

Teen Specials!

"TRAUMATIC TESTIMONIES"—FOR TEENS AGE 12 & OVER! (TSM #4—DO)

The Madhouse of "Higher Education"!

"This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish!" (James 3:15)

(PTL! Terrific!—And I thought High School was Hell!—Ha!
—The World is a Madhouse run by its inmates!—D.)

By Uncle Isaac

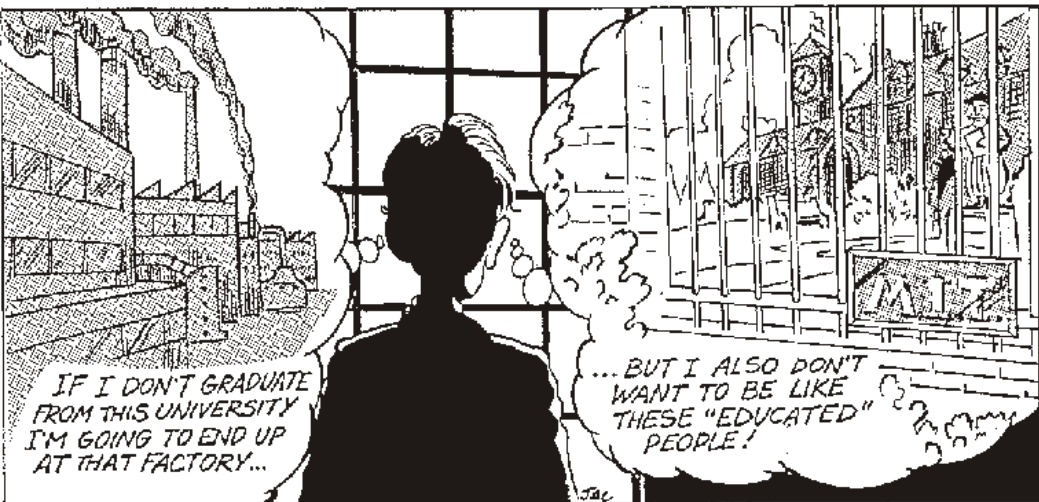
(Taken from a talk to the Teens at the Far East Teen Farm)

Did you know that behind all the grandeur, magnificence & sophistication of higher education, there is actually a bunch of madmen on the loose? I've seen videos where they show college or university & it looks really fun & everything's free & exciting & beautiful. All the kids are away from their parents & doing their own thing & it looks like everybody is buddy-buddy. That might look pretty inviting.—But the truth is, when you go to university you don't find fun & friends & excitement & freedom—you find nothing but loneliness, frustration, mental torture, & endless studying... "ever studying but never coming to the knowledge of the Truth." (2Tim.3:7)

No one even knows you by name, no one cares. It's like Hell on Earth!

I Studied with the "Cream of the Crop"!

I studied at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.), which is a big engineering university near Boston. It's right next to Harvard University, another famous high-class university. M.I.T. is one of those old establishments that has ivy on the walls, & it's very exclusive & very expensive. In fact, it was the most expensive university you could go to at that time. It has all the latest facilities that all universities want to have, so it's a real mecca of education. If someone says they went to M.I.T. people go, "Ooooh!" because



...FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I WAS REALLY WORRIED!

it's such a respected institution, a real "status symbol".

The reason I ended up at M.I.T. was because from the time I was nine years old, my Dad said I should be an engineer & M.I.T. is the best engineering school in the World. At the age of nine I didn't know what engineering was, but I figured, "Okay, I'll be an engineer".

In high school I was the top student of my class. I enjoyed studies & learning. I especially enjoyed studying math & sciences because they are perfect—with math there is always a right answer, & Godly science always balances out. I thought that by going to university I would just learn more about these Godly studies & "find out what life was all about." So off I went.

The University Was Full of Thousands of Real Weirdos!

I had read the nice brochures about this nice school with nice lawns & happy students all working together. But when I got there, I found out it's not true! It's a lie! I want to tell you the truth about what it's like behind those nice walls.

Just walking in the door of M.I.T. was a traumatic experience! I expected to meet intelligent people whom I could learn from, but from the very beginning all I found was this huge mass of thousands of real weirdos! The students were geniuses, very intelligent people by worldly standards, supposedly the "cream of the crop", but my first impression was that it was a very strange place full of very strange people! The students were super-smart zombies who were specialists in one field, but some of them couldn't even tie their shoes or say hello!

The Pressure of Endless Studying!

Our lives were based on endless studying! It was scary to see. If you asked someone what their major was, the subject they were specializing in, normal people would say something like "engineering" or "biology" or something like that. About 25% of the students at M.I.T. were Asians, Chinese, Japanese etc., & they really studied hard. If you asked one of them what their major was they'd say, "engineering, physics and mathematics". They'd be studying for three degrees

at the same time. That got to be the "in" thing. If you only went for one degree you were like a moron, if you went for two you were kind of average, but if you went for three, you were considered smart or progressive, & you studied almost 24 hours a day!

What the Classes Were Like!

I'd like to give you an idea of what the classes were like. The physics lecture room was an auditorium that held about 1,000 people. It was a dark hall with a huge stage. The professor was a nuclear physicist who had written textbooks. He used his own textbook for his class, of course. This professor never learned any of our names!—We were just numbers! He used a blackboard that went all the way across this huge 100-foot-wide stage, & he wrote with the chalk in one hand & the eraser in the other.—In other words, he'd walk across the stage writing a complicated physics problem with his right hand while erasing it with his left hand as he walked. So it was nearly impossible to even see what he was doing, much less understand it!

When he was doing a complicated math problem he would fill up one blackboard & then push a button & the blackboard would rise up, revealing another one! He would fill about six of those 100-foot-long blackboards in a one-hour lecture & that would be for only one math problem. He would get half way to the end of solving the problem & then he'd say, "The rest is just mathematics, so I'll leave it with you to finish." In the entire year, he never solved a single problem!

There Were No Absolutes!—Insanity!

On the second day of class, my physics professor said, "Do you know high school physics?" I thought, "Yes, I know that. I got a perfect score in that class. I really liked it." (High school physics taught things like handy-man work, levers & pulleys, slopes & math.) He said "Well, forget everything you learned in high school! It doesn't count now. It doesn't work like that here. Here no two cases are the same, so you can never know what the answer is going to be."

In other words, what he said was, "It ain't necessarily so. There are no absolutes. Those problems in high school were all 'special

cases' so they had answers, but it ain't necessarily so here. In order to know what real physics is like you have to learn 'new math' like calculus & 'imaginary numbers' like the square root of minus one*. We can't explain this kind of mathematics, but you have to accept it in order to accept college physics." (*The square root of -1 = the number you could multiply by itself & get -1, a mathematical impossibility because such a number doesn't exist!)

In "There Are Absolutes" (ML#376) Grandpa says: "The whole idea of 'new math' is anti-God: 'There are no absolutes,' I'm sure the whole purpose is to destroy confidence in God, the Absolute! Outside of God's Creation proving the existence of God, mathematics proves the order of the Universe. Math proves there is rhyme & reason to things.

"The 'new math' is a break with the absolute, or God & His created order. It is absolute total confusion, no order!

"Doubting the absolute is the whole thesis of the whole idea of 'new math': 'Let's suppose now that two is possibly three, so that two & two may really make six, except that your other two maybe isn't even three! Maybe the other two is four so that it may make something else.' In other words, there is total uncertainty in the new math—no order, no absolutes, total uncertainty, total confusion! They say you won't necessarily come up with absolute answers."

Math Problems with No Answers! —A Total Waste of Time!

Needless to say, I was lost in these physics lectures! If you didn't understand what this physics professor was teaching & you wanted a further explanation you had to go to a lecture which only had about 100 people in it. But in this case the teacher was Russian & he hardly spoke any English, & the little English he knew was spoken with a very thick accent. He didn't work out any problems to the end either.

If you still couldn't figure it out from those two lectures, then you went to tutorials*. The teacher for the physics tutorial was a little orthodox Jewish guy from the Bronx (lower-class neighbourhood of New York City) who was filling in his spare time while getting his Ph.D. by teaching students. He also didn't learn any of our names, even though there

were only about 20 of us & we were there for a whole year! (*tutorials: Period of instruction given to individuals or a small group.)

We asked this tutor to work one of these physics problems out so we could get an actual answer. He told us we were just being lazy & he made us feel real stupid, but he agreed to do it anyway, but two thirds of the way through the problem he couldn't work it out. He said "The answer is either this or that, it doesn't really matter." In other words, he was saying this very complicated math problem could have several different answers, which is impossible in true math! It was insane!

To really grasp how devilish this attitude is, we have to understand what Grandpa says about why they have accepted that damnable "new math" & where they are headed: "Just like they've destroyed faith in the Bible, God, history & His Creation, they had to destroy faith in math. Math is a form of perfection, of inviolable perfection, and they had to destroy faith in the perfect because if there's anything perfect, then there must be a God, so they had to prove that math itself was imperfect. You see, if there are no absolute quantities, then there are no answers & things are not necessarily either right or wrong.

"There's nothing that's true, so there is no Truth....Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, & the Life.' (Jn.14:6) So if nothing is true, then there is no Truth—and no Christ! So to disprove the existence of God they had to disprove the existence of Truth & rhyme & reason, order, plan, laws, rules, etc." (ML #376:7,21,22)

I started to get really discouraged. The lowest mark I had ever gotten in high school was 98 (meaning 98 per cent correct, which is a very top grade), but on my first college physics quiz I got 40, I flunked it! I just couldn't believe it! These were the same problems I had done in high school! I had solved them the same way & came to the same answers. But now those answers were all wrong because I hadn't used this new system of "imaginary" numbers & other complicated & strange theories.

The entire physics class flunked the final exam.—The whole class! All these students had gotten straight A's in high school like I had, but now at M.I.T. no one had the right answers! The graduate students had to correct the exams; & they worked on solving the

problems on the exam that our mad professor had written, & they found out that there were no answers to any of the problems! The professor hadn't bothered to solve the problems in the exam & he didn't even know that there were no answers.

So then after we had sweated it out for a whole year, the second year students said, "Oh, they always pass everybody in physics the first year, because it's the required course for everything else you take. You can sleep all year, & they'll still give you a passing grade." So all that work of trying to learn to do these impossible physics problems was a total waste of time!

So I went to this student who had already graduated in physics & I said, "How am I going to get through five years of college physics? What's it like by the time you get to your fifth year?" He said, "Oh, in the fifth year there's only one question at your final exam & if you get it right you get your degree & you graduate; but if you don't, then you flunk. The question is: You have to describe the theory of the atom & defend* it." (*Prove that the theory could actually be possible according to the laws of math & physics.)

I'd been in physics long enough to realise that there were about a dozen theories of what makes the atom work. Nobody knows exactly how it works, but they had these different theories. So I asked, "How do you know which theory to describe & defend?" He said, "Oh, it doesn't matter which theory you pick, in fact, you can even make up your own theory as long as you can defend it." And he then described to me this imaginary theory that he had used in his final exam that he got an A for & got his degree. I said "Nuts to this! I'm not going to be a physics major! I'm not going to wait five years to do that, I can do that now!"

Classes on "Relationships Between People" —Hateful & Bizarre!

I was getting more desperate to decide what specialised field I could study & what I would be able to do after I finished my studies. If you study carpentry you could at least go build a house, that's something practical. But in physics all you learn are things like how to build bombs. So I decided to try Behavioural Sciences, which is studying the relationships between people, because I wanted to relate to people.

One of the required courses in Behavioural Science was called an "Encounter Session" which was supposed to help you relate to people better. In one of the typical exercises in this course you would put a chair in front of you & you were supposed to talk to the chair & tell the chair what was wrong with you & what was wrong with the chair & listen to the chair's answer. We each had to do this in front of everybody! It was ridiculous!

Another "fun" exercise in this course was when everyone would sit around in a circle & single out one student. Then everyone in the room would tell what they hated about that person. You could say anything you wanted to try to make them mad or make them cry. People would literally be in tears, they would be crying & shaking, & some would end up going to psychiatrists afterwards for help! Each day it would be someone else's turn.

There was one psychiatrist that most people went to, but it wasn't a person, it was a computer. It was in the Artificial Intelligence Building & the computer had been programmed to respond like a psychiatrist. It would give answers to your problems & there was a big long waiting list of people to talk to it. Other psychiatrists actually came to get counsel from this computer.

So that's the System's interpretation of Behavioural Sciences & how to learn to relate to people. It's a far cry from the "How to Love" book!

Art Classes, Ugly & Meaningless!

I was really getting desperate to find a course that made sense, as the whole system was designed to make it difficult, if not impossible for you to learn. So next I tried a course in art. The professor said for the final exam you have to take a substance & apply a process to it, something involving force. I asked if they could explain that further, but they said no. So I went home & lined up some plastic wine glasses & nailed them on a piece of board & then took a cigarette lighter & melted them all.

When I took it in I got an "F", they flunked me. I asked what I did wrong & they said I had used the wrong substance & the wrong force. So I asked, "What is the right substance & what is the right force? How do I get an 'A' instead of an 'F'?" They said they couldn't simplify the answer like that because there was no concrete answer. They said, "If you do

it right, you get an 'A', & if you don't do it right, you get an 'F!'—But they couldn't explain what the "right" way was.

This also goes along with what Grandpa said: "Modernistic art is total confusion—no rules, no beauty, no nothing! It doesn't have to have any sense—no meaning, no order! See, if you can destroy the meaning, if you can prove to people there's no meaning to a thing, then there's no order, no purpose and there's no plan, therefore, there's no Planner." (ML#376:17)

I was so frustrated! In high school, some teachers at least helped you learn the right answers, so I thought I would learn a lot from these brilliant people in college, but they just didn't care. They didn't even know me, I was just a number. I felt like nobody cared about me.

I Became the Target of Diabolical Practical Jokes!

Godly education is useful & constructive, but Man's education is not only foolish, it's destructive! These kids who were geniuses in their fields would say, "Do you want to learn something?" I would say, "Sure," & then they would teach me how to blow up the sewer system! The chemistry majors would make bombs to blow up the toilets! The engineering students knew how to rig your phone so that it either wouldn't work at all or else it rang at weird hours or you would get charged for somebody else's phone calls. This happened every day!

These students were constantly involved in playing dirty tricks on people! They called it "hacking". It was a way of life! They had progressed from pushing books out of the underdog's hands to more advanced destructive pranks. They would sit up at night scheming & planning some kind of destructive thing to do the next day. Sometimes I would walk by somebody's room & hear them cackling with glee as they invented some new mischief, & then the next day I'd find out what it was about, because they did it to me!

It got to the point where I actually feared what the next thing would be. It was one thing to get beat up by the bullies, I was used to that; but these were real diabolical tricks & you never knew what was going to happen next.

That was the fruit of higher education—

these geniuses were just a bunch of madmen on the loose! It was really scary! And I had two choices, I could either become one with them & run with the wolves, or I could be their target.

My "Friends" Weren't Friends At All!

I was really lonely! All these people were scheming & plotting new & more clever ways to hurt each other, even so-called "friends"! I had a group of what I called "friends" & we had more or less agreed not to attack each other, but even that didn't count. A few times when I needed help I found out that my "friends" weren't friends at all.

The first time I experienced being completely on my own was the first time I ever got drunk. I was going to have a drink called a "screwdriver", which is vodka & orange juice. I didn't have any orange juice but I had "Tang," an imitation orange-flavoured powder that you mix in water. A chemistry student told me to fill up a pint container (two cups) with vodka & then mix in the Tang.—That is, drink the vodka straight, without the usual "watering-down" of orange juice. I never had vodka before & I didn't know any better, so I took his advice! Then all my "friends" sat around & watched me drink that horrible concoction.

After I drank it I went back to my room to lie down. The room started spinning! I was so sick that I was throwing up & I crawled over to the sink. I practically died, I was in agony! My roommate just packed up his books & said, "Goodbye, I have to study for a final exam. I'll be back when you get yourself cleaned up." So he just walked out & locked the door, & for the next 48 hours I just hung over the sink & I couldn't do anything else. I couldn't even move! It's a miracle that I didn't kill myself! Finally I fell asleep & I recovered. TIL!

After two days my roommate came back. No one had checked on me or come to find out where I was. That's when I realised that I was really on my own, even my own roommate didn't help me. I realised that I wasn't in any kind of protective bubble! I was at the mercy of the Devil!

A couple of days later the resident chaplain who was the Catholic priest for the dormitories came by to talk to me. He was the counsellor assigned to help students with their problems. I guess he'd heard that I had gotten

drunk & almost died, so I thought he was coming by to counsel me or tell me what I should do. But he came by to try to "pick me up" because he was a Sodomite! That really freaked me out because I was from a small town & I had never had any experience with weird people like that.—It just really made me sick! These guys who were in charge of us were crazy. And this was 20 years ago in 1970!—You can imagine how the evil has "progressed" since then!

We Became "Smart Delinquents"!

One of the things I "learned" in physics was precisely how to throw a "water bomb". We filled a balloon with water & then calculated how to arc it just right from the top of a tall building so it would land on the cars passing by on the street below.

One night I had been studying for a final exam. I read through a hundred pages of the textbook when I realised that none of it made any sense. I just snapped when I realised that I had wasted a whole year of my life & hadn't learned anything. So I went to the roof & threw water balloons with my "friends". One guy had his slide rule & another guy had his stop watch, & we would calculate the speed of the car & the distance to travel etc. so it was all very "scientific". We had it so exact that we could aim the water balloon to hit specific places on the car—the hood, the roof, the back bumper or the left fender etc. That's what education did, it turned us into smart delinquents!

The Threat of Going to Jail!—I Was Scared!

After awhile to have more "fun" we started throwing paint bombs. (We filled the balloons with paint instead of water.) But one night while we were doing this, a car screeched to a halt & we all jumped for cover.

A couple of days later this guy knocked at my door. He was a Colombian student, I suspect a cocaine dealer or something. He was suave, smooth-talking & all the girls liked him. He was a senior (in his last year of four years of study) & he was in charge of the JUDCOM, the Judicial Committee. This committee was where the students were in charge of their own policing of the campus & they arranged their own fines & punishments for people who did wrong. He said they'd had a call from the Belgian Ambassador & it was

his car that got splattered with paint, & "so-&-so" & "so-&-so" had reported that I did it. "So-&-so" & "so-&-so" were supposedly my best friends! He said I needed to pay the bill for the repair of this Ambassador's car, & if I didn't I would go to jail!

I was scared! I had never been in trouble with the law in my life! I wondered if my dad had heard about this!—Forget the police, my dad would kill me! I was really scared, so I gathered together all my nickels & dimes & turned in about \$26 as a down payment. Then I got a part-time job working at a travel agency during the hours when I wasn't studying. I started saving the money to pay off the bill for this damaged car. I was so scared, & I was so thankful when I finally paid it off. I had sweated it out for months & months & months until I finally paid the whole bill.

Horrendous "Jokes" Were Like Torture!

Then at the end of the year the dormitory had a party with music & drinks. We were all there & someone announced, "We would like to thank the person who made this party possible." Then he turned to me & said, "Remember that bill for the Ambassador's car? The whole thing was just a joke, & we kept the money to buy the booze for this party! So thank you!" And they all laughed & laughed & thought it was the funniest thing. Here I had lived in fear for months that I was going to go to jail & it had been a joke! This was the epitome of lack of love or concern for others!

One night some of my so-called "friends" came to my room. I had done well in an exam & they were jealous, so they tied me to a chair & then took me & put me upside down in the shower & turned on the hot water. They left me there for about half an hour. I was barely able to breathe, the water was so hot! They said it was a "tradition" to do this to at least one person each year.

These horrendous jokes were done by people I lived with every day & was in the same classes with. So I never knew when something like this was going to happen & it was very scary, I lived in anxious dread of their next torturous prank!

Depression, Nightmares & Drugs!

In the daytime everything looked normal. Visitors would come & see the nice grounds,

but at night it was really freaky! A couple of times I got very depressed. My "friends" & I would get high on drugs & then scale the dome of the tallest building on campus. We would try to stand as close to the edge as we could get! There was a very high suicide rate there, because people just cracked up under the pressure. TTL for His merciful protection!

On one side of the street were all these factories where the labouring people worked, & on the other side of the street were laboratories from the university. I thought, "If I don't graduate from this university, I'm going to end up at that factory." I knew I wouldn't survive that, but I didn't want to be like these "educated" people either, & the only other alternative was the street! It would take me hours to go to sleep at night because I would have nightmares.

I started taking drugs because M.I.T. drove me nuts! It was legal to have drugs on campus! If the city police busted you for drugs you could call the campus police & they would throw the city police off campus. You could have anything you wanted as long as you kept studying, & kept paying your expensive tuition. It looked like a nice little cocoon—but it wasn't!

My Life Had Been a Complete Waste!

I remember looking out the window from my dormitory at night & wondering what I could do. For the first time in my life I was really worried. I realised my life had been a complete waste because everything that I had learned was just foolishness!

I started wondering what was ahead & what I would end up doing after my studies. I started asking around about that. Many people said laughingly, but seriously, "Once you come to M.I.T. & start studying, there's no place for you to go because you can no longer fit into normal society. So after you finish your first four years you become a graduate student, & then you study to get a Ph.D., & then you become a tutor & you do that for five years, & then you become a teacher & then an assistant professor & then a professor & then you get to be a Dean & then you die."

They said there were thousands of such "professional students" there. Of the 20,000 people studying there, many of them never left because they knew so much nobody would employ them. I felt trapped!

Students Became Tools of the System!

The nickname the students at that university called themselves was "tool". When you were studying you were "tooling". Little did they realise just what tools they were—tools of the System!

Lots of the advanced studies were actually done undercover for the government or the Central Intelligence Agency (the CIA, the government spy agency). For example, some students majored in Political Science, which is the study of politics of different countries & their governments. For their final term paper, they were paid to go to other countries to study & research what was wrong with that country's government or how to destabilise the country. They would come back & turn in the findings of their research. If they did a good research paper, they would get their degree.

It turned out that all those research reports went directly to the CIA. So all these students who thought they were really learning something were actually just doing work for the big business boys!

There was a building next to the dormitory where I slept that didn't have any signs on it, but it was always lit up late at night & had funny noises coming from it. I finally found out it was a nuclear reactor where they experimented on new bomb designs!

Another example of how the students did the System's "dirty work" was when the students of Electrical Engineering would come up with a good idea, someone would mysteriously come along & give that student a research grant so they could set up their own little company to research & market devices, like eavesdropping devices etc. Someone who investigated these grants found out that the money was coming from the CIA.

There were lots of odd high-tech companies all around the area. I found out about them when I worked for the travel agency because I had to deliver airline tickets to them. Different professors were travelling around the World for their little companies & it was all funded by the government. One week they would go to Miami, the next Chicago, Paris, London, Moscow, Peking (Beijing), back to Boston.—All very hush-hush.

I Was Lonely, Scared & Had No Answers!
—I Finally Prayed!

So in spite of all the wonderful appearances of freedom & doing your own thing, the students at M.I.T. who survived being beaten up & outsmarted by the others actually just ended up being used by the System. That's really what higher education is about. It's not where you go & have a good time or you really learn a lot—it's literally Hell!

I was so lonely & scared, & I had no answers. Finally I desperately cried out to the Lord to deliver me!

I had completed all my term papers & was going to turn them in the next day for my final exams (to finish my third year). I had also just been invited to a special dinner with the Dean (head) of the university—supposedly a big honour. I was going across the campus when I met a couple of people passing out this tract that said, "Come & see the Ultimate Trip!" They seemed like nice people because they looked me in the eye & said, "We love you!" That was the first time that anybody had said anything like that to me. Nobody had ever even called me by my first name or said "I like you", much less "I love you"!

**When I Found the Truth, I Immediately
Forsook All!**

I went to see their show the next day. It was the TV documentary, "First Tuesday". I saw this documentary just a few days after I had desperately asked the Lord to deliver me from the Hell of M.I.T.! Before this 30-minute film finished, I had counted up the pros & cons & decided to join the Family! Nobody had to convince me!

I left M.I.T. that very day!—I never turned in the term papers nor went to the Dean's dinner! PTL! After years of paying out thousands & thousands of Dollars, sweating it out & torturing myself with endless studies, worry & loneliness, I left it all—my books, my term papers, my grades, my degree, my so-called friends—everything! And I joined the Family! I finally had found the answer! PTL!

The Reaction of My "Friends"

I went back to my dorm a week later to collect my things. I went to my room & there was my supposed "best friend" on my water bed, who had obviously been listening to my

stereo, drinking my booze & smoking my dope. He was sound asleep & when I turned on the light he swore at me. He asked me where I'd been, & I said I had found Jesus & was living with the Children of God now. I explained that we live by faith etc. He sat up & said, "What? You're leaving us just like that?" I said, "Yes, & you can come too if you want!" I started quoting the Bible & he just laid back down & grumbled, "You never did fit in anyway!"

Everybody else came out into the hallway & just stood at their doors & watched as I carried the drugs, magazines & other junk out of my room & dumped it down the garbage chute. One guy came up to me, practically frothing at the mouth he was so furious, & said, "Do you know what you are? You're an iconoclast! That's what you are!" I had just listened to the tape by Dad called "Idol Smashers!" so that really encouraged me! No one else said anything, there was just silence as they watched me.

There was this one weird guy in the dorm who had broken eyeglasses & who usually wore pajamas that didn't match in broad daylight. He had no friends because he was really strange. He came to visit the Colony. He said he had to come because he was so freaked out because when I left, everybody agreed not to talk about me & they all acted like I had never existed. They repainted my room the next day & moved someone else in, & it really scared him. He got saved! TTL!

M.I.T. Makes One Final Offer!
—The Devil's Temptation!

I went to the head office at the university to get the balance of my tuition fees back. That's when I really saw the other side of things. They asked me to step into this room with a counselor, & they said that if I needed drugs they could tell me where to get good drugs. If I needed a girl they could get me a girl. They said they had looked at my records & I had good marks & the teachers had all said I was nice. They said I had no history of psychological problems. They asked me if I was being forced & said they had unlimited powers to rescue me. If I was in debt, they could pay the debt—They would do anything to keep me there! They asked if I was in trouble, & I said, "No, I just want to serve Jesus!"

Then they said, "Before you leave we just want to mention one thing. Next year there is

going to be a special program. There are 12 students selected to engage in an experimental course. These 12 students will be able to pick any subject they want to learn & any professor to teach them. They can write their own curriculum & research outside of the classroom if they want to, & even if they want to travel overseas, we'll pay the expenses. Plus they'll get a full scholarship! You've been selected to be one of these 12 students. Would you be interested in that?"

I just laughed & praised the Lord because I had just read the story of Jesus' temptation in the wilderness that morning, & I knew it was the Devil trying to tempt me with all these things. PTL! (See Mat.4:8-11)

My Dad's Reaction & Visit to the Colony!

(Teen: What did your parents think when you dropped out?) I went with two of the brothers from the Colony to collect my paycheck at the travel agency. I told them there that I was dropping out to serve Jesus. So after the boss gave me my money, he turned around & called my parents long distance & told them, "Your son just came in here with these two strangers & took his paycheck & left—And he's living in a bad, poor section of town now." (I had written a letter to my parents explaining the whole thing, but they hadn't gotten it yet.)

I had been the pride of the family, always in the newspaper for some scholastic award or getting the highest mark in some exam, & my dad was really looking forward to my becoming something successful (& making lots of money for the family, I guess), so this news came as a big shock to him! He drove to the Colony in the middle of the night to "rescue" me. He was upset & shaking & told me I had to "get out of there". I had only been in the Family a few days, I was just a babe, & I told him, "I just want to pray with you." And I prayed for the Lord to calm him down & relax him, & then I asked him to pray & ask Jesus into his heart. So he prayed & then he calmed down & he left peacefully & I was free to keep serving the Lord. It was a miracle! TY!

Later on my dad had the FBI investigate the Colony. He had a friend who was a Supreme Court Judge, so they sent people to infiltrate the Colony like spies. Well, these spies sent back a report saying, "If our sons had to join any kind of commune, we would want it to be one like that one!" TTL!

I went back to M.I.T. a few months later,

thinking I could maybe witness to some of my old friends. But when I saw them in their offices & rooms, they looked just like robots to me. Then I could see in the Spirit & it was really scary! I just couldn't get out of there quick enough.

Thank the Lord for deliverance! I know it was only the Lord Who saved me, I'm sure I would have been dead by now if I'd stayed in university! I would have killed myself or someone else would have killed me!

Thank the Lord for Godly Education!

In conclusion I would say my studies at M.I.T. were completely meaningless & frustrating, & I didn't learn anything except how to play harmful practical jokes. I spent long hours studying every day, way into the early hours of the morning, & I learned nothing! I paid thousands & thousands of Dollars & studied & studied & never found any answers or anything that even made sense.

"Higher education" is not something to exalt or thirst after! All it does is destroy your soul, & subject you to mental torture & really weird people.—People who are very cruel & who will laugh at your misfortune & do anything they can in the most clever way to rip you off!

Oh how true it is that "the wisdom of this World is foolishness with God." (1Cor.3:19) The wisdom of this World is idiocy, nonsense & stupidity with God! So if you ever feel bad because you think you don't know much or you don't know who some scientist is or who discovered such-&-such or you don't know all the theories of math & science etc., don't worry about it!

If you know you love Jesus, & you love each other, & you know the basics of the Word, then that will keep you through 99 per cent of life!—And for the other one per cent, you can just ask somebody else, one of your uncles or aunts who had the time to study before the Revolution for Jesus was born! Now we definitely don't have time for such folly because we're too busy winning the World for Jesus! PTL!

Thank the Lord for Godly education! "If ye continue in My Word then are ye My disciples indeed, & ye shall know the Truth & the Truth shall make you free!" (Jn.8:31, 32) Hallelujah! I love you!

—Amen! TG 4 delivering us from these educated fools—b- their folly!—We are FREE!

THE IMPACT OF "TRAUMATIC TESTIMONIES"!

—Teens' Reactions from the Far East Teen Farm to Uncle Isaac's
"The Madhouse of Higher Education!"

- *It completely exposed where System education is really at!*
- *It helped me see what a devilish trap university is!*
- *Although I knew that it was bad, I didn't know it was that bad! It's horrible!*
- *That testimony totally killed any ideas or wishes I had to go to college!*
- *I saw that the Devil is behind it all, & the end is death & insanity!*
- *It was really a shock to me because I thought college was like the movies portray it.*
- *It's much better to know the Bible & study the Word & learn to witness!*
- *It really makes me thankful for the training & education that we get!*
- *It made me appreciate the Family even more!*
- *We've got the best life & education right here!*
- *The Family at its worst beats the System at its best!*
- *This testimony made me so thankful for teachers & Shepherds who really care for me & love me as a person, not just a number, & who want me to make it for the Lord! TYJ!*
- *I now know for sure that "The wisdom of men is foolishness to God." & I am not at all interested in going through that Hell to get any kind of "higher education". PTL!*

From Eman

Hearing this testimony made me really thankful for the good upbringing the Lord's given me & that I don't have parents pressuring me to get a "good education". It also made me thankful for all the good training I get here in the Family in so many different fields. I'm thankful we learn useful, valuable things I can use to benefit other people & not just head stuffing.

A desire for worldly knowledge was never a big problem for me, but sometimes seeing a movie about college or meeting a "smart" person would start me thinking, "It would be neat if I knew all that". But now I know for sure that it's not worth it, & we've got the best life & education right here! PTL!

I also didn't realise how bad & different university & college is from the way they're portrayed in movies. I always had in my mind that at least the big ones like M.I.T., Yale, Harvard etc. were real neat & fun. The weird stories Uncle Isaac told really helped me see what a devilish trap it is, & that the Family at its worst beats the System at its best! TYJ!



From Ben

It really was a good talk because it completely exposed to me where System education is really at! It just leads to insanity! Although I knew that it was bad, I didn't know it was that bad! It's horrible!

Often I'd been tempted to think, "Oh, I'd like to be really smart & know a lot of stuff & go to school!" But that testimony totally killed any ideas or wishes to go there! Before, a desire for knowledge was a real problem for me, I wanted to be so smart.— Sometimes this still is a problem! But I can see that is not where it's at! It made a real impression on me so that I don't desire that any more! I'm thankful that I didn't have to go through all that!

One thing that stood out to me was that those guys were all knowledge-hungry! They wanted to be smart & so the Devil used them, they became a "tool", a tool for him & invented weapons & destructive things!—Not things that can help or create! And I could parallel that to my own life, I wanted to be smart & so the Devil used that open channel & gave me destructive ideas, & I became violent & out of it! "Vain knowledge puffeth

up!" I also got proud. I saw that the Devil is behind it all, & the end is death & insanity! I'm so thankful that Uncle Isaac shared those things with us to help us see the truth about it! It's not all nice like it's shown in the movies!



From Jonathan

Uncle Isaac's class was very inspiring & brought out a lot of good points. TTL! It was good to hear where higher education really is at & how the people who have so much of this worldly knowledge just turn into a bunch of madmen. I was quite glad to hear this as personally I never have been that bright as far as scholastics go, & in some ways I've felt bad or inferior to others who were smarter or knew more & I've wanted to get smarter so I wouldn't be the "big dummy".

But, like Uncle Isaac said, it's much better to know the Bible & study the Word & learn to witness, rather than have all the head knowledge that just puffs up. I know that that's the last thing I need so that really helped me to see that more clearly. TTL!

I really understood how the whole thing was just a pride trip, & that was really helpful too, as a lot of times I want to know more & learn more in this area or that, & my motivation is just so I can become the big expert & it only feeds my pride! So Lord help me to just want to be a humble little person & not have any fascination for knowledge that just puffs up! GBY! ILY!



From Caleb

I was quite surprised to hear how crazy all these professors are that are supposed to be the leaders of technology, the wise men of the World. It reminds me of the verse, "The wisdom of Man is foolishness to God." I'd been to some campuses witnessing & they always looked so nice on the outside, but you never hear much about how they run their ungodly education. It really makes me thankful for the training & education that we've been able to get!— Even though we may not have a lot of "knowledge", we've been able to learn so much about practical & useful things for serving the Lord.



From Tina

Thinking back a bit when a few of us girls had to get some extra school time because we were a bit behind, we used to always say, "Oh, I wish I could remember everything I learned." Before I always pictured that if people were smart they'd get to be the teachers or they were more accepted in adult conversations because they could pipe up with some funny saying or joke & understand all that was being said. Also I wanted to be around "smart" teens or teachers, sort of hoping to learn more.

But after listening to this testimony I realised that all Family teens have had lots of training, so in that way we really are "smart". We know so much more about childcare, babies, kitchen etc., than even most adults in the System!— And we have Grandpa & Jesus! PTL! GBY! ILY!



From Phillip

One thing that really impressed me is how much the Devil controls those people. It's almost as if everybody was a zombie. How clever the Devil is in making people believe that you need to have a bigger education, go to college, get smarter etc. just to be happy & live in that Satanic System of the World! It's sickening!

When I went to System school (before I joined the Family with my parents), I looked at university with the attitude of "it must be interesting" or "I wonder what it's like?" But to hear from Uncle Isaac about what happened to him in college made me appreciate the Family even more!



From Praise

I used to be discouraged looking at other teens who had been to System school & how much they knew & how they were smart in knowledge. I'm not so smart & I don't know so much & sometimes I'd wish that I had gone to System school too so that I could be "smart", but I never really heard the horrors of System schools & what really goes on there.

Now I see the real truth & I'm so thankful with all my heart that I never went there & that I was spared from the Pit. TTL for the Family & that we don't have to go through all that!



From Andrew

This pow-wow really brought out to me how the Devil tried to get Uncle Isaac all confused & miserable & worried about what he was going to do with his life. Nobody had an answer for him when he needed it, so he felt like ending his life, which is the Devil's favourite thing to do to God's children & His Creation—destroy them! The people who haven't found the Family & the Word live in misery & become tools for the Devil! It also encouraged me that what we need is just basic education, after that it's just confusion.



From Aaron

This testimony was really a shock to me because I had never heard or read much about college & I thought it was like how the movies showed. Although I didn't necessarily want to take what the movies show as fact, I was never told differently.

So I thought that university & college were just a place where kids went to get more training & knowledge in one or more certain areas, & they taught you basically everything you needed to know in your certain area so you

could do it better the System's way.

I had no idea how impractical it all is & what it turns people into through all the head stuffing & "ever learning & never coming to a knowledge of the Truth". (2Tim.3:7) I was really surprised, because I knew they feed useless head-stuffing to young people, but I didn't know it was so illogical & stupid!

It really makes me mad at the System for the way it idolises its colleges & schools to make all the teens try so hard to get into them & then feeds them "serpents instead of fish" (See Luk.11:11) & just turns them into morons & stupid idiots. GHT!

It also made me so thankful for the kind of training we have in the Family, and for the teachers & Shepherds who really care for me & love me as a person, not just a number, & who want me to make it for the Lord! TYJ!

Thank God for the Lord's mercy & that we don't have to go through that kind of Hell! And although I might not be so smart scholastically, I now know for sure that "the wisdom of men is foolishness to God," & I am not at all interested in going through that Hell to get any kind of "higher education". PTL!

POINTS TO POW-WOW!

1) How was M.I.T. different from what Uncle Isaac expected? Do you think the System intentionally tries to deceive people & hide what the universities are really like? Why?

2) The Bible says, "Knowledge puffeth up, charity edifieth". (1Cor.8:1b) As these brilliant students learned more & more System knowledge, did they also grow in Love? What kind of a change did being at M.I.T. bring in Uncle Isaac's life? As he got "smarter", did he become kinder, more loving & learn to help others more?

3) What were the main hardships that Uncle Isaac suffered while at university? Why do you think the Lord let him go through these experiences before He led him to meet the Family?

4) In "There Are Absolutes" Grandpa says: "To abandon the Ruler they had to throw away all the rules: The result is total anarchy! To abandon the One Who gives the orders they had to abandon the order, & the result is total chaos! To get rid of God they had to get rid of the Absolutes—the right & the wrong & the meaning & the reason for things, & the result is total insanity, madness!" (ML# 376:25) Discuss the ways the professors "throw away the rules" at M.I.T. What do you think the Devil is trying to accomplish by doing this in modern education? (See 4th & 5th paragraphs in the section "Math Problems with No Answers")

5) What do you think is the Devil's plan for taking the "cream of the crop" of the young people & subjecting them to this kind of education?

6) Consider the verse, "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." (Mat.7:20) Compare the fruits of our Godly education in the Family & the fruits of the System's education. List all the ways you can think of how our revolutionary educational system is better than the System's.

7) What are you learning now that will prepare you to be a ruler in the Millennium? If someone asked you, "How can you rule the World without being wise in the wisdom of the World?"—what would you say? How many Bible verses can you find about true wisdom & knowledge? (You can use your Bible & concordance.)