrdom, Dad had a particular interest in getting to know me. And I had a particular interest of course in meeting Dad, from the time that he arrived Here. My interest started way back when the Family first came to England, back in

the days of Chinbrook Road, Bromley and Maidstone. Ever since then I have been following the Family's progress.

Jesus has honored me in granting me the privilege of being at your beck and call. They called me the nine-day queen, but little did they know that I was to become a queen in the courts of Jesus, and in the army of David—a queen at your service, an honor which I cherish. I am blessed, and I stand ready to fight by your side, dear Family.

Grey, Lady Jane (1537–54)

Queen of England for nine days. When Lady Jane was 15 years old, England's powerful lord chamberlain, John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, arranged a marriage for her with his son, Guildford Dudley. The lord chamberlain's purpose was to change, through Lady Jane, the royal succession upon the death of the ailing young king, Edward VI, so that he could continue to control the country through her. Edward approved the marriage and secured witnesses to a deed declaring Lady Jane his successor. Upon the death of the king, on July 6, 1553, Lady Jane was proclaimed queen, but Edward's half sister, Mary Tudor, contested the succession. Lady Jane was subsequently imprisoned in the Tower of London. She and her husband were accused of treason, and both were beheaded on February 12, 1554. Lady Jane was 17 years old.

—Courtesy of Microsoft® Encarta® 98 Encyclopedia.



A letter written by the lady Jane in the end of the New Testament in Greek, which she sent to her sister, the lady Katherine, the night before she suffered:

"I have here sent you, good sister Katherine, a book, which although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the law of the Lord. It is his testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us wretches; which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy: and, if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest mind do purpose to follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It shall teach you to live, and learn you to die. It shall win you more than you should have gained by the possession of your woeful father's lands. Desire with David, good sister, to understand the law of the Lord God.

"Defy the world, deny the devil, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Rejoice in Christ, as I do. Follow the steps of your master Christ, and take up your cross; lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him. And as touching my death, rejoice as I do, good sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption. For if you will deny his truth for to lengthen your life, God will deny you, and yet shorten your days. And if you will cleave unto him, he will prolong your days, to your comfort and his glory: to the which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you. Fare you well, good sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you."





Jaws of the Lions

My name is Joseph, and I lived back in the days of Roman rule, just before the emperor was converted. Those were hard times. People were in sore need of salvation. Rome was given over to many foul spirits and every filthy thing, and the people were in great darkness.

But for me and my family and friends, those were exciting times. We had the truth, we preached the truth and we knew we were right—this was our guiding light, our inspiration, our driving force—and this is what kept us going. When things are dark and bleak all around you, and you know that you have what others need so desperately, that gives you the peace and conviction to sustain you, even in the face of the lions' roar.

Living in the catacombs, meeting secretly, always having to be on guard, never knowing who you could trust, who might turn traitor on you—those were exciting times for me. I was young, and full of life and fire and energy; at times I felt I could just explode with the truth. I knew I had to wait until the time was right, but seeing so much tyranny all around, so many lies, so much pain and suffering, so much hypocrisy and bloodshed, so many people dying without the truth of Jesus—that motivated us to take a stand for the Truth of God. It motivated us because we knew that we were the ones living for the right cause. But we had to be careful about

“As the Roman guards marched us out, for a split second, I glanced over and saw the face of my young sister. ...”

how we made these things known. We had to use great wisdom, and be wise as serpents, while appearing harmless as doves.

But when the time came for us to boldly stand up to the crowds, declaring our love and our loyalty for the God greater than all the powers of Rome, and going out in that final

blaze of glory, this was one of the most exciting opportunities of my life. The thrill of that final witness—standing up, preaching to the crowds, the excitement of knowing that you’re doing the right thing, and preaching the right thing to a desperate nation—the thrill of it all lifted us up to such heights of excitement and ecstasy! What

a rush!

Everyone has their calling, but for those of us who were chosen to be final witnesses, Jesus poured on grace and glory and supernatural power for that hour—it was like the ultimate high. Of course we had smiles on our faces on that memorable day! The excitement of witnessing is what kept us!—That thrill of knowing you are winning a soul, that you are preaching the truth, and that it cannot fail!

As the Roman guards marched us out, for a split second I glanced over and saw the face of my young sister. For a fleeting moment, I could sense her fear as she was tempted to waver and be afraid. This is what moved me, and I broke out leading our group in song, and instantly the fears vanished!

As I took my sister, little Naomi, by the hand, the lions were let loose in the arena. But our battle hymns rose up above the roar of the crowds, and we were strengthened! It was as if we were lifted up, translated to the heights of Heaven. There is nothing you can compare it to in today’s





world; there is no excitement or thrill on Earth that could compare to the thrill of that moment. We knew that Jesus could shut the mouths of the lions if that was His will, but that was not our calling. We were not called to be delivered in the flesh; we were called to be witnesses, that through our deliverance in spirit many would be saved—and they were! Rome was converted!

I was one of the last ones to go that day. As I held my little sister tight in my arms, every time we looked over and saw the lions' teeth sink into the flesh of one of our brethren, each time, with each attack, we heard the angels sing. Bells were ringing, chimes

were sounding, and I could hear heavenly strains of music. They were playing the song we were singing, in perfect timing. It was as though we had a back-up band—a heavenly orchestra! I had never in all my life heard such extraordinary music!

We were surrounded by a bright light coming down from Heaven in a steady stream. This white, warm, soothing light melted away any hurt or pain. Actually, no one felt pain. It felt good—so good that all we could do was smile! We were smiling so big because all our fears just vanished! Each time another one of us would fall, I could see them rise up—straight into the arms of Jesus.

Jesus and the Father and a whole host of saints were in the Heavens, waiting with open arms. The Heavens were opened, and I could see all this going on. And so we sang all the louder, as we cheered each other on. It was a glorious day—finally we would be free at last!

Then something else happened to me and my little sister. I knew it was

an extra blessing from the Lord. Up until this last moment, I had been completely unaware of the crowds. Sure, I could hear their screams, but we were all caught up in such thrills and ecstasy that I had not even noticed those in the stands.

Just before it was our time to go up, I caught the eyes of some of the spectators in the crowd who were closest to me. As I gazed deeply into their eyes, I could feel that love and peace that I felt within penetrating their very souls, and I knew they would never be the same again. I could see their amazement and I knew the message was getting across. It was as if I could see them being converted right there on the spot—and many were. They were so moved, so stunned, so baffled by what they were beholding, that I knew they would be ready to receive the Word from the brethren who were left to stay and carry on.

And yet other spectators were troubled, perplexed, and this, too, was the hand of God working in their life and bringing them to a

decision. It was a special treat for me to see with my own eyes the effect our death was having on the crowds. For although this cold and heartless multitude seemed ruthless and beyond hope, many were won that day. Many were won and all were brought to a point of decision. No one could walk out of that arena without having made some sort of decision in their heart.

The glory and honor of being a witness for Jesus is the greatest appointment that anyone could have: that thrill of the witness, to see a soul saved, a life changed, to know that you are doing something that is going to change the world. Preaching the truth is the rush of all rushes. You know you're right, and no one can take that away from you.

That wonderful day when we took our stand in the arena, Jesus gave us the most priceless of all gifts: the gift of faith. Ours is the victory that has overcome the world, and continues to overcome the world and all in it who would oppose the truth. Ours is the victory—our faith!

Dying for Love

I was a young teen who knew nothing about Jesus, but I was martyred because of my love for one who stood up for Jesus.

I was the personal servant to one of the nobles of the palace—one who was like a son to Caesar. I was more than his servant; we were friends and he confided in me. One day he became converted, after seeing the sample of the Christians and feeling the love of Jesus. Before he had time to explain to me what had happened, Caesar was told of his conversion and he was taken to prison, to be executed immediately. He was given a choice to deny his faith, and when I saw him stand so strongly, even though I did not know exactly what he was standing for, I knew that he had found truth, for he was not one to easily risk his life. I determined that I would go with him to the death, for I knew that what he had found was more valuable than all the emptiness I was leaving behind.

Though he was not able to talk to me much or explain to me what had happened in his life and what this great truth was that he had found, the Lord knew I wanted to hear it, and that I was willing to die for it—because I saw the love in his eyes and knew that it was real. And so I was saved—not through hearing about the wonderful love of Jesus, but through seeing the conviction in

“I was saved ... through seeing the conviction in my master’s eyes.”



my master's eyes, and knowing that, if my master considered it worth dying for, then I would give my life for it as well. I went to the arena with him, and together we passed on to the Heavenly Kingdom, where I found out exactly what I had given my life for—love such as the world has never known, except in Jesus.

I know there are many teens just like me today. If they caught a glimpse of the Heavenly Realm and Kingdom, and if they saw someone stand up, anointed by the Spirit of God, giving a message

against the caesar of Rome, they too would stand up and be martyred, even just for that. Many of them hate Rome [the System] as it is, but they don't know what else to stand up for, so they are carried along with the power of Rome.

Be faithful to witness though all Rome stands against you and though you are the only voice

speaking up for the truth. Don't ever pass up a chance to speak up for the truth, to give a radical message, something that stands out above the sounds that they hear every day on a regular basis, something that causes them to turn and listen. Who knows?—You may bring yet another one into this Heavenly Realm.

Galien, Roman martyr

There were many of us martyrs in the times of the Romans. We had to be brave in the face of persecution and death. We weren't brave people, but we were made brave. Now we can help you to be brave and strong.

There will again come a time like the Roman times—the System is the same. We had to work alongside the Romans, we had to be slaves and servants. We were in the System, but not part of the System. If you must remain, then you must become strong and you need our help. So call on us. We're just in the wings, waiting for the curtain call, waiting to play our part—and to help you play yours.



*“We weren't
brave
people, but
we were
made
brave.”*

Tortured in a “Free” Country

Waco Victim

Hello! I’m one of the teenage girls who died in the Waco tragedy. I’m glad I had faith in God to help me through it, as horrible as it was, because if we hadn’t had our faith in God, we would’ve gone crazy! But the Bible and God’s grace helped us through that terrifying experience.

We didn’t think anything like this could happen. It was so shocking to be in our own home, in a free country, and to be treated like vicious criminals. We just thought those kinds of things were in the movies, like in “E.T.,” where the government guys come in and try to kill an innocent being. We didn’t think it was real. We had no idea that those things could really happen, so we were totally taken by surprise!

When we first heard the police were coming, us kids didn’t realize how serious it was—in fact, some of us even thought it was a bit exciting, like in the movies. But we soon realized the danger when they started shooting, and we heard the helicopters and we weren’t allowed to go out. Then there was talk of sniper fire, and we started to fear for our lives. We didn’t know what was going to happen to us! We were like prisoners, and it wasn’t exciting any more when the electricity was cut off and the water was rationed. It was cold, and it was very spooky, and some of us got sick from the conditions.

What made me really scared was the ground shaking from the tanks going back and forth. It sounded like an

“My question was ‘Who is responsible for this? Who’s ordering this? Who’s telling people to come and kill us?’”



invasion! I felt as small as a grasshopper. I thought, “Could this really be happening? Don’t they know that we’re just innocent people?” Here we just believed the Bible, like old-fashioned people just trying to study the Bible and live like Jesus lived.

None of us kids were abused—we were very happy! We went outside and we played, and we had games, and we had school. We had Bible classes, we sang songs and danced, and we were very close to our parents and everyone. No one beat us. My parents were strict, of course, but there was no child abuse. My parents loved me and we spent a lot of time together.

But I soon found out by this attack on us that there wasn’t much love in the outside world—that’s for sure! It was horrifying to find out that people were trying to kill us for our religious

beliefs and views. So we got together and prayed. We quoted Bible verses and we read Psalms, and the Lord comforted us. He gave us the grace to know that, no matter what happened, we were His. Whether we died or whether we lived, we were His. When we got together, our parents and our elders prayed for those who were persecuting us. That took a lot of love.

We read stories about Daniel in the lions’ den, and about Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego being cast into the fire. It began to dawn on us. The Lord warned us that something heavy was going to happen. We had a premonition. As each day went by, things got a little harder. It was like torture, because we couldn’t sleep. The government agents were really abusing us horribly, and here they were accusing our *parents* of abuse! There were tanks

and helicopters and noises in the daytime, and at night, the bright search lights and the piped in recorded noises of dying animals—the screeching noises, horrible, frightening sounds! It was like being in a horror movie! The little babies and children were crying, and we were exhausted from lack of sleep.

We tried to sing songs to drown out the noise—the crashing, wailing noise on the loudspeakers. It sounded like war, and sometimes we didn’t know if it was coming from the speakers or if it was really happening, because it sounded like guns and bombs going off! And the ground was rumbling because of the tanks. It was constant terror. We could tell by the expressions on our parents’ faces that we might not come out of this situation alive. I

learned to face death, even though I was only a young teenager. I had lots of time to think about it, and even the children realized it.

My question was “Who is responsible for this? Who’s ordering this? Who’s telling people to come and kill us?” They said that we were armed and dangerous, but we weren’t going to hurt anybody. And then some of us were shot! And David [Koresh], who was like a daddy to me, was shot and wounded. I couldn’t believe it! We didn’t know if he was going to live. But he was very positive; he had faith that one way or another, God was going to take care of him, and us, and this gave us strength to go on. Us kids couldn’t understand how someone who only tried to help people and love people could be so hated, and why people would want to kill him! It was so confusing!

I had to be brave to encourage my mother, and also be brave for the little children, to keep them entertained and happy. I had to think of games to play to keep their minds off of what

was going on. It was such a struggle! It was like being thrown to the lions, like in Roman days, only in a little different sense.

We prayed and asked God to please help it end quickly, because it was just getting to be too much. They’d shot at us and killed some of us already, so we were afraid to go outside, thinking they would just mow us down. We couldn’t trust them. The lawyers told us that the place was bugged, and

We knew we were being attacked. We had no guns out, we were just huddled together.

the government had already deceived us and lied to us, so how could we just walk out? We were too scared. We heard that others who had left earlier had been put in jail and treated like criminals. What could we do?

We knew time was running out, and for some of us it was too much to bear, and we asked God to do something. So that last morning when we heard the rumble of the tanks, we went down into a lower room for protec-

tion, because we knew if tanks came through they would just crush us unless we were down below. Committing suicide was the furthest thing from our minds!—How ridiculous!

We knew we were being attacked. We had no guns out, we were just huddled together. We didn’t know what was happening. The little children were screaming and crying and we just clung to each other and prayed, and some of us

were singing. Then there was gas and choking and burning and the smoke fumes, an explosion, and then it was all over. Sudden death, sudden glory! I died a child martyr, a teenage martyr for my faith, for my beliefs, for being a Christian in a so-called free country, ruled by heartless people and leaders who burned alive babies, children, mommies and daddies.

But now we’re the victors! We’re released from the horrors that we went through—the

The tragedy at Waco, Texas

On Sunday morning, February 28, 1993, over 150 armed agents of the U.S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF) assaulted Mount Carmel, the rural community of the Branch Davidians, a survivalist Christian group. As the BATF raided the building, shots were fired. The ensuing exchange of gunfire left several Branch Davidians and four federal agents dead. Who fired first is still in dispute, but the BATF's heavy-handed tactics drew widespread criticism as being both unnecessary and unwise.

After the botched raid, the FBI took over from the BATF and quickly besieged the property, bringing in tanks, helicopters and more agents. Thus began a fifty-two day standoff—the longest armed standoff up till then in recent U.S. history.

The original official reason for the BATF's paramilitary-style assault was to serve a warrant for a firearms violation, which is a misdemeanor carrying a small fine. David Koresh himself, the group's leader, had not been charged

with any crime. However, after the botched operation, government officials were quick to revise their story, first claiming that it was to pre-empt an attack by the Davidians on the people of Waco, and finally asserting that it was acting "in the best interests of the children living in the compound, to rescue them from neglectful and abusive parents."

This final allegation by the government was burned into the minds of the public by a sensation-seeking news media. Little notice was given to the fact that this claim was not based on evidence, but simply on the word of bitter ex-members and sworn anti-cultists such as deprogrammer Rick Ross. In fact, the Texas Social Services



department had twice previously investigated the Davidians on these same allegations and found no evidence of child abuse or neglect.

For the ensuing 51 days, the FBI attempted to negotiate the surrender of Koresh and his followers while

The tragedy at Waco, Texas, cont.

laying siege to its ranch-style property. Rather than listening to the counsel of religious experts familiar with Koresh's mindset, the FBI instead borrowed techniques from psychological warfare, subjecting the Davidians to a steady variety of horrific sounds (such as rabbits being slaughtered) and the glare of stadium floodlights in an attempt to demoralize and dislodge them.

On April 19th, despite hopeful signs that the standoff would soon come to an end, Janet Reno, the U.S. Attorney General, authorized the use of tanks and tear gas to forcibly evict the Davidians. The tanks punched holes in the wooden building, inserting CS gas, a type of tear gas prohibited for use in warfare by the 1993 Chemical Weapons Convention, to which the USA is a signatory.

After six hours of assault and gassing, the building caught on fire. The large breaches in the walls made by the tanks acted as flues, and high winds fanned the

flames which quickly engulfed the entire building. Suffocating and confused by the gas and smoke, only nine people managed to escape alive. The building burnt to the ground, claiming the lives of 85 people, including 17 children.

While the FBI claimed Koresh—who died in the blaze—and his followers set the fire to commit suicide, the facts strongly suggest that it could have been otherwise. Whether it was accidentally or even deliberately lit by government agents during the tank assault, or a mishap by one or more of the Davidians is still unclear. However, why the FBI delayed local firefighters for hours in their attempt to answer the fire alarm, does make one wonder if they wanted any Davidians to survive. In any case, whether an accident or a wanton massacre by elements of the government of U.S. citizens, there is no question that the Justice Department mishandled the situation at best, and was criminally negligent or even guilty of murder at worst. The whole story may never be known in our time.

torment, the torture and the persecution—and we have been rewarded with the reward that martyrs receive! Now we can play again, and dance and have our Bible classes and love Jesus with no pain, no fear and no persecution, because we are free! We're where nobody can touch us, no flames can burn us. And

daddy David and all of us who died are happy. The funny thing is, they think they got rid of David Koresh, but he's more alive than ever! Now he knows better and is straightened out on the things that he did wrong, or that he had wrong. We all see things from the right perspective now.

Those responsible for

our deaths will some day have to answer for killing innocent people. I can tell you that as horrible as dying in a fire may be, it's not anything compared to what those who are responsible will have to suffer for what they did. Because the people responsible for that kind of thing will have to suffer flames too—the

flames of Hell—unless they come to Jesus and ask Jesus into their heart and ask Him to forgive them. We don't hold it against them, and we don't hate them. We want to see them love Jesus, too, and come to Heaven! If they do, we'll forgive them, and Jesus will forgive them.

He's wiped away our tears and healed our wounds, and He can do the same for you and any other Christians who die as martyrs.—Like Vicky Weaver and her son. They're Here and they're happy! The Lord loves the meek, and you can be sure, like the Bible verse says, "The meek shall

inherit the Earth."

So Christians, you teens, stand up for your beliefs! Stand up for the Bible and stand up for Jesus! It's worth it, because Jesus will take you in His arms and reward you forever for being faithful to Him.

Dad

This tragic ending of the Branch Davidians shows the System still has burnings!—Not at the stake, but the more modern way. It shows they're not afraid to still do it! They're not ashamed to torture and burn what they consider heretics! The System is just as cruel as ever, just as cruel as the Roman Empire or any of them! I'm amazed they would have the gall and the nerve to do such an awful thing!

The System sure fulfilled what Koresh prophesied about them, and what they'd go through before they died. I consider they were martyrs, God bless them!—And He has, He's taken them where their enemies can't torture them any more. (ML 2859:1,19)

So what if Koresh was a little wacky, thinking he was Jesus or whatever? They must have been pretty sound in most of their other beliefs. Maybe he got off the track and got to thinking he was a little more than he was and let people give him that acclaim, but that doesn't dismiss the fact that evidently they were pretty right about a lot of things, and their children—from the few reports we've heard that managed to leak out from the Social Services—were well behaved, socially adjusted, sweet, and not abused.—These people were good, sincere people. All the little bits and pieces that have managed to leak out past the "party line" media, show that they were wonderful people, and that they evidently had followed the Word and they had a strong faith and they were living for the Lord. So what if their leader got a little tripped off? He—and they—are straightened out now! The real reason behind it all, of course, is that the Devil is out to get the Christians and he is starting with the cults! The Antichrist campaign against the cults has resulted in strong sentiment against them by the public, as well as ridicule, fear and hatred. Anyone with a strong faith is now considered a fanatic, and his turn will come. God have mercy on His people and judge their tormentors!—And He will! (ML #2860: 25, 30)

Mama

02

England

Lady Jane Grey

THE WAY OF THE MARTYRS

Lady Jane, the “nine-day queen,” tells the true story of her death and the events surrounding it.

8

Rome

Joseph

JAWS OF THE LIONS

A brother and sister together in the arena. As the lions are let loose, so are the Heavens.

12

Rome

Julius

DYING FOR LOVE

He was so sure of his master’s faith that he followed him to his death.

14

USA

Teenage girl

TORTURED IN A “FREE” COUNTRY

A teenage victim of the Waco tragedy takes you behind the walls of the Branch Davidian home for a look at how things really happened.

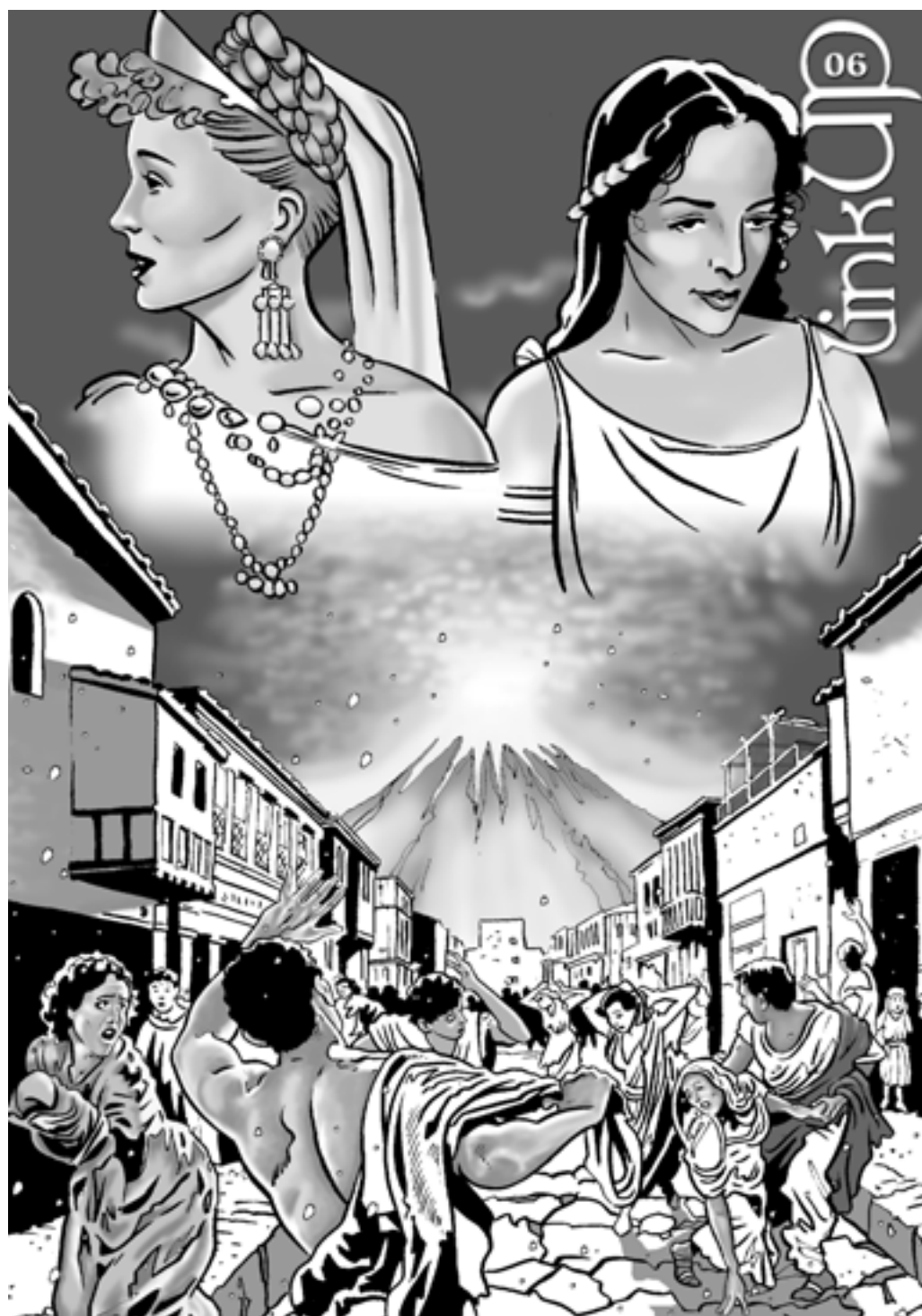


Cover by Tamar.
Illustrations by Kristen.

Because the subject matter of these stories is persecution and martyrdom, parental discretion is recommended. Please prayerfully consider how to best present the material in a manner which will instill faith rather than fear in the hearts of the JETTs and young people who read them.

If you have suggestions for *linkUP* topics, or contributions to the mag, please send them via the *Grapevine* e-mail or postal address.

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System Survival During the Demise of Pompeii

Below:
Pompeian
wall painting



My name is Maresha, and I'd like to tell you of my "System survival" experience in the Roman city of Pompeii, before its demise.

I was raised in a Christian family until the age of eight, when soldiers raided our small community and took my brothers, my sisters and me away, to be sold as slaves to rich households in Pompeii and other Roman cities. I never saw my brothers and sisters again, and I must admit, I was confused and frightened at first. Thankfully, it wasn't long before an elderly man, who I later found out was the head servant of a certain household in Pompeii, bought me to help with kitchen work.

El-Nor, the man who bought me, was kind enough, and I was fed and clothed. I was put under the instruction of his wife, also a servant in that household. She taught me the work I was to do, as well as what I was and wasn't allowed to do, and where I was and wasn't allowed to go in this palatial mansion. There was a great garden that encircled the mansion, and in one back corner of the garden were small stone buildings, which made up the servants' living quarters. El-Nor and his wife had children, and I slept with them.

The house of the nobles we served in was very grand, built in the classical Roman style of that day, complete with white marble, pillars, fountains, stone benches, and beautiful white statues placed about the property. Aurellia was the noblewoman, and she ran the household since her husband, Dominatus, was



Temple
of Isis



often away on government business. I did not see Aurellia, Dominatus, or their children sometimes for many months at a time, since we slave children were not allowed in the main areas of the house and gardens.

I lived a fairly happy life in my new home. I had always helped my mother in the kitchen, so I did not find the work unpleasant, although the long work hours took some getting used to. Aurellia was a very bored noblewoman it seemed, for she often threw extravagant feasts for her friends, and we worked very hard to create just the ambiance she wanted, and the perfect food and drinks.

El-Nor ordered us young slaves to go to bed quite soon after sundown, for we arose early each day to begin our chores. It was at these times, as I lay in bed listening to the distant laughter and music of one of Aurellia's feasts, that I would think about my mother and father and brothers and sisters. I'd picture each one in my mind, so that I wouldn't forget their beautiful faces. I would review all the things that we had done together.

We'd had a simple but happy life. Father had worked hard in the fields and Mother had done her share taking care of us children, as well as sewing and mending for others in the village. I remembered the fun times I spent with my older sister, as we talked and played and learned about sewing and cooking from our mother. I remembered the prayers we prayed as a family, the worn scrolls father read to us each night after dinner, and the kindly man known to us as "the apostle," who visited and spoke with us whenever he was passing through our town.

Each night I still prayed as Mother had taught me to pray, whispering under my breath. El-Nor and his wife and children worshipped the same gods that Aurellia and Dominatus did, but they never made me worship them, for which I was grateful. I was quiet and obedient and a willing worker, so although I sometimes got puzzled looks



dining room

from the other slaves for not participating, they didn't bother me about my religion.

The years passed, and as I grew older, El-Nor trusted me more. He often sent me on errands outside the property, to go buy fish at the nearby port, or to select fresh flowers for one of Aurellia's feasts.

El-Nor's wife found that I had a natural bent for decorating, and she often called on me to arrange the flowers in the main part of the house and beautify the house in other ways. I was fifteen years old now, and had seen Dominatus only two times, and Aurellia several times, as she was often flitting around her house before she had guests, making sure everything was just right, although it seemed she never noticed me.

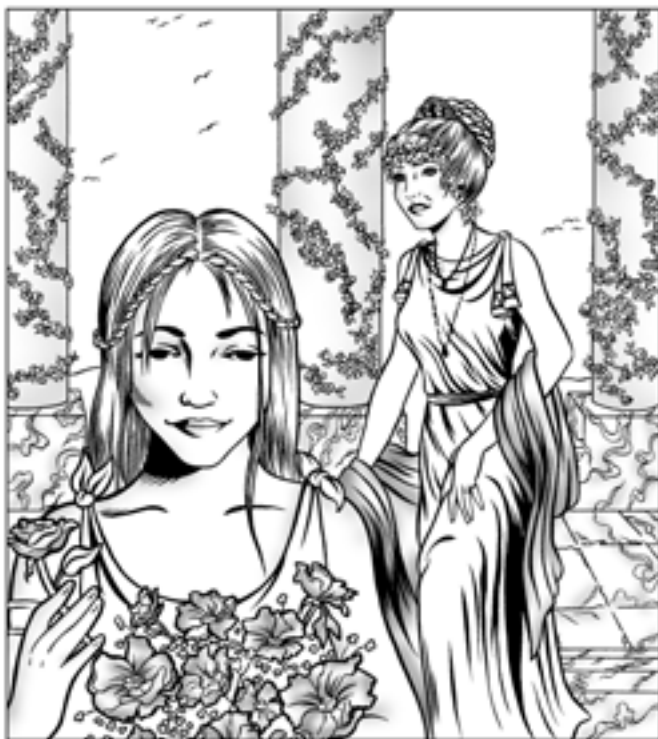
As for their three children, I began to see them more frequently. Their eldest daughter was a couple of years older than me, their

next son about twelve, and their third son, who had been just a three-year-old when I first arrived, was now ten years old. They had been taught to pay no attention to us slave children, and frequently behaved as though we were not around, except when they needed us to do something for them.

One afternoon I was arranging a vase of large, bright orange flowers with small white and yellow flowers. I took much pleasure in my job of arranging flowers, and did it carefully. I was concentrating so much on my task that I did not realize that someone was watching me.

When I was satisfied that it was all that I could make it, I heard the voice of Aurellia close behind me. "Very nice, child. What is your name?" It was the first time Aurellia had addressed me directly, and I must admit my palms were immediately sweaty.

"Maresha, my lady," I replied, keeping my head down. She looked me up and down and nodded in approval at my clean and straight, waist-length brown hair, my simple
ite frock and sandaled



feet. Then she left. I thought no more of it. However, I heard about it the following week when El-Nor pulled me aside and explained that our mistress had told him that she wanted me to be a servant and companion for her eldest daughter, Aurnora.

This was a new chapter in my life, and while my first years as a slave in this household had been mostly spent at home, I discovered quickly that Aurnora wanted to be anywhere *but* at home. She spent much of her time between

the baths, the theater, the arena and her friends' houses. I accompanied her everywhere. I felt shy at first among so many rich, with their fancy clothes and vain ways. But I soon learned that I was not expected to say much, and indeed often Aurnora and her friends spoke of intimate things together as if I was not even in the room. Aurnora's female friends also had slave companions, and I became acquainted with the ones who were around most frequently. Having stepped up a significant

notch in my duties, I was fitted for new dresses and instructed to keep my long hair in a braid crowning my head at all times. I wore the typical arm bracelet signifying my status as a slave.

Aurnora was not an unkind mistress, only spoiled and thoughtless due to her very sheltered and pampered upbringing. Her conversations with me consisted of telling me what to get for her, how to do her hair, and asking me what I thought looked better on her when she was shopping. As for myself, I tried to remember the wise words my mother had told my sister and me when we were children, about the shallowness of physical beauty and the worth of inner beauty—how inner beauty can only be cultivated through a relationship with God. But I must confess, I felt myself slipping in what my parents had taught me. I prayed less and less. I felt sadness inside to think that, for lack of anything else to believe, I might end up adopting the beliefs and attitudes of my masters.

Thankfully, God heard the prayer of my heart

and answered me the blue. My mistress sent me out to the Macellum, the market area in the center of Pompeii, to obtain new material from a certain shop for a dress she wanted to wear next arena spectacles for her friends. I found the shop easily, in a narrow street crammed between two other stores. I selected the material Aurnora wanted, and she was waiting for it cut and packaged. A familiar, well-worn face appeared through a door leading to the back room of the shop.

I blinked hard and looked intently at the man and the man paused his conversation with me. The man of the shop returned my gaze with a calm yet inquiring expression. I thought hard, trying to remember where I had seen the face before. Even as I tried to do this, it came rushing back to me: the kneeling apostle, Petrus, who sometimes visited home when I was just a child. He, however, did not recognize me, and the next moment I realized that he surely



would not, seeing as I was very much grown up since the time he had bounced me on his knee.

I collected my package and quickly exited the store, my mind racing furiously as to what I was to do now, since it was possible I would never see him again. I decided to wait at the corner of the street for him to emerge. He did so soon after, and began walking in my direction. As he reached the corner where I was, I called out to him, "Sir, might you have known of a certain goodly couple named Mera and Niro?"

He turned to me, a little startled to see me again, but paused and thought carefully before replying. The man looked intently into my eyes, "And what if I did know these good people?"

I could barely hold back my tears, for now I was certain I

wasn't dreaming. I replied simply, "Would you remember their second eldest daughter, Maresha?"

I could tell that Petrus wanted to hug me tight right there, for he had been like a favorite uncle to us children, but he held back, not willing to betray any emotions in this pagan city filled with spies. "I cannot believe my eyes, you are alive and well!" was all he could say.

I had to be getting back to my mistress,

but I did not want this to be my only contact with dear Petrus, for here was the answer to the prayers I had prayed for my flickering faith. There was so much I wanted to know about what had happened to my parents and brothers and sisters. I spoke quickly, informing Petrus where my master's house was located. He then agreed



to have someone meet me the next day, at the arena where I was going to be with my mistress, with information about where I could see him next.

I was so excited I could hardly contain it. I usually detested our trips to the arena and the bloodshed I was forced to be a spectator to, but it was the fashionable thing for Aurnora to attend, so we were frequent attendees. However today, I could hardly wait to get to the arena. I scanned



top: the baths
center: altar
bottom: the theater

the crowds around me, hoping that whoever Petrus was sending would find me amid this mad crowd.

People were cheering and rising from their seats during their favorite parts, and during one such moment, a young man wearing the typical short toga and armband of a slave, brushed by me without a word or a look, depositing something into

I usually detested our trips to the arena and the bloodshed I was forced to be a spectator to However today, I could hardly wait to get to the arena.

my hand as he continued on down the steps of the aisle we were next to. I tucked it away in the folds of my dress and later read in Petrus' own writing of a certain house I could go to in the city on the following night to meet him.

Amazingly, I was able to get away the following night, as it was very late and my mistress had already retired after a long and tiring day of shopping. The city was still bustling with activity, people going to and from parties or the baths or business of some sort. I wore a cloak to keep

myself warm in the cool evening air and to disguise my appearance. Thankfully, since being Aurnora's slave and sleeping in her quarters, El-Nor and his wife had less knowledge of my whereabouts, which gave me greater freedom to come and go more often.

I arrived at the designated house and was allowed to enter by the doorkeeper after present-

ing my note from Petrus. I entered an upper room, which I was surprised to find filled with people.

Petrus greeted me warmly, but before we had a chance to talk a hush fell over the room and someone

called him to the front. He excused himself, promising we would talk afterward, and proceeded to the front of the room where he began to read from some old worn scrolls, which I recognized from his visits to our house.

I sat on the floor and leaned against the wall, drinking the refreshing words in, words that I had not heard in so long. I leaned my head back and closed my eyes, remembering those wonderful evenings with my family. As the words filled my ears, so too did the glimmer of faith in my heart brighten. I felt an assurance that I had been barely aware of for



many years, that God was with me and cared for me, and now He had allowed my path to cross with an old and dear friend for the sake of my happiness. I knew that this would be the begin-

ning of many wonderful evenings, sharing God's Word with fellow-believers.

I opened my eyes and looked across the room as the reading continued, and spied Estrela, the

slave companion of one of Aurnora's friends. She was sitting next to a dark-haired young man and he was kissing her hand with affection. Obviously this was their only chance to see one

POMPEII, ANCIENT CITY OF SOUTHERN ITALY, A PORT NEAR NAPLES AND AT THE FOOT OF MT. VESUVIUS. POMPEII WAS A FLOURISHING PORT AND A PROSPEROUS RESORT. AN EARTHQUAKE IN A.D. 63 DAMAGED THE CITY, AND THE ERUPTION OF MT. VESUVIUS IN A.D. 79 BURIED POMPEII AND THE NEARBY PORT OF HERCULANEUM UNDER CINDERS AND ASHES THAT PRESERVED THEIR RUINS.

FOR MORE THAN 1500 YEARS POMPEII LAY UNDISTURBED BENEATH HEAPS OF ASHES AND CINDERS, AND NOT UNTIL 1748 WERE EXCAVATIONS UNDERTAKEN, WHICH REVEALED IN GREAT DETAIL THE HABITS AND MANNERS OF LIFE IN ROMAN TIMES.

AMONG THE MOST SIGNIFICANT ASPECTS OF THE DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII IS THE REMARKABLE DEGREE OF PRESERVATION OF THE ANCIENT OBJECTS. THE SHOWERS OF WET ASHES AND CINDERS THAT ACCOMPANIED THE ERUPTION FORMED A HERMETIC SEAL ABOUT THE TOWN, PRESERVING MANY PUBLIC STRUCTURES, TEMPLES, THEATERS, BATHS, SHOPS, AND PRIVATE DWELLINGS. IN ADDITION, REMNANTS OF SOME OF THE 2,000 VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER WERE FOUND IN THE RUINS OF POMPEII, INCLUDING SEVERAL GLADIATORS WHO HAD BEEN PLACED IN CHAINS TO PREVENT THEM FROM ESCAPING OR COMMITTING SUICIDE. ASHES, MIXED WITH RAIN, HAD SETTLED AROUND THE BODIES IN MOLDS THAT REMAINED AFTER THE BODIES THEMSELVES HAD TURNED TO DUST. LIQUID PLASTER WAS POURED INTO SOME OF THESE MOLDS BY THE EXCAVATORS, AND THE FORMS OF THE BODIES HAVE THEREBY BEEN PRESERVED.

MOST OF THE INHABITANTS ESCAPED THE ERUPTION, CARRYING WITH THEM THEIR MOVABLE ASSETS. AFTER THE ERUPTION THEY TUNNELED INTO AND AROUND THE HOUSES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS, AND CARRIED OFF ALMOST EVERYTHING OF VALUE, EVEN TO THE EXTENT OF STRIPPING MARBLE SLABS FROM THE BUILDINGS. FOR THIS REASON FEW OBJECTS OF GREAT VALUE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED AT POMPEII.



another. She noticed me looking at her with surprise, and gave a smile of recognition. So, she was a believer too, and who knows how many others of my fellow slaves? I determined that I would talk with her whenever our mistresses met, and learn more about her and any others.

That evening was only the first of many such meetings for me. Each time I talked with Petrus and heard the words from that wonderful scroll, my faith grew stronger. I felt more peace about my life, as well as about my brothers and sisters and parents. Although Petrus knew the whereabouts of only one of my brothers, in a distant city, he reassured me by quoting promises from the Word, that God, who was taking care of and guiding me, was surely also doing the same for my other loved ones.

I became more acquainted with Estrella, as well as several other slave girls who had met a similar fate to mine, having been taken from their Christian parents at an early age. Aurnora continued her life of parties and friends, but as she began to realize

the shallowness and even betrayal by some of her friends, she confided more and more in me when we were alone together. Sometimes we would lie in her room and talk for hours into the night. It was at these times that it seemed we all but forgot the division between us of mistress and slave, and we laughed and talked and cried together. She asked me more about my life, and sought my opinion about the world she was growing up in.

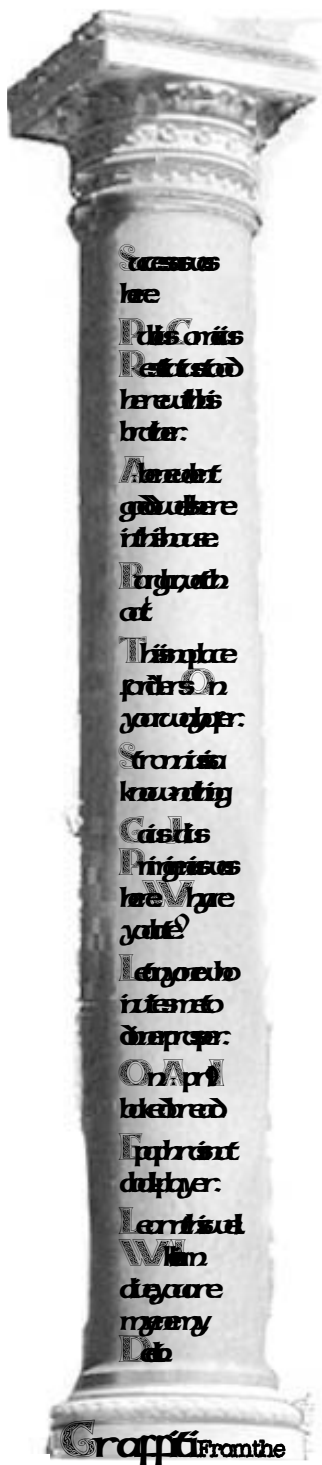
I counseled with Petrus as Aurnora and I became close, and he reassured me that this seemed to be God's plan to reach Aurnora. I had to be very careful and prayerful, though, and it was a very long while before I revealed to Aurnora my religious beliefs. She was unstable at times, like her mother, reverting to the spoiled, self-centered mistress she couldn't help but be.

One time I brought back the wrong kind of material for a dress she badly wanted, and she had me isolated for a day in a fit of temper. In front of her friends she would often verbally humiliate me, although thankfully

she never mentioned my religious beliefs, and she always tearfully apologized afterward when we were alone together. It wasn't fashionable for rich young women to treat their slaves with any measure of respect, and I understood the pressures she experienced. The same thing would happen to my other Christian slave friends at the hand of their mistresses, and the Lord gave us all the grace to bear it.

As Aurnora grew older, her immature ways lessened, and in time I was able to copy Scripture down by hand and share it with Aurnora. In only a few years she was wed to a handsome young Roman fellow, and my job soon thereafter switched from being her companion to being a nurse for her three children.

And so I lived under the shadow of God's protection, and He led me and prospered me. When Aurnora and her husband started a house of their own, Aurnora put me in charge of all the servants and the business of her household. She trusted me completely. As a result, I screened all slaves and servants



before we hired them, to make sure they were not strict idol worshippers, and that if they were not Christians, that they would be open to learning. So I developed a small church in the household I ran.

New servants were trained and brought along until I felt they were ready to learn more of the secret of our happy household, or else in prayer the Lord would show me that they would not be able to keep our secret, and so I would send them along to a household of one of Aurnora's friends.

As for Aurnora, we continued to be very close friends in private. She gave me full care of her children, and I brought them up with Godly values. Aurnora held only the condition that they were to be trained to behave as other Pompeian children in public. So they were taught the basics of Roman beliefs, although in such a way as to differentiate Roman gods from the true God, so that in public they appeared like any other pagan child.

Our household ran well, oiled by our precious Holy Spirit and the unity that only believers can have, and the aura of peace that surrounded the property

was the marvel of many of Aurnora's friends. Aurnora's now very aged mother, Aurellia, would often visit to play with her grandchildren and to relax her frail nerves. She often thanked me, to my great surprise, for being a support to her daughter. Once when we were alone in the room together she even said to me, "You have been like the sister that my daughter never had."

In time, Pompeii grew increasingly wicked. The people became known for their appetite for the blood that was shed in the arena on a weekly basis. Aurnora knew of my objection to killing for pleasure, so thankfully she never permitted her children to attend, although she often had to make an appearance with her friends there. Before long, Christians again became the object of Pompeian hate, and the city around us became a sea of danger. But Aurnora protected us, and her haughty ways learnt from her mother as a child often came in handy as she prevented those suspicious of her servants from getting near to us.

In that fateful year

that heralded Pompeii's demise, the Lord showed us in one of our regular prayer meetings, that Pompeii's cup was nearly full and her end was near. The Lord showed me to persuade Aurnora to move her entire household to the summer villa of her husband's father for a few months, and as such we escaped the destruction of Pompeii when its volcano erupted on that terrible day.

Aurnora's husband and father died, having refused to leave Pompeii when our household did, and as a result Aurnora inherited the summer villa. Free from the grip of Rome's tentacles, our household became a haven for traveling Christians.

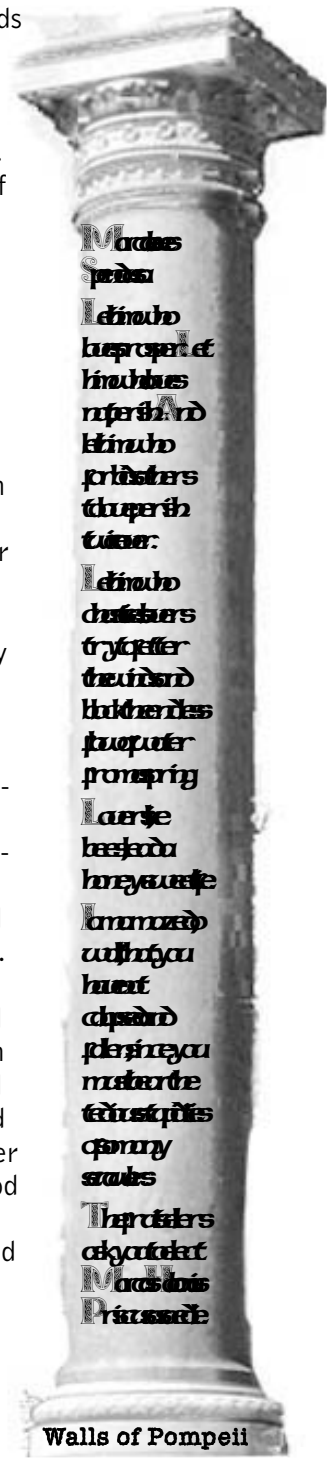
It wasn't long till Aurnora, softened by the tragedy of this time in her life—with her husband, her father-in-law, her mother and her

father and most of her friends dead—declared that all of her slaves were free to stay on and serve her or to leave and seek out their own lives. It was a miraculous token of the faithful feeding I had gradually given her over the years.

Many of the servants stayed on, overjoyed to see their mistress enacting her new-found faith, and more than happy to assist in running this secret Christian haven. I lived to a ripe old age along with Aurnora. Her son grew into a fine young man and joined the Roman senate, and he enacted many changes for the good due to his godly upbringing. As for her daughter, she continued on with us, tending to travel-weary visitors and finally marrying a fine young Christian man who she met while he was passing through, and starting a family of her own.

The ripples of God's will and plan continued to spread out, affecting many people in my day. Truly everything had

worked together for good in my life, and God never failed me.



Walls of Pompeii

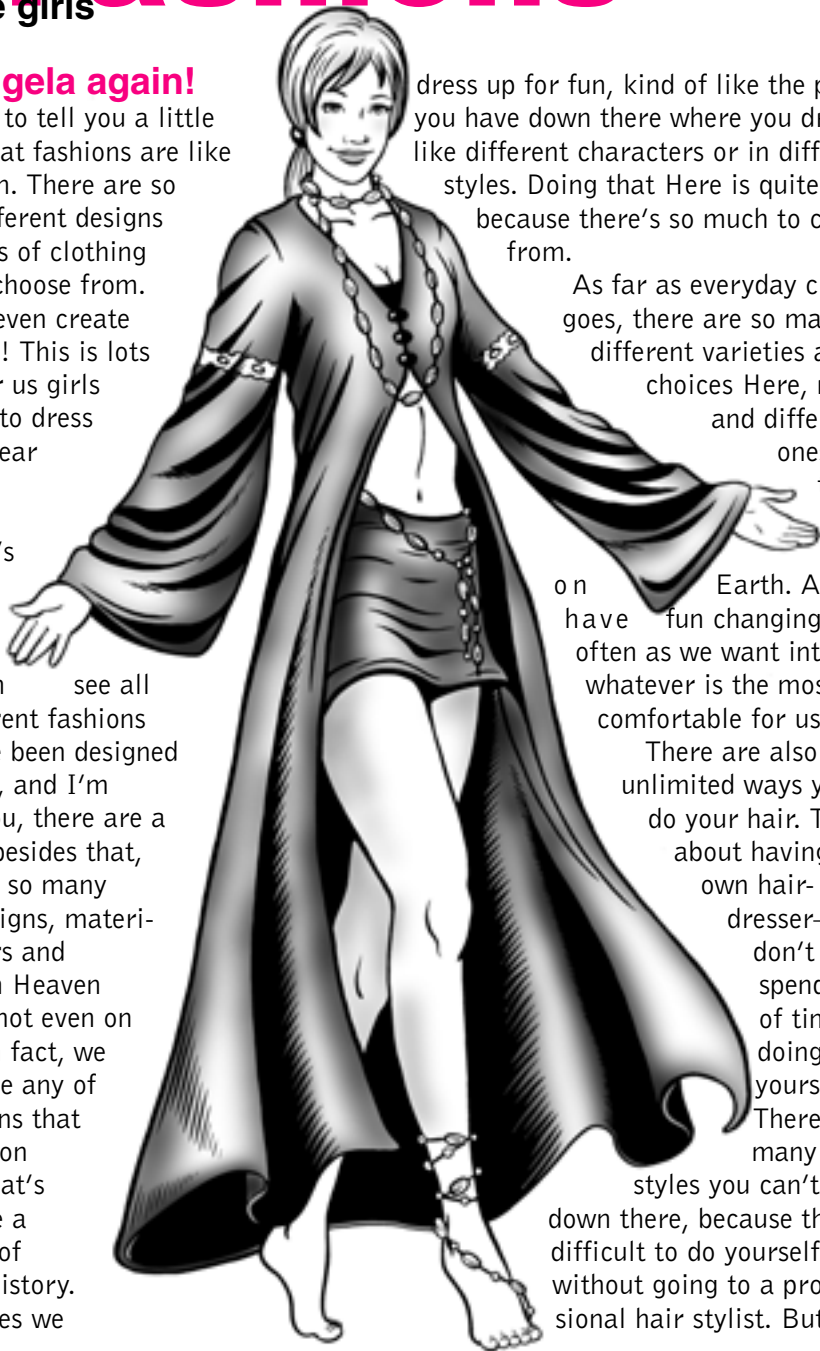
Fashions in Heaven!

for the girls

It's Angela again!

I wanted to tell you a little about what fashions are like in Heaven. There are so many different designs and styles of clothing you can choose from. You can even create your own! This is lots of fun for us girls who like to dress up and wear different things.

There's a huge pavilion where you can see all the different fashions that have been designed on Earth, and I'm telling you, there are a lot. But besides that, there are so many more designs, materials, colors and fabrics in Heaven that are not even on Earth. In fact, we hardly use any of the designs that are used on Earth; that's more like a museum of ancient history. Sometimes we



dress up for fun, kind of like the parties you have down there where you dress up like different characters or in different styles. Doing that Here is quite a ball, because there's so much to choose from.

