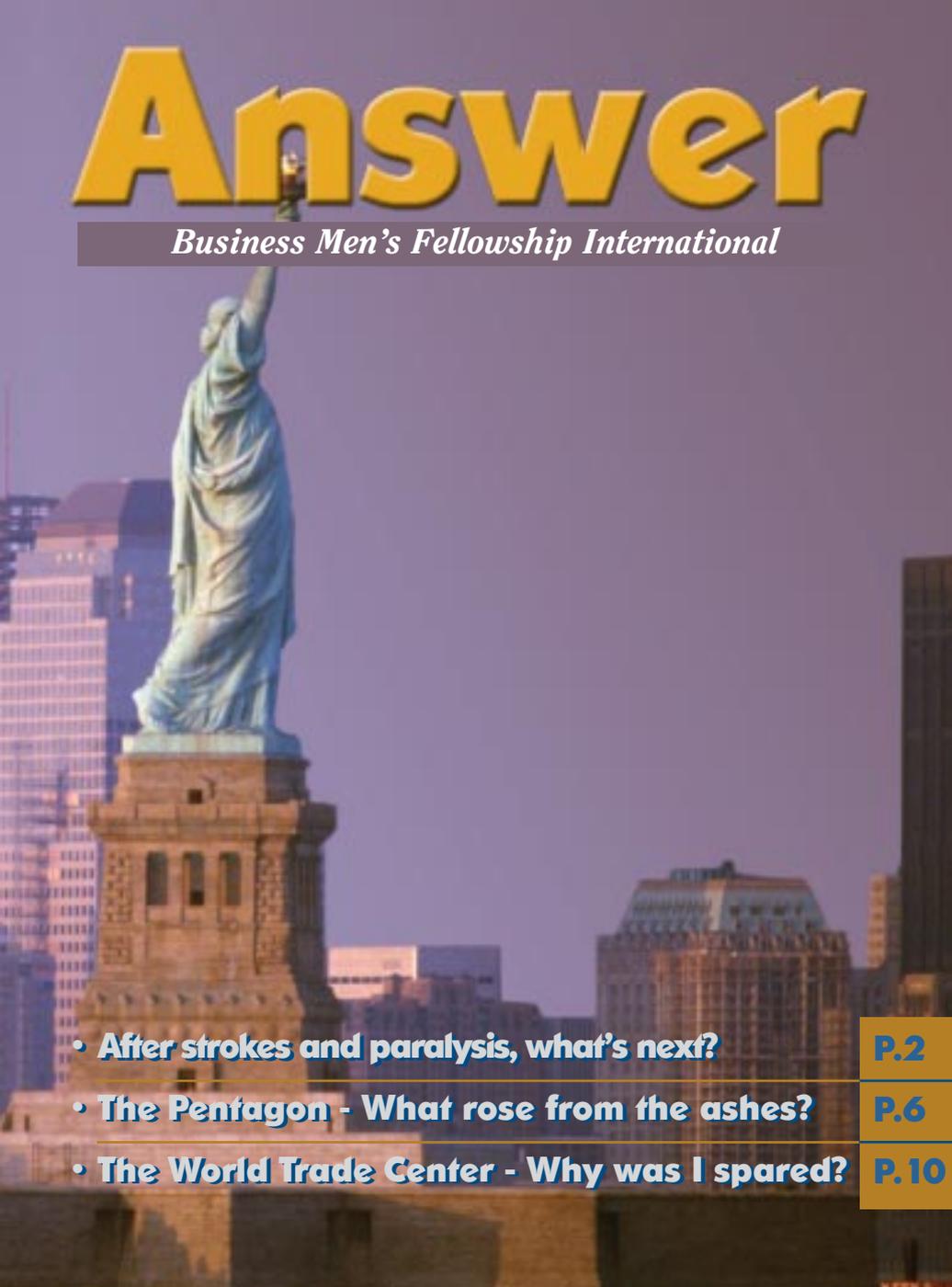


Answer

The background of the entire page is a photograph of the Statue of Liberty in New York City. The statue is shown from the waist up, standing on its pedestal. The sky is a clear, light blue, and several skyscrapers of the Manhattan skyline are visible in the background.

