

"And
in the
latter
time of
their
kingdom,
when the
transgressors
are
come to the



"He's got the whole world in his hand." Do you know who the "Men in Black" are? The devil made a movie out of them so that if anyone takes them seriously, it will be said that "It was just a movie." The UN has been pushing the Global "New Deal." Most people don't know that the Vatican controls the UN. Are they planning and fighting to regain control of the world? The prophet of God said - "The Roman Church is far-reaching in her plans and modes of operation. She is employing every device to extend her influence and increase her power in preparation for a fierce and determined conflict to regain control of the world!..." "These things should awaken the anxiety of all who prize the pure principles of the gospel." GC 565.

full, a king of fierce countenance,
and understanding dark sentences, shall
stand up. And he shall destroy wonderfully,
and shall prosper, and practice, and shall
destroy the mighty and the holy people. And
through his policy also he shall cause craft to
prosper in his hand; and he shall magnify
himself in his heart, and by peace shall destroy
many: he shall also stand up
against the
Prince of
princes; but he
shall be broken
without hand."

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**Inside The Religious Right's
Campaign To Erase Church-State
Separation From American History**

In this letter you'll get a hint as to where this push will lead.

Dear SDA friends around the world,

Faith: The Bible verse says that "He shall cause craft to prosper in his hand." How will he do that? What craft is it? And it says, he "shall prosper, and practice, and shall destroy the mighty and the holy people." Is that being planned against those who don't go along with the mark of the beast?

Hope: How did the U.N. get infiltrated and controlled by the Vatican and the devil?

Charity: It says, "and by peace shall destroy many." How can anyone "destroy many" "by peace?" Who are the mighty and the holy people that he "shall destroy?" Will God really let him do it? And what does the separation of church and state have to do with it?

Pastor Jan: Are you ready? Here we go -

It was Saturday night. I had been speaking that day and I still had my Sabbath clothes on. I was in a store looking at the shelves when all of a sudden a boy about 12 years old came up to me and said, “**Are you one of the men in black?**”

His mother frantically cried out - “**Darren! Get over here!**” © Have there ever been any such thing as men in black? Dr. B. Palmer told me that he put on his black suit and pretended to be one of them - in a hospital; at an army dress rehearsal; at an airport. etc. I wish I had room to tell you what happened.

Here in the end of the world, God’s dear people have to deal with, How To Survive Disasters, social problems, health problems, spiritual problems, mental problems, and eschatological problems - leading to the enforcement of the mark of the beast. How glad we are that **we have dear Jesus to save us from our sins and our selfish selves. And at the same time, we see shocking prophecies being fulfilled. The prophet said -**

“**Protestantism shall give the hand of fellowship** to the Roman power. [How long will that take?] Then there will be a law against the Sabbath of God’s creation, and then it is that God will do His ‘**strange work**’ in the earth... **Rome never changes**. She claims infallibility. It is Protestantism that will change.” *Last Day Events*, p. 130.

As you read the following quotes, remember that on the outside, Rome changes like a chameleon, but on the inside, “**Rome never changes.**”

1) “**If Catholics ever gain a sufficient numerical majority in this country, religious freedom is at an end.**” *The Shepherd of the Valley*, official journal of the bishop of St. Louis., Nov. 23, 1851. How does that sound?

Dear Amazing Truth,
I found your book “National Sunday Law” at the supermarket. This book was meant for me! I am writing to tell you that this book is priceless and that everyone should have one, so I’m planning to get 100 of them to give away. If there is anything that I can do to help you to get these books out to the people, let me know. Cheryl King

You’ve already learned from the video interview of Karen Hudes {Senior Counsel for the World Bank for 20 years} that funds go from the IRS to the Vatican bank - helping them to have the funds to - in her words - “buy up” major shares of the 43,000 corporations of the world - to control them; as well as the Mafia, giant grocery store chains, book stores; real estate agencies “and he shall divide the land for gain.” Daniel 11:39. “But tidings out of the east and out of the north shall trouble him: [the “tidings” of God’s three angels’ messages “trouble him”] therefore he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many. And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; **yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him.**” Daniel 11:45. **Praise God!**

2) “The Church... does not, and cannot accept, or in any degree favour liberty, in the Protestant sense of liberty.” *Catholic World*, April, 1870.

