

“And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of



What is happiness like in the end of the world? Is cheap grace cheap? Dietrich Bonhoeffer wrote, “Cheap grace is the enemy of God’s people.”

Pastor Jan: The lovely Jesus had “hell to pay” on the cross of Calvary. His tender love for us is stronger than death. It drove Him to pay for our hell that we might forever have His costly grace which is free.

Bonhoeffer: “The disobedient cannot believe. Only the obedient believe.” “Only he who believes is obedient.” “The exercise of self control is an essential feature of the Christian’s life.”

Pastor Jan: In view of the horrors of suffering around us, we have a right to ask for God’s grace to ease their pain. Through the horrors of the end of the world, dear Jesus has given us the right to have joy in Him, and to share His joy with others.

Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.”



Their loved ones were slaughtered. “In the last scenes of this earth’s history war will rage.” LDE 24. God’s grace is not cheap. Because of His infinite payment of costly grace, dear Jesus will raise “the quick and the dead,” [2 Tim. 4:1] and give to the faithful of all ages His everlasting joy.

Dear SDA friends around the world,

Greetings in the name of dear Jesus.

Faith: The verse says, “And he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.” Rev. 19:15. How was the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God the costly grace by which He saves us from the hell that He suffered?

Pastor Jan: Are you ready? Here we go -

“When Christ ceases His intercession in the sanctuary, the unmingled wrath threatened against those who worship the beast and his image and receive his mark (Rev. 14:9,10) will be poured out... Says the revelator... ‘There fell a noisome and grievous sore upon the men which had the mark of the beast, and upon them which worshiped his image.’ The sea ‘became as the blood of a dead man: and every living soul died in the sea.’ And ‘the rivers and fountains of waters ... became blood...’

“The people of God will not be free from suffering; but while persecuted and distressed, while they endure privation and suffer for want of food they will not be left to perish... While the wicked are dying from hunger and pestilence, angels will shield the righteous and supply their wants...

“Yet to human sight it will appear that the people of God must soon seal their testimony with their blood as did the martyrs before them... Day and night they cry unto God for deliverance. The wicked exult... [At this time we are surrounded by groups of the wicked who are just waiting for midnight, when, the law [Rev. 13:15] will go into effect which will make it legal for people to shoot us on sight. But that’s nothing for them because they’ve already been murdering people by the of millions while the tiny ones were still out of sight.]

Marikay McLeod wrote a paper based on the Spirit of Prophecy giving us a hint as to some of the things that are predicted. Watch closely -

“The dial felt cold as my hot, damp hand turned it, stopping the TV announcer’s voice. [The national Sunday law had been passed by Congress.] Walking over to the window, I stared out unconsciously, while the words of Elder Brown came back to me: ‘The National Sunday Law is the sign for the Christians to move out of the cities.’ I seemed in a collapsed balloon, with everything pressing in around me.

“I could see the charts Elder Brown had drawn, day after day on the board. There were two marks that were very close together, the National Sunday Law and the close of probation.

“Doubt, fear, excitement whirled through my mind. What would happen? Where would we go?

“The week passed. At church, Elder Jenkins had a stirring message on the Sunday Law and the Close of Probation. Everyone agreed with him and gave hearty ‘amens.’

“Now things were beginning to go the way I’d planned them. But later as I walked out of church, I noticed people laughing and joking together like every other Sabbath. Some were talking of the new addition they were putting on their house. Ladies were checking on what kind of cakes to bring to next week’s church social. I couldn’t understand it.

“As the days passed, tension grew. Finally Mother and Father consented to our leaving home. They gave us permission to live in our lake cottage. Never before had I felt such a need to ask forgiveness. There was a heavy urgency pushing us.

“I called home during the week. Mother was the same as usual. She thought we were going to come back and asked if we wanted Dad to come after us. I told her, ‘No’ and urged her to join us, but she declined. I also phoned Elder Jenkins, hoping that he and his family would soon be moving. But, to my surprise, everything seemed to be the same as usual there too. Elder Jenkins warned me to beware of becoming fanatical.

“Oh - why did it have to happen? Why couldn’t it wait till I died so I wouldn’t have to be hurt by family and friends who rejected the call? Why must it happen **now?**

“One day Mrs. Cook, [a recent convert] came running in. [The seven last plagues had started] She cried, ‘**Probation is closed!**’

“I looked at her. It couldn’t be. The close of probation couldn’t have come so soon... not **now!** After deciding on going to the Smokey Mountains, we prayed, and then took off.

“As we drove down the expressway, past the green and white sign that said, “Kalamazoo Next Exit,” I felt strangely empty.

“‘There it goes,’ I thought. ‘My home town, my family, my minister, my church. There goes everything.’

“Then I looked over at Ron sitting on the other side of the back seat. No, not everything was gone. I had Ron, my precious brother. I slid over and gave him a kiss.

“‘It’s just you and me now,’ I whispered.

“He looked at me. ‘Not quite,’ he smiled. ‘We’ve got God.’

“The news broadcasts were filled with wars, riots, mob



“The end will come more quickly than men expect.” GC 630.

Dear Jan Marcussen,
Your book “National Sunday Law” is wonderful. I enjoyed reading it very much. You did a great job to help us understand God’s word. The one thing that people need to know concerning your book is that – It’s All True! I accept the seal of God, God’s law, His Sabbath, and His ways. Let us thank Him, honor Him, and live by the ways set down by our Lord Jesus Christ. Love in Christ
Jesus, Julius O’Neill Amarillo

Dear Pastor Jan,
I’ve been here in prison for 14 years. I used to have a drinking problem and one night I stabbed somebody when I was drunk and didn’t realize what I was doing. I will never drink alcohol again. A Christian friend gave me the book “National Sunday Law.” I could tell that what the book says is the truth! So I became a Seventh-day Adventist here in the prison! Praise the Lord! I know that time is short. It’s very possible that I could be in prison when Jesus comes, and the people in here need to read this important message. Thank you and may God bless you! John

actions in the cities. Epidemics were breaking out, and always there was news of the approaching date, after which, murder was condoned by law. We finally reached the foothills of the Smokies, and to us they looked like heaven. Suddenly we heard the license number and description of our car, and an alert that we were dangerous criminals. I couldn't believe that they were talking about us as I heard the list of crimes we had, supposedly, committed.

"How could this be? How could something like this happen here in the United States?"

"Listen, kids," Mr. Cook said. "Grab what you can, and get out. Take off as fast as you dare, but don't look suspicious. It's not safe for you to be with us."

"The car stopped and we jumped out. For a moment we stood there, holding our Bibles and coats, and wondering what to do. Ron grabbed my arm, and we started up the street. Then we heard the siren. Faster and faster we ran. Down we fell, grasping the ground, and hoping no one would see us. My side ached and my legs hurt. 'Stop!' I cried.

"We can't. Hit the ground."

"So this is what it's like to be a criminal," I thought.

"Get up, Alice," Ron pulled me to my feet.

"Ron, I can't."

"We have to go while we can." He pulled me into a trot. "We have to go—now." At last we were in the hills. We worked our way back into a wood. In the east the sky was growing pink. We kept walking. I didn't feel the hurt in my legs, or the pain in my side so much. My feet no longer felt

Dear Pastor Jan,

My name is Cathy. In 2014 I was the speaker at the women's meeting at the SDA church which your wife attended. I was delighted to meet her and find out that you are the author of the "National Sunday Law" book which changed my life! I grew up in Alaska where I attended a Sunday keeping church. I remember asking myself why we worship on Sunday. I also asked why God would burn someone eternally. I also asked why have a resurrection if you go to heaven when you die? But I trusted my church. Then, the time came when I began to explore the dirty lifestyle. I got hooked on drugs and felt so guilty that I stopped thinking about God. I tried what the world has to offer, and I was left with emptiness.

Then came the World Series. It was pretty exciting stuff. Our team was losing until the very last batter. Then he hit a home run and we won the game. I ran out of the apartment to talk to friends about the game. When I got back, I found a book on my doorstep entitled "National Sunday Law." I picked it up, and because I was so happy about winning the ball game, I sat down and I read the whole thing! I was so fascinated with it, that I read it all the way through – and read it again the next morning. This was the moment that God reentered my life! I knew that He was still there, and cared about me! Then came the challenge – would I stay in a large, successful Sunday church that did not speak the truth, or would I go to the little SDA church where God's truth was taught? I chose God's truth and His church! God changed me from the inside out, and I became part of God's remnant church. God has been so good to me! I am a Seventh-day Adventist because of the book "National Sunday Law." I never dreamed that I would ever be able to thank the author of the book and tell how it changed my life. I hope to meet you someday and learn how God led you to write it. I thank God for using the book to show me His truth. Cathy M