Business Men's Fellowship International

- **After strokes and paralysis, what's next?** **P.2**
- **The Pentagon - What rose from the ashes?** **P.6**
- **The World Trade Center - Why was I spared?** **P.10**

Healed For Life



As the mid-winter snow swirled outside my bakery, my eyelids grew heavy. I had worked close to a double shift. The weekend rush was coming.

I slumped upstairs to an apartment above the shop. My head throbbed with pain. It felt wonderful to put my head on a soft-feathered pillow and slide between cozy, warm sheets.

Despite my fatigue and headache, I had a good feeling, too. After four years, business was finally booming.

I thought things would tail off after the Christmas and New Year's rush. Instead, they got busier. We were supplying goods for pizzerias,

lodges, service clubs and church dinners. Demand for cakes and tarts was up, too.

This had spurred expansion plans. Because of a potential partner's enthusiasm, we had started building a small café next to the store. Unfortunately, a financial pinch forced him to back out. I continued on.

Visions of new challenges danced in my head as I drifted off to sleep. A couple hours later, two construction workers came looking for me. They needed the blueprints.

"Mike!" they called several times. When I didn't answer, they entered the apartment. Thinking I was asleep, they nudged my shoulder.

Suddenly they realized that I wasn't asleep but unconscious. My skin color had faded to a dull grey.

"Mike's had an attack!" one of them yelled. "Call an ambulance! Hurry!"

Ten minutes later the emergency workers arrived.

"This man has had a stroke," one attendant said. "One side is paralyzed."

En route to the hospital, they stopped at my doctor's office so he could check me. He phoned ahead so they had an emergency bed waiting.

Unfortunately, that stroke was followed by several more. After eight hours in intensive care, they couldn't control the seizures. They flew me to Toronto by air ambulance.

When I awoke the next day, I didn't know what had happened. My wife, Gayle, stood on one side of my bed. On the other, a nurse took readings from monitors.

"This is a nightmare," I thought. "This isn't really happening."

I tried to speak. Everything came out garbled. I tried to move. My whole left side felt like a rock.

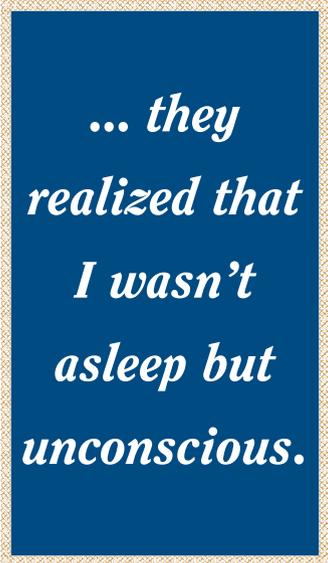
"It's okay, honey," Gayle soothed. "Just lie still. You've had a bad stroke, but everything is going to work out."

It did. But not without pain. As doctors predicted, I went through stages. They included not wanting to live, depression, crying fits and denial. Finally, I accepted it and fought back.

As I recuperated later at home, I had a hard time understanding why. Hadn't God already healed me once? What reason was there for suffering another disability at the age of 41?

The first time the Lord healed me I was 19. I was partially deaf, a condition that had improved with a hearing aid in sixth grade. But I still struggled to cope in a world of silence.

This changed the same night I accepted Jesus as my Savior. I had been invited to a tent meeting by a



*... they
realized that
I wasn't
asleep but
unconscious.*

pastor who told me, “I believe the Lord will heal you of this deafness.”

I got a surprise when I arrived. People were clapping their hands. Many sang loudly. Others cried. We didn’t do that kind of thing in the dignified church my family attended.

After an hour I muttered, “What did I get myself into by being here at this meeting? I’ve got to leave.”

