
Hollywood Free Paper

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7-1987

Hollywood Free Paper, July 1987

Duane Pederson

Jesus People International

Dave Eaton

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Recommended Citation

Pederson, Duane; Jesus People International; and Eaton, Dave, "Hollywood Free Paper, July 1987" (1987).
Hollywood Free Paper. 86.

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13 (Jul 1987)

the Hollywood

FREE PAPER

"And so we have the prophetic word made more sure, to which you do well to pay attention as to a lamp shining in a dark place, until the day dawns and the morning star arises in your hearts."

GOD IS MY "GET HIGH"

YOLIE GONZALEZ



"IF THIS IS ABOUT GOD, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT."

Milton and I were standing on Hollywood Boulevard handing out copies of the HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER.

Milton held out a paper to a girl walking by and she yelled, "IF THIS IS ABOUT GOD, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT."

"I USED TO BE A GANG MEMBER," I yelled back. Everybody on the street was looking at us. She stopped to listen and I told her about how I used to be.

I WAS 12 AND I WAS BAD . . . I THOUGHT I WAS REALLY TOUGH!!

I was 12 when I got involved with a gang and started doing drugs — weed at first, then harder stuff. I thought I was bad...really tough.

I got into a lot of gang fights and got mugged a lot from different gangs. I'm only four feet eleven inches tall and 105 pounds, but I held my own pretty good.

Actually, I didn't like drugs much, but I did them because I was one of the gang. I liked to drink, though, and I was always looking for a "get high," so I started doing both.

One day, when I was 14, I called a girlfriend and told her how I was messing up — not hardly going to school and doing a lot of drugs.

She told me about a church she'd started going to and it sounded really good. Nobody had ever talked to me about God and it felt different. I didn't go, though, and soon forgot about it.

THE CRAZIEST AND TOUGHEST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

A year later I was jumped into a clique called the Midget Locas — it was a bunch

of girls who were supposed to be the craziest and toughest in the neighborhood.

"Jumping in" is when everyone in the gang jumps you at once and you have to show how tough you are by fighting them off. If you can do it — you're in. I was hurting and bruised...but I was in!

At school we'd sit around outside talking about what we were going to do later.

Usually we'd go to one of the malls, and I'd go home with maybe \$200 worth of clothes. Some I'd keep, others I'd sell or give away.

My mother threatened to kick me out, but she never did, so I didn't care. I knew I could always go home.

Finally, I got tired of hanging out with the girls and decided I wanted to get out of the gang and do better at school. I quit hanging around with them and met two friends, Lilia and Irma, who weren't involved with gangs. They were regular...not crazy like I was. They didn't do drugs, but they drank a lot.

At first I was drinking beer, but then it didn't hit me anymore, so I started drinking malt liquor beer, and then straight vodka. Still looking for a "get high."

"I WAS ALWAYS WATCHING MY BACK..."

If you want to get out of a gang you have to be jumped out, and it's always worse, because you're getting out of the gang, instead of in. They told me as soon as the president of the gang got out of jail, they'd beat me up. I was always watching my back.

In the meantime, Lilia had quit hanging around with us because she'd started attending church.

WE WERE GETTING TIRED OF DRINKING... IT WAS LIKE OUR BODIES WERE BURNED OUT

Irma and I were drinking every day, but we were getting tired of it. It was like our bodies were burned out.

Walking on the beach one day when I was 15, I said, "No more, Irma, I just don't want to be like this anymore." We saw an open church and went inside. She went to a corner and I went to a corner.

"GOD, I DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE THIS"

I'd never prayed before so I just said what was in my heart. "God, I don't want to be like this. Can you help me? Please help me, I want to know what I'm doing."

The very next Thursday Lilia invited me to her church. I felt strange, and when I saw everyone reading out of the Bible, I was really blown away, because I'd never read out of the Bible before.

A week later I asked Jesus Christ to forgive my sins and change my life, and He did.

Not long after that, at the mall I saw all those girls who were going to beat me up, and they just looked at me. They didn't chase me or anything, like they'd always done before, and I knew it was the Lord Jesus protecting me.

I'd always had a really bad mouth. Every other word was a cuss word but, after Jesus Christ came into my life, I never cussed again. Everything bad started leaving me and I felt good!

Ever since then I've wanted to tell everyone what Jesus Christ has done for me, and that's why I'm telling you this.

The girl on the street said, "I turned back because you said you used to be a gang member. I want to know more."

I'm really happy that the Lord changed my life. I was always looking for a "get high." Now God is my "Get High." ★



DUANE PEDERSON

JUST FOR THE RECORD

Hello, I'm glad you picked up this paper. On the pages of this HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER you will

read true life stories of people who still walk on Hollywood Boulevard, the Street of Dreams. In our stories we tell

the truth of how it was for us, what happened, and how it is now. Our stories are not dreams or fantasies...but real. We know what it is to feel pain, hopelessness, and loneliness.

We found the answer for us in Jesus Christ. He has changed our lives. We identify ourselves with the man written about in the Bible who was healed through faith in Jesus Christ. "By faith in the name of Jesus, this man whom you see and know was made strong. It is Jesus' name and the faith that comes through him that has given this complete healing to him, as you can all see." Acts 3:16

We are not celebrities. Nor are we people who cannot be touched. We are just plain ordinary people. What has happened in our lives can happen in your life too. We want to share with you the Power which has changed our lives. You can meet us on Hollywood Boulevard handing out the HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER and talking to people. We want to talk with you and tell you more about what God has done in our lives.

God is real. "Anyone who comes to God must believe that he exists and that he rewards those who earnestly seek him." Hebrews 11:6. That is the first step. We came to believe that God is real, that He exists, and that it is worth our while to try to find God.

It's not that God is lost, we were the ones who were lost. We discovered that, as soon as we began in earnest to seek for God, He found us. It was like He was always there, we just didn't recognize Him, until we started to seriously look for Him.

Jesus Christ says to us today, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest." Matthew 11:28. He invites us to

come to Him and His promise is rest, peace for our inner person.

God is real. Heaven is real. Hell is real. Eternity is a mighty long time.

Imagine five minutes of peace and joyful bliss, no pain, no fear, no failure — for all eternity. Heaven is real. Imagine five minutes of non-stop extreme pain, horror, failure — for all eternity. Hell is real.

It's hell without Jesus. There is only one way to heaven and that way is through Jesus Christ. "Jesus said, 'I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.'" John 14:6

"It is by the name of Jesus Christ... Salvation is found in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given to men by which we must be saved." Acts 4:10-12

God does not want you to go to hell. Some people may say to you, "Go to hell!" But God wants to save you from going to hell. "The Lord is...not wanting anyone to perish, but everyone to come to repentance." 2 Peter 3:9

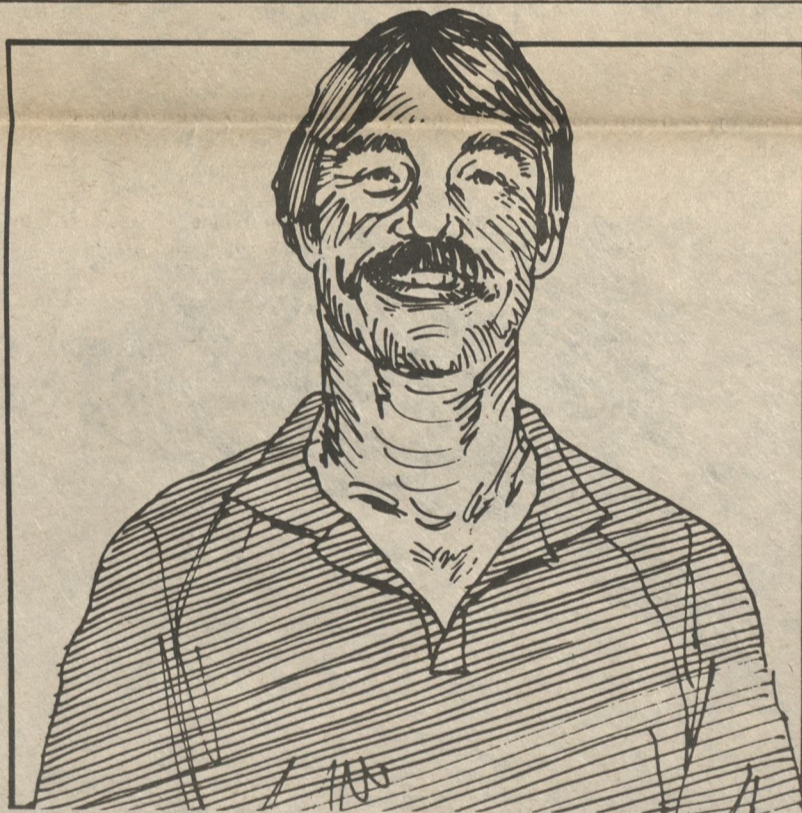
Imagine if this were the last day of your life. What you do now will determine where you will spend all of eternity. And there are only two eternal destinations for all people...heaven or hell. Heaven...peace, rest, security. Hell...pain, torment, alone. The choice is yours now. JESUS CHRIST IS THE ONE WAY TO HEAVEN!

When you see us, stop and talk with us or call one of our "hotlines" listed in the back of this paper. Or for more information write:

I WANT TO KNOW MORE
c/o Hollywood Free Paper
Box 1949
Hollywood, CA 90078-1949

I WAS AN ANIMAL WITH A CRIMINAL MIND

JOHN BISHOP



"I wasn't a real criminal when I went in, but I was definitely one when I got out."

I guess it's been said that nobody leaves prison the same as when they went in. Well, that's certainly the way it was shaping up for me. I wasn't a real criminal when I went in, but I was definitely one when I got out.

I grew up in Florida but came out west with a bunch of friends in 1969. We agreed that California was where it was at. I got involved in selling drugs in Laguna Beach. It was just the "fun" drugs — psychedelics

and marijuana — and my sales assured me a steady supply; I was happy.

Just for kicks I got started doing heroin and before long it was a \$100-\$150 a day habit. I got arrested in 1971 for possession and sale and went to Tehachapi, a California state prison. It was while I was inside that I got my education.

I WAS AN ANIMAL WITH A CRIMINAL MIND

My cell mates and buddies glorified their criminal exploits to the point where I actually admired them. As far as the law was concerned, I had a bad attitude about what was right and wrong. When I went in I was a teenager, but when I came out I was an animal with a criminal mind.

I got paroled to Modesto, and even though I had a good job as a carpenter, I started carrying a gun. It seemed the natural thing to do. It was all part of being an ex-con.

After a while I was back to doing and selling drugs and in '75 I was on my way back to prison. This time — San Quentin. I arrived at San Quentin in shackles. It

was dark when I got off the bus, and I didn't get to see much of the place. On my way to my cell I got a good look at my future home. As we entered the North block I suddenly realized that Tehachapi had been soft compared to San Quentin. I was overwhelmed by the noise. At the other prison, my cell had been fairly clean and quiet. Here I was put into a noisy cell up on the fifth tier. When they gave me a cold hamburger in a paper sack, I thought, "this can't be it. I don't want to be in this place!" I tried to cover my fear and uncertainty with a phony bravado.

I began to think about things. About my life. I thought about a book I'd read while waiting in county jail. The book had promised to change my life in seven days. It was about God. I was having a private pity-party when I found that book in my cell. So I read it and followed the prayer directions in the back.

I guess the seed was planted because right after I got to San Quentin, I ran across Jim. He'd been in the county jail with me. One day after lunch I was locked into his cell until dinner time. He started talking to me about God. I must have shown

enough interest, 'cause he suggested I talk to some guy named Ray.

I DIDN'T WANT THE STRAIGHT LIFE

A few days later Ray came by my cell. I was anxious to hear him. I wasn't sure what it was about him, but he was talking about something I was looking for. He was enthusiastic and sounded good. Ray was showing me a different way of life. I'd tasted and wallowed in the fast life of drugs, women and booze because I didn't want the straight life with its lunch pail and a wife and kids. Ray wasn't talking about any of that. He was talking about the Lord and that was like a third option to me. It sounded exciting, and I promised to read the books he'd given me.

The books were stories of guys in prison who had given their lives to Jesus. I started asking myself, "If this can happen to them why can't it happen to me?" I started reading the Bible, and spent a lot of time thinking. Then one day Ray came by and led me in the "sinners prayer," and I accepted Jesus into my life.