Do you see any smoke? After probation closes, all bad habits will never be overcome. The poor people will have them until they're dead. If you have a bad habit, you and dear Jesus can still overcome it for a little while longer. Very soon, that time will pass - and the angels will lay off their crowns as the King of Kings proclaims with a great voice - "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still." Rev. 22:11.

blistered and hot. I wanted a drink of water. My throat was so dry. Finally—exhausted—we fell on the ground and slept. When we awoke, I opened my Bible to the Psalms. Several verses in Psalm 27 were underlined. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?"

"My heart went out in love to God. We couldn't help but kneel and thank God for His loving care. We had just risen, when we heard a yell behind us. Turning, we saw two men with rifle, and a dog.

"Hey, you! What are you doing?" Their voices were hard. "Get along, Alice!" Ron pushed me one way, and he ran the other. Blindly I ran. I could hear the dog barking behind me. The men were screaming and the dog sounded crazed. I ran. My side hurt. My throat ached. I ran. Always there was the dog. I kept running. "Oh, help me Father!" I cried. One of the rifles went off. I stiffened, but felt nothing. Another shot. Oh, I ran. The dog was still behind me. "Please don't let them catch me!" Oh, why couldn't I run faster!

"Suddenly I was falling! I began to get up, but it was too late. The dog was upon me. and right behind him were the two men. As they came up, the dog backed off. I lay looking up at their hard faces. One of them raised his rifle and took aim. "This is it," I thought.

"Hey, the law don't go into effect till midnight.

The other man grabbed his arm.

"Too bad that other kid got away," one said disgustedly. "He'll be caught tomorrow." Happy that Ron was still free, I prayed, "Thanks for answering." At the jail, I was questioned, fingerprinted, booked, photographed, questioned again, made to change into prison garb, and then taken to a cell in the basement. As I entered, the cell's occupants looked up.

"Welcome, Little One," one of the men smiled. I liked him. "Have a seat," another offered, pointing to the floor. "We're just having church." I sat down. I couldn't help smiling. I felt good there. This was a wonderful place! The people were kind. "You can be our visitor this week," the lady said. The service was very simple. We sang and sang. The songs were so real. One man beamed as he told of how the

men who had captured him tried to shoot him. But the guns wouldn't go off! I thought about how close to death I'd been. Why had that man missed me twice, and what had stopped him from shooting me the third time? Tom, who had smiled when I entered, called me 'Little One' and made me feel right at home. I called him Tom, because that's the only name he gave. He was different some way from the others.

"Aunt Nelly was the woman. My stomach felt empty. 'Do they ever feed you?' I asked. 'Oh yes,' Tom smiled. 'Once in a while, they give us a little something.'

"Oh, well,' I thought. 'You've been on diets before Alice. This shouldn't be anything new for you.' All my life I had heard how we should be like Christ. I was afraid that I'd forgotten to confess some sin. Oh, if only I could be certain. If only I could know for sure!

"Tom came over and sat down beside me. 'Don't get discouraged, Little One. 'We can't know everything right now.' His voice was soft, and full of understanding. How could he know the way I felt? 'Just remember, no matter what, God's love for you is as strong as it has ever been. He hasn't failed you yet, and believe me, He's not going to.' I did believe him. I couldn't help but believe him. There was something about Tom that inspired trust and love.

"The cell door opened and three more people entered, a man, a woman, and a little girl. The little girl, Judy, was scared. She cried and wanted her parents but Tom soon had her smiling. The hours passed. The guard came by and gave us all a bowl of warm water - he called it vegetable soup.

**Dear A. Jan Marcussen,
I read your book "National Sunday Law" and I agree with it! Because of reading it, I have left the Sunday churches that I was attending. Out of all those churches, none of them are guiding their people to live by the teachings of Jesus and the holy Bible. I praise God that He has His Seventh-day Adventist people who live by the pure truth of the Bible. Sincerely, V.L.**

"Don't you guys care about your families?" he went on in a derogatory tone. 'I never could understand how people can break the law. And besides, what gives you the idea that you're so almighty holy? Look, everybody goes along with this law but you. Just who do you think you are to say 'No' to God?' He shook his head in disgust. 'People like you are crazy. When an animal is crazy, it is shot!' He walked away, leaving the unspoken words hanging thick before the bars of our cell. The lights above our heads burned constantly. Most of the time was spent in prayer and singing. Since we had no Bibles, we recited the texts we knew. Oh, how I wished I knew more!

"We prayed and sang. Judy was happy when we were singing. She always joined right in whether she knew the tune and words or not.

"The guard came back and called off more names. Mine was one. Judy started crying. 'Don't cry, Honey, everything will be fine.' I smiled. She waved as I left. She was so small, and yet, Christ had given her protection and love in the form of her fellow cell mates.

"I was taken to a small room. A man was sitting on the other side of a large desk. 'You are Alice Strong?' 'Yes.' 'You live in Kalamazoo, Michigan?' 'Yes.' 'You are a Seventh-day Adventist?' 'Yes.' 'Why?'

"The question startled me. In all the reading I'd done on the time of the end, no one ever asked 'Why?'

"Well, because I believe the Bible is the one and only rule of faith, and Seventh-day Adventists base all their beliefs on the Bible.' I was surprised at my answer. It was no masterpiece but it was right.

"I was led to a small cell. Every few minutes the guard would look through the opening in the door of my cell, and wake me if I was sleeping. Every day there were long hours of questioning, long hours of persuasion talks. I thought I would lose my mind. I clung to two verses: 'If ye love me, keep my commandments,' and 'Here is the patience of the saints, here are they which keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus.' I had to stand firm; I couldn't fail now.

"Suddenly I woke up. It seemed as though I'd been sleeping for a long time. Rolling over, I sat up and saw a man. It was Tom! 'Tom! How did you get in here?' 'Never mind that, Little One,' he smiled. It was so good to see him! When he was around, there was no pain, no empty stomach, no heart ache. He seemed to carry an atmosphere of peace and love, of trust and joy right with him. And to me the cell shone when he was there.

"I thought that maybe you hadn't had much to eat, so I brought you something.' He handed me some kind of food. I'd never seen anything like it before - but it was delicious! 'I'm glad you like it.' He smiled. 'Listen, Little One, they're going to be real hard on you from now on.' His voice was



"The Lord will arise to shake terribly the earth... The palaces of earth will be swept away in the fury of the flames... In the last scenes of this earth's history war will rage." LDE 24.

Tennita's Corner: "He who is at peace with God and his fellow men can not be made miserable." MB 46

**Dear Pastor Jan,
I was a Methodist who had become disenchanted with my church. I seldom went to church anymore. One Saturday afternoon I opened my front door and found the book "National Sunday Law" on my door step. I read it every night for two weeks, looking up every scripture. Not only could I find no error, but I was overwhelmingly convicted of the Sabbath truth! I knew I had to get this book to others! My mother accepted the Sabbath and became a Seventh-day Adventist before she died. I was baptized shortly after her, and now I'm teaching God's truth to all my friends. We go out Sabbath afternoons and give out NSL preachers! Praise God for Jesus and for His wonderful Seventh day Sabbath! Dean S.**

solemn. It's going to be hard, but it won't be long. Remember how much Christ loves you. Think of all the good things He has done for you.' He spoke with the love and authority of someone who has been very close to the Saviour. 'This is just a test. Think of it as an entrance exam to heaven. And, Little One, you'll pass it. Believe the promises Jesus has made to you. Repeat them and think only of God, not of yourself but of Christ's power and strength and love.'

"Please don't go,' I cried. I didn't want to be left alone with the guards looking in all the time.

"I must,' he said. 'But I will see you again soon.' "Turning my back, so he wouldn't see the tears, I walked to the other side of the cell.

"I was taken to a large, nearly empty cell. 'Abby!' I cried as I recognized my friend from Academy. It was so wonderful to see someone I knew! 'How long have you been in?' 'About a month, I guess.'

"Is it rough?"

"Yes, but just pray and things work out.'

"Two miserable days passed, and then the guard came and took me to the court room. Entering, I saw Mother, Elder Brown, and Elder Jenkins. There they were! A thrill passed through me.

"Elder Jenkins got up and walked over to me. 'Hello, Alice. I've been listening with interest to the questions that have been asked you this afternoon. I know that you realize where you have made your mistakes.'

**Dear Pastor Jan,
I was given the book "National Sunday Law," and I immediately stopped keeping Sunday. Two months later I became a Seventh-day Adventist. I'm so happy!**

I recently got 2000 of the little NSL preachers. My life has changed! I so much enjoy studying God's word and keeping His Sabbath. I pray that these books will be used by God to help save many others! May the Lord richly bless you in his service. In God's love. H.P.

minister, be so deceived? Elder Brown walked over to me. No, not him too! Oh, why couldn't they leave me alone? I wished I was back in the other jail. Back there, where I wouldn't know what I knew now.

"It's nice to see you again, Alice. I just wish it were under different circumstances.' He looked at me with a cutting stare. I will tell you that if you don't change, you cannot be saved. You think you are right, but really you are wrong and you will be punished if you don't straighten up.'

"This couldn't be the Elder Brown that had taught me Bible just a couple of months before. No, I knew he was different. The same person outwardly, but something had happened on the inside.

"Mother walked over to me. With a hate-filled look, she hurled the words at me: 'They killed your father last week - they killed him because of you. You're not a Christian, you're a crazy fanatic! For a moment, she just stood there quivering with hate and anger. 'You aren't my daughter!' She walked back.

**Dear A. Jan Marcussen,
I was baptized as an infant in the Roman Catholic system. When I asked my minister why we observe Sunday. He could not give me an answer from the Bible. Then I got your book "National Sunday Law." It certainly answered my questions! I've noticed that here in Washington State, seventh-day churches are on the increase. I spoke with a friend about the Sabbath of God today, and I will let her read my NSL book. I'm going to be ordering more NSL books to give to others. I feel so good! And yes, the truth has set me free! Glory to God! Amen and amen! Thank you again for the book "National Sunday Law!" It is a blessing from the heavenly Father! Glory to God! Deborah S.**



"Hope thou in God, for on Calvary's cross a complete sacrifice was offered for you... Eternal joy—a life of undimmed happiness—awaits the one who surrenders all to Christ." HP 262.

"When at the foot of the cross the sinner looks up to the One who died to save him, he may rejoice with fulness of joy; for his sins are pardoned." SD 222. Praise God friend! Praise God!

"My heart stopped. This couldn't be Elder Jenkins. This wasn't my minister. It couldn't be! How could he be saying something like this!

"It's hard to believe, I know,' he went on. 'But when we have been shown new light, and we have. We have had visions. I, myself, have had some. In these visions Jesus has told me that the plan is changed. He is going to perfect everyone here, by means of the Sunday Law.'

"I looked at him with a breaking heart. 'Do you see what that means, Alice?' He believed it. He actually believed what he was saying.

"Alice, it's people like you that are holding up this process. You are stopping Jesus from saving us all.'

"How could he believe this. How could he, my

minister, be so deceived? Elder Brown walked over to me. No, not him too! Oh, why couldn't they leave me alone? I wished I was back in the other jail. Back there, where I wouldn't know what I knew now.

"It's nice to see you again, Alice. I just wish it were under different circumstances.' He looked at me with a cutting stare. I will tell you that if you don't change, you cannot be saved. You think you are right, but really you are wrong and you will be punished if you don't straighten up.'

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"I looked at the three of them. None of them were the people I'd known. In Bible class Elder Brown had told how only a very few would be saved. How only those who would rather die than commit a wrong act would stand through the last conflict. I can still hear him saying, 'Some of the very people who you think are saints, you will find out are really devils.' I looked at him now, sitting there with that self-righteous air about him. I wondered if he had ever realized that he was prophesying his own end.

"Well?' The judge looked at me. 'What will it be? We've given you more mercy than was necessary. You know very well that you are breaking the law of the state, the church, and the law of God.' For a moment there was silence. They were all watching me. Why couldn't they realize how useless it was for them to try to get me to give up my beliefs?

"Well, what do you say?"

“I am happy that I can’t agree to abide by any law which is not upheld by the truths of the Bible,’ I looked at him unafraid. I didn’t care what they thought of me - I was not going to yield now. Elder Jenkins yelled, ‘Can’t you see what you are doing, you little fool!’

I had to know for sure that I had no sin on the books, but how could I? Death wouldn’t be half so terrifying if I could be sure that I was prepared to meet my Lord. The electrodes were placed on my head. The man walked over to the switch.

“Please save me!”

“A low rumble - and suddenly there was a terrific shaking. The lights went out. Everyone was screaming. The building reeled back and forth. The floor raised up and down. The straps holding me broke. I ran from the chair. Windows were breaking. Thunder, terrible thunder, was cracking all around us.

“The end of the world! The end of the world!’ they screamed. ‘We’re lost! Lost! Lost!’ Strangely I was not afraid.

Dear Pastor Jan,
I was given a “National Sunday Law” book. When I finished reading it, I knew that the seventh day is the Sabbath of God. It has changed our lives! I was so happy that I prayed and sang for another half hour. A glorious peace - which I had sought for a long time - came into my soul! May God bless you! H.L.

Everywhere people were running — trampling one another — killing each other — anything to escape the light. The beautiful light. The earth was heaving like a sea. Great cracks appeared, and people, pleading for death, threw themselves into them. Fires blazed everywhere. White fire flashed through the black sky. And in the middle of the blackness was the light. As I watched, I grew happy, happier than words can express. At last, at last Jesus had come! He was here! We watched with mounting excitement as the cloud drew nearer, and then stopped. Raising His nail-scarred hands, Jesus called to the dead. Suddenly the earth opened and glorified people came up out of it. We all joined together in a long, loud shout of victory. Angels came earthward, as those who had just risen were caught up in the air. They felt warm and bright, and I could see the happiness shine right

through them. I looked around. There was Ron! Together we were flying to the cloud above us. The Cooks were there and others I had known. The thrill — the miraculous glory of it — I was going home to Jesus! I had made it, just like Tom said. My angel touched my arm.

“Yes Little One,’ he said, ‘you made it.’ [You and Jesus will make it!]

“Tom! Oh, Tom!’ I cried. My heart was so full of joy that I knew I would burst. **But I couldn’t look**

at Tom very long. There was Someone else I had to keep my eyes on.

Someone more beautiful, more lovely and kind than even Tom.

“**Jesus** looked at us as we came to Him. He looked at me with the most wonderful, love-filled look I had ever received. And then He smiled. His smile was so beautiful, so glorious. He had come and I was happy, happy that

everything had happened . . . **NOW!”** Praise God friend!
Praise God.

Your friend in Christ, Pastor Jan



Please send me **1000 NSL** preachers to help save souls for a donation of 69¢ each ___ with free shipping in the U.S. Please send me a box of **100 NSL** preachers ___ for a donation of 79¢ each with free shipping in the U.S. Send me Pastor Jan’s song CD entitled, “**Songs That Touch Your Heart,**” Part 1 ___, Part 2 ___ for my donation of \$10 each with free shipping in the U.S. **Enclosed** is my donation to help **bulk mail NSL preachers to reach another million souls in the great cities of Knoxville, TN, Tallahassee, FL, Pensacola, FL, Wilmington, DE, and Virginia Beach, VA in the 100 Million Man March - \$**_____.

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Announcements

1) I will still give all 16 CCA DVDs free to all who get 1000 NSL preachers to help save souls for a donation of 69¢ each **with free shipping to you in the U.S.** God’s people are having us to bulk mail the NSL preachers for them, and are also putting them on doorsteps, sidewalks, benches, parking lots, laundromats, restrooms, and any place people sit, walk, wait, or go. God gets all the praise.

2) We now have nearly 60% of what we need to reach another million souls in the great cities of **Knoxville, TN, Tallahassee, FL, Pensacola, FL, Wilmington, DE, and Virginia Beach, VA.** If the Lord impresses you to help reach this goal, mark it below.

3) “Come join our happy crew. We’re bound for Canaan’s shore. The **Captain** says there’s room **for you!** - and room for millions more.”

Because I’m getting **1000 NSLs** for soul-winning, for a donation of 69¢ each **with free shipping in the U.S.** please send me **the 16 CCA DVD’s** which expose papal Rome’s attack against God’s SDA church _____.

Because I’m getting **100 NSLs** for soul-winning, for a donation of 79¢ each **with free shipping in the U.S.** please send me a copy of the little book, *Two Months to Live* _____.