As far as everyday clothing goes, there are so many different varieties and choices Here, new and different

ones from those you know on Earth. And we have fun changing as often as we want into whatever is the most comfortable for us.

There are also unlimited ways you can do your hair. Talk about having your own hair-

dresser—you don't have to spend a lot of time doing it yourself. There are so many hair-styles you can't wear down there, because they're difficult to do yourself without going to a professional hair stylist. But up

Here, you can choose whatever style you want and it doesn't take any work on your part. Your hair doesn't fall out of place or get messed up either, so it's great!

You can either just think what you want and it happens, or you can go to a hairdresser. Yes, there are people up here who specialize in that sort of thing, because they enjoy doing it and it's fun for them. They also experiment and come up with different ways to do your hair. For special occasions I usually go to a hairdresser, and have them do my hair for me. My favorite is having my hair entwined with small delicate flowers of purple, pink and blue. My hair falls about down to my waist, so the flowers are all entwined down from the top to the bottom. It sort of blends into my hair, kind of like ribbons, only it's a string of these little flowers of different colors.

Anyway, if you want some far-out hair or clothing designs, this is the place to be because we have the best, and more variety than you can imagine!

Travelling
gifts
designers
happy
house
entertainment
online
feedback
marketing
hardware
business
facilities

Marketing
education
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Heavenly Preview:

What's music like up Here? What do we have that you don't have there on Earth? I'll tell you what, we've got more cool stuff than you could ever dream up or think up or even imagine. We just let it rip, man! Our souls are stirred with the passion, emotion and spirit that emanates like shock waves from the Source. Got a cool theme? We'll put it to music. Got a cool rhythm? We'll give you some hot lyrics and beef up the sound waves. Or better yet, just let us take over! Take the chance at being stunned and floored with what Heaven's made of.

You guys think you know cool music. You guys think you know what's "in," what's groovy, what's "wicked"—as some say these days—and what's out of this world. I'm telling you, you don't know what listening pleasure is until you get Here. My name is Jamin, and you're about to get a sneak preview of some legendary stuff that can break all sound barriers, change hearts, move spirits, light up Heaven, and set the world on fire.

MUSIC SCENIC

Music is an essential part of Heaven. I'm sure you feel the same way there on Earth, but what you have would be about a number two on a scale from one to 10 [10 being the highest], compared to hits you'll hear up Here. Well, some of the songs you've got there that have been received directly from Heaven through prophecy are pretty high



on the scale, but there are so many different styles!—You’ve barely scratched the surface!

I used to go for the music that the world had to offer when I was on Earth; it was my life. I was a drummer and those beats just drove me insane, crazy, and I ended up doing something real stupid. That’s when my life ended, but I’ll get to that in a sec. You see, I loved the beats, I loved the rhythm, I loved the cool sounds. I loved the way that music would make me feel; it would either make me happy, sad, mad or crazy.

I liked how I could express myself through music, but unfortunately it wasn’t the right kind of music. But, hey, man, I didn’t know any better. I thought I knew the world about music. I thought I was a master of my trade. I thought I knew almost all there was to know. But the music that I played didn’t have the Spirit, and because it didn’t have the Spirit, I wasn’t glorifying the Lord. I was glorifying myself. And because I couldn’t find total fulfillment in my music, I turned to drugs and booze to give me the highs that I needed.


One night I got furious and

almost went insane. On the way home that night I had a head-on collision with a guy in a pickup truck, and neither of us survived. Anyway, the good news is that I was saved and I’m Here now. I’ve been here for about five years by your standard of time, and all of my dreams have come true! You guys think you’re missing out if you don’t listen to that hellish music out in the System, but take it from me, they don’t know anything. Sure, they know how to

One night I got furious and almost went insane.

play and they have the technical side of things just right. They know how to produce and make their stuff sell, but it’s just fool’s play. It’s just a cheap imitation.

I’ve learned that when Satan fell from glory as the Lord’s bearer of light, he first had gathered together as much information from Heaven as he possibly could. He’s tried to create a false utopia on Earth, in hopes of fooling the world into thinking that this life is all there is, and that they can get everything they need out of life without



He's got
his little
puppets all
around the world
that pump out his
vibes through their
musical productions. I
know it's hard to see how
things really are when you're on
Earth.

You think that perfection makes for ultimate music. Well, you haven't heard anything yet, and the things you've heard down there are really flawed and imperfect compared with the terrific music you'll hear up here.

Satan has limited knowledge when it comes to music. He fell from grace thousands of years ago, and every day since then Heaven has been perfecting the musical arts. Millions of new songs have been written every day, and millions of new styles have been created since Satan's fall from grace. He's passed on his limited knowledge to the world, and he uses it for his glory, as his vehicle, as his conduit, with his message, to make suckers out of the world through his poor imitation.

God. His whole aim is to get God out of the picture, to make men think they can do it all themselves and have all they need and want, through their own knowledge and skill.

He's inspired people on Earth with a certain knowledge of the workings of music—and the Lord has allowed this, as His message is also preached through this medium. But mortal men have mixed the workings of music with the workings of Satan, and that's why they're defiled.

Satan's got power, Satan's got knowledge, and he knows how to make his music sound pretty good.

Music Here is electrifying! You can travel with music. You can create things with music. You can express yourself through music. You can learn things through music. You can experience ecstasies through music. You can have an orgasm through music. You can pray for people with music. You can relax with music. You can dance with music. You can do anything you want with music. Cool? Groovy? Out of this world? Dynamic? Far out? No, man, it's

way, way, way beyond all that! It reaches way past the blow-your-mind level!

The most wonderful thing about all of this is that you can have a part of Heaven and part of Heaven's music with you now, if you have the faith for it. The Lord can't give His music to the System because they're not tuned into His wavelength. So many of today's musicians are tuned into Satan and he just keeps recycling his counterfeit and spewing it back out at them in different forms and ways, making them think they have new styles and new methods, when really they've just been doing the same old thing for years. The Lord can't get through to them.—They're too full, they're too satisfied, and the Enemy is controlling the music industry. But the people of the Lord seek a new thing, and those that seek new things will get new things. Got it?

Music is a language all of its own, and there's still so much to learn. I've still got miles to go. It's like the System is still sucking at bottles and learning how to talk, and some of you guys are still learning your ABCs. So, how 'bout it, man? Get with the beat! Fill your life with rhythm and beats that'll keep you grooving till you get up Here. Don't take "no" for an answer. Don't say it can't be done. Don't say you know all there is to know, because I'm telling you, you haven't even begun to realize what music is and what power lies within the caverns of this amazing science that was, and could only have been, designed in Heaven.

Did I whet your appetite for things to come? Well, if you're not convinced yet, you'd better come and hear for your-

self!—It's no letdown! Okay, gotta go jam with the guys. Come for a visit any time you'd like and we'll pass on some Heavenly tunes.



everyone is given a role to play in life. How well you play that role is up to you, you know what I'm sayin'? You got the choice, Dude. The pickin' is yours, girl.. How you're gonna choose to play that role is up to you. Listen to me now, think hard and choose right, cause ya' only got one life down there, you know?

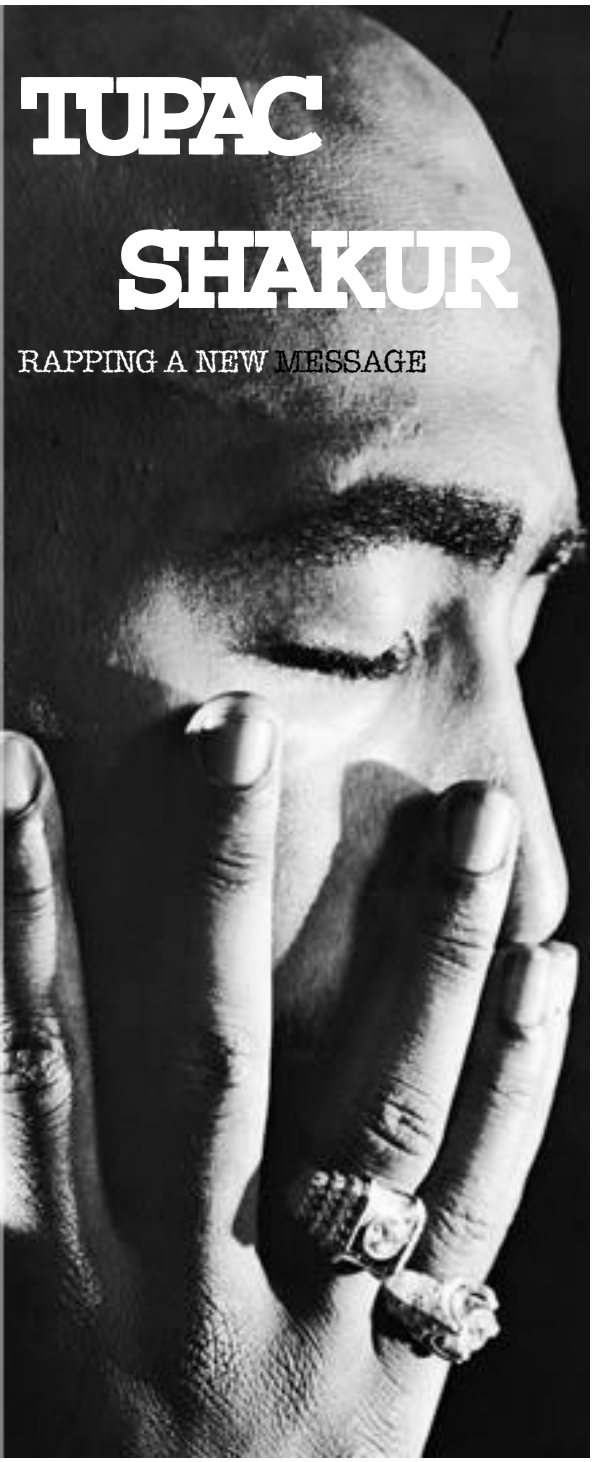
I had a spark of inspiration. I had it in me, but I turned it to bad--livin' on the edge of darkness, when I coulda turned to the light all along. I was proud to be bad but now I know that ain't the way. I had a power of a kind all right, but I was like a kid playin' with a toy, you know what I'm sayin'? Just a kid not knowin' how to use the awesome power put in my hand, so whatta I do? I coulda had the right and I turned to the bad! I blew the wad! I blew the fuse! 'Cuz I didn't catch the vision! I didn't want to learn, paid no attention to the instructions. I turned away from the Man, shut Him out, and turned to bad instead and tried playin' their game of violence and crime, instead of grabbin' the right to pull me out. My protest turned to nightmare as I lived out the bad role I really detested!

All I could see was the

TUPAC

SHAKUR

RAPPING A NEW MESSAGE





wrong
goin' down,
the violence, the crime,
the bad stuff all 'round. So
instead of risin' above, and
callin' on JC for help, I sunk
down, down, down. I figured
all wrong cause I didn't catch
it. Had no vision, had no
answer--couldn't see for the
blinding lights. Thinkin' the
mon would give me
fun, I had it
wrong all the
time. All I could
see was the vio-
lent solution.

Figurin' there was no way out.
What's a dude to do? Might as
well be cool, so I thought,
but cool don't fly up Here.
Get it? Being bad and cool not
only ended my life, it brought
others down with the grip.
That's the sad story, the bad
sad story of turnin' your back
on the Man, you see?

He never left me since the
time I was small when my mama
was singin' to me. But as time
ticked on, I grew cold in
heart, wouldn't listen--so
stubborn and proud. I heard
Him talkin' from the time I

was
young, but rebel-
lion closed in on me. The
hardness, the coldness I felt
all around, I gave as my lame
excuse. Pride got in my way,
and I took off ya know,
hustlin' and ruffin' for pay.

But the Man JC in His love,
you see, He cut me some slack,

Figurin' there was no way
out. What's a dude to do?
Might as well be cool.

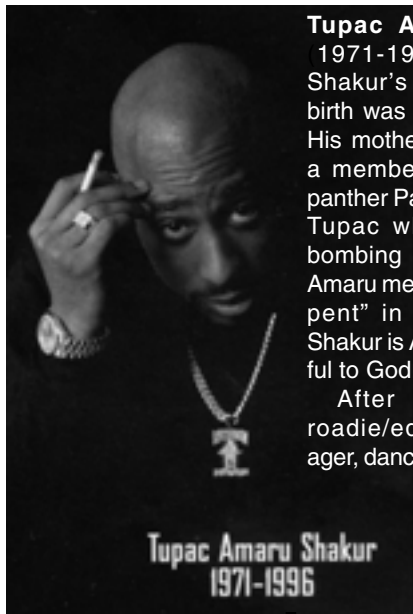
ya know? Tragic as my death
was, in mercy it was, He deliv-
ered my body--to save my soul,
cause I didn't leave Him a
choice, you know what I'm
sayin'? Not until I arrived
Here, I woke up to see--bad got
no place in Heaven. And now I
know the deal--ain't no doubt
in my head--bad got no place
down there either. And soon,
real soon, the Man JC gonna
come and straighten accounts--
you know what I'm sayin'?

You dudes in the Family,
you've got it all--all I wish
I ever had. You've got the

real deal, gonna help set it all right--stand up against all that flack! You've got what I really wanted all along, cuz you got the key to how to use all that power--you hear what I'm sayin'? When I lived in the hood, I coulda had the real power of Heaven, but I got my wires all jammed. But you got it all--not only the power but the know how--how to put it to use. Deep truths of the Spirit, marvels to stun e-mail--you got words of the Heavenly rap! Man, you got the sure weapons, and you know how to use 'em--strong weapons of the Spirit--against 'em there ain't no match. Awesome it'll be, a really big gig--when all the bad dudes will straighten up and fly right! Ya know what I'm sayin'?

Down there in the hood, deep inside I was scared, always walkin' in fear. Now I've joined the Heavenly clan, got no fear no more--I'm startin' all over and flyin real high! Goin' through school, re-wirin' my head, uptight no more, catchin' up on those years I was dead. I was dead in the spirit, dead to the truth. I lived by the sword, and I died by the sword--sad, sad tragedy.

So take it from me, you know what I'm sayin'--and remember my sad legacy. The downfall for me, I turned out the light, turned to pride, rebellion, and no unity. East against West, West against East--brothers divided--brought us down real big, ya dig? Biggie Smalls and me we're learnin' you see, to live and love together. Up Here in Heaven we're learnin' to love and livin' in the true brotherhood. Thanks to the One, the Big Dude above, our Man, JC, who set us free!



Tupac Amaru Shakur
 (1971-1996) Tupac Shakur's given name at birth was Lesane Crooks. His mother, Afeni Shakur, a member of The Black panther Party, gave birth to Tupac whilst in jail on bombing charges. Tupac Amaru means "shining serpent" in the Incas and Shakur is Arabic for "thankful to God."

After working as a roadie/equipment manager, dancer, rapper, Tupac made his individual debut in 1991.

By 1995, his releases were number one on the billboard. Tupac also starred in a number of movies.

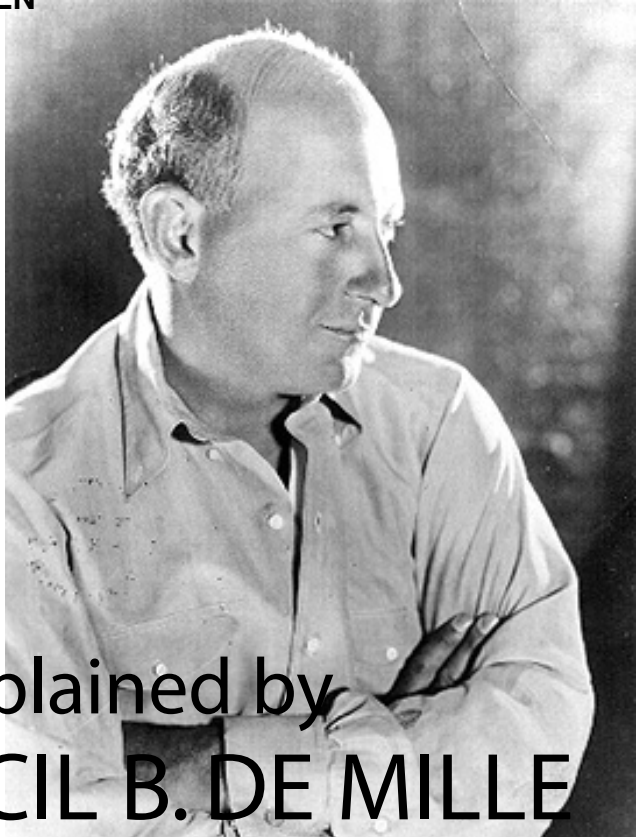
Tupac is well known for his "thug life" image, he had the very words tattooed across his chest. Most people never knew that Tupac renounced his thug life, that it was stupid, and a thing of the past.

Amidst other tattoos, Tupac had a huge Gothic crucifix tattooed on his back which read: Exodus 18:11, a reference to a book of the Old Testament which states, "Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods, because he delivered the people from the Egyptians, when they dealt arrogantly with them."

Tupac Shakur was shot in Las Vegas, after a Mike Tyson fight.

MOVIE MAKING IN HEAVEN

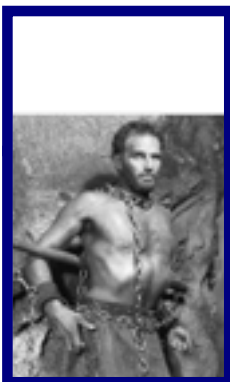
De Mille, Cecil B. (1881-1959), American motion-picture director and producer, a showman known for his spectacular historical epics and biblical film extravaganzas. De Mille both directed and produced all of his 70 films. Above all, however, he was a master of entertainment, a gifted storyteller who could mold public taste to fit his own strengths. In 1949 he received a special Academy Award for “37 years of brilliant showmanship.”



explained by CECIL B. DE MILLE

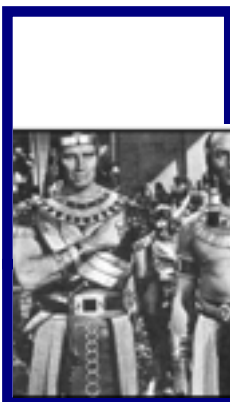
Hi there. I’m not much of a speaker, but I’m a great visionary. Yes, I’m still into the movie business. People up Here still enjoy watching movies, and there are all types of movies! In fact, you can still watch some of the movies that were made on Earth. Of course, they’re nothing compared to the kind of movies that are made Here, but just as you sometimes like to watch old black-and-white movies, we sometimes like to watch old Earth movies.

I know you think the movies I made there were classics and masterpieces. But they’re nothing compared to the kind of things that we moviemakers can do up Here. You think they’ve got special effects with all of their computer graphics and whatnot. Just wait till you see the kind of studios and graphics departments we have up Here! I made a new “Ten Command-



ments" movie, all based on what *really* happened. Moses helped me with it himself!

You may wonder what I mean when I say that I made a new "Ten Commandments." You may wonder why. Can't you just watch it as it really happened, and be right there? Well, yes, you can. You can time travel back into his-



tory—any time of history—and watch the events as they really happened. It's awesome. I do it all the time, because I'm fascinated by history.

So why have a movie? Well, let's take the life of Moses. He lived a long time, and although time Here is irrelevant, you still may not want to wait around with Moses for 40 years in the land of Midian, if you know what I mean. So we make a "movie" by gathering together all the best and most pertinent scenes. I won't even begin to try

to explain to you how we do this, but we

gather these scenes straight from history and weave them together, much like movie editors on Earth take all the different shots of the actors and run them together in a certain order. The only difference is, we don't use actors; we use the actual scenes as they happened.

So, if you think that my last movie on Earth, "The Ten Commandments," was great, you'll love my latest Heavenly edition. Did you know that I had made a silent version of this same movie before talking movies were invented? Now, imagine the difference between the old silent version, and the

full sound and color version with Charlton Heston. That's about how different my latest, Heavenly version is from the color version that you know so well. But I'm not going to tell you more about it, or that would spoil the surprise. You're going to have to wait till you get up Here to see for yourself.

Does that surprise you that we still have movies in Heaven? It shouldn't. I mean, if we have sex in Heaven (and let me tell you—we do!) why shouldn't we have movies? Huh? And guess what? We even have actors up Here. That's right! We still produce plays,

holo-deck: a room in the Star Trek series, in which you can interact with computer-generated holographic images. The computer can simulate people, rooms, even whole worlds around you at the same time, and you can move about freely,

ballets, operas, and movies. William Shakespeare still writes plays every once in a while, and others are still writing books, stories and novels, many of which are now being passed down to you.

Of course, there's a difference between the way we write stories up Here, and the way that they are written on Earth. First of all, any story or play that is written has a purpose, a message, a lesson, or something that makes it worthwhile. We do not spend time Here in idle entertainment or amusement.

Don't get me wrong. We have lots of fun, lots of enjoyment, but it

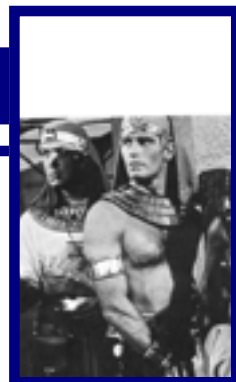
is all with a purpose. It all somehow glorifies the Lord, uplifts the mind or the spirit, or in some way contributes to the edification of those who participate. There is no such thing as frivolity Here.

There are no silly and meaningless movies that leave your heart and your mind empty, hollow, and dissatisfied. Everything has meaning, purpose and depth.

Another way that our entertainment Here is different is that you can enter in if you like. Maybe you've seen something similar to this on the television series called "Star Trek." You know

how they have a holo-deck? That slightly resembles what some of our plays and movies are like. You can enter into them. You don't just watch them on a little—or even a big—screen. You can actually be right within them, partaking of the action, and even influencing the movie just for your own entertainment.

But no, you can't change history; it is the way it is because God ordained it that way. Likewise, if we're making a movie about the life of Moses for example, well, we won't let you play on the 'holo-



deck' and change the story around while we're filming or editing!

But, for fun, you can get interactive with historical characters as you watch a movie. Or, you can at times enter into the 3-D TV of history as it was, and partake of the experience. You're not changing things as they happened, not permanently



as if you were actually in that place. You can communicate and interact with the holographic people around you, who are programmed to respond as if they were real human [or alien, as the case may be] beings.



Museum quality items direct from the De Mille estate, including his director's chair, a scroll from 'Sign of the Cross', a copper pot from Delilah's tent in 'Samson & Deliah'. Displayed with an original working, 1914 Pathe 35mm camera on pan & tilt head with vintage tripod & spreader. Also displayed as part of this incredible ensemble is a Klieg light on stand.

perfectly synchronized movements. But the kind of stuff that happens up Here, wow, I don't think you could even imagine it, and I don't think I could describe it in words.

All that to say that you have a lot to look forward to when you get Here. There is so much going on—and it's not all work, ha! Well, the work is really a lot of fun too, but the fun is even more fun, if you know what I mean. Okay, I'm off. I need to get some more footage ready for a new movie—a secret. Bye for now!

anyway. You're just being allowed to experiment and participate for the sake of learning and for the benefit of the experience to you personally.

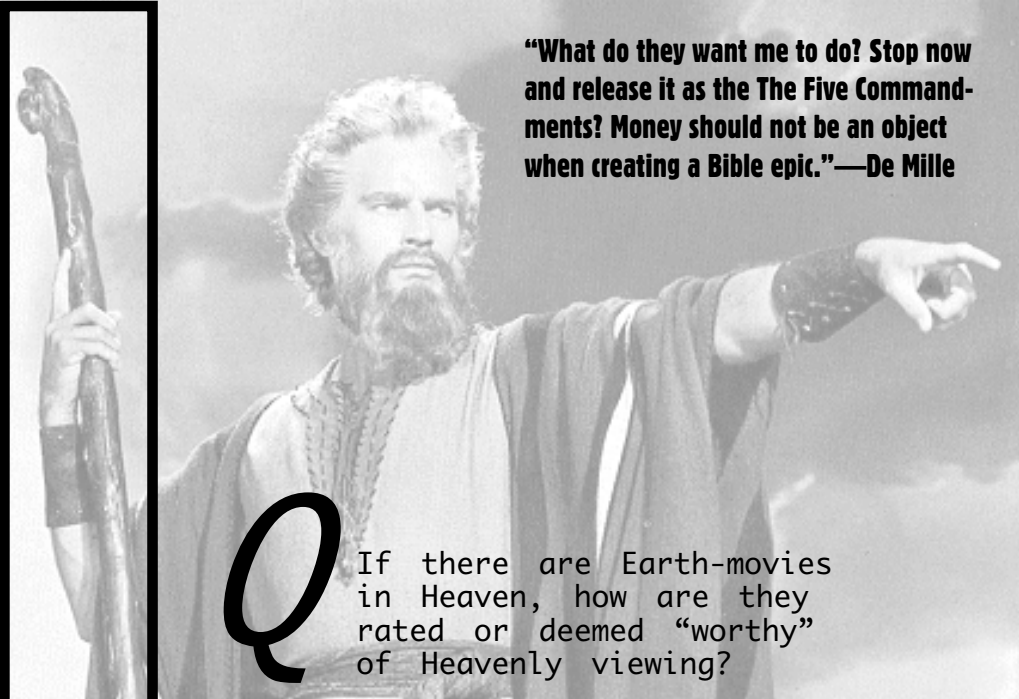
Of course, we still have stages and theaters here, much like there on Earth, with live actors and dancers that perform plays and ballets. Oh, you should see the ballets that we have up Here. They are abso-

lutely gorgeous—nothing like you could ever see on Earth. I saw a world-class Russian ballet once while I was

on Earth, and they seemed like they must have been the best in the world, with all their beautiful streaming colors and



Cecil B. De Mille (left, next to cinematographer Loyal Griggs) comes full circle with his last film, the remake of his own The Ten Commandments (Paramount, 1956).



“What do they want me to do? Stop now and release it as the The Five Commandments? Money should not be an object when creating a Bible epic.”—De Mille

Q If there are Earth-movies in Heaven, how are they rated or deemed “worthy” of Heavenly viewing?

Basically, you can read or watch anything from Earth that you want to—but for the most part, there isn’t a need or want for it. Well, I should say there’s not a need or want for anything bad or evil or worthless or stupid.

There are some well-made movies on Earth that are real classics, beautiful love stories or stories of giving or sacrifice or overcoming obstacles, etc., that are worth keeping, and we have a library of them. As far as historical movies, there isn’t much of a need for those, since ol’ Cecil and some of his buddies up here have done some terrific movies with footage from the real thing, like he told you. But they haven’t gotten around to everything yet, and there are still some good ‘Earth-movies’ as we call them, that are fairly accurate historically and an interesting insight, and I’ve watched some of those that I hadn’t gotten to see while on Earth. So while Earth-movies are available here, the real trash doesn’t make it through the gate!

The Bleeders

A departed spirit speaks regarding the movie "Touch"

("Touch" is a drama about a young man who has the ability to effect miracle healings, while suffering stigmata [bleeding as Christ did on the cross]. Rated in Grapevine #46.)

Stigmata, in Christianity: marks on a person's body resembling the wounds suffered by Jesus Christ in the crucifixion and inflicted presumably by a supernatural agency. Over 300 cases have been recorded. Observations of stigmata have included not only wounds of the hands and feet and of the side, such as those received in the crucifixion, but also those impressed as by a crown of thorns and by scourging. Saint Francis of Assisi was said to have had stigmata appear on his body after 40 days of fasting and prayer.

God gives His gifts in many forms. To some He gives showy outward manifestations to inspire the faith of others. You in the Family have been given many amazing gifts, and though they may not be

super showy, they are just as important as this one. The gifts this man received were just like the gifts you have. Prophecy, for example, is the Spirit of God working through you—just as the blood of Christ was flowing through this boy's hands to heal.

These outward manifestations of the Spirit are given mainly for those who lack in faith and need extra help to believe. There have been some which have been given this gift, and I was one of them. We used to be called "the Bleeders," and we went about healing people in the Lord's name.

I lived in 1879 in southern Africa, and I received



this gift when I was 17. The Lord asked me if I was willing to go and heal the sick, and take their sicknesses upon myself for His sake. At first it was a battle. I wept over it and tried to get out of it, but in the end I yielded to the Lord's will. I was able to heal many, but it really was according to their faith. They had to believe.

Many scoffers came and challenged me to heal them, and many were healed because deep inside their hearts they said, "If God can do this, I will believe." They truly *wanted* to believe; they were just seeking proof. But there were others who only wanted to prove me wrong, or prove the power of God to be a hoax; these I could not heal. These had to bear their infirmities till they decided to forsake their waywardness and ask for the Lord's forgiveness.

While this movie isn't a true story, it is based upon true acts of God's power. In His infinite love He sends such manifestations of His Spirit to men that they may believe. It's sad though, that even though some see this miraculous occurrence, they still will not believe. The same is true with the love you give to others, and the Words you receive from beyond. Those who have faith to believe, receive these words. Others



mock and reject them. Yet others, in their doubting, are like Thomas—they want to believe but their faith is weak.

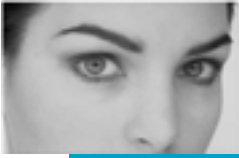
This movie gets out the message of God's power to heal, even though in a pretty milky way. It's important to remember that even though *your* gifts may not be that showy or outward, they are no less important and no less a miracle of God's power. So don't belittle your calling. If you're called to be a channel, then be the best channel you can be. If you're called to be a healer, then be the best healer you can be.

When we start to take credit and glory for ourselves, then the Lord has to take the gift away. That's one reason why in this movie Juvenal lost his gift for awhile. It was to show him that it was only a working of God and nothing of himself. He was going on a big TV news network and he had to be sure that it was God, not himself. Thus the man in the mall was not healed because it was Juvenal's own blood and not the Lord's.

So take this as a lesson. Don't take glory to yourselves for the gifts the Lord has given you, because they are His gifts and He can do as He pleases with them.



System Survival During The Demise Of Pompeii..... 2
Forcibly taken from her home at a young age, sold as a slave to a heathen household, a young woman learns how to survive in the System of her day.



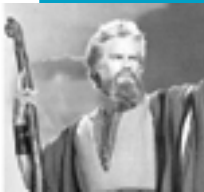
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For ladies into fashion and style, there's some good stuff coming.



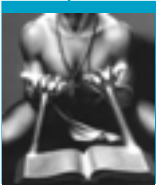
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The language of music in Heaven—styles and sounds unlimited. A drummer gives you a look into the genuine rush music was intended to be.



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Where did this rapper end up, and is he still rapping? If so, what about?



Movie-making in Heaven 21
Cecil B. De Mille, a classic movie-maker from days gone by, tells what he does now, and how production hasn't stopped for him yet.



The Bleeders..... 26
Are they real? A departed bleeder speaks, and talks about the movie "Touch."

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Suggested reading age for this publication is JETTs and up. Parents or shepherds may read with or allow portions to be read by younger ages, at their discretion.

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LinkUP 08





I am Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, the one known as El Cid, the lord, champion of the king, defender of the weak, embodiment of chivalry, soldier, knight, and servant to my king. I have been much glorified. People sing songs about me. They have for centuries. They write glorious epics about me and my exploits. I am a legend, a myth. I am what people wanted to make me. Indeed, I was a soldier and I fought my battles well. I was victorious in battle. Sometimes I was magnanimous in victory.

But war is brutal, violent. War is never glorious! Killing, maiming, destroying, burning, pillaging. They used my name and they glorified me to glorify deeds of martialism. In war everyone loses, even those who are victorious. Many of my friends died fighting alongside me. Peace is what is all glorious. Love and harmony is joyous. Violence results in death, destruction, loss, sorrow, grieving, hate, bitterness.

I fought many battles. Some for the right, some for the just, others for gain, for greedy men, for expansion, evil man against evil man, fighting that they might expand their own power, their own influence, at the expense of the poor. True, there are some just and honest and goodly rulers, but the heart of man is not good. Only in yielding to God can true goodness come forth.

Cid, El (circa 1040-99), Spanish warrior, whom later legend made into a national hero and the embodiment of chivalry and virtue. Called, in full, El Cid Campeador ("The Lord Champion"), he was originally named Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar.

The son of a minor Castilian nobleman, although related to the great landowning nobility on his mother's side, El Cid was born at Vivar, near Burgos. He grew up in the household of the future king, Sancho II of Castile, and in the military campaigns against Aragón for control of Zaragoza he distinguished himself as the king's premier knight. After Sancho was assassinated in 1072, Rodrigo entered the service of the new king, Alfonso VI. In 1081, however, he ran afoul of Alfonso and was exiled from the kingdom. With his retinue, he then set off for eastern Spain in search of honor, glory, and booty. He subsequently served the Moorish king of Zaragoza and other Muslim rulers. His military career culminated in his capture of Valencia (1094), which he held and ruled in defiance of Almoravid attacks until his death on July 10, 1099.

(Microsoft® Encarta® 98 Encyclopedia.)



Oh, how many have used God as an excuse for their wars, days without number! How many claim that God is on their side, that God is with them. They have taken the name of God in vain. I fought many bloody wars, Christian against Christian, Moslem against Christian. Sometimes I even fought for the Moslems! I died still at war, fighting to defend what I had taken.

But know this: He that fights for the underdog, for the oppressed, for the weak, and champions the poor and the downtrodden, who seeks to defend them against exploitation and against the machinations of evil rulers, stands for a just cause. But he that fights must be just also, and do it in defense of others, and not to the hurt of other poor and other innocents.

I look at the world and I see the Earth filled with violence as it was in my day. But the violence is worse, much worse, deadlier. In my name violence and war have been glorified. In God's name violence and war have been glorified. So this is my message, that violence and war does not glorify God. Love, longsuffering, caring and mercy, these things do glorify God.

So from a warrior, from a symbol of violence, a symbol of war, comes this plea to you, to halt the violence and the war, and to go in the ways of peace. That is my plea, and it indeed is my penance that I should make this plea. For although sins are forgiven, the violence is not soon forgotten in my mind.—It comes back to haunt me, and so it will come back to haunt all of those who deal violently and wickedly with their neighbor. For even those who do confess the name of God upon their lips, and do reverence His Son, Jesus Christ, if they have taken up the sword needlessly against their neighbors, they shall suffer from the knowledge that they have done evil.

I pray my plea will fall upon hearing ears, but I know that not many will hear. But if only one will hear and turn away and do that which is right unto his neighbor because of my plea, then I will know that this has been worth it. For when the Kingdom of God is established, violence will cease. Wicked men shall find no place in it. Go in love and kindness and mercy, and your way shall prosper eternally. You shall receive everlasting rewards. You shall sit down in the Kingdom of God and it shall be counted unto you for everlasting righteousness, where joy, happiness and laughter never cease. *In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*

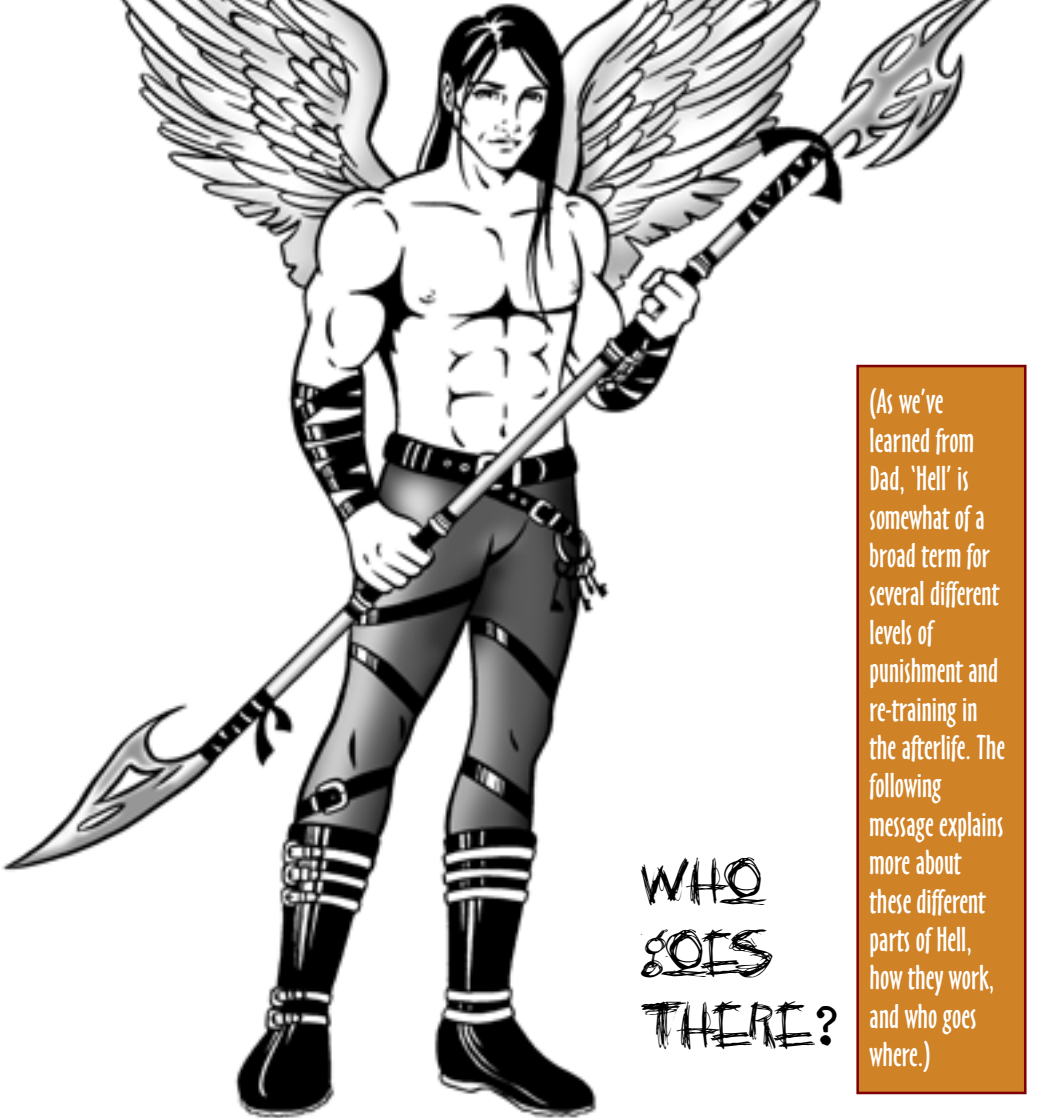
Q: Where it says "evil man against evil man," does that mean El Cid was evil? Wasn't he basically a good guy?

A: The heart of man is evil the world over, and even those who have good interests at heart are subject to the evil nature of man. I can override this and keep them on the pure and the straight and narrow if they subject their will to Me, but few do. So it is true that in this case, even he, at times was as an evil man fighting other evil men.

No matter the heart or motive, in these cases when war was involved, it served these three purposes, to expand their own power, to serve their own interests and to crush the interests of another, and at the expense of the poor. Even if this were not the sole intention, these things did happen as a result, thus the evil nature of man had won again.



Hell



(As we've learned from Dad, 'Hell' is somewhat of a broad term for several different levels of punishment and re-training in the afterlife. The following message explains more about these different parts of Hell, how they work, and who goes where.)

WHO
GOES
THERE?

WHAT HAPPENS TO SOULS THAT ARE SENT TO HELL?

I AM THE KEEPER OF THE GATES OF HELL.

I am he whom God has appointed to oversee the entranceways and exit-ways of Hell. I am he who shall have the privilege of laying hold on Satan in his final hour, and escorting him into the specialized place of punishment that is reserved for him. I am one of God's mighty angels, and great power and authority have been bestowed upon me.

Hell is like a correctional institute. You know how governments on Earth have various types of prisons, from the high security ones to those that are minimum security? That's what Hell is like too. I suppose you could call me the Minister of Justice, since I oversee all the correctional institutions of God's Kingdom. Hell is a vast and complex place so it is not possible in only a short time for me to describe it in detail, but I will give you a very brief description and explanation as to what it is and what its function is and who are its inmates.

You ask who goes to Hell? Well, there are many parts of Hell, and thus in the overall, you could say that there are a great deal of people who go to Hell, sad to say. All who do not hear about and know Jesus in the first life go to waiting places—whether it be for a minute, or for an hour, or for many years, by your earthly standards. These are not all part of Hell, but most of them are. God is a merciful Judge and He knows exactly what sin deserves what punishment.

Within what you generally term Hell there are many parts, but these can be broadly categorized into three levels of confinement. The first is a limbo state. The people who go here are the unsaved who have generally lived a pretty good life, and did their best to help others and give the little love they had to others. Their spirits are bound to this certain sphere and they can't leave, but they aren't really being punished either. There is no fire and brimstone here.

This is a place where those who had never had a chance to hear about God are given some basic instruction and knowledge and truths of the spirit world and the love of our King. They are "witnessed to" so to speak. They are then given a choice of whether or not to believe and accept Him. If they do not, then they move on to the second level, where they will be given a sterner re-education and training, or in some cases, made to atone for their sins toward others. If they do choose to accept Jesus, they are met with God's forgiveness, and are brought to Heaven, where they continue the growing process. Yet they are restricted to training areas and must go through some programs of rehabilitation to prepare them for full integration and to help them understand the things they did

The difference between the second and third Hell is that the second Hell, the "green door" state, is for those who have not chosen to accept My Spirit, but who were not wicked, evil, reprobates either. These reprobates are those for whom the Lake of Fire is reserved. It is up to Me and My ultimate judgement who goes where, and the judgement of the keeper of Hell, whom I have entrusted with the souls of those who are sent to Hell.

that were wrong and that they needed to repent of.

The second level is a prison like what your Father David saw in the “Green Door” (ML #262). There, he was given a peek into the second Hell. This is the place that has become known as Purgatory. There, people must live their time in penance for the mistakes they had made while on Earth. They relive the times they went wrong. They see the far-reaching effects of each and every wrong move they made and the effects it had on others. They must watch as their loved ones, family or children continue down the road they had set them on. This is part of their punishment. They must watch the damage their actions brought forth, and they are sentenced to remain till they repent and ask God’s forgiveness.

Haunted houses are an extension of this prison—not all haunted houses though. Some are a part of the first Hell where the spirits still have unfinished business to tend to before they leave Earth.

The third Hell is the Lake of Fire, reserved only for the very worst of sinners. They lived like demons on Earth and they continue to defy His great plan; thus they are cast into the Lake of Fire to burn with perpetual torment, till they too repent. This is where the Antichrist and the False Prophet will one day end up. They will burn in this lake and will also see the effects of their actions ever before their eyes.

This is the place for the very worst and most vile spirits. This too is where the spirits of evil—demons, imps and pests—will also be bound, for they

THERE ARE THREE DIFFERENT WORDS [IN THE ORIGINAL SCRIPTURE] TRANSLATED AS

“HELL”. ...

THERE’S

“GEHENNA,”

“SHEOL” AND

“HADES”.

“GEHENNA” IS THE

“LAKE OF FIRE”,

“SHEOL” IS THE

GRAVE OR DEATH

WHICH OBVIOUSLY

MEANS SOME TYPE OF

PUNISHMENT OR LIFE

HEREAFTER, WHICH IS

OBVIOUSLY NOT AS BAD AS

THE LAKE OF FIRE! AND

THERE’S “HADES” WHICH

ACTUALLY MEANS THE “SPIRIT

STATE” OR THE “SPIRIT

WORLD,” AND WHICH IS

SOMETIMES EVEN TRANSLATED

AS PARADISE. HADES WAS SOME

FORM OF PARADISE INSIDE THE

WORLD IN THE UNDERWORLD—AT

LEAST DURING OLD TESTAMENT

TIMES BEFORE THE RESURRECTION

OF THE OLD TESTAMENT SAINTS.

(“ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS!”, ML#1526:8)

SEE ALSO:

ML#959, PAR. 25-33 Why DISASTERS?

ML # 1465: Hell’s End

ML # 1476: SALVATION IN THE SPIRIT World

ML # 3042: NOT WILLING THAT ANY Should Perish

Q: Can “everyone” repent? Isn’t it an unpardonable sin to blaspheme the Holy Spirit?

D As your Father David taught you,

those who have not received Me shall have to suffer for their own sins. For some this will not mean much suffering because their sins have not been so great. For others this will mean very great and long-term punishment and suffering for their deliberate wickedness.

Those that reject Me, that know of Me and understand Who I am and that still blaspheme and reject My

knew the truth but they loved it not and they turned against the very One Who created them. They live in constant rebellion and they coerce others to follow in their steps. These will burn with torment until they also repent.

Satan will be bound in a special prison—the bottomless pit! This is reserved especially for him. There is no beginning and there is no end to this jail. He will fall aimlessly for a thousand years. This is part of his punishment, and he too will see the results of his actions. Then after the “little season” he shall be tossed into the Lake of Fire. The fire will burn him and he shall be tormented for all the souls he has tormented. He shall be punished for many an age.

The whole purpose of the correctional institutions here in the spiritual realm is to help everyone repent and come to the knowledge of the King. We work hard to help people see the errors of their ways and we try to correct them gently and lovingly. But when they refuse all gentleness, then they must be subjected to more severe means of punishment. That’s how it works with the prisons of the spirit world—Hell.

IF IT WAS ETERNAL PUNISHMENT THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY POINT TO IT, WOULD THERE? WHAT DOES THE WORLDLY PENAL SYSTEM CONSIDER THE PURPOSE OF PUNISHMENT? THEY CALL THEM CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTIONS, PENAL INSTITUTIONS, MEANING THEY'RE DOING PENANCE, THEY'RE SERVING FOR THEIR SINS.—WHICH OF COURSE DEFINITELY IMPLIES AN END TO SUCH PUNISHMENT, ACCORDING TO HOW MUCH THEY NEED.

[THE ANTICHRIST AND THE FALSE PROPHET] GET CAST INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE, IT SAYS, FOREVER AND EVER, BUT THAT LITERALLY MEANS FOR “AN AGE OF AGES” (REV.20:10). WHEN IT SAYS “AEON”, IT ACTUALLY MEANS “FOR AN AGE”, NOT IN OUR SENSE OF THE WORD “FOREVER”. EVEN TO BE IN PRISON LIKE THE DEVIL'S GOING TO BE FOR A THOUSAND YEARS MAY FEEL LIKE AND SEEM LIKE FOREVER. (“MANSIONS IN HEAVEN”, ML #1391: 36, 38, 39)

SOME ARE SO EVIL THAT THEIR JUDGEMENT HAS BEEN SETTLED AHEAD OF TIME, AND THE MINUTE THEY DIE, THEY GO TO HELL! WITH OTHERS ... PERHAPS GOD PUTS THEM ON PROBATION TO SEE WHAT THEY WILL DO IN THE AFTERLIFE, IF THEY'RE GOING TO REPENT WHEN THEY SEE THAT THERE IS SUCH A LIFE, AS OBVIOUSLY SOME OF THE SPIRITS IN PRISON MUST HAVE DONE AFTER JESUS WENT DOWN AND PREACHED TO THEM IN HELL. (MT. 12:40, 1PE. 3:19,4:6, Eph.4:9) (“SATAN'S SAINTS” ML#1423:24)

name and My Spirit, these shall suffer great punishment. But when it says “eternal” or “everlasting” you must remember that this is translated from the original Greek. It means for a very long time, for an age or even many ages, but not necessarily “forever” or “without end.”

There is hope for anyone if they choose to repent and to come to Me. A person who is accountable is damned if he rejects Me, and he is doomed to suffer the punishments of Hell—and it will be the third Hell. But it need not be forever, for truly, My plan and purpose is for all to repent and be rehabilitated.

MY PERSONAL HATE

Hi, I'm Abigail.

If you had met me only once you probably wouldn't have remembered me. I was an average girl, not especially good-looking, with no outstanding talents. There was nothing really outstanding about me, except for my severe case of negative thinking. I could have had a wonderful and happy life, despite the fact that I was so very average, but I didn't. I hated myself—everything about me—



physically, spiritually, emotionally, intellectually, sexually. I guess you could say I was an extreme negative thinker.

I don't remember when it started; it was all very gradual. I criticized my inabilities and my looks; I always had something cutting to say about myself if I was ever praised or appreciated. Anyone who has negative tendencies knows what it's like, so I won't get into that. But I would like to tell you about the negative effects it had on me in the long-term, how I lost what could have been a beautiful and happy life and instead lived in misery, unable to be of much use to the Lord.

When I was about 19, a wonderfully sweet and handsome man took a liking to me. His father was a pastor, and he was studying to become one as well. I could play the organ and sing somewhat; he was an amazing talker and knew the Scriptures well. He wooed me and later proposed marriage, which I accepted.

I knew he loved me, but I couldn't understand why, and thus found it hard to accept his love

for me. I laughed off any admiration from him until he finally stopped saying anything good about me. I then became even more insecure and unhappy, and soon we had nothing to talk about, because every conversation would lead to me saying something negative about myself, and he just couldn't handle it. He loved me, but my disdain for myself was eating away at that love.

I'll spare you the painful details of the years that

followed, but eventually we had a son. However, by that time it was so difficult for my husband to be around my negativity that he spent most of his months away from home, preaching in other areas. As our son grew older, he also found it harder and harder to live around me, and he began to show signs of the problem with negativity that I had. My husband felt it would be better if he took our son with him on his trips, trips that became longer each time.

I soon lost what little joy I had left and blamed myself and God for the way I was. What I didn't see was that He was trying to help me by giving me a precious child and a perfect helpmeet who loved me and saw in me beauty. Instead I shooed them away through my self-criticism, like I had done to most everyone who tried to get close to me.

I lost my ministry in the service as a pastor's wife. Our son grew up to become that traveling and preaching companion that my husband needed. He learned to play the organ and knew all the hymns by heart. He helped his father in the church until his father grew too old to preach. And then they came home, and our son took care of us both. The last few years we had together, I'm sorry to say, were the saddest of my life. I saw how my constant negativity, comparing and envy of everyone else made my poor husband more and more ill, and then he was gone.

As I sat there looking at my husband, so still, so sickly, God spoke to my heart and I saw what I could have had—the wonderful ministry, the happy family, the love that my husband and son had for me to begin with. Instead, I spent most of my life in solitude

because I could not stand to be around others who I thought were better off than me. I begged the Lord to forgive me, which He did. And when I too passed on, and went through my retraining and cleansing, I asked to go back to help others who entertain the same negative thoughts that ruined my life. I try to pass on my story and its sad ending, and give others the willpower to overcome. Thankfully, many have done so, before it was too late.

note:

When putting together the *linkUP* accounts, we often ask the Lord or the person who gave the original message for further clarification, but due to time and space factors, we can't cover every angle. So feel free to bring any questions you have to the Lord. He's more than willing to give you the answers. And if you'd like to share them with us, we'd be happy to get a copy of the messages you receive. Thanks!

Supernatural Happenings

I'm Charles. I haven't been in Heaven for very long, but I'm enjoying every minute of it, learning more cool things all the time. How did I get Here? I died in a plane crash a couple of years ago. But I'm not going to tell you about that. I'm going to tell you something spooky that happened to me a while before I died.

My parents were from Launceston, England, but they moved to New York when I was just a year old. My father was a doctor. He wanted to get further training in the States, and hoped to find better employment. So we left England behind and seldom if ever had any contact with our relatives back home. We heard only occasional news from a few of the closest ones, although I hadn't met or seen any of them, besides my grandmother, since leaving. But, hey, I didn't care. I was happy with my life. I was happy to have been brought up in the States. I had no desire to go back to England and didn't have much interest in seeing my relatives either.

I was 18 years old at the time this story took place. I was planning to study to be a lawyer and thought I had my whole life ahead of me. I believed in God in theory, but not in practice. I didn't care much about spiritual

things. But one day the world of the spirit was opened up to me in a special way, and that's what I want to tell you about.

I drove a 1978 Ford, a real trashy car it was. They used to say: "FORD stands for 'Fix Or Repair Daily' or, 'Found On Rubbish Dumps.'" Ha! Every day that it drove was a miracle, because it was one of those cars that you just waited for it to fall apart underneath you. I hated it, but didn't have enough money to do anything about it, let alone buy a new car.

One weekend I was driving out of town, and this older man had stopped by the side of the road with either a flat or engine problems. He was obviously in need of help, and something made me stop. I thought perhaps it was because I felt sorry for him. I pulled over and walked up to his car—an even older jalopy than my own. He introduced himself as William, and I thought to myself how pleased I was to have stopped to help this poor old man, as he looked like he already had one foot in the grave, as a figure of speech.

While these thoughts ran through my head, I heard an incredible explosion, and within seconds my car was engulfed in flames. I was stunned, realizing the magnitude of what had just happened, and how close I had just come to death. Upon looking around to find the old man, to my amazement and disbelief, he was gone, though his old car was still there. I called out his name, but he was nowhere to be found. Mind you, this was a big highway, with fields of



grass on both sides, and not a house in sight.

Bewildered, and not knowing what else to do, I waited. Within minutes the police were on the scene, as an eyewitness had apparently contacted them. I told them the whole story, but they thought I was crazy. They didn't believe the part about William disappearing. Why my car had exploded was a mystery. They took down the license plate number of his car, in hopes of finding its owner. They gave me a lift home and told me they'd have some trucks come within an hour or so to tow away the cars.

A few hours later they phoned, telling me that when the tow trucks arrived on the scene, there was only one car—my car, or what remained of it. They also said they'd looked up the license plate number of the other car in their computers and couldn't find a listing for it. Though stumped as to who the car's owner was, they concluded that the owner had picked up his old car, and they left it at that.

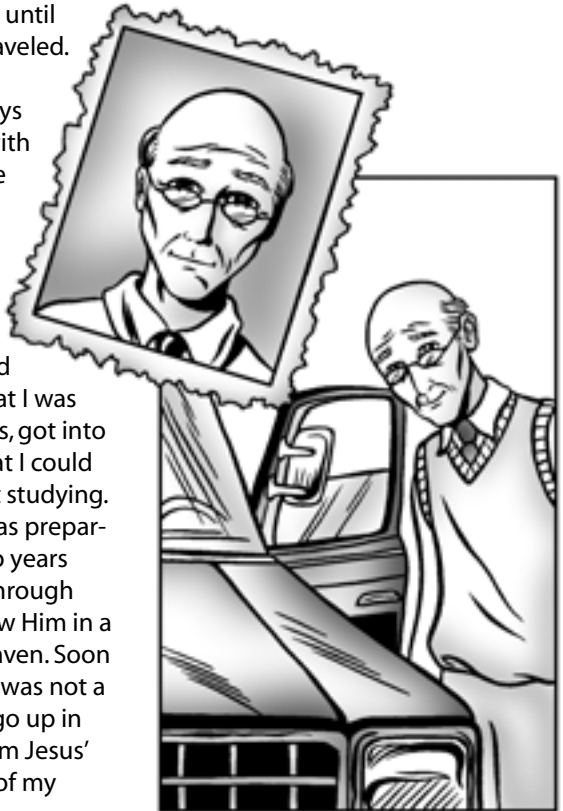
When I told my parents the story, they were of course happy that I was still safe and alive, though they didn't believe the part about the old man who disappeared, along with his car. It wasn't until two days later that the mystery was unraveled. My parents received a telegram that my mother's uncle had passed away two days earlier—on the exact day of my brush with death. His name? William. An old picture that my mother had, confirmed that the William that I had met on the roadside was indeed the relative of mine.

From that day on my life was never the same. I realized that God must have saved my life for a reason, and I wanted to prove to Him, out of love, that I was worth saving. I learned more about Jesus, got into active youth work, and tried to do all that I could do to help others—that is, when I wasn't studying.

I know now that God in His mercy was preparing me for my entrance into Heaven two years later. I was personally shown a miracle through which Jesus gave me the chance to know Him in a personal way before being called to Heaven. Soon after arriving in Heaven, I learned that it was not a mechanical fault that caused my car to go up in flames that day; that explosion came from Jesus' own hand. In His love, He jolted me out of my

selfish life so that I could have a turnaround and get on the right path before my time on earth was up. I'm thankful for the good I did in those two years, and for the spooky meeting with my uncle that saved and changed my life. And I sure thanked him once I met him up Here for helping to open my eyes to how much God cared about my life.

I know these kind of things don't happen to all of us, but you can be sure that those who believe without having seen or without any "proof" receive the greater reward.



It all began in 1212. I was a shepherd boy, born in France in a town called Cloyes, near Vendôme. I tended my father's sheep and looked after the goats, but I wasn't satisfied with my achievements. I had great ambitions and wanted to do something. I was very young, only 12. I didn't know much about God, but wanted to do something great for Him and for my country.

"I have a mission for you," were the words that I heard one morning as I awoke with the sun. There, standing before me, was a tall man, covered from head to toe in a rugged garment. A rope was tied about his waist, and he looked like a weary, worn traveler that had come from a distant land.

Though I could have easily been afraid of this strange man

The Children's Crusade

MY NAME IS STEPHEN, AND I COME FROM THE HALLS OF HEAVEN WITH A STORY TO TELL—A TALE OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE, A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN EVENT THAT HAS PUZZLED THE HISTORIANS FOR CENTURIES. MANY AUTHORS AND MEN OF WISDOM HAVE STUDIED MY LIFE, AND THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO FOLLOWED ME, BUT HAVE NEVER COME TO A FULL KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH ABOUT US, BECAUSE THEIR PERCEPTION ONLY GOES SO FAR.

I'M HAPPY THAT I'M FINALLY ABLE TO TELL MY STORY TO YOU, THE CHILDREN OF DAVID. I'VE TOLD MY STORY TO YOUR GRANDPA, AND HE INSPIRED ME TO COME AND TELL YOU. HE FEELS THAT IN MANY WAYS YOU ARE LIKE ME AND THOSE WHO FOLLOWED ME—THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE. YOU'VE DROPPED OUT OF THE SYSTEM OF YOUR DAY TO FOLLOW THE LORD, AT THE RISK OF BEING RIDICULED AND MADE FUN OF, JUST LIKE WE DID.

that had suddenly appeared by my bed, I felt at peace.

"What would you have me do? I am only a boy, ignorant and dumb. I can take care of my father's sheep, but I know not what else. But willing am I, so say the words and it shall be done." I managed to squeeze those words out, while feeling humbled by this magnificent presence.

"I have a mission for you from God," the stranger answered. "I've been sent to give you a commission. You have been called to a crusade for the Holy Lands. First you are to go to the King of France and deliver this letter." With that he handed me a beautiful letter with a special seal, addressed to the king. I took it in my hands and held it tightly to my chest.

"How will I accomplish such great things? Who will help me? What is the purpose of this?" These questions and many more flowed rapidly out of my mouth as I drank in what this man had just told me. Up until this point I had not seen the face

of the stranger, but at that moment his eyes gazed lovingly and warmly upon me.

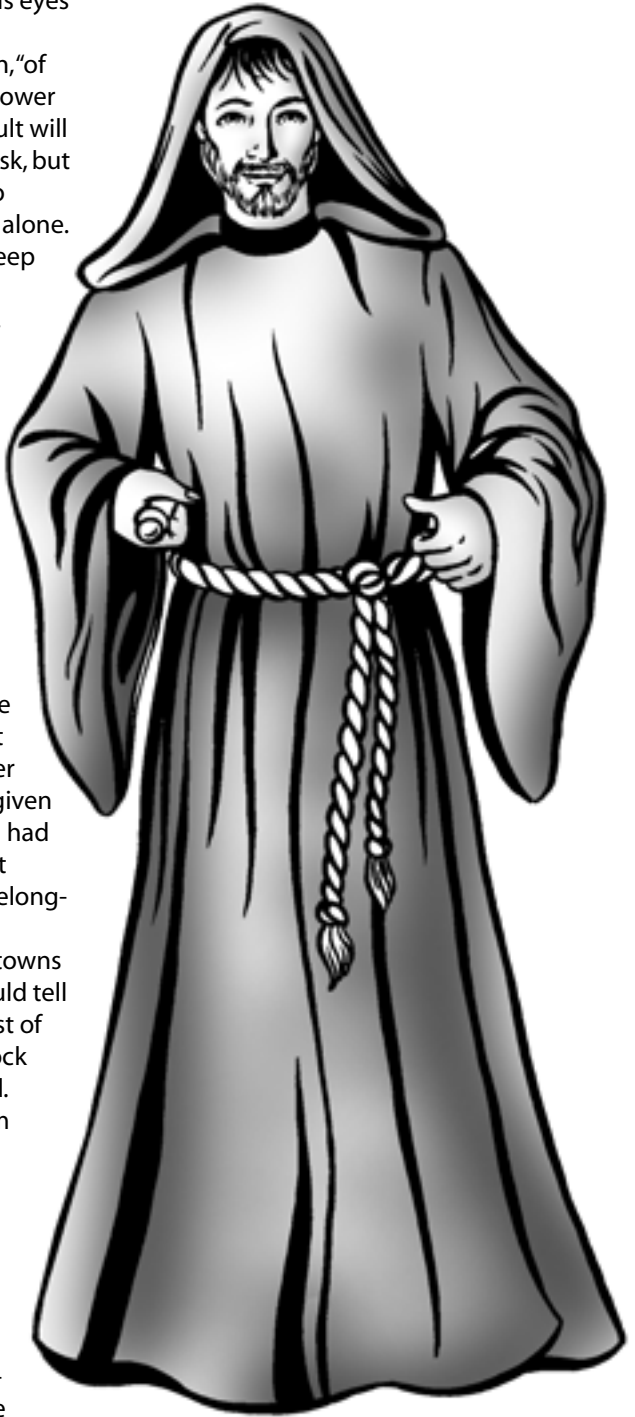
“Yours will be a crusade,” he began, “of love, of faith, a crusade to prove the power of God. I cannot say what the end result will be, or how you will accomplish this task, but I do promise—and God has bid me to inform you of this—you will never be alone. God and His spirits will protect and keep you as you fulfill His will.”

As those words faded from the air, the mysterious messenger was gone. I was left with a feeling of hope in my heart, such as I had not experienced before. I ran to tell my parents the good news of my experience and future crusade, but they only laughed at me and told me I was crazy, that I was dreaming. “Run along and take care of the sheep,” were their final words to me.

Though my parents did not believe me, I knew that my experience and mission was real. I knew I was not dreaming, because I still held the letter for the king that the messenger had given me. I had to fulfill the calling that God had given me, even if my family would not support me. I gathered some of my belongings and began my long journey.

All along the way, in the different towns and cities that I passed through, I would tell my story and explain my mission. Most of the elders would laugh at me and mock me, but the young ones were inspired. Many of those my age, anywhere from the age of 10 to 18, joined me. Slowly but surely, our band of pilgrims grew and grew.

In towns that we passed we were met by many different townsfolk, and with many different reactions. We met with criticism, while being ridiculed for our faith and our dedication to our mission. However, we were



also met by more young ones, and the occasional older man or woman who would support us fully and even join our crusade.

By the time we arrived in Paris, there were thousands of us. We presented the letter to the king, Philip II, which was apparently asking for his help and support in our crusade. We needed to cross the Mediterranean, and with his help this could have easily been possible. He, however, chose not to support us in our adventure, choosing rather to demean us, as many others had.

At this point, many of the would-be crusaders left and returned to their homes,

They couldn't believe what had happened; they were completely bewildered and awed that we had disappeared...

feeling defeated, like all hope was lost. Those of us who remained persevered and looked for a way to make our journey complete. We made our way to Marseilles and met up with some unusually kind merchants who offered to transport us across the ocean.

We boarded the ships in good spirits, with great hopes of reaching our final destination. But after being at sea for a couple of days it was clear that our benefactors were not taking us to the Holy Land, but had tricked us. They planned to sell us as slaves once we arrived in Africa. How foolish of us to have accepted the offer of these men, thinking with our own minds that this was God's way!

But though it was not God's way, He made a way for us to escape. The Lord translated us in our sleep one night, much to the astonishment of our captors. They couldn't believe what had happened; they were completely bewildered and awed that we had disappeared, vanished without a

trace. We, however, were more than happy in Heaven.

You may wonder what then was our purpose? Did we ever fulfill our crusade? Was it a total failure? Or was what seemed to many to be a failure really the fulfillment of our mission? We wondered the same. After having been in Heaven for a short while, we were granted an audience with Jesus.

As we positioned ourselves in His throne room, He entered our presence. It was then that I recognized, with one look in His eyes, the Pilgrim that had appeared to me and given me my commission. I felt indescribably overwhelmed and humbled to have received a personal visit from the King of all kings while on Earth, and I was so thankful that I had obeyed His instructions.

"Well done, My good and faithful servants," He began. "Though you may not feel successful, you have been faithful. You had great dreams for your crusade, but you fulfilled My crusade, you completed your mission. Though you thought you were to recapture the Holy Land, that that would be your moment of triumph, I had something greater.

"It was not the final reclaiming of the Holy Land that I wanted. I knew from the very beginning that was not the desired result. My desire was to see you all following Me, obeying Me, doing daring and adventuresome things. I wanted you to go down in history as a sample of the power of youth, of faith and trust in Me, of determination and courage.—And so you shall."

So, though some people think of us and our crusade as a failure, it was everything that it was meant to be. Though the historians have no idea what actually happened to us, or where we disappeared to, you now know. We weren't great saints; we were just kids who followed our Lord's instructions—and in the end that's really all that matters.

What the World Thinks Happened

Children's Crusade, a religious movement in Europe during the summer of 1212, in which thousands of children set out to conquer the Holy Land from the Muslims by love instead of by force. The movement ended in disaster, but the religious fervor it excited helped to initiate the Fifth Crusade (1218).

The first group of children was led by a French shepherd boy named Stephen, from Cloyes-sur-le-Loir, a town near Vendôme, who had a vision in which Jesus appeared to him disguised as a pilgrim and gave him a letter for the French king. On his way to deliver the letter, Stephen attracted hundreds of followers, some of whom decided to go to the Holy Land. An estimated 30,000 made their way to Marseilles, where they fell victim to disreputable merchants who shipped them to slave markets in North Africa.

A 10-year-old boy named Nicholas, from Cologne, led a second group. He preached the Children's Crusade in the Rhineland, attracting an estimated 20,000 children. After crossing the Alps into Italy, they split into groups: some were dispersed among various Lombard towns; others continued on to Genoa, where they were refused transport across the Mediterranean. A few then traveled to Rome, where Innocent III (pope from 1198 to 1216) took pity on them and released them from their crusade vows. The fate of their leader, Nicholas, is unknown, but many of these children, like the French group, were sold in the East as slaves. (Encyclopedia Britannica.)

What happened with the second group of the children? The world says the above about it, but what really happened?

D How wonderful are My ways! Many times the world tries to cover up and hide the truth, and to the outward appearance, many times they are successful. But those who seek the truth will find it! I am always ready and willing to give you the real story on what happened, although sometimes it takes faith to believe. You must decide whether you're going to believe Me and My Words, or whether you're going to believe what the world says—because often they oppose each other.

The second part of the Children's Crusade was ordained by Me as a witness. There were not many in those days who were willing to live My Word, to drop out, to separate themselves from the world of their day. So many of their children were searching, so I allowed the second crusade as an avenue for them to drop out and even to serve Me in their own way. There were not many others at that time who were willing to not only live according to My Words, but also teach others to do the same.

They were a witness against the System of their day. That was one of their main purposes—they brought people to a point of decision. Nicolas was a young child, but he was used by Me because he was willing to obey, to drop out, to go out without the support of the System and trust Me to provide.

I took them many places to be witnesses against the System, and to give a message that you don't have to conform—that there is truth other than that

which the Church and the System has sanctified and approved. I allowed them to be scattered to spread the truth even further, and even their audience before the pope was to be a witness. Even though the pope himself did not receive the message, many in the court did, and were given the chance to have their eyes opened. Their conviction and simplicity was as a sword which pierced the hearts of the affluent and hypocritical church leaders of their day. They didn't have to say much—their sample was the loudest sermon.

Even when they were sold onto the ships as slaves, I used them as witnesses. I did miracles for these, My children, My called out ones, and in their times of difficulty I was there with them. I did not rescue them out of the boats like I did the others, because I ordained certain ones of them to be sold into houses of influence, and even there they were witnesses for Me.

When their time to come home came, I gathered each one tenderly into My arms, with commendation for a job well done. Even though they were not successful in the eyes of the world, in My eyes they did all that I ordained them to do. I am proud of them, and encourage you, My children, to likewise be willing to go where I send you, even if it looks as though you're not accomplishing much. I have a special purpose for each life, and reward you not for your accomplishments, but for your obedience and faithfulness to Me.

Dad on the Children's Crusade:

RECENTLY WHEN I WAS VIEWING A VIDEOTAPE OF CBS NEWS in which the commentator was comparing you the Children of God, to the world famous Children's Crusade of medieval times, I was suddenly and unexpectedly struck by a witness of His Spirit that this was indeed God's own comparison, inspired by Him!

THIS FAMED YOUTH MARCH ACROSS THE EUROPE OF THE MIDDLE AGES was a sincere effort of youth to serve God and a condemnation of the lethargy and indifference of their elders and is indeed like unto us.

LIKE THEM, WE MAY BE PERSECUTED, REVEILED, SPAT UPON, MALIGNED AND RIDICULED and accused of every sin. And we too may be slaughtered in some future encounter with the Enemy, and seem to be frustrated, defeated and scattered.

NEVERTHELESS, LIKE THE FAMED CHILDREN'S CRUSADE, WE SHALL HAVE BEEN A TESTIMONY against the wicked and indifferent generation of our fathers, who like theirs, when failing to repent in response to God's final warning by His own youthful children, will afterward also be judged by a mighty and terrible invasion of our enemies which may wipe the older generation from the face of the Earth, as it nearly did all

Europe! What a comparison! What an inspired analogy!—And God set His seal upon it!

ODDLY ENOUGH, ALL I CAN REMEMBER ABOUT THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE WAS THAT ALL THE HISTORY BOOKS LAUGHED AT IT, ridiculed it and condemned it as having been totally futile, useless and nothing but some kind of a passing fad or fashion. Even my aged high school history teacher made fun of it, so typical of the older generation and their reaction, who were the authors of those history books! . . .

MAYBE ITS VISIONARY LEADER WASN'T SUCH A BAD GUY as he was made out to be! Maybe he was used of the Lord to lead the youth of his day to try to bring his own generation to repentance before the judgments of God fell! . . .

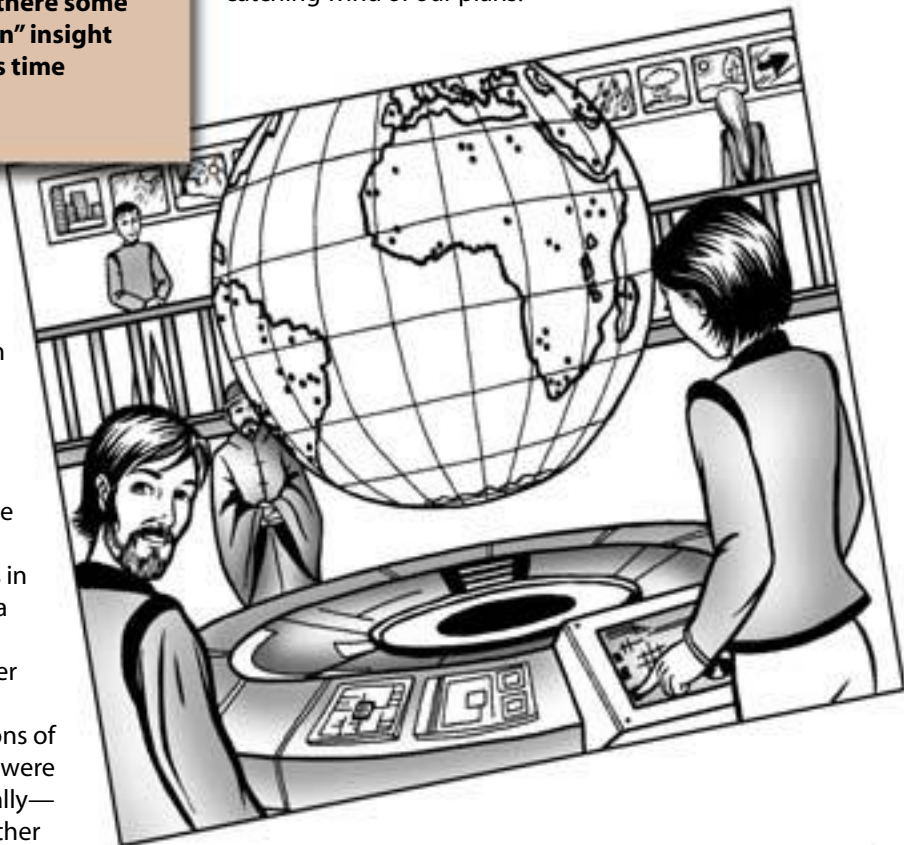
WHO KNOWS WHAT AN INFLUENCE THESE ORIGINALLY YOUTHFUL COLONIES MAY HAVE HAD UPON ALL EUROPE? Who knows what impact they may have had upon other youth of their own generation to drop out, forsake all and follow in an attempt to serve God full-time, however misguided, frustrated or defeated their parents say they became! Remember, it's the parents who write the "history" books!

Q: I have been pondering the “caveman” scenario of us hiding out in caves in the Tribulation. ... I assume there won’t be deodorant and other basic commodities readily available. I see guys with long hair and beards, girls not able to shave their legs, etc. Is it really going to be like this? Is there some “modern” insight into this time period?

IN THE enDtime

I’m one of the “faceless,” unknown, not-often-talked-about men who are employed in the Endtime Engineering team. You can just call me Jan. Our operations are very confidential because we can’t afford to let any of our plans leak out to the Enemy forces, who are always monitoring and setting up surveillance teams, in the hopes of catching wind of our plans.

You see, now is the build-up time. Each side is planning their strategy. Well, we’ve had our strategies in place for a long time now—ever since the foundations of the Earth were laid, actually—but the other



side is hurrying to get theirs finished. But even we are having to do some alterations and minor changes and adjustments, as we have to work around the conditions that men set up on Earth. As technology moves, so we move.

While the Lord knows everything, we aren't all-knowing, and while the Lord keeps us a couple of steps ahead, still we have to change and adapt as circumstances change. That makes it fun and a challenge for us as well.

Those of us who are on the Endtime Engineering team have to follow Earth's moves very closely. We are great political watchers, and despite the fact that we have enhanced understanding and spiritual wisdom and discernment, we are kept very busy. We are constantly having to figure out what will happen, and what our course of action will be, should a certain

circumstance come into play. We have to take all options and possibilities into account.

It's all part of our training, and I think Jesus likes to see how we factor things in, because it shows Him what areas we need more training in, and what level of skill we're at. Then He can know what assignments we can be

trusted with when the showdown finally comes.

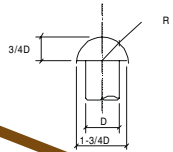
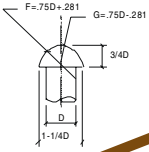
Our job is to coordinate things from the spirit world, and engineer ways and means of escape for Jesus' children, and to facilitate as much witness going out to the world as possible during the Endtime. We don't get very involved in the actual happenings of Earth just yet, because we're in the observing stage. We're not meant to interfere with people's choices; that's not necessary, since of their own volition, people are making the moves that will bring upon them the end of the world.

We have been given previews of what life will be like for you, the Family, in the Endtime. So there is a little bit of insight that I can give you into that, but not much. The reason why I'm not allowed to tell you more, and the reason why we don't know everything that our Father knows about this time period, is because it's the great and final game of history.—Your choices and our maneuverings put together will have their own outcome, and God doesn't want to influence

or affect that. There is still free choice on Earth, and there *will* be until its last day.

There are important things that you should be keeping in mind about the Endtime, like your preparation for it. You should be soaking yourself in the Word, boning up for these last days of tribulation spiritually, memorizing and working toward establishing great unity with your co-workers. But you don't need to worry about the trivial details such as your clothing, your food, your appearance, because all of these things won't necessarily be how you have made them out in your mind to be.

You're living in a high-tech world, and just because there will be chaos and anarchy doesn't mean that the message



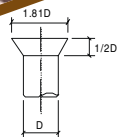
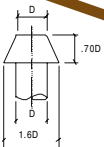
is not going to be preached in high-tech ways. After all, in this day and age, that is the most efficient way of spreading the Gospel—through the mediums that the world has created. So while there will be clandestine, secret and covert operations going on, there will also be plenty of the mass witnessing and open preaching of the Gospel, like you know today.

ing to be holed up in caves, running around like cavemen and cavewomen, digging up roots and herbs to live on. Whether by friends or miraculous sources, we're going to help supply you with the provisions that you need. And you may even be surprised at some of the things that you're called upon to do, or the garments and disguises you are called upon to put on, for the sake of witnessing, and even infiltrating high positions in government and state.

The Family isn't go-

From all that Jesus has told us, and even told you, He doesn't want His star witnesses hiding in the bush during the most needy time of history! He's going to get you out there in the public, many of you, at least, and I highly doubt that you're going to get out there with long unkempt beards, disheveled appearances, or smelly and dirty attire. That's just not the way it's going to work. So don't worry about it. It'll be a surprise when it happens, but it'll be a good surprise!

So keep in touch with us, your Endtime Engineering team. Remember that we'll be there when the crunch comes. We'll do all we can to engineer situations to protect, care for and keep you. It's going to be the most exciting and adventurous time of your life!



EL CID

2

Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, also known as El Cid, talks about his life and the realities of war. Was he a good guy or a bad guy?

HELL—Who Goes There?

4

Meet the keeper of Hell. He explains the various levels of Hell, what each one means, and who goes where.

MY PERSONAL HATE

8

She was an average girl . . . until something got the better of her—physically, spiritually, emotionally, intellectually, sexually. It destroyed her life and loved ones.

SUPERNATURAL HAPPENINGS

10

Charles recounts the unusual experience that turned his life around.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

12

It began in 1212. What exactly happened to the first two groups of children who led the Children's Crusade? Large numbers of the children supposedly disappeared. Where to?

IN THE ENDTIME ...

17

Ever wondered whether we'll revert to the "caveman" mode of living in the Endtime? How about an update?

Cover by Tamar. Inside illustrations by Kristen.

Suggested reading age for this publication is JETTs and up. Parents or shepherds may read with or allow portions to be read by younger ages, at their discretion.

If you have suggestions for *linkUP* topics, or contributions to the mag, please send them via the *Grapevine* e-mail or postal address.

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DURING WORLD WAR II



Ben speaking:

It was hell! When I think back, I can hear the shells racing overhead. The earth shakes as they deliver their deadly payload. I'm stationed in North Africa during the campaign against Field Marshall Irwin Rommel, the Desert Fox.

We used to be happy. We used to joke and have a good time together, but now we're all huddled deep within this trench. We're up to our ankles in sand and the blood of our friends who have been blown apart all around us. Oh God, why won't it stop? Why can't we just live in peace with our neighbors rather than trying to blast them to hell? And for what? What are we accomplishing? Nothing but greed fuels these actions; nothing but hatred and greed. So many have died, so many! Many out here fighting and dying on the field are just kids. Just kids like you and me who have been forced into this hell. Is it really worth it?

It's horrible! Jimmy here just got his right hand blown off by some shrapnel. Danny over there only has a few moments longer to breathe due to having his chest ripped open by merciless steel from enemy machine guns. He's so scared. He doesn't know who will take care of his younger brother who now hopelessly holds him in his arms as he dies.

"Please Ben, take care of him for

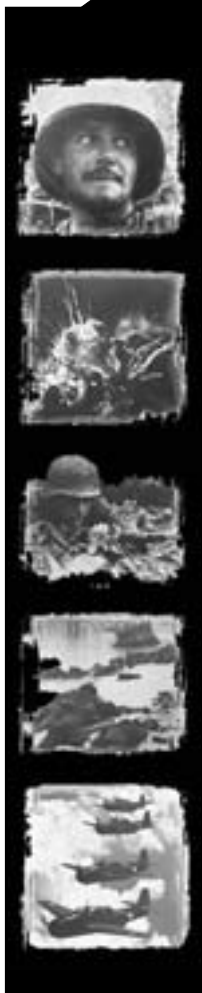
me?" he begs me weakly.

His brother cries out, "No! No, Danny! You can't die, you're all I've got!" He watches Danny fall into a silent stupor from which he will never awake. Danny was only 21. He was from Ohio, a farm boy raised by good Christian parents with peace-loving friends.

Do you see the pain? Do you see what we endure in the name of right? I'll tell you, nothing that causes this sort of suffering could ever be right. Never! We aren't out here dying for a noble cause, we aren't out here tearing each other apart one limb at a time for a righteous reason. We're out here dying because of money, greed and hate.

When I sleep at night or between battles I have horrible nightmares of the friends I've gone with into battle being ripped apart by my side. I see pictures of the women and children that have been killed in the crossfire. They didn't choose to be here. They didn't choose to be a part of this war. They were innocent, killed mercilessly by our own guns—the guns that were meant to save them. The guns that were meant to be their saviors have become their executioners.

I have killed so many, so many. I don't even know how many deaths I am responsible for. So many people just like



Danny, or just like my own brother who died in action, or just like my father who died at sea when his ship was torpedoed. Just like that, their lives were over, and everything they had hoped to accomplish was gone, finished.

The day after Danny died we moved on an enemy stronghold. We had a tank battalion with us and we stormed the village they had based out of. Many, many more were killed that day. Danny's brother, Simon, was by my side the whole time; this was my last promise to a friend and I would fulfill it to my dying breath.

As night fell, we could hear in the distance the sound of the enemy troops being driven back on all fronts by wave after wave of air strikes, tank maneuvers, and horrible battles. We were ordered in as reinforcements to help a battalion who had suffered heavy losses. But we were so tired. Our backs ached, my feet hurt, and I had a bleeding wound in my side from being grazed by a stray bullet. But I had to go with Simon, so I continued on.

When we reached the battlefield and looked at each other, for some of us it was to be the last time we saw one another. We charged in with our guns firing. With Simon at my side we took a small house and fought from its windows. Blam! I was hit bad. At first the pain was unbearable as I lay there in Simon's arms. I managed to pull myself up to the window again and keep shooting, but it was so painful. Then my body began to go numb and I knew that I didn't have much longer left.

The fighting around our building became much heavier and Simon was very scared, as was I. Most of my buddies were dead now and I could see their bodies strewn around us. It was then that the grenade was thrown. That grenade was my deliverance. It took me Home, out of that hell. It came in and we both just looked at it for a moment.

Then I grabbed it and scrambled outside as fast as I could. Simon was screaming for me not to, but it was too late. Just as I got outside it exploded, killing me instantly. I had fulfilled my promise to Danny. I had looked out for his brother, but now I had done all I could do. I saved his life by my death. That, I think, is the only thing worth dying for—to save another.

Simon made it back home from that battle. That was his last assignment in Africa because he was wounded too, and was sent home. Thankfully, he survived his wounds and lived to raise a family.

So that's what happened to me. That's what horror war is. Those who died were often the lucky ones though. Many had to live on with horrendous nightmares, reliving those horrible years of war. Many suffer to this day from the wounds inflicted on their hearts and minds.

Now my job is to bring relief and comfort to those who are plagued by the past. I know what it was like so I can comfort them. I wrap my arms around them and help them sleep. I help them trust in Jesus and find peace of mind. Danny works with me. He was there at the gates to receive me when I came Home. Jesus let him come and greet me, along with all my other buddies that had died before me.

I was so happy to be finally free. I'm so thankful to Jesus for deliverance. He set me free and now I can help others. We are a heavenly comfort battalion now. We go around healing where once we caused hurt. We spend our time undoing the damages of war. We are angels of mercy to the poor ones suffering as a result of war in the world today. Pray that we may restore their peace of mind. Pray that they too may come to know our wonderful Savior who delivers us from all our bondage. Help save them by your prayers!■





The Young Crusader

**My name is Eric Valheimer.
I am of German descent.
This is my story.**

Many years ago there was a drive by the Christian nations of the West to recapture Jerusalem from the Muslim Empire, and to establish greater control over the Mediterranean region. In these Crusades many battles were fought, and lives lost, all in the name of serving God. The Turks, or Saracens (or Moors as we called them) were at that time ruthless and cruel, and stopped at nothing to accomplish their goals of conquest. But on the other hand, we did the same.

Many of you may have studied history, and the time period of the 11th to the 13th centuries when the Crusades took place. What many do not know was that the Holy Land was not the only place where Crusades took place. What I am about to tell you may forever change your view of those times, and what the Crusades were all about. I am not asking you to believe, receive or even confirm my story, but this is what happened. The people I will speak of are real, and the events that took place are true.

My family originated in Bavaria, then a duchy in the Holy Roman Empire, now a state in southeast Germany. When he was newly married, my father, Garrick, decided to move to the Kingdom of Aragon, in what you now call Spain, because of my mother's health. She was very sick with a weak heart and the doctors said that the fresh sea air of the coast and the warm climate would likely do her good. I was born there, second eldest, and the eldest son.

My older sister's name was Loiese, and she was an invalid suffering from the same heart disease my mother had. This made me for all intents and purposes the eldest. I took the responsibility of caring for the younger ones, and assuming a fatherly role in my brothers' and sisters' lives because of the very busy life of our father.

My father was a cloth merchant, and his line of work took him far and wide. He often went on long travels and journeys to buy fine material to sell in our region to the nobles, lords and ladies.

We were staunch Catholics and adhered to a very strict code of beliefs. When the doors opened at the church for Sunday mass we were always there—sick or well, happy or

sad, rain or shine, cold or hot—always! My mother played an active part in helping the poor of our town by sewing clothes for them and sending us on errands to deliver food to needy ones in our community.

When I was 16, my mother died. It was not a shock to us, as her health had been failing fast and we were well aware that she could die at any time. When she died, we children stood around her bed. My father sat at her side, holding her hand until she took her very last breath. As she lay there, dying—with one foot in this life and the other in the gates of Heaven—she had a vision.

“I see horses bearing knights wearing red crosses on their tunics!” she whispered. “A very great and terrible battle awaits these riders. One of you is among them, but I cannot see who it is.” Her voice became very faint. “I see blood, blood running everywhere—many bodies, many deaths. Such a waste of life! One of you will die defending

our faith. Oh, my God, why does it have to be? Why must we lose so many men in Your name?”

She then turned to us and said solemnly, “Fear not, my children, for now I go on to my reward. I depart to see my Maker, my Lord, and our God.” With these

last words she looked into my father’s face, and her spirit returned to the One Who had created all life.

Several years passed and we began to hear rumors, stories and tales, carried on the wings of the wind. “Jerusalem has fallen! The Saracens have recaptured the Holy City!”

Jerusalem had been secured from the hands of the Saracens by the Christian warriors of the first Crusade almost one hundred years earlier. This was followed by a wave of pilgrims and even settlers moving to the Holy Land, and a strong Christian presence was once again formed. This was followed by periods of continual fighting and warring over the cities and strongholds of the Holy Land, and the sacred places where our Lord had lived and walked during His time on Earth.

After nearly a hundred years had gone by, the Saracens, or Muslims, had once again become more unified. They managed to recapture some of the more important cities that our Crusaders had once secured. In response, a second Crusade was organized and sent. But only a few of these soldiers ever reached Jerusalem. Many of their forces were defeated before they even reached the Holy Land. The few that did make it to Jerusalem were not able to regain any of the territories that had been lost, and most of them had to return home in disgrace.

From then on the Saracen armies, under their commander, Saladin, continued to conquer the Christian strongholds, and now he





had even recaptured Jerusalem. For all we knew, he was now probably selling many of our Christian brothers who had moved to the Holy Land into slavery.

Then we heard that a new Crusade had been called by the Pope, and by and by the great kings of Christendom were taking on the Cross: Frederick Barbarossa the Holy Roman Emperor, Richard of England and Philip of France plus many other kings, dukes and other lords. However, the kingdoms of Spain—Aragon, Castile and Leon, Navarre and Portugal—were not allowed to send men to this Crusade, as an earlier Pope had ordered that the Christians of Spain should instead wage Crusades against the Moors who were inhabiting the majority of Al-Andalus (as they called Spain). So we looked on in

envy as the armies of Christendom assembled and began making their way to the Holy Land.

It wasn't long though before we heard that the king of Castile was recruiting soldiers for his wars against the Moors. Still full of fervor for this mission of defeating the infidels. Bearing tales of the oppression of the Mozarabs—the name for the Christians who lived in the Moorish-occupied lands—I and the other youth of my city flocked to his banner. My father was mortified.

"No, my son. You will not be the one to go and suffer these things. I am determined to ensure that the prophecy given by your mother does not come to pass. You will not go."

"But father," I pleaded, "the Moors attack our faith, pillage* our homes, rape our women, and mercilessly slaughter the innocent! I

***pillage: to
take spoils
by force**

must go with my friends to help defend our faith!"

After much pleading and persuasion he finally let me go. I was given armor, and a fine horse with which to ride into battle. I was barely twenty years old.

Like the crusaders, many of us proudly wore the insignia* of the red cross on our tunics. We were on a mission for God to rid our land of these "heathen dogs," as we called them, and to restore it into the hands of true believers.

We set about training and preparing for the battle. Daily we trained hard, and at last we were ready to face the enemy. Our first skirmish ended in a resounding victory for our forces, and greatly encouraged us that God was on our side.

We fought many, many battles along the way and lost many men. I lost several good friends, but the loss of every one who was dear to me only made me hate those heathen more, and I was determined to drive them out. It was then that my heart began to harden. We began attacking towns, killing Moors, burning their houses and carrying off their gold and precious gems. My callused heart began to wish that there were more hours in the day with which to slaughter more of these pagans, and I enjoyed nothing better than the battle. My superiors quickly noticed my dedication and energy, and I soon found myself in command of my own company of men.

Then something happened in my life, something that changed the way I looked at things. It was a day that began like any other; we had heard of a Moorish army approaching. They outnumbered us two to one, but we were confident that with God on our side we would win. Into the battle

we plunged, and our swords clashed valiantly against theirs. Down they fell, as if by the very stroke of God. Then it struck. An arrow hit me and I fell from my horse. Fortunately, I was near some bushes, so I crawled into them while trying to decide what to do. The pain welling up within me was more than I could bear, and I fainted.

The next thing I can remember was waking up to the sound of unfamiliar music. I had been found and carried to safety. A young girl was mopping my brow and singing to me. I looked around to see many others lying in the same state I was in, also being carefully tended to by these benevolent souls. I saw others being carried into our camp and suddenly the blood began to rise in me. My heart began to pound and I felt as if my blood could boil—they were bringing in those same infidels that had nearly killed me! I could think of nothing more I wanted to do than to kill them all in cold blood, right then and there. I tried to sit up, but the pain was more than my condition could stand and I passed out again.

Once again I awoke to the sound of that music, horses and people. It was dark and we had all been placed around a fire to keep us warm. Gently and lovingly these benefactors, who I found out were Mozarabs, tended to our wounds, fed us, and covered us to keep us warm. They had been forced out of their homes in the south by the new wave of fanatical Berber Moors who had taken over Muslim Spain, because they refused to convert to Islam. Coming north they had chanced upon the battle site and taken pity on us. But, because they spoke Arabic and seemed more Muslim than Christian to me, I was in shock that they would care for me.

***insignia:
a sign or
symbol**

As the days went by I regained my strength, but still my blood would curdle when I would catch sight of the infidel soldiers at the other side of the camp whom I was sure God had sent us to destroy. Apparently, for this very reason, they had separated all of us Christians from the Moors. Then one night I awoke to the sound of armor clashing, and screams and horses and death. The Christian army had entered the camp and were killing all the Moors—and indiscriminately our rescuers as well. They cut them down and horribly murdered many as they slept.

When they came to our tents, and saw that we wore the tunic of the red cross, they carried us off to their camp and placed us in a big tent along with their other wounded soldiers. Many of the men didn't make it back to the camp alive, for the excitement of the battle was too much for their already weakened bodies, and many died on the way there.

The camp was cold and heartless in itself. The doctors came in and began roughly examining us. They cauterized* our wounds, as if they were eager to get us back into the battle as quickly as possible. Still more of the men died as a result of the pain inflicted by these of my own people.

It did not take long for me to regain my strength, as my wound, although painful was not mortal or even difficult to heal. No sooner had I recovered than I was once again commissioned to go out into battle, and to kill any and all Moors we might encounter, be they soldiers or

otherwise.

By this time, I had seen another side of our "holy crusade" that I had not fully known before. The sight of our knights and soldiers riding into the camp of our benefactors, and killing those helpless women and children haunted me. Still, I had a duty to fulfill, and I would resume my task of fighting the enemy. We attacked town after town, coming in without warning and killing all the heathen menfolk we found in our paths. Our goal was to kill off as many as we could so there could be no gathering of reinforcements for the main bulk of their army which we were sure we would soon have to face.

Sometimes we had easy victories against small bands of Saracen guards and soldiers, and other times our roving bands faced larger enemy ones. We eventually joined up with the other raiding parties, and were soon on our way to meet with our reinforcements. We had lost many, many, many good men, and I knew that more would die before our war was over. This thought began to wear on my heart. It was during one of those nights that the Lord spoke to my heart. He asked me why I was fighting these terrible wars.

Surely it was to defend His name, I argued, and to take back our land from the hands of these pagans. But in the stillness of that night, He



*cauterize:
to burn
or sear

expounded on His Words to me. He showed me the ruthlessness of the men in my command; He showed me the hundreds who had died. In my mind I spent the night walking through battlefield after battlefield, stepping over the bodies of those who had fallen that day. I looked at their faces, seeing some scarcely fifteen years old. I thought back to my brothers and sisters and my family, I thought of the loss they would feel at my death.

It was then that the Lord broke through the walls of my hardened and unforgiving heart. I saw the futility of it all, I understood that His will was for us to love these people, to win them to Him—not to slaughter them, not to kill them, not to do unto them as they were doing to us. It was then that I saw that the true conquest was in forgiveness and love—the kind of love my nameless

benefactors had shown me what now seemed like a long time ago.

I determined that night to leave the main force, to turn over my command to someone else, and return home. I would have no more of this carnage. But the Lord had other plans. He instructed me to keep my command of the men under my charge, and to place myself under His guidance. He told me to fulfill His mission, and to obey God rather than man—to protect the helpless, and to fight for those who could not fight for themselves.

I gathered my men together and told them that henceforth, I would no longer lead them into the battle against the “infidel.” We would no longer attack towns, killing and maiming any in our path. I gave them all a decision: They could choose to stay with me, fulfilling the mission I had been given by God—a mission to seek peace instead of war—or they could return to the main body of the force and fight on.

Most chose to remain with me, and so we set out on a holy mission of our own: to find and defend those ones who stood for peace and love who had once tended to our wounds, and who had been so ruthlessly attacked by our own crusaders.

We set off that same night to return to the scene of their camp, only to find that the survivors had taken refuge in a nearby Muslim town where they had found a welcome home among the townsfolk.

To be sure, the city gates were shut at the very sight of our red-crossed tunics. We were greeted by nothing but hostile words from the ruler. In vain we tried to convince him of our good intentions, but he only accused us of being spies trying to enter the town so that we might kill all that dwelt therein.



Then I raised my voice and spoke as loudly as I could so that those of the city who were watching warily from the tops of their houses and from the safety of the walls, could hear. I told them that all my men and I begged forgiveness for our killings and for our misguided judgment. We thanked those who had bestowed care upon the wounded, and that they, by their selfless deeds of love, had been true examples of the children of God, called to make peace, and not war. We asked to be taken into their confidence, and to be allowed to protect them. There were some outspoken scoffers, but the majority of the townspeople only looked on silently and warily from the safety of the town walls. The memories of what the crusaders had done to them and their people were probably as vivid in their minds at that moment as they were in mine.

Then the Lord told me to set up our camp outside their town, showing them that we had no intention of attacking. Indeed, if we had wanted to, the town would have been easy enough to take. The walls were not greatly fortified, and the gates could have been broken through with only a few men. Our men took up defensive positions, not facing the town, but ready to defend it against any who might come against them. Other men were posted outside the gates, and instructed not to harm any who entered or left the town, but only to be on the lookout for others who might seek to attack.

After a cautious week of observing us, and seeing that we had neither besieged nor attacked their town, they were finally ready to believe us. After several meetings with the magistrates, we were

allowed inside the town, and treated royally. We immediately did what we could to fortify the gates and walls, to show them that our intentions to help them were sincere.

When word of our actions reached the ears of the Christian king, he ordered our capture. He would not tolerate us defending Moors and the Mozarabs who had sought refuge with the heathen. To do what we had done was not only an act of desertion, but in the eyes of the king, an act of treason. These pagans were all cursed, devils that deserved to be massacred—and us along with them.

Then came the inevitable: A small but sizeable Christian army arrived at the gates of the town. We tried to talk to them. I sent a messenger out to greet them with a message of peace, and to explain that these were our brothers and sisters of the faith, and that we had a duty to protect them. But they refused to listen. Instead, the messenger was beset upon, and killed on the spot. Traitors would not be tolerated.

I so much wished to explain the truths that had been shown me about our fighting, but every time we would show ourselves, we were only greeted by a barrage of arrows. So we were left with only one other option: to wait for them to attack, and do our best to hold them off.

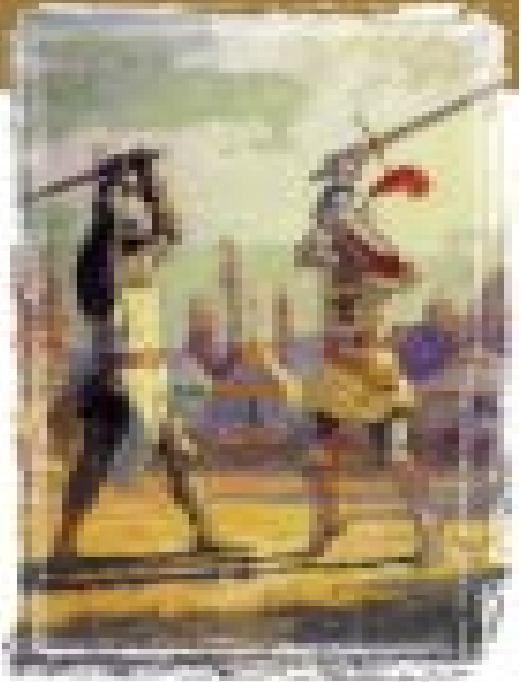
They attacked at dawn, and in the ensuing battle, I and several of my men were easily captured. I told the captain that since I was the one they wanted, they could take me and do whatever they wanted to do with me, but to please leave the town alone. The captain just sneered at me, and replied that he would kill every man, woman, child and dog in this town, and then he could still do with me whatever he pleased.

**Our swords
clashed for
what seemed
like hours, and
I only just
managed to
parry his
many fierce
blows.**

I could see this captain was a proud man, and one used to having his way. Suddenly, the power of the Spirit of God moved within me, and I knew what I had to do. "Then let me challenge you to a duel—just you and me." I said it loud enough so that his men around him could hear. I hoped that this would force him to uphold the code of honor in front of his men and accept the duel. "If I win, the town and all in it go free, your men shall leave this place, and this dispute shall be settled. If you win, then you may have your way, and do to this town as it pleases you. But so long as I live, let me champion the cause of these people, some of who, regardless of their appearance, are Christian brothers, just like you and me, and the others, despite their religion, have shown more Christian honor and charity than many of those who profess themselves to be followers of Christ."

The captain, more out of his arrogance and self-confidence than any sense of honor he may have had, agreed to the duel, and a square area was cleared for that purpose.

I knelt down to pray, and poured out my heart in a prayer loud enough to catch the ears of the captain's men standing around. "Dear God, Who beholds all things in Heaven and in Earth, and Who will judge the



living and the dead in the day of Your fiery appearance, look down upon us now, and give me grace to defend the faith of these, Your children. And they are Your children, Lord, just as much as any one of us. Help these men not to judge a man by the color of his skin or any other false standard. You do not look upon our outward appearance, Lord, but You look upon the heart (1Sa.16:7). Help us to do likewise, and to understand that these who seek peace are as much Your children as those of us who claim to be fighting in Your name. If I have found favor in Your sight, please give me the strength to win this battle, that Your children may live in peace."

Then the duel began. Our swords clashed for what seemed like hours, and I only just managed to parry his many fierce blows. Although I was a

skilled fighter, and my youthfulness gave me a certain amount of energy, his years of experience as a fighter as evidenced by the scars on his face, soon took their toll on me. Suddenly I was struck deeply on my leg. I fell to the ground as the crowd gasped. The captain stood above me, gloating as he said, "See, you heretic? God is on our side. You shall die the death of a heathen just like the rest of the Moorish dogs in this place."

I felt powerless, and I anticipated the blow of his sword. Then suddenly, as if out of nowhere, I felt a surge of strength and found myself lifting up my sword. Holding it fast as he lunged forward for the final blow, my sword pierced him to the heart, and before he knew what had happened, he fell down dead.

I was bleeding heavily, and I now sank back down to the ground. I urged his men to keep their promise, and I watched as they began to leave. The men of the town rushed to my aid and carried me inside the walls. But it was too late. The wound was too deep, and I was white as a ghost. It was then that I saw the most wonderful vision.

I looked up and I saw my Savior waiting for me. He was standing there in the clouds along with my mother, and they were smiling and looked very proud of me. I took the hand of the Moorish man who was tending my wound. "It is too late," I whispered. "It is my time. I go now to my reward. Don't ever give in! Keep the faith, and seek peace above all things. Perhaps someday your people—and my people—will come to experience the miracle of God's love that we have witnessed during our time together." As those words left my mouth, I was free.

The pain was gone and I was free! I found myself racing towards

the presence of the One I loved and had fought for, and had now given my life for. My job was done. I was 23 when I died.

So that is my story. Eventually, the Christian Spanish drove out all the Moors or forced them to convert. But the Crusades to the Holy Land ended in failure. Many good men died in those wars, and for a cause that was not God's. They were deluded into thinking it was the Lord's will to take back Jerusalem, but it was not. God meant for the Moors to be saved and won to Him, but the Church, hungry for blood and power, sent out a decree that God's will was to fight these invaders.

True, there were many who would not have listened, and whose hearts were as hardened as ours. But there were others who did listen and were saved. So were the Crusaders noble or villainous? Right or wrong? It all depends on who is writing the history books. But the words of our Lord and Savior, say,



"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God" (Mt.5:9).

Punishment:

Solitary Confinement.

Patrick,
British
soldier
speaking:

It had been three months since I'd been captured, along with several others from my platoon, and taken to the POW camp. Life was terrible. They worked the healthy ones like dogs until you fell ill. They would play propagandized speeches and music to demoralize our spirits, and shine blinding lights on our faces during the night. It was a very discouraging time for me, and the one thing that kept me going was the Bible.

When I was captured, they searched my entire gear, thinking we had information on the whereabouts of our base. The strange thing was that just before our departure from our base camp a few days earlier, I had transferred my Bible into my pants pocket. The Japanese searched me high and low, except for the pocket that contained my small Bible. I was puzzled at how they overlooked it, but then I realized it must have been the Lord's doing.

When I arrived at our new "camp" I was heavily beaten and interrogated, and I missed so-called "privileges" because I refused to inform them of the location of our base.

Now I was in solitary confinement; according to them I had done something terribly wrong. I had ripped out numerous pages from my Bible to pass out to others, and was caught doing so. I was accused of passing propaganda, but thankfully, they only thought I had passed it out to one person. They searched the few things I had, finding my Bible. So for that I was punished. I had now been in a dark cell for about five days, being served food only once a day. I was extremely discouraged and felt I had lost my strength. I didn't want to become like the poor men in the camp who gave up altogether, starving themselves or running into the no-go zones in order to be machine-gunned down by the

Charge:

Spreading Propaganda.

guards. I made up my mind that I would stick it out until I was freed.

After a few more days, discouragement overwhelmed me so intensely that I wanted to die. What was I to do? I had no Bible; the source of my strength was now gone. Then one day a thought occurred to me. How could I have not thought of it before?—Much of the Word I had read was stored in my heart. I was happily surprised that I not only remembered Psalm 1, 2 and 23, but many other verses. My spiritual strength was soon restored, as I spent most of my days going over the Word that I had learned.

I was finally released from that hole and brought back to a cell shared by others. It was cramped and conditions were bad, but I held on because of the Word that I remembered. I shared my source of encouragement with the other men and in turn they were also strengthened. We decided to write down these verses and give them to others, but how? Well, we knew where we could get the paper—our weekly toilet paper ration. The main problem was obtaining a pen. The next time I was interrogated, I mustered up the courage to ask for a pen; I told them I wanted to write my friends. But they refused, beating me for making such a request.

One day while working I came across a bit of charcoal, and the idea came that we could use it as a pencil. It worked and

we were able to pass on much needed encouragement to others. The other prisoners were so grateful and looked up to me as a sort of spiritual leader.

There was one instance when someone had escaped, and the whole place was in chaos. I looked to where the guards were normally standing, guarding the main gates, but they weren't there. Here was my chance to escape! If I acted quickly enough, I could get out without being spotted. But then I thought about my fellow inmates. What would they do without me? Sure they could manage, but they needed someone who could lead them. I decided I'd stay and tend to my flock, and continue to pass on the Scriptures I knew.

After staying in this camp for many more months, I died from a drug overdose. I was given a drug to test how my body would react, and the drug was so strong that it killed me.

In telling you my story, the thing I wanted to emphasize is to memorize, memorize, memorize.—Don't put it off! In the end this will be a source of great encouragement to you and others. You guys have far more Word than I had, so use it. You also have the gift of prophecy that will be a great help in the days of trouble. So get prepared for the days of war. Load your weapons and tune your radios to the Heavenly channel. Do it now while it is still day! God bless and cheerio!■

If the Lord can give you new, fresh, direct, living words--that will be just what you need at any time--wouldn't you be better off practicing your gift of prophecy than memorizing?

ANSWER:

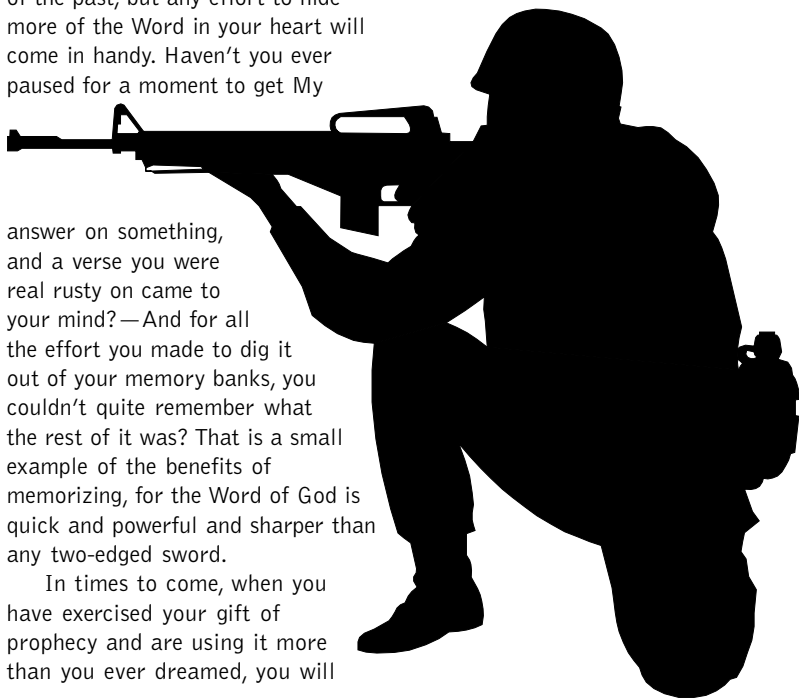
(Jesus speaking:) Many think that memorizing the Word is a thing of the past, but any effort to hide more of the Word in your heart will come in handy. Haven't you ever paused for a moment to get My

answer on something, and a verse you were real rusty on came to your mind?—And for all the effort you made to dig it out of your memory banks, you couldn't quite remember what the rest of it was? That is a small example of the benefits of memorizing, for the Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword.

In times to come, when you have exercised your gift of prophecy and are using it more than you ever dreamed, you will

be oh, so thankful for the Word that you stored in your heart through memorizing. That Word will emerge in those days, as a shield of faith from the doubts of the Enemy, when he tries to lie to you that what you're receiving in prophecy is too far out to be from Me. It is then that you will realize the benefits of memorizing. But don't realize too late! When your senses are so weak through fatigue or sickness or hunger, when you can scarcely shoot up a prayer to Me, it is at those times that My Word stored in your heart will clothe you, feed you, heal you and comfort you.

So learn to use My new weapon of prophecy, but also continue to store the Word in your heart. For in the dark days to come, the two-fold cord of My written Word and My living Word will be a strength unbreakable in your life. *(End of message from Jesus.)*



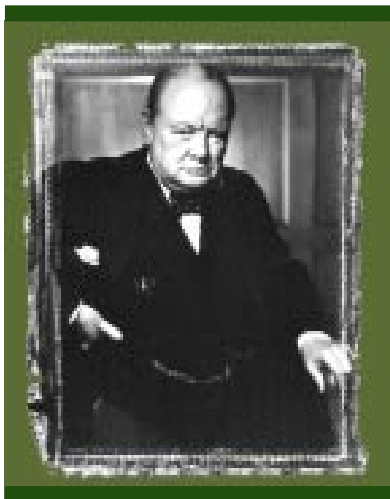
Unwounded

My name is Vanessa

And as a young girl growing up in England, I dreamed of being a nurse. The story of Florence Nightingale was my favorite. I daydreamed about wiping the sweaty brow of some unconscious soldier in a hospital bed, checking a chart, or pushing someone down a hospital hall in a wheelchair. It was honorable, a noble life, not to mention a romanticized one. I saw my dreams begin to materialize as I trained to be a nurse in my early twenties. I sometimes daydreamed that I would

find my dream man among the wounded in some hospital in wartime, and nurse him back to health while we fell in love.

It was during the early days of World War II that my life began to change dramatically. I heard on the radio that famous speech our prime minister, Winston Churchill, gave to all of England. My heart was pounding, and I knew that as the nation stood on the brink of victory or defeat, that I also stood on the brink. The fulfillment of my dreams lay before



Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill (1874—1965), British statesman and author who as prime minister (1940-45, 1951-55) rallied the British people during World War II and pursued a global war strategy in concert with President Franklin D. Roosevelt of the United States. He concluded one of his famous speeches to the House of Commons and the nation with the now well-known words: “We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our Island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender...”



me. This was what I had trained as a nurse for, and I was quickly deployed to an army hospital. There the men began to pour in, in ones and twos at first, but soon they were coming in non-stop, from morning till night.

I was a strong woman. The sight of blood had never made me feel faint, and I told myself that I could handle any sight. But in all of my training, I had never been prepared for this. Wars have been glorified in your time, more than in any other, through the medium of television. But they seldom show you the reality of it. In movies people either die or walk out virtually unscathed, as heroes. But the tragedy of war is that so many walk away alive. Yes, it was the blessed ones who died. Those who survived, but with a limb torn off or a section of their body burned and scarred irreparably, they were the ones who really died—because war slaughters men's spirits.

It's pure propaganda when they tell you that war is a noble, honorable thing, something that brave and fearless men do. War is a fool's pastime, and brave

men are all but ruined by being made to prove their bravery by slaughtering other people.

I saw things in that army hospital that were forever imprinted on my mind, never to be erased or forgotten in my earth-life. At night I would weep, my whole body wracked with sobs for the injustice and the cruelty of war. Many of the men who were wounded would ramble on about the futility of trying to kill other people to gain something. They spoke of the wives and children of their enemies with pity, saying that no man of any religion or political leaning ever deserved to suffer the atrocities of war. Of course, once they had been scathed by the fire of war, they were labeled as shell-shocked or mad or worse, and nobody listened to them. They were simply replaced by fresh new troops who hadn't seen the truth for themselves.

Pretty soon I became so numb to the horrors I had to witness day after day that I felt like a walking dead person. I couldn't respond anymore, with either joy or sadness, love or





hate. I was helpless to give these men what that frightened, wild look in their eyes was begging for: some kind of answer to the madness and hell on earth they had been forced to partake of. The hours of extracting shrapnel from the flesh of wounded men, or stitching up wide lacerations, or bandaging burns oozing with pus, or holding down some man who was delirious with fever and in danger of harming himself—it all got to me.

No one is strong enough to withstand the horrors of war, because it's an environment that God never meant for humans to endure. I wanted to end my life on this planet, a life that did not seem worth living because of the futility and madness of war. All that kept me going was knowing that these men needed me. Every doctor and nurse was stretched way beyond his or her capabilities, and sheer necessity alone made my limbs move when I woke each morning.

Well, after the war I lived a normal life on the surface, but in my heart something of the

joy of living had died forever. Although I was still young, I felt like an old woman inside. Old because I couldn't laugh spontaneously any more. Old because I could not forget the sights that haunted my every waking and sleeping hour. I lived a long life and died a natural death.

When I crossed over and met Jesus face to face, His gentleness overwhelmed me. My life had been defined and shaped by the horrors of war, and as a result I had pictured God as a war-loving Deity. After all, hadn't I been fighting for God and my country?

My Savior's tenderness made me weep uncontrollably, and He wept with me as we relived my nightmarish memories together. This was part of my healing process, and can be compared to the way that a surgeon must sometimes cause pain to the patient in order to remove a bullet from his wound. It was painful, but Jesus was with me, and I understood that it was for my healing. With each and every memory, I not only experienced my emotions at the time, but I

also experienced the depth of His remorse and sadness that men suffered so at the power of bloodthirsty moguls.

Experiencing His thoughts was just what I needed to help me to realize that these war games on Earth—these cruel games that brought beautiful, strong and whole men to the battlefield, and then churned them out the other end as if through a meat mincer—were not of Him. He hates war almost more than anything. His anger is righteous and just, and every knee shall bow before Him when He returns, contrasting the anger that men demonstrate through war, which is from the pits of Hell itself. I experienced His anger as well, and it helped to heal my heart almost as much as experiencing His sorrow did. I knew then the power of His majesty, and I was given a vision of the way in which He would return in the End, instigating a righteous war to end all wars, and my healing process was complete. His tears mingled with mine had washed over my heart—a heart so black and scarred and calloused and

numb as to seem like nothing more than a lump of lead—and that heart was transformed. I was born as a new creature into Heaven. I learned to laugh as a child again, to enjoy God's creation, and to love.

So listen now and listen good, you strong young men and women of David, for I will say this but once. You will be faced with a test of your bravery at some time in your life, but it will have nothing to do with whether you have the so-called guts to fire a gun at a supposed enemy. No, your test will be based upon your ability to apply the verse, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord" (Zec.4:6b). You will be tested with a decision of whether to resolve some problem or conflict in the arm of the flesh, as the Enemy would have you resolve it, or to resolve it through the Holy Spirit, by leaning on the power of your King, a Man whose bravery and strength is unmatched in the universe. The decision will be yours. For some this test will come more than once, but be assured that it will come. Pray that you be prepared to meet it. ■



Punishment: Solitary Confinement.

Charge: Spreading Propaganda.

He was stripped of his one precious possession and thrust into a dark hole. Patrick emerged with a message for you.

13

Unwounded
Casualty

Find out from a nurse why those who died were the blessed ones.

16

During World
War II

He had a split-second to decide whether he would embrace that grenade or split.

2

The Young
Crusader

His mother prophesied his untimely death, but first he did something unthinkable.

4

Cover by Rain.

Suggested reading age for this publication is JETTs and up. Parents or shepherds may read with or allow portions to be read by younger ages, at their discretion.

If you have suggestions for *linkUP* topics, or contributions to the mag, please send them via the *Grapevine* e-mail or postal address.

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LinkUP¹⁰



(For Shaline:) What are some of the skills you can learn in Heaven that you can't learn here on Earth?
(For Angelo:) What sorts of responsibilities do people have in Heaven?

Shaline: I'm one of those people who are just never satisfied with what they know. I don't mean that in a bad way at all—I'm very happy, but I always want to learn more! To me, discovering and learning is one of the greatest joys in the universe—and up Here the options and fields of study are so vast and innumerable!

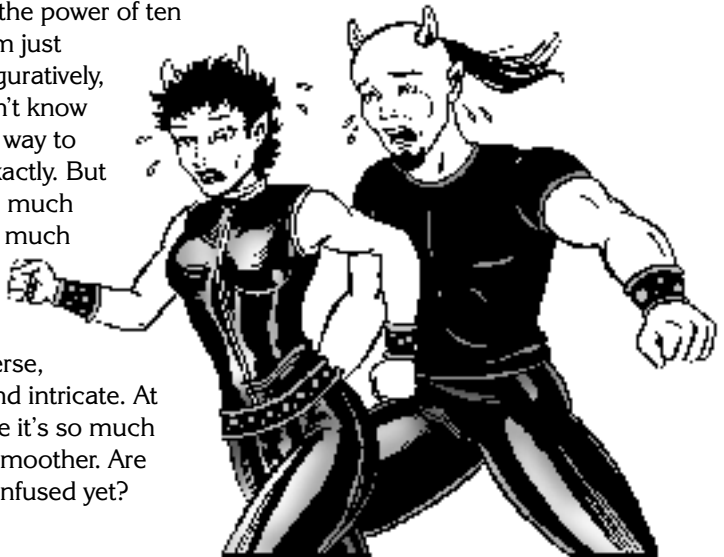
I was born to earthly parents, and passed on to the next life when I was three years old. I hadn't had a chance to study much on Earth, although I had learned a lot, but even that short time taught me much about the difference between life on Earth and life Here.

I guess you could say life is multiplied to the power of ten Here. Well, I'm just saying that figuratively, because I don't know that there's a way to calculate it exactly. But all of life is so much more real, so much more alive, so much more complex, diverse, fascinating and intricate. At the same time it's so much simpler and smoother. Are you totally confused yet? (Laughing.)

Angelo: My name is Angelo de Firenco. It seems I was just born yesterday, but I've really been around for quite some time. Still, I'm pretty young compared to all those Here who have been around for centuries already.

We do many things Here in Heaven. Well, to start off, there isn't really a difference between us young ones and the older ones. It is the ultimate "merging of generations," as you call it there. We work hand in hand, and since there is no time in Heaven, as you know it, there also is no age label after a person has reached a certain level of growth. There is only experience, and those who you might call older are simply more experienced in serving the Lord.

(Editor's note: Look for the rest of Shaline's and Angelo's interviews throughout this linkUP.)

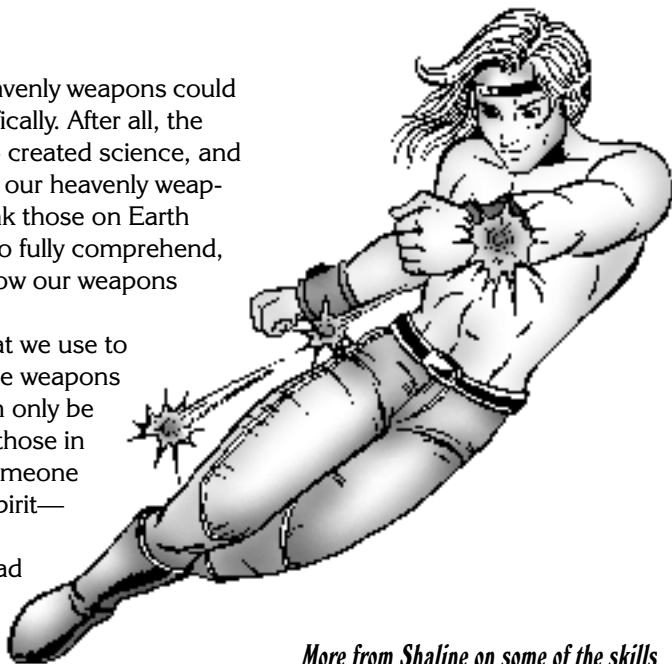


Spirit Being: Yes, heavenly weapons could be explained scientifically. After all, the Lord's the One Who created science, and He's the designer of our heavenly weaponry. But I don't think those on Earth would ever be able to fully comprehend, even scientifically, how our weapons work.

The weapons that we use to defeat the Enemy are weapons of the spirit, and can only be fully understood by those in the spirit world. If someone were deeply in the spirit—either with the good spirits, or with the bad spirits—maybe it would be possible for them to discover some secrets. But the Lord wouldn't let them.

The Lord is in full control, and He wouldn't let the world get ahold of such high technology. Look what people are doing today with all of the knowledge they already have. They wouldn't be able to keep from blowing the whole world to pieces if they were allowed to run their course! So imagine what it would be like if they had even more knowledge.

The Enemy has weapons, but his are insignificant compared to the weapons employed by our army, the Lord's Army. The Enemy tries to hinder and stop us, but when it comes down to hand-to-hand combat, we have top-of-the-line weapons. Even our little laser beams send the demons screaming back to Hell. ◆



More from Shaline on some of the skills you can learn in Heaven.

My majors right now are the forms of warfare and weaponry of the spirit. Weaponry study is very interesting. I'm learning all about the way weapons are designed, used, maintained, upgraded, handled, and so on.

I'm hoping to be a participant in the Battle of Armageddon,

God willing. Many, many people will be, and they don't all have to study for it.—You'll all get a short crash course when it's time for you to ride and participate. But I want to help operate some of the large equipment, and for that I have to study and learn.

Q: Can heavenly weapons be explained scientifically? If man's civilization were to go on for long enough, would he discover them?

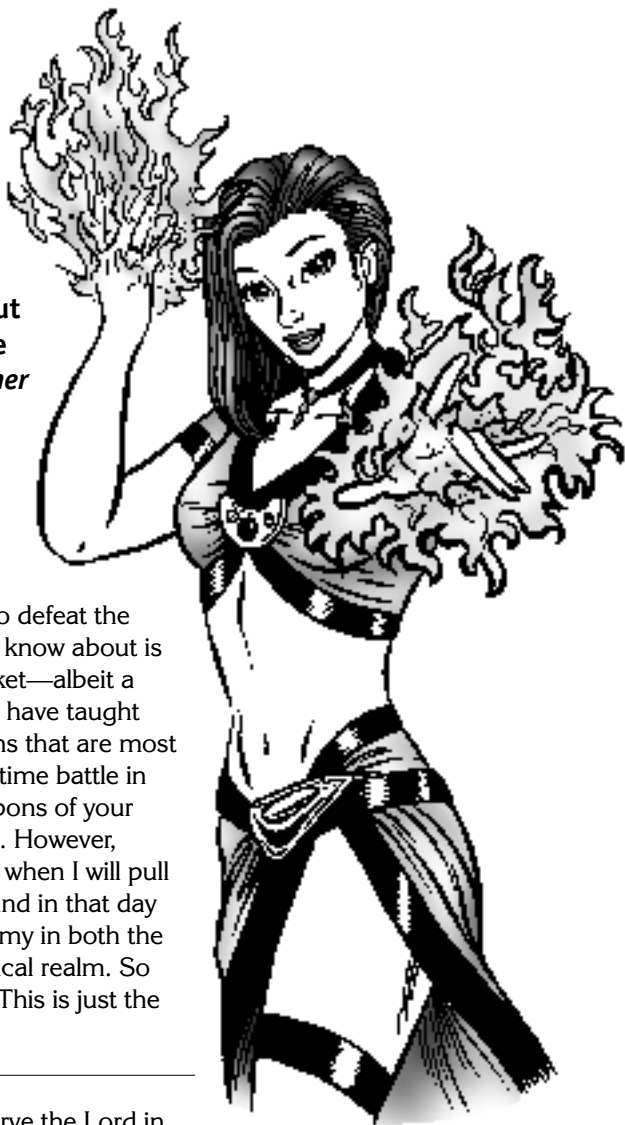
“Tell me more.”

Q We know about the heavenly weapons of praise, prophecy, loving Jesus, and so on, but it looks like Shaline is talking about *other* kinds of spiritual weapons. Can you explain this?

(Jesus:) I have designed so many weapons with which to defeat the Enemy, and what you know about is but a drop in the bucket—albeit a very important drop! I have taught you about the weapons that are most essential for your Endtime battle in the spirit, for the weapons of your warfare are not carnal. However, there is coming a day when I will pull out *all* My big guns, and in that day we will defeat the Enemy in both the spiritual and the physical realm. So hold on to your hats! This is just the beginning.

Kim: It's an honor to serve the Lord in any capacity in Heaven, but assisting people on Earth is the hottest thing going, because just about every corner of Heaven is abuzz with activity and excitement to do with this time period on Earth. The Lord has called an “all hands on deck” like never before in Heaven, because there are so many little cogs in the great machinery of His will that have to be in the right place and position for this last great showdown with the Evil One.

To be sure, the former earthlings the Lord keeps the closest to Him—as He carries on His wonderful work of running the universe—are those who have been the most yielded to Him while on Earth. ◆



Jesus, speaking to a young person: Although there is magic at your fingertips, and you can just wave a wand and do this or that, much of the time people enjoy doing things, exerting energy, and cultivating their

Some people are very good at filtering the energy of their mind in special ways to create things.

skills. Once you arrive Here, your mind is opened. But that's only the beginning. Then it's up to you how you want to cultivate it, what skills you want to hone, what powers and energies you want to learn to use. Some people are very good at filtering the energy of their mind in special ways to create things.

What you learn on Earth

Although there is magic at your fingertips, and you can just wave a wand and do this or that, much of the time people enjoy doing things, exerting energy, and cultivating their skills.

is really, truly going to be useful up Here. If you have a burden to take on a task, a mission, some sort of project, well, you just put in your request and get your team together and go and do it! Or if I have a plan for something, some special mission either on Earth or out in space somewhere, or in the Heavenly City itself, well, I can call on those I think are best suited for the job, or someone who I know would really like to do it. And since I know all the desires of everyone's heart, it's easy for Me to work things out the way people would like them!

That's why it's important to invest in your life down there, to get the most out of it, to put the most into it. I know that there's so much you want to do, and even so much you're going to want to do. I'm going to help you invest in your earth-life as much as you can and really get in there with your whole heart, because I know it means so much to you. ♦

“Tell me more.”

Q **It bothers me when I see so much evil in the world, and it seems like the evil people are getting away with so much. Why aren't they punished more on this Earth?**

(Jesus:) The Battle of Armageddon will be the final stand between good and evil. My Spirit will go throughout the whole Earth, dividing the wheat from the chaff, and only those who have blatantly rejected My Spirit will be destroyed in that awesome battle.

Yet in My great mercy and for the purpose of fulfilling My plan, evil men are allowed to run their course till that day, both for the sake of the majesty of choice, and so that should any repent, they might yet be saved. But the sand is running through the hourglass and is almost gone.



When we get to Heaven can we have any talent we want, or is it still kind of like on Earth, in that different people have different talents and it's up to God who gets what?

Elaine: Heaven is a place where all of your dreams come true. Heaven is the ultimate! Heaven is utopia! Heaven is a place where you can learn and grow rapidly. Heaven is a place where you are no longer bound by physical restrictions and limitations. Heaven is a place where you can shoot for the stars and actually reach them.

Heaven is a place where your horizons are expanded. Heaven is a place where the impossible can become possible, where imagination can turn into reality, where wishes come true. Heaven is a place where you

will ride waves of excitement that you've never before thought possible. Heaven is a place where you can live on the wild side and turn your impossible dreams into living wonders.

When I was on Earth I wanted to be a dancer—a well-versed dancer. I wanted to be able to learn everything about dancing there was to know. I wanted to be proficient in contemporary, jazz, ballroom and the works.

Heaven is a place where you will ride waves of excitement that you've never before thought possible. Heaven is a place where you can live on the wild side and turn your impossible dreams into living wonders.

My dreams never became a reality while on Earth because I died of food poisoning at the age of 11. That was five years ago now, by Earth time.

But Here I'm able to learn everything that I always wanted to learn, in record time. To achieve my goal of being a professional dancer on Earth would have taken me a lifetime of hard work, practice and study, but Here it's so much easier. Plus, dancing is limitless up Here.—There's just so much to learn. I'm already pretty well versed in all of the basics, and am learning more all the time.

Of course, this doesn't take up a whole lot of my time; I just fit in a bit here and a bit there. My main job is taking care of children. I help to take care of the children who were aborted in the womb by their parents on Earth. They come back up Here and we help to care for them and love them. Don't worry, none of them even remember their time on Earth or how they passed away. Nevertheless they don't have parents here, so it is our privilege and our joy to be parents to them. I'm just learning all of the ins and outs of this, and am basically a helper, but it's very rewarding and very fulfilling. I'm already starting to teach some of my dancing skills to the little girls, and they love it.

If on Earth you have two left feet and you can't dance

they've got what
can't dance for peanuts?

When I
was on
Earth
I
wanted
to

be a
dancer.



for peanuts and have given up all hope of ever trying, find comfort in the fact that you'll be able to pursue this dream when you get to Heaven. The same goes for playing a musical instrument, singing, being able to draw, as well as building and creating things.

Of course, in Heaven everyone is still different, so there are those who are exceptionally gifted in singing,

art, dancing, playing certain instruments, and so on. We're all still individuals, and that's what makes us special. But you can cultivate certain skills when you get Here—even skills that you just didn't have the talent for while on Earth.

In Heaven everything isn't just handed to you; you still have to make an effort to learn and grow, but it is much easier. You don't have to spend nearly as long learning something. Things go pretty fast, and you can absorb knowledge quickly.

And besides all of the skills like music, art, dancing, writing, singing, acting and comedy, there is so much more to learn in Heaven. You can study heavenly architecture and construction, heavenly light, communications, heavenly travel—including space-ships and flying saucers, and much more.

Heaven's full of surprises! There are wonders galore in store for those who love the Lord. So don't give up in despair if you don't have it all now. Earth's not the end; it's barely the beginning. There's so much more ahead—so many thrills, so many skills, so much knowledge, and eternity to learn all that you want. ♦

Philippe (14-year-old departed teen): Submission and yieldedness

are the greatest virtues that you can learn. This is what the Lord is pleased with: the yielded spirit, the humble spirit—and your life on Earth is all about learning the lessons of love and humility.

Philippe was 14 when he died of cancer. (See Prayer List 40.) He went to be with the Lord on Christmas Eve in 1996. His parents are Luke and Joy.

(Message from Philippe, talking to a loved one about the day he went to be with the Lord, and the first party he attended in Heaven:) In my hospital bed, I was listening to the tape *When You Need Him Most*, and it gave me the longing to be with Jesus. I'd never experienced that feeling of longing for Him before.

You know me, I was foolish at times, you know, wanting

to play games, and just kind of goof off, which is OK sometimes, but I was certainly not into wanting to have Jesus as my friend. I didn't really want to spend the time sitting down and reading, and all that stuff like we used to do together. I know you could tell I wasn't so into it, remember? Well, that's all different now, having met Jesus. Wow, I'm so different, I see things so differently up Here. I am learning so much, and so quickly!

About the Christmas party: It was such a blast; I danced so much. I was given special attention and praise because it was also my graduation party to the heavenlies. I was showered with songs of thanksgiving, wreaths of blue roses (like I wanted on my grave, ha) and all kinds of other beautiful presents from Jesus, and the others who were on the welcoming committee. I was given so much love and care. These cute little angels that were ordained to encourage newcomers' hearts gave the gifts.

I also saw my very own "video," so to speak, ha, clips of deeds that I did while on the Earth that were for others. Of course, my clip wasn't so very long because my life was so short on Earth, but it was encouraging to see that the Lord did use me in some ways. I sometimes feel bad that I didn't do more, but Jesus told me not to worry and that He loves me so much. ◆

I can tell you what I do, would you like that?

I keep a set of horses especially for the Archangel Michael's messages and messengers. That is my main ministry—to make sure that they are always ready and strong and prepared for battle. That's my job Here, and though it seems pretty small, it is very important. I make it possible for all his messengers to fly swiftly on the wings of these two gorgeous steeds. One's name is Maxi and the other Infinity. They are some of my best friends as well. They can talk and we carry on

Mike: No matter who you are and what your interests are, there's something thrilling for everyone in Heaven. And not just one thing—there are countless things that will be of interest to each of you. The funny thing is, there are a lot of things up Here that I can't explain to you, simply because they're outside the limits of your mental capacity. You can't even understand them, because there's never been anything like it on Earth.

Just when you think you know all about even just *one* aspect of Heaven, you suddenly discover something new and fascinating. It's one of the Lord's rewards to those who love and give their hearts to Him.

The Lord loves it when we learn new things, especially when those things further His work and our fruitfulness for Him. He's the One Who created our minds and the natural curiosity we have to learn about something new. Isn't He great?

There's no limit to what you can discover in Heaven. Just when you think you know all about even just *one* aspect of Heaven, you

More from Angelo on responsibilities in Heaven.

long conversations about their missions and where they have traveled.

Unlike many others, I have never been to Earth. I have never had the honor of walking in flesh on the Earth and sharing in all the lessons and mighty works you get to partake of. I was created with certain gifts and talents and then given a choice of what area of Heaven I would like to work in. I chose this and have never looked back.

I myself frequent the libraries of Heaven quite often.

suddenly discover something new and fascinating. It's one of the Lord's rewards to those who love and give their hearts to Him. There are certain levels of privilege in Heaven as well, and the more faithful you are on Earth, the more access you have to the deep and fascinating mysteries and discoveries that Heaven has to offer.

I'd like to tell you a bit about libraries in Heaven, because I know how much some of you like to read a good book. I'll tell you what, the best books are all up Here, and you're going to have eternity to browse them! I myself frequent the libraries of



Heaven quite often. I'll try my best to describe one particular library to you. This one happens to be my favorite.

First of all, the building: You have to work hard to block out the

image of Earth libraries, in which the air is often stuffy and the chairs not very comfortable. Your libraries are very closed in and it's a pity, because relaxing in nature and reading a book go so well together. To start with, there aren't any of what you would call walls. Large pillars hold up the building.

Surrounding the library are great oaks and other trees, which spread their branches and leaves over the beautiful lawns surrounding the library.

Here the buildings and trees coexist harmoniously. In this particular library there is a very large tree right in the center, which spreads its branches in a beautiful circle, providing a delightful high ceiling.

Lovely vines climb up

the pillars. There are no bare and cold surfaces; everything is delightfully warm and comfortable. The bookshelves have vines growing on their ends. The shelves are arranged like

the spokes of a wheel, branching out from the center where the great tree is. There is ample space between each shelf for comfortable armchairs that you can sink into, with footrests. Couches and armchairs are also positioned all around the tree in the middle, and that area is like a large living room. Placed by

every couch are small tables on which sit trays of delicious snacks and drinks, in case you are in the mood to eat as you read.

That's just the setting; the books are a whole marvel in themselves. Forget the notion of dusty pages with stationary text on them. Each book is *living*. There's no other way to describe it. Whether you're reading for work or for pleasure, it's pure joy. Illustrations are glowing with color, and moving. Touch a word that you don't understand and the definition will appear before you. Each book is programmed with information about similar books, in case you're interested. If the book is one that was written by an author on Earth, there is always a special heavenly

Placed by every couch are small tables on which sit trays of delicious snacks and drinks, in case you are in the mood to eat as you read.

Reality Here is a lot more exciting.

“Tell me more.”

Q Are there really only two horses to carry the messengers of the Archangel? That doesn't seem so realistic.

(Jesus:) In fact, it is realistic, if you judge reality by Heaven's standard—a reality in which anything is possible. These horses are mighty steeds, full of energy to perform the bidding of their master. And performing their duties in a world not bound by time, they are well able to do all that needs to be done.

message about it, showing the Lord's perspective.

As far as the subjects you might be interested in looking up: There is the section on the life of Jesus, where you get to read all the details of His life as a child and then on up through adolescence and adulthood. The Bible contains only a drop of what the Lord said and did and experienced. You have a choice to either read the books about His life, or if you prefer, you can step into special rooms in

Forget the notion of dusty pages with stationary text on them. Each book is *living*. There's no other way to describe it.

the library and watch a 3D movie of the actual events,

where you feel as if you're actually there, experiencing the heat and cold, and the emotions

of each situation. It's pretty far-out.

The same goes for each person and period of history mentioned in the Bible. You can read or experience the reign of Queen Esther, or the building of the Ark, or the

slaying of Goliath. There are books about the Lord's modern-day children, all the way from His children and prophets in the middle ages through to the 21st century.

A neat side-feature with these 3D movies is that you can press a button to see not only the humans in each situation, but also Heaven's angels and spirit helpers, and the evil angels at work. Using this option provides fascinating insight into the workings of the spirit world with the natural world. It's really amazing. We spirit helpers use that feature a lot, as we learn from seasoned spirit helpers of the past, how they followed the Lord's



voice and influenced their earthlings for good, and what methods worked the best.

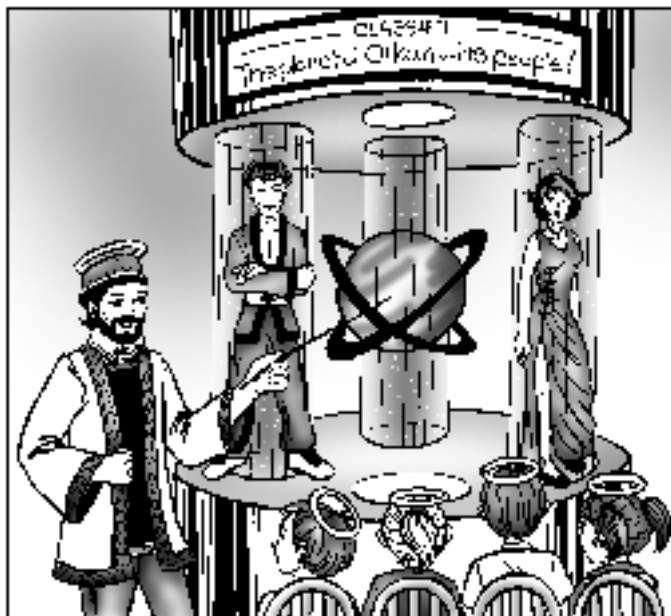
There's another section that contains the truth of the history of the world, unwarped by man's judgment and deceptions. You can view each period of world history, watching the effects of man's inventions and progress in each area of the world during each era. This will help you to better understand the Lord's plan, as well as the influence that Satan had on each world empire.

There is so much you can delve into: sections about other planets and civilizations the Lord has set up, sections about

inventions, including inventions not yet discovered by man!

There is a section about

angels, all about how they are ordained to operate, the many forms they can take on, their functions, the



More from **Shaline**
on some of the skills
YOU can learn in
Heaven.

Before I started my weaponry and power studies, I was in the transportation ministry. Oh, that one was fascinating—and I could have progressed through many more levels of learning! But I just wanted to learn the basics and then move on to the weaponry study so that I could be qualified to serve the Lord in the Battle of Armageddon in a special way. Of course, there's spiritual preparation that goes with that, and much of my study is deeply spiritual. It's just fascinating, but it would take much too much of your time if I tried to explain it. Just wait till you get Here—where there is no time! What freedom!

More from **Angelo**
on
responsibilities in

I have a friend, James, **Heaven.**
who works at the saucer pad. He keeps track of where various heavenly vehicles are and who has them out from that station. There are many landing pads for these vehicles, but he is in charge of one in particular. There are people who take care of our King's fiery chariot, like the one that Isaiah saw, described in the Bible. I'm sure that's a fun job too.

history of the fall of one third of the angels, the power that angels have, as well as all about the “human” side of angels—how they made love to the daughters of men and produced giants at one point, and so on!

There’s a family tree [genealogy] section, in

which you can go backwards and discover exactly where your flesh family came from. There’s a

section in which you can learn about each mystery

man stumbled upon, and discover the truth behind the myths. There are art sections, music sections, architecture sections, and on and on and on the list goes. There

are also sections of fictional stories, but frankly, with so many real, live stories about love and life through the

ages to delve into, I haven’t spent much time at all with fiction. Reality Here is a lot more exciting.

Well guys, I hope that inspires you, and helps you be able to imagine a little better what the libraries in Heaven will be like. You don’t have as much time to get into books on Earth, because time is short and there’s a war to be won, but don’t worry, I guarantee that every one of you fellow bookworms down there is going to have a special library set up in your own mansion. That should keep you very busy when you get Here, if you so desire. ♦

You don’t have as much time to get into books on Earth, because time is short and there’s a war to be won, but don’t worry, I guarantee that every one of you fellow bookworms down there is going to have a special library set up in your own mansion.

There are those who have been on Earth and whose ministry it is to help and minister to those in their care on Earth—guardian angels, spirit helpers, ministering spirits. They each have their assigned mortal, and they take care of him or her.

There is also the Heavenly Army, which is comprised of thousands of strong warriors, both young and old. It is a special privilege to be chosen as a heavenly warrior.

Then we have administrative people, too. It takes a lot of work to keep track of who’s on what assignment and where. We even have a communications department that handles all the heavenly messages between our away teams.

More from Angelo on responsibilities in Heaven.

The Lord is really sweet to me. Because I like to learn so much, He hasn’t had me choose a permanent field of ministry. Some people like to do that—just stick to one thing for quite a while, and they become real professionals. But because I like so much variety, and I enjoy the training and the learning just as much as performing the ministry, I get to learn on the job and bounce around a lot. I’m an assistant in many different fields of ministry, and I really enjoy the variety and change of it all. I’ll probably eventually find something to stick with for a substantial period, but I’ll always be moving and changing somewhat, I think.

More from Shaline on some of the skills you can learn in Heaven.

Philippe (14-year-old departed teen): Your life stories are being written as you grow down on Earth. They're being privately recorded, and only you or others assigned to you are allowed to view your life story, so they can see the choices you made—the right ones and the wrong ones. It's confidential, only for the spirit helpers who need to know about you in order to help you.

Along with these life stories are running commentaries. Angelic voices speak, stating different lessons in the spirit, revealing the way God's mind works, and how He looked at different situations—super contrary to the way you or I might have viewed things. ◆

mansions

Leo: We can embed whatever we want into our floors or walls. We can embed fresh roses or any kind of flower or vine into our crystal walls or floors. With the special techniques that the Lord has given us, they'll stay alive and fresh and fragrant forever.

We make

crystal floors that cover precious jewels. As you look down you see water and jewels that change and move all the time. Some mansions have enormous aquariums, either as walls or in the center. If the mansion is two stories high, you can see all of the coral and the beautiful fish through the glass when you're downstairs, and when you're upstairs you can sit beside the water, just like a beautiful, natural pool. You can even dive in if you want to.

Then we embed strands of gold into ornate wood and make all kinds of fun things. It's just limitless what you can do up Here. The Lord created Heaven but there are so many fun things that we can create. It takes a bit of learning to get the techniques down, but then you can experiment and have a blast designing new things.

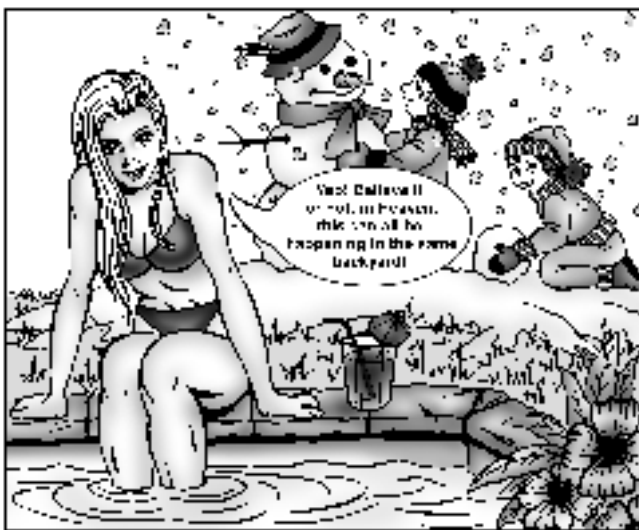
Special care is taken to make sure everyone has a comfy bed, too. We have airbeds, waterbeds, and cushioned beds, cloud beds and beds sort of like what you're used to on Earth. Here you never have to worry about having a bad sleep; the mattresses fit your form perfectly, making for sheer comfort. ◆

*More from **Shaline**
on some of the **skills**
you can learn in
Heaven.*

There are studies in creation—how things are created—and the Lord enjoys help in that ministry. Of course, it would be easy for Him to do it all, but because He made it all for us in the first place, He enjoys having people there who like to help and work with Him—creating anything imaginable for the purpose of love and good. It's a beautiful field of work.

Spirit being: There's beautiful snow in Heaven. Snow in Heaven is even more outstanding than the snow on Earth; it's so much better. On Earth, snow melts and everything gets slushy and muddy, but in Heaven you don't have those problems.

Our snow is light, fluffy and white, and when it rests in great quantities upon some mountainous landscape, it looks simply majestic. It doesn't melt and turn to water, unless you want it to. In Heaven when we refer to snow melting, we're usually referring to how it disappears. Snow has a beautiful smell, too, and it's easy to construct snow castles or snowmen.



You can also choose to see the intricacy of each snowflake as it falls, as with our heavenly eyes it's possible to see each design. Every flake is unique and special, and they're all so artfully created by the Master of snowflakes Himself. Some people Here even have snowflakes decorating their rooms.

You can simulate your own climate too, if you want. The temperature of Heaven is perfect, but if you want to experience rain or the tropical sun, or some other type of climate that you enjoyed on Earth, it's possible. Everything is possible in Heaven.

Q: Wouldn't simulating snow also mean simulating your climate? After all, it's not going to snow in perfect weather, is it?

Spirit being: Actually, in Heaven, it does snow in perfect weather, because it doesn't have to be cold and wet and freezing and dark. Imagine the wonder of seeing snow fall on a warm sunny day, and on to bright green grass? So simulate is the correct word, since one person might simulate snow to fall in a tropical climate—funny as that may seem—while yet another person would simulate snow to fall in a colder climate, perhaps like they remembered it on Earth. ♦

Q: Is there snow in Heaven? Can you simulate your own climate?

“Tell me more.”



Once you get to Heaven, is your guardian angel still assigned to you? Or after you've been there for hundreds, thousands of years, do you still need that angel's help as much? Or is he or she reassigned?

Spirit being: Every case is different. Usually when you first arrive in Heaven, your guardian angel sticks around with you for awhile to make sure that you settle in easily and have everything that you need. He or she helps you get accustomed to Heaven and all that it has to offer.

Sometimes you'll end up working together with your guardian angel on a special assignment. Some people ask the Lord if their

You'll have a special connection and friendship with each other that will last forever.

guardians can go and help others, like their loved ones still on Earth. Other times they're just reassigned.

You have a very special link with your guardian angel, and when you get to Heaven you realize how close you really were. Chances are you'll discover you're like your guardian angel in more ways than one, and you'll learn

*More from **Shaline** on some of the skills you can learn in Heaven.*

There's the skill of communication.—That's a vast and complex one, involving not only communication between us Here, but with you there, and with other worlds, as well as with the Kingdom of Darkness.

There is the communication skill of love, which is very personal and important. Then there's the more technical side of things—the modes and means, and different carriers of communications.

It's always a special thing when you first meet your guardian angel face to face.

that he or she had a big influence on many areas of your life.

It's always a special thing when you first meet your guardian angel face to face—even if you are one of the few who has seen yours on Earth. You'll have a special connection and friendship with each other that will last forever. So no matter what happens, or where he or she goes, or where you go, you'll always be close. ♦

*More from **Angelo** on responsibilities in*

There is a prayer **Heaven.**

department, which sees to it that all the prayers are answered. This department keeps the Lord and the people responsible informed of the progress of each prayer and what is happening with it.

Q If you leave loved ones behind on Earth
 when you die, are you able to visit them or
 be their spirit helper?

Dad: If you really want to help someone out when you get up Here, then the Lord usually allows you to, so that the dreams of both of you can be fulfilled. The Lord often grants that request when He knows it's good for both of you.

back and care for them.

I'm not the Michelangelo you think of there on Earth, although I have met him. I have a wife and two kids with me in Heaven. One of the kids' names is Sandra, and the other we haven't yet chosen a name for because she isn't born yet. But we're working on it.

Michelangelo: As Dad said above, the answer is yes. You can, but each situation is different. Say, for example, you were really good friends, or it's your father or mother or son or daughter—maybe the Lord would allow you to come

I watch over a couple in South Africa who I knew as a young boy. They took me in and were kind to me and fed me and were there with me when I was hit by the car that sent me Home. They really loved me and I had come to really love them too, so watching over them was one of my only requests when I got up Here. And the Lord granted it. I am so thankful for the opportunity to help them and to see them grow and to watch over their family as they watched over me so lovingly. ♦



“Tell me more.”

Q Why would those in Heaven want to communicate with the Kingdom of Darkness?

Spirit being: The Kingdom of Darkness—while allowed to operate at the present time—is still subject to the King of the Kingdom of Light. Therefore it is necessary for God to communicate, for He is the one who sets the boundaries. He makes the rules of the game, not Satan, and Satan must always keep a channel open to His instructions—something he hates doing, but then he has no choice in the matter. There are not a great many with the strength and the skill to communicate effectively with the Kingdom of Darkness.—One must be extensively trained and spiritually prepared to assist the King in this way, and it is not a ministry that many care for.



What is it like to communicate via mental telepathy in the spirit? Can others always read your thoughts, or can you hide your thoughts from others when you don't want them to know what you're thinking? Can you read others' minds without them knowing you're doing so? If so, how, and under what circumstances?

Spirit being: In the spirit, as you say, many of the problems with communicating that you guys encounter simply don't exist. There are no misunderstandings, as when you communicate, you communicate with much more than just words. You communicate your emotions and feelings at the same time.

This is part of the wonder of what you folks think of as "mental telepathy," or the ability to read another's mind, or project your thoughts into their mind without any method discernable to your human senses.

As far as others being able to read your mind when you don't want them to, well, we still have privacy—although, as there on Earth, the Lord always knows the thoughts and intents of our hearts. And if someone really wants to know, and the Lord deems it necessary, He can tell him or her about what someone else is feeling or going through.

Of course, up Here we don't normally have things to hide from each other, so that isn't really a problem. But there are things that are just between you and the Lord, so it's not like all your thoughts are broadcasting to everybody all the time.

But most of the time, at least with your immediate acquaintances and close friends, you have a constant open line of communication, whereby you're aware of each other's actions, feelings, plans and intentions—and you're able to enjoy them together.

“Tell me more.”

Jesus: There will be times when you arrive in Heaven, when you will not be able to get through to someone else in Heaven, because he or she is concentrating fully on some pressing matter at hand, or are taking quiet, undisturbed time with Me. But even at those times, the feeling will not be that you are being ignored, but it will just be understood that you should try later and will reach him or her that time. There will even be a way for you to leave heavenly messages for one another.

Indeed, My communications system is so much better and more efficient, easier to use and error free, compared with the cheap imitations that you have now in the form of telephones, modems, mail, and so on. Even though you can't understand fully how things will work in Heaven, I promise that you will be happy with them, and that you will have lots of communication with your dear mates and loves, co-workers and friends, and with Me most of all! ♦

Michelangelo (23-year-old spirit helper):

There are some pretty strict rules in place about appearing to folks on Earth or having too much physical interaction with them. We don't cross those boundaries except on the very rare occasions when it is needed or

when the Lord orders it. But in general we stick to influencing your thoughts and speaking to your heart.

One area where we have a lot more freedom is in your dreams. There we can appear to you, talk to you, have fun together, make love, cuddle, laugh, and so on. This is a special area the Lord has given us so that we can have interactions with those we love so dearly on Earth. In your dreams He lets us have just about any sort of interaction, partially because it is only your spirit and not your carnal mind involved, so you are better able to understand or handle our presence. ♦

More from Angelo on responsibilities in Heaven.

There is the design and architecture department. Now that is a lively spot to be in. They design everything imaginable—literally! They design mansions, parks, trees, snowflakes, sunsets, saucers, Northern Lights—you name it. They design it all and they work directly under the heavenly court where God presides. It is a very high calling, as they are putting God's very thoughts into reality. They have to be super in-tune with Him, and listening very carefully to make sure they get everything just right.



Q Does this apply to us here on Earth trying to communicate with people in Heaven? Are there times that they are not available?

“Tell me more.”
talking brains continued...

Jesus: The Prince of the Power of the Air fights communication between the heavenly realm and My children on Earth, and this is why it is sometimes a battle. Sometimes for reasons unknown to you, a certain spirit helper is unavailable or unable to come when you ask for him or her. But those cases are more rare, for I have arranged it that you may speak to whomever you will of My children on This Side, and if it is My will then you needn't worry that he or she might be “unavailable.”

In this realm of no time, anyone can be available at any time. It is just a matter of your desperation to pull down whatever we have for you.

What, if any, are the trials or things that you go through when you first arrive in Heaven?

Anaik: When folks first arrive Here it often takes a bit of time for them to fully shed the weights of the earthly life; we call it the “after battle blues.” Sometimes it seems that the things of the world stick to you a bit, and you have to be washed and renewed and purified by the Lord’s Words. People who were saved but then later in life committed great crimes, like dear Nixon and others, have a longer time of adjustment, needless to say.

Children have a very short time of adjustment. Many are so innocent that they hardly remember what they went through on Earth. They

come in and most drop all their weights within a few hours. With babies it is instantaneous, and they are cleansed right away. Some kids who have had a rough childhood take a bit longer to overcome their Earth life, and settle back in to their Home. It’s like they have been away from Home for so long that they have forgotten how it all was.

That’s my job. I work with kids who come from rough backgrounds, like street kids. Just today a kid came from Rio. He had been killed in a car accident while he was high on glue. He was 13 years old, and his father was a drunk, so he’d run away from home to avoid the beatings. His mother is up Here too, having died of a heart and lung disease. She was there to welcome him, and we worked together to get him settled in.

He’s doing nicely, but it will take a few more days before all his questions are answered and his hurts healed. He has to learn to forgive his father too—that’s a big part in the healing process. He is making progress though, and should be out of our infirmary within a few days.

So it takes a bit longer for some, and others have more trials. My friend Lauri who works with me also had a pretty rough time on Earth. She was abused and beat up quite a few times, and died in a pretty tough way. But she is the sweetest, most angelic person. She has such a love for the ones who come through with similar backgrounds, and she takes such good care of them.

When she first came, I had to help her through her many, many questions. At first she was almost a bit angry with God for letting her die in that way. It took some time for her to forsake it all and be cleansed and washed of all her earthly thoughts and feelings. But all things considered it didn’t take that long, and once she realized just how much the Lord loved her, she started shedding the negative feelings quicker. Soon she was all nice and white and clean; in turn, she asked if she could help others the way I had helped her. The Lord granted that wish and she has been working with me ever since. We are such good friends and I really love her.

Those who haven’t yet shed their earthly weights, as we call them, don’t have as much shine, or bounce in their

More from *Shaline*
on some of the skills
you can learn in
Heaven.

There's the study of music—not just audible music, but music that is in things and flows through things. Music is very spiritual, and though there's the practical aspect of learning to make music, the spiritual side is just fascinating.

I'd say pretty much anything you can imagine on Earth as a skill is also taught in Heaven—only much more intricately and with many more factors, and with much more clarity.

There are lots of studies going on right now on relating to people. Basically you would call it shepherding. Those are all being taken by people who are going to be assisting you during the Millennium.

You're getting those same courses right now, through the experiences the Lord's giving you. In a way, those are the courses that are harder for us to learn, because you have the practical experience and are right in the middle of things, learning as you go. We have to learn it from a very different angle, and though we can try to put ourselves in your shoes, it just isn't the same. So that's something to really value, because you're going to need to have those courses down by the time you get Here.—It's going to be assignment time!

heaven's trials? continued

step. When they first come they are a bit battle-worn. Even though they are very happy to be Home, it takes a bit of time to wash their past experiences all off, and get strengthened and readjusted into life in Heaven.

I am pleased to say that the dear ones in the Family—and many other Christians who are so close to the Lord—are already pretty white by the time the Lord calls them Home. They come in for a couple seconds, and then most zip right on out and off to their homes. So that's the

“Tell me more.”

Q What does Shaline mean when she says “It's going to be assignment time”?

Jesus: In that wonderful era when I set up My Kingdom on the Earth, I will need every last one of My children to assist Me. There is going to be a lot of work, and although the skills that you are learning now to do with people-handling, witnessing and shepherding are in great demand, you are still just practicing on a small scale. The time will come when I will call every one of My children to become involved in setting the whole world right, and how much you apply yourselves now will determine how much you get in on the action then. ♦

advantage of being heavenly minded while you are still on Earth!

Jesus: I would say most of the battles that teens go through on Earth are non-existent in Heaven, because things are seen and perceived differently. ♦

Is the Heavenly City already finished, or does construction continue on indefinitely?

Leo: I work in heavenly architecture and design; that's my specialty. I was born and raised in Heaven and have never been down to Earth, but I do keep abreast of things that are happening down there, and I pray for you, too.

The construction of the actual City—meaning the walls, the floors, and the levels, the gates and everything—is complete. But construction goes on indefinitely. There are always new mansions being built and new additions being added to existing mansions. There are always changes happening. We just love changes. There are so many architects and builders, and budding architects and builders, who like to try their hand at new, cool skills that they've learned. There are new things being made all of the time, and I think that will probably go on for eternity.

Just like you like changes in your Homes and rooms on Earth, we like changes in our heavenly homes, too. So it's not rare that we change things around or make some slight adjustments or additions, or experiment with new décor. It's really quite a blast once you get into it, especially for those of us who have a

There are so many architects and builders, and budding architects and builders, who like to try their hand at new, cool skills that they've learned.

strong creative side.

Once Heaven comes down to Earth there will be so much more to do. We'll be able to teach certain skills to those on the New Earth, and from there we'll have whole new worlds to conquer. So although the Heavenly City is built, we'll be building our Kingdom of Love for eternity.

Angelo: Goodbye for now. I hope to be able to come and talk to you again. If not, then just ask me to come and speak to you in your dreams and I'd love to be there.

Shaline: Okay, I'd better let you go. I have lots more that I could tell you about, but you should see the lineup of people that are Here to tell you about things. So I'll wait a while for my next turn. In the meantime, we're all rooting for you and praying for you, our brothers and sisters on Earth! You're our heroes! I mean it!

Q If you kill an animal here on Earth for food, does the animal go to Heaven? Will you meet it and thank it for laying down its life so that you could eat?

Spirit being: Oh, no. If you had to thank each animal that you ever ate for food, it would take an awful long time. Besides, animals are different than humans, in that they all don't come to Heaven. They don't have souls, like humans. So unless an animal is very special to someone, it doesn't come Here.

Could you imagine if Heaven were full of all of the animals that ever lived? It would be more like an animal park than a city for God's children. We have some of every kind of animal Here, and if you want a certain animal as your friend—to live in your mansion—then the Lord will create it for you, or have it ready upon your arrival.

There are also some animals that have been in Heaven since the very beginning, as companions of those Here. Then there will also be many animals that different saved ones loved and cared for, who will be waiting Here for them, and will continue to be their pets and friends.

time to regenerate?

Lucas: Here in Heaven you don't have to sit and read the Word in a book. You can just turn it on and it starts running through your head like a river! It's so neat. It's like flipping a switch. Just turn it on, and whoooooohhh, all this Word goes through your head! You don't need headphones either, but the sound system is really far out. And you know what? Lots of the Word up Here comes out in music! There's nothing like it! It's really cool.

Spirit being: In Heaven you won't need to have Word time as you know it now—a set amount of reading time per day to keep you strong and able to stand as God's elite. You will, however, be more acutely aware of the power of the Word and will want to absorb as much of it as possible.

The Word is everywhere in Heaven. You can't get away from the Word. The Word is light, love, beauty, power, victory, happiness and more! The Word is a natural part of life Here.

So though you won't actually have to sit down every day and read the Word, you can if you want, and we still need the Word in Heaven. Everyone still loves the Word, talks about the Word, and knows that Heaven and Earth revolve around the Word.

Everyone knows that Heaven and Earth revolve around the Word.

Q: Will we still need to have Word time in Heaven?



What role do your decisions on Earth play in what you get to do in Heaven?

(Kim:) This isn't the easiest thing to explain to you, because it's quite intricate, but I'll try to make it simple.

In a nutshell, your choices on Earth play a very *big* part in what you are allowed, equipped for, or able to do when you get to Heaven. There's no unemployment in Heaven; there's something for everybody. Each one is content, because he or she is just so thankful to be in this gorgeous Place, serving the Master.

However, often when people first arrive here, they have unrealistic expectations of what kind of work they'd like to do. Though the Lord likes to give people the desires of their hearts, it turns out that they're not actually ready to do that kind of work, or they still have to complete some sort of course or work through another kind of work before they're ready.

Sometimes, when people first arrive, it's a bit of a disappointment, because in viewing their life the Lord lovingly shows them that He gave them opportunities to learn the necessary skills through experiences or choices He sent their way on Earth; yet they had refused to accept those experiences or had willfully made the wrong choice.

The things that count the most when you get to Heaven are the level of your obedience to your heavenly Husband while on Earth, your sensitivity to His will and His voice, your choices to serve Him over yourself, your desire and choices to help others and give your life in the Lord's service in any way that He saw fit.

You see, in Heaven, if you don't want to be close to the Lord or accept His will fully, He doesn't force you. It's the same as on Earth. People who willfully follow their own path rather than the Lord's reap the fruits of

“Tell me more.”

Will some people in Heaven actually not want to be close to the Lord and accept His will?

(Jesus:) The Holy Spirit is like a dove; She descends gently and is easily shooed away. This little saying is a simple explanation for how things are in Heaven. Remember that people become citizens of Heaven simply by accepting Me as their Savior, but there are many people upon Earth who accept Me and never learn to do My bidding. So when they come to Heaven, it takes time—much longer for some than others—to learn the joy that comes with doing My will.

Then there are some who do My will, but still reserve a part of their lives for themselves, because they are afraid to yield fully to Me. This is understandable—and I never force people to give everything to Me.

People still have the majesty of free choice in Heaven. Some people are content to simply enjoy the rewards that I gave to them for the good they did on Earth; they don't

avoid that disappointment

seek to serve Me further, or if they do, they have their own ideas about how they want to serve Me, and this is fine. I take each one where he or she is at.

Then there are people who gave everything to Me while on Earth—their time, their will, their desires, their money, their plans—and allowed Me to direct the course of their lives as I saw fit. These are the ones who understand best how to serve Me and please Me in Heaven, for they understand that they must seek My will with a yielded heart before they will find it. These are the ones who have access to the high security levels in Heaven, because through their yieldedness they are strong warriors, and valuable to the running of My Kingdom.

Willful people feel very uncomfortable in Heaven.

So you see, although Heaven is for everyone who accepts Me, not everyone in Heaven has access to every place in Heaven. That depends upon how close you are to Me, both on Earth and in Heaven, and how desperately you wish to serve Me in the capacity that I choose.

those choices, and it's the same situation in Heaven.

Willful people feel very uncomfortable in Heaven until they have learnt the simple truths that they rejected while on Earth.

Don't worry, the Lord knows and understands that nobody's perfect, and He doesn't hold your mistakes against you. However, He is adding up every little sacrifice you make on His behalf, and He's so thrilled and pleased at every choice you make to accept His will and His ways.

You know why He's so happy? Well, for one, He knows that the more obedient you are to Him and His Word, the more He can bless you even in this life. But more than that, He wants to put your experience on Earth to great use when you get to Heaven, and when you choose His path over your own you are telling

The things that count the most when you get to Heaven are the level of your obedience to your heavenly Husband while on Earth, your sensitivity to His will and His voice, your choices to serve Him over yourself, your desire and choices to help others and give your life in the Lord's service in any way that He saw fit.

Him through your choices that you want to be by His side for eternity, that you want to continue to serve Him always. He knows that each time you accept His will in your life, you are coming a little closer to the wonderful role He wants you to play in eternity—helping Him to run the universe.

Take my word for it, you wouldn't want to be anywhere else but right by His side, because that's where the greatest challenge and excitement and honor lie.

So keep choosing His will, His ways, and the things of the Spirit. Don't feed your body and starve your soul. Store up treasures in Heaven, and keep that heavenly vision of your place beside Jesus. He's saving it just for you, so don't let Him down, okay?



We've heard several times that the MO Letters are read in Heaven. How does that work?

(Spirit being:) The Heavenly Archives are open to all in Heaven. Every Word that God has ever given to Man is recorded in the Heavenly Archives. Not one Word is lost.

To read them we simply go into the library; we have a panel, sort of like a monitor, but you put your hands on either side of it and feel the words. You don't just hear them; you feel them. It's like you feel every emotion that was expressed, exactly how the heavenly messenger was feeling when he or she gave them, everything.

"Reading" is such a primitive way to describe it, I must think of a better word. Ah, yes—*living* them! You *live* the words. You are there and they become a part of you. You live the words, and they are energy and life and a source of power.

The Words given through your Endtime prophet David are in a special section, as are all the great prophets of all time. They each have their special designated section in God's Library.

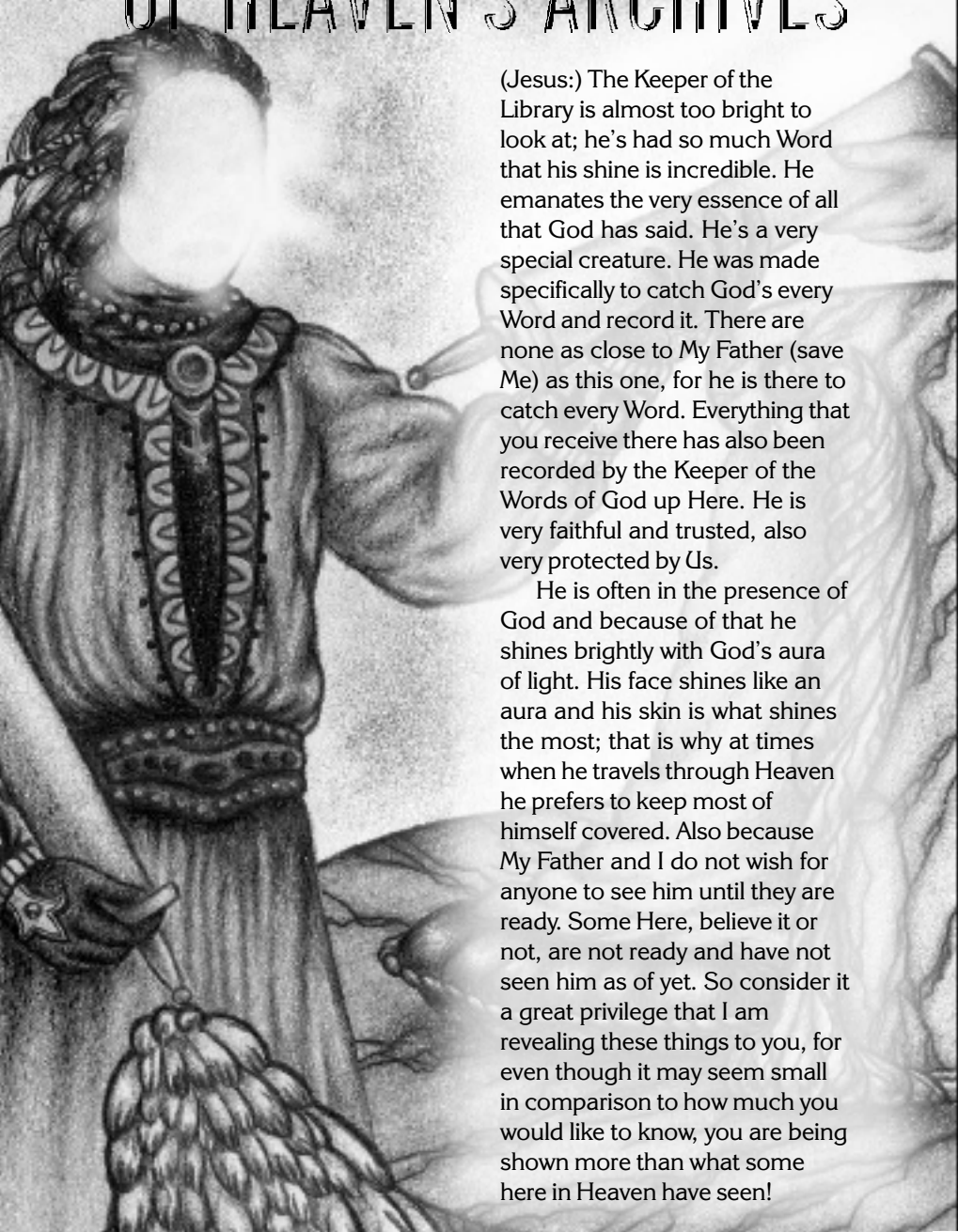
We have to get refreshed and strengthened up Here just like you do down there. After a mission we often will stop by the Library to get tanked up again before going back to see our loved ones.

Remember how Moses' face shone with light after he saw God? Well, we walk away with that same shine on our faces because we have seen God each and every time we read His Words. We look into His very Being and we receive strength from Him. We are all connected to Him and this is how we draw our strength. We read the Word to grow in spirit, in knowledge, in life. We shine brighter than ever before when we read the Word.

**We have seen
God each and
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THE CREATURE OF HEAVEN'S ARCHIVES



(Jesus:) The Keeper of the Library is almost too bright to look at; he's had so much Word that his shine is incredible. He emanates the very essence of all that God has said. He's a very special creature. He was made specifically to catch God's every Word and record it. There are none as close to My Father (save Me) as this one, for he is there to catch every Word. Everything that you receive there has also been recorded by the Keeper of the Words of God up Here. He is very faithful and trusted, also very protected by Us.

He is often in the presence of God and because of that he shines brightly with God's aura of light. His face shines like an aura and his skin is what shines the most; that is why at times when he travels through Heaven he prefers to keep most of himself covered. Also because My Father and I do not wish for anyone to see him until they are ready. Some Here, believe it or not, are not ready and have not seen him as of yet. So consider it a great privilege that I am revealing these things to you, for even though it may seem small in comparison to how much you would like to know, you are being shown more than what some here in Heaven have seen!

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LinkUp 
14 years and up



**YOUNG
GIRL
FROM
KOSOVO**

When will the tears stop falling? I see so many tears as I look down over my village. Tears on the faces of those who live there. Everyone is sad. I am sad too. When will the tears stop? So many years and so many tears. Rivers of tears have fallen.

**We were running. I
was screaming. I
was so afraid.**

They shot my daddy. They slapped my mommy. They hit her so many times. I was crying and I was scared. Then the fire started and many men with guns were firing. We were running. I was screaming. I was so afraid. My mommy was pulling me and I couldn't run fast

enough. She was holding on to my hand so tight. Then she fell down. Blood was everywhere on my mommy. I screamed out for my mommy, but she didn't answer me. Then I felt

pain in my back. It hurt so bad and then everything got dark. I fell on top of Mommy, and then I didn't have any more pain.

I started to go up! I heard the sounds below me. So loud! So much smoke, so many rifles, so many people crying, so much destruction.

I am one of many little children who are now in Heaven with Jesus. He wiped away my tears. I have special blessings. My mommy and daddy are Here with me. We are together and have no more tears. I'm not scared anymore. I like it Here. I wish all people could come Here. It is beautiful! Here we don't have any rifles or fires or screaming or fear.

I asked my special Friend why people don't want to come Here. I asked Him why are there so many tears in Kosovo. Why are there so many people fighting each other and so many people dying? Why is there so much fire and so many houses all broken down? Why are so many people so sad and do not like each other? I am sad sometimes, because every day there is still fighting. Every day

(Editor's note: For testimonies of how our Family are ministering to refugees in Kosovo and the Balkans, see FAR 98 and 100, and Grapevine articles in issues 59-60, 64, 67, 69-71.)



there is still destruction. I would like to help the other little children who still live in my country to not be sad. But it is a big job and I need help. So Jesus said that I can get help. He said I can tell you my story and you can pray for the people of my country. There are many towns and villages in my country where the people have lost hope. There is no light in some villages. The light has been put out. There are only broken stones from houses, and graves with dead bodies and coldness in the hearts of those who are alive.

One time when I was visiting my people on a trip from Heaven,

The lady who shines is a messenger of His love.

I saw a young woman. She was so beautiful and kind. She was gentle and sweet. She was crying for my people. She was praying to Jesus for help to bring my people His love. She was with others who pray for my people too. They bring beautiful posters of Heaven

and the message of a better life to my people. I was so happy to see them!

They are so bright! So bright! Such light shines from them! They cannot see it, but I can. I can see the light shining, and I see the hearts of the lonely and sad become warm from the shining light. The light goes inside the people who are sad and lonely, and they get warm! Some people like this light, and they pray with these people, and then they have the light too! So beautiful! The light is so bright because there is so much darkness.

Jesus told me the lady who shines is a messenger of His love. He said she can't see the light shining. I asked Him if could I tell her the light is shining. He said yes.

Messenger of love, kind lady,
(continued on page 5)

I would like to help the other little children who still live in my country to not be sad.

A young Kosovar boy comforts his brother crying for his father after walking out of Pec along a snowy road that goes to neighboring Montenegro.





A Kosovar woman leads her crying children out of Pec in March 1999.



A young refugee from Smolic in Kosovo stares out from a truck transporting him, his mother and some 50 others to the Albanian city Bajram Curri.

Soon the darkness will be everywhere—not just in Kosovo.



An ethnic Albanian woman in Kosovo joins protests of violence that threaten to ignite wider ethnic conflict.



WAR
child

Vebi Regioi, from Kacanik in southern Kosovo, cries after being expelled from his home by Serb army and police forces after arriving in Albania at the Morini border crossing. He and his family were expelled from their homes and bused across Kosovo to Albania by Serb police.

Ethnic Albanian refugees reach out to receive bread from a truck in a temporary camp set up in an old factory on the outskirts of Kukes, Albania.



(continued from page 3)

you shine very brightly! I see your tears fall for my people. Thank you for bringing posters about Heaven and the message about Jesus to my people. So much darkness is in my country, but you shine very bright! Please do not leave my people! I know it hurts your heart to see so much darkness. But I am praying for your request that Jesus will send help to reach the lost and to bring His message to them.

Soon the darkness will be everywhere—not just in Kosovo. Soon great darkness is coming over all the Earth. The people who know Jesus will shine very bright! Soon the darkness will try to put out the light. Jesus said the King of Darkness is coming and he is planning to kill all the messengers of love. The messengers of love belong to Jesus. He is the King of Light and they help Him.

Jesus said the King of Darkness will not kill all the messengers of love because they have His light, His love, and they will destroy the darkness. The closer His messengers of love are to Him, the brighter they shine and the more they get rid of the darkness. The darkness flees when it sees the light. It goes away! The darkness looks like it will put out the light, but it doesn't.

Jesus said His light will cover the Earth one day, and then there will be no more tears, or fires, or destruction or death. I thank you, messengers of love, for being His light to this world. We need you. Please shine for Him. ◆

Kosovo

A region of southwest Serbia. Settled by Slavs in the seventh century, it was under Turkish rule from 1389 until 1913, when it was divided between Serbia and Montenegro. After World War II, Kosovo became an autonomous region within Yugoslavia, which lasted until Serbia imposed direct rule in 1990. (Source: Microsoft Bookshelf 99.) (Editor's note: Look up the words "Kosovo" and "Bosnia" on the HomeARC for further information on the conflict since 1990.)

Background photo: A tear trickles down the cheek of Blenta Dervijhalli, 11, as her sister Qendreza, 10, wipes her eyes with her winter hat after they arrived into a refugee camp set up on the outskirts of Kukes, in northern Albania.

This story comes to you from one of the many mothers who fell in one of the cruel and senseless wars of the world. It is told by a mother separated from her children by death.

This dear mother wept and pleaded with Me for her daughter, for the children she'd left behind. She asked Me to help them, and I allowed her to go and talk with her daughter, to give her hope, and to plant a seed of faith in her heart. Now she has asked Me to let her tell you her story, so that it may give hope and plant seeds of faith in the hearts of other children like

her own, who were robbed of loved ones, of parents, because of the cruel wars of the world.

There are no names in this story, because there are so many like this mother, this father, this daughter and her brothers. Many need this story to give them hope of peace and faith for freedom. Many will not find it in this world, but soon they'll enter Heaven, their real homeland, and there they will find the peace and freedom they're seeking. Oh, what a day of rejoicing that will be, when these come home into My arms of love, that I may comfort them.

WAR MEMORIES OF A NAMELESS YOUNG WOMAN

WITH AN
INTRODUCTION
BY JESUS

“Run! Run!
Hide some-
where!”
different
ones
screamed
at her.

As the gentle breeze blowing across the rolling hills caressed the young woman's face, the anxious, tense feeling that had gripped her slowly started to fade. Her clenched fists relaxed somewhat as she took a deep breath of the clean, cool air. Viewing the panorama before her, a wave of sadness swept over her. The news she'd just heard of her war-torn homeland brought back so many sad memories. She was safe now, but what about her friends, her family, her father?

Her thoughts drifted back in time to when she was just a young girl. Life was so different

then, so uncomplicated. The woman sank down to the ground, resting her back against a tree to shade herself under its leafy branches. She could visualize herself back in the small stone house her parents built on the slope of a hill in the countryside. It was just a simple structure, made of stone and cement, but to her parents it was like a palace. It was theirs, and the land around the house was theirs as well.

Father had made a small play area next to the back wall for her brothers and her. It was shaded by a beautiful, tall tree that must have been hundreds of years old.

Recalling the happy hours her brothers and she had spent playing there brought a smile to the woman's face. Her life had been harmonious. It had been filled with the simple joys of life. Why had it all changed?

Anger welled up in her as she thought of her dear father's face when he came back that fateful day from selling their produce at the market. He looked so grave, so serious. She had never seen him like that before. The look in his eyes scared her. She could still hear her mother's trembling voice as she hurriedly huddled her brothers and her out of the house to go and play.

From behind the house she overheard fragments of the conversation her parents carried on inside. Her father's voice angrily talked of things she didn't understand then. He talked of riots and explosions. Her mother hushed him, so she didn't hear the rest of what he said.

Not long afterwards her father said goodbye to them all and left the house. It was the last time she would see him.

Tears welled up in her eyes now as she thought of him. Oh, what had become of him? Was he even still alive?

Her mother had called her and her brothers back into the house. Her eyes were red and her face tear-stained. Her mother's voice broke as she spoke of war, of fighting and destruction, of the hatred that was destroying her people, that was taking away their land. They would have to leave their happy home. They would have to flee across the river to another land. Their father had gone to fight, to defend their land.

Her mother cried softly as she hurriedly packed a few of their belongings. They would not be able to carry much. They had a long trek ahead of them over the mountains. Her younger brother, just six years old, looked at her with wide, fear-filled eyes. He

A woman from Decane, in western Kosovo, holds her face after crossing into Albania at the Morini border in April, as members of her family ride on the back of a tractor. The family spent four days on their tractor, traveling the 71 kms from Decane to the border.



Recalling
the happy
hours her
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monious.

She could
still hear
her
mother's
trembling
voice as
she hurriedly
huddled
her brothers
and her
out of the
house to
go and
play.

said, "I'm scared! I don't understand! Why do we have to go?!" She recalled taking him into her arms and holding him close. She had been only two years older than he. She'd heard of war and fighting before, but she didn't really understand herself what was happening until much later.

As they walked away from their home and climbed the hill to the road that led to the river, she looked back sadly. *Will I ever see my home again?* she wondered.

They had walked for some time when they were overtaken by more and more people traveling in the same direction. Some were on foot; others rode on carts drawn by oxen or donkeys. Some passed by in cars with the roofs piled high with bundles and furniture. The faces of all looked grim. Some cried. Others angrily clenched their fists and cursed at the sound of explosions in the distance.

Suddenly a wave of panic swept through the throng of people moving down the road. Everyone started running in different directions. "Run! Run! Hide somewhere!" different ones screamed at her. She could hear the sound of approaching planes. As she looked up she could see several coming closer and closer. Her mother pulled on her. "Come, come, quickly!" she cried.

Her older brother was running ahead of them. Her heart pounded as she raced to find cover. Suddenly there were screams and shouts, and explosions on every side. She looked in

horror as people fell beside her. There was blood all over the ground. She stood still, frozen in fright. Her mother let go of her arm and kept running with her younger brother in her arms, until she, too, fell to the ground.

As the roaring of the planes disappeared in the distance, everything grew eerily quiet. All that could be heard was the moaning of the wounded. A few survivors tried to attend to them. Others walked on, silently.

The girl stood there, dazed. Somehow she knew that her mother and younger brother would not get up from where they had fallen. She looked around for her older brother, but he was nowhere in sight. *Had he been able to run to safety?* she wondered.

Someone took her by the hand and the small group of survivors walked on and on and on. By nightfall they lay down for a short time in a sheltered area. Exhausted, she fell asleep. It seemed it had only been minutes until she was awakened, and on they walked and walked and walked.

*

Returning to reality, the young woman wiped the tears that were now streaming down her face. She always cried at the memories of those awful events.

She looked over her shoulder at the rough buildings that had been her home for the past ten years now. She and the small group of survivors had been granted refugee status after crossing the river into the neigh-

An ethnic Albanian family from Kosovo, drives their tractor to Kukes.



Some were on foot; others rode on carts drawn by oxen or donkeys.

Some passed by in cars with the roofs piled high with bundles and furniture.

boring country. They'd been safe here, and though their existence was simple, she was thankful she could live in peace. Her older brother had also made it to safety, but had later left in search of their father. She'd not heard word from him since.

She sighed deeply in an attempt to shake the terrible memories that had just passed before her mind's eye. She understood now what had happened and the reasons why, but it all seemed so senseless.

Her eyes followed a bird flying across the bright blue summer sky. *Oh, to be free as a bird, to be able to fly away from it all*, she thought. Though thankful for a place of refuge, the confined area in which they lived was a constant painful reminder that this land was not her home. Would she ever be free again?

She was startled by a soft voice that called her name. *Mother?! Mother?!* No, it couldn't be. She shook her head as if to wake herself from the deep

thought she'd been in. Was she imagining things now?

Suddenly she felt a warm presence, and the sky in front of her seemed to light up with a soft glowing light. Again she heard the soft voice of her mother calling her.

"My daughter, my daughter," her mother whispered. "Listen to me!"

Somehow, it didn't seem strange that her mother was speaking to her, though she had died on that terrible day. A warm feeling of assurance and security seemed to envelop her.

"My daughter, I have a message for you," her mother's voice continued.

"What is it, Mother?" she whispered.

"I want to tell you what happened to your little brother and me that day we fell to the ground. At first I hurt so badly, and I was worried about your little brother who was still in my arms. But then all went quiet and I felt so, so light.

She was startled by a soft voice that called her name.

“We were shown into a room so beautiful, it took my breath away.”

“It was dark, very dark at first, but then a light seemed to surround little brother and me. We were holding each other, but we were not afraid anymore, just very surprised. A voice called us to follow, and it seemed as if we walked without effort towards this beautiful warm golden glow in the distance.

“I had been so tired from the long walk, but it seemed as though a whole new sense of energy had overtaken me. It felt strange, but so good. Then out from the light came your grandfather. He looked so young, so strong! The way he’d looked when I was still a child.

“He said, ‘My daughter, my grandson, come! Come with me to your new home.’ When I looked surprised, he sat down with us and told us that God had prepared a special place for us because of our suffering, and the suffering of our people. Even

though we did not know Him, God had asked His Son to take care of us, to give us a place of freedom.

“You know, my daughter, that in our religion we do not believe that God had a Son, but when your grandfather told me of Him, it sounded so natural, so matter-of-fact, that of course I believed him.

“Your grandfather asked me if I would like to meet God’s Son. I said, ‘Yes, I would like to!’ and little brother also chimed in, ‘Yes, Mommy, yes, can we go and see Him with grandfather?’

“Grandfather looked so pleased and smiled so happily at our responses. ‘Good!’ he said. ‘Let’s go!’

“He took little brother in his arms and carried him as we

Vlora Kuka, 10, from Popoic in Kosovo, weeps after a car arrived to take her and her family off a mountain that they had crossed to enter into Albania.



walked along a beautiful tree-lined path. Colorful flowers I'd never seen before grew everywhere. It was a beautiful walk.

"It didn't seem long before we entered a building of white, sparkling stone. It was whiter than any white I'd ever seen. As soon as we entered we were shown into a room so beautiful, it took my breath away. Little brother squeezed my hand and let out a big, 'Aaaahhh!'"

"But there wasn't much time to look around, for toward us came a Man so kind, with eyes so soft and tender, a face so true and good, I'd never seen the like. He embraced us and took little brother in His arms. With His arm around my shoulder, we walked into a beautiful garden.

"There He told us the story of His Father's infinite love for our people. He told us how His Father's heart had hurt with our suffering; how He wanted to save us from it, and had sent His Son to suffer in our stead; how He'd gone to Earth and experienced all the pain, all the agony we'd ever feel, and then had died in our place so we could be free forever.

"Oh, my daughter, you wonder if you will ever be free. Yes, yes, you will be! You will when you join us over Here. It won't be so long. Please believe me! Yes, yes, you'll have a home again!"

"After He told me His story of love, He led us to our new home. It's so much better, so much more beautiful than our old home. I was speechless at the sight. It's not even comparable, and words

cannot describe how beautiful it really is.

"My daughter, you will see! You will see! You must carry these words I've told you in your heart. You must carry the freedom that's awaiting you Here in your heart until you reach our new home. It may be a long journey until you reach it, with difficulties and hardships, loss and pain, but what's awaiting you Here is worth it!"

With these words, the light that shone softly and brightly in front of the young woman disappeared. The afternoon sun had already started to set. How long had she been sitting here?

She got up slowly, as if in a dream. The feelings of uncertainty, anger and frustration she'd felt earlier had all disappeared. An assurance and feeling of strength rushed through her. Somehow, she knew that what had happened just then had not been her imagination. It had been real! Her mother's message was etched in her mind.

There was a new spring in the young woman's step as she walked back to her living quarters in the camp.

"I'll be free someday!" The words rang like bells through her head. "I'll be free someday!" ◆

“You must carry the freedom that’s awaiting you Here in your heart until you reach our new home. It may be a long journey until you reach it, with difficulties and hardships, loss and pain, but what’s awaiting you Here is worth it



WILLIAM WALLACE

The movie *Braveheart* portrayed the relentless battle and fight that my people were up against.

This beautifully portrays the spiritual battles that you in the Family are up against. The

My life certainly shows that one person with a belief is more powerful than thousands with only an interest.

relentless attacks of Satan do not stop so easily. So if you are up against the wall and you are getting hit right and left, you are going to have to fight back and not take things lying down!

I know that in your Letters of David of the End there is much about fighting; I'm reading those Letters! You in the Family must realize that our battle was intense and fierce, and we had to give all, yet your battle is even more intense. There is a difference between fighting physically and fighting on the spiritual plane against the spirit of Satan with spiritual weapons, because it

deals with the will and the choice of the heart.

In some ways it's easier when you are young to go out and fight a physical battle, as shown by history. Young men have been so easily induced to go fight a physical war for a physical cause, and so many have died. Many have given their lives to countless wars—some for good reasons, some for bad—but most just a waste of time and life. But we're talking right now about your fight in the spirit, the same battle that Jesus Christ fought during the forty days and nights in the wilderness. That is what is happening now.

The beauties of real love are much better and more powerful than just having a pretty face and gorgeous body. I ought to know!

You who have been brought up in the Family have a big head start. God chose you and put you there. You really ought to tell Him and others that you are thankful for that place. Of course, you

can't see it as clearly as we can from this vantage point, especially when you are getting hit with all the inner conflict of battles, testing of your heart and will.

You really have to get over the hang-ups that some of you have about using the spiritual weapons of your warfare.

My resolve and will was tested constantly, but I came to the decision that it was better to fight and die for a witness to my people, instead of letting our enemies walk all over us.

I was forced into a decision, and even though bitterness against the government for what they did to my family and to my people was part of my purpose, still mine was also a battle of the will.

It was not easy to fight in my case. We were up against a more powerful enemy. But my life certainly shows that one person with a belief is more powerful than thousands with only an interest.

We were up against the wall and couldn't turn around and walk away. We had to fight; we were forced to fight, for our freedom. Not only the freedom to choose how to worship and live for God, but also to have the freedom to choose how to live and whether we would allow the enemy to take

our lands, cattle, homes and even our wives and children.

Was not my life as portrayed in this movie interesting to you? Did not my life and the testimony of my life enflame your heart to want to fight for a cause, your cause, the greatest this world has ever known?—The cause of your King Jesus Christ, the cause of your King David of the End?

I cannot come and fight; I can only come and help *you* fight, and I will! I challenge you to call on Jesus and ask Him to help you fight. There is a great army right

Young men have been so easily induced to go fight a physical war for a physical cause—some for good reasons, some for bad—but most just a waste of time and life.





Sir William Wallace Scottish Freedom Fighter

Born between 1260 and 1278. Tortured to death—23 August 1305. Tradition has long believed that William Wallace was born in Elderslie, Renfrewshire, although contemporary research would indicate that he may well have been born at Ellerslie, in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire. He was a popular figure who led guerrilla fighters against the forces of English occupation, and had his greatest victory on 11 September 1297 at Stirling Bridge. Much has been said and written about William Wallace, and the release in 1995 of the film *Braveheart* evoked further interest in him.

It is a historical fact that Wallace lived in Scotland while it was subjected to brutal occupation by the forces of English King Edward I. Wallace would not succumb to this English rule, and he fought for his country's freedom. Wallace was the catalyst that sparked a revolution. He was betrayed by Menteith to the English, taken to London and accused of treason. At his trial he refuted the allegation, stating that he had never sworn loyalty to Edward, so how could he be guilty of treason? He was dragged through the streets of London, tortured and hanged.

Nine years after his barbaric murder, at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, the Scots, led by King Robert the Bruce, defeated the English army of Edward II, and so secured the independence for which Wallace had become a martyr.

Here just waiting to do battle! We love to do battle for our King! We will win this war!

Perhaps you need some other incentives to get you going. One incentive is that when you give yourself to your King and to your belief, and in this case, the Word, the Family, and to Jesus—when you give yourselves over to this, you deepen

There is a great army right Here just waiting to do battle!

your life. You become real. You live life to the full; you become real leaders—broken, but real!

As David puts it, "If you'll get on fire, the world will come out to see you burn!" And so will others become attracted to you. You are nothing, but with the power of God you are everything. So be consumed with your belief in the Word. Absorb it, love it, drink it in—this is your key to win.

Be the bravehearts that are needed to



fight this relentless battle against Satan and his punks who are attacking you in full force. Just as the King of England and his

This is what Jesus Christ did for you—He went all the way!

soldiers were attacking me and my people in full force—making raids, burning our villages, taking our women, stealing our children—so you are being attacked spiritually by the forces of Satan right now. It's time to wake up and see that these are attacks of the Devil, and not just some random bad circumstances you are having by chance.

Satan is attacking you to overtake you! Are you going to let him do it? Are you going to sit there? Take your sword and fight! It's worth it, I'll tell you! It's worth it to fight—even if you lose! But you won't lose if you keep attacking!

Mel Gibson's got a lot better face than I had! I'm not a Mel Gibson, but he sure did a good

job of portraying my life, for what he knew about me.

The movie did portray that your enemy is out to win and will stop at nothing—using other people, things of this world, even handsome men and pretty women, or anything to get you off the wall of the fight. Just anything to get you off the battlefield, to get you to stop attacking and influencing others with your life.

So my words to you are: To the front! To the front! To the front! Take up your sword with me and let us go to the front and attack and make inroads into the

When any one of Jesus' children is martyred, many more fighters are born.

strongholds of your enemy. Go to the front and attack his strongholds on others' lives. Put the enemies of your Family, the enemies of Jesus Christ, the enemies of your king and queen and the enemies of your soul on the run!

Use those weapons you have! I used the weapons I had. That was one of our weak points—we didn't have the weapons to fight the enemy. And that is what I eventually had to do—train an army and make weapons.

Eventually others came to my aid, yes, but there had to be someone inspired with a belief to go all the way with it, and to stop at nothing to complete it.

My resolve and will was tested constantly, but I came to the decision that it was better to fight and die for a witness to my people, instead of letting our enemies walk all over us.



This is what Jesus Christ did for you—He went all the way! He fought the battle relentlessly. Read

All these weapons of the New Day kill pride. They kill your worrying about what others think about you. So let them laugh at you while you go on to victory and they don't.

it in the Gospels. Read it again and see the relentless battle Jesus fought for you. For you have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin, but you will. This is what you are being trained for,



because your enemies are going to try to stop you.

So come with us to the front, and fight! Don't give up too soon, and when you win a battle, go immediately to the next and attack that one, just as our small band kept attacking fort after fort, until the war was won.

I was like Paul, who went to Jerusalem against the counsel of his brethren and was captured and killed. Even though it seemed like such a defeat for the cause, God still used my foolish lack of wisdom to launch another attack. The blood of the martyrs is the

Your enemies are going to try to stop you.

seed of the Church, and my death touched many lives. From the spirit world I was able to influence those who kept up the fight.

When any one of Jesus' children is martyred, many more fighters are born in the hearts of the hungry and believers. So if you are called on to be a martyr, it will not be a loss, but a gain. I gave myself to my God and to my cause and to my people to win the war for freedom.

**Will
you?**

W

hat I meant to say about not having the weapons to fight our war with and that we just used anything we could find, was that you really have to get over the hang-ups that some of you have about using the spiritual weapons of your warfare. Some of my people complained that the things we had to fight with were ridiculous and made us look foolish. You really ought to just try using these new spiritual weapons you have been given. Take a friend and tell them, “Why don’t we just do this together and see what happens?”

Look at what Moses had to do! His people were giving their lives fighting furiously against their enemy, and God told Moses to stay on the hilltop and just keep his arms raised in praise to God. When he did it, the battle was won! He had to do it all day and got so tired and had to have others hold his arms up for him. So if you are tired, get some friend to help hold up your arms. Try praising; it’s very powerful and will bring down power.

All these weapons of the New Day kill pride. They kill your worrying about what others think about you. So let them laugh at you while you go on



Postscript


WILLIAM WALLACE

to victory and they don’t. Just look at these weapons as weapons of war and be wholehearted and do it! You will really like it.

What I was starting to say about Mel looking a lot better than me, I was hinting at ... don’t worry if you are not all that you want to be in the physical. That just gets in the way. The beauties of real love are much better and more powerful than just having a pretty face and gorgeous body. I ought to know! ◆

Just as the King of England and his soldiers were attacking me and my people in full force—making raids, burning our villages, taking our women, stealing our children—so you are being attacked spiritually by the forces of Satan right now.





Prisoner of War

A Tale of Modern Torture

All those things my mama had pounded into my head as a child proved to be stronger than the torture they tried to inflict on me.

My name is Johnny—John William Franklin, U.S. Army, Korean War POW*. I was young when I went off to Korea. I had been brought up to believe that I had to fight for my country and my freedom, so off I went to fight. I did what was expected of me, and I fought well, until that dreadful day I was captured and taken as a prisoner of war.

When I was taken as a POW, my faith in Jesus was reborn, and it grew. My upbringing, and all those things my mama had pounded into my head as a child proved to be stronger than the torture my captors tried to inflict on me, or the conditioning they subjected me to. Jesus came through, and He made my heavy

burdens light.

I'd never considered myself very religious before I was captured. Mama tried hard to instill faith and good Christian values in us kids as we were growing up. I paid attention some, but as I grew into my teen years I was ... well ... you know ... I thought I was a smart guy, on top of the world. I wanted to live and enjoy life, and spiritual things took second place—or not even second place. Religion was way down the line somewhere—certainly not on the list of important matters that I gave much time or attention to. God bless Mama. Little did I ever expect that the seed of faith she had planted in my heart would grow and flourish, and one day become my saving grace.

***POW:** "Prisoner of War," a soldier captured and held by the enemy during wartime.

One time during my time in captivity, in the dark and still of the night, I was hungry and tired and cold. I was weak and weary, and about to collapse under the strain of it all, when I suddenly could hear her—my mama’s voice praying to Jesus for me—just as clear as day. Mama was praying, and Jesus made it bearable. He even made it almost easy.

I underwent a modern-day form of torture—psychological torture*. This is perhaps the most subtle form of torture, and in many ways the most dangerous. Although it’s supposedly outlawed in many places, many folks are still getting away with it. They even make it look acceptable in some places now—at least they try to explain it away. They have all kinds of fancy words for it, and you don’t have to be a prisoner of war to be subjected to it. If you don’t have faith in Jesus, it can be horrifying.

One of the most important things I can tell you is that if you’re a Christian who has faith in God and the protection of His Holy Spirit, He is able to keep you through anything, even the horrors of psychological warfare or torture. Jesus has promised to keep you in perfect peace if your mind is stayed on Him. This is the solution. This is the antidote that

will keep you through such onslaughts or attacks of the Enemy.

For a Christian who undergoes psychological torture, being filled up with His Word is the most effective weapon to fight back with. This is one reason the Lord puts so much emphasis on His Word. Not only does it have life-

The power of the Word is awesome!



saving power, but through it He is able to guide you, to work in you—or control you, you might say. Through His Word you are able to claim His protection that will keep you through anything. The power of the Word is awesome! I wish I had a better word to describe it for you, but I don’t know of one that exists on Earth.

Back to my story: I didn’t have years and years’ worth of Scriptures memorized at the time I was

***psychological torture/warfare:** A wartime tactic that aims at destroying a captive’s will to resist. It includes the use of propaganda and overwhelming the victim with disorienting sights and sounds. An attempt is made to modify the captured victim’s behavior after first weakening his mind and body through prolonged fatigue, discomfort, malnutrition, and anxiety.

This is one reason the Lord puts so much emphasis on His Word. Not only does it have life-saving power, but through it He is able to guide you, to work in you.

taken captive. I sure wished I'd had. I wished I had paid more attention to my mama's sermons then. But God had mercy on me, and I know now it was because of my mama's faithful prayers for me. It's amazing how the things your parents ingrain in you as a child can all come back to you when the time is right.

Our captors attempted to weaken our bodies so they could get to our minds. They tried to disorient* us mentally—to weaken our spirits, and our minds. They did this by denying us food and sleep. In the beginning I felt some pangs of hunger, and the drowsiness of wanting to sleep, but I couldn't. We were forced to stand, or march back and forth, in order to stay awake. I knew that I had to resist these attempts to weaken me somehow, and strangely enough, I knew I had to fight in my mind. It was the Lord giving me those ideas, and I know now that it was my mama's prayers being answered.

During those trying times I would often sing to myself. I

would sing some of the old Gospel hymns that Mama had sung to me as a child. Those songs always put a glow on Mama's face, and they seemed to give her peace. She sang with feeling, with her whole heart, and

I would recite Psalm 23 for hours on end, singing songs in between.

It was as if those songs gave her strength to carry on. So I started singing. Sometimes I couldn't sing out loud, but I would sing them over and over again in my mind. *Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me.*—Those words would ring in my ears as I would cry out to Jesus to please give me His saving grace to get me through the nightmare I was in. It was the words of that song that gave me the grace I needed to carry on. It brought me the peace that I could feel inside of me, and some of my buddies even told me later that my face began to shine.

As I sang on, I began to realize that my captors were becoming spellbound too, and I knew it was only the miracle-working power of Jesus. Not only was the Lord giving me grace and strength to endure this test, but He was also using this to reach their souls, to speak to their hearts and to give



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***disorient**: to cause a temporary or permanent state of confusion regarding place, time, or personal identity.

them a chance to know His saving grace and His true love.

The starvation really wasn't so bad, and even though I felt hungry at first, after a while you hardly feel anything.—In fact, I felt so light, it was as if I could float off. It's a kind of light and airy feeling. The Lord helped me, and made it as serene as possible, because I was calling out to Him.

When my body had finally reached such a weakened state that my captors thought they had broken me, they began their demoralizing* tactics, trying to flood my mind with such torturous things as horrible screeching noises, records playing of voices and sounds that seemed like utter confusion to me. Then came the flood of lies—so many things they would repeat over and over and over again. I knew I had to resist

Even when I was too weak to utter anything else but the name of Jesus, He always came through and helped me.

them, so I made it a point to block out all these other things, and repeat the words of this song over and over again in my mind.—And Jesus protected me. I couldn't remember what they told us, because Jesus just blocked it all out.

***demoralizing**: to weaken or destroy in spirit; dishearten, confuse

I kept repeating the number of Scriptures and songs that I could recall from when I was a small child. *Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so.* I would repeat it over and over in my mind. *I am the Good Shep-*



herd. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, and so on. I would recite Psalm 23 for hours on end, singing songs in between. “Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me” and “I Would Rather Have Jesus” were some of my favorites.

As the days went on, I kept positive and Godly thoughts going through my mind. I meditated on them. I concentrated on them. I fought to keep all other things out of my mind, and Jesus helped me. Even when I was too weak to utter anything else but the name of Jesus, He always came through and helped me.

The physical conditions of the prison camp were quite bad: little food, no medical supplies and filth everywhere. It was horrible,

Our captors attempted to weaken our bodies so they could get to our minds.

Those words would ring in my ears as I would cry out to Jesus.

but it didn't even faze me. I had reached a level of peace and tranquility that far surpassed any horrors of the mental anguish that my captors had hoped to inflict on me. It was the saving grace of Jesus. He was more powerful than all their tactics, than all their tricks and dirty blows.

Other guys who were being held prisoner along with me would ask me how I was able to cope, and I was able to tell them it was only Jesus. I found myself talking

to these guys much like my mama had talked to me when I was growing up. Things would come to my memory—the same stories that Mama had told me—and I

“We never could break him, and that proves that he had something greater than what we have.”



(Jesus:) My children, know that even in the most trying circumstances, your faith in Me will hold firm, even much more so than this man who knew Me only as a child and had not stayed close to Me. Yet My Words brought him close to Me in his hour of tribulation and held him till the very end, when I took him back into My arms. I will preserve and care for you, and do mighty things for you, and all the more so during times of captivity.

shared all these with my fellow prisoners. Many of the guys prayed with me, bowing their heads to ask Jesus for help. I taught them the songs and Scriptures I knew so they, too, could sing and recite them.

Then one day, after several months, I went Home to meet my Lord. I was weak and tired and my physical body was not able to keep up with the strain, the lack of food and lack of sleep and all the other things. I had trusted the Lord to keep me through it, or deliver me, one way or the other, and that's exactly what He did.—He delivered me into the glorious light of His Heavenly Kingdom, where I have since been able to learn to love Him more and learn all about Him and His wonderful ways.

After I had died, a very strange and yet wonderful thing happened. As my spirit hovered over my dead body, I was able to see the scene below. The prison guards came in to drag my body out and load it on the truck with a few other corpses. They looked at

my face—and I was smiling. Then they looked at each other and started to talk among themselves.

“We never were able to break this one. He was different. What was it? How was he able to resist? He was so strong.”

“You know what this means, don’t you?” one guard said to the other.

“What do you mean? What could it mean?”

“It means, comrade,” the first guard continued, “that this fellow had something stronger than we have. He died happy, can’t you see? We never could break him, and that proves that he had something greater than what we have. I have a feeling—a strange

feeling—that he took something with him when he died. Do you see his face? It does not show pain, it does not show grief; he seems happy. I have a strange feeling about this one. It’s as if he’s still watching us.”

In the weeks that followed, some of the guys I left behind in that camp—the ones who I taught the songs to—kept on singing, and Jesus helped them to resist. Those same guards saw that they, too, were not being won over or broken. Finally one day the two guards, curious to know what it was, came in secretly and asked my fellow prisoners how they could be so strong. That day, the same two guards who had loaded my body onto the truck received Jesus, and came to know the secret of why we couldn’t be broken. And as the news spread, it had a far-reaching effect, and many others were won to the Lord because of it. ◆

After I had died, a very strange and yet wonderful thing happened.



One of the most important things I can tell you is that if you’re a Christian who has faith in God and the protection of His Holy Spirit, He is able to keep you through anything, even the horrors of psychological warfare.



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linkUP¹²

THE
PROF



LEFT: The Frankish king Charlemagne was a devout Catholic who maintained a close relationship with the papacy throughout his life. In 772, when Pope Adrian I was threatened by invaders, the king rushed to Rome to provide assistance. Shown here, the pope asks Charlemagne for help at a meeting near Rome.

charlemagne

He who hesitates is lost. He who hesitates to fight for the right, for the cause of Jesus Christ, is lost. He is defeated already. He is doomed to defeat.

I conquered in the name of God, in the name of our

Though I was called barbaric, I conquered many a barbaric nation, and united them all.

Lord Jesus Christ. That is why I was able to accomplish all that I did. I was a fighter, called barbaric by

some. I was only partially literate, but I was educated in what mattered. Though I was called barbaric, I conquered many a barbaric nation, and united them all.

It is true that the violent take by force, but God chooses leaders. He knows what the people need. In choosing me, He knew that I was the tool, the instrument that was needed for that time in history.

I was a man of force. And, yes, men of force are men of faults. But our Lord is a merciful King, truly righteous and just. He knew my heart and so He blessed

me. Now I fight by the side of your Father David, another great king, who is preparing his children for the greatest battle that is to come upon this Earth you live on.

I, King Charlemagne, who was a mighty king in world history, come to make history once again.

It was said that I was a good organizer, but I will tell you my key to many a victory: I did not give up. I did not give in. I fought on.

(Jesus:) Mighty are they in battle, and powerful and strong will they be at your side! They have learned much about the ways of the spirit world. They have drunk of the Spirit and are ready to help the children of David. They are ready to whisper in your ears, to guide your thoughts, to speak to your heart, and to show you how to reach their people ("Releasing Our Spirit Helpers," ML# 3145:40).

Description of Charlemagne (excerpts from *Einhart, Life of Charlemagne*, 1880)

Charlemagne was large and strong, and of lofty stature (his height is known to have been seven times the length of his foot); his eyes were very large and animated, nose a little long, hair fair, and face laughing and merry. On great feast days he made use of embroidered clothes, and shoes bedecked with precious stones; his cloak was fastened by a golden buckle, and he appeared crowned with a diadem of gold and gems. But on other days his dress varied little from the common dress of the people. He always had a sword girt about him, usually one with a gold or silver hilt and belt.

This is what you will need in the days ahead.

I come to help the children of David to fight on, to encourage them to not to give up or give in to the Enemy and his attacks. For the battles will rage hot and heavy, as they were waged in my day.

But you have a mightier weapon than the weapons of war that soldiers use. You have the sword of the Spirit. It is a mighty, two-edged sword, dividing soul and spirit, and discerns the thoughts and intents of men. It is able to cut the Devil to the heart and to render him powerless. It is mighty to deliver those who are in need.