The books were stories of guys in prison who had given their lives to Jesus. I started asking myself, "If this can happen to them why can't it happen to me?" I started reading the Bible, and spent a lot of time thinking. Then one day Ray came by and led me in the "sinners prayer," and I accepted Jesus into my life.

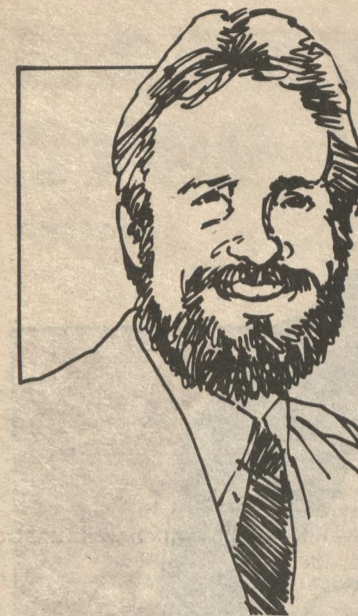
I FELT AS THOUGH I WAS WALKING ON AIR

From that moment on my life started changing dramatically. I spent a lot of time reading my Bible and getting a handle on it. I also started sharing my faith with others. I can look back on a lot of days when I'd go from early morning to lock up time. I'd talk to as many as 15 people in a day. When I returned to my cell I felt as though I was walking on air, knowing that what had taken place during the day was a miracle.

When I finally got out of prison, I found that the Lord had done a lot of preparation for me. Through a local church near San Quentin I found fellowship and an opportunity for jail ministry and, best of all, my wife Hazel.

Since the time I put my trust in Jesus, lots of good things have happened. He has made me complete. The Lord has given me a wonderful wife whom I love dearly, as well as three great kids. He's provided me with a job I enjoy, and a group of believers with whom I can freely worship. The Lord has a way of making wonderful things happen for His own. He can do it for you.

He can even put a grin on your chin — at least he has on mine. ★



JIM SMEDLEY

I LIVED A LIE

became my way of life. All the time I was searching for something to satisfy me... something to make me a happier person. By the time I was 29 I'd left my wife and son, had lived with a series of women and was heavy into drugs.

Hallucinating during an acid trip, I thought I'd died. I kept asking my girlfriend, "Are we dead? Are we dead?" She kept saying, "No."

I turned to ask her again, and through the acid fog her face looked like the face of a demon and she said, "Yes, in your mind." "God, please don't let me die, please don't let me die," I screamed. After what seemed an eternity, I was completely at peace. For some reason, I didn't consciously associate my cry with being delivered from my terror, but I think that was when I began to look at God in a positive way.

I was at a place of utter despair and I asked God to help me. The "light went on!" I reached out to Jesus Christ and He reached out to me. Immediately I wanted to clean up my act. No more drugs, no more immorality, no more living a lie.

The next Sunday morning I looked in the telephone yellow pages to find a church. I began to get counseling and now I couldn't get enough of God — I was like a dry sponge soaking up water. I attended all the church services and found other churches to attend on Friday and Saturday nights.

In the past I'd tried to find a satisfactory life but it was all dead. When I found new life in Jesus Christ I wanted everything that He was offering and I decided to attend Bible School.

In the summer of 1978 I joined an organization called YOUTH WITH A MISSION. I'm now the outreach coordinator for the Los Angeles area and am the director of the URBAN SCHOOL OF EVANGELISM.

I feel like I'm a late bloomer — I'm now accepting myself as a human being and liking who I am. God has given me a beautiful new family. My wife Karen and I have two children — Jonathon 6 and Bethany 18 months. My 16 year old son Brandon is a believer in Jesus Christ and we're very close.

Whenever I'm asked to preach, my message is simple... I share my friendship with Jesus Christ. God changed my life completely. I lived a lie trying to convince people who I was; God showed me I am somebody special — I'm His child. ★

WORD ON THE STREET



THE OASIS — Judy Radachy

ATTENTION ALL SINGLES! Bored? Tired of seeing TV reruns? Tired of going to Singles Bars and having smoke blown in your face and beer spilled on your new clothes? Come to the OASIS Light Club Friday or Saturday at 8:30 p.m. for a fun-filled and meaningful evening.

NEED HELP OR COUNSELING? Or a referral for food or shelter? Call 213-GOD HELP or stop by the OASIS, where you will also find the largest selection of

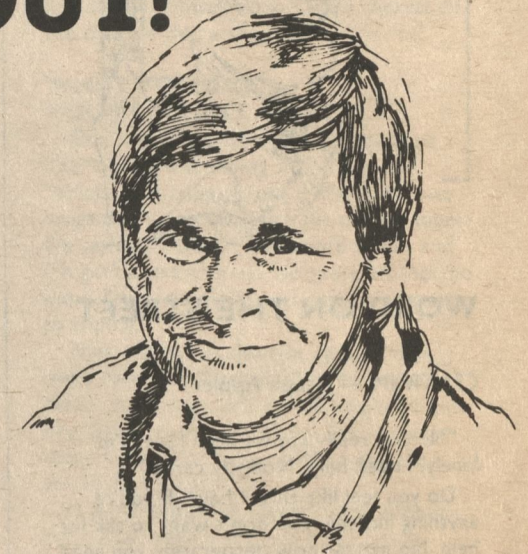
contemporary Christian music, T-shirts and books in Hollywood.

KIDS! Looking for something different to do after school? Come to the OASIS CHILDREN'S BIBLE CLUB, Thursday, from 3:30 to 4:45 p.m.

HAVING QUESTIONS ABOUT GOD? Is He really there? Does He really care? You are invited to HOPE FOR HOLLYWOOD, Monday, at 7:30 p.m. at the OASIS, 1643 N. Cherokee (one half block south of Hollywood Boulevard). ★

WHAT'S INSIDE... IS WHAT COMES OUT!

ROCK MACKENZIE



A friend said recently, "Rock, have you ever heard of donut theology? Its very simple — whatever the donut has inside will come out when it's squeezed. If it's a jelly donut, jelly comes out, a chocolate donut, chocolate comes out, and so on; but if it's hollow, nothing will come out. Rock, you're full of Jesus, and His love comes out of you."

I was touched. Jesus has made a wonderful change in my life.

My five brothers and I all became officers in the military. As a captain in the Green Berets, I was assigned to Mainz, Germany, in charge of Alcohol and Drug Control for four separate communities. That's where my problems began.

Up to this time I'd been relatively clean of drugs and alcohol, but started smoking dope in Germany, a habit I brought back to the States.

In 1975 I was discharged from the military and came to California to pursue an acting career. I was doing drugs on a daily basis. My acting career included a regular spot on the "Alice" series, but my lifestyle of drug abuse and show biz proved to be my downfall.

In that time period I had four major dope dealers (names have been changed).

Henry was an entrepreneur. He has been listed in Who's Who. He owned a beautiful home purchased with cocaine dollars. Behind coke, he lost his wife and baby through divorce, his business, his home and most of his mind. He disappeared. Nobody knows where.

Larry was one of the few people who could control his habit. He would stop using at 7:00 each evening. Coke can get you in other ways, though. He was black-mailed and his wife found out about his habit. Eventually he went straight and recovered his life. He was one of the lucky ones.

Pete was my idol. He has been in and out of jail most of his life, and is now serving 20 years for selling and distribution.

When Tim took coke, strange things happened to him. He was a music teacher with a PhD, but when he took coke he dressed up in women's clothing and was involved in kinky sex, voyeurism... the works. In time his marriage disintegrated, his problems increased and, in February 1987, he died of an overdose.

These were my drug friends. In five years

of destruction I became all the things I didn't want to be — a cheat, liar, thief and an addict. My home life was falling apart.

Attempts to get help provided little relief. I was a physical and mental wreck. I didn't eat right, had a constant bloody nose from sniffing coke. I looked drawn and tired.

My wife Mary Beth got me to attend church. I made a commitment in my head to give my life to Christ, but it never made it to my heart.

Then came the major crash. I can't remember much that happened that night, but the next day is all too vivid. My head ached so bad I called Mary Beth to rub it to make the hurting go away. She looked at me with tears in her eyes and said, "No, I won't do it, Rock. I'm turning you over to God." That was the hardest thing in the world for her to say, but she knew I had to hit rock bottom — hard, and I did.

Sunday, February 24, 1985, we went to church. The pastor had a message just for me. I went forward to pray and this time it made it to my heart. I'll never forget that moment; it felt like a thousand hands were laid on me, surrounding me with love.

Am I perfect now? No. God is still at work in my life. He is teaching me to call on him. I am accountable to God for my time, my money, my life. Yes, I believe in miracles. I am one. I should be dead, or in jail, or worse, but God holds me close.

I now serve my Lord through giving of myself to others. I sing and share my testimony where ever I can. I love life and I love serving Jesus. ★



HOPE CHAPEL — Clayton Gollither

We don't know what your situation in life is. And we don't know what your needs are. But we would like to let you know what we have available.

On Sundays we meet at Hollywood High School, Highland at Selma, at 10 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. On Sunday afternoon at 4:00 p.m. sandwiches are available along with counseling (spiritual, personal, job search and housing).

Wednesday evenings at 7:30 we serve dinner (no charge) and have an open Bible study. Contact us for the address. (213) 461-HOPE. ★



VICTORY OUTREACH/HOLLYWOOD — Auggie and Mary Barajas

Are you empty or lonely? Is your life out of control? Do drugs or alcohol play a big part in your life? We know what you're going through. We've been there. We can help you. Call us at (213) GODS JOY (463-7569).

Are you looking for a warm friendly church? Are you wanting to get involved in working with other Christians? We invite you to visit one of our meetings. We meet at The OASIS, 1643 North Cherokee Avenue in Hollywood on Sundays at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m., and on Wednesdays at 7 p.m. Again, you are welcome to come visit us. ★

(Continued on next page)

The HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER is published periodically by Duane Pederson Ministries. All contents are copyrighted. Please write for permission to reprint.

HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER
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Hollywood, CA 90078-1949

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I Thought Satan Was My Only Friend

MILTON GONZALEZ

At 14 I was a loner. In my heart, I developed a hard shell because I felt like everyone was always cutting me down...I thought I wasn't any good...that I would never amount to anything. This is what I was continually being told.

I DIDN'T HAVE ANY FEELING INSIDE...EXCEPT REBELLION

After a while I didn't have any feeling inside, except rebellion. I was glad, because I wasn't hurting any more.

In fact, I felt powerful against the world — my family, people I knew, everyone and everything. And I thought Satan was my only friend.

The more rebellious I was the better I felt inside, because Satan was giving me his power. Power to do a lot of drugs, to steal, talk back to my parents and teachers, skip classes, fight a lot. I even wanted to kill a couple of people.

I thought I felt good about myself, but it tore me up inside. Then I got to the point where I didn't care about anything anymore.

"WHY WAS I BORN IF I WAS GOING TO HAVE THIS MISERABLE LIFE?"

I asked myself many times, especially on my birthdays. I never told people when it was my birthday because birthdays weren't happy for me, they were always depressing.

In the nearby Connecticut woods I'd go hunting and fishing alone. I went almost everywhere and did almost everything alone. It seemed the more my heart hardened, the crazier my actions became. I got into more and more trouble at home and school.

My aunt began telling me about Jesus Christ and His love for me. I kind of took it in, but I didn't do anything about it.

Bar hopping one night with two cousins, we were trying to see how many bars we could hit before we collapsed. Instead, we crashed into a brick wall on the way to another bar. I went through the windshield; my leg caught under the dashboard, which probably saved my life. My leg was really smashed up, and the doctor said I'd probably lose it, but I didn't.

"I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER TRIAL."

In the hospital I had a dream. God and Satan were standing there, and Satan was accusing me of a lot of things that weren't true, and God said, "I'm going to give you



another trial."

Though I didn't fully understand it, I felt different inside from then on — like I was relieved of some big load.

Six months later I ran into an old friend who had had a similar car accident and a similar dream. For the first time in my life I felt like God was with me.

For a while, I read God's Word, the Bible, but I didn't go to church and had no one to encourage me.

Another six months passed and I moved to California and shared an apartment with my brother. By this time I'd had another miserable birthday, my 18th.

At Venice High School I met Arturo. He told me Jesus Christ had changed his life, and he invited me to go to church with him.

I liked what I heard there, and I prayed, "Jesus, I ask you to forgive all my sins and fill my heart with love. I want to receive you into my life." Jesus heard my prayer and answered me. That day He became my friend.

The pastor at the church was Duane Pederson; he became my friend also. Since then he's been like a father to me and even more...encouraging me, helping me feel good about myself...worthwhile. He helped

me learn to love myself so I could love others. Duane is now ministering in Hollywood and is the founder/editor of the HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER.

YOLIE IS A BLESSING FROM GOD

At church I met Yolie, whose story is in this paper too. May 17, 1986, Duane married us in a beautiful park ceremony.

When we married, I still had a lot of problems and Yolie had to deal with some of them. Through her love and understanding many more changes have taken place in my life. I'm not a loner any more...and my birthdays are happy now.

Deep inside, I always wanted people to be gentle and sensitive to me and, since Jesus Christ changed my life, my good side took over and I've become more gentle and sensitive, too.

For most of the past five years I've worked at a local food bank helping distribute food to people in need.

When I first asked Jesus to become a part of my life I didn't know how to love or be loved. Now I'm filled with love and I want to share Christ's love — and mine — with people who are hurting just like I used to hurt. ★

"DADDY, ARE YOU EVER GOING TO STOP DRINKING?"

TINO ROMO

"Daddy, are you ever going to stop drinking?" my eight year old daughter Jennifer asked.

"Man, I gotta do something," I told myself.

I only got to see Jennifer once in a while and almost every time she was with me, one of my friends would say, "Where can we go to score?" I'd want drugs so bad I'd go out and come back loaded...tripping out. And not really be there for her...again.

I said, "God, I want help and I want peace of mind," but I didn't know how to give myself over to Him.

It all started when I was 13. Pot...reds...LSD...and more. As I got older I could see how much I was hurting my mom and dad. When I was 18 I left home.

I WAS SEARCHING FOR PEACE OF MIND

A few months later I got married. After three years my marriage turned to disaster, and I turned to heroin and cocaine, still searching...

Shortly after my dad died when I was 27, I started noticing a co-worker reading his Bible every day. He had the same look of peace about him my dad used to have. One day he asked, "How come you always smoke weed?"

"Everybody gets high, don't you get high?" I asked.

"Yeah," he replied, "On Jesus." I laughed, "C'mon, you're off the wall," but he was serious, and we started talking.

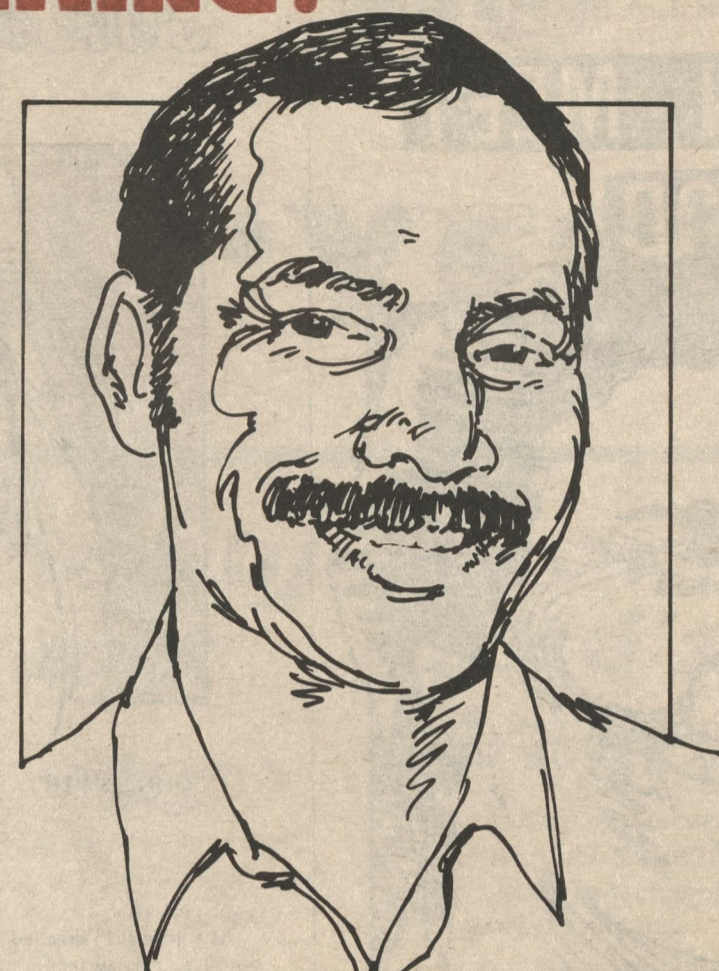
That same week a group of us went to Yosemite. I had an ugly feeling inside. The \$1,000 I owed my connection for drugs worried me.

Sitting around in the evening smoking weed, some girl was talking about the occult...demons and all...and that night I had a scary dream. I didn't tell anyone about it but when I got back home the first thing my connection said was, "So you had a dream about witchcraft."

How could he know? I found out later he was involved with witchcraft himself.

I told my co-worker about it. He prayed with me and I again confessed my sins to Jesus Christ and asked Him to forgive me. That was the beginning of two years of my not understanding my relationship with Jesus Christ and continuing to do my thing, yet crying out for help.

One payday I slipped out of work at break time with some guys and bought a couple cases of beer and a whole bunch of



coke. After we got back I blacked out and got fired.

My friend from work came by periodically to see how I was doing. It really touched me that he'd be so concerned about me. I'd go to church with him and be really sorry, then the drugs and drinking would all start again.

THERE WAS A RADIANCE IN HER FACE...

After my sister and brother-in-law divorced, she asked God to forgive her sins and clean up her life. I began watching what God was doing for her.

She used to love to smoke Thai weed, so one day I said, "Let's go smoke some Thai weed."

"No," she said, "I've got Jesus now." There was a radiance in her face and a smile like something was bubbling inside of her.

I went outside and smoked half a joint and thought about Jesus. Here I was, tripping out all by myself. I remembered my friend telling me how much Jesus cared about me and wanted to give me far better than what I had.

I saw my former brother-in-law at a party and all he could talk about was

church and how things were happening there. I said, "God, if you can change that man, then you can change me."

Not long after that I was best man for my sister and brother-in-law when they remarried.

I FELT THE LOVE OF GOD FROM HIS PEOPLE

Six weeks before New Year's Eve I started attending church again, always loaded. I felt the love of God from His people and I said, "God, in six weeks I'm gonna come back to you, but I gotta get partying out of my system."

I WISH YOU LUCK, LORD...

My friend invited me to a Christian rock concert. I loved rock and roll and wanted to prove to myself that everybody gets loaded, so I went. Looking around, I wondered, "Where's the bag...where's the goods?" I didn't see any.

At the end of the concert I started praying. I wanted help, but I said, "I wish you luck, Lord, I'm not gonna tell you I'm a saint overnight because I'm still gonna get loaded. You're gonna have to take it away from me."

I had my eyes closed; all of a sudden it was like I was seeing daylight. I knew God had shown Himself to me and I backed off the drugs — for a short time.

WHAT YOU ARE, YOU'RE MEANT TO BE...

One morning two weeks before New Year's Eve I was selling PCP cigarettes, "Kools." I'm tripping out. I'm burned out; drugs don't do that much for me any more. I'm saying to God, "Two more weeks and I'm gonna give this up. No more alcohol, no more drugs, no more partying. I'm gonna go to church."

Then a negative thought came, "How many New Year's resolutions have you made...how many times have you tried quitting drinking and cigarettes? You've never made it. What's the use? What you are, you're meant to be."

In my bummed out state I said, "That's right, God, what's the use? I can't stop drinking."

From inside I heard this voice. It wasn't audible, but it said, "Yes you will!" I knew it was God speaking to me.

AT LAST I FOUND PEACE

I partied for two days at New Year's. Then I found myself in church and struggling. And I made it! God took away drug and alcohol and filled my life to overflowing with His love. At last I found peace!

After 3 1/2 years I began working in a rehabilitation home connected with my church. I told God, "I'll do whatever you want me to do."

Inside my heart God answered, "This is what I want you to do."

I WANTED TO REACH BACK...

One night when I was in Hollywood I saw a man lying on the ground, loaded, reaching out his hand for help. I wanted to reach back.

In February, 1987, I became rehab director of Victory House in Hollywood, a rehabilitation/re-entry home staffed with caring friends who want to help too. My greatest desire is to see men come to a knowledge of Jesus Christ, His love, His peace. His life-changing power. We're here to help.

I thank God because I remember what He has brought me from. God never gave up on me. God is patient. When He died on the cross He took all of our sins upon Himself, and on the third day He rose again, and He lives today. He love you and me. And he is preparing a place in Heaven for everyone who accepts Him as their Savior.

PEACE OF MIND — I FOUND IT IN JESUS CHRIST — IT'S WONDERFUL! ★

WORD ON THE STREET

CENTRUM — Joseph Appler

"No one really knows how I feel. I'm lonely. I need help. Nobody cares."

Do you feel like this? I have. If you're anything like me, you don't want to ask for help. No matter how desperately you need help. Asking makes you feel too vulnerable. Too dependant. Too open to rejection. After so many times of being rejected, we all put up walls around us for protection. We don't let anyone get close enough to hurt us again. Putting up our walls just makes the loneliness more intense, doesn't it?

Will you do something? Reach out from behind your wall. Give us a call (213) 463-LIFE. We're here to help. We care. ★

Welcome to God's Family! We're glad you're here!

ALFONSO N' ME.

HEY ALFONSO... DID YOU FEEL THE EARTH-QUAKE THIS MORNING?

FEEL IT? MY BED SHOOK... BOOKS FELL OFF THEIR SHELVES... I GRABBED MY PILLOW AND JUST HUNG ON! I THOUGHT IT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD!!

IF IT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD - WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

HURRAY! JESUS TAKE ME HOME, HEY WORLD I'M OUTTA HERE!

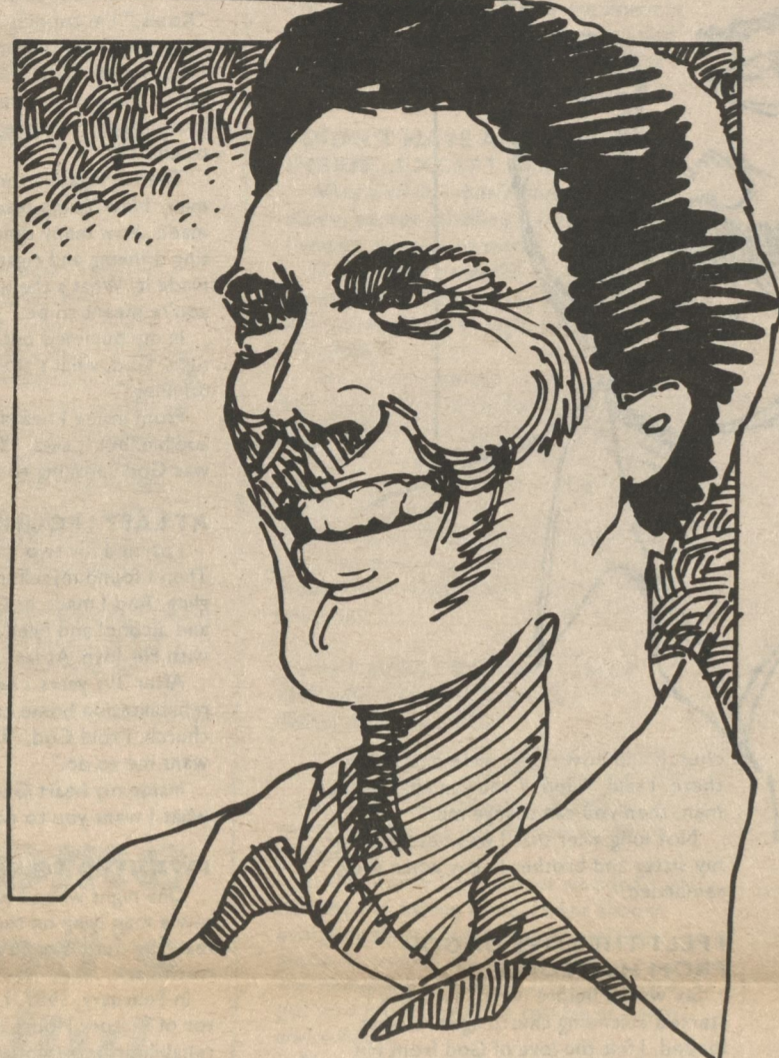
NOW THAT'S A REAL BUZZ!

To find out more about Jesus and the "End of the World"... then write:

I WANT TO KNOW MORE

HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER
P.O. Box 1949
Hollywood, CA 90078-1949

YOU CAN BE A STAR OR... WHO YOU CAN MEET IN HOLLYWOOD



JOSEPH APPLER

"Welcome to Hollywood! Come see the sights, meet the stars, be discovered! You can be the new idol of the young generation." This is the allure that the name "Hollywood" has. The sky's not even the limit to success; there is no limit to what you may become in Hollywood. The stories are told of people who were in the "right" place. Many have risen to fame and fortune in a few brief months or years as they "make it" in the Hollywood scene. Tragically those same stars, normal human beings, can plummet to depths of despair when surpassed by the next "discovery."

Hollywood is a fickle city. One day you are loved and the next day...forgotten. Hollywood is littered with shattered dreams and broken lives. On the surface it is a city of glitter and glamour; but beneath the veneer is loneliness, hopelessness, and despair. When you reach the point of despair, you become vulnerable and it's frightening. You feel weak...helpless...alone...unprotected.

Two kinds of people in Hollywood look for vulnerable young people. The exploiter is only looking to see how you can benefit him. He will offer you help, but with strings attached. He wants something in return. You're a girl, young and alone, with no place to go. A man offers you friendship, nice clothes and a place to live. Sure, he makes you feel cared for; but soon he'll have you "working" for him, and your life will be in jeopardy each time you turn a "trick." He doesn't love you; he just wants to use you.

Maybe you're a young boy, and an older man offers you a nice place to live. All he wants in return are sexual favors. He'll be your "sugar daddy" and you'll be his lover. This is a dead end street, and you know it! You're not being loved; you're being used for his sexual gratification...you'll be thrown aside when you no longer fulfill his desires.

Perhaps you're one of the "street people," part of a "family" made up of others like yourself...punks, heavy metalers, bikers, runaways, throwaways, all with a common denominator, you band

together for security and companionship. You call them your friends, but when the chips are down, it's every man for himself. You know you can't count on them. In essence, you are using each other to meet your own needs.

I mentioned two kinds of people who are looking for the vulnerable. I have just described one kind, now let me describe the other.

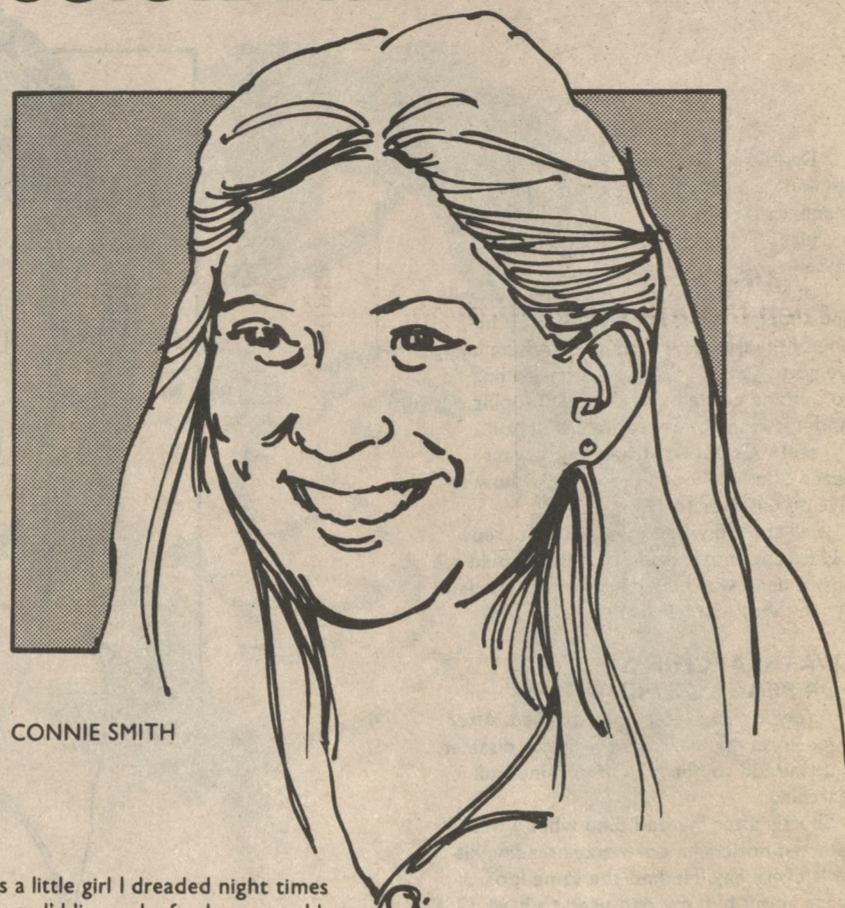
Imagine a flock of sheep, some of which are weak, alone and vulnerable, staying on the edge of the flock, unprotected. Wolves are lurking in the darkness, waiting to attack the straggler; but there is also the Good Shepherd. He loves each sheep, individually, and looks for the weak ones to comfort, protect and bring back to health. He risks the danger of the wolves in order to reach the sheep, because of His love for them. He walks through the darkness, looking for the one who is alone and in need. He offers help, not because He wants something in return, but because He wants that sheep to be safe, secure, loved. His only reward — seeing wholeness restored in the one He loves.

Jesus is such a Shepherd, and you are that sheep. He longs to draw you to Himself and love you back to wholeness and security. Only He can meet the deep needs in your life. Only He can feel the pain of your loneliness and rejection. He, too, was rejected; He knows your hurt. Let Him bring the healing you desire in the depths of your heart. Ask Him now to come to you as Friend and Lord. He will be quick to answer the cry of an honest heart and fill the emptiness, making you new from the inside out. Don't let your "friends" keep you from this decision. This is between you and God; He is calling you now. Give your life, your hopes, your pain, your fears, your love to Him.

He won't disappoint you!

Joseph Appler is director of *Centrum of Hollywood*, a multi-faceted ministry which includes a 24-hour hotline emergency referral service.
213-GOD-LIFE / 213-463-5433

I WAS ROMANCING SUICIDE...



CONNIE SMITH

As a little girl I dreaded night times because I'd lie awake for hours unable to sleep, gripped by nameless fears and guilt, tossing and turning. I'd go through periods of depression and anxiety and, by the time I was in high school, I was often suicidal and so filled with guilt I'd make myself sick. It was like I was romancing suicide — I wanted to do it, but it was something I feared.

At the same time I was sort of the high school shrink. The other kids came to me with their problems and I listened. I often understood them because I'd been there.

When I was younger, my parents had taken me to church. Most of the services were in Finnish so I didn't understand much about God, although I was curious about Him.

Then when I was 8 we moved to Waukesha, Wisconsin. For a while I got involved with a church youth group, learning Bible verses and songs so I could wear their special shirts and participate in their church sports program. During that time I prayed and asked God into my heart.

For a while I was happy, but I didn't really understand my relationship with Jesus Christ.

UNLOVED... WORTHLESS... REBELLIOUS... DEPRESSED...

Unloved...worthless...rebellious...depressed — that's how I felt in junior high. I looked for trouble anywhere and everywhere and I found plenty — smoking, drinking, doing drugs, stealing — shoplifting almost every day after school.

I DIDN'T CARE WHAT DRUGS I TOOK, BECAUSE I DIDN'T LIKE MYSELF

The brother of one of my friends was a drug dealer, and her mother had a variety of medications on hand, so drugs were plentiful. Neither my friend nor I liked ourselves very much, so we didn't care what we took. We never shot up, but we swallowed whatever was available.

I started rebelling against my parents, against authority and against church. In the wintertime my girlfriend and I would sneak out of Sunday School and go to the back hall where people hung their coats. We'd go through their pockets, stealing change, or whatever. Or we'd smoke in the bathrooms. Or leave the church and go "shopping."

Finally, I ran away from home. After I got caught, my parents didn't make me attend church any more.

Though I was constantly looking for trouble I'd pray to God whenever I got scared — like when a group of us would be in a car, and I'd be stoned, wiped out, and the driver would be really wasted, I'd sit in the back seat praying.

I TRIED TO MAKE DEALS WITH GOD...

God was merciful to me. Sometimes I'd try to make deals with Him. "God, if you don't want me to steal anymore, don't let me get busted...protect me when I'm drunk or stoned..."

I never got caught. Sometimes I'd quit stealing or drinking and I'd flush away the speed, but my promises never lasted.

In college the insomnia and depression continued. I majored in psychology...and minored in partying, trying to find answers.

During my last years in college and for four years after graduation, I worked in a Community Center in the inner-city. One of the youth workers I hired was different. She had genuine peace of mind most of the time, and she told me about miracles happening in her church. I'd never heard anything like it.

Occasionally, though, she'd get really depressed and I couldn't help her. She had bigger problems than I could handle, but, somehow, I knew God could help her, so I started praying for her like crazy and reading books she'd loaned me.

Gradually, as I prayed for her, Jesus revealed Himself to me and became very real. I asked Him to forgive my sins and come into my life. He filled my heart with peace, forgave my sins and made me a new person. This time I understood.

IT'S SUCH A RELIEF TO SLEEP WELL AND NOT BE ANXIOUS ABOUT THINGS.

It's been 4½ years since God filled my heart with peace, and I sleep secure in His love each night.

I don't want to drink or do drugs or steal or lie anymore because God is enough, and He's always there for me.

Now I'm working at the Oasis Coffee House in Hollywood with young people who are scared and rebellious like I used to be and, just like me, they're searching for love, understanding and answers. I try to help them find answers through Jesus Christ and His loving, life-changing power.

God did something else very special for me. I love music, and when I was attending the youth group I'd learned a lot of songs and Bible verses I couldn't wait to forget. Now He's brought them all back to my mind.

I REACHED OUT TO GOD AND HE REACHED BACK.

I reached out to God and He reached back. He gave my life meaning and purpose and proved to me He is my true Friend. God holds me close in His protecting arms of love. He really cares about me whenever I am and He cares about you too. ★

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall lack nothing.
He makes me lie down in
green pastures,
He leads me beside the
quiet waters,

He restores my soul.
He guides me in paths of
righteousness for his
name's sake.

Even though I walk through
the valley of the shadow
of death, I will fear no
evil,

for You are with me;
Your rod and Your staff,
they comfort me.

You prepare a table before
me in the presence of my
enemies.

You anoint my head with
oil; my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and love
will follow me all the days
of my life,

And I will dwell in the
house of the Lord forever.

SAY "NO" TO DRUGS
SAY "YES" TO JESUS!

Serenity Prayer

God Grant me the serenity
to accept the things I
cannot change, courage to
change the things I can, and
the wisdom to know the
difference.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father in heaven
Hallowed be Your name.
Your kingdom come.
Your will be done
On earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily
bread.
And forgive us our
trespasses
As we forgive our
trespassers.
And do not lead us into
temptation,
But deliver us from the evil
one.
For Yours is the kingdom
and the power and the glory
forever. Amen.

VICTORY OUTREACH HOLLYWOOD

Augie & Mary Barajas
Pastors

1643 NORTH CHEROKEE (near Hollywood Blvd.)

SERVICES:

Sunday 11:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.
Wednesday 7:00 p.m.

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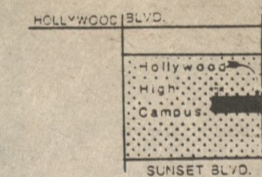
You're warmly invited



Services on Sunday

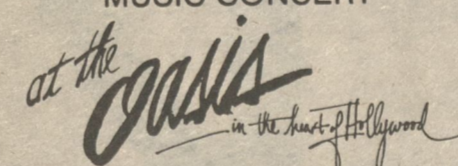
10:00 A.M. & 6:30 P.M.

For counsel or
information call (213) 461-HOPE

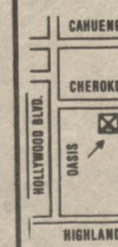


ADMIT ONE

MUSIC CONCERT



1643 N. Cherokee (near Hollywood Blvd.)
THIS FRI-SAT 8:30 P.M.-12:00 P.M.



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Centrum of Hollywood

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emergency transportation — food
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