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Hollywood Free Paper, January 1987

Duane Pederson

Jesus People International

Dave Eaton

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11:1 (Jan 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."

Few bands in the history of Rock & Roll have exploded onto the heavy metal scene with the overwhelming success and recognition that STRYPER has achieved in the three short years since the release of their first mini-album, THE YELLOW AND BLACK ATTACK. Sold out stadiums, increasing record sales, and throngs of dedicated fans have not been the only fallout from that explosion. This band of four leather and spandex clad rockers is also one of Rock & Roll's most controversial groups.

The controversy is not so much over their appearance or music, which by all heavy metal standards is considered first rate. This controversy concerns their strong convictions and lofty aspirations. STRYPER's members Robert and Michael Sweet, Oz Fox and Timothy Gaines are committed Christians, and when they titled their latest release, TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL, they meant just that.

For many heavy metal groups the use of Satanic references and occultic themes are sometimes little more than gimmicks used to sell records. Others admit a deep involvement in the dark realm of spiritual forces. STRYPER stands apart from all the rest in that they sing and play about what they really believe. It's no gimmick. And what they believe is that the source of Truth and Light is ultimately destined to be victorious over the deceiving forces of darkness.

As drummer and elder brother Robert Sweet explains, "When we thought of TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL as the name of our new record, we knew it would be perfect. What it says is exactly what we are trying to do with our music; we are celebrating God in our songs instead of the devil and the negative influences in rock music."

STRYPER's evolution and emergence as a heavy metal force has been as dramatic as it has rapid. Known originally as ROXX REGIME, Robert and Michael Sweet together with long time friend and lead guitarist Oz Fox began establishing themselves on the grueling Los Angeles metal club circuit in 1983. After signing with Enigma Records, the group went through a fundamental philosophical shift and spiritual transition which re-shaped forever the group's lyrical and musical direction. When bass player Timothy Gaines entered the fold in 1984, the new STRYPER line-up was set and the band launched its mission.

Although the music still centers on booming drums, bone-rattling guitar and towering lead vocals of classic hard rock, now the walls are being shaken for Jesus Christ. Rocking for the One who is the Rock.

"We had been Christians for years," recounts Robert. "But our spirituality had not taken such an active role in our lives and music until that time. While much of the rest of rock-n-roll was championing drugs and satanic themes, we felt that there was room for us to fight for the things we believed to be right and true."



TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL

Reviewed by Wendell Burton

Their name, STRYPER, was inspired by a verse in the Bible, Isaiah 53:5, "By His Stripes we are healed," referring to the atonement Jesus achieved for all mankind through his crucifixion and death on the cross.

"Jesus Christ was the greatest man who ever lived," says lead singer Michael Sweet, "and we believe the principles He put forth deserve to be heard by everyone - including rock-n-roll fans. We all owe so much to the power of God, and we see no reason that His virtues shouldn't be extolled through the greatest music there is — heavy metal."

Though some may question the statement regarding heavy metal as the greatest music there is, it would be difficult to listen to TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL without acknowledging STRYPER's obviously sincere desire to declare Jesus Christ and His Word to our generation. As the song says,

Singing out what I believe
Singing out for you
Never want to push you can't you see
we just want to spread the news
in a different way
Rock the world but rock it with the truth

You want it
We got it
Rock that lifts you up,
it doesn't bring you down
Stand for it
Fight for it
Rockin' the world for You, Holy One
Rockin' the world for You and Your Son"

TIMOTHY GAINES

JESUS CHRIST IS THE PROBLEM-SOLVER

HFP: Before you accepted Jesus Christ, you went through some pretty bad stuff. Would you tell us about some things you did?

Timothy Gaines: I've been thinking that my life was sort of like a building which used to be a big nightclub about ten years ago. In fact, my band played there with bands like Van Halen and a lot of today's groups. Now, it's a church, and it's used for God's purpose. My life was used for Satan then. I did drugs, alcohol and all the stuff that goes along with rock-n-roll.

I don't want to get into all of the rotten things that I used to do, because there's no need in giving glory to Satan. When Christ came into my life, He gave me courage to stand up for Him, and I realized He is the problem-solver. God has given me purpose in life, and He helped me with my problem with alcohol and cocaine.

MICHAEL SWEET

YOU CAN'T SHARE WHAT YOU DON'T HAVE

HFP: What made you feel you needed God in your life?

Michael Sweet: All of my life I had heard about God, and I thought I was a Christian. I realized you've got to be sold out to Jesus Christ. You have to give Him 100% of yourself, read the Bible and pray. You need to learn more about Jesus Christ so you can share Him with others. You can't share what you don't have.

HFP: You always seem to be pointing toward Christ, and not caring about yourself.

Michael Sweet: I care about myself and the other guys in the group. I just want to get across to people that Jesus died for the world. Jesus is everything. He is the most important thing in my life.

ROBERT SWEET

I HAVE MORE FUN NOW THAT I'M A CHRISTIAN

HFP: Tell us what you were like before you became a Christian.

Robert Sweet: I was basically the same guy as far as the way I look. You can know Christ is there and run from him. A guy used to come over to the house and tell me about Christ, and I didn't want to hear it. I wasn't a bad guy, really. I just kept running, hoping my happiness could be found in rock-n-roll.

I have more fun now that I'm a Christian. When I get bummed out, I know Christ is there to help me. He never said He'd take away the storms, but that He'd be there to help us through them. I thought Christianity was this boring thing of feeling guilty. It isn't like that. When I came to Christ, I realized how much fun it is.

I'd sure hate to die and be on the losing side. You can't come back and change things. I'm not perfect, but I know the One who is perfect.

OZ FOX

I MADE A PACT WITH CHRIST

HFP: How did you reach out to God, or how does anyone reach out to God?

Oz Fox: You make a pact with Jesus Christ. You say, "Lord, forgive me of all my sins. I want You to be Lord of my life, and I accept You into my heart." You ask Him to fill you with the Holy Spirit, and help you to understand His word, the Bible. I made a commitment to Christ.

For a long time I was confused because people were telling me what to do. Then, instead of going to the Bible and finding out what it said for me to do, I listened to them, and turned against the church.

Later, I said, "Lord, you know my heart. Please help me get back on the road and follow You." When you pray, you just talk to Jesus like He's right there with you, and have faith that He hears you. ★



Duane Pederson

JUST FOR THE RECORD

Hollywood Free Paper supports and seeks to propagate the teachings of Jesus Christ. The reason we do this is because we have already tried almost every means to reach God that man has thought of and, at the end of this search turned to Jesus Christ, the One who said "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He also said, "I have come that you might have life, and that you might have it to the full." (An abundant, complete and exciting life.)

The things we tried were a futile attempt to find acceptance, love and happiness. We've tried it all. We tried being good. We tried alcohol and drugs. We tried fun and sex. What happened was that we were always left empty, hung-over, confused, guilty . . . or a combination of empty, hung-over, confused and guilty. Plus, we found that we could not change our way of living by ourselves. We kept bouncing on the bottom. We were like an out-of-control train racing down hill. We needed help.

Someone told us about Jesus Christ. We told Him of our sin and that we were helpless to do anything about it. We turned our lives over to His control. He is changing us. We are not perfect. We are in the process of growing in Him and in His teachings. We once were hopelessly trapped in our old way of living. Now we live with hope in our lives. And we want to share with you the acceptance, love and happiness we have found in Jesus Christ.

When you come to the time in your life that you have tried everything else, try God. You can talk to God through prayer. Even if you're not sure God is for real and that He loves you and wants for you to discover His love, take the risk, try Him and see. You may want to say something like this . . . "God, I need You. I can't make it on my own without You and Your help. Please forgive me of all my sin. I surrender myself to You. Come into me and make Yourself real to me. I want to experience Your Spirit. Thank you for hearing me."

That's it. The rest is up to God. Welcome to the Family! We're glad you're part of us. For more information write:

I WANT TO KNOW MORE
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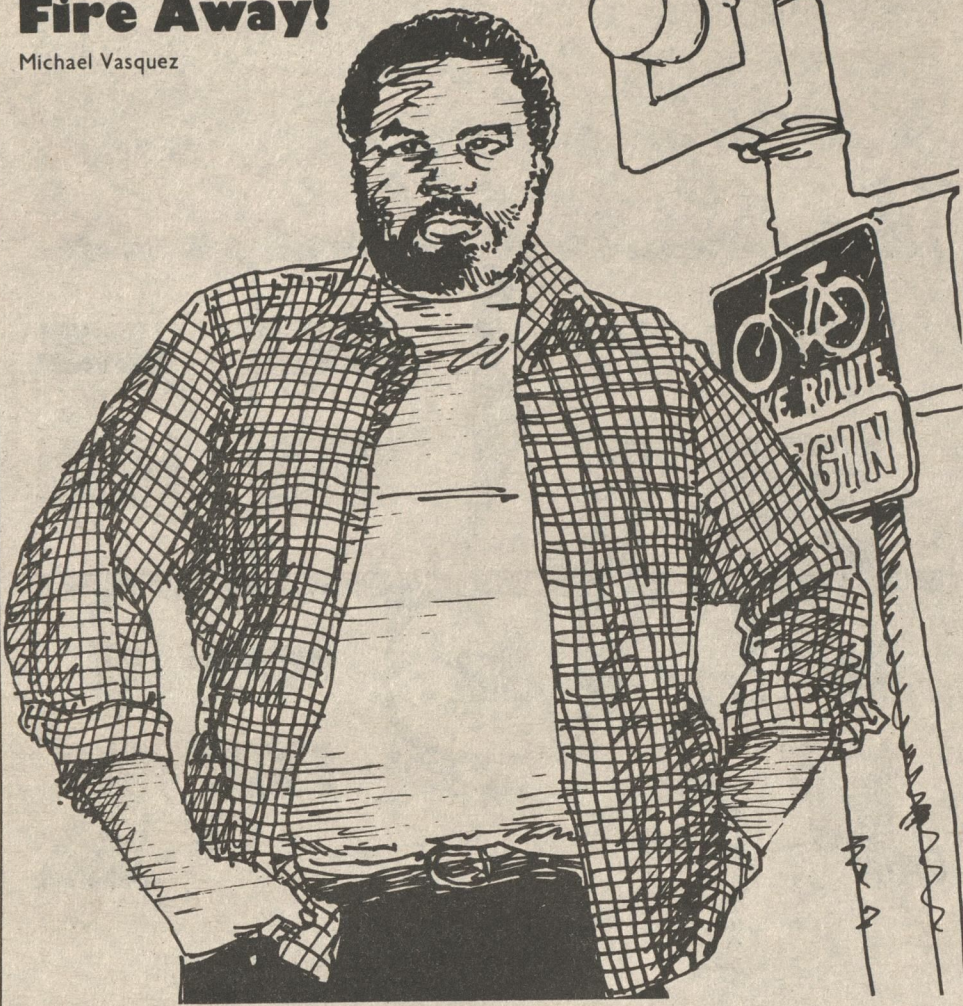
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Give Me Your Best Shot! Fire Away!

Michael Vasquez



From the beginning, I knew something was missing from my life, and I was always searching, trying to fill the emptiness.

When I was twelve, a social worker came to our home in Brooklyn and took away my two younger brothers. That's when I learned they were foster brothers, and their parents wanted them back. I never heard from them again — it hurt a lot, so I learned to build walls. I made up my mind I would never ever be close to anybody or anything again.

People build walls in different ways; with me it was gangs, especially the Sacred Lords Gang, which was founded on satanic principals . . . lords of our world . . . nobody touched us. I'd been associated with gangs since I was eight, but after my brothers were taken away, I made the decision this would be my life. The violence . . . the fighting . . . didn't allow anyone to get near me.

As gang leader I had everything under control at the snap of my fingers.

As gang leader I had everything under control at the snap of my fingers. I liked that. I did a wonderful job of wall building. My walls kept everything out . . . and everything in . . . I was trapped in my own prison. Secretly, I wanted somebody to be brave enough to come close and touch me, but I dared them not to. And nobody did. Still I continued searching.

One day in high school I walked into Spanish class and bumped into a girl; her books went flying. As I stooped to help pick them up, I noticed one was a Bible.

We talked for hours and she told me God loved me. I thought I'd pretty well established my defenses, and that really disgruntled me and I left. But her words stuck with me.

People began disappearing from our gang — one of them was my vice president and best friend. He was into coke and heroin so much that his hands shook and his eyes were always bloodshot.

When he was gone a month, I chalked him up for dead. He showed up one night and told me that one day a Christian walked into his room and told him God loved him. The Christian stayed with him till his head was clear, and then asked if he wanted God's love in his life.

My friend said, "I knelt down on the floor beside my bed and asked the Lord Jesus Christ to come into my heart and life, and it was amazing. The Lord cleaned me right out. No cold turkey. No madone. I've come back to tell you, Mike, this Jesus loves you."

The Lord cleaned me right out. No cold turkey.

That floored me. I couldn't take that from my best friend, and I asked him, not too gently, to leave. Over his shoulder he said, "We're having a service Friday night, 7:30, and I want you to be there."

"Yea, right, no problem." I had no intention of going, and even put a contract out on the church to get it burned down; for some reason, it didn't get fulfilled.

That Friday, June 2, 1974, I was pacing outside the church, cursing. Finally, someone inside called me to come in and, out of curiosity, I went.

Something was real about these people. With tears in their eyes, they'd tell what God had done for them. They sang, and the words came right from their hearts.

I couldn't fight it physically, intellectually, emotionally. I couldn't fight it any way at all. Every word the preacher said was directed right at me.

Finally, he asked if anyone wanted to come and be a new creature in Jesus Christ. Suddenly, I ran down the aisle to the altar and prayed, "If there is a God in heaven, I give up. I can't fight You anymore. Give me Your best shot. Fire away. Take me." Christ came into my life and I was changed.

I went to college and received Bachelor of Arts degrees in Religion and Theology and a Masters Degree in Pastoral Counseling. Currently, I'm associate pastor at the First Church of the Nazarene in Los Angeles, focusing on outreach ministries. I also teach a weekly Bible Study at Centrum in Hollywood.

From time to time when somebody pours out their guts about how hard things are, I can honestly say, "I understand it's difficult, and I understand it's tough, I also understand that Jesus Christ is Lord and He loves you." A lot of people are trying to deal with loneliness. "Sure, I feel lonely myself sometimes," but the knowledge that Jesus Christ is Lord holds me together.

"Sure, I feel lonely myself sometimes."

Jesus Christ saved me, sanctified me and cleaned me up, and now He's put me to work. That's all I want.

Recently somebody asked, "What is your highest aspiration?"
"Nothing," I replied. "The Lord has satisfied my greatest dreams, and anything else is just the cherry on top of the cake. He is Lord of my life."★

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.

LITTLE LADY

By Michael A. Vasquez

*Little lady of the night,
Lost in between the dark and the light
Letting no one ever know,
Just holding her love and playing her role.*

*"Only a child!"
They say, as they pass.
"She can't be twelve, how will she last?"
If only they knew.
Only a child without a home,
Unloved, abandoned, all alone.
If only they knew.
If only they knew.*

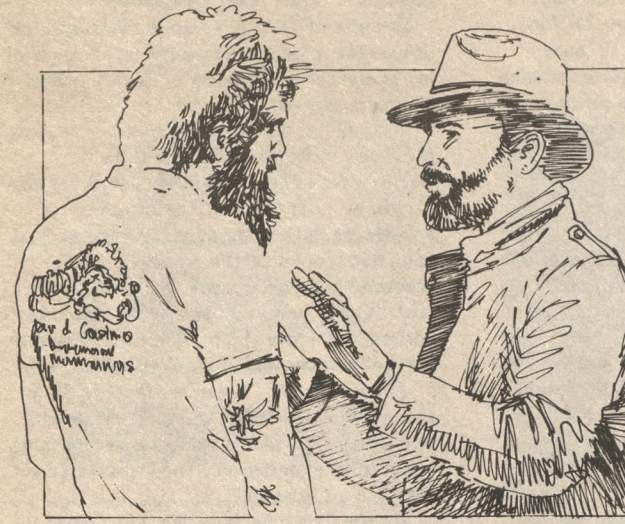
*Held deep in her heart,
Framed in small eyes
Are dreams, trapped in moments
Lined with lies.*

*Moments that hold dreams of peace,
In "Happy Ever After," in sweet release
To be taken in love by the hand,
And whisked away to God's fair land.*

*And see a place she can call home,
Filled with people she's loved
And people she's known.
And to see a great wonder,
A beautiful King
Who will hold her, and love her.
And gently sing . . .*

*"Child, I've loved you,
I love you still
Close your eyes,
All you've hoped for
Is now fulfilled."*

*But soon she's awakened
To the sound of the man.
"A ride, little Lady?"
And again she must stand.
If only they knew.
If only they knew.*



ADMIT ONE . . . AT THE OASIS

By LaVerne Hollarpetter

"Admit One . . . at the OASIS in the heart of Hollywood. Your ticket to hope . . . help . . . heart. Come on in . . . its free!"

The invitation goes out daily through several separate ministries of the HOLY GHOST REPAIR SERVICE, under the direction of Ron and Judy Radachy, operating out of THE OASIS, 1643 North Cherokee (near Hollywood Boulevard), in the heart of Hollywood.

"Repairing broken lives for Jesus . . . in the power of His Spirit," is more than a motto — it's the heart-beat of this effective street level ministry.

Everyone is welcome on Monday nights at 7:30 p.m., for HOPE FOR HOLLYWOOD FELLOWSHIP. Regulars and curiosity seekers alike are warmly greeted by staff personnel. Through music, Bible study and personal testimony the life changing power of Jesus Christ is proclaimed.

Trained staff members man the counseling office offering hope and help through Jesus Christ. Judy said, "here many brokenhearted, hurting people have experienced the transforming love of Almighty God." The counseling office is open Monday through Friday, 12 noon to 5 p.m., and by appointment. The OASIS phone number is (213) GOD-HELP. Referrals for shelter and other help groups are also available.

Every Friday and Saturday evening Christian volunteers walk the streets of Hollywood, distributing invitations to THE OASIS music concerts held from 8 p.m. to midnight. Judy explained, "this weekend group is called JESUS NITE PATROL, they are dedicated twentieth century missionaries proclaiming the GOOD NEWS of God's love." Everyone is invited to "come in off the streets to THE OASIS."

Everyone is invited to "come in off the streets to THE OASIS."

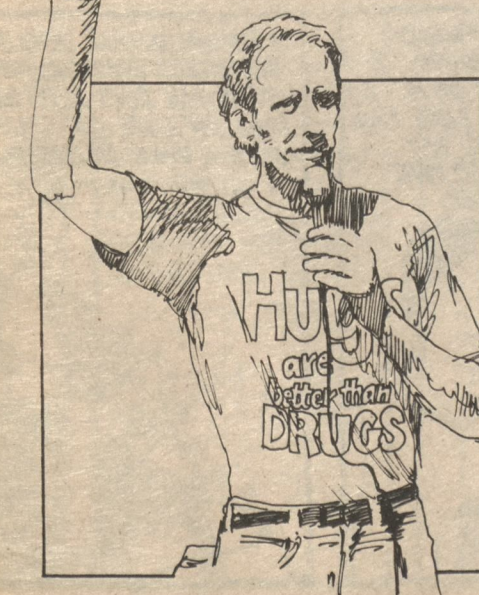
Staff member David Jenkins loves kids. Thursday after school is the time for THE OASIS CHILDREN'S BIBLE CLUB. It's two hours of music, games, Bible lessons and stories. All school age children are invited. THE OASIS BOOKSTORE carries the largest selection of contemporary Christian music in Hollywood, as well as Bibles, assorted books, and literature.

"Babies are precious to Jesus," smiles Kelly Yonce, the newest HOLY GHOST REPAIR SERVICE staff member. Kelly is organizing a CRISIS PREGNANCY CLINIC for both wed and unwed mothers. Her message is clear, "Jeremiah 1:5 says, 'Before I formed you in the womb I knew you . . . God had a specific purpose for Jeremiah's life. God has a purpose and plan for all of our lives, as well as the lives of unborn babies.'"

God has a purpose and plan for all of our lives, as well as the lives of unborn babies."

Ron and Judy Radachy and their staff are dedicated people. They love. They care. They offer hope to everyone through Jesus Christ.★

No More Fear of DEATH



David Jenkins

Psychologists teach that, sooner or later, everyone experiences a level of stress and emotional difficulty — depression, confusion, anxiety, a death of someone close, or other factors.

That time came for me when I was nineteen years old and my mother was dying of cancer. I was attending junior college full time and working 30-40 hours a week. I didn't collapse or breakdown. I just became numb to it all and plodded on. My grades sloped off, my job performance dropped, I wasn't much help to my brothers and sisters as they cared for my mom.

She finally succumbed to the battle. Cancer won.

Five weeks later, my grandma followed. As a grandson, I was asked to be a casket bearer, and it hardly fazed me. I hadn't gotten over the shock of my mother dying, and now grandma. One part of the service stuck with me.

The minister said that he was glad my grandma was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He said that preaching the funeral message for a believer is so much easier than for a non-believer. "If I wasn't already saved, I'd get saved . . ." he said, "just so whoever speaks at my funeral won't have to go through the trauma of speaking at a non-believer's funeral."

I thought, "Who would get stuck

MY SEARCH HAS ENDED

Melody Starr



I was always searching, even as a child. I used to go around to churches in Hollywood, trying to find God . . . or something. I didn't know what.

At four and a half I was enrolled in boarding school and lived there 'til I was ten, going home only on weekends. My dad was a heroin addict and he left when I was three. Mom thought boarding school was best for me so I could have constant care, but I didn't understand that. I thought nobody really loved me.

I was very rebellious, and quit school at ten and began running the streets. I'd leave home early in the morning and not come home 'til late at night. I learned a lot of things that were ugly.

I ran all over the place, living in New York for several years; then went to Eureka, California.

Shooting heroin and prostituting became my way of life. I'd met a woman with a book, so I didn't have to walk the streets.

The weekend I was 18, I was taken to Renewal House, a Christian organization that helped people like me. I didn't have any place to go, and they said I could work to pay my way. For the first time in my life, I began to learn about Christ.

For the next five years I traveled up and down the Pacific states from one Christian house to another. I didn't do any more drugs, but the bonds of my drug problems were not healed.

During that time I'd gotten married, and we had three children. Then I started doing

drugs all over again. I said "Forget the Lord," went out on the streets and grabbed anybody I could for \$5 or \$10 . . . in old abandoned buildings, in my car, anywhere. I lost all my kids. I lost everything.

I'd heard about Victory Outreach Church and decided to go there. They asked me to come to one of their houses so I could learn self discipline. When I'd ask questions, they wouldn't give me the answer. They'd say, "Go into the sanctuary and pray, ask God. He'll give you the answers." And He did. It was tough, but it worked.

I left the home and got a job. I wanted to get my children back more than anything. Even working two jobs I couldn't make enough to get them back, and probably could not have won them in court anyway.

God has given me peace, and I can accept the fact that I will probably never get them back. With His help, I'm able to say, "It's okay. I know they're in a loving home, but maybe someday . . ."

I've been back in Hollywood for two years, and recently joined the staff of THE OASIS. I'd been working in a store, and for what? I'd rather be washing walls for the Lord. So I do. And I work in the kitchen too, sharing a home with four other staff members.

I'm not embarrassed about the things I've done, because God took an ugly thing and made something good of it. Now I have a vision to work with women like myself. I want them to find peace in loving Jesus Christ, like I did.★

was scheduled off. I quaked in my boots. I knew God wanted my life.

I kept my promise. After the service, the pastor took me into his office, and I gave my life to Jesus Christ.

I drove out of the parking lot a "new man." I didn't care when I died. My sins were forgiven and I was going to heaven.

A couple of weeks later I quit drinking. If God was real for me, I wanted to be real for Him.

Within a year, I enrolled in Bible College. A year after graduation I volunteered for the '84 Summer Olympics Outreach, working in Hollywood with an organization called "The Holy Ghost Repair Service." Soon afterward I was invited to join the full time staff as director of THE OASIS CHILDREN'S BIBLE CLUB. This has been the most exciting time of my life.

Only recently, though, did I realize that Jesus came to earth to free us from our fear of death. The Bible says:

"Since the children have flesh and blood, he too shared in their humanity so that by his death he might destroy him who holds the power of death — that is, the devil — and free those who all their lives were held in slavery by their fear of death."

(Hebrews 2:14-15)

Have you let Jesus Christ take away your fear of dying?★



I WANTED TO BE A HIT MAN...

Michael Teniente

"Okay, this is what we'll do. We'll go around the yard once to make sure everyone is in place. On the second trip you, Lil' Man, grab him and start stabbing him. I'll make sure nobody interferes. When I start stabbing him with Lil' Man, the rest of you make the charge. Everybody ready?" In just a few minutes we would attempt murder.

The night before, in my prison cell in Tracy, California, a voice within me said, "You're gonna be a Christian." I started "hearing" the voice a few weeks earlier. I had said, "No, no, no, I'm not!" Now I said, "First chance I get, I'm gonna kill someone."

Shortly I saw two inmates trying to read a note. One stopped me, "Hey, Flaco, (Skinny) what does this note say?"

It said, "Huero, pass me your fierro (knife). I'm gonna stick me someone."

Huero said, "I don't have one."

"Don't worry," I replied, "I'll take the note back to Lil' Man."

Arriving at Lil' Man's door, I smiled, "Huero don't have no fierro, but I got two in my cell. When its your time to come out, we'll both stick the guy."

In my cell, I pushed out the voice that said "You're gonna be a Christian." I thought, "Not this night... for tomorrow we kill."

Early the next morning I knocked on Lil' Man's door. "After lunch we make the move." I started organizing a riot, telling everyone my plan.

We picked our pigeon, a young kid. Lil' Man made his move, and the riot was on. A minute or so later and the guns went off. Guards shot at standing level, so everyone hit the ground. Our victim was dragged away by his associates. He was hit 28 times.

At that moment, the voice said, "Pray for him."

"What! What do I know about prayer?" But I prayed, "God, please don't let him die."

Right then, I knew it was over. I wasn't a killer. I wanted to be a "hit man," but now I was feeling for this guy. All along I knew I

had a soft heart. That doesn't mean I'm a coward... I just really love people.

Because of what I had done I was on lock down status for the remaining three years of my sentence, only coming out every other day for a shower.

A couple of months later I started reading the Book of Revelation in the Bible. It fascinated me. I read Daniel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Matthew. I was hooked. The discovery of knowledge did wonders for my mind and soul, but I found certain passages that confused me. My curiosity was sky high, so I said, "God, I believe You. It's just that I don't understand. I give you my life. Just show me what all this means." Then I fell asleep.

When I awoke, I began reading my Bible and the words became very understandable. The peace that filled my soul was something I had never experienced. Then it dawned on me. "I'm a Christian."

For the first time in my life, I felt good about myself. But when I came out of jail I was hit with culture shock, and lost my faith in God. Then came alcohol, heroin, weed, coke, PCP, acid, and two more terms in the county jail. And through it, all I could think of was Jesus... God... HELP ME!

Its one thing to be in sin with no knowledge of God's Word, but after Jesus comes into your life on a personal basis, to do the things you've done before coming to know the peace of Jesus as your Lord and Saviour is the most miserable thing a person can go through.

I became totally committed to trying to be obedient to God's Word. Now life is a river of peace. I'm not saying I don't struggle with anything, but God is blessing, restoring my life.

I'm going to school to become an accountant, working with children in a youth center, living in a Christian home and attending Bible studies. Sound exciting? It is for me. Because excitement on the dark side of life has its payoff... destruction. But God is creative and He makes life really exciting. I truly am thankful to be part of God's family. ★

AUGIE AND MARY BARAJAS

TRY GOD... YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE



"Try God," the pastor said. "You've got nothing to lose," so that's what I did, but before that...

I came from a loving but troubled family, and I caused a lot of the trouble. My friends at parochial school made fun of me, but my parents expected me to become the 39th priest in our family.

The teasing hurt, so I began to protect myself from the hurt through violence. I was in trouble constantly, fighting, drinking and doing drugs.

I was in trouble constantly, fighting, drinking and doing drugs.

By the time I was fifteen I'd been transferred from school to school. I didn't know how to cope with life and no one knew how to cope with me. When I graduated from junior high, I graduated to more powerful drugs — angel dust... PCP... cocaine — and in the 11th grade was transferred again. From the first day, I met a dealer.

Sports were important to me, and I was chosen as an all star soccer player on a city team to represent the United States in Mexico. While in training I met Mary and introduced her to weed and speed.

During my senior year I was busted for an attempted drug sale and sentenced to drug school for two years. All this time I was searching for answers. When the custodian at work told me Jesus changed his life the night

before I thought, "either he's on a real good trip or he's got something that's out of this world," so I let him lead me in a prayer to accept Christ. It didn't occur to me to read the Bible or pray or clean up my life.

During the next nine months I got more violent than ever. One night, while I was driving my car, a guy chased me through downtown Los Angeles and onto the Hollywood Freeway, at speeds up to 120 miles an hour, shooting at me with a rifle all the time. The first bullet shattered my window and skinned my head. We were crashing into things, running red lights and bouncing off of parked cars. Blood was all over the place. Finally I ditched him. I felt like angels had protected me.

In March 1974, my brother invited Mary and me to Victory Outreach Church. I didn't know what to expect. Walking down the aisle toward me was a guy I'd beat up pretty bad once in the past. I doubled up my fist. He reached out to shake hands, I thought he was going to hit me. I took a swing at him. He ducked. "Hey, Man, I've changed already."

That night the preacher said, "If you want to change your life, if you feel emptiness in your heart, try God. If He doesn't work, then forget it, but you've got nothing to lose."

I knelt down and prayed, "Oh, God, if You're real, if You're the one that changes these guys, then You take my habits away, and I'll serve You. I'm tired of hurting Mary; I'm tired of hurting my mom and family. Lord, if You change me, I'll serve You for the rest of my life." For the first time in seven years, tears stung my eyes. Mary accepted Christ that night too.

After work the next night some friends and I started doing drugs as usual. I tried PCP, and didn't feel anything. I said, "You

gave me junk!" "You're crazy, Man. Look at those guys. Do they look like they're smoking junk?" I snorted four grams of cocaine. Nothing. We went to seven bars drinking everything in sight.

Somehow I got home, I stood at the curb vomiting. I vomited all over my clothes and shoes. I was sick for a long time that night. From that moment on, God took my desire for drugs away completely, without any withdrawal. I began to let Jesus be Lord of my life.

Mary and I were married three years after we gave our hearts and lives to Jesus Christ. We attended Bible school, and God began speaking to us about working for Him.

We decided to begin a Bible study in our home. A half hour before the first one was to start, a two and a half year old boy was run over by a car in front of our home. Pushing our way through the crowd, we asked the frantic parents if we could pray. We didn't know the police had pronounced him dead. As we prayed he opened his eyes, and everyone began to scream, "He's alive! He's alive!" Today he's perfectly normal.

His parents began attending the Bible study, and our group grew from twelve to 80 people. About five years later the pastor asked me to consider preaching in Hollywood.

God has blessed us with a wonderful group of people. In our church we have people from many nationalities and all walks of life worshipping God together. They're beautiful and loving. We welcome you to join us. Call 213-GODS JOY for information. ★

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.

DON'T READ THIS!

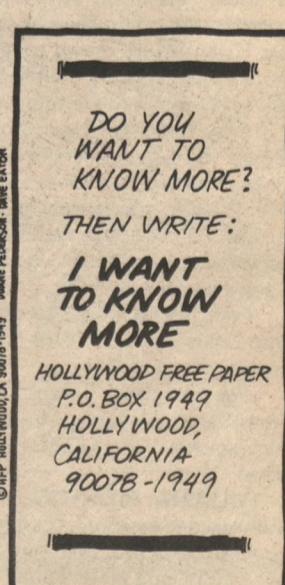
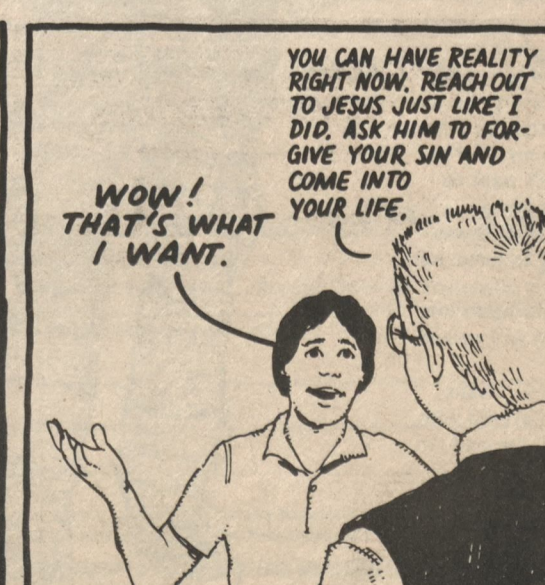
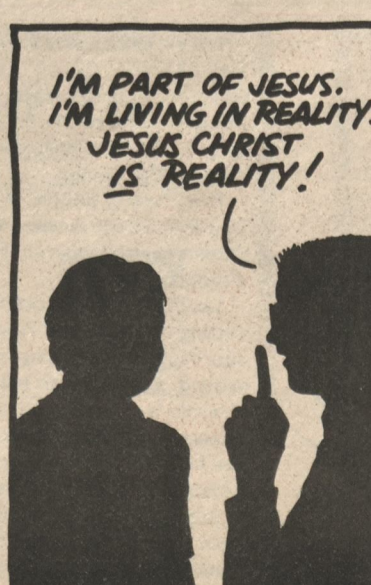
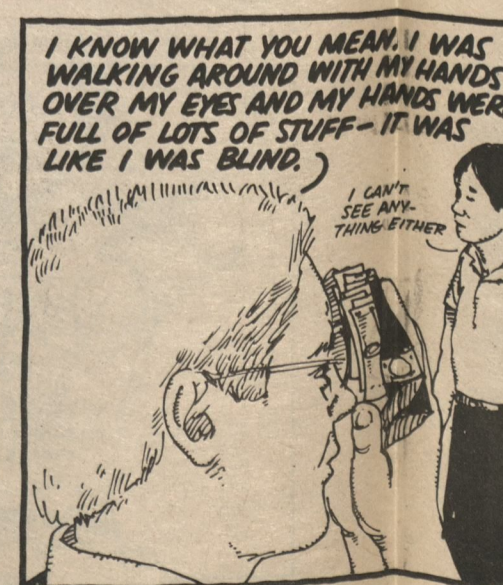
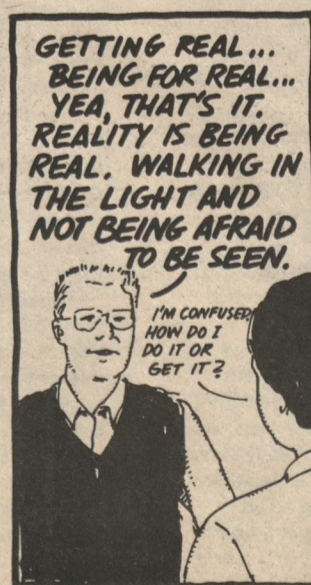
Don't read this... until you want to change your life. The Bible says, "Everyone who calls on the Name of the Lord will be saved."

"Everyone," includes you. You can be saved from the penalty of your sin, made new, born again.

Right now, while you're reading this paper, call on Jesus Christ, confess your sin to Him, ask Him to forgive you and you will be saved.

Welcome! You have just made the first step in your new life.

For more information write: I WANT TO KNOW MORE %HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER Box 1949 Hollywood, CA 90078-1949



RAISED BY WOLVES

By Wendell Burton



Actually I wasn't raised by wolves, I just thought it would make a catchy title. To tell the truth, I grew up in a loving family of human beings. Except for losing my father in a plane accident when I was five, my life was pretty normal.

I started my career as a political science major in a small northern California college. On a whim I had auditioned for a part in a spring play. To my delighted surprise, I got the part.

This was quickly followed by the role of Charlie Brown in a new "Peanuts" musical, and the lead in the movie, "The Sterile Cuckoo," with Liza Minnelli.

After the completion of the film, I moved to Los Angeles and started dabbling in psychedelic drugs. A curiosity regarding spiritual matters was kindled.

For two years I explored the strange realm of the supernatural. Every other week I was into some new trip. Actually, I did learn some valuable things about myself. When I was real honest, I could see that I was not as nice a guy as I had thought.

I joined a group going to India to study. The leader was moving toward embracing Hindu thought and teachings of the Kundalini yoga masters.

I developed a real hunger to know the truth about who I was and what life was all about. I was certain this trip would be the climax of my pilgrimage.

I asked my mom for a Bible — the next day I was on a plane bound for India.

After a difficult night trying to sleep on the plane, I decided to read the New Testament and see what Jesus had to say about himself. A gentleman across the aisle asked, "Are you a Christian?"

"Yes," I fudged a little. He handed me a book, "Tortured for Christ," with his picture on the back dressed in prison garb. He had been in prison in Romania for 14 years solely because of his belief in Jesus Christ. He was Richard Wurmbrand.

While waiting for our luggage in London, he struck up a conversation. I didn't want to talk with him because there was something uncomfortable about the Name of Jesus. I was relieved when I saw my luggage.

For two and a half months my friends and I traveled from the foothills of the Himalayas to the jungles of India. We met dozens of gurus and teachers.

As I traveled, I read my Bible. The more I read about Jesus the more troubled I became. I returned home disillusioned and confused. I was looking for something modern, exotic and hip.

I got back into acting and a developing music career.

In July of 1974, I was invited by some very modern and hip people to attend a Bible study. It was great. We talked, sang songs, and read from the book of John and prayed together. I could hardly wait 'til the next week.

I began reading more of the New Testament and realized Jesus was everything I had been seeking.

One afternoon I asked God if I could come "home." With tears rolling down my face, I asked Jesus to forgive me for all the junk in my life, and to give me a new chance.

I was filled with overwhelming joy and peace. I knew at that very moment Jesus was with me, looking into my eyes and welcoming me.

That was nearly 13 years ago. I've learned a lot, and grown a lot. The Lord has blessed me with a wonderful wife, Patti, and two kids, Haven and Adam, and filled my life with his purpose and love. It hasn't always been easy, but it has been exciting.

My hope is that everyone could know that confidence and assurance that comes from trusting in Jesus. ★

"THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH ARMS TO GO AROUND"

By LaVerne Hollapeter

"I tell people who go to El Sauzal Hogar Para Ninos Necesitados — Home for Needy Children — to hug and hold the kids a lot, because there's never enough arms to go around." Roy Ketring said recently. "Watch out! If you go, you may catch something you were not counting on. It's impossible to guard against being infected with the children's love."

By profession Roy is a budget manager for the Santa Fe railroad. Every month Roy takes time to hug and hold kids at the orphanage near Ensenada, Mexico. He transports clothing, food, and other supplies on a regular basis to the children.

After hearing about the orphanage, "I decided to go see what I'd find." Roy said. "What he found was a whole new family."

"I'm not down there because of some guilt trip . . . they're (the children) an extension of me." Roy is now an unofficial liaison in the United States for the orphanage.

He went to the orphanage so often, many of the children began calling him "Papi" (Daddy).

Another lesson Roy has learned is one of faith. "You talk about a faith budget and a man of faith," Roy said, "Ramon Espinoza, head of the orphanage, has taught me more about faith than I'd ever known. I've had an opportunity to grow and see how God really works."

Where do the money, food and supplies come from? "Friends I know or meet at church, or business people. I get calls on the phone, 'Can you use a bed . . . a refrigerator . . . a desk . . . a couch?' Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Ramon call Roy "The Overseer" — he keeps track of things and tries to anticipate



needs — and be there when they face a crisis.

Roy loves to take goodies to the kids — special treats they wouldn't get otherwise. "Most of the time I'm transporting beans, rice, flour, potatoes, onions, cereal, soap, shampoo, clothing," Roy said. "Much of the food and supplies are donated, but there is never enough to feed and care for the ever growing number of children."

A group of caring friends associated with the Hollywood Free Paper, provide fresh milk through Children's Mission/Milk Fund. Twelve gallons of milk are needed at each meal. A \$2 gift will buy a gallon of milk. Gifts in any amount — \$100, \$50, \$25, \$2 — may be sent to Children's Mission/Milk Fund, %HOLLYWOOD FREE PAPER, Box 1949, Hollywood, CA 90078-1949.

"It's exciting to watch a new infant's dorm being built," Roy said. "El Sauzal is the only orphanage in the area to care for newborns; others will only accept children three years or older. God has provided some materials and supplies, but more money and supplies are needed, as well as a cement mixer, to complete the project."

Roy explained that a financial crisis exists and the staff has had to be reduced, and added, "We need funds to run electricity to the children's first-ever electric dryer. Try to imagine what its like to hang washed clothes for 91 children out on fences and a few clotheslines during a week of rainy weather."

Ramon and Magdalena Espinoza have many dreams for the orphanage, and Roy shares these dreams. His heart bursts with love and care for the children of Hogar Para Los Necesitados. He shares their pain and their joys.

Recently as he drove out the orphanage gate to the joyous sounds of children singing, and turned north toward the United States border and home nearly 100 miles away, the memory of the children's voices were fresh in his heart.

Roy says the Mission is "busting at the seams," every bed is filled, and still more children are brought to the door. That means more food, more clothing, more beds. Roy's message to people he meets is, "You too, can help. You'll never be the same, once you do."

Your donation to the Children's Mission/Milk Fund is tax deductible. Thank you for sending your gift of any amount to:

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THE WORD ON THE STREET

By Bobby Chance



NEW YORK CITY — UNION SQUARE PARK, according to singer Huey Lewis, "Where else can you do half a million things, all at a quarter 'til three?" I discovered why New York City is referred to as the city that never sleeps.

After the Latinos finished their music, Wendell Tyler of the San Francisco 49ers gave his testimony. Then Jojo Sanchez asked the Union Square crowd to give their lives to Jesus Christ. A young man named John began crying his eyes out. He told this story.

"A few hours ago I stood on the Brooklyn Bridge trying to get nerve to kill myself. I've been so addicted to drugs I didn't want to live. The pain was too much. I threw a quarter off the bridge to see how far it was to the water, and I kept wanting to jump, but something held me back.

"I wandered around the city for hours and into Union Square. I heard music so I walked over to the crowd."

Then John cried, "I want help — I want Jesus!" after the young Christian prayed with him he exclaimed, "I FEEL FREE! I'm glad I'm alive!"

TIJUANA, MEXICO — Pastor Vallarde welcomed us. "I know you are sent to Mexico by God. Everyone knows you are here with Good News about Jesus."

Our hearts broke as we arrived at the

garbage dump outside Tijuana, where families live in makeshift "houses" made from materials collected from garbage heaps.

Word spread fast the Americans had come and, even though we didn't speak Spanish, the twelve foot cross we carried spoke loud and clear.

As families eagerly gathered, we shared a simple gospel message with them through our interpreter. Most of the people prayed to receive Christ.

Everyone brought bowls and pans and formed a long line. We dished out beans, rice and onions and gave them clothing. This was truly a day of rejoicing for them . . . and for us.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA — THE FRENCH QUARTER DURING MARDI GRAS — Approximately one million people annually come to Mardi Gras to "let it all hang out" before they give it all up for Lent on Ash Wednesday.

Party hearty people of all ages crowd onto Bourbon Street to see every fantasy and act known to modern man. Few leave disappointed.

Late one night, Scott Hinkle and I were cutting through dark Pirates Alley. We approached two young men passing a joint around, and began to tell them about Jesus.

"Heroin is greater than Jesus," one of the stoners replied. His arms and neck looked like he'd been beaten with barbed wire because of the bloody needle tracks.

Scott had been a junkie on the streets of New Jersey before God delivered him. We assured the young man that God could set him free from any drug on the planet, and we

challenged him to call on the Name of Jesus and accept his love and forgiveness.

He didn't accept Christ at that moment because he thought Jesus would reject him — that he wasn't good enough. Jesus accepts us exactly like we are and then he begins to mend our lives. If you are lonely and brokenhearted, talk to Jesus today. He will deliver you.

ROCKY MOUNT, NORTH CAROLINA — I had finished preaching and called people to come and pray and trust God to heal their hurts and bless their lives. I was drawn to two young women in the back row. One of them was shaking. I took her hand and told her Jesus loved her and he could set her free from whatever was tormenting her. I assured her if she would trust Jesus she wouldn't need that needle anymore. She gave me the needle and I prayed with her as she called on God to set her free.

Jesus is able to deliver us from any sin, sickness, disease or bondage that is destroying our lives. What is the word on the street? The word on the street is that Jesus Christ is the healer of broken hearts, the mender of shattered dreams and lives.

The word on the street is "Jesus loves you . . . if you don't believe me . . . ask Him!"

Editor's Note: Bobby Chance is a free lance writer and Director of Streetwise, a nationally focused street ministry taking the love and forgiveness of Jesus Christ to the streets of America. He also serves as Director of SOS Hollywood and Vice Chairman of the National Street Ministries Conference. ★

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Dial: 461-HOPE
Homes of Hope
Crisis counseling and runaway return

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Right to Life League

Los Angeles
213-381-2931
St. Anne's House

Culver City
213-558-0682
Crusade for Life

Santa Monica
213-395-1111 24 hour line
Right to Life League

Van Nuys
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MINISTRY OPPORTUNITIES

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Centrum of Las Vegas
702-388-7777

HOLLYWOODLAND

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301 North Baldwin Avenue
Arcadia
9 am - 4:30 pm
818-446-8251

Art Museum
5904 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles
10 am - 5 pm
213-937-2590

Chinatown
1100 North Broadway
Los Angeles
11 am - 2 am

Mann's Chinese Theatre
6925 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood
213-464-8111

Farmers Market
West Third and Fairfax
Los Angeles
9 am - 8 pm

Forest Lawn Memorial Park
1712 South Glendale Avenue
Glendale 9 am - 5 pm
Last Supper Window, The Crucifixion and Resurrection paintings

Griffith Park Los Angeles Zoo
Crystal Springs Drive
10 am - 4 pm
213-666-4090

Hollywood Bowl
2301 North Highland Avenue
Hollywood
213-856-5400

Hollywood Wax Museum
6767 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood
10 am - Midnight
213-462-8860

Huntington Park Library and Art Gallery
1151 Oxford Road
San Marino
1 pm - 4:30 pm
818-405-2100

LaBrea Tar Pits
Wilshire Boulevard at Carson Street
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213-936-2230

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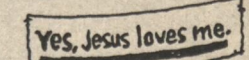
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Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
the Bible tells
me so.