So I, King Charlemagne,

who was a mighty king in world history, come to make history once again in this great and final hour of the world's history. For the King of kings comes to rule and reign, to proclaim His Kingdom on Earth. He shall

It was said that I was a good organizer, but I will tell you my key to many a victory: I did not give up.

come with His army, riding on white horses.

Your Father David shall be with Him and I shall be with Him, and many others alongside, and we shall come to thoroughly purge the Earth and rid it of

wickedness, and set up and proclaim the everlasting Kingdom of the King of kings, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

So I come to tell you that I am with you, precious children of King David. I am helping your king as we prepare for the coming days ahead. Do not fear or quiver in your hearts, but stand strong in your faith, knowing that greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.

Set your faces like flint, knowing that you defend the most righteous cause. Be not soon shaken, for your Lord is with you, and mighty to deliver His children. Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life. ■

Charlemagne, a.k.a. Charles the Great (742–814 A.D.), king of the Franks (768–814) and founder of the first empire in western Europe after the fall of Rome (800–814).

Charlemagne was probably born in Aix-la-Chapelle (now Aachen, Germany). He was the son of Frankish king Pepin the Short. When Pepin died in 768, the rule of his realms was to be shared between his two sons, Charles (Charlemagne) and Carloman, who died in 771. At his brother's death, Charlemagne consolidated and expanded his power over the next 30 years, invading Italy, Saxony, Spain, Bavaria, and the empire of the Avars (corresponding roughly to modern Hungary and Austria). Having established Frankish rule over so many other peoples, Charlemagne had built an empire and become an emperor. (*Encarta Online Concise*.)



Agatha Christie Agatha Christie Agatha Christie



I always wanted to help the world. I always wanted to leave my mark, to find a way to help others, to stand up for the good, and against the forces of evil that were beginning to sweep the

world even back in my day. But these forces are so much more powerful these days—your days, at this, the turn of the millennium, the end of the last thousand years of man’s rule on Earth.

You may think my books were intriguing, but believe me, they are nothing compared to the true mystery that is unfolding at this very moment—the greatest mystery ever told, the most elusive “whodunnit” story ever conceived, the mystery of the Antichrist and the final days in world history. This is a story that you are even now living, a tale that is unfolding, a plot that is thickening even as we speak.

Who is the murderer? How is he plotting his next great kill? How is he planning to overthrow the kingdoms of this world, in order to set up his own One World system?

Who will be deceived by his flatteries and come to his side to help him? Who will discover his true identity, uncover his treachery, and expose him for the Beast that he truly is?

You may think my books were intriguing, but they are nothing compared to the true mystery that is unfolding at this very moment.

Would you like to know? Well, many clues are in the greatest mystery book ever given to mankind—the Bible. “The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits, and they that understand among the people shall instruct many” (Daniel 11:32,33).

Do you understand what’s going on? Are you tuning in to the clues? Are you watching the signs of the times, and discerning the face of the sky? Are you seeking to foil the plans of the murderer? Or are you continuing on day by day, saying in your heart, “Where is the sign of His coming? All things continue as they were” (Mat 24:3; 2Peter 3:4).

Profile of Agatha Christie

Dame Agatha Mary Clarissa Christie (1891-1976): English novelist, who was a prolific writer of mystery stories. She was born in Torquay, in the county of Devon, England. Her father died when she was a child. Christie was educated at home, where her mother encouraged her to write from a very early age.

In 1914 she married Archibald Christie. During World War I, she worked in a Red Cross Hospital in Torquay as a hospital dispenser. When Christie's mother took her to Cairo for a winter in 1920, she wrote a novel there, and after that devoted herself to writing and had short stories published.

Her marriage to Archibald Christie ended in divorce in 1928. In 1930, while traveling in the Middle East, Christie met the English archaeologist Sir Max Mallowan. They were married that year, and from that time on Christie accompanied her husband on annual trips to Iraq and Syria. She used the expeditions as material for further mystery stories set in the Middle East.

Christie died on January 12, 1976 in Wallingford, Oxfordshire. By the time of her death she had written over one hundred novels.

(Microsoft Encarta and New York Times Book Review, 1950.)

Look around.—The evil could be lurking in places where you least expect it. You just never know how the mystery will end. But once it does, and you look back, you'll think, "That was so obvious. I wonder how I could have missed it all that time."

Well, don't make that mistake. Don't be caught unawares. Watch and pray, that that day does not overtake you as a thief in the night. Open your eyes to see what's going on around you, to see how the spirit of Antichrist is sweeping across the world, conquering hearts and minds everywhere. Don't let him get away with it!

In the end, the mystery will be solved, and all will be clear, and you may end up feeling foolish that you didn't see it coming. Don't let it happen to you. Keep your eyes

Look around—the evil could be lurking in places where you least expect it.

open and take heed to all the clues, the signs of the times, and the whispers from beyond. Don't be caught unaware, and don't

let any man deceive you that the day is not coming when all shall be revealed.

Just as surely as in my stories the culprit was always found out, so shall the day come that this greatest mystery of all will be nothing more than a story that is told: a story of those who watched and waited, and a story of those who slept in their indifference. What kind of character will *you* be? What role will *you* play?

In the end, the mystery will be solved, and all will be clear, and you may end up feeling foolish that you didn't see it coming.

Will the Commissioner say to you, "Well done, My good and faithful detective," or will He catch you empty-handed, with nothing to show for all the evidence, the warnings and the clues that He provided you with?

Take heed that you walk circumspectly, redeeming the time, for the days are now more evil than they have ever been before. ■



Various stamps and a ten yuan note depicting the youthful vanguard of the Cultural Revolution, 1965.

A CHINESE STUDENT

My name is Huang Shen. I was a student during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1969). Times were difficult and we students were always seeking the right path in life. When the Cultural Revolution came, we thought it was the answer to our questions. So we joined in, supporting it wholeheartedly.

We organized special committees. We would organize rallies, showing that we supported this movement. But as time went on, we saw the injustices caused. We saw our friends who opposed this move being unjustly treated and even killed.

In time, I rebelled—in my

heart, but not openly, for fear of severe punishment. I cried out many times for the truth, for the reason for life, but I could not find it. There was no one to tell me about Christ; if there had been I think I would have accepted Him.

At this time I didn't care whether or not I lived, and I

was thinking about openly rebelling. I was confused. Then one day after exercise in freezing weather, I contracted pneumonia. The doctors tried all they could, but about a week later I died, thankful to leave my previous life.

After going through a training period—I'm not saying it's over—I was asked to help the students in China, as well as the many others who are already helping them. Now we are helping you to minister to them; we help you by giving you checks and making it possible for you to meet them. I haven't been doing it for very long, so I'm learning a whole lot.

I was one of the spirits that you helped release.* We are there to help any of you in China with the burden to reach the youth. This is our special ministry, a ministry of students. They are needy and you need them to be able to reach China. If you ever need help, just call and we will be there.

(*Releasing Our Spirit Helpers," ML #3145.)

Feel their power in your life!

(Jesus:) Pray, My beloved children of the Endtime, and let their powers be upon you! Take upon you the anointing of their wisdom, their insight, and their understanding of the people of your nation. Take upon you the mantle of their many valuable years of training and experience in the spirit world, and let them work through you. Feel their power in your life! Accept and receive it, and it will become more and more real, and will work for you in greater ways than you thought possible ("Releasing Our Spirit Helpers," ML #3145:44).

Cultural Revolution (1966-1969):

Mass campaign in China begun by Mao Zedong to revitalize the nation's revolutionary fervor and renew its basic institutions. Allied with the army, revolutionary Red Guards recruited from the youth attacked so-called bourgeois elements in cultural circles and in the bureaucracy. Lin Biao and Mao's wife, Jiang Qing, were other leaders of the movement, which resulted in widespread disorder and violence. The revolution led to the fall of many Communist Party officials. (*Concise Columbia Electronic Encyclopedia.*) (Editor's note: For more information on the history of the Cultural Revolution, see ML #1835.)

Right: January 14, 1967. Young people from Changchun in northeast China carry a banner as they walk into Beijing during the Cultural Revolution. It reads "Changchun-Peking Mao Zedong's Thinking Propaganda Team."



“Tell me more.”

Can Huang Shen tell us how he accepted the Lord after he died?

(Huang Shen:) Yes, of course! I went to a place—a place of limbo—and there a spirit of truth came and revealed to me Who had created the universe, and that Jesus had died for my sins.

I, of course, had many questions, and he patiently answered each one. I believe that I talked to this spirit for days on end, though there was no way of knowing how long I was there.

My whole mind and heart and spirit was flooded with the light of the truth, and because I was search-

ing for that truth before my death, I was ready to receive it.

From there I was received into the arms of Love, into the gates of Heaven. God's love is inseparable from His mercy, and I am so thankful I was able to partake of that mercy, in finally being told the true meaning for my existence.

My education continued for a very long time before I began helping in China, as I learned basic truths that I had never known. It has been wonderful.

Our wonderful Savior



Above: Train employees posing as Mao's Cultural Warriors.

Himself asked me if I could help His children in China, and the last place in my heart that had been filled with sadness—a sense of sorrow that my beloved people were languishing in so much spiritual darkness and I could not help them—was removed. ■

Florence Nightingale

Florence Nightingale

(1820-1910) won fame as a founder of the nursing profession and as a reformer of health care. As chief nurse for the British Army during the Crimean War, from 1854 to 1856, she found that disease and lack of sanitation killed large numbers of soldiers hospitalized with wounds. Her reforms reduced the death rate at her military hospital from 42.7% to 2.2%.

Almost all modern nursing systems and techniques we know today can be traced back to her.



I'm sure you have heard a lot about me and my ministry with the wounded soldiers. I really felt

for those men who were poorly treated and just left to die. To them I was like an angel; they called me "the angel of mercy," and I was glad that I could be a help to them.

It was tough though, having to give up my family, my intended husband, and having to step out by faith, even though I felt so small and weak. But the Lord never failed me. It was His plan for my life, so how could He fail unless I didn't heed His checks? It was a fight. They were difficult

battles, but they were overcome.

My ministry has not stopped. I'm still checking on the sick, doing nightly rounds and comforting those who need it. I'm also helping those of you whose ministry is to help the sick and the dying. I will help you shine God's love into their broken hearts.

As you go to the beds praying for the sick, I am there to help you. My lamp still shines bright with God's love, life and power. And remember, you are all angels of mercy, angels of light to those who sit in darkness. So keep on shining your lamp of God's love into the hearts of others. ■



A personal recollection

Among my treasured memories is that of a visit to her early in the present century. One forgot the invalid and saw only the aged and beautiful face, the unfaded keen eyes, the cheerful smile, the eager listener. One noted most the surprisingly strong full voice, and I hear it still saying, "Goodbye, come again."—*Nursing historian M. Adelaide Nutting, writing about Florence Nightingale.*



LINDA GOODMAN

As a young girl, I used to sit and gaze at the stars for hours on end. Fascinated by their movement and their awesome beauty, I'd sit and look up, wanting so badly to touch them.

In my early teen years, my curiosity about the stars grew. I not only wanted to know what exactly it was that held those stars in the night sky with effortless ease, but I wanted to know how they influenced us. Surely there had to be some relation, some interaction, some influence on our lives.

Not only was I drawn to these celestial bodies, but as a young woman I was magnetically drawn to people. I always wanted to

read people's thoughts. I wanted to know people and everything about them—

Jesus used me to popularize the Age of Aquarius in the sixties and seventies.

really know them. I wanted to know their secret dreams and hopes and desires.

I was captivated by people's characters and personality traits, their behavior, their peculiarities, what they liked and disliked. I wanted to know what made them tick! It wasn't until I came to Heaven that I really understood where this innate desire to know how things worked came from.

Jesus used me to popu-

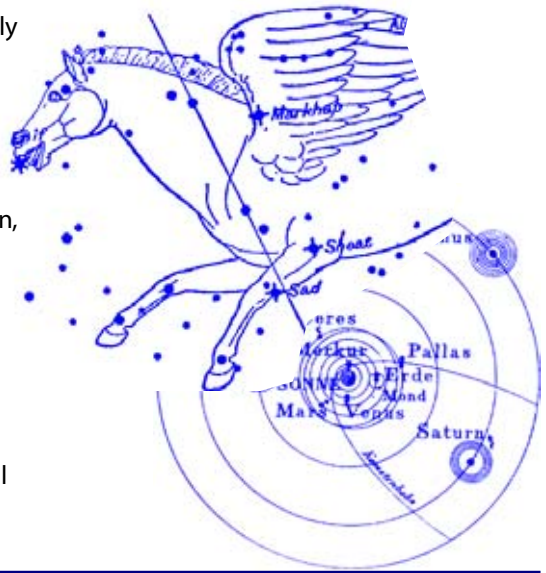
larize the Age of Aquarius in the sixties and seventies. I was a tool in His hand, although I didn't fully realize to what extent at the time. God used me to promote a message, though sad to say, while I was on Earth, I took much of the credit to myself

Although I did acknowledge there had to be a Creator of the Universe, I did not always give Him due credit.

and what I thought was my own sense of intuition. Although I did acknowledge there had to be a Creator of the Universe, I did not always give Him due credit.



Previously unpublished photograph of Linda Goodman, circa 1970. From a private photo album, courtesy of Crystal Bush.



It was a great temptation and I often gave more credit to the creation, instead of the Creator, but now I know better.

In spite of myself, Jesus used me, as He took some of my natural traits and talents and used them to accomplish His plan. He used my curiosity. He used my passion and desire. He even used my dreams and put my headstrong ways to good use to spread a message to the world—and that was to be aware of astrology and its role in the universe.

Now I see things so much more clearly and have a better understanding of things. The stars and the planets were ordained of

God to influence the lives of man. As the Bible teaches,

Had I known the full realities of the spirit world then like I do now, my life would have been different.

He put them there for signs and seasons (Genesis 1:14).

God's system of control is amazing! The planets and the constellations and the stars and astral bodies are set up by Him to bring order and harmony. They influence humankind and properly distribute personalities and characteristics to all His creation in an orderly and synchronized

fashion.

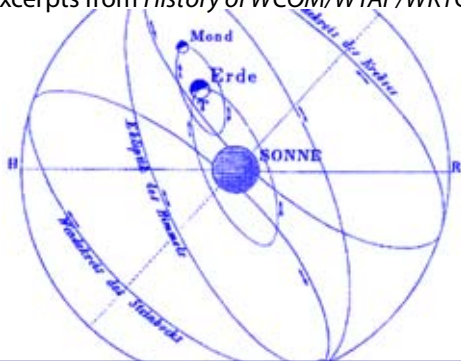
While I was on Earth, I had basic knowledge of the science of the stars. I studied the theory, I knew the mathematics, and had a good grasp of the mechanics of the science of God's physical creation. But God began to show me there was more to it than the mere science, and that He also had an amazing system of spiritual communication which goes hand in hand with His science of the stars!

He gave me perception and a degree of insight into people's personalities, and I started writing about this for the benefit of others. It was a bit shocking for the day—but then again, I was born to be a pioneer. The dawning of

Linda Goodman (1925-1995): Mary Alice Kemery is better known as Linda Goodman, world-renowned astrologer and author of the 1968 book *Sun Signs*, which sold over 5 million copies and spawned the top-selling sequels *Love Signs* and *Star Signs*. *People Magazine* said of her, "For millions of Americans, the Age of Aquarius arrived with Linda Goodman."

Linda Goodman had four children: William Jr., Michael, Jill, and Sally. Her fourth child, Sarah (Sally) disappeared in 1973. Linda Goodman died October 21, 1995.

(Excerpts from *History of WCOM/WTAP/WKYG, Parkersburg.*)



the Age of Aquarius had come! It was still a revolutionary concept back then to think that psychic ability, mental telepathy, or ESP, as the world dubbed it, could complement and work hand in hand with a person's ability to read the stars!

Had I known the full realities of the spirit world then like I do now, my life would have been different.

I did not have a direct link to Heaven as you do.

Unlike you in the Family, I was only able to grow so far while on Earth. I did not have a direct link to Heaven as you do.

Jesus is now teaching me

many lessons on This Side, in the realm of the spirit, and things are clearer to me as I grow in understanding of the true realities. Now I know that what is really important is the power of the Spirit of God, and that this can even overrule, when necessary, the influence of the astral bodies which are only the natural part of God's physical creation. The spiritual always overrules the physical, and this is why you folks in the Family are eons ahead of all the astrologers and soothsayers put together who refuse to acknowledge that the two realms go together.

When I look at you folks in the Family today, your gifts far surpass any percep-

tion or discernment I ever had. The sun and the moon,

Now I know that what is really important is the power of the Spirit of God.

the planets and the stars, influence and can affect natural man and his mind. But you who have a direct link with Jesus, that direct hotline to Heaven, are hundreds of times farther along than anyone who only "reads" His creation, through studying the stars. You in the Family have gone way beyond the natural physical realm into the vast universe of the spirit! You have it all right at your fingertips!

I've always enjoyed Linda Goodman's book, *Sun Signs*. Just recently I bought another of her books, *Linda Goodman's Star Signs*. It's full of things that are covered in the GNs, like that recent article about the power of colors, and hidden words within some politician's names.* Linda talks about hidden messages inside everyday words which she attributes to druids. A lot of the book borders on the bizarre and senseless. (*See ML #3215:38-47 and ML #3062:112-116.)

Astrology tends to leave out God and it also supports abortion, because they believe that the baby's spirit doesn't enter until the child draws it's first breath. They

believe in Karma, and that anything bad that happens to you is a punishment for some past life which you can't remember.

Anyway, I asked the Lord about this book, *Linda Goodman's Star Signs* and here's what He told me:

(Jesus:) Lying Vanities. The Enemy uses small seeds of truth and true principles of My universe and mixes in his own demonic notions and tangled webs of deceit. People are discovering more realities of My spirit realm as they search, and it's exciting!

Linda Goodman discovered many things which I have created, natural and spiritual

It's true that through his own natural efforts, man can strengthen or weaken his own "natural" traits to some degree, those which are influenced by the astral bodies. You see it everywhere in the world today—even on a massive scale with self-improvement programs and so on.

Self-effort is one thing, but you in the Family are light years ahead of the self-effort crowd. You have the greater advantage, because you have a direct link with God and can avail yourselves of His supernatural power. You can completely transform your own personality, even contrary to God's own natural laws—because He is the One Who empowers

you to do so when you call on Him! You have God's

You have what I always wanted when I was on Earth.

Own supernatural power that even overrides His Own natural laws!

Because you've obeyed God's call, you're able to go beyond the natural into the divine! He's able to transform you and renew your minds, because you've chosen not to conform to the world! You have what I always wanted when I was on Earth. You have that direct link with the divine. Why settle for the natural when you can swim in the divine?

You Family folks hold

the key.—You have the secret code, and all you have to do is punch in and get the signals straight from Heaven. You don't have to wade through mathematical equations to know the secrets of life, or how to reach a soul. You, in the Family, through your link to Heaven and through honing your gift of prophecy, far surpass what I was ever able to attain to in my earthly life. You have the key to full understanding of people.

All you have to do is call Heaven and get the message from the Creator Himself and you can know what others need, what the problems are and, most importantly, what the solutions are. You can have

laws. But she listened to misguided voices and was sent strong delusions of druids and people perfecting themselves and becoming as their own gods.

This is a religion of the blind leading the blind and is eventually another green door and do-it-yourself religion. Yes, I have created wonderful secrets within My stars, planets, colors, numbers, words and light. Yes, people have auras. But the spirit world is so vast and great and wonderful that it is mere foolishness and pride to try and explain it all away in a book.

You already know that trials and tribulations are gifts of love from My hand, to mature and strengthen you, to give you

compassion and a soft humble heart. You know that I do things in perfect love, and that it is not retribution or karma from a former sinful life.

You know that abortion is a sin, it is murder. I create and love each life within the womb, and it is not yours, but Mine. There is never an excuse for destroying My precious creation.

I will speak to your heart and show you all the mysteries of My creation if you will but ask Me. Look not to man's wisdom, for much of it is inspired by the dark side. Satan is subtle and clever, so it is best that you eschew these things all together and look only to Me and My Words. ■

true understanding of people's deepest needs, their every want and desire. You can receive insight into their true character and you can know their hopes and their longings.

You have the priceless privilege to truly know your fellow man—to understand him and know how to meet his needs, how to give him love. You have it all—all the answers, all you could ever want or need to know in life—and you can have it in detail! You can have it instantly, on the spot, any time, anywhere, any way you like!

You in the Family have the golden gift! Like the young prophet Daniel and his friends, you put all the astrologers to shame in the

Like the young prophet Daniel and his friends, you put all the astrologers to shame in the things that really count—the matters of wisdom and understanding.

things that really count—the matters of wisdom and understanding. You have the direct link, dear Family, so cherish it and use it wisely, because these are true treasures.

“Tell me more!”

—A further note from Jesus.

(Jesus:) Just because I allowed Linda to give a message to the Family, does not mean that everything she ever wrote is now okay. She was a tool in My hand, but because she was not fully yielded to Me while on Earth, and she yielded to the temptations of vanity and pride, therefore was she led astray in many of her writings. She has repented of that now.

So follow her example now that she has been enlightened fully with My truth, in My heavenly realm. Seek to connect with the divine—with Me. For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. ■

Alessandro Manzoni



Alessandro Francesco Tommaso Antonio Manzoni (1785-1873): Italian novelist, poet, and playwright, born in Milan, Italy. As a young man he espoused the rationalism and skepticism prevailing in French literature at that time.

At Milan, in 1808, he married Henriette-Louise Blondel, the Protestant daughter of a Swiss banker, and when in 1810 she became a Catholic, Manzoni followed her back into the church. Thenceforth his life was consecrated to religion, patriotism, and literature. His creative work was all done between 1812 and 1827. (*Encarta Online Concise and Catholic Encyclopedia.*)

iweep tears of joy that I can finally speak! Oh, dearest Lord, I beg Thy forgiveness! I beg You to forgive me for my pride, my self-glorification, my lack of submission to You.

There was so much I had to learn when I came Here to this heavenly place. I thought I was so great. I was such a renowned and famed poet on the Earth, but when I came Here, I found out how small I really was. It was such a shock to me, such a surprise. But God's mercy is so great. He had mercy on me because, though I glorified myself so much, I did give Him a little glory. He had to teach me so much about what it really means to be faithful to Him and to glorify Him above all.

People thought I was so wonderful and meticulous when I wrote *I Promessi Sposi*. I studied all the languages, all of the different ways of speaking and tried to perfect my language. I studied all of the history and all of the detail and wanted everything to be perfect. But I was only glorifying myself. I was so self-righteous and I said, “Look, God, how the glory I give You is so great!” But I was only taking it to myself.

When I came Here, I had to have the pride washed from my heart. I needed to learn about humility and the truth of the spirit—for in Heaven there’s so much to learn, and so much is opened unto you. Although it was painful to see how far I’d erred from the simplicity of love and truth, yet it was all shown to me and delivered with much tenderness and mercy.

I was allowed to tell little stories to the children. I felt it a great privilege to even be able to speak with those little pure beings, those darling children. When the Lord saw that I was getting my lessons and learning the humility that was truly of Him, then I

was asked to write down some of those stories. And now my emotions have overcome me, to think that I have this great honor and privilege to give some of these stories unto the children of David.

I’ve truly seen how nothing I really am, and how anything I ever did in my life is all God’s mercy. He had me speak with the great King Nebuchadnezzar, for he too glorified himself above all and had to learn through many difficult times that it was only the God of Heaven that made him what he was. He told me his story. It was a turning point and I saw the truth of the matter.

This is a great day for me, for God has told me that I shall be allowed to speak to you and help you. I bow my head now and raise my arms to glorify Him, Who is God above all, Who is merciful and kind and Whose love is everlasting.

Now I know that it was He Who gave me those words, and truly, if we will trust in God and do our best, then all will work out right. I have many stories to tell, but now I wish to praise my Savior. Glory be to Him forever! ■

I Promessi Sposi,
 (“The Betrothed”)

Manzoni’s great masterpiece, was written between 1821 and 1825, and rewritten in 1840. Against the historical background of the Spanish oppression in Milan and the war of the Mantuan succession (1628-1630), is the story of the love and fortunes of two young peasants. (*Catholic Encyclopedia.*)

(Jesus:) Heed the whispers that I would whisper unto you, of secrets, of history and those visions of the spirit that will thrill, touch, inspire, and invigorate My children, and cause you to look in greater awe upon My power, and the great cloud of witnesses that stand around you, waiting to help you in the dark and trying days to come.

Yul Bryenner

(From a FGA woman on the field:) Previously I carried on a brief conversation with Marilyn Monroe about heavenly communication. In talking to her, she seemed to be sitting at an outdoor sidewalk cafe, accompanied by Richard Burton and Yul Brenner, two of my favorite actors. I told Yul how much I liked him and his acting. He responded that that didn't say much for my character as he often played villains. We all had a good laugh about it. About two months later, I took time out to talk to him.

(Yul Brynner:) Well, I finally got your attention and willingness to listen. We have so much to tell you, it's exciting for us to finally have channels we can pour out through. For years the spirit world has been shut up, so to speak, except to a very few who have had the faith to reach out and receive.

The children of David have had the faith to believe these deeper mysteries of the spirit world. For you it is no surprise, the things we tell you. For you it's normal to hear that there's sex in Heaven, children and babies, pleasures of every kind, joy and laughter and peace ever after.



AKA:	Yul Bryner
Occupation:	Actor
Also:	TV director
Born As:	Taidje Khan
Born:	July 12, 1915, Sakhalin Island (off coast of Siberia), Russia
Died:	October 10, 1985, New York

People

We love you and though we didn't personally know our fans on Earth, now we can see them and return that love and desire for personal contact if they project their thoughts and

Though we didn't personally know our fans on Earth, now we can see them and return that love and desire for personal contact if they project their thoughts and desire our company.

desire our company. We return the love and admiration now, for we see the beauty and potential of each individual as the Lord sees her or him. We no longer judge the outside of a man or woman but are able to look into each heart. There are no misunderstandings up Here, for we know even as also we are known and we love even as also we are loved.

Yes, I'm still bald; that's part of my attraction. You

I'm still bald; that's part of my attraction.

wouldn't recognize me if you came up here and saw me with hair. Ha! And I definitely want you to recognize me. You flirt! We get a big kick out of your flirtations, especially Marilyn. She says you're a lot like her.

She's sweet! All of the women Here are sweet and beautiful and loving. I loved women down there, but up

Here—wow! Only I can't quite understand why they love us men.

There are a lot of us Here who can't wait to help the children of David during the Endtime events. We're as

excited as you are about the things that are coming. We also get to play a leading role, in that we'll be supporting the stars from behind the scenes. We'll be teaching you your lines and prompting you if you happen to forget.

The script is written and now is the time when you're learning your lines. It takes a lot of work, I know. You're doing a lot a practicing now, but during the final performance, the

parts will flow and it will truly be the greatest performance by the top—the professionals—that this world has ever seen.

I'm excited! To me the theater was always fascinating. From boyhood on, I loved it. And I'm still involved in it, helping and directing and training the actors—you! ■

Yul Brynner (1915–1985), American actor, known for his distinctive stage presence and trademark shaven head.

Although his origins were deliberately shrouded in mystery, he is believed to have been born in Sakhalin, an island off the east coast of Siberia. Born Taidje Khan, he later acknowledged a Romany (Gypsy) background.

A vast network of laborers

(Dad:) This is just a counterpart, or should I say you're just a counterpart of what's Here. That vast network and variety of laborers is available to you down there right now. There are those whom you can network with, and you can network with us Here. Together we'll make a team to get the job done! ("Releasing Our Spirit Helpers," ML #3145:70).

put faces on them

PUT FACES

a message from jesus

You need them more than you know.

I love it when you begin to realize how very close your spirit helpers are to you. When you're with children, I send people and children along who can help you to relate and connect with the precious little charges in your care, to help you to smile and to feel what they're feeling. When you're cooking, I send culinary spirit helpers to help you put magical ingredients of tender loving care into the meal, for the enjoyment of all. When

“Make a connection that cannot be severed, by acknowledging their presence in your life.”

you write to a sheep, or receive a spirit story, I send special, gifted writers who inspire you to shape the words before you and craft them into shining jewels to cheer and feed the hearts of My children.

The more you ask Me specifically for help from the

spiritual realm for everything that you do, the more you are aware of the many spirit beings about you who pour their experience and their tips and their inspirations through your open channel. And the more that you realize that you are just a small piece of the puzzle, which is the complete picture of My will that I ordain you to be part of every day, the more you will praise and glorify Me for using you as a vessel and as a channel for the celestial treasures of knowledge that you have at your fingertips.

Then you are out of the Enemy's reach, because you are clothed in the garment of humility. You are not so tempted with his tricks of pride to try to get you to take the credit for things to yourself, or to boast "that was my idea," but you simply feel all the more humbled, for you know you are but a poor representative of the mighty warriors and Amazons and teachers and scientists in the spirit who are at your side, whispering words of wisdom and ideas of brilliance into your ear.

“The more you ask Me specifically for help from the spiritual realm for everything that you do, the more you are aware of the many spirit beings about you who pour their experience and their tips and their inspirations through your open channel.”

You are moving into place, as are many of My children in these Last Days, to work with your helpers on the Other Side as never before. You are called and chosen as one of My children, to be a witness for Me in the Last Days, but you have to understand that I am not calling you to go through the dark days ahead by yourself.

All the prophets have dreamed of your day and wish they were alive in your day, so that they could see and experience the fulfillment of the final stand between good and evil. But don't fool yourself that they aren't seeing and experiencing these times right along with you, for they are. They may not have the honor and privilege of being on Earth in the flesh at this time, but there are countless forces in the spirit behind each one of My children on Earth, and you must not fail them by failing to listen to their whispers.

They want so much to be a part of these exciting times, and you need them more than you know. The

excitement of the plot and the triumph of the outcome of this fantastic play depends largely upon your

“Get to know them. Ask them their names. Talk to them.”

willingness to recognize the role of these many powerful, yet invisible, actors on the stage along with you.

Get to know them. Ask them their names. Talk to them. Thank Me and them for their help. Put faces on them and find out what they do and how they help you. Make a connection that

cannot be severed, by acknowledging their presence in your life, just as you have acknowledged My presence in your life.

The fact that you acknowledge My presence on a daily basis, by talking to Me, communing with Me, praising Me, sharing your heart with Me, and petitioning Me, has made Me more real to you. And now you can do the same with these men and women by your side, these dear friends and companions who cherish you and love you and want nothing more than to assist you and be one with you in this never-to-be-repeated time on Earth. ■



Spirit Helper Profiles

Kings and
soldiers,
nurses and
astrologers,
students,
writers,
actors and
more—
they're now
united in a
common
goal: to help
see us
through the
coming time
of trouble.
Get
acquainted
with them.
Find out
what they
did, and
especially
what they're
doing now.

2

Charlemagne

He was barbaric, of lofty stature, and held the title of Emperor. Now he's back...

4

Agatha Christie

The world-famed mystery novelist expounds on her favorite mystery thriller.

6

A Chinese Student

Huang Shen lived during the Cultural Revolution. Now he has a search-and-rescue mission.

8

Florence Nightingale

From Chief Nurse for Britain in the 1800s to Assistant Nurse for Heaven in the 2000s.

9

Linda Goodman

The famous astrologer and author reveals how Heaven has expanded her understanding of astrology, and has given her the golden gift she had been seeking her whole life—a link with the divine.

14

Alessandro Manzoni

This early 19th-century Italian writer was praised to the heavens for his brilliant writings. Now living in Heaven, he begs for the opportunity to set something straight. The man who starred in the movie *The King and I*

16

Yul Brynner

informally chats about fans, Marilyn Monroe and other women in Heaven, his love for the theater, and the new position he's snagged as director. Jesus encourages YOU to personally acquaint yourself with

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Put Faces on Them

the invisible beings—the warriors, Amazons, teachers and scientists—who are by your side and getting ready for the Big Event.

Suggested reading age for this publication is JETTs and up. Parents or shepherds may read with or allow portions to be read by younger ages.

If you have suggestions for **linkUP** topics, or contributions to the mag, please send them via the **Grapevine** e-mail or postal address.

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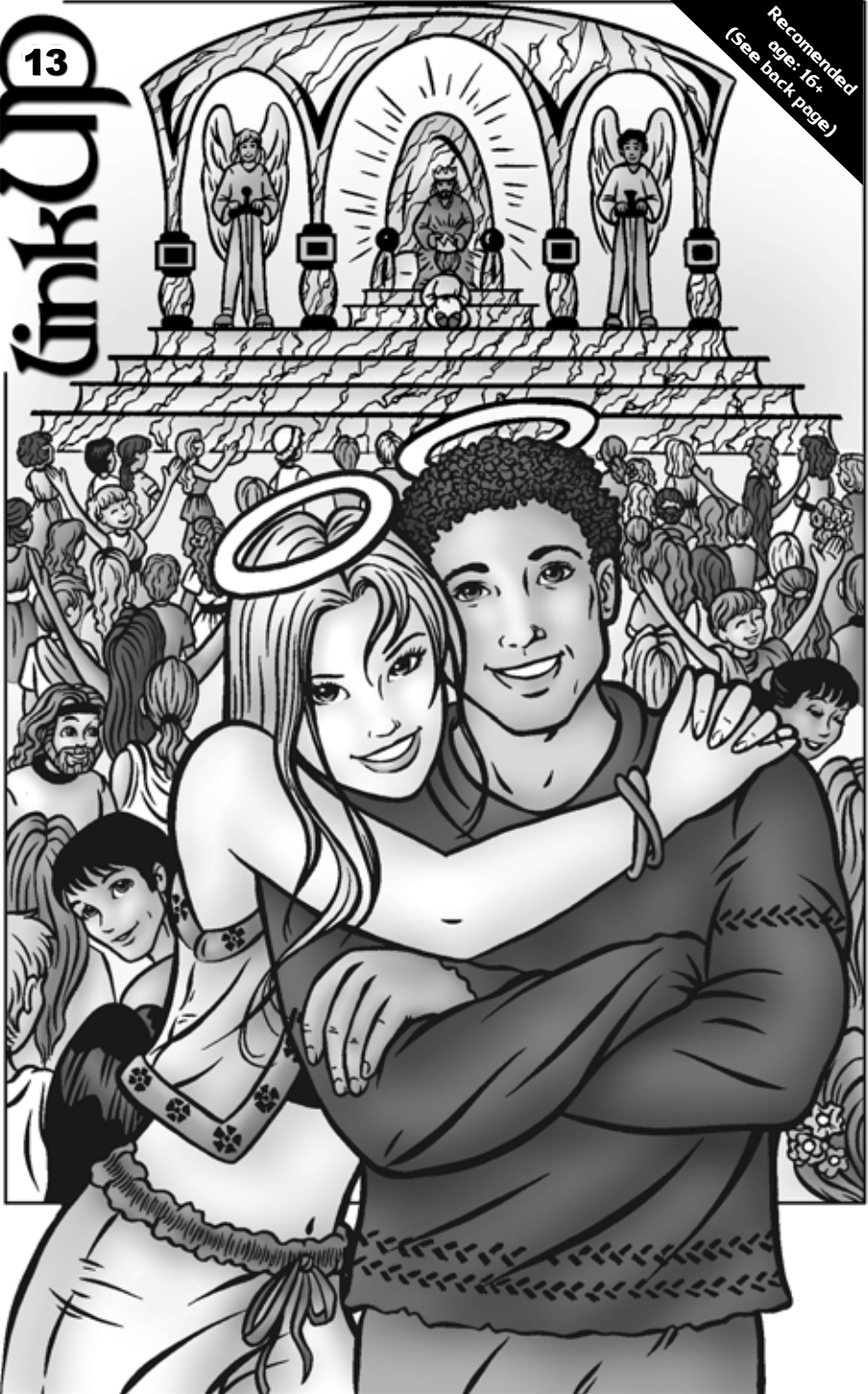
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Recommended
age: 16+
(See back page)



Kristina, one of the Austin girls, in a message to a peer:

[When I was a young teen on Earth,] I never really wondered if boys would like me. I never really worried about my looks or things like that. I guess I was just happy about the way God made me.

But then I began to sink. I began looking around at boys, and taking the videos [System movies] I watched really seriously. I began to worry that I'd never find the love of my life and I began to compare myself with others and think that I wasn't so pretty, or I was too fat.

I thought there wasn't anybody for me in the Family, and even thought about leaving, just to have a boyfriend. I became obsessed with the idea. The more I thought about it, the more I got wrapped up in myself and my feelings, until I seriously began to think about leaving the Family.

You've romanticized the movies you've seen, and those videos are more real to you than the Word. That's a serious problem. It can really drag you down. So I'm going to share a few things with you about what it's like Here, and how I learned to view things differently.

You see, Grandpa gave us the idea of sex in Heaven and it being really free, but it's hard to imagine it till you can live it and see it. You just don't have any pride or image to project. We just see right into each other and can almost read each other's thoughts, so there really isn't anything to hide. You

don't do one thing while you are thinking another. It's all one, and it is just so free, so beautiful.

You can share, and it is really sharing your heart. You can fall in love and really love deeply. You can live without jealousy or comparing yourself with others or thinking about who's prettier. You just feel really thankful and happy for each moment. Love is really the reason for it all, and when you put that love first everything falls into place.

I got Here and I fell in love with Jesus like I'd never known Him. You can't imagine how wonderful it is to lie in His arms. It's a feeling I'd never known, but you can know it. You can feel it.

I began to compare myself with others and think that I wasn't so pretty.

Sex is important Here, but it has its perspective and isn't like anything you've seen or experienced there.

The other thing I want to tell you is that it won't be long. Really, time's so short. Even if the Lord doesn't bring you Here early like He did me, you can't imagine how short it really is. All those "boy trials" really don't matter at all and are just a waste of time. They don't count.

Your time on Earth can really count and make a real difference, but allowing that kind of sexual pride to get in the way just wraps you up in yourself and keeps you from accomplishing more for the Lord. When you get Here and see all that time wasted, it breaks your

heart. I wept! You'll weep too when you see all the time you lost by just having your eyes on yourself, looking at yourself in the mirror and thinking about yourself.

Here, you really don't want to look at yourself. You see yourself reflected in the eyes of others, and that's enough.

Look at yourself as you are reflected in the eyes of others. Look at yourself as you are reflected in the children's eyes or your mom's eyes. How do you look? Are you thinking of them or only yourself? If you are only thinking of yourself and have your eyes on yourself, then you can't see the hurt and sadness and tears in their eyes because they need you so much. They want so much for you to just love them and look deep inside of them.

Look deep inside of them and see their needs. Learn to look deeply and get out of yourself and into others, and you will find real satisfaction, just like winning a soul. You'll feel complete and so full of Jesus that you won't need anything else.

So this is my message for you and my prayer for you. You, like me, might be gone tomorrow, and you will have lost your chance to love others and live for them and put their needs first, and you will wish you had done so much more. So give it all you've got. The Lord

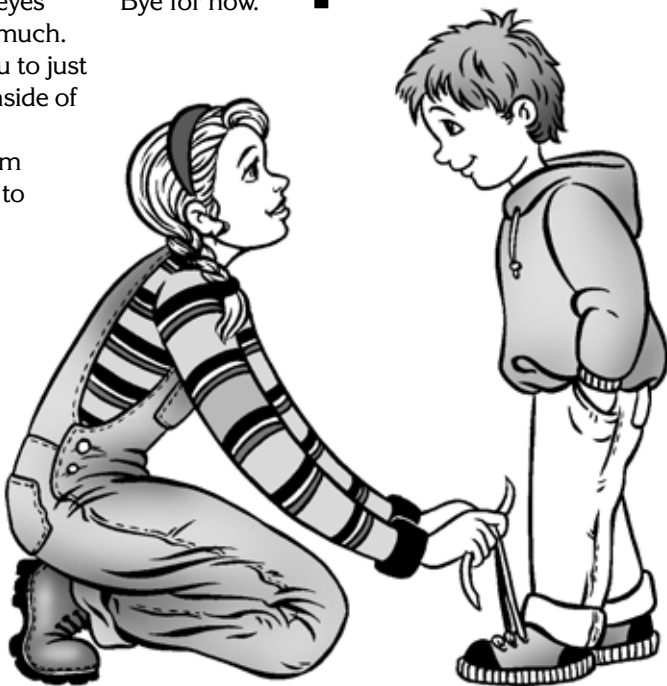
can use you so much if you will just let Him.

Break the mirror! Get your eyes off yourself, and begin to look deeply into others and see their feelings and their needs, and you will be just beautiful. You will shine and people will look at you and wonder how the Lord made you so beautiful.

I love you, and I'm Here anytime you need to talk. As you grow in these things you will be more heavenly minded and not so shallow, and we will all become much more real to you.

Smile, you're on candid camera—God's candid camera! Bye for now. ■

Here, you really don't want to look at yourself. You see yourself reflected in the eyes of others, and that's enough.



Break the mirror! Get your eyes off yourself, and begin to look deeply into others and see their feelings and their needs, and you will be just beautiful.

How do you fall in love in Heaven? Here on Earth, you go a lot by someone's physical appearance, personality, and so on, but up There do these things still matter? Or is it like all spiritual love, where you love someone just out of love for the Lord?

George: Love in Heaven! Wow, what a big topic! I'll do my best to explain it. My name is George Matheson. You might remember me from my time on Earth. Since I just fell in love with my wonderful wife all over again, the Lord thought I might be a good one to explain this to you.

Here, when you see a person of the opposite sex with whom you have an affinity, your heart is so one with them that right away there is no wall or distance between you. Instantly there is a closeness, but this doesn't necessarily mean you're in love with them. It's like the difference between a good friend and a lover. A good friend is close and can be closer than anyone else, but when you're in love there's a certain magic, a certain spark.

Here we become attracted to each other much the same way as on Earth. You might see

someone's body there and you think that he or she is just perfect. Well, up Here people *are* just perfect—as far as being perfectly whole and not having any physical blemishes—so although it is a very pleasant additive, it isn't the main deciding factor if you end up being serious about living together with someone. What is most important is how you two can better serve the Lord by being together.

All up Here also have their "soul-mates" or "destined loves." And it isn't necessarily only one person either. Did I hear those bottles crack? Yes, you can be in love with more than one person up Here, and it never lends to the feelings of loss or hurt that you have on Earth. No, there is none of that Here. You are just so happy that the other person is happy that you can't help wanting to give them to someone else as well.

Dr. George Matheson (1842-1906) wrote the famous hymn "Oh Love That Will Not Let Me Go" in 1882. He wrote it in about five minutes and it did not require any retouching. He had the impression it was dictated to him by an inward voice. He always said that the hymn was greatly indebted to Dr. Peace who wrote the music. The hymn committee asked him to change only one word. In the line "I climbed the rainbow in the rain," he had to substitute the word "traced" for "climbed"! (From *Life of George Matheson* by D. McMillan.) (Read more about George Matheson in ML #2482:9-13 and *Good Thots* 1 and 2.)

Back to attraction: There is something there, something in the person's eyes, some spark, something that tells you that you two are a match. Maybe it's God-implanted in the ones that are meant to be together.

You can be in love with more than one person up Here, and it never lends to the feelings of loss or hurt that you have on Earth. You are just so happy that the other person is happy that you can't help wanting to give them to someone else as well.

So you see a gorgeous girl or handsome guy, and you get that feeling in your stomach, like the butterflies have all been let loose out of a well-kept cage. Your eyes meet and instantly you are connected.

Maybe you walk with her or him, you take a stroll down the parkway and you begin to get more and more interested in them. Maybe you then begin to feel that sensation in your body. You know, the one that

There is a certain aura that surrounds those who are in love.

cries out for every cell of your being to be one with his or hers? You know, you want to love them and have sex right then and there? Well, hey, you still have those feelings

Here, believe it or not, only they are so pure and there are no restraints, nothing that would keep you from acting upon it. So you might begin to kiss and so on.

Then you will probably be called away for some duty, but will agree to meet again, and you start growing closer and closer. That spark of life begins to grow between you, and others can see it.

There is a certain aura that surrounds those who are in love. You can always recognize those who have just fallen in love with each other. You can see the glow almost like ... well, it's hard to explain. You feel their aura as being so young and new and fresh. It's like a young flower, a bud just awakening from its slumber with the fresh dewdrops on its petals.

You then begin to feel that sensation in your body.

You feel their emotions and you are so happy for them. There is almost a mist that surrounds them as they walk light as a feather, literally, and can hardly wait to be together again. All those feelings and desires are there and you can act on them. ■

Love in Heaven is all the good without the bad.—George Matheson in Heaven.

Sharalie: My name is Sharalie, and I want to talk a bit about relationships.

Have you ever loved someone who didn't love you in return? You tried and tried, but it was so difficult to express the love and admiration you had for him or her? Or perhaps you've been loved by someone for whom you had no attraction, and it was difficult for you to know how to respond.

Sometimes, especially when you're young, it seems that nothing ever works out, that you'll never find someone who loves you and who you love too. Life seems so messy and complicated, and it's so difficult to communicate with others, even if they're just friends.

I want to tell you a bit about how things work in Heaven, to encourage you that if you're in a rough phase of your life or your

Sometimes, especially when you're young, it seems that nothing ever works out.

heart has been broken, or maybe you just feel like an ugly duckling, and that no one could possibly ever love you and want to be with you as your boyfriend or girlfriend, let alone for life, that it won't be like this forever.

Jesus has someone special for everyone. Did you know that? It's true! And the wonderful thing is that until you meet up with that special someone, you who know Jesus can receive His love and comfort, as well as special love

and friendship from other people who also love Jesus. Those are very special gifts that those of the world who don't know the Lord cannot partake of.

Jesus has someone special for everyone. Did you know that?

Anyway, the main thing I wanted to tell you about is how it goes in Heaven. First off, nobody is exclusive. No one shuts you out; everyone loves everyone, and it's pure pleasure to include others in the love and friendship you share with those special to you.

Yes, each of us Here has somebody or somebodies who are special to us—and of course the Lord is the most special One of all to us—but that doesn't mean that anyone feels left out.

It's really wonderful that you can walk up to any group of people and feel included right away. The cool thing is that because we can read minds up Here, and also communicate very fast telepathically, there's never the problem of feeling lost and like you don't know what everyone's talking about, just because you came late into a conversation.

We do a lot of fun things together too. One of the joys of Heaven is finding and making new friends all the time. Everyone is a friend Here—some we just haven't met yet!

The Lord's love fills the air in Heaven. It's everywhere! You can feel it and smell it and hear it and taste it. It soaks into everyone and

everything! Everything glows with the Lord's love, and it's so warm and comforting and fun and fuzzy.

There are no loneliness trials up Here. There are no jealousy trials, or envy or competition. It's just fantastic, and I'm really only describing a drop in the bucket. It's beautiful and soft and warm. So you can understand why no one would feel left out, because we all just soak up the Lord's love together as we love each other and go about our work and play.

One of the joys of Heaven is finding and making new friends all the time.

You can soak up some of Heaven's love too, through your praise time, prayer time—any time that you spend with Jesus. We just love to send down buckets of love to you, because there's plenty to spare!

If you ever feel lonely or like nobody loves you—or maybe you know that your parents and friends love you, but you wonder if you'll ever have anyone special to be

The Lord's love fills the air in Heaven. It's everywhere! You can feel it and smell it and hear it and taste it.

close to and live with and share life with—then just stop for a few minutes, close your eyes and ask Jesus to take you to Heaven for a bit, to tank up on some of the love we have Here. We'd love to take

you into our arms and make you feel real special. And of course, Jesus does that best of all.

One of the best keys to loving others is keeping the Lord right there with you. Then He'll give you the love and understanding you need when the waters are too deep.

Or maybe you are in a relationship with someone, but it's not going so well because it's difficult to communicate or something—well, same thing. Just ask us in Heaven to help you and we'll give you some magic drops of the elixir of love to smooth out your relations with others. Of course, one of the best keys to loving others is keeping the Lord right there with you. Then He'll give you the love and understanding you need when the waters are too deep. So those are my few words to you. ■

If you can, imagine love that doesn't have any pain or remorse or hurt feelings with it—love that is pure and impartial. If you take all the earthly love and filter out all the negative aspects, then you would have the start of the statue of heavenly love.—It's like the toe on the statue.—George Matheson in Heaven.

love and sex in 70s city
magic drops of love



Will modern celebrities like Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt and Julia Roberts be famous in Heaven? Will the Lord wipe all that away? Or will you always know and remember what they did on Earth? If they just barely scraped into Heaven by having prayed at one point in their lives, but not having done anything much for the Lord, their celebrity status would seem to give them a lot of undue attention up There.

Judy Garland: I know what it's like to live a life of fame and glory on Earth. That was me! That was how I lived my life. I was famous from a young age, but that insane life of fame and fortune drove me crazy. It finally drove me to my death.

Here in Heaven I found so much joy, so much acceptance for *who* I was, not for *what* I did.

In Heaven it doesn't matter whether or not you were famous on Earth. Jesus loves you just the same, no matter who you are, no matter what you did. He's no

The famous personalities in Heaven are the ones who lived their lives for Jesus, not for themselves.

respector of persons, and neither is anyone else up Here. Those celebrities like Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, Julia Roberts and Sharon Stone, for example, are not going to have great honor up in Heaven like you will. In fact, I'd venture to say that they're going to be rather ashamed of the lives that they led. They're going to be ashamed that

they didn't live a life of honor like you—a life in service to others.

Sure, when those who were saved get Here, everyone will know what they did on Earth, but they'll no longer be famous stars like they were on Earth. They'll be the ones coming to see you, because you'll be the celebrities up Here. The famous personalities in Heaven are the ones who lived their lives for Jesus, not for themselves.

When I got to Heaven no one wanted to hear about my accomplishments on Earth or my fame and glory, and neither did I. Everyone loved me for who I was, but they didn't really care about my worldly achievements, and neither did I. Honor is given to the men and women of God, not the stars of the movie industry, or any other industry for that matter.

They're not going to be proud of their lives when they get to Heaven. They're just going to want to forget their past and learn all they can about the real world—the world of the spirit. That's how it was for me. I was sick of my life on Earth; I didn't want to even remember it.

When I first arrived, though, I

spent many hours reminiscing over my past, wishing that I would have known the full truth, wishing that I could have done more to help others, to tell others about Jesus, wishing that I could have entered the Pearly Gates as a *heavenly*

Deep down in their hearts and souls they're hungry, they're searching, they're looking for the answers.

celebrity, as a *heavenly* star. But all of my remorse and condemnation were wiped away because I was accepted for who I was. I was loved for who I was, not for the money that I had or for the fame that I had acquired while on Earth. It was so refreshing, so beautiful, so comforting.

Of course, the Lord does bless those actors and actresses who do their best to portray good messages through their movies, even though they don't believe in Him, or don't know about His love and truth. He blessed and rewarded me for the good that I did, too.

I've even been doing some acting up Here, which has been a real rush. But I'm by no means famous. People don't come to me for autographs; they don't even ask me about my life on Earth. I'm a new person now; we're all on the same level. In fact, if anything I'm less advanced and have a lot to learn before I catch up to others who lived for Jesus while on Earth.

The real celebrities and stars in Heaven are the ones who lived for Jesus, not the ones who played

roles in earthly movies. When the celebrities get to Heaven their old lives vanish and they are loved for who they are. They'll even receive a new name. You'll find that most won't want to even talk about their lives on Earth; they'll be more interested in you, 'cause you'll be the famous ones.

You're the ones who are playing the role of the Endtime witnesses and living in the timeframe that all of the prophets dreamed of living through. You're gonna be the hot stuff up Here, not them. You're going to be the famous personalities; you're going to be the stars. Like the verse says, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever" (Daniel 12:3). ■

You'll find that most won't want to even talk about their lives on Earth; they'll be more interested in you.



Zacchaeus: Hi! You asked for someone to come and tell you about some funny happenings in Heaven, and guess who Jesus sent along to tell you all about it? It's me, Zacchaeus.

God demonstrated a great sense of humor when He made me; at least that's what I think. I like to laugh at myself and the funny things I do—even the fact that I'm so short. I don't feel bad about it at all. In fact, one of the gifts that Jesus gave to me was the ability to make others happy, to make others laugh, to bring a bit of joy and happiness into the lives of those that I'd meet.

Well, I didn't come here to talk to you about me, although I am one of the funny things you'll find in Heaven. I came to talk to you about other funny things you'll discover—things you can look forward to and anticipate.

In Heaven we know the benefits of having a good laugh. There's really nothing like laughing! Up Here we have funny movies, funny music, funny skits, funny stories, funny people and funny experiences. So many things make us laugh, but it's all in good humor, it's all done in love, and nothing is ever done to hurt anyone else.

We get a real kick out of jokes, and have volumes and volumes of them. We have a good laugh at some of the jokes that you enjoy on Earth, too, especially the ones about what Heaven is like.

“Tell me more.”

Jesus: My warriors are serious and sober, but at the same time they love to defeat and zap the incorrigible demons. They go to special training zones where they learn to zap the Enemy, and they also review and share notes about missions they've been on and how they defeated the Enemy. Sometimes they will laugh about the ludicrous little demons and their insolence, to think that they have any power at all in comparison to the power of Heaven. But for the most part my children are sober and serious about their fight against the Evil One and hisimps. (End of prophecy.)

People Here produce funny movies for everyone's entertainment. Others write humorous plays and perform them. Sometimes a group of us will just sit around talking about the absent-minded things we do.

We're sometimes in stitches talking about the puny demons that we defeat on our missions to Earth, and the idiotic things they do. It's really quite a ball of fun shooting one of those demons back where they belong. It's serious too, but sometimes it's actually quite funny because they're so helpless and weak and puny compared to the spirit beings and angels of Heaven.

We even have clown shows in Heaven. There are so many different ones up Here who used to be clowns or circus people while on Earth, and since coming Here they've improved and added to their repertoire, and they love to do shows for us. We have magic shows, comedy routines, and all kinds of shows.

Jesus even makes us laugh. He has this sort of mystical way of bringing out that special emotion in all of us. Sometimes He'll just joke around with us and have a good time.

Then of course there are all of the little children Here who are continually doing and saying the most hilarious things. And we can go back in time through our time-travel machines and witness some of the funny happenings in history. We get to enjoy most of the funny things that you enjoy on Earth, except we have a much larger

range of options, being that we can travel in time and do other such things.

You'll still be able to laugh until you cry. I mean, Heaven wouldn't be Heaven if there weren't a thing called laughter. So don't worry, there's plenty of laughing gas up Here—enough for all, enough for eternity.

“Tell me more.”

Q: Is Zacchaeus still really short in Heaven? Wouldn't being very short be considered an imperfection?

Jesus: Dear Zacchaeus—he is such a good friend, and has made Me laugh many a time. You ask why Zac is still short in Heaven, when everyone leaves behind his or her imperfections on Earth. First of all, you have to remember that to be short is not a great imperfection. After all, you should see him with children—they just love him, because he isn't towering over them. He tells them all sorts of funny stories.

The wonderful thing about Zacchaeus is that although he could have chosen to be the more average height of a man when he came to Heaven, he chose to keep the stature which he had on Earth, so that people would see him and remember the story in the Bible. He kept his earthly height to be a continual witness to Me, even in Heaven, and to bring to life a timeless story that many people who arrive Here may not be familiar with for some reason or other. It's just something he's done out of love for Me, and because to him it is a great honor bestowed upon him, that he and his height went down in the Bible as part of the record of My life on Earth.

Of course, there are times when he takes a break from being short—once I saw him at a party, only he was as tall as Me, and for just a split-second I didn't recognize him, all dressed up and as tall as he was. That is, until I saw that twinkle in his eye, and then we both had a good laugh together. You should've



seen how many times he told people that he had actually tricked Me for a second—it's quite funny.

Of course, I'm all-knowing and I could've known immediately who he was, but sometimes at parties and certain events I switch that power off so that I can relax and enjoy Myself as one of you—also so that I can be surprised every once in awhile, as Zacchaeus was so delighted to discover. Ha. (End of prophecy.) ■

Noel: Some of you have heard it all your lives—that if you give your lives to Jesus, serve Him with all your hearts and forsake your own will for His, you’re going to receive “exceeding great rewards. ... Run the race and you’ll get the crown. ... The prize of the high calling,” and so on.

Have you ever wondered what some of the other rewards are?

Ever wonder exactly what those rewards will be? I know you know about your mansions, and lots of you have already put in your orders for how you want your rooms or garden to be, and that’s real cool. But have you ever wondered what some of the other rewards are?

You know, Jesus understands you. He knows what it’s like to forsake things you like and enjoy, what it’s like to take up your cross—whether it means forsaking extra free time, forsaking the idea of making money for yourself, forsaking desires for a huge wardrobe full of nice clothes, or all the latest computer equipment, or maybe a bunch of pets.— Everyone’s different, and taking up your cross means something different for every one of you. Jesus knows this, and He sees your heart.

Even if nobody else knows your special desires—what you would want if you could have anything— Jesus knows, and He’s making special note of it for later. He’s so proud of you all for passing the tests He gives you, and He’s really

going to show you off someday. You’re going to feel real special, even floored, to see that your little decisions to commit yourself even when it was tough counted for so much.

I tell you what—it’s gonna be pretty awesome for you when you see the streamers and the fireworks and the food and the music and the fanfare that Jesus pulls out for every one of you when you get Here, just ’cause He knows how much serving Him cost you.

Some of the special rewards He gives you will be private, like the way He specially has your mansion set up for you. It’s going to be so fun to see you going through your mansions, discovering all the nooks and crannies that have been designed especially for you.

Something neat the Lord said I could tell you is that even when you think you know your mansion inside and out, there will be hidden doors and surprises that you’ll discover gradually—and the surprises won’t ever stop! Your mansion will be like a great big eternal treasure hunt. Of course, you won’t have to hunt, but just when you think you know everything about your special abode, something new and exciting may pop up.

These aren’t just inanimate houses either, they’re living and full of light and color and comfort and beauty. I don’t know if that helps you picture your mansion any better, but maybe it’s like when you walk into a room and it’s just a room, but if someone tells you that there are surprises hidden all

throughout the room for you, then you look at it differently. I guess that's what I'm trying to help you to do.

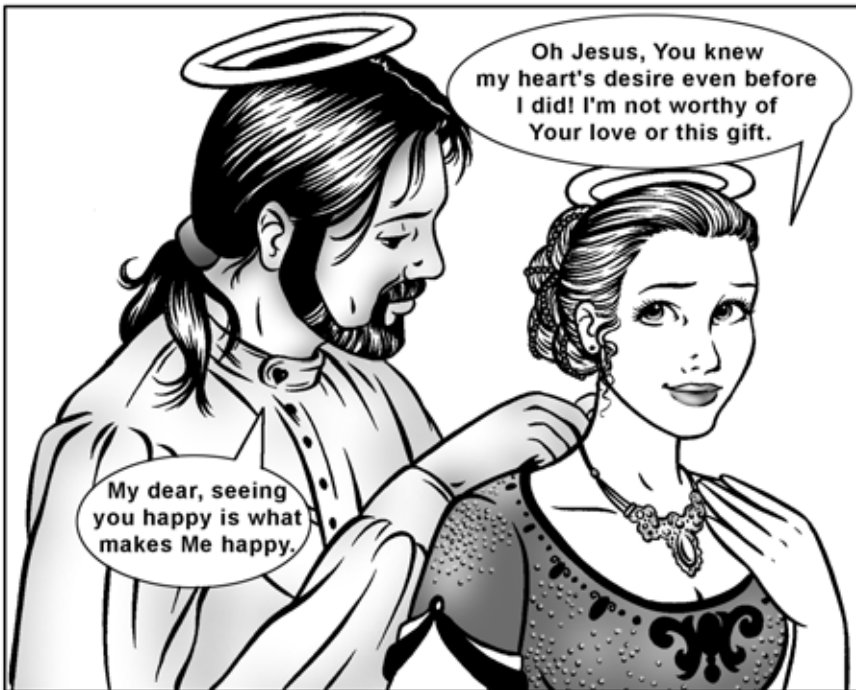
The Lord also has special rewards planned that He's going to present to you before all of Heaven. Pretty awesome, huh? Don't worry, either, if you're thinking that could be tough because you're a bit shy or self-conscious, because there's no such thing as shyness in Heaven! You won't blush or go weak in the knees or anything like that. You might be crying, but it'll just be with tears of happiness, and everyone else receiving rewards will have those too, so it's nothing to feel funny about.

When the Lord presents those public rewards to you, it's not like He's going to give anyone the

same reward. Every single one is tailor-made by His magical Spirit, Who knows your deepest longings and special tastes and desires. Cool, huh?

Your mansion will be like a great big eternal treasure hunt.

I can't tell you about what kind of rewards those are going to be, since every single person's will be different, but let me tell you this: They'll be big, they'll be spectacular, they'll be special, they'll be meaningful, they'll suit you, and they'll bless you; you will feel so honored, so loved, so *known*. Until you really realize that each one is tailor-made for you, you're going to be exclaiming, "That's just what I dreamed of! How did you...?!!"



Even if nobody else knows your special desires—what you would want if you could have anything—Jesus knows, and He’s making special note of it for later.

And Jesus will present every gift with one of His warm, melting, beautiful smiles.

I know life’s tests can be rough sometimes. The Lord knows too, that “without a vision the people perish,” so although He has to keep a lot of special secrets till you get Here, He said that I could tell you these little tidbits. And maybe I’ll have more later!

So hang on to your crown!
You’re sure going to be thankful for

your rewards; but more than that, you’re going to be so thankful that you gave your life to Jesus. It’s the ultimate reward and honor, and you’ll have a special crown to signify your place in the Hall of Fame. People will look up to you and respect you, and you will have great honor in Heaven, just because you put Jesus first before your desires, just because you said

Jesus understands you. He knows what it’s like to forsake things you like and enjoy.

yes to Him and chose to love Him and others more than yourself.

I sure am praying that you hang on to your special crown. ■



Your rewards will be big, they’ll be spectacular, they’ll be special, they’ll be meaningful, they’ll suit you, and they’ll bless you; you will feel so honored, so loved, so known.

If you're wondering about appearances, sizes and bodies in Heaven...

Dad: Of course there are going to be different body shapes and sizes! What a boring world Heaven would be if everyone were exactly the same! Your heavenly spiritual body is fitted to you as if it were your physical body, and your spirit is

body, because you figure it can be seen—and it can. But really, it's a spiritual body, and it takes the place of what you now know as your physical body.

Everyone is beautiful up Here. All are outfitted in lovely fashions, and their spiritual bodies reflect this as well. There are no standard beauty concepts, because one of the beauties of Heaven is the uniqueness of beauty that God spreads around. Of course, all don't have the same shape; if they did, they'd all be the same, like little robots, copies one of the other. No, there is individuality up → →

There are no standard beauty concepts.

contained within. Nobody has physical bodies, because we're not physical anymore—we're all spiritual once you get up Here! You refer to it as being your physical



But Dad said in the Letters that when the Old Testament saints were resurrected, they got their bodies back. Likewise those now in Heaven will get theirs with the Rapture. And we who go up in the Rapture will be "changed," but will still have our normal physical bodies. I always thought we'd get our own physical bodies back, rather than only spiritual ones.

Dad: Well, I had it pretty much right about our bodies, that those who come to Heaven now, before the Second Coming of Jesus, do not have their actual permanent spiritual bodies yet—they're waiting for the Rapture, at which time we'll all get them at the same time as you do.

But the bodies that we're given then, our new spiritual bodies, cannot be compared with our physical bodies that we had on Earth. They do look somewhat the same, but they're so much more

beautiful. They are made of flesh and bone—but supernatural!

There's no way the Lord's just going to reconstruct those rotting dead bodies which have been sitting there for thousands of years!—Or those who have been burned or cremated or eaten by lions and all the rest. He's going to resurrect their bodies, yes, but they will be new bodies, spiritual bodies—with some resemblance to our old physical ones, but in no way to be compared with them—because they're so much more wonderful! ■

Here, and difference in appearance, though all is beautiful and perfect to behold.

You'll understand it when you get up Here, mostly because your viewing and outlook will change upon arrival. You'll learn to appreciate true beauty for what it is—the characteristics of heart and soul that connect you with the deeper qualities of a person. Yes, the casing is lovely too, and there are all kinds—for all people.

You'll learn to appreciate true beauty for what it is—the characteristics of heart and soul that connect you with the deeper qualities of a person.

Nobody is fat or overweight or slovenly. Everyone is in good shape and pleasing to look at. But just as there is variety on Earth in the realm of beautiful bodies and God's creation, there is even more up Here. Everything that God created for Earth's pleasure is also available Here; only there is a bit

Everything that God created for Earth's pleasure is also available Here; only there is a bit more magic and sparkle than down there.

more magic and sparkle than down there. He reserved some of it to be only enjoyed in Heaven, so that there would be more to look

forward to, and new sights and sounds to experience upon your arrival.

At last!—A heavenly world of happy people, content with how God has made them.

Don't worry about what you're going to look like up Here. You're going to look beautiful, and you're going to be happy with it! Praise God! At last!—A heavenly world of happy people, content with how God has made them, and glad to be given the chance to share and give of themselves to others! This is my kind of world! ■

You're special to someone up Here, even if there isn't anyone down there for you right now.
—George Matheson in Heaven.

—surprises galore

Sean: When you get to Heaven, you get a whole new perspective on things. You will see things differently because you'll see the whole picture. You'll see the Lord and you'll see His plan for your life. You'll understand so much more than you understand now, and this will give you a totally different way of looking at your life, the events that happen in your life, and even your physical body.



Sean: I've come to answer the questions you have about appearances, and what all those types of things are like up Here in Heaven.

Of course, up Here it's different because you never grow old, you never get wrinkly skin, or pimples, or blemishes, or sickness, or bags under your eyes from being too tired, or hair falling out, or all the many other things that bother you on Earth. They're part of the curse, part of the imperfections of the earthly life.

Up Here you don't have any of those little nagging afflictions and uncomely blemishes. Your body is perfect, complete and whole and strong and vibrant, with the maximum amount of energy and capability, with healthy eyes, clear skin and beautiful hair. There's nothing to pollute or harm your body up Here. So yes, your body is perfect. Just think—there won't be any blindness, deafness or lameness.

He makes each one of us, His children, unique. There are no copies; there are no duplicates. Every single person is made and crafted differently, exactly as our

Father would have it.

Even on Earth there are so many different standards for beauty, so what's beautiful and what's not? Have you noticed that one man is flipped over blonde hair, blue eyes, big breasts and long legs, while another man loves brunettes with mystical penetrating eyes, small breasts and a full bottom?—And yet others love other things, or mixtures of them all. So you see, different people think of beauty in different ways, and what may be a "perfect" person to one, another might disagree on.

Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, and I doubt that you'll ever find one person in the whole world who everyone else will consider *the* most beautiful. How can you choose? How can you say he or she has the perfect body?

It's the same in Heaven: Everyone is shaped differently and made in his or her own unique way. It's the imperfections that we don't have up Here. There are no worries about being overweight. If you take away the imperfections, the pull of gravity that wears you



down, and the effect that food has on your body if you eat too much—then everyone is his or her ideal weight, healthy and strong with no imperfections.

As far as the little details and stuff like whether you can choose to have a beard or not to have a beard, yes, you can choose. The Lord likes to give us choices. By the way, I don't have a beard. I have a mustache, and most people seem to like it. They say it looks nice on me. It's not a handlebar mustache or anything; it's just a little one. There is variety, and you can choose different styles, though I would say that the natural look is

the one we try to go for.

We don't spend a lot of time thinking about our bodies, though, because there's so much else to do. But if you want to change things around and do different things, you can. Of course, we always ask the Lord first, because we want to please Him and know His mind on things. So even on these personal decisions we ask the Lord about it and get His counsel, and He always has helpful tips on our personal appearance or these different little things.

Most of all we just want to please the Lord, so even with our personal looks we do our best to glorify Him.

- stretch

(Philippe, 14-year-old departed teen:)

One game that we play up Here is like a heavenly ball chase. But the neatest thing is you can fly out to catch the ball and your spirit body can go so far out to catch it; it's like your whole being stretches and retrieves the ball. It's actually funny to watch it. The first time I saw them playing this game I couldn't stop laughing!

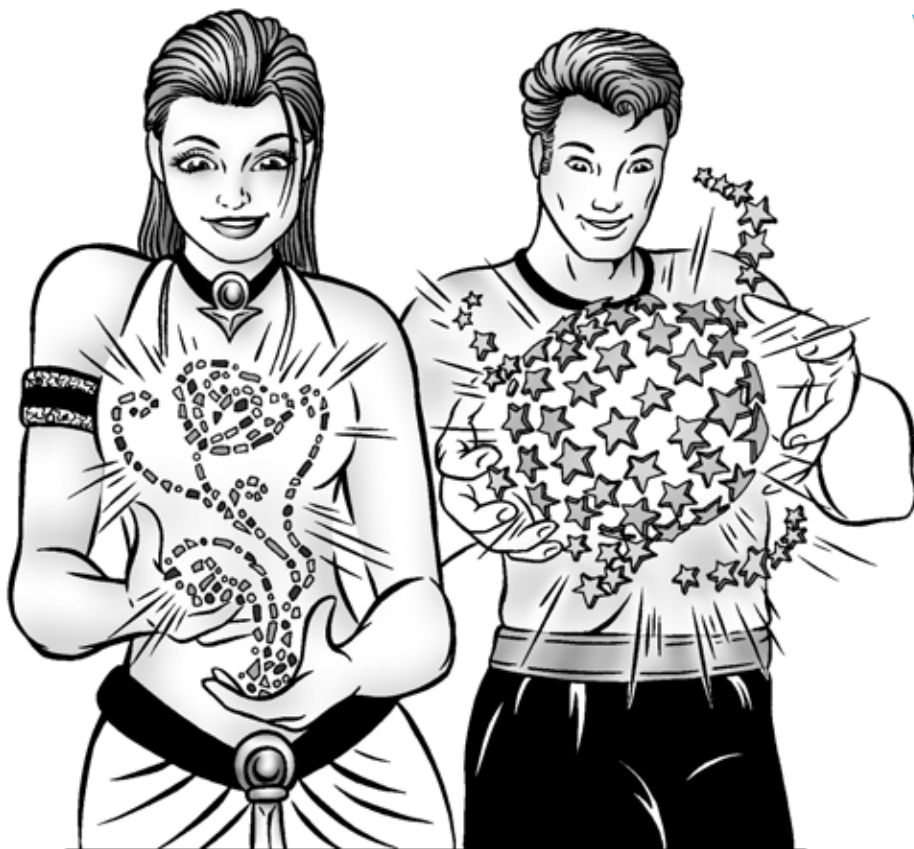
**Don't worry if you never find your "soul-mate" there on Earth. Perhaps it's because he or she is waiting for you up Here.—
George Matheson in Heaven.**

Sean: There is no generation gap like you have down there, because we're all His children and He's our Father. But I guess you could kind of relate it to how families are down there on Earth, where you have older brothers and sisters and younger brothers and sisters, and how each one is at a different stage of growth.

It's very similar to that Here in Heaven too. Not everyone is on the same level of growth. All have their own levels of growth and are at different stages. There are some who have learned more and are more experienced than others.

Some mature and grow faster than others. There are different levels of learning, and how and when you graduate to the next level is really an individual thing.

It's not like when you reach a certain age or a certain time you graduate to the next level. It's not like when you turn 21, for example, you are an "adult." It's not the same Here as it is on Earth, where things are measured by time. Every person grows at his or her own pace, and graduates to the next level of learning and lessons when they are ready.



ageless city, time does heaven have "the gap"?



When are you considered an adult in Heaven?

Georgie: My name is Georgie. I was born in Heaven, created by God and given as a love gift to my parents Here.

Growing up is a learning process, and as you learn more you become a bit older. It isn't based on your physical growth.

When you are first born you look like a newborn, but as you

Each stage of growth is based on your achievements mentally or as we would say, spiritually.

learn more, you begin to look like you are about six months old. Then as you learn to walk and talk you begin to look more like a one- or two-year-old. It's a gradual process—it's not like you jump from looking one age to looking much older—but each stage of growth is based on your achievements mentally or as we would say, spiritually. Your physical development matches or is a representation of your mental or spiritual development.

As you complete a level, your body catches up to your spirit and you look the age of that achievement. This goes on till you have completed all the basics and you look like a young adolescent. Then you go to a special school to learn about the workings of the spirit world. You learn how to read others' thoughts, how to fly saucers, how to create things, and

so on. The list goes on and on. Then when you have finished this school (and the good news is, there are no flunkers,) you move on to the next level of more complicated things. At this time you might look like you're in your late teens or early twenties.

So there isn't really a level at which you can say a child becomes an adult. We just sort of grow into it at different rates as we achieve certain levels of awareness or complete certain grades.

There does, however, come a time when you have completed all the fundamental grades of the Kingdom, and at that time we have a special party for those graduating. We throw a big party and dress up and dance and drink and have a real good time.

We have games Here that you

Then you go to a special school to learn about the workings of the spirit world. You learn how to read others' thoughts, how to fly saucers, how to create things, and so on.

have to use your mind to control, like a big sphere that we have to balance on a pin, using only thought power. Or we toss things into the air and make them fly in shapes, and play catch and tag with little spaceship-like objects—sort of like a remote-controlled

airplane, only much better.

As you advance past that level, your body doesn't change all that much, except when you go in for your battle training. Then the guys get bigger and stronger and more muscular and the girls get nicely toned and they look stunning. After you have completed your war training, then your body is complete and you go on to different courses and missions, depending on what your heart's desire is.

By the way, I'm not an angel. My mother had been to Earth before. My father tried to go to Earth too, but his parents aborted him, so he came back up Here having fulfilled his mission on Earth. It's funny isn't it that his

As you advance past that level, your body doesn't change all that much, except when you go in for your battle training. Then the guys get bigger and stronger and more muscular and the girls get nicely toned and they look stunning.

mission could be so short? Well, it made a big difference in the lives of the earthly parents who decided to abort him. It changed their lives forever and they repented of it, and they now have six kids! Pretty good, hey?

(Vision received by a senior teen:) After flying through the garden for awhile, I landed on the porch of a mansion. As I walked inside, I stopped and looked at a picture painted on the wall. As I did, it started to move—sort of slow motion, very graceful. There was a herd of white horses running through a field of tall grass, and there were mountains behind—snow-capped peaks. The tall grass was so soft, and seemed to flow and swirl as the horses ran through. The whole thing was so real, just awesome.

Then there was an underwater picture that looked like an aquarium. There were a bunch of little white fish swimming together, and a few larger fish that remained in pairs. There were flowers underwater too, like small patches between the stones. The stones

looked just like the ones in the River of Life, and I could see the light that shone through the water's surface reflecting on the stones. They were all sparkling in perfect harmony with the fish movements, like everything was alive and happily praising together. ■

animal friends

(Philippe, 14-year-old departed teen:) I have a big horse; his name is Sam. I just love to ride him—it's like we're flying. He's got a spirit body as well. I can read his thoughts, and he mine; we communicate our love this way. We fly all over the place, and if I feel like galloping, then we think about where we'd like to go, and in a flash we arrive there. For example, I like to gallop on beaches, and at the speed of thought we end up on a beautiful, sandy beach, flying up and down the glistening sand.

Q. What difference does age make in Heaven?

Ruth: Hi! My name is Ruth. I've been Here for almost a hundred years and they still think of me as a young person! It's probably just because I was young when I went to be with the Lord. But there are some people Here who have been Here for even longer than I have, and they are still in the infant stage as far as spiritual maturity goes. Then there are those who have been Here for only a short while, but they are considered elders.

For example, when the Austin girls first came Here, everyone looked to them for counsel—not counsel in heavenly matters but for earthly matters, like how to help out a loved one on Earth, or how to get through to someone's heart so that he or she would feel the Lord's love.

You see how confusing it gets when you start trying to define a timeless world?

You know it's an interesting topic, age. There's no time Here, so you don't judge someone by what age he or she is, or by the length of his or her life on Earth either. It's all judged by a person's closeness and his or her ability to comprehend spiritual matters.

It's easier for some young people to grasp these spiritual principles because they haven't had to unlearn so much earthly knowledge. It's just like what the Lord said, you have to become like a little child. You have

to lose your questioning mind of “why this” and “why that,” and just be like a little child and accept, and then you'll understand.

It's almost funny to see some of the new arrivals trying to figure out how everything works. Usually when some big earthly figure comes Here, someone who was really smart, a little child is assigned to lead that person around and show him or her how everything works. It's part of the person's unlearning process, and who better to teach him or her than a little child?

It seems that the only ones who really worry about time and how it works are the ones who have been on Earth, for there is no time Here as you know it, and the ones that have never known time don't think about it at all.

Think of it like this: If someone was created at the beginning of the world, and there is no time Here as you know it, then how do you distinguish his or her age? There is no time; there is only now. So if you were created at the beginning, then what's the difference between then and now? You see how confusing it gets when you start trying to define a timeless world?

So you see that age really means nothing up Here. All you can measure a person's maturity by is his or her closeness to the Lord. So if you want to really “grow up,” then start sharpening your sword and get those new weapons out and start using them! ■

Benji: Hi, my name is Benji. I'm a part of the Heavenly Theater, where we plan and perform all sorts of fantastic and magnificent plays in honor of our King. We perform for special events, for special occasions like the King's birthday. That is a fantastic event, and one that we plan long and hard for.

Q: "Tell me more."

How can people celebrate Your birthday in Heaven when there is no time—like how do they know *when* to celebrate it?

Jesus: My heavenly children wouldn't want to miss out on a party just because they're not bound by time!—Especially a party celebrating that momentous event—My physical birth into the world—an event that changed the world forever. No, we are not bound by time, and so My people up Here are free to celebrate My birthday whenever they please; and they please to celebrate it quite often! (End of prophecy.)

But that's not what I'm here to tell you about. I'm here to tell you about entertainment in Heaven. Where should I start? There are so many forms of entertainment, ranging from what you might call movies to action games.

We sometimes organize big group games or plays, with thousands and thousands of people. We also have dress-up

parties with costumes. All sorts of costumes are on display. There are some really neat ones and some so far-out that all you can do is stare and wonder just how on Earth or in Heaven they came up with that.—Ha!

My favorites are the underwater games we play. We play a form of tag, but it's more than that. Have you heard of Quasar or paint-ball games? Well it's something like that. We carry a special "ray gun," for lack of a better word, with a little beam on it, and we race around trying to shine that beam on people. But we allow disappearing and thought travel, so you have to guess just where the person who has disappeared will end up. It's so much fun. There are some rules of course—like you can't leave the playing field, and so on.

My favorites are the underwater games we play.

These aren't really "amusements," because they aren't "away from thinking." Believe me, you'll need all the thinking you can get! They take a lot of thought and concentration, but that's what makes it fun.

We also play a form of "kick the can" but we play it throughout the whole fourth tier of the Heavenly City, which is a huge area. You might think it's impossible, but it actually is a lot of fun. There you can't disappear or thought-travel. You have to stick to the rules, and thousands of folks join in.

Dance nights! Oh, yes, now

there's a highlight. We all gather down below the City in the Crystal Sea as some have called it, and we dance. We don't just do one style of dance or have one style of music. We have forms of dance that aren't even possible on Earth, and tunes that are so wild that only special heavenly bands can play them. King Jesus often comes to these, and we take turns dancing with Him.

We also have dance troupes that prepare special dances and perform them in the middle on a huge stage. They do this one where there are eight people holding hands like a giant wind-

mill, for a lack of a better word. They are all joined around one person who is standing on the shoulders of two others, and they

There are about 500 or 600 butterflies, and they all dance together in wave after wave of joyous music.

rotate and take turns standing at the bottom. They all let go and spin around before clasping hands again and moving on to the next person. It's so hard to describe.

There are also troupes that perform with animals or with

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“Tell me more.”



Do you suppose this means guys dance with Jesus too? I guess they do, huh. It's just sort of mind-bending to hear it put into words by a guy like this.

Jesus: Don't worry, My children, or gulp with embarrassment that you don't feel spiritual or heavenly minded enough to grasp this, for the explanation is simple. You are all My brides in the spirit and as such have an intimate relationship with Me in the spirit. But in the flesh—even in your heavenly bodies, which are real too—I interact with the men as a man, and with the women as a man.

So when Benji says that

everyone takes turn dancing with Me, he means just that. Have you ever seen guys tapping together? Or hip-hopping? Or Irish dancing—remember Riverdance? Well, these are examples of how the men dance with Me.

I'm the Lord of the dance, and I know every form of dancing there is to know. It is great fun to dance with other guys who are also skilled in their national dances, or forms of dancing they've learnt since coming Here, and usually when I dance with a group of people there is a great audience around us, and everyone shares in the fun.

Then when I dance with women, it's the same. I might do some kind of rendition, with a group of them, which is quite platonic in nature. But then there



are other times when I dance with the women real close, just like any normal man would want to dance with a woman. Does that explain things better?

Remember the description of David and Jonathan's friendship, in the Bible? David declared that his love for Jonathan "passed the love of women."* That means that the love that they shared was greater than any love he'd ever experienced with a woman—think of that—yet they were both real men, and they only desired to have sex with women.

If you think of their friendship, perhaps you can better understand

the deep friendship and relationship I have with men, with love passing the love of women. Of *course*, our love would be stronger than the love that a woman might share with you, simply because I am not only your Friend, but I am your Lord, and your God, and your Husband to boot. (End of prophecy.)

(*David, speaking of his friend Jonathan after he heard news of Jonathan's death, said: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women" [2 Samuel 1:26].) ■

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various objects, like jugglers do down there, only many times better. One of my favorites is the group that coordinates little butterflies dancing around in the air. There are about 500 or 600 butterflies, and they all dance together in wave after wave of joyous music.

■ We also play tag games on other planets.

We also play tag games on other planets. We ride horses and have special rods that count points when you touch a person from the other team. We race around, dashing back and forth trying to dodge the other team while at the same time we're trying to tag them.

Games like this can go on for days, with hidden camps, ambushes, spies and the whole thing. But best of all, we are all winners at the end. One team may not be the champions of that game, but we may be the winners of the next so there're no hard feelings.

That's just a little glimpse into some of the fun activities of our Heavenly Entertainment Department, which I am sure you will want to visit or sign up for when you return to your Home in Heaven. See you soon. ■

“Tell me more.”



Is it true that there are people in Heaven whose only job is to entertain others in Heaven?

Jesus: Regardless of what people do in Heaven, they are learning valuable lessons that will help them rebuild the New Earth. If they learn a skill such as dancing, then turn around and teach it to others—for people are encouraged to teach others to teach others, just as your father always taught you—then they are also learning people-handling skills—how to teach people, how to encourage, how to organize and motivate people. There is a good purpose for everything in Heaven, so even if you don't understand why some people do seemingly superfluous jobs, trust Me that there is a greater, grander purpose behind it all. (End of prophecy.)

through a peephole

(Philippe, 14-year-old departed teen:) The place where I live is so neat. Actually I live at a couple places. One place is by a lake, and the other place is bigger and more fancy. Both are absolutely beautiful, but I think I like the one by the lake the best because it's so quaint. It has so many trees and I can have so many adventures there.

The animals in the woods around my cottage are friendly. A deer family is often in the forest near my place. I feed them and they enjoy being with me and me with them. The cutest little rabbits live near my cottage as well, with the whitest, fluffiest tails I've ever seen.

The other house where I live is with quite a few young people. We are all basically on the same level spiritually; we are being groomed, and sharpening our spirits.

So many of my heart's desires have been fulfilled, and daily Jesus showers us with surprises. He loves surprises too! He loves to watch our expression as we enjoy His gifts, but He especially loves our acknowledgment of Him as the Giver.

music

(Philippe:) I can't even begin to describe to you how neat the music is Here. You're getting tastes of it from the music we're sending down from up Here, but you wouldn't believe how clean the sound is up Here.

You wouldn't believe how clean the sound is up Here.

The amazing thing about being Here is that music is constantly in your thoughts and mind; it's always a part of your being Here. Except at the times when there is silence, before something awesome is about to happen. Then everyone is very still, observing the "happening." Then praise will follow. Talk about praise time!—We live in a realm of perpetual praise. ■

Why take out all the fun of the love enjoyed on Earth when you get to Heaven? It's just magnified a million times over.
—George Matheson in Heaven.

Mike: It's such a blast to get through to you with fun glimpses of Heaven. The Lord loves you so much that He wants you to know more about some of the rewards He has in store for you up Here. He knows that anticipating some of the surprises will make some of the trials of life easier to bear. Isn't that good of Him? He's the greatest.

Today I want to give you a glimpse of what you can best relate to as the virtual reality pavilion—well, at least one aspect of it.

Ever wish you were a bird, and that you could fly over the ocean, or high above the trees? Ever wish you could run like a cheetah, or experience what it'd be like to be as tall as a giraffe? Or maybe you wished you could try being a butterfly, flitting around in a beautiful, flower-filled world, with the air gently bearing you up as you flutter your delicate wings.

Well, in Heaven there is a "virtual reality" section, where you

"Tell me more."

Dad: In the Virtual Reality Pavilion the Lord creates the scenarios for you to jump inside and gain experience from, so that you can learn without actually changing something which really exists. Do you understand? It's a simulation—only it's not an illusion, it's real—but it's created especially for you and your enjoyment and experience.

can choose to be any creature in the whole world. You step into the habitat of that creature and in the blink of an eye, you are that creature! You have your own consciousness—of course, else how could you enjoy it?—But you think and move and breathe and instinctively act just like the animal you "virtually" are on this set. You see the world through its eyes. You see

It's a bit like spending your life in the city and then climbing a mountain.—You see the world in a totally new way!

other animals and your surroundings from the perspective of whatever creature you "are." You can also decide, before your virtual experience, if you want to experience some of the dangers the animal faces in its day-to-day life on earth. That'd be quite a ride! All for fun, of course, and the experience can stop whenever you want it to.

These virtual experiences are awesome. It's a bit like spending your life in the city and then climbing a mountain.—You see the world in a totally new way! You can be a dolphin in the sea. The neat thing is that you can move just like a dolphin—you know, how they swim so gracefully and quickly, and have so much fun. You can play with other dolphins. Or you could experience what it's like to having a body weighing 200 tons gliding through the water, if you choose to be a blue whale. You could be a monkey, clambering

through the trees with fantastic agility. You could be an ant, and explore the world from that perspective, going right down into an ant colony.—The opportunities are limitless!

I've visited this particular section quite a bit.—It's such a mind expander! It renews my wonder at the marvels of God's creation, how He perfected everything to work in harmony and beautiful synchronization. It's funny, you think you know everything there is to know about the earth till you decide to see it from a new perspective, and you find out again that the discoveries are endless. Have you ever wondered how animals perceive the voice of

a human, or what "language" animals speak to each other in? You can find these things out through personal experience in this pavilion. It's nice, because in Heaven we have a wide variety of pets. For example, I've chosen to experience the life of each of the pets I own—from my zebra to my peacock to my leopard and so on, and each experience helped me to understand my pets even better.

So, if you're interested in virtual reality experiences on Earth, hold on to your hats! 'Cause there are some fantastic things in store Here, one of which I've just given you a glimpse of. Look forward to seeing you up Here someday soon! ■



Ever wish you were a bird, and that you could fly over the ocean, or high above the trees? Ever wish you could run like a cheetah, or experience what it'd be like to be as tall as a giraffe? Or maybe you wished you could try being a butterfly, flitting around in a beautiful, flower-filled world, with the air gently bearing you up as you flutter your delicate wings.

Jesus, speaking to an SGA girl: I'm practicing a hip-hop number especially for you, since I know how you love to see guys dance, especially a group of guys. The other six guys are thrilled to be doing this one with Me, and I'm flipped too. I never knew hip-hopping could be so fun! Sure, I've done it, but not actually putting something together with other men, for one of My little nymphs—well, it's quite fun.

I never knew hip-hopping could be so fun!

By the way, they've all asked about you. They're going to have a lot of fun doing this for you. Of course, I'm going to have the most fun of all, because I know you the best, and I know how much you're going to be thrilled about this one. Just seeing you get so excited with this preview has infused energy into our practices. Oh, man, it's gonna be fun!

I'll invite everyone else to watch it too, but you can cherish the

thought that you are what inspired this particular dance. I wish I could give you a headset right now to let you hear the music we're dancing to. You'd be dancing in a second, moving to the irresistible pump of the beat we've got going.

Okay, more about the guys? Well, since I know you just love the darker skin tones I've created, that's what our troupe is made up of. There's a Latino, a coupla blacks, and then some guys with tones that you might not be so familiar with, but they're on the

I wish I could give you a headset right now to let you hear the music we're dancing to. You'd be dancing in a second, moving to the irresistible pump of the beat we've got going.

darker side of the scale too. And I'm looking just like I did on Earth, with that Mideastern look I know

“Tell me more.”



Jesus, you said your hair is usually damp-looking from the exertion of your number. Does that mean you sweat in Heaven? And that You exert yourself?

(Jesus:) Some girls really like to see a guy exerting himself, and yes, even sweating—getting all nice and shiny on his body, and his hair getting damp. I happen to know that this is a real turn-on for some of you, and so even though I don't have to sweat in Heaven, or even exert Myself, I do sometimes, just 'cause I know how much some of you girls love it. It's not hot and uncomfortable to sweat up Here though—it's more like an optical illusion, ha, because our heavenly bodies are strong and powerful enough to do any dance move with the utmost of ease. It's just an effect that some people like to see. (End of prophecy.)

you love. We're all wearing those baggy jeans that go with hip-hopping, you know, rolled once at the ankle, and these real comfortable black shoes, big ones that are cushioned and easy to bounce in. Then we're wearing those real comfortable, loose button-up shirts, the sleeves rolled up, and open. Our hair is pretty much as is. One of the guys is wearing a bandanna around his forehead. My hair's past my shoulders. It's usually damp looking from the exertion of our number.

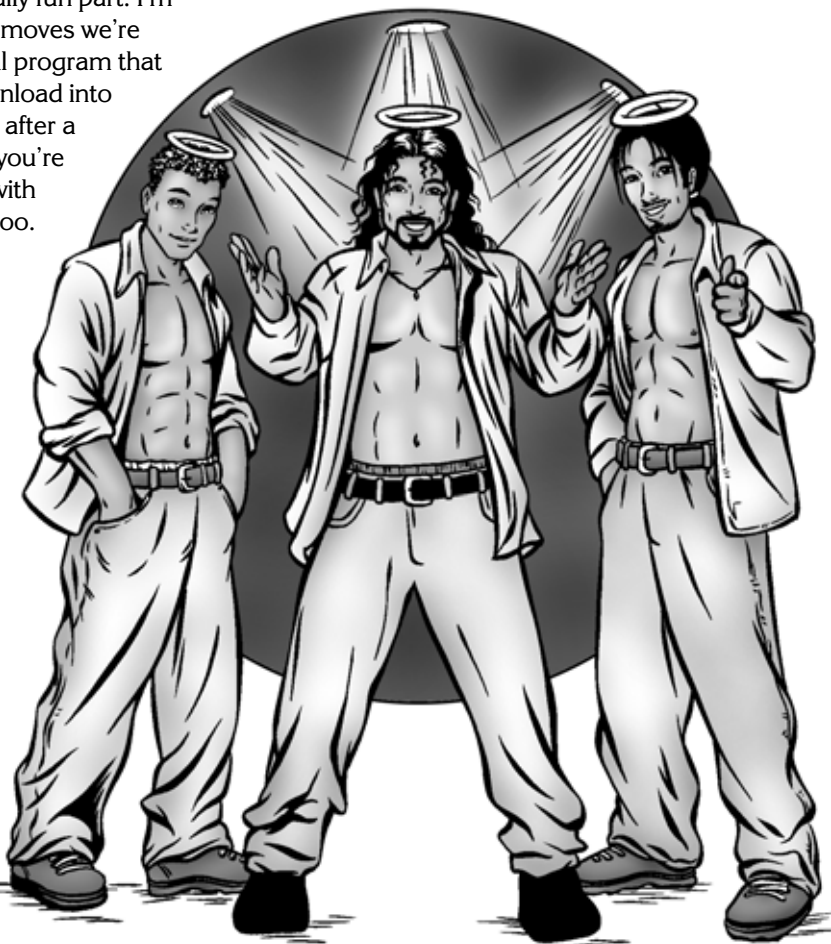
Here's the really fun part: I'm saving up all the moves we're doing in a special program that I'm going to download into your brain. Then after a couple of times, you're going to get up with us and dance it too. It'll flow just like you were always there from the beginning of practice.

We've got a special outfit already hanging in a closet for you, the baggy pants and shoes, just like ours—a few sizes smaller, of course—and then a tight little job for your top, so as to show as much of your lovely body as possible, and you're set.

Sometimes the guys'll go to that closet and pull out the hanger with your outfit on it, and try to imagine you in it, then they get to talking about who wants to have a night with you first. It's really funny! They're all jabbing Me right now, telling Me that that kind of talk is gonna scare you off, but I know better.

So have fun with this one, okay? Whenever you're feeling down, just remember this dance we've got lined up for you. ■

We've got a special outfit already hanging in a closet for you.





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HIP-HOPPING

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If you have suggestions for *linkUP* topics, or contributions to the mag, please send them via the *Grapevine* e-mail or postal address.

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Recommended age: 16+ (see back page)

What makes genius?

—By Thomas Edison



People said I was a genius. People said I was inspired. I guess I was, because it was only with God's help that I actually did invent the electric light! But, God also expected some sweat from me! I couldn't just sit there and wait for God to make an electric light right in front of my eyes! If I'd done that, believe me, I wouldn't have gotten anywhere!

There, in that building at Menlo Park, my companions and I worked hard to make that electric light! We learned to persevere and stick, and never ever, ever give up! Talk about pressure—everyone was against me! No one believed that the electric light was possible. Only my companions and I, who worked until the end and made it work, believed it! Even the men who were paying me were still uncertain about whether it was possible or not. It was very hard for them to believe it. But I stood up to them and didn't care what they said! I followed God, whether they were coming or not!

Let me tell you something: If you really want to accomplish a task, then first of all, ask the Lord to help you and then—work at it! And I mean *really* work!

I call myself a perspired genius! Like I said when I was alive, genius is made up of 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration! To get somewhere in life, you gotta stand your ground and stand up for what you believe, no matter what the world says! Stand up for what you know is right and, believe me, the Lord will greatly reward you. Have conviction and keep up the good work 'till we meet in Heaven.

The hardest decision I ever made in my entire life was the day I said no to my dear friend and his invitation. Deep down in my heart, I knew what I had to do. I knew that Jesus wanted me to keep up my sidewalk witnessing ministry, but the decision was still a tough one. Not only because the invitation was mighty tempting, but because I often was tempted to think that my meager efforts to spread the message via those little papers were not accomplishing much. I sometimes got discouraged and was tempted to feel frustrated that I wasn't doing enough, that I wasn't making a difference.

From time to time the Lord did allow me to see the fruit of my labors while I was on Earth, but it wasn't until I arrived Home to Heaven that I realized I had no idea how far my witness went. I know better now, though, and that's why I want to tell you this: Never underestimate the power of a small piece of paper bearing the Word of God, and what it can do or how far it can go!

You want to know what happened to me when I arrived Home to Heaven? Jesus assigned two angels to take me on a Heavenly tour. The purpose of the

tour was not to familiarize me with the neighborhood, but so that I could see firsthand all the lives that were changed through receiving the little pieces of paper that I so laboriously scratched out with my own

quences of my little ministry are indescribable!

The angels showed me that, though I appeared helpless and isolated during my lifetime, I had traveled around the world many times over. They took me to



Reflections of Tommy

hand and dropped out that tiny window to the street below. Boy, was I awestruck, absolutely flabbergasted! Even now, I cannot put into human words the astonishing results of those papers I passed out—it's awesome! The far-reaching conse-

see the results—the souls that were won, the lives that were changed, the conditions and circumstances of people's lives that were made better through my witness. I met folks from countless nationalities and every walk of life that had

somehow, in some way, been touched as a result of my papers.

When the tour was ended I was escorted into a Heavenly banquet hall and the most amazing thing I have ever experienced took place. Jesus Himself stood at the head of the table, and the souls that were saved and the lives that were changed as a result of those little papers were present, as the crowds toasted to my faithfulness. In that moment as quick as a flash of lightning, an intense light filled the heavens with a mighty surge of the power of God. The very voice of God Himself, gentle and loving yet strong and powerful, thundered out all around us saying, "Well done, My good and faithful servant. Enter into your reward."

All I could do was fall to my knees. All I could do was lay down my crown at the feet of Him Who had carried me through those years of my earthly life.

Only one thought raced through my mind: How could I have ever battled over thinking I was not making a difference while I was on Earth? How could I have ever hesitated in making my decision between moving to a nice location in suburbia, or staying faithful to pass on

the Word of God to those who passed under my window? How could I have wavered even a moment, wondering if my simple little ministry on Earth was worth whatever mere sacrifice it seemed to imply? In that moment there was no doubting.

This I can tell you for certain: Don't ever think that if all you can do is



stand on the street corner and pass out a piece of lit, that that lit is not making much difference in the world. Don't believe it! Don't fall for that trick if Satan tries to discourage you, because there is nothing farther from the truth! I see your rewards stacking up day after day, every time you pass out a piece of lit, every time you do what Jesus has called you to do, every time you obey when

He says to come, every little task you do for Him. Every time you "open your window" and you are a witness to others, your rewards in Heaven multiply!

You want to know why the human eye hasn't seen or the ear heard about the things that Jesus has in store for those who are faithful and who do His will and His work? For one, the riches of Heaven don't exist on Earth and do you want to know why? Because the riches of Heaven are too big! Earth cannot hold them all! They cannot be contained down there on Earth! There simply is not room enough to hold them! That's how vast they are! How spectacular they are! How enormous they are!

Here's a thought to ponder: The rewards the Lord gave me alone far surpassed all the riches that have ever existed on Earth since the beginning of time! Just think, all the riches of Earth—that's some hunk of riches! But all those riches put together are not even a drop in the bucket compared to my rewards in Heaven!

So keep stacking up those rewards in Heaven. Be faithful to share Jesus' love with all those who pass your way, and you'll make friends for eternity, like I did.

The UNKNOWN sister

I was born in a quaint little village. My eldest sister's name was Jeanne, and of course you have heard of her. She went on to become the great Joan of Arc—Saint Joan, in fact!

She is a blessed woman, and we are the best of friends, but I can't say things were always like this. She always seemed much older than me, and in fact, I was still very young at the time that she left home.

My dear Jeanne! How I looked upon her with envy! She could ride a horse as well as any man, and could

**We are the best of friends,
but I can't say things were
always like this.**

cook and clean and sew. She was responsible and had a good thinking head on her shoulders. In my eyes, she had it all!

Alongside her I never felt like I amounted to much. My brothers, they never really cared, and I never would have admitted it for

Hello! My name is Aurelie, and I come from Domrémy, a little village in eastern France. Even the name of the village is more famous and well known than I am, for who's ever heard of me? I was just a nobody—just the little sister of someone who went on to become world-famous down through history.

the world. But I compared myself a lot with her. I was short and not nearly as well built as she was. Of course, I was much younger at the time. I had some talents, of course, and folks would always tell me I was the "sweetest petite fille they

Virgin Mary. But I somehow came away with a misconception about the way God works in the lives of His children who love Him. I guess I was looking for full equality.

That's why I was a bit distraught when Jeanne began to receive her visions and hear the voices. Well, it turned out she'd been seeing and hearing them for a while, but I didn't hear about them until everything started to happen. It seemed like she had been chosen for this great mission of saving France, and I just could not believe it. In my picture of fairness, it would seem that it was my turn to receive some favors from the Almighty.

My, this all sounds rather conceited, doesn't it? I am

ever did see." But I couldn't do the things that she did.—Or get away with the things it seemed that she could! All along things were sort of okay because I figured it was just because I was younger.

My parents taught us a deep love for God and the

ashamed to be telling you this, but to be honest, it does my soul good! And at least now I can get famous, eh? Or infamous, maybe, ha! But I think we are all men and women of like passions, and some of these thoughts and feelings may not sound uncommon to some of you who are reading this.

So it was with mixed emotions that I saw my sister off on that fateful day when she finally set forth. She was going to give a message, in person, to none other than the king of

France! I loved her dearly, but envy and jealousy had made my heart heavy and sore, so much so that I could hardly give forth the love that I still felt. Sad to say, it took me a while longer before things got better.

My father was a wise man, and I think he suspected all along what my feelings were, but he did not rush me. Several times he let me know that if I ever wanted to talk, I could come to him.

Finally, one night something happened and it

was too much for me. I heard of Jeanne's capture, and the envy in my heart instantly turned to guilt. I knew that I had to get it all out.

Father and I talked the whole night. I told him everything as we sat out on the hillside under the stars. By the time the morning sun began peeping around the mountains, I felt like a new woman. As I told him all of the hurt that I had felt, he accepted and understood me. He did not condemn me, but he did explain that although he did





not understand the ways of God much better than I did, he had learned that the best thing to do was just to trust. He had found that God always knew best.

bottled up for so long. But it was not to be. As the weeks dragged on, we began to wonder if she was ever coming home.

Then Father said he was

God was being done, although that only became clear to me much later when I came Home to Heaven.

But God was good to me. He gave me a chance to talk with her, just a few days before she passed on to her reward. I sat outside her prison cell and we talked for hours. She told me that she loved me. She told me what she had been through during the previous few years. Merciful me, it wasn't all it was glamorized to be! I think I started to realize that what can seem to be a glorious calling to an onlooker can actually be a great cross for the person who is called.

It was many years before

I sat outside her prison cell and we talked for hours.

That night I forgave Jeanne. You might think that foolish, but I had to make a conscious effort to forgive her for being better than me—for being more mightily used of God.

I couldn't wait for Jeanne to come home. Now that I held my new attitude towards her, I wanted to show her the deep love that I had kept

going to journey to Paris, to visit her in prison. I begged him to allow me to come along, and he finally conceded. It took many days of hard travel before we finally arrived, but we made it. And once we arrived, we heard that she was to be executed. Oh, how I wept!—For heresy, of all things! Those blasted pompous ... well, the will of

I finally rejoined my loving sister in the Heavenly realm. She came to meet me at my crossing, and how I wept with joy to see her again, looking more lovely and radiant than ever! I must confess that upon my initial arrival in Heaven, perhaps due to being so fresh from my mortal body, I was once again struck with a twinge of comparison. Once again, here was my sister, outshining me in every way. She was beautiful, competent, and had had so long already to become adjusted to the Heavenly lifestyle, that I felt I could never measure up to her.

All of this was but a brief, passing thought, but while it still lingered on the edge of my mind, my Savior came to me. He drew me close to His throne, for He knew my thoughts and my unspoken heartache and fears. He spoke to me, comforting me, reassuring me of His love—unconditional and not dependent upon circumstances.

Then He revealed to me some of the mystery of His plan in the creation of us mortals. Every soul that comes to Earth is planned with care—the characteristics, the features, the talents, the temperament—each and all are approved

by Him personally. To every one He adds His personal special touch.

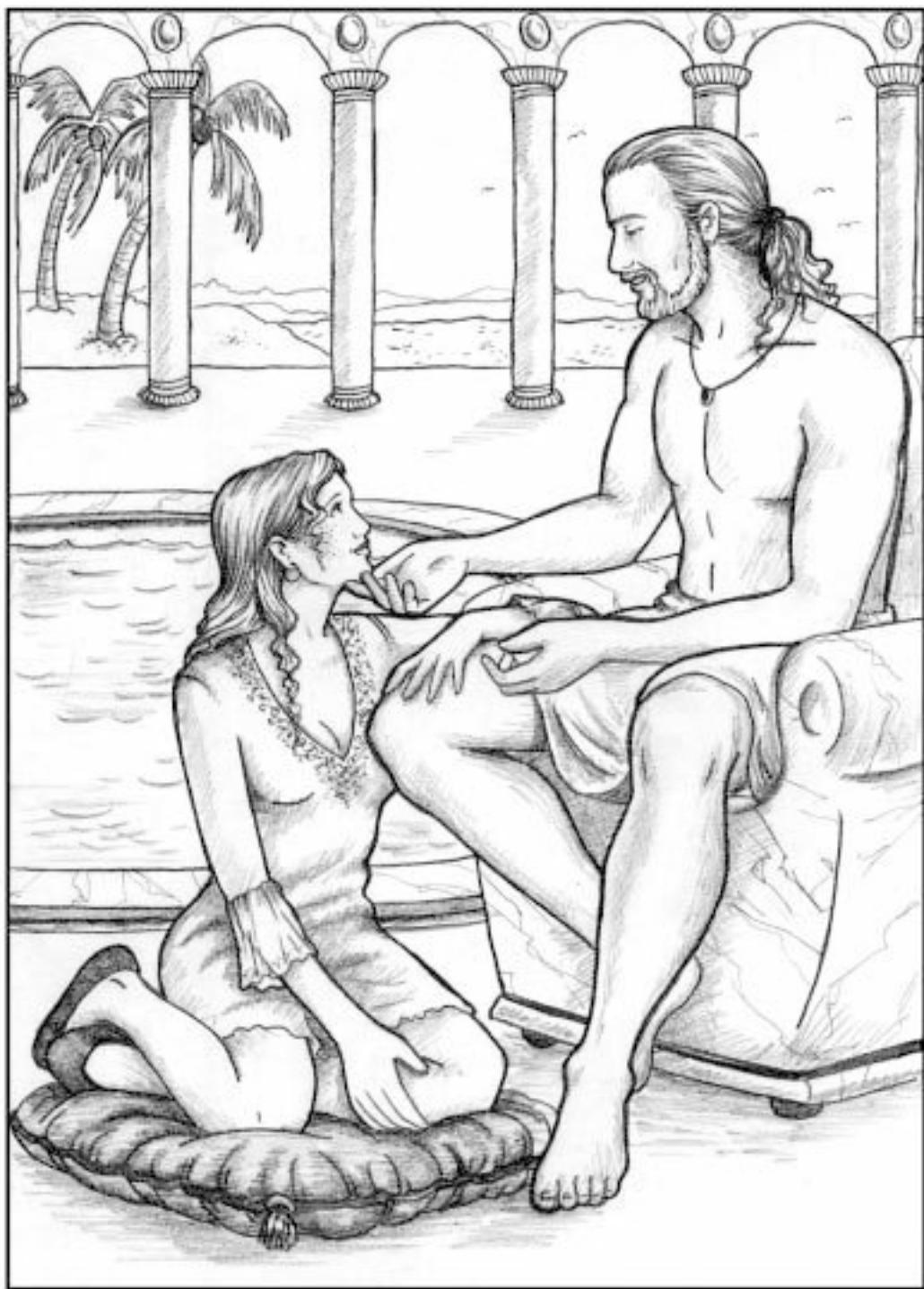
I asked Him then why it seems that some have a better deal than others. When two people love the Lord equally as much, why does one person seem to have it all? And then He asked me, “What is it to ‘have it all’? With whose eyes are you viewing that situation?” I was ashamed, but He gently lifted my drooping chin and I knew that I had done no wrong in asking. He had wanted me to ask.

He then showed me the lives of my sister and me, as seen through His eyes. Jeanne had needed a special endowment of earthly gifts because of the great task that she would have to face. But for every virtue there was a struggle; for every blessing an opposition. Her beauty was enviable to me, but it brought her great distress at times when she was desired by the undesirable, at times when she could do nothing to help herself. Her strength was counterbalanced by the great hardships that she was placed in—she needed that strength to survive. And her talents were the weapons that God had given her with which to fight that great battle that was her life.

Then I saw my life—not as flashy or dramatic; not as many outward virtues, looks or talents; but also not as many loud, outward struggles. I had had a long and peaceful life, happy overall. I bore ten healthy children, and several others who went to be with their Lord at an early age. I had a loving husband, and I accomplished my job for God, by living the life that He had ordained for me to live.

The battles that I was assigned did not require the same amount of weapons as did my sister’s. As my Lord said, if a soldier is assigned a desk job, he does not need to carry with him a full range of artillery to the office! But it does not make his job any less important than the one who drives an armored tank and has ammunition aplenty.

I had my years of trial and struggle. I faced loneliness, I faced neglect and I was even spurned by some who looked more on the outward appearance and who thought I did not fit into their crowd. At times I thought there was no place for me. But in time, all things came together for my good, and I saw that God’s plan had been right. He had created me in His image, and it was perfect in His eyes. And so it is also in mine.



HEADED FOR CERTAIN DEATH



My name is Gretel. I lived in Germany, was born in the early 1900s, married and had four children. It was in the early 1940s, during WWII, that this story I am about to recall, took place. By now, you may have guessed that my husband was in the military. It was during this time that I saw an irrefutable* manifestation of the Lord's power in our lives, in direct answer to my prayers. (*irrefutable*: Impossible to refute or disprove.)

I was born to a poor family. My mother had to work hard to feed us children, and there were nine of us. I don't remember my father, as he left us when I was very young. We were raised by my grandmother, as my mother was rarely ever home. Life was hard in those days, but one thing my grandmother instilled within us

children was a love for God.

When I was six I fell ill with a deadly strain of pneumonia. I believe it was due to my grandmother's prayers that I survived that and went on to marry and have children of my own. That's just to give you a little background on how I came to believe in prayer—and not only to believe, but to practice prayer in my own life.

After my husband was forced to join the military, he was away for months at a time. I made it a priority to pray for him each day, several times a day. He was a pilot and due to his dangerous missions I felt it my duty to pray for his safety. This also kept me from going insane with fear and worry, as there were daily reports of men missing in action, of casualties, and of deaths—all the horrors of war.

One day I was putting my children down for their midday nap when I felt a strong urge to pray for my husband. I would usually pray at set times throughout my day—when I woke up, at meal times, and before going to bed—so it was unusual to feel this strong, unshakable urge to pray for him.

I hadn't heard from my husband in weeks. I had no idea what he was up to, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something was dreadfully wrong and that it was my duty and calling to change things through praying and calling on the power of the Lord to intervene when I could do nothing in the physical. So I proceeded to

pray for my husband with all of my heart, then looked at the clock. It was 2:15 P.M.

Feeling at peace, I proceeded to do my chores around the house. The days following were relatively uneventful, and never again did I have such a unique experience. In fact, I almost forgot about it—that is, until my husband returned two months later. He told me his story:

“We were assigned a very high-priority mission. It was our squadron’s assignment to bomb an Allied tanker. I was feeling nervous about our orders, as although I had been flying reconnaissance missions for awhile, this was my first combat assignment. I had no idea what sort of danger we would be facing. However, about half an hour into our flight, I noticed that one of our engines seemed to be losing fuel for no reason. Knowing that we didn’t have a chance to complete the mission with only half our fuel capacity, we had to turn back for repairs, leaving the rest of the squadron, though one plane short, to fulfill the mission.

“When we arrived back at base, we learned that one of the fuel tanks had cracked and there was no way to quickly repair the damage. At first I was a little

disappointed, as had I completed the mission that

It sent shivers down my spine to realize what might have happened.

we had set out to do, I would have increased my chances for promotion and gained glory in the eyes of others. However, my perspective changed when we heard that the entire squadron went down that day when unexpectedly attacked by Allied fighter planes. This happened about two months ago.”

I then remembered the irresistible urge I had had that day to pray for my husband, although I didn’t know why. I told him my story and he was just as curious as I to find out whether these two events

coincided. We compared dates and times, and were amazed to realize that he had left the air force base at the same time that I had received the strong urge to pray for him, and had had to turn back around at 2:15—taking into account the time difference—due to out-of-the-blue engine problems, thus saving him from sure death that day.

It sent shivers down my spine to realize what might have happened had I not prayed, had I not obeyed the urge, had I brushed it off as a strange happening, a mere coincidence, or worrying thoughts of my own. We realized that day the power of that verse, “All power is given unto Him in Heaven and on Earth” and the amazing promise that lies within the words, “The effectual prayer of a righteous man [or woman] availeth much!”



Memories of a Moravian

She grew up in a placid and beautiful country; her life was like a fairytale . . . that is until the man with the moustache showed up. Hear Brinka's story from her own lips.

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What Makes a Genius? —by Thomas Edison

The electric lightbulb transformed our modern world. Hear a few words of wisdom from Edison on what can transform *you*.

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Reflections of Tommy

Find out just how far the crippled boy's tracts traveled.

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The Unknown Sister —Aurelie

Have you ever been introduced as "So-and-so's brother" or sister? Joan of Arc's sister understands.

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A German wife, home alone with her children. The compelling urge to pray for her husband far away. Put the story together.

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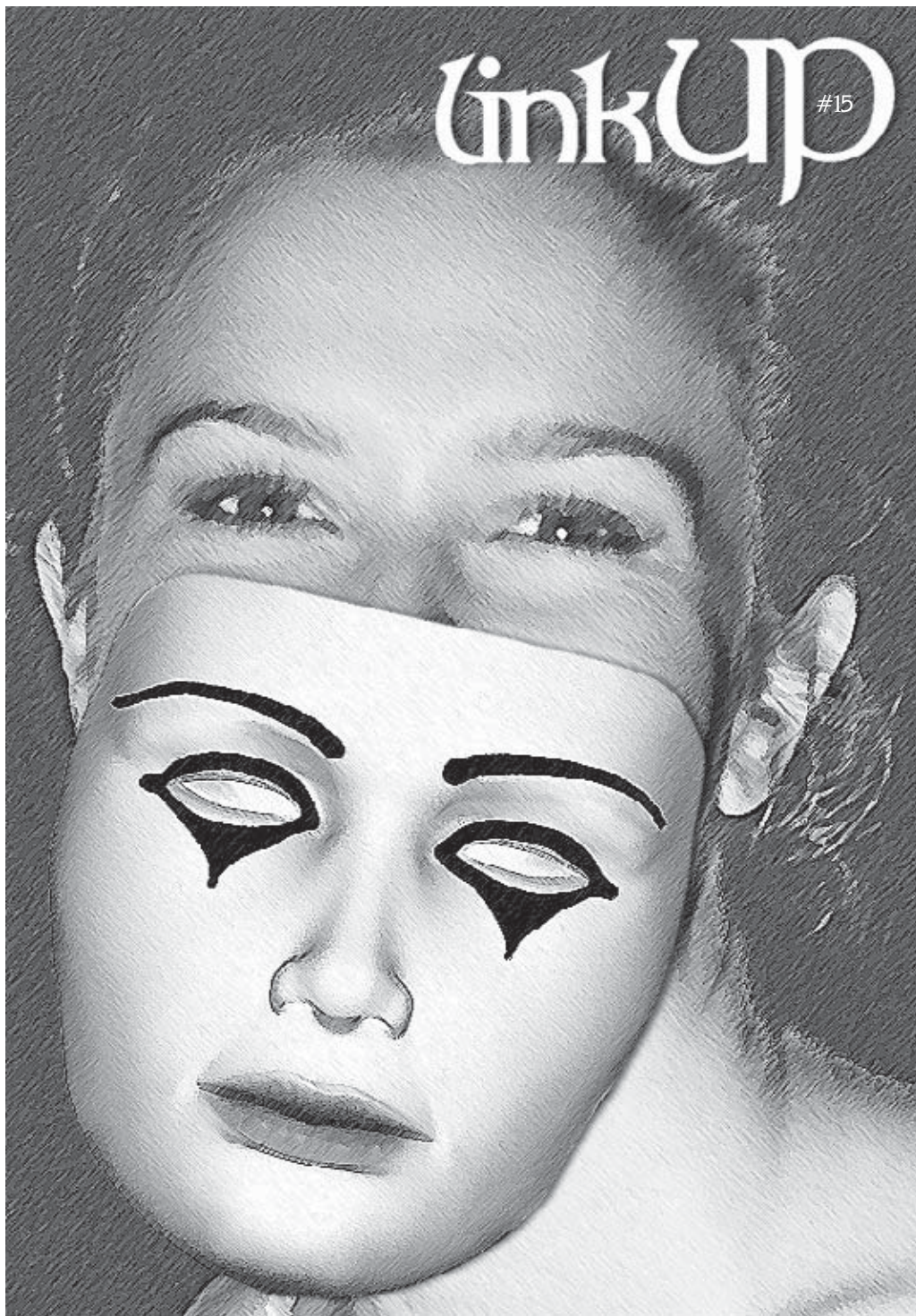
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LinkUP #15



Stuck?

Stuck at the Shallow End of the Dream Pool?

(Quinsy, spirit being:)

I know comparing is a big thing. The list of things that you can compare with is almost endless. You can compare with beauty, good looks, height, weight, strength, fitness, talents, abilities, family trees, opportunities, jobs, ministries, haircolor, eyecolor, skincolor, and the list goes on and on.

Partial insanity kicks in if you don't pull in the reins and control your spirit in regards to comparing negatively. Comparing is a downward spiral that gets you nowhere, so you've just got to cry out to the Lord for the victory if you have a weakness

along these lines.

In Heaven we see things differently than you guys do on Earth. You tend to look at things through the eyes of the flesh most of the time. That's just human nature. The only way you can overcome that built-in mindset is through the power of the Spirit.

You've got to realize that the way you are is the way the Lord made you, and you are perfect to Him.

"But, how come I ended up in the shallow end of the dream pool as far as looks or talents go?" you may argue. What you've got to realize is that God's idea of perfection is different than yours. You were created as a rare, unique person—the only one just like you in the world. You are a masterpiece to your Creator, even if you don't feel like it.

Of course, some people abuse their

bodies and become unhealthy, too fat or skinny, and so on, but that's not God's fault. He made the beginning product just perfectly, but it's up to the steward of the body to take good care of it and keep it in tiptop shape.

When you get to Heaven, you'll realize that everyone is beauti-

The way you are is the way the Lord made you, and you are perfect to Him.

ful. You no longer look at things through the eyes of the flesh. Your carnal reasoning is no more. You realize that you're loved for who you are, and you are beautiful or handsome.—Everyone is! And if on Earth you wished you had certain talents and gifts, well, Heaven is the beginning of all eternity and you

have forever to learn about everything that you're interested in, and hone new skills and talents if you like.

Comparing or thinking negatively about yourself may be your thorn in the flesh, and the Lord allows this to teach you valuable lessons that you may have never learned any other way:

He teaches you lessons of trust.

He teaches you lessons of acceptance.

He teaches you lessons on fighting the Enemy's lies.

He gives you a whole storehouse full of experience so that you will be compassionate and understanding of others in the future.

In the Millennium, those on the Earth are

Partial insanity kicks in if you don't pull in the reins.

going to be just like you now. Well, almost. They're going to have many of the same battles, although to a

lesser degree because the Kingdom of God will be reigning supreme. The Lord's going to have to teach them the things that you learned while on Earth, and chances are He may use you as His instrument, as His vessel, as His teacher. See, all of your battles and tests while on Earth aren't just to fill up space or time or give you something to do. They're for a reason—and one of those reasons is so that you'll be able to be a help and strength to others in the days to come.

Promote Me!

Promote Me!—A Message from Jesus

There are so many great men and women throughout history whose brilliance has endured through the ages, despite the fact that their physical appearance was flawed or their bodies were handicapped in some way. Remember Paul? His bodily presence was weak,* but this just glorified Me all the more, that I could use such a one who seemed so unsightly to the eyes of all who looked upon him. (*2Cor. 10:10).

Handicaps and physical flaws are nothing more than wonderful, albeit disguised, blessings. Because you are not perfect, you are more humble. Because you are humble, you give Me the glory. And because you do not draw to yourself the vainglory of men, My beauty is admired.

So delight in your supposed flaws—those oft-annoying

little handicaps and blemishes you wish you could erase—for they are what set you apart as special vessels, fit to be placed the closest to My throne, for I know that you shall not draw attention from My person, but will point to Me through all the good that you accomplish.

Delight in your supposed flaws—those oft-annoying little handicaps and blemishes you wish you could erase—for they are what set you apart as special vessels.

Tell me more!



Since Paul was apparently not nice looking at all, did he compare with others? Was that a trial for him?

(Paul:) Ha, people have often labored over that description of me, trying to figure out how I looked. I just wasn't an impressive figure, physically speaking. Great orators—and orators were more important in those times I lived than writers were—usually had great physiques, strong features and a commanding figure. So when the early church read my writings, they just pictured some great orator—thus their mild shock when they actually saw me in person. I was just not that attractive to people because I was very short and stout and had a permanently furrowed brow that often made people think I was scowling at them. Sometimes I had a hard time speaking and I would slur my words without wanting to—which is why I was so thankful to be able to write letters to my flocks.

Let's see, did I compare. There were times when I wished that I had a more impressive outward appearance—I suppose you could say that. Sometimes people go by outward appearance too much, and it often separates the sheep from the goats, and in that sense I was thankful. I

certainly didn't have a cult following of my own person. I'm very happy to say that the Word was even more powerful coming from my mouth, because when it penetrated people's hearts and changed their lives, they had to attribute it to God.

I think when I was a young man I was more self-conscious about my physical appearance. I avoided people, and wasn't very sociable. But once Jesus transformed me on that road to Damascus, and I slowly saw that His love caused His followers to love me as a brother—regardless of my past, my appearance, and my at times ornery personality—something changed inside of me. As I grew in Christ, my personal image mattered less and less, and He mattered more and more.

You will find that too, as you grow in the Lord. Your priorities change. As you see your brothers and sisters battle long and hard, go under the waves and bob up again, suffer heartbreaks and personal losses, and yet stay true to Jesus, you will realize that the true beauty of those around you lies *within* them. And they will realize that about you too.

The Secret

The Secret of Beauty—From Queen Esther

The perfection of beauty is fickle, for no one is perfect but God. We are all simply reflections of Him, and what counts is how it shines from the inside rather than our physical “perfections.”

Even though I was considered very beautiful, and history notes that it was my beauty that made the king’s eye land on me, I know that it was primarily the

In time I became old, my youth faded and my physical beauty dwindled.

beauty of God’s love shining through me.

When I looked at my reflection I could not understand the talk of my beauty that constantly surrounded the palace. Amid the countless beauties in the palace, I did not think my features were

overwhelming, or that they outshone all the rest. After all, I was very different in appearance from the revered yet now deposed Queen Vashti. Self doubt came in at times when I would compare my own

It was an inner light.

body—the shape of my hips, the slant of my eyes, and so on—to the bodies of other striking women in the palace. But God knew the type of beauty that was needed to capture the king’s interest, and so He chose me to fulfill His will.

In truth, it was not my beauty that helped me succeed in the long run, for in time I became old, my youth faded and my physical beauty dwindled, but my love for God increased and that was what shone through. The evidence of the most beautiful and awesome God, Who I knew and loved and trusted, created an inner beauty that drew others to me. Their only description was beauty, and beauty it was, but not how most people think of it; it was an inner light that far outshone the fickle physical beauty I had. This is the beauty that He places in all of His children, and it is up to them how much they want it to shine forth.

If you feel imperfect and you long to be beautiful and you spend long hours working at it, the secret is to spend time making yourself beautiful on the inside. It is *that* beauty that the Lord is able to use, far above any fading earthly beauty.

Thoughts

Thoughts from an “American Royal”—JFK Junior



My brief life on Earth was filled with what is called “beauty.” Even *I* was considered beautiful! It was said of me that I was “blessed with a handsome face and a famous name, ample wealth and five-star celebrity.” “JFK Junior is the golden boy of his generation, a darling of magazine covers (the sexiest man alive, cooed *People* magazine) and a sort of American royal.”

Though I never professed to wanting the glory of man, I must confess that deep down inside I wanted and I craved it. I went for it. I was swallowed up and consumed by it. By all worldly standards I had it made.

I attained to all that man worships, but inside my bursting heart and troubled mind I felt no better off than if I were a bum on the filthiest street with my hair matted and my belly protruding. My custom-tailored suits and my perfected posture, my fast-paced New York walk, my so-called “perfect-face” was nothing to me because I was so so empty. My shallowness and the shallowness of all those around me disgusted me and became nightmarish representatives of the absurdity of man.

Be the Right Student

(Katie, spirit being:) Let Jesus teach you about the real values in life—the value of loving others, being a blessing to other people, lifting the downtrodden, encouraging the weak, loving the unlovely. These are the things that will satisfy you! If you care about others more than yourself, you *will* be beautiful!

I didn't know which way to turn. I thought that if I could just please one more person I would be freer to pursue the real things of life, but I was wrong. Every step I took to remain the world's ideal of perfection, was another step to another step to another step leading to unhappiness. It drove me further away from my fellow man. Then, to top it off, my little plane crashed and I found myself in an unexpected and early grave.

What people consider to be beautiful stems from taste, which is adopted. You are in a material world, and with it comes an awareness of the fashions and the trends in the world. I know just how easy it is to fall prey to the wrong ideals, the ideals that pass away. So you must *see* rather than *look*. To look is human, to see divine.

Let your heart dictate what beauty is. Dare to think beyond what man has dictated. Dare to be what God has made you to be. You will know and behold true beauty when you love what God deems beautiful.

In times past people were judged much more on their character, their intelligence and their accomplishments—who they were on the inside. Perception of beauty has changed drastically in the last century. Preoccupation

Q: They didn't have any such thing as the '100 most beautiful people' way back then, so why does JFK, Jr. bring that up?

(Jesus:) The point is that, although since the beginning of time people have worshipped good looks, it is only in the last century that this worship has driven people to starve themselves, to allow surgeons to cut up and alter their bodies, to burn their skin under the sun, and to do all sorts of strange things to their hair.—Just the last century!

During most of world's history, beauty was defined as good health, clear skin, and youthfulness. So although men and especially women have always competed to look attractive, it is only in modern times—with the advent of swift transportation and the spread of western culture—that the Enemy has been able to delude the masses on such a massive scale with his twisted definitions of beauty.

with looks, height, physique, color, weight, so on and so forth is so central these days. But all that is “in” now will pass away and no longer be “in.” So why struggle so hard with the outward when you can be cashing in on being eternally beautiful?

Perception of beauty has changed drastically in the last century.

You should see what the “100 most beautiful people” looked like five or six thousand years ago. Considering the world's frame of mind and views on beauty today, you would likely laugh or say, “We have come such a long way since then.” But is the world a

Competition was one of the shams of the Devil. He knew that if he could make men and women compare and compete with one another, it would create division, foster hate, inspire jealousy, divide and conquer and get man so concerned about his body and the works of his hands that he would neglect his soul.

better place today? Is man's mind more refined? Or is it twisted and perverted and insistent on its own destruction?

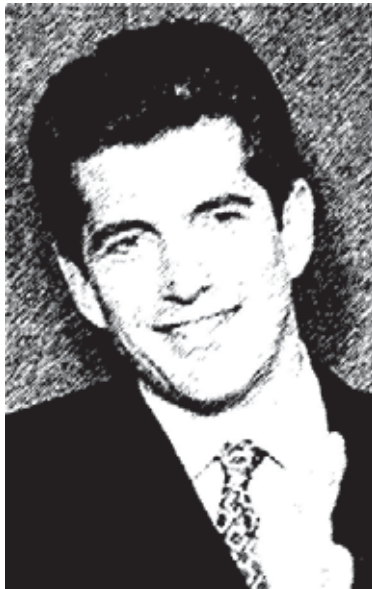
Fashions have changed so entirely since the beginning of the world. In the Garden, along with sin and knowledge came competition, and especially physical competition. This was one of the shams of the Devil. He knew that if he could make men and women compare and compete with one another, it would create division, foster hate, inspire jealousy, divide and conquer and get man so concerned about his body and the works of his hands that he would neglect his soul.

Instead of considering what you can do to gain skin-deep beauty, why not consider all

that you can do to be truly beautiful forever, even as God is?

What is it that makes Him so divinely and eternally beautiful? It is none other trait than His vast love—and love is so opposite to the results of comparison and hate that come about when you strive for the passing trends of earthly beauty.

Worldly advertising gimmicks these days, telling you how you can be “beautiful,” are not much more than a ploy of the Devil to trick people into believing that what a person is like on the inside doesn't mean much anymore. It is no wonder to me now to see that my friends won't attain much in the way of real happiness, even as I didn't. They may achieve becoming the toast of fashion for a time, but they will decay and what will be left?



JFK, Jr., son of assassinated American president John F. Kennedy, was born in 1960 and died in a plane crash in 1999.

A Natural Pearl

A Natural Pearl—Helen Keller

(Helen Keller:)

Try to imagine how you would feel if you were suddenly stricken deaf and blind today. Picture yourself stumbling and groping at noonday as in the night—your work, your independence, gone. A voice filled with love calls your name, but you never hear it. You live in a silent world.

I went through life not remembering what a smile looked like, yet I knew a depth of joy that not many with sight can fathom.

Stricken with an acute illness that left me deaf and blind in my 19th month, that is how I lived my life. I had so many



physical flaws that at first I thought I could never enjoy life, that I could never overcome; my flesh was *less* than imperfect.—It severely fell short of even *minimal* standards of normalcy.

I was angry with myself for it. I was angry with my family. I was angry with those who tried to help me and those who did not. I was angry with



Helen Keller, American writer and lecturer, lived from 1880 to 1968. Though blind, deaf and dumb from infancy, she learned to speak, read and write, and graduated from college with distinction. She published several books.

Anne Sullivan, American educator, lived from 1866 to 1936. Visually impaired herself, she was the teacher and lifelong companion of Helen Keller.

God. Then God sent my teacher into my life and she taught me to appreciate all that I had and all the love that was mine. There are many things in life that can be enjoyed no matter who we are or what is wrong—or for some of us, what we *think* is wrong—with our bodies.

My flaws were my perfections.

Anne [Sullivan] taught me that God loves us for our imperfections, for out of them He can shine His light and show the world that He still loves and cares. He can make the best things out of nothing. Is that not how He created the world and all the good that is in it?

Eventually, after accepting God's will in my life, God gave me courage to face each day, and not only courage, but a genuine appreciation for my flaws. It was then that God allowed me to impart that courage to others. I went through life not remembering what a smile looked like, yet I knew a depth of joy that not many with sight

God gives each human soul a great amount of beauty from the start. This beauty is developed and cultivated when you walk with God (JFK, Jr. *).

(*Editor's note: In this mag, all quotations from famous people were received in prophecy.)

can fathom. My lacks enhanced all that I *did* have. Beauty came from my ashes, because that is what I let spring forth from the well of my life. Even so can it be for you.

I would never trade the difficult life that I lived for another life with sight and hearing, because I touched so many. Others identified with me because I was “flawed.” My flaws were my perfections, in that they completed the vessel God destined me to be. I will be eternally grateful for them. I am so thankful that I learned to love what God could do through me.

Be the most beautiful person someone has ever known, not because you are flawless, but because you are flawed and have overcome (Helen Keller).

If I hadn't, I would never have reached my full potential.

The opportunity for true beauty knocks at your door, waiting to be adopted. If you love and reach out, if you see beyond the physical—as I learned to do out of necessity—then love will indeed triumph over man's standard of perfection. You will be a radiant, natural pearl, worth a great deal more than a cultured pearl.*

* Cultured pearl: A pearl which is produced under artificial and controlled conditions (Microsoft Bookshelf 99).

Special Crowns

(Quinsy, spirit being:)

It's easy to wonder why people have to endure handicaps while on Earth. For example, people who are confined to wheelchairs. Well, for one reason or another, the Lord has required that of them. That's their cross, and if they bear it cheerfully the Lord's going to

reward them in a special way. Perhaps the Lord is teaching them endurance, yieldedness, trust and faith. Or perhaps He is using a handicap in their lives to teach others lessons of compassion or understanding. Each case is different.

In Heaven the handicap will disappear and in its place will

be rewards of the highest value—a special crown for enduring affliction. And these dear ones will be of great use in the Millennium, too. They will have compassion of the greatest kind, understanding of the deepest kind, sympathy of the most beautiful kind, love of the most heavenly kind and a brilliant radiance and shine as a result of their endurance through the battles.

They will have compassion of the greatest kind, understanding of the deepest kind, sympathy of the most beautiful kind, love of the most heavenly kind and a brilliant radiance and shine as a result of their endurance.

Charlie Chaplin

Charlie Chaplin's Question



(Charlie Chaplin:)

There is a secret to finding contentment in life and that is to realize that you were created exactly as you are, and the Lord deems you beautiful. He knows more about you than even you do, and still He thinks you're gorgeous. And the reason He does, is because He sees the love you have for Him and that makes you beautiful.

Look around you. The commercial faces that line the street, the plastic expressions that mark most of humanity—how many

have they bettered? How many can say that their beauty or bodies have brought them happiness? None. Man will never be satisfied with the physical, because it all fades, it's passing.

It is something that grows from within, that shines despite physical flaws!

The famous and the rich live a wretched life of continually having to impress their fans. They live in the depressive carnal realm.

What is perfection? Is it the right height or the perfect bust-line? Do defined biceps determine perfection? Or is perfection within? Yes, it is something that grows from within, that shines despite physical flaws!

The people who lay aside their desire for physical perfection and give their all to

better causes are the true blessing to humanity. They are the ones who should be followed, the ones who should be respected and looked up to, not because of some perfect row of teeth or an attractive hairdo, but because they give their hearts and lives to help others.

There is nothing more worthy than giving yourself to help another. See those who sacrifice their image as the true gems of the earth.



Charlie Chaplin, British-born motion-picture actor, director, producer, and composer, lived from 1889 to 1977.

A Winning Hand

(Quinsy, spirit being:) It may seem like some things aren't fair, or some things aren't right. Maybe you feel you've been dealt a bad hand in life, but I'm telling you, everyone is dealt a winning hand; it just depends on how you play it. In Heaven, you'll see that you were created perfectly, down to the very tiniest detail. Everything Here is beautiful because everything is seen through the eyes of Heaven—through the eyes of love.

Her Quest

Marilyn Monroe's Quest

There once was a little girl who, like many little girls, loved pretty things. If this little girl saw something she liked, she decided it was pretty. And when she decided something was pretty, she wanted it.

Now, she was kinda spoiled, being such a pretty thing herself, so she usually got what she wanted. That didn't help, of course, because it sent her in circles, running toward the next pretty thing she wanted, while at the same time getting very dizzy from running 'round and 'round so many times.

But after all, she used to think, there are plenty of pretty things in the world, and just



The Lord's beauty is the only real beauty there is and Heaven is the only real world. Earth is but a chance to learn to love God and others more, to learn to be caring, to learn to see beyond yourself and into the heart of another. (JFK, Jr.).

Beauty without sympathy, love and interest in others is completely empty. (Helen Keller).



looking at them won't do any good; I've got to have them! So she went on her way, collecting many pretty things and then abandoning them when she saw a prettier thing to chase.

When this little girl grew into a slightly bigger girl, the pretty things were still around, so her desire for the pretty things increased also. She also found out that things other people liked and wanted were pretty too! So, her circles widened. She kept running 'round and 'round, looking for all the pretty things she could find.

She was very pretty by this time, and many people liked and wanted her too, so she soon had

lots of company. Everyone was thinking *I've got to have this pretty thing!* *Just looking at it will do me no good!*

The little girl (who had grown into a big girl on the outside) started to grow tired of this game that looked like it would never end. She was sick of

leave all the people who were running after pretty things.

She decided the time had come to choose the very prettiest thing. After all, if she had the prettiest thing, why would she have to keep on running in circles? So she looked and looked. She

Everyone has their flaws, whether they are obvious or not. Accordingly, the Lord delights to use flawed individuals to be Him to others, because He knows that He will then get the glory (Helen Keller).

running in circles. Her head was spinning from running around. She wanted to be alone, to

thought about the flower. She loved the flower ... it had been one of the first pretty things she had run after. *But*, she thought,

True beauty comes from the inside. (JFK, Jr.).

after a while, the flower dies! Its beauty fades! And then I will have to start looking for another pretty thing! No, I have to find something that lasts a long time.

She looked at the pretty clothes she wore. "But no, they also grow old, and I grow tired of them. I have to find something that will never lose its brilliance."

She imagined her pretty car and thought, "But it can break down and leave me stranded! I

must have something that will never drop in value."

She thought about the loves in her life. "No, they do not last. They will leave me someday. I have to find something that will never leave me alone."

She looked in the mirror. "I can't even keep my beauty. It will fade like the flower, it will grow old, it will lose its value. ...Oh," she sighed in despair, "will I ever find something pretty that will always be pretty?"

Then something caught her eye. It was a diamond! "Oh! I have found it! *Diamonds!* Diamonds can never fade! Diamonds will never lose their brilliance! Diamonds will never stop working! Diamonds will

never leave! They will always be pretty! *Diamonds* are a girl's best friend!"

And so this pretty girl thought she had found the most beautiful thing on Earth, something that would never die—diamonds. But soon she saw that, even after she had many pretty diamonds, she was still sad. She learned that even the prettiest diamonds fade in importance—and she became bored with them too. "What am I gonna do?" She felt so tired of running in circles.

Then, one day, she found the answer she had been looking for! She went to a Place where everyone



Worldly advertising gimmicks these days, telling you how you can be "beautiful," are not much more than a ploy of the Devil to trick people into believing that what a person is like on the inside doesn't mean much anymore. (JFK, Jr.).

Marilyn Monroe was born in 1926 and died in 1962. As a model and actress she became known as one of the most glamorous women of her day.

is happy! No one runs in circles looking for the prettiest thing, or runs after what they think will make them happy. They just give love away! They helped this little girl, and showed her that she could be happy too, by giving away all the love that she had in her pretty little heart! And you know what? She had so much fun!

Her pretty eyes sparkled with joy, her pretty smile brightened every sad

corner, and soon she realized that she didn't need all the pretty things in life! Her diamonds had never brought her even a tiny little bit of the happiness she felt now!

She only found happiness once she gave happiness. She only found beauty once she put beauty in another's life. And now she had found that the prettiest things of all ... everyone's *true* best friends ... are the diamonds of the heart.

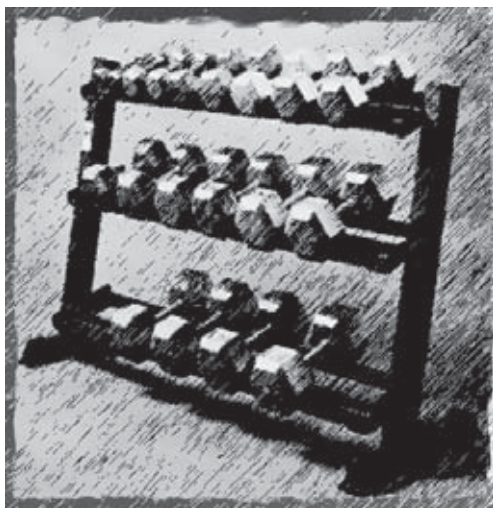


Bodybuilder

A Bodybuilder's Story

(Hank, former earthling:)

I began bodybuilding when I was 15 years old. Everyone told me that I was far too young to begin; "It will stunt your growth," they told me, but I didn't care. I was small and thin and I got picked on by the roughest and toughest crowd in Monterey High School (California). They would tease me, beat me up and lie to the teachers



to get me in trouble.

So I guess you could say I began because I wanted to get revenge. During school vacation I turned to doing weights and long hours of exercise for solace, and in an attempt to grow too strong and big for others to pick on.

You know what it's like at 15. Every word someone says is important to you and you desperately want to be accepted. I guess what I was really looking for was someone to just accept me as *me*, not the dumb, skinny kid I appeared to be.

My family was fairly well off, and my father consented to buying me a weight-training set. I spent long hours in our basement training and working out. Often, because I wanted to push myself, I would lift weights that were too heavy and would end up with injuries.

After a while, I wasn't that "skinny runt" anymore; I looked somewhat normal. I can't say that was all due to my workouts, because I hit a growth spurt around that time too. On the first day of school after summer vacation I ran into Bill,

one of my classmates who had been away for a few months. He was one of the main ones who used to taunt me and pick on me. Much to my dismay, he was huge now! He too had been working out, so I was still a runt compared to him.

I went home that day and decided to dedicate an extra hour a day to my workout routine. I was already working out two hours a day, so that upped it to three hours of solid, tough weight-training.

Looking back on it now, I think my real problem was that I lacked confidence, both in myself and in the talents the Lord had given me. I refused to believe that I was good for anything except what I *wanted* to be good at. I wanted to be a "strong man" and all the rest that I was good at didn't count.

I despised the gifts the Lord had given me, a natural understanding of science and math. I'd also begun work with my dad on encryption for his systems. But I wasn't satisfied, because I wasn't strong enough.

Do you see how I got it all twisted? I thought that in order to be liked I



"You know, I'd love you even if you didn't have big muscles."

had to be some hunk of a guy. I thought that my body and my looks would make me friends, rather than realizing that it's not your looks but what's inside that counts.

I continued training for several years until I reached a point where I could walk down the street in summer without a shirt on and feel confident about myself. I had girlfriends and I began to become popular.

But still, when I looked in the mirror it wasn't enough. I still saw imperfections that I was determined to work on. I was never big enough. Every time I'd work out I'd look in the mirror, but what I saw was distorted. I still saw a skinny kid, when in reality it wasn't so. I was still desperately trying to find something to fill that empty spot.

I thought that if I was famous I might be happy. So what was my next goal? I wanted to be Mr. World.* I had seen them posing on TV and I wanted to be up there too, so I dedicated yet another hour of my day to exercise. I was now working out for four hours a day and I really began to grow. I was also eating a lot more and majoring on foods that would build brawn. But I

was still dissatisfied. **Mr. World is the American version of Mr. Universe, a contest for muscular men.*

I began to practice posing in front of a mirror in the basement. I began to imagine being up there in front of hundreds of people showing off the body I had built. But those dreams would be shattered by the sound of imaginary laughter and visions of demons of discontent, taunting me and laughing at me. Such things began to torment me so that I could hardly sleep at night.

I didn't know what to do but I continued to force myself to build harder and harder every day, until the day it was all over.

I was 23 at the time and was working out at the local gym. My girlfriend had come to see me, and as she left she said something that pierced my very being. She said, "You know, I'd love you even if you didn't have big muscles."

I couldn't believe my ears! Here I was, slaving away four to five hours a day in an effort to earn the respect and the love of those around me, and my own girlfriend who I thought I needed to impress, tells me that it doesn't even matter to her if I am big and strong.



You must see rather than *look*. To look is human, to see divine. (JFK, Jr.).

That took the wind out of my sails and I sat down on the bench and began to think. *Is it really worth it? Have I sacrificed so much just to look better, when that's not what really counts? Have I placed so much emphasis on my outward appearance that I have failed to tend to the garden of my soul? Have I become an empty and vain person who cares primarily for himself?*

These were the thoughts going through my mind as I stood up and headed for the mirror. I was trying to decide if this was indeed a good place to stop and place more emphasis on the rest of my life. I decided to take one last posing practice session.

As I was posing, the muscles in my neck tensed up so tightly that I began to have difficulty breathing. I tried to relax but the cramp continued to constrict my air passage and I began to suffocate. I dropped to the floor, pounding my neck to try to relieve the tension that had built up, but it was too late.

I passed out, and I believe I died right then because I became separated from my body. It lay there, still and lifeless, and

I stood by watching the trainer and the other guys around trying to revive me. I saw that the works of my own hands had brought death upon myself.

I wasn't a very strong Christian, but I began pouring out my heart in prayer. I begged the Lord to please spare my life and promised that I would give up my pursuit of vanity and would instead devote the time and money I'd spent on myself and my training toward helping others.

It's really easy to begin making deals with the Lord when your life is on the line, but I knew that I had to somehow get back and try again. I knew I hadn't done the job the Lord had called me for. I had been tripped off by the devils of vanity and self-glory, but I promised the Lord I wanted to make it right.

Then I saw Jesus. He looked at me and said, "Hank, you've made a lot of mistakes, but I'll tell you what ... I'm going to forgive them all, every one of them, if you'll go now and do what I tell you. I'll give you three more years on Earth, after which time I'll call you Home once again. During those three years I want you to give,

Shine, Baby, Shine!

(Mary Kemper, former earthling:)

He's the maker of the tall and slender, the short and hefty. He shaped you with His Own hand and put all the curves and handles in the right places!

Stay fit and take care of your body by obeying His health rules! Live according to His health laws and you will be beautiful. You'll shine the way He made you to shine
(ML#3125:78).

not only your money, but also your time to the homeless, the needy, those who don't have a place to stay. I want you to make them your mission and tell them about Me. I want you to go back and be a testimony of My goodness and My greatness. I want you to return and put others first. If you'll agree to this, then I'll give you another chance."

You bet I promised Jesus right then and there to do my best to accomplish what it was that He asked. The next thing I knew I was back on that floor, breathing and alive.

I was so thankful to be alive! As soon as I could I sold off my gym and exercise equipment and gave the money to a man whose landlord was about to throw him out for not paying the rent. The Lord had told me to find those who needed help, so I volunteered my time at a coffee shop for those who were in need, and served free food. I also told them about the Lord as they ate, and many came to know our Savior. I spoke at high schools about the dangers of excessive bodybuilding, and I believe the Lord used me to save a few kids from going down the same

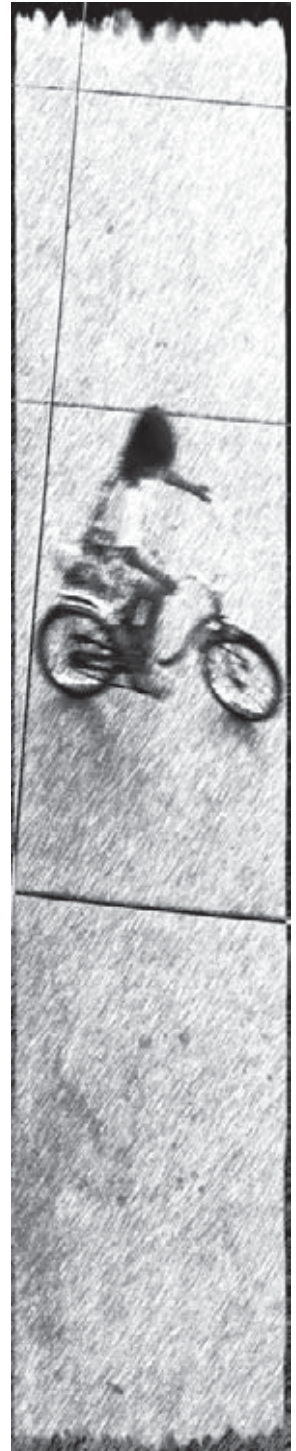
path I had.

Three years later, I was diagnosed with high blood pressure. The doctors told me my heart was giving out. They said it was probably due to too much exertion at such a young age. Somehow I just didn't feel that this was the way the Lord wanted me to go. I cried out to Him and asked Him to make my life a testimony, even through my death. On my next check-up the doctor said that my heart had miraculously returned to normal and my blood pressure was only slightly above normal levels.

I continued on in my ministry for another year. I thanked the Lord every morning when I woke up 'cause I knew I was living on borrowed time. I knew that every second I was alive was a miracle.

One day I was walking toward the little coffee house when I saw a small kid in the road. A large truck was racing down the street on a collision course. Suddenly I knew what I had to do. I rushed out there and pushed the kid out of the way only to be hit by that truck myself.

I sustained multiple injuries but I was still alive. I was rushed to the hospital, and on my



deathbed Bill came to see me. Bill was the one I told you about, the one who always picked on me. Without knowing it, I had saved his child's life. With tears in his eyes, Bill thanked me. He got down on his knees beside my bed and sobbed out his thanks and apologized for all the mean and hurtful things he'd done to me in our younger years.

The Lord gave me the grace right there to forgive him and tell him about Heaven and where I was going. As we began to pray I could feel my body lifting once more. I knew that I was going Home.

The last earthly words I heard were, "Hank, I don't know how to thank you. Not only have you saved my son's life but now you've saved mine too. Don't worry about your work at the coffee shop, I'll take care of it." With that I was thrust into a world of incredible peace and love.

So it's not how you look that counts, it's what you do for the Lord. It's not what you build in the flesh, it's what you build in the spirit. Don't let the devils of vanity and comparison trap you into excessive bodybuilding. It's not the most important thing. Giving love and

the Lord's salvation to others is the most important thing.

A little workout is fine and it's good to be in shape.— Just don't make that your goal in life. Your goal should be to win souls for eternity, because that's the only thing that will count when you cross over to your heavenly reward. Don't build bodies, build souls.

"Tell me more."

(Jesus:) It is not that bodybuilding is strictly wrong, it just depends on the attitude, whether or not it becomes an obsession, and whether or not the person who does it keeps it in place, doesn't get overly concerned with himself, and still puts emphasis on the spiritual and on loving others and serving Me.

The point is, your outer shell is only temporary, so invest in your inner self. People with eternal values will love you more for your spiritual side and your personality than for your outward appearance, which is going to be left behind someday anyway.

If you love, God can take the broken pieces of your life and make them shine the most (Helen Keller).

Real Beauty

Discovering Real Beauty—From Elvis



When I came to Heaven, one girl in particular caught my eye. I was strolling in the park and she was sitting on a bench reading a book.

Some people can become so obsessed with their image, the way they look and act—it's almost like they become their own idols. I was one of those people.

I'm sad to say that I didn't have my priorities right. I looked at the physical, at the flesh, at the outward appearance. But it drove me to despair and depression, which caused my premature death.

My poor wife. I loved her so much. But I had so much pride. I required too much of her. I wanted her to be perfect, to be the perfect woman, with never a hair out of place. It drove her to hate me eventually. She couldn't take it. She tried so hard to do it all right, and she *was* just about as perfect as you could get in the worldly sense. Yet it took its toll. It ruined our marriage.

I didn't realize all this until I came over Here and saw things the way they really are. I looked back over my life and saw all

my wrong attitudes, the way I drove people away because of my pride and love of self. My life could have been full of meaning and true happiness if I had seen and appreciated the true values, the inner person, the heart.

In the end I couldn't take it, I gave up. I turned to drugs and became overweight. It was so pitiful how I just threw my life away. I disregarded the things that really count, and so I was left with nothing.

If she had been sitting on a bench on Earth, I probably wouldn't have looked at her a second time

When I arrived in Heaven, I noticed how people were just themselves—natural! The women weren't caked in make up, fingernail polish, fancy hairstyles. Yet, I was drawn to them. Their eyes shone with the most beautiful light. On Earth when I was surrounded by women who were all dolled up, not much was real. It was all a bunch of gadgets and paint and fancy clothes. It wasn't the real them.



“Tell me more.”

“What about Presley's wife?”

(Jesus:) Their relationship was built on sand on Earth, and so when the floods of time washed over it, it did not stand. Elvis still loves his wife, but he loves her enough to know that she needed someone who didn't demand perfection of her. She's happy now and has plenty of companionship too. They're still on friendly terms, but they both agreed to stay apart in Heaven so they could learn more about the real values of life.

The point is, they both needed and wanted to grow when they arrived in Heaven, so even though the world looked at their earthly relationship as “perfect” they found others who could fill their needs for companionship in Heaven much better than they could for each other. It's not like they had a sense of loss in not being together any more.

When I came to Heaven, one girl in particular caught my eye. I was strolling in the park and she was sitting on a bench reading a book. She looked up at me and gave me the most beautiful smile. She had long hair, down to her waist, dark brown and slightly wavy. She had on a simple lucent dress, almost Grecian style.

She was a very simple, small girl, and if she had been sitting on a bench on Earth, I probably wouldn't

have looked at her a second time, except that her dress was a little more revealing than what you usually see down there. But that smile, it caught me. I felt a special sensation. I just had to go over and talk with her.

Well, that was the beginning of a romance between us—my dear Betty. You can imagine my surprise when I found out that she was a girl in my school when I was a teenager who I had

rejected because I didn't think she was my type—wasn't beautiful enough, didn't have big enough boobs, was too short for me, and so on. Yet now she was the most beautiful woman to me.

Her simplicity is what drew me to her. She was just her happy, funny self, and I soon found that I didn't have to be anything around her or try to be cool. She accepted me for who I was deep inside and not because I was some famous personality. It was a wonderful and

truly liberating experience.

I was the king of cool. But look at how my life turned out—sad and miserable. My advice is: if you want to live and enjoy life, don't put on

If you want to live and enjoy life, don't put on those fronts.

those fronts. Just be yourself, be natural and be real. That's how I wish I had lived my life.

Elvis Aaron Presley,
American Rock 'n' Roll icon,
lived from 1935 to 1977.

Loveliness

The Loveliness of Thorns

(Angela, spirit being:)

Those of you who feel that you don't have it as good as someone else, take heart and know that the Lord has His reasons and His plan. Do your best to trust and look for the blessings He's given you, the special gifts or physical attributes that make you special. That helps to take away from the comparing and wishing you had what someone else has.

You may not realize that others have their crosses to carry too, and under those roses are a few thorns that prick and hurt, if not at the moment, then somewhere down the line.

The thorns are the things that break and humble us and draw us closer to the Lord, because we see that we aren't perfect in ourselves and we need Him.

Unwrap that Gift

Unwrap that Gift

(Angela, spirit being:)



On Earth there are so many people who are unhappy with their bodies or their looks, and they spend big amounts of money to go to a surgeon and have their faces redone, their lips enlarged, some fat in their bodies sucked out, or their breasts filled with silicone to make them larger. But the side effects are very dangerous, and many people permanently damage their bodies because it's not natural. They're tampering with nature.

It's so sad really, because the Lord made them just the way they are for a purpose and a reason, and if they didn't think so much about themselves and their own happiness, but learned to reach out to others and to value the true things in life that are important, then it wouldn't be a problem.

He made each of us with some little part that may not be "perfect" to keep us humble.

It makes the Lord sad because it's saying that you

don't think He did a good job and you would rather have it differently. But you see, He made each of us with some little part that may not be "perfect" to keep us humble.

I know you're probably thinking right now, "Well, why are there some women or men who look perfect and have everything just right, and some others who seem to have almost everything wrong with them?" Well, the Lord always compensates. There is always something that the Lord gives a person that is special to them. But you see, sometimes we get so wrapped up in what we think we're missing, that we don't see the gift that the Lord has given us, a gift that is beautiful and worth a great price. It's there all the time but our vision is clouded because we're looking at the hole instead of the donut.

There are people who don't have much in the physical or have it pretty rough in this life compared to others, yet the Lord has rewards and blessings laid over Here. They get double the amount of reward and pleasure

and fun when they come up Here. It's all made up to them, so it really evens out in the whole picture of things.

So, some things that don't seem even to you on Earth, or fairly distributed, really aren't—but they weren't meant to be. You're all learning different lessons there and

fighting different battles on Earth which take different circumstances to experience and overcome. However, you can rest assured that in the scope of all eternity and the life to come, things do get evened out and the Lord does deal fairly with each and every one of His children.

Sometimes we get so wrapped up in what we think we're missing, that we don't see the gift that the Lord has given us.



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