



Tables of Stone

• Apostolic Messianic Evangelist Network •

Volume I, No. 1

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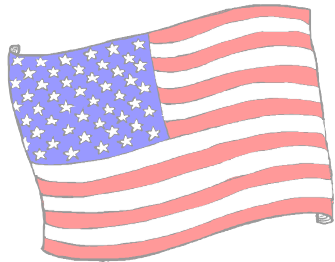
Fall Issue

Katrina Relief Effort 9/9/05-9/15/05

by Mary Keith

“Where’s
my
country?”

a man asked
on network
news several
days after
Hurricane



Katrina struck without mercy the Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi shores of the Gulf of Mexico on the 29th of August, 2005. It was the question everyone in America was asking after Katrina devoured everything in her over 100-mile wide path until her strength collapsed farther inland, *and* after some federal, state and local Keystone Cops failed to assist or protect thousands of stranded, injured, starving victims. Homes were under water, cars were piled on top of other cars everywhere, communities were unrecognizable and in some places there was no trace of civilization where buildings had been standing moments before. **There seemed to be no answer to that question.**

From one of the most colorful but least privileged sections of the country, New Orleans, Louisiana, people were asked to evacuate but many could not leave because they had no way to go and no place to go to. Some are still there (as of the date of this writing) and refusing to leave, while the city is still waist deep in toxic sludge and there is no power, no food, fuel,

water, supplies, communication or protection. Many were trapped in their attics where they fled from the storm surge, hoping the water would not rise that high, and then were unable to escape at all. Some of the bodies were yet not found.

The news showed families gathered on their roof tops, waving articles of clothing for flags and trying to be noticed by the helicopters --many of which were sent by local municipalities from all over the country. People that roped themselves *together* for safety perished *together*. Children were ripped from their parents’ grasp by rushing water, husbands watched their wives float away, bodies were face down in the water, and when the **feds finally did send help to evacuate the stranded**



survivors, there was an uncontrolled looting and raping, even in the huge relief centers where evacuees were shuttled, and some of the soldiers and other workers shot each other.

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KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*

At least two committed suicide. And it was too late anyway. **The feds dropped the emergency ball in favour of an unpopular foreign war**, which was pumping stupendous amounts of money to weapons manufacturers and their stockholders. Red tape and protocol were blamed—but was there barbed wire protecting their mistake? And hundreds or thousands were dead because of their despicable blueprint and selfish stupidity.

It Was Hell.



Carlton knew we couldn't live with ourselves if we didn't go. We prayed. We didn't get a green light from God, but we didn't get a red one either. It was as though He were telling us He didn't have to answer: It was a given. So we exhausted our liquid resources, bought supplies we had listed would be basic necessities for survival;



towlettes, tooth brush and other toiletries, and we shopped for tents, cooking utensils, pots

put kits together with first aid items, energy food, disinfectant, soap, candles, matches, army knife,

and pans, grills and charcoal, baby bottles, diapers and formula . . . and we went to restaurants and hotels to obtain what they could supply that they had power over, and to CJW Hospital where Anna Marie volunteers.

Our van was packed like a 3-D jigsaw puzzle. We left on Friday, the



eleventh day after the storm. Gasoline had shot up to close to \$4 a gallon (but the highest we actually paid was about \$3.299), making a 2000-mile round trip in the van a \$1000 commitment in gasoline alone. Refineries in the Gulf had been destroyed, and it was of course an opportunity yet again to gouge the public at the pump. [We were fortunate to have seen prices drop a little by the time we got to Gulf Shores, Alabama, 130+ miles from our target area (Waveland, Mississippi, in Hancock County). Gulf Shores was the closest place we were able to find any lodging--evacuees and federal agencies were taking up all the rooms. We actually got our tank filled up at an independent station for "only" \$2.489 per gallon! That's "only" *ten times* the price it was when I was in my youth. We had driven 1040 miles from our estate at Uttoxeter to "Camp Katrina" as it was affectionately styled, with a van heavily laden,



and now boiling over.] A late start on Friday, and a seriously overheated engine

KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*

brought us to our mountain place late at night. We added coolant to the bubbling radiator in Roanoke with the guidance of our friend Richard from the cycle shop. We thought we had the problem licked, but 150 miles into the next day's journey we saw the temperature in the red zone again. It was about 100 degrees outside, but cool compared to inside the van where we were having to run the heater to wick off the heat from the engine. We found a repairman in Tennessee and he looked at it briefly, but for the \$20 bill he charged, he didn't have any answer.

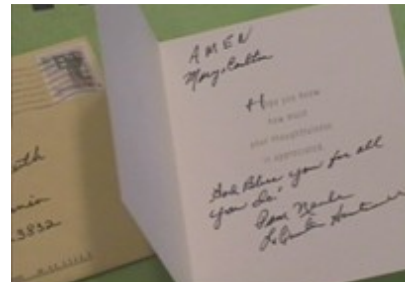
**We
Pressed
On.**



Arriving in Huntsville, Alabama, late that second night, we were nevertheless able to get a bite to eat at a steak house next door to the hotel.

On Sunday we gave the van some more first aid. Besides the cooling system problems, the van also had a leaky gas line which Carlton bandaged with duct tape. (You can fix an airplane with duct tape!) Another late morning, a grueling 400+ miles before us, we first stopped at room #201 at the hotel, which room was dedicated to help survivors and replenished with food by a church group. We'd been offered it the previous night because we'd arrived so late, and now needed to access their computer to check our e-mail. A woman came in with a pretty little basket containing a collection of coffee mugs. "When you've been living out of a Styrofoam cup," she said, "a mug makes it seem a little bit back to normal." The sign in the basket said, "Please take one," and she set it down with other supplies on a table. She was on her way out of the room when I asked her some little question--I don't know what it was now--and she opened her thoughts to us without reserve.

Everyone has a story, and most



are so incredible to the "outside world" that explaining it might be difficult, and grasping the reality even more.

Pam is from Chalmette, an area within the city limits of New Orleans. She is a horticulturist by profession, and a Red Cross staff member, but now it was unfortunately her turn to be a victim. Her house in Chalmette was built on 2' stilts but was under 12' of water. At the time of our conversation, Chalmette still had 3' of water and mud. "All the leaves are gone from the trees," she said, "and the wet bark was blown off in the high wind, leaving them bare and unprotected." Pam was concerned. **"The trees will perish,"** she worried



"Plants and trees are mud-coated, and although they can tolerate standing water for up to six weeks, they cannot long survive while covered in mud because they can't get the sunlight for photo-synthesis. The plants will also perish if rain doesn't come to rinse off the mud Pam continued to describe the

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KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*

hurricane zone. She told us that two of the three oil refineries are disabled and the natural gas refinery is under water with no way to pump it out.

“Thousands of barrels of oil have been lost, and the spill will contaminate the marine life in the Gulf waters.”

We were soon joined by Shirley, who was wearing a new shirt. It may have been her first change of clothes since the escape. **She appeared to be surprised that among the things she'd wanted to save from the flood, there were no valuables.** She smiled gratefully as she clutched her heart and told us her prize: a picture of her mother, who had died when Shirley was 18, leaving her to raise her three younger siblings alone. She did odd jobs, and got through it. She had also saved her grandmother's turkey platter that she used each year at Thanksgiving, and a shiny old baking pan. These were her treasures.

Pam saved a locket and a ring, both of little intrinsic value but dear to her because of their memories and history. But they were stolen later by looters, and her car was robbed again in the hotel parking lot. I was glad we'd made it through the night without incident, and that we were leaving soon. She also saved a wrought iron skillet that her dad always used to make blackened redfish. “The fish never stuck to the pan,” she said, “and my dad kept it clean and rust-free by thickly brushing it all over with olive oil and salt, and then leaving it in a 300 degree oven overnight.” **It is strange, what is important to you when you find you have nothing.**

Shirley's family had been poor growing up. Her little brother, she recalled, had gotten a job in a grocery store scraping potatoes. He hadn't told anyone. With his first wages he was able to purchase a gallon of milk in a glass jug with the cream floating on top, the typical bottle of milk in those days. When he brought it home, he was so pleased, and his family was

was touched. But the little fellow dropped the bottle, and the glass broke. He needed a lot of comfort that day, but when the store owner was told what had happened, he gave him another gallon of milk.

Shirley's mother was French, but she would not teach the language to her children. Childhood memories of having been beaten by neighborhood ruffians—just for using French instead of English—haunted her all her life.

Both Shirley and Pam recalled past hurricanes that damaged the area. There was Betsy (Category 3) in 1965, and Camille (Category 5) in 1969. One of these storms had demolished her brother-in-law's house. The front steps to the house were built by a group of neighbors--as a gesture of friendship. The house was completely wiped out by the hurricane, but the steps alone remained standing. Another year Shirley's friends acquired a fifteen-room building from a company that was eager to get rid of it, if someone would just haul it away. They set it up on the beach and used it as a weekend place for years. After hurricane Camille, there was rubble where homes had been on the beach. But after Katrina, there was no trace of their building ever having been there at all. It had completely disappeared. Period.

Shirley's husband was to arrive by Red Cross vehicle the day we met. She and her husband had been separated before the storm because she refused to stay and he refused to leave. She indicated that they'd had words--“colorful words”--on the issue, and she left without him. Until that day or so, she didn't even know whether he had survived, especially since he was ill and needed care.

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KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*

“Today, we will be having a reunion, and he will not check in to the hospital until tomorrow.”

We checked out of our hotel and headed for the Costco in Huntsville, Alabama. That Costco is the closest one to the hurricane area, and the reason we stayed in Huntsville. Our remaining budget for relief supplies and food was about \$350, and the dollar store supplied some of the goods, Costco the rest. The money reserved for the Costco purchase would be for meat, vegetables and fruit, to be delivered as fresh as possible from the closest possible source.

Carlton had used duct tape to “repair” the leaky gas line, and an embarrassing number of bottles of “stop leak” to try to make the radiator believe it was healthy--a kind of coolant-system panacea. Now Birmingham, Alabama, would be the critical pivot point. With the engine screaming for cool air, making our destination was a perilous goal. We had a grisly decision to make. If the engine ran cool we could go south to set up a base of operations at Gulf Shores, Alabama, and then on to Hancock County. If the engine ran hot, we would be forced to go southwest to Meridian, Mississippi, and make a touch-and-go, dropping off our food and supplies at a church or Red Cross station, and be forever uncertain if our precious cargo would be successfully dispersed. We prayed.

As soon as we prayed loud enough, it seemed, the temperature dropped to the normal zone on the engine. That was the needed sign from God, and we had divine confirmation that the mission would be a success. In Birmingham we made the decision to head south. We even ran the air conditioner. Hooray!

At the Marriott in Gulf Shores we arrived late (but cool this time), ordered a pizza and went to bed. The next day would be the cruel one.

In the morning we had to gather data about **roads closed and bridges out.**



I was amazed at the strain and frustration on our lives, just to do the

right thing. We took Interstate 10 west and started seeing destruction as soon as we crossed into Mississippi.



A Keith clan family cousin, Billy, was our eyes and ears, and his reconnaissance had steered us to Hancock County. He had provided us with a contact, Linda, also a member of the Keith clan network, who e-mailed us that she would be able to meet us in her home town at Gulfport, Mississippi. But when we got close and got off the highway to make the call to her, we found all the phones dead, businesses shut down and vacant, and buildings in heaps.

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KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*

Gas pumps were blown over like dominos.



We spent an hour in thick traffic just getting back to I-10. The roads were cluttered with downed power lines, strewn debris and military



vehicles filled with apprehensive soldiers, and confused people on foot. There would be no connection that day with Linda. But the meat

we bought for hurricane provisions would need to be used soon, and we'd already passed the point of no return. It had to be Waveland. . . .

We continued west on I-10, and **the world began to look surreal.**



Countless cars along the highway were not parked. . . .

They were abandoned.



In some places they were on top of each other.

Mileage signs were snapped off at the base. **Billboards were blown out or blown down,** and many were twisted around and faced the woods.



Trees--big ones--were fractured--not



pushed down but rent—in the middle, and metal structures were mangled

like crumpled picture wire. Sediment stain twelve to twenty feet above ground level muddied the leaves on the trees that remained.

We took the exit marked “Waveland.” On the way we noticed a crudely-painted plywood sign: “Relief Center.” We turned in. It was a neighborhood road, but all the houses were deserted, their soggy belongings looking for a chance to dry out on the front porches or lawns.



Debris was piled and stacked everywhere. At the end of the road still several blocks away was a sad and lonely hub.



KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*

A disabled Red Cross truck stood waiting for a tow, **dazed faces on robotic bodies** found their way around on weary legs, but looked bewildered as they collected supplies. It was a one-day-at-a-time remnant.



Carlton found the man in charge. Johnny Davis had opened his little



convenience store only three weeks before the storm. His place was

welcomed in this little Bay St. Louis subdivision, outside the city limits of Waveland, with 815 electric meter boxes and representing some 2500 to 3000 people. When the hurricane hit and they were suddenly waist deep in flood waters, Johnny and his wife, Beverly, moved the food up and out of reach of the water, and their quick thinking enabled them to supply the survivors with something to eat. **They decided at once**



that money was worthless and just gave away food and supplies to

the people who found them, one way or another.

And that was how it started. Church groups began to bring supplies, and eventually the Red Cross and FEMA came. Choppers, tractor trailers and trucks started showing up several times a day. The governor's wife landed in a helicopter one day, praised them for their brave efforts, and promised them a load of ice by chopper in the next few days. Johnny's store was starting to look like grand central station.

But then the trucks stopped. The mayor's wife's promise of ice froze. Johnny worried how he would be able to feed all the people. His worry was followed by one sleepless night and a lot of prayer.

God showed him what to do. That's when the plywood signs went up, and when the independent donations started to arrive. The trumpet had sounded but the cavalry didn't show up. So the vague and, now, bitter notion of U.S. agency assistance was being replaced by *civilian* rescue.

We unloaded almost half of our supplies, but pressed on to Waveland a few miles farther down the road to see if their needs were more urgent. After filling their needs, if any, we would return with the balance for Johnny.

It was approaching sundown by the time we came across a tent community. A few inquiries with local police led us to **Jim Jones, Jr., a volunteer from Gatlinburg, Tennessee,** who was managing a large food and



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KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*



supply drop staffed mostly by volunteers from churches in Texas. When we listed a few of the items we brought, he nodded appreciatively. I sensed a respectful ho-hum, but when we mentioned *tents*, he became animated. “Tents!” he echoed excitedly and leapt out of his seat, hastening to show us where to swing the van into the appropriate loading zone.



Boxes of donations and bags of sheets and clothing kept coming out of the van. We were equipped, after all, not only with the items we had purchased ourselves, but also with the generous giving of others from the Richmond area and from compassionate folks along the way. But unloading so much out of a van that doesn't look as though it would hold all of **it felt like the disciples must have felt at one of the loaves and fishes miracles.**



We went from identifying with Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego in the hot van furnace, to Matthew, Mark and Peter. When we were finally relieved of the bulk of our cargo, we sighed inside. Our job was almost over. Jim's and others' were just beginning. They wore official T-shirts—fluorescent lime green—enabling the relief workers to be distinguished from survivors, allowing them full authorized access to all areas. Before we left, Jim invited us to stop by for lunch the next day, and awarded the ministry one of the T-shirts. It reads:



"Waveland Relief Team." It is the ministry's treasured trophy, a reminder

that all those who had supported the mission co-laboured with them. We thanked him warmly, and went on our way to Bay St. Louis to finish distributing the remainder of supplies with Johnny.

Dogs were barking occasionally near and in the distance. It is a familiar neighborhood sound, but somehow it was hollow and lonely. Waveland had a stray, too, with a collar--but to no avail. There

was no master. Perhaps he'd become the Camp Katrina



mascot. He had an uncertain expression, but hopeful and trusting. We watched as he stood staring aimlessly, waiting for a useful job for his self-esteem, and managing to eat whatever morsel found itself in a dish on the ground. It was dusk, but no birds were chirping.

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KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*

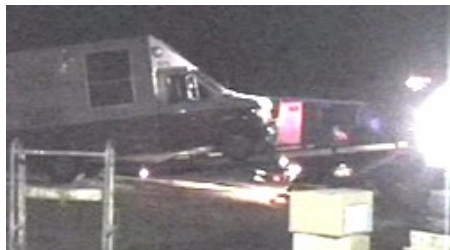
Not a frog. Not a cricket. Just an eerie silence.

There was also an American flag on a six- or eight-foot pole, but even with that short mast the flag was flying half-way down, still representing grief, dwindling hope, and vacuous respect.

At Bay St. Louis, Johnny wanted to talk through some of his story. **The area was black and vacant, his store the only spot illuminated as far as one could see.** He warned us of the 8 o'clock



curfew, but added that if we were stopped, we should explain our mission and we would probably not be bothered. He reported that vehicles would drive by without lights so they would not be noticed, and looting could be accomplished by the reprobate occupants. Gunshots could be heard during the night. Sirens were now screaming in the distance as he spoke, **and a tow truck with its flashing yellow light had finally arrived to haul away the disabled Red Cross truck.**



On the street behind it a police car with its blue and red rotating beacon added to the austerity.

It looked as though Johnny and his wife never slept. They kept the store open for people with needs, even late at night and early in the morning. Their hearts did not have it in them to lock their doors, but their faces were clothed in pain. They were feeling the trepidation, theirs and everyone else's, and their eyes were glossy with the language of it: anger, stress, frustration, uncertainty, fatigue and resolve.

They were like adrenaline addicts, faced with overlapping calamities.

Shortly after opening the store, Johnny told us, a friend who was evacuating in anticipation of the storm had asked if he could park his camper on Johnny's lot because it had some elevation. Johnny let him. The next day the county building inspector came and told him his permit didn't include parking a trailer on it. He wrote Johnny a ticket. Johnny had a flashing sign for advertising. His permit didn't show there would be one. He wrote Johnny a ticket. Johnny hadn't produced his certificate of occupancy. He wrote Johnny a ticket. A petty municipal pursuit against a rebel businessman has now turned. Johnny is the hero, and the county courthouse isn't even standing. I wonder if the inspector ever came back to ask for help.

Two days later Katrina swept through. FEMA arrived days after Johnny had been supplying survivors with food, ice and other essentials, for free. FEMA told him some supply centers would be shut down and others enlarged, and his might be one of the ones they would shut down. Johnny told him, "You aren't going to shut me down. You never set me up." And the mountain of used clothes next to a tower of bottled water told us that Johnny was helping the people by private donations, and no FEMA was going to intimidate or control him.

We left the area long after the curfew, confident that we could show worthy purpose if necessary, but we were not stopped. The evening air had a chill on it, and the van was not as steamy. The heat, the drive, and the effort were exhausting.

The people were indelible.

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KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*

The next day in Gulf Shores was recuperation day. We saw at once that even that area, almost 150 miles from the eye of the storm, had not escaped some devastation. Last year's hurricane had distributed the snowy white sand in heaps all over the little town. Previous weeks had seen the last scoop back on the beach where it belonged, but Katrina had thrown it inland again. And Hurricane Rita was by that time on the way, and stood in line to bring on the next round. Folks here were already numb, and trying to distance themselves from the Katrina zone. The hotel manager would not even give us a little toothpaste for our survival packs. They were tapped out.

On Wednesday we saw that the van's cooling system was on a hopeless downward spiral. It was 4 p.m. We headed for home with fierce determination. There would be a non-stop 911 mile trek before us, complete with scheduled stops to hydrate the oven-baked engine. We were getting better gas mileage as a result of the extra heat, but it was small comfort. At 6 a.m. the following morning we gratefully acknowledged the iron gate at our driveway. It was a harsh but compelling reality that we were free to go home and be away from the destruction we'd seen. It was chocolate. And vinegar. Thank God we were home.

We have been immersed for a year and a half in the acquisition of an ex-Coast Guard Cutter from the James River Reserve Fleet, moored in deep water at Fort Eustis, Virginia. The ARS-6 *Escape* had been in Rescue and Salvage for the Navy in 1943. After her stint as the "Haitian Taxi," she retired. Under the umbrella of the global radio ministry of A.M.E.N. (Apostolic Messianic Evangelist Network), of which **Carlton is the Founder and the Director of Operations,**



we have been labouring toward recommissioning her for work as a mission ship for emergency relief and on-board radio broadcasting in Central and South America. And we can tell the *Escape* wants to return to service.



I remember the first time we saw her. We arrived at the office at Fort Eustis, having been given U.S. security clearance to be on the army base, and we had done some homework. Back in 1994, Carlton had a vision of one of the JRRF ship's being used to transport God's chosen people back to their homeland at an appointed time in the future. **He visited the fleet from across the water, on the outside looking in and videotaped the ships,** enjoying his first encounter with this mysteriously discreet group of vessels. **It would be over ten years before the iris of this vision would reopen.**



We researched every ship in the fleet using the specifications that God had

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KATRINA RELIEF EFFORTS *CONTINUED*

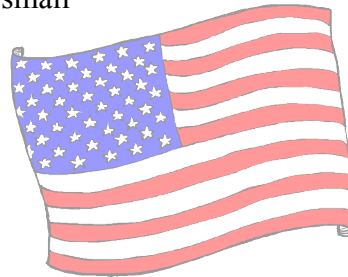
nailed into our hearts. The ship, *Preserver*, seemed to suit the ministry's purposes, and we scheduled an escorted tour. The shuttle boat dropped us off onto the *Harkness* in April of 2004, and we climbed aboard, then crossing over several other ships before walking the ramp to the *Preserver*. One of the ships we crossed was the *Escape*. The *Preserver* seemed a little rough, but when **we crossed the *Escape* again on the way back, we were drawn in. Now, it is a match.** And the ship squeaks a loving dialogue, continually bonding with us, whenever we are on board. Our imaginations hear her utterances mingled with those of the osprey and gulls even when we are away from her, in fond admiration.

Acquiring a vessel of the size of the *Escape* (214') is a huge undertaking. Surveys have to be made, systems updates must be planned, crew has to be recruited, contractor bids must be administered, drydock coordinated, sea trials scheduled . . . And all for a price the ministry must be prepared to meet. That names only a few highlights of the many particulars required to address and a minor mistake in any of them could cost thousands of dollars of wasted time, effort, materials, disappointment and setback. And then there will be the fund raising, with **our mascot vehicle: A 2002 Dodge Viper GTS Final Edition, #309—Ferrari red with white racing stripes—**to promote the Escape Project!



We never realized retirement would be so much fun.

The Escape Project development has been steady, but not fast enough for eager missionaries. However, we have never been so mournful that she wasn't ready until the day we knew we could have sailed her to New Orleans to help relieve the suffering of some of our own countrymen. I hope there is no "next time." But if there is, we want to be—no, we must be—ready. At least in small



part, the question, "Where's my country?" could be answered.

"A FEW LIGHT MOMENTS"



THE ESCAPE PROJECT



A.M.E.N.

• Apostolic Messianic Evangelist Network •

Dear Friend:

Thank you for your interest in the *Escape Project*. You may have by now seen the news of it on television or heard it on radio, or maybe even caught a glimpse of our mascot: a red and white Dodge Viper Final Edition GT steaming down the highway, making wake on this exciting project.

A.M.E.N. has been dedicated to teaching and modelling biblical lifestyles locally and abroad on global radio since 1995. Our next goal is to extend the ministry into the Caribbean Islands and Central and South America from a restored former Coast Guard cutter called *The Escape*. The *Escape* will also serve as a medical platform for personnel, scheduled procedures, disaster relief and possible medevac. Utilizing your resources and skills, you can enjoy the personal fulfillment in this exciting *Escape* project in a number of diverse ways, while enhancing your professional resumé.

We will need volunteers--such as, doctors, nurses, technicians, scuba divers, translators, etc. . . (see "On Board Occupation List," below) who would like to be available full-time, part-time, or even rotationally. Please donate whatever medical or other supplies and equipment you can. [Note: There is a particular need for TB inoculation in these areas.] We welcome all your questions and interest. Please contact us using our e-mail, voiceofthecovenant@yahoo.com. Your donations are welcome at A.M.E.N., P.O. Box 1355, Chesterfield, VA 23832, and specify "Escape Project." Thank you very much, and may the God of Abraham bless you for your help. Tune in to our weekly Sabbath broadcast on WWCR, 12.160 MHz at 17:30 UTC spring/summer and 18:30 fall/winter.

Most sincerely,

Carlton L. and Mary A. Keith
Founders

AHOY!

On Board Occupation List

1. DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS
2. CO-DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS
3. MASTER CAPTAIN--SHIP
4. AUX. CAPTAIN
5. FIRST MATE
6. ENGINEER
7. NAVIGATOR / RADIO OFFICER
8. DIESEL TECHNICIAN / PROPULSION
9. DIESEL & SYSTEM ENGINEER TECH
10. SYSTEM ENGINEER (SHIP)
11. ELECTRO-POWER GENERATION ENGINEER
12. DIVERS (FOUR PER SHIP)
13. MASTER CHEF
14. CHEF APPRENTICE
15. AUX. APPRENTICE
16. WAIT STAFF MANAGER/ AUX. APPRENTICE / BARTENDER / SUPPLY PROVISION & TENDER
17. SERVER #1
18. SERVER #2
19. SERVER #3
20. SERVER #4
21. SPANISH & PORTUGUESE TRANSLATORS
22. HEBREW & FRENCH TRANSLATORS
23. RECORDING ENGINEER
24. VIDEO EDITOR
25. GRAPHIC ARTIST
26. AUDIO ENGINEER
27. CAMERA MAN / AUDIO GRIP
28. "ON AIR" PERSONALITY : AM / FM
29. ADMINISTRATOR OF MINISTRY
30. RADIO PROGRAMMER
31. MASTER RADIO TECHNICIAN AM / FM
32. OFFICE AUX./INTERNET SECRETARY
33. ELECTRONIC TECHNICIAN
34. ARMORER / SECURITY PATROL OFFICER
35. PHYSICIANS
36. NURSES
37. DENTIST

The Escape Project: WWYD

WWYD: WHAT WOULD YESHUA DRIVE ?

Have you ever wondered what type of car Yeshua* would drive if He chose to do so? Would it be a plush Rolls Royce Silver Cloud or sporty Bentley GT coupe? How about the new Porsche Carrera? Or even the gasoline-electric Toyota hybrids? Would He prefer a sunny convertible, or a hard top coupe in case of rainy weather? One could probably spend quite a few waking hours pondering this very thought; however, we do have biblical evidence that **specific tools are used for specific jobs!**

Remember Abraham's son, Isaac, who, now being forty years old, would soon be receiving from his father's kindred beautiful Rebekah as his bride and wife. Abraham chose his own chief steward, Eliezer of Damascus, to travel to the city of Nahor using a fancy, eye-fetching ten-camel caravan, fully furnished for the over 600-mile round trip pilgrimage. Imagine the evening stir in the village around the public watering well when the ten-camel train arrived for water and refreshment. "To what rich man do these camels belong?" "Where is he now?" Was the servant Eliezer mistaken for the sultan of this great camelcade?

Surely you can see how Almighty God El Elohe Israel must have enjoyed the great spectacle at the city of Nahor using what we conveniently refer to as "eye candy" to attract the human interest and curiosity of the populace. A.M.E.N. has taken this same approach to the unveiling of The Escape Project.

**Yeshua*: the Messiah, the Son of God, by His real Hebrew/Aramaic (not Greek) name



They recently took possession of an exotic **red Dodge Viper GTS Final Edition with white racing stripes.**

There were only 360 of these made in the world!

"This car is like a big red people magnet. We feel that we can draw a constant stream of interested folks who may in time become supporters and

possibly even crewmen," said Carlton Keith, Director and Founder of the ministry of A.M.E.N. (Apostolic Messianic Evangelist Network).

"My wife and I have been dreaming for years about touring America, using an exciting sports car to visit places neither of us have seen," said Keith. *"Instead of just quietly touring America anonymously, we decided to multi-task our plans and broadly announce the importance of The Escape Project. We look forward to sharing this end-time work of God with as many as will receive the authorship from above."*

So far, the car has been much more than they expected. The Keiths report that people hang out of their car windows to secure a better look as they pass by. Pedestrians give the 'thumbs up' and smile expansively. Fathers warn their children not to touch—just look. They even had one fellow encompass a look underneath during his walk-around inspection while the car waited in the

The Escape Project: WWYD *Continued*

parking lot for them to return from breakfast at McDonald's. "It's really fun just observing people's reactions and watching them!" said Keith.

Keith continued that he and his wife, Mary, would be soon touring America, stimulating support by distributing information on The Escape Project, including a list of crew positions available for full-and part-time and rotational work.

"We're also putting together a drawing contest with a weekend resort prize for two or professional driving school using a Viper as your chariot! This project should be fun for everyone while contributing to a very worthy cause."

"We've had a healthy level of interest for The Escape Project from the Richmond, Virginia, medical community," Keith continued. "Many doctors and nurses are excited about the opportunities to help our Southern Hemisphere neighbors, and live a cruise-style life on the ocean."

When asked about the specifics of The Escape Project, Keith detailed that the first priority of the ship is to help people get their house in order. "We plan to be **broadcasting Bible messages** in five different languages, concurrently, twenty-four hours a day: English, Spanish, Portuguese, French and Hebrew will be heard throughout the Southern Hemisphere. The ship will also serve as a **medical missions and disaster relief platform** with scheduled procedures and possibly medivac--if we can find a good deal on a chopper. We could have really impacted the Katrina relief effort with tons of assistance with this ship [the *Escape*]. All of us at the ministry were grieved that more people and money were not yet

available to assist after this disaster. We hope Katrina will sound the alarm on a need we have been labouring to realize for the past two years of our lives. We knew it was coming a long time ago. This world is having an urgent crisis, and it's time to make peace with our maker. The Bible tells all about it. We're glad the Viper GTS Final Edition is red and white, and *fast* [0-60 in 4 seconds; top speed 192 mph], because some things, like The Escape Project just can't wait."



The Escape Project: WWYD *Continued*



A.M.E.N.

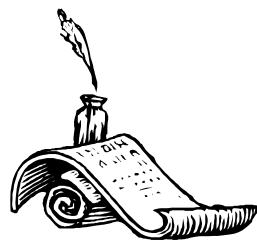
• Apostolic Messianic Evangelist Network •

Dear Reader,

The short-wave radio ministry of A.M.E.N. has been reaching out a helping hand to the far corners of this planet for over one decade! The Voice of the Covenant Radio Broadcast is heard weekly around the world every Sabbath day on WWCR, 12.160 MHz (at 17:30 UTC spring/summer and 18:30 UTC fall/winter). The messages of this broadcast continually remind us of our sovereign God and Creator, the King, El Elohe Israel. Our King has a *certain way* He requires us to respect and become. It is His protocol that A.M.E.N. holds dearly and seeks to define, embrace and emulate. Without the King's continual smile upon us, we are of all men most miserable.

While so many so-called ministries attempt to dismember and annul the Ten Commandments (a.k.a. the words of the covenant, Exodus 34:28), and to preach a compelling, easy-to-hear, hedonistic message, sure to spellbind their followers and satiate their forced-upon offering plates, A.M.E.N. hoes a tougher row in the garden by faith, not for the money, but for the smiles of God.

Any ministry that does not honour the Ten Commandments or the protocol of the King will likely cost its followers their covenant blessings (Deut. 28:1-14), or very life (Deut. 30:19-20). These ministries should be avoided like H5N1 Avian Flu! We urge you to personally research and analyze these assessments, and, Yes! we do honourably accept your faithful, willing and cheerful gifts, tithes, offerings, prayers and physical help for this noble commission.



In His covenant,

Carlton L. Keith
Founder and Director of Operations

Deuteronomy 5:6-22
Deuteronomy 28:1-14
Joshua 1:5-9

The Escape Project: *Escape* Defined

“ESCAPE,”
as defined by the

NEW WEBSTER’S DICTIONARY
AND THESAURUS
of the English Language

es.cape (iskéip) 1. *v. pres. part.*
es.cap.ing *past and past part.* **es.caped**
v.i. to get free by flight (from prison or
other confinement or restraint), regain
one’s liberty || to get away from (pursuit
or restraint) || to avoid, keep or be kept
safe from, get away from (death, danger,
disaster, punishment etc.)



“ . . . some things, like The Escape
Project just can’t wait.” See “The Escape
Project, WWYD,” p. 13

Website coming soon! Ministry’s e-mail: voiceofthecovenant@yahoo.com



A.M.E.N.

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Apostolic Messianic
Evangelist Network,
*a prosperity ministry
dedicated to keeping
and teaching the
Ten Commandments
and the protocol of the
God of Abraham,
Isaac and Jacob.*