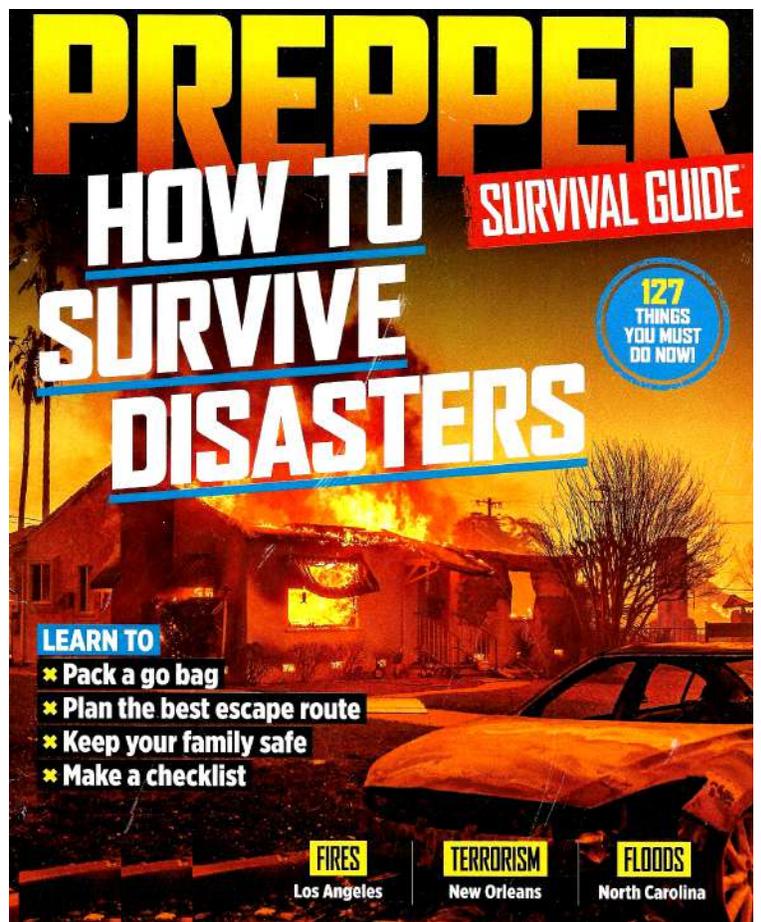
San Jose Mercury News.

Pope lays down law

■ **Sabbath: Skipping Sunday services is a “grave sin”**

Washington Post

VATICAN CITY — The Pope said that the “holiness of the Lord’s day” must be protected at all costs. conscience to arrange their Sunday rest in a way which allows them to take part in the Eucharist, refraining from work



That one thing answers the question as to why the pope, the Vatican, and all her spider web of organizations are fighting hard to prevent millions of illegal Catholic people [even if they are murderers, rapists, thieves, gang members, rioters,] from being deported out of this country. Catholic controlled liberals are working hard to help retain them so that Rome can “Regain control of the world.” GC 565,566. So it’s not surprising that papists have wiggled their way into being the majority in the U.S. Congress, in the Senate, on the Supreme Court.

Dear Sir;
I’m amazed at “National Sunday Law!” What’s in this book are things that many don’t know about! WOW!!! I’m writing to you seeking more of this “real word” from you. May God bless you and your family. Michael Sanders

3) “The Catholic Church is the medium and channel through which the will of God is expressed. While the State has rights, she has them only by permission of the Superior Authority, and that authority can be expressed only through the Church.” — *Catholic World*, July, 1870.

4) “Protestantism never can have any right where Catholicism has triumphed. No man may have a religion as best pleases him.” — *Catholic Review*, June, 1865.

Dear Jan Marcussen,

I've spent most of my life on the streets, hitch-hiking, riding freight trains, with alcohol, drugs, lying, cheating, stealing, and behind bars. For a long time I believed that I had committed the unpardonable sin. Today I finished reading your book "National Sunday Law." It's the truth! I know that it's the truth! And I know now that God has forgiven me, and I'm seeking with all my heart to follow the Lord. I know that God's mercy and love are still for me. I'm a living testimony to the saving grace of God. Your book has really opened my eyes! Thank God and God bless. Sincerely, John B.

When I was studying for the ministry, the dean of the men's dorm had also been the Bible teacher of Marikay McLeod. In his Bible class, he asked the students to write a paper on coming events. So she wrote one. Here it is -

"The Supreme Court today finally approved the much debated National Sunday-Sabbath Bill. The President expressed approval of the bill, and during his peace talks in France, encouraged the other world leaders to pursue similar courses in their countries.

"And now for a look at the local scene. . . My hot, damp hand stopped the announcer's voice. 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.'

"Back there in Bible Doctrines class I had heard a lot about Sunday laws and the end of time, but I must not have thought this would really come. I seemed in a collapsed balloon, with

everything pressing in around me.

"I could see all those charts Elder Brown had drawn day after day on the board, showing the events of the end. 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? How soon would we leave? It was so unreal - like a dream. I just couldn't believe that it was here - now!

"Alice, come to supper,' Mother called. In tense quietness I ate, wishing someone would mention the passage of the bill. But everything went like it always did. In Bible Docs class I'd planned how I wanted things to work out when this time arrived. Father would be suddenly converted and as a united, Christian family, we'd move to some secluded place.

"I waited, but no one seemed to know what he was supposed to do or say. They didn't act as if anything was out of the ordinary. Finally, unable to keep still any longer, I said, 'You know the Supreme Court okay'd that Sunday Law today.' 'No!' Ron gasped. 'Really?'

"The time of the end is near," Mother said, as she often did when something horrid happened. 'We can see it all around us.' Dad didn't say anything. Mother and Father really couldn't be that uninterested in something so vital and important. I decided to try again.

"You know what Mrs. White says about the National Sunday Law."

"Oh, no. There was that look on Mom's face. I knew now that she would criticize anything I said. Lately, every time I mentioned Mrs. White, or the Bible, Mother got mad.

"No, what does Mrs. White say?" she replied with a sigh of here we go again. Overlooking her disgust, I went on.

"She says we should move out of the cities, for the close of probation is near.'

"Where are we supposed to go?' Ron asked. Into the country or wilderness somewhere?'

"Just tell me, little miss Holy-joe, exactly where are you going to find any 'wilderness' around here?" Mother's cold words surprised me. Her reaction was completely different from that which I'd expected.

"Look up north,' Ron said quickly. 'There are huge forests where no one would find us.'

"Ron and I looked at each other. I never realized how interested in religious things he was. He had always seemed so careless and kiddish. But in that brief glance, I could see that he was interested. The conversation stopped, for Mom and Dad's cold, indifferent silence gave us no wish to continue the discussion. 'Things are all wrong' I thought. How can Mom and Dad be so apathetic? Nothing is happening like it's supposed to.

"The week passed. At church, Elder Jenkins had a stirring message on the Sunday Law and the Close of Probation. Everyone agreed with him. People cried 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, or the new piece of furniture they had purchased. 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. After getting settled, time passed quickly. Sabbath we studied all day and prayed. Never before had I felt such a need to ask forgiveness. There was a heavy urgency pushing us. Sunday, we went to our neighbors to give Bible Studies. We met a very lovely family, the Cook's, who had heard of the Adventists' beliefs and were interested in them. They accepted the message and although they were never baptized by water, they became Seventh-day Adventists by the baptism of the Spirit.

"I called home during the week. Mother was the same as usual—no trace of anger or unhappiness. 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. Several times 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 came running into the house. The seven last plagues had started, she cried. 'Probation has 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, 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 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 actions in the cities. Epidemics were breaking out in different parts of the country, and always there was news of the approaching date, after which, murder was condoned by law. [Rev. 13:15-18.]

"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



Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we swing up to heaven.



Do you see the Constitution in the trash can?

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."

"But . . . 'Do what I said . . . now!' 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.

"He pulled me into a trot. 'We have to go—now.' That's it. Why couldn't it happen next year? At last we were in the hills. In the east the sky was growing pink. We kept walking. 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?... for in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion... When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' My heart went out in love to God.

"Say, Ron," I whispered, "It's Friday night—Sabbath. Let's have vespers!" The words were exciting. When we finished, we felt refreshed and hurried on our way. We had just risen, when we heard a yell behind us. Turning, we saw two men with rifle., and a dog.

Dear Pastor Jan,

I was raised as a Roman Catholic. One day a friend gave me the book "National Sunday Law." I took it home and couldn't put it down! I was glued to the book. It changed my life! I was captivated by what God's word says concerning the Whore of Babylon. Now I encourage everyone to order "National Sunday Law" books by the case to give to everybody they meet! Pastors should have cases of this wonderful book for their members to give out! Together we can work to help hasten Christ's coming! E.C.

"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, finger-printed, 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.

"Tom, the man 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 so 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, that 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!

"Remember," he went on, "Christ went through all this and more for you. He feels every pain, every ache, every discouragement you have. He is watching you and He loves you very deeply." As he stood up, he said, "You're a good soldier."

"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.

"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!"

"As the night lengthened, many more people came into our cell. Some were in good condition, like we were, others were beaten and bloody. I tried to sleep but every ten or fifteen minutes, a loud buzzer would sound. Judy cried very hard, but Aunt Nelly held her, and sang to her. I felt sorry for her, she was so little. I had often wondered what would happen to children during this time, and now I knew. Only there were people like Aunt Nelly and Tom around to comfort them. The lights above our heads burned constantly. Most of the time was spent in prayer and singing. I trusted Christ with all my heart, I really did. But it was me that I was worried about. I was just afraid that I'd forgotten to make something right that should have been. 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.

"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?'

"No one had ever asked me 'Why?'

Trinita's Corner: "Irregular hours for eating and sleeping sap the brain forces... Eating, drinking, and dressing all have a direct bearing upon our spiritual advancement." SOG 172

Dear Jan Marcussen,

My parents gave me alcohol when I was 4. I turned into a heroin addict and a drug pusher. One day I received a copy of the book "National Sunday Law!" It is very profound and enlightening! I thank our Father and Jesus our Saviour for putting you into the ministry, and for writing that book. It has given me an understanding of the meaning of Revelation, and how to escape the mark of the beast. I have read and re-read this book almost every day. God has used your book to explain a great deal of the mysteries of the kingdom to me, and I want to say "Thank you." May God bless you always, in Jesus' name, Amen. R.E.

“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 of oratory, but it was right.

“All right, now Alice, I like you.’ The man settled down in his chair and began re-arranging papers. Now, the Sabbath was kept by God’s people through the Old Testament and on till Jesus’ death. Then when He was raised on Easter morning, the day of holiness was changed from Saturday to Sunday. Think about it, Alice. You wouldn’t want to kill anyone would you? But some of your friends, or even members of your family may be killed because you are so stubborn. Don’t you think God is going to hold you responsible?’ He stared at me with a cold, mean look. ‘Of course, if you were to change to God’s way, and ask forgiveness for your sins, He would save you.’ There was a long silence.

“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 looked at the man. It was Tom! ‘Tom! How did you get in here?’ He looked better than he had in the other cell. He was shaved and washed up. ‘Never mind that, Little One,’ he smiled. It was so good to see him!

“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 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.’ His eyes were soft, and 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.

“Oh, Tom,’ I said, ‘I want to be just like you!’

“Don’t think of being like me, but like Christ.’ He smiled. ‘I have to leave, but just remember how much Jesus loves you.’

“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. I knew they wouldn’t fall, I knew it!

“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.’

“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 don’t want to tell you that you’re lost, but I will tell you that if you don’t change, you cannot be saved. Do you remember in school, the many times you got into trouble? Remember the time you went to town on boys’ town day? You thought it was girls’ town day. You were positive you were right, remember? But when you were taken back to the dorm, you found out you were all wrong. And you were punished. That’s the same way it is now. 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! You are the one, just as surely as those men who shot him!’ For a moment, she just stood there quivering with hate and anger. ‘You aren’t my daughter!’ She walked back.

“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 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. I remembered that somewhere I’d read that about only one in twenty would be saved unless they repented.

“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 to give up my belief in God’s word?

“Well, what do you say?’



“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!**

Dear Pastor Marcussen,
I have had a wild life,
and have spent recent
years engulfed in drugs
and alcohol. The book
“National Sunday Law”
was handed to me, and it
has made a major impact
on my life! It is because of
“National Sunday Law,”
and the Spirit of God that
I am now a Seventh-day
Adventist. I spend much
time reading my Bible and
the Spirit of Prophecy.
Thanks again, and May
God bless you. N.C.

Dear Pastor Jan,

We were sitting in church and a man walked up to the front. He held up a “National Sunday Law” book and said that it was because of this book that he is a Seventh-day Adventist. The congregation was amazed. May God be praised. T.C.

“I am happy that I cannot agree to abide by any law which is not sanctioned or upheld by the truths of the Bible,’ 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 looked at him. I looked at Mom and Elder Brown and felt sorry for them. Sorry that they couldn’t realize what they were doing; sorry that they were the way they were. I knew now that the Time of Trouble was the worst time of all.

“All right, then I sentence you to death by the electric chair tomorrow at noon.’ My three ‘friends’ walked out. Oh, why did it have to happen now?

“I was taken to a dark cell where I was by myself. I had to know for sure that I had no sin on the books. If only I could remember some sin that needed forgiveness, but my memory was blank. Death wouldn’t be half so terrifying if I could be sure that I was prepared to meet my Lord. Too soon we were walking to the execution chamber. I was fastened in the chair. The electrodes were placed on my head. The man walked over to the switch.

“Please save me Jesus!’

“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 and lowered. 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!’ I made it out to the street. Strangely I was not afraid. Everywhere people were running — 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 Jesus had come! He was here! Had I been hurt, sad, hungry or thirsty? I couldn’t remember. All I knew was that I was finally going home! 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.’

“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




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8.5.25

Announcements

1) You may copy the 6 pages of this letter for whomever you wish.

2) Those who get a box of 100 NSL preachers to help save souls, for a donation of 79¢ each with free shipping to you in the U.S. will receive a free copy of one of my sermon DVDs mentioned in the order form.

3) Those who get **1000** little NSL preachers for soul-winning will receive all 16 CCA DVDs free, for a donation of 69¢ each with free shipping to you in the U.S. These DVDs expose Rome’s attack against God’s SDA church.

4) “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.”