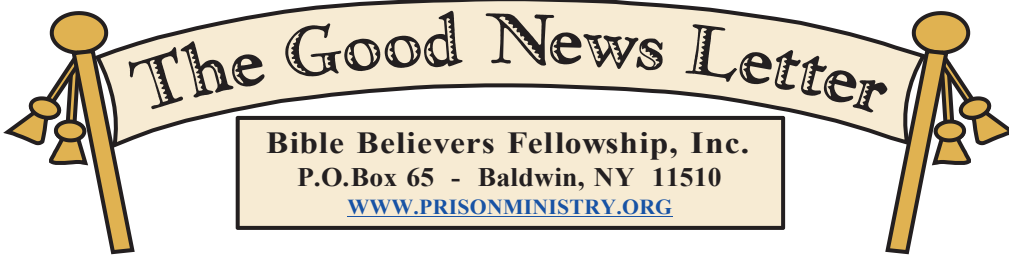




NON-PROFIT



TAX-EXEMPT

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" MARK 16:15

March 2026

FROM US TO YOU

It's March 2026 and the snow is still here. It is unusual for the snow to last through a whole month here on Long Island. That hasn't happened in a long time. Greetings to all of you in the Lord's name in countries all over the world who are reading this newsletter. Countries and politics may change from nation to nation. But there is one thing that must change among people. That's your relationship with God, who made you. You need to become a Christian. Christ is the only one who paid the price for our sin. He is the only Savior of the world! As bad as this world gets, there is only one way to become a Christian. And that's the only way we can get to the next world, a much better world, a world of perfection, called Heaven. We are all going to die from this earthly world some day and go into eternity. That's one of two different directions. To put it bluntly, you can either end up in Heaven or Hell. The latter is run by God's enemy, the devil. The first will be run by Christ! The alternative is a terrible world that the devil will run. God will give it to all those who choose to worship the devil or the things of this world, which are run by Satan, the devil (see Matthew 4:8-10). God created Hell, for the devil and His angels. And they don't want to go there alone. They want to take as many of us with them as possible. However, Hell wasn't meant for any humans to go there. That's why Jesus said of them, "...Depart from Me, you who are cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matthew 25:41 NIV).

Heaven is for those who love and serve Jesus Christ. You become a Christian by asking God to forgive you of all your sin and put Him first in your life. You accept Him as your Lord and Savior, and ask Him to help you do His will. It's important that you live for Him, knowing that we'll see Him in Heaven, if we stay true to Him. What will Heaven be like? It's God's home. Jesus told His disciples, "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also" (John 14:2-3 KJV). The Bible gets more specific about this. It says, "Then I saw a great white throne and Him who was seated on it. Earth and sky fled from His presence, and there was no place for them. And I saw the dead, great and small, standing before the throne, and books were opened. Another book was opened, which is the book of life. The dead were judged according to what they had done as recorded in the books. The sea gave up the dead that were in it, and death and Hades gave up the dead that were in them, and each person was judged according to what he had done. Then death and Hades were thrown into the lake of fire. The lake of fire is the second death. If anyone's name was not found written in the book of life, he was thrown into the lake of fire" (Revelation 20:11-15 NIV).

No matter what happens in this life, there is nothing more impor-

tant than this. The devil will try to avoid you coming to Christ. He doesn't want you to get saved. But Jesus loved you, and He died a horrible death for you on Mount Calvary so that you can avoid it. But remember that Jesus said, "Enter through the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it. But small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few find it. Watch out for false prophets. They come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ferocious wolves" (Matt. 7:13-15 NIV). Jesus warns you about false prophets today because there is not much time left. The Bible says, "Therefore rejoice, you heavens and you who dwell in them! But woe to the earth and the sea, because the devil has gone down to you! He is filled with fury, because he knows that his time is short" (Revelation 12:12 NIV).

We started this ministry originally with the help of the Combined

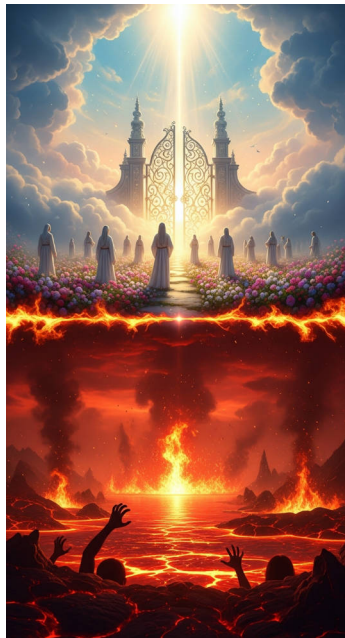
Federal Campaign (CFC) which is part of the United States federal government. The CFC was started originally by President John Kennedy as a way of making it easier for government workers to give to certain charities that were listed in the CFC book. The charities were thoroughly investigated by the Combined Federal Campaign. The CFC would deduct the amount of money the employee wanted to give from their payroll, making it easier to give to charities. Originally it was a resounding success, and it helped charities pay for their expenses, and made it easier for the employee to keep track of his donations in an easy to do way. These days much has changed. There are vastly more charities and the CFC has been talking about not continuing it's payroll deductions for charities. If this happens, it will greatly affect many charities who depend on it for their continued work. As a result of less than enthusiastic results with the CFC, and a lack of government endorsement, we have had to depend on occasional donations from our readers. This has resulted in not enough funding to meet our require-

ments. If this situation continues as it is, this periodical, "The Good News Letter" may not be able to survive. That includes our free Bible disbursement program for U.S. prisoners, as well as our prayer requests, which are open to the public, and includes our "Questions You Have Asked" section. We welcome any help (financial and/or prayer) you can give us.

And we would like to close with a song, by Jim Reeves - "This world is not my home, I'm just a-passing through. My treasures are laid up somewhere beyond the blue. The angels beckon me from heaven's open door. And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

[Chorus] Oh Lord, you know I have no friend like You. If heaven's not my home, then Lord what will I do. The angels beckon me from heaven's open door. And I can't feel at home in this world anymore."

In the Lord's service, *Eric and Anne Kaestner*



Wolves in Sheep's Clothing

By Anne Kaestner

Some of you have been wondering what you have to do to become a Christian? There are a lot of Christian books available at this present time that are written by well known people. They're in the book stores. You may have become inspired by one or more of them. You don't have to join any club or become a member of any specific church group. You don't even have to go to a church, although it is probably better if you do. But this is a **spiritual** decision you are making, not a physical one. It doesn't have to involve any other person, unless you want it too, but you may feel more comfortable with a Christian worker who is leading you to Christ. Mostly, it is between you and God. It helps if you know your Bible. If you don't, I suggest you start reading it. Bibles come in many languages, and shouldn't be a problem with language, no matter what country you are in or from. Stick with traditional translations, such as the King James Bible, New American Standard, New International Version, or Today's English Version.

In my case, I became Born Again, (which is another name for being saved) when I was about ten years old. I had been going to a "release time" group at my church. That's when American schools allow pupils to have an hour off of school to attend religious instruction at their house of worship. When the school year was finished, my Mother got a postcard in the mail saying that Daily Vacation Bible was available and I was invited. Actually, I wasn't looking forward to having to give up so much of my summer vacation, to have to go there. But my mother didn't give me any choice. And it's a good thing that she didn't, because that's when I got saved. The term "saved" and "Born Again" (John 3:3) mean the same thing. I was only about 10 years old.

My family didn't have a car, but the church would send a car around to pick us up. I attended with my sister, Penny. I don't know how many days I was there, but the day I came to the Lord, was a day we were in the sanctuary and everyone was singing an old time Gospel hymn. I think it was "Tell Me The Old Old Story." The woman on the stage said anyone who wanted to stay could stay and pray at the altar. Everyone else could leave. Ignoring those who were leaving, all of a sudden I burst into tears and couldn't get to the altar fast enough. There was nothing tangibly wrong. I just felt an urge to get saved. Many people do get tearful during this process. A woman who ran "Release Time" was at the church, and knew me. Sister Sarah must have seen me, because I felt her comforting arm around my shoulders as we knelt together at the altar. "Anne," she said softly, "would you like to give your heart to Jesus?" I said "yes, I would." She said would I admit I was a sinner? I said I would. Then she asked me if I wanted God to forgive me of my sin and change my heart. Of course, I said I would. That's it! That's all there is to it. I was told years later that someone had already noticed the change in me. My mother told me years before she died, that my sister, Penny, said that several days around that time, Lucille, my best friend, had said to her, "Whatever happened to Anne? She used to like to argue all the time. Now she doesn't."

Several years later, my family moved to the suburbs. My mother wanted a nice structured church our family could go to on Sunday mornings, like she had enjoyed in England. She wanted a church that would make their congregation feel holy every service. The kind of place that worked around a church program, like, "page 103 in the

songbook, then the sermon." When they picked a church, they found one where a man from their congregation would come and pick up Penny and me and take us to Sunday School. But my parents never went to church. At least, I don't remember seeing them there. They must have attended though, because they always went to their Church picnic, which they had at a local park. It was a Baptist church, which was very different from the Pentecostal I had attended in the city.

They believed in being reborn. But I didn't notice as big a difference in compared to my previous church. And, as I found out, they didn't believe in the "Baptism in the Spirit." (Acts 19:4-7). They frowned on drinking alcohol, a subject I disagreed with as I grew up, because Jesus not only drank wine, but told us to drink it too (see Matthew 26:26-29). So did Paul (1 Timothy 5:23). They believed in a structured service. Their feeling was that you get the Holy Spirit when you're Born Again, and there is nothing else to receive. Since I only just turned 13 years old the day that we moved into our new house, I was just a new believer when we went to the church. So there

was much that I had to learn. My parents, who had shown no interest in the spiritual aspects of the church, became more interested in the social aspects. My mother liked to invite people she met through the church, to our home for dinner. This included Mr. Larson, the man who drove my sister and I to and from church. So I got to know them in a social way, but their attitude wasn't as sweet as the people I came to know at the Pentecostal church. That was what mother wanted, a religious social life. They didn't talk about the Bible much, just amusement type of things. I was looked upon as some kind of religious fanatic by my family, because I was more interested in a closer walk with God. There was a young man about my age, from the Sunday school who took up the collections. He was attractive, so I got a crush on him, thinking he was as interested in spiritual things as I was. It was a difficult time for me because I wanted to feel closer to God now that I was "saved." It seemed that everyone else wanted the opposite. I found out later, through a Catholic friend I took to church with me one night during the week,

that he thought of me as being too religious. I found out that my parents were, all of a sudden, making snide remarks about me behind my back, and laughing at me. And I was always getting blamed for something at home.

The fact that I was Born again made me feel as if I was on another planet. I just didn't fit in with normal life functions, like dressing. My mother, who was not at all fashion conscious, picked out my clothes, and the other kids at school would ask me why it was that I never wore anything that matched. I hadn't thought much about my clothes until my contemporary classmates showed so much contempt for them. But, as I tried to get a closer walk with the Lord, it seemed I was always having trouble with other people. What I didn't know was that it is hard to live for God in this world, when you are surrounded by those that don't. God doesn't run this world, the devil does. But fortunately, I wasn't easily discouraged.

Yet, it seemed like the only way I could get along with other people was to be more like them. The devil puts up a fight to urge others to persecute new believers. And that's one of the problems of becoming a new believer. I was slowly starting to backslide away from spiritual things to worldly things. And things didn't start chang-



ing right away. At home, I had to make a mess of things before I started to smarten up. For one thing, I learned that it was helpful if I had my own money to buy things I wanted, like clothes. I started baby sitting and making some money doing it. So I was able to buy my own clothes. That's one less problem! I started double dating with my friends too. And, since I was buying my own clothes, my mother didn't complain about them, nor did anyone else. In fact, I was still feeling like the odd one in the family, but I was getting used to it.

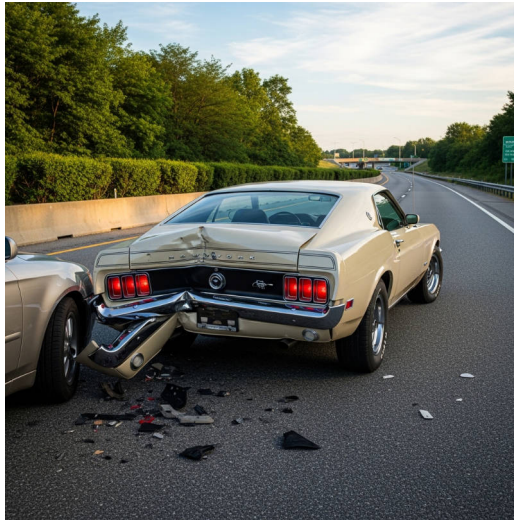
Now your problems might not be like mine. Perhaps you are fortunate enough to live with a real Christian family who encourages your walk with God. But remember, as soon as you decide to walk with God, Satan will view you as his enemy. When possible, it helps to have Christian friends around you, encouraging you on your way. It took me years before my life changed. For one thing, my parents had a habit of hitting me across the face when I was blamed for something happening, like a dispute with one of my siblings. My Dad liked the people from his church to think of him as a real Christian example. So he and my mother, learned enough to convince people that they were Christians. But I didn't feel any real love from them, only from God. My earthly father had a habit of striking out in physical anger when a dispute arose before finding out what the problem was all about. I threatened for years to get my own apartment and get away from them, especially my earthly father, who was very abusive.

Firstly, I learned to drive a car. Then, when I was 21, I had an accident with my car. My parents were in England with relatives at the time. Then I was encouraged by my insurance agent to hire a good lawyer and sued the man whose car hit me. I still have back pain to this day probably because of the accident, but I won a \$7,000 settlement which I had to share with my lawyer. I bought a new car with the money. When my parents got back from England, my mother was more concerned with the money than she was with me being hurt. She encouraged me to spend it on a good used car. But I wanted a new one. After they saw the new 1970 car, Mother said to me, "Anne, your Father never had a new car in his life, and you've bought that car." So it seemed it was only jealousy. I wanted to start my life again now I was Born Again through the Lord.

I found a nice apartment near New York City. Actually, it was a borough called Staten Island. I got along with the people at my apartment building well, and it felt so good to have peace and not be blamed for anything. I worked in Manhattan, so getting to work was just a ferry ride away. Soon I learned that because the building I lived in did not include electric heat, and it was an electric apartment, I had to pay for utilities. And they had deceived me as to the cost. As soon as my lease ran out, I moved to an apartment more affordable. My family didn't seem to mind me moving, and even helped me move. My mother even gave me some old china and cutlery. And my Dad gave me an alarm clock, so I'd get to work on time. And things were starting to work out well on the home front. But not so well at work. I just did not like the jobs I had. And there was something missing that bothered me. When I'd drive back to Long Island on weekends, something had changed in my family. They had found a spiritual type church that they were all excited about. There were television shows that they watched that were Christian. And they were telling me things about the Bible that I already knew.

They were talking about a new Christian movement that was going on in the 1970's. My mother would tape Christian radio shows

they'd listen to. And they started going to a church that had built a tent for evening services because it had gotten so big. I learned through television news, that the neighbors were complaining that it was so noisy and that they couldn't sleep. The pastor was a man named Pastor Propheta. He had the help of an evangelist named John Wesley Fletcher, which led him to a well publicized scandal, loss of his evangelistic credentials, and divorce. The scandal involved a church secretary named Jessica Hahn, who claimed to be a church secretary until she began working for Playboy Magazine. Fletcher died in June 1996, at age 56, in Hillsborough, North Carolina. He reportedly died from AIDS. Life continued as normal to me. Although I didn't understand why my family was so interested in this new popular type of a Christian movement. They moved to another church after the scandal, but I could tell something was wrong. Unlike the church which led me to Christ, there was no love there. After awhile the church was broken up when the pastor had an affair with his secretary and was defrocked by the Assemblies of God. Despite the fact that my family hadn't found the real Christianity yet, and a habit of picking that which only looked good but wasn't the real thing, Jesus said, "*Watch out for false prophets. They come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ferocious wolves*" (Matthew 7:15 NIV). But Jesus also said, "*Enter through the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it*" (Matthew 7:13 NIV).



One day a Jewish woman had been hired at the company at which I worked. She and I went out to lunch together. I don't remember her name, but I'll call her Sally. She told me during lunch, that she was an alcoholic and was going to Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. She had met a woman who was at the meeting. The woman was a Born Again Christian. She had wanted to lead Sally to Christ, but wasn't sure how. I knew my mother had taped a testimony of a Jewish man who had come to Christ, so I thought it might help to play the tape for Sally. I had heard one of the tapes my mother had made from a radio show. So I wanted Sally to hear it. I drove Sally out to see my mother one day after

work and I asked my mother to play a tape she'd recorded from a particular show she had watched about a Jewish man who had become a Christian. I'd heard the tape before and it was a good one. I drove Sally out to my parents home because, they had become more interested in Christianity and I thought hearing the testimony of Jewish man who had become a Christian would help her make the decision. She kept telling me that she wanted to be a Christian, but didn't know how. However, the tape seemed to work well for Sally. She told the woman at her AA meeting and the woman took her to a church where she received Christ as her Savior and Lord. I remember Sally telling me that she didn't need alcohol anymore being saved felt like a "natural high." I knew what she meant, but it had not happened to me in a long time. But it felt kind of nice to play a role in bringing Sally to Christ. Sally was saved in Christ, but she was fired from the job soon after being hired. I never knew why.

Life went on as normal. I still considered myself a Christian but something was missing from my life. I had learned to like worldly music, such as country, and some soft rock. And I had gone to movie theaters, and they had effected me in a way that made me unsure about my faith. Then, one day going to work in the morning, I was sitting by myself as I hadn't seen anyone I knew on the ferry. It seemed like I must have fallen into a trance because I'd been thinking about the story of the Good Shepherd and

(Continued on Page 4)

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing (Continued From Page 3)

how, when one of His sheep had wandered off, he had left the rest of the sheep safe in their sheepfold and took off to rescue one of His sheep that had wandered off. And I'd been thinking about how the Good Shepherd had gone looking for His lost sheep. All of a sudden I woke up and realized I was the only passenger there. Everyone else had left the boat. I was almost off the ferry myself when I noticed something on a bench nearby. It was a program from a church. On the cover was a picture of the Good Shepherd holding on to a little lamb. It touched my heart. And I went on to work.

On another occasion about that time, I was driving home from my parents house on Long Island, when I got to the street I lived on. But I wasn't to my apartment yet. It was a church that caught my attention. I had passed that church many times on my way home. Yet, suddenly I had an overwhelming desire to go into that church. It was a Pentecostal church. As I was going in, some of the men were coming out, but it wasn't a regular church service. A man came out, who asked me if he could help me. It was a business meeting they were having. I told him I was just driving by, and I had an overwhelming need to go in. I didn't know why. He seemed happy to hear that. He said "Tonight we're showing a movie." "Can I come?" I asked him desperately. That's what I needed in my life, a Christian church, where I could meet Christian friends that I could relate to. I needed a Christian church, and Jesus had led me to the right one. I found out the pastor's name was Rev. David Demola. He broke out into a very welcome smile and said something like, "Sure you can. We'd love to have you." I went home and ate dinner. Then I changed my clothes and drove out to the church.

I got there and enjoyed the movie. But I was not happy at my job. That was on my mind. Apparently, they were not happy with me either, because it was a Friday and I had just been fired. It was a Wall Street job, and I had to stay there all day. I was a secretary to a man on the trading floor. Now, at least, I had something else to think about. I went to the church for a service they were having. I got there a bit late and the sermon had already started. However, the meeting seemed tailor made for me and the problems I had been having. One part of the sermon seemed like it answered my problem right away, as if it was shouting at me. The pastor said, "And what happens when you try something new without talking to God about it?" Someone said something and the pastor said, "Say that again Sister, "It never works out!" I said to myself, "That's what I've been doing. That's why it hasn't been working out for me.

I spent the weekend thinking about what the pastor had said. Monday turned out to be a day of looking for a new job. During the lunch time, I heard a man talking to a small crowd of people in the park. He was talking about spiritual things, but he had them all wrong! I knew he was a false prophet. And he said something like, "And the Bible doesn't say anything about being Born Again." I couldn't restrain myself. I didn't know the Bible as well as I should have. But I wasn't going to let him get away with lying to the people. I blurted out, "It does. It's in John 3:3. No one can get into Heaven without being Born Again." I walked away from the crowd slowly, but I heard the man's voice saying, "Where'd she go?" I made a decision that day. I was going to start reading the Bible regularly.

I didn't want to be in that situation again. I was going to learn the Bible well enough so that I was not going to let a false prophet lie to people like that man had, without knowing the Bible well enough to respond to his lies. I decided to renew my relationship with God again. I had learned enough with God's help, that I decided to start

all over again. So I started going through my apartment, throwing out anything that was getting in the way of my walk with God. Then I started praying, "Lord, things haven't been working out right lately. I want to repent of any sins I have and ask you to forgive me. I want to renew my relationship with you and ask your help as I walk this life of faith. Amen." I got a new job and it turned out to be a big success. I started taking my Bible with me wherever I went. And I read it whenever I had time, like on the ferry ride to work, or when I was on the train. I learned it well enough to quote scripture. As far as my parents were concerned, it didn't work to quote scripture around them. They thought they were right in their eyes, and it would only lead to arguments. So I decided to just pray for them. The seventies was a time of great revival in the church. Many actors, actresses, politicians, and other well known celebrities claimed to become Christians. Some did, but some didn't. Because, next you would hear that they were back to work as usual. Nothing had really changed in their lives.

To quote Jim Bakker of the PTL Club, after one show, where he had a Hawaiian dancer doing a native dance, "Some people say I shouldn't be having that on PTL. Well it's like they say to me, "That is all I know how to do." I say, Billy Sunday only knew how to play baseball when he first got saved. Does this mean that a former professional athlete cannot become a Born Again (John 3:3) minister of the Gospel? No! Billy Sunday (1862-1935) was a famous sports star who turned from the ways of his past when he accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior. He did not focus his ministry on his own past laurels, then tack on a Christian label. He repented of his past life in this world and chose to live by faith

(2 Corinthians 5:7). When he quit baseball in 1891, he was at the peak of his career. But he gave it all up for Christ! That year Sunday had set a record of 90 bases stolen in 116 games. The Philadelphia Phillies offered him \$400 a month. Cincinnati offered him \$500 a month. Yet he took a "Secretary of Religious Department" job for the YMCA for \$83 a month.

In 1894, the Pittsburgh Pirates offered him \$2,000 a month to return to baseball. Sunday took a job as an advance man for Evangelist J. Wilbur Chapman, making \$40 a week! When God calls someone to preach the Gospel, He tests them severely. Sunday passed the preliminary tests of faith and God eventually gave him a huge ministry.

As for me, Jesus knew what I needed. He got my attention that day on the ferry. He had also arranged for me to have enough money to get my own car. That led me to getting my own apartment, and finally, my own church. And, through the church, I made new Christian friends. Jesus was with me all that time. In 1980, I married Eric Kaestner, and have, as of this writing, been happily married for forty-five years. As for my parents, they couldn't afford to support themselves. So they moved to Delaware. My mother died of breast cancer in April 1993, the same year we moved into our business office in Baldwin. My Dad died of Alzheimers about October 2009. Our ministry has been going on since 1990. In the Lord we put our trust. He's always with us whether we feel His Presence or not. Amen.

To put it another way, as written by a British Anglican Priest Sabine Baring-Gould, we sing, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going on before! Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe; Forward into battle, see his banner go! [Refrain]: Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going on before! At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory! Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise!" [Refrain].