For some reason, I stayed. When the speaker finished, he said if anyone wanted a healing touch from God to walk forward. Just then, the pastor who invited me offered to accompany me to the front.

Reluctantly, I agreed. Once there, the guy surprised me.

First he told me to lay my hearing aid on the altar. Then he put his fingers in my ears and prayed. I had never heard anyone pray with such excitement!

“Do you accept Jesus into your heart and life?” the speaker asked. “Do you believe God will heal you at this very moment?”

Suddenly, I felt cold. Then a warm feeling came over me. It felt like a blanket of love.

“Yes!” I grinned. “I do believe and I do accept Jesus into my heart and life.”

When he removed his fingers from my ears, it sounded like a

rushing wind. In crystal clear tones, I could hear people singing and praising God.

Because of that experience, in 1986 I found it hard to believe I was in need of healing again. Unable to walk on my own, I used leg braces and a cane. But most of the time I used a wheelchair.

More misery would follow. Over the next three years, I had two more strokes. Eventually I needed two back operations. The latter forced me to take half a dozen painkillers a day. I also had to give up my business.

Ten years passed. One of the things I hated during that time was when our oldest grandson, Micah, would ask me to play. It broke my heart to tell him I couldn’t.

Still, I never gave up hope that God would touch me again. When Gayle heard that evangelist Benny Hinn was coming to Toronto in September of 1999, we decided to attend.

After a three-hour wait, we got inside. Because of my wheelchair, I got to sit in a special section near the front.

Next to me sat a woman from Toronto. Maria was wearing a neck brace because of an accident.

After the service began, Benny’s brother, Henry, came over to pray for

her. Then he asked her to remove the brace.

“I’ve been healed!” she exclaimed. “Praise God. I’ve been healed.”

When she reached over and touched me, it felt like a shock of electricity. I jumped.

Just then Benny Hinn asked everyone to be silent.

“The Lord is moving,” he said. “People are being healed while they are in the seats.”

He then asked everyone to stand. When I did, I felt God’s healing presence surround me. Two staff members walked over. One said, “God is doing something. The power of God is all over you.”

Later, I learned a glow surrounded me that could be seen by people sitting behind me.

“Come off those leg braces and start walking,” a staffer said. “The Lord has just healed you.”

When he asked what I felt, I said, “No pain. There’s no pain!”

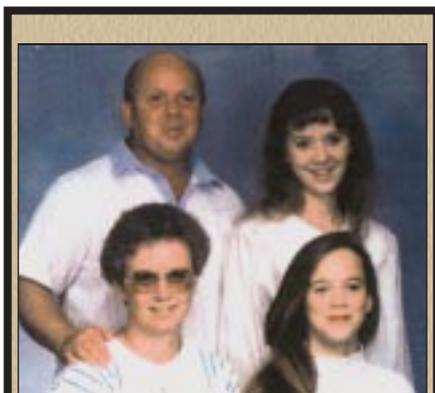
I wept openly, knowing God had touched and healed me. Again. I started to walk. My legs got stronger with each step. When I reached the stage, I was completely healed.

In September of 2001 I sold my wheelchair.

I’m keeping my two hand-

carved canes, only because I want to pass them on to my grandsons as family heirlooms and remembrances of where Jesus brought me from. Now, I take our grandsons fishing and exploring in the woods.

Most of all, I know that God is real. With every step I take, I thank Him for His love, His mercy, and His miraculous healing power.



Mike Drynan is Provincial Membership Chairman for Ontario and Vice President of the Peterborough Chapter of Business Men’s Fellowship. He and his wife, Gayle, have two daughters. They attend Elim Worship Centre.



THE COL. JOHN BOWLEY STORY
Stafford, Virginia USA

Heroism Under Fire

9/11/01



The scene outside the Pentagon seemed unreal. Hundreds suffered from shock, smoke inhalation, scrapes, cuts and lacerations. Others were fighting life-threatening injuries.

As a veteran of a combat command team that conducted mass casualty exercises, I knew they would bring wounded to certain assembly areas for treatment. I went to a collection point to help the medics.

On the way, I noticed a young woman covered in light-colored soot. She sagged to the ground and began to weep.

“Hey, are you injured?”

“No, I’m not injured,” she replied. “But what about all those other people?”

“You’re in the United States Navy, right?” I said. “That means you’re a sailor. As I understand it, sailors are pretty tough.”

A smile crossed her face.

“Hey, sailor, you hang tough, okay?” I encouraged. “I’m going to be looking after you, but I’m going to look for other people who are severely injured. You just hang tough and it’ll be okay.”

September 11, 2001. The date will live forever in world history. Even though I work in counter proliferation policy for chemical and biological warfare, I was as dumbfounded as the rest of the nation.

Wary of attack? Have been for years. But not from our airliners being commandeered by terrorists.

Like many Americans, our office learned of the devilish assault via television. Suddenly a co-worker called to me, “Hey, the World Trade Center just exploded!”

Punching up a cable news channel via my computer, two fellow soldiers and I watched in horror as the second plane struck.

“That was a coordinated attack, gentlemen,” I said. “We could be next.”

Thirty-seven minutes later, my words came true. Jet noise blared overhead. Then the terrorist piloting the plane did a U-turn and smashed into the building.

Even though I’m five corridors away from one end that was demolished, the walls and glass on our floor shook. Electric power vanished. Smoke billowed down the hallways.

“Evacuate!” came the announcement as sirens roared. “There’s been a serious incident!”

As we headed out the nearest door, I saw Paul Wolfowitz, the deputy secretary of defense.

After following our evacuation plan and determining everyone had escaped, I went to help. Following my pep talk to the young sailor, I found an available stretcher.

“There’s a lot of wounded over here,” waved a civilian nearby. He and I ended up carrying Lieutenant Colonel Marion Ward, who had been close to the blast.

After following a bead of light as they crawled along the floor, Ward and others jumped from a second-floor window.

He had injured his leg, both shins and sustained a concussion. Gasping for air because of smoke inhalation, he kept fading in and out of consciousness.

“What’s your name?” he asked me several times. “Who are you?”

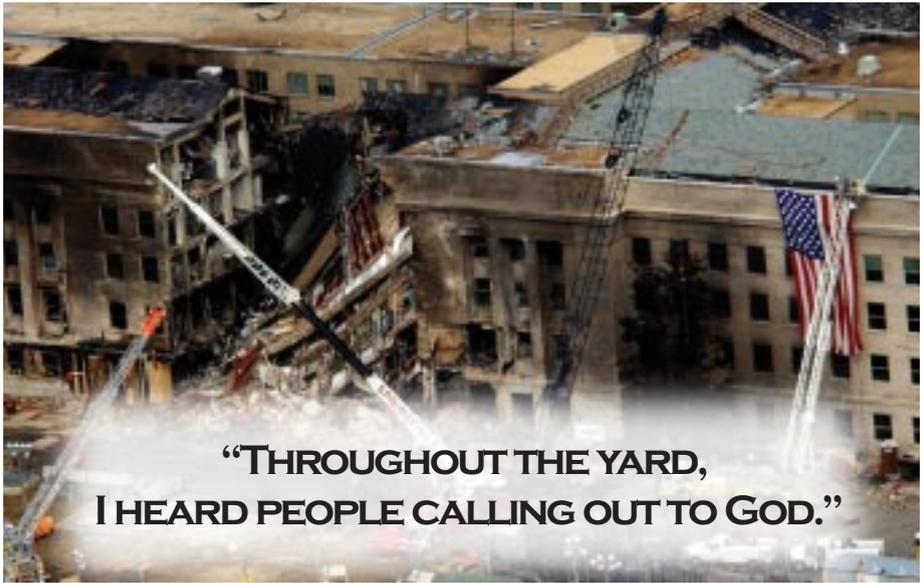
“I’m Colonel Bowley,” I smiled. “Don’t worry, I won’t leave you. We’ll get you an ambulance.”

Just then, a chaplain came by and prayed with us. Throughout the yard, I heard people calling out to God. That refreshed my spirit. With people fighting for life, all concern for social and political correctness went out the window.

That is one of the lesser known stories of 9/11/01 – how God was at work in the midst of tragedy.

At the Pentagon, some engulfed in flames escaped. Others next to walls that were blown to bits walked over the debris to freedom. I had friends whose personal belongings melted on their office walls, but they’re alive.

The presence of the Holy Spirit was evident, too. He was there in the incredible love shown by citizens for each other and the chaplains’ ministry. Then there was the power I felt flowing through my hands when I prayed with Colonel Ward.



**“THROUGHOUT THE YARD,
I HEARD PEOPLE CALLING OUT TO GOD.”**

As this supernatural force vibrated, I could sense the Lord telling me to have faith.

He let me know that He was there and nothing was going unnoticed. He knew who was dying. He knew about the heroic actions of men and women there.

As examples of the latter, I saw an injured Air Force general directing rescue operations-- bloodstained shirt and soot covered face. And Major Brown, a key leader from the Pentagon clinic tending the injured. We wept together later as I told her what an outstanding job she had done.

I don't mean to minimize the losses. This was a great calamity. Countless heroes died on that terrible

day. Not just soldiers, but fathers and mothers and solid citizens, the people who make up America's fabric.

I learned of others who face great pain. One man lost his second son, after his oldest died during Desert Storm. Another told of a Pentagon victim writing him caring letters for years after his son – the victim's roommate – died in that war.

Still, as a Christian, I believe that what Satan meant for evil the Lord can turn against him.

This horrible day has drawn our nation together. The name of the Lord Jesus Christ is being proclaimed in a powerful way. At the memorial service in Washington, D.C., the Friday after the attacks, evangelist Billy Graham

preached to the nations of the world. Every nation tuned in via TV, with translations provided.

Some have interpreted that as fulfilling the promise of Matthew 24:14: “And this gospel of the kingdom will be preached in all the world as a witness to all the nations, and then the end will come.”

On this day, I was never more grateful for that prayer I said nearly 30 years ago during college, when I told the Lord that my life was a mess. I needed His help. I needed a Savior.

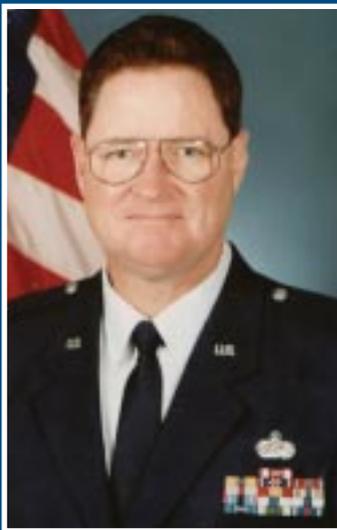
He was beside me on Sept. 11. After I carried the stretcher and helped other people, I lined up with a squadron of volunteers to return to the building in a futile search for survivors.

As we went into the smoky hole, I felt no fear. I don’t know how to explain it, but it was like I went in with eagerness.

I believe the same thing happened to the Israelites when they went into battle. People like David and his mighty men went to war without fear or anxiety. They were running after the Lord and were not afraid.

I also believe the Lord was intimately involved in the founding of this nation, through people willing to spill their blood for the freedom we enjoy. If we ever lose what made America great – that willingness to sacrifice for divinely-inspired values and goals — we will have lost our reason for being.

The good news is I don’t think that’s going to happen. I believe the Lord is in control of our destiny. What the enemy meant for harm will wind up creating more citizens of heaven-- believers in Christ who will live with Him for eternity.



Col. Albert John Bowley entered the Air Force in 1978 after graduating from Stetson University. He has completed numerous graduate courses, including earning a Master’s in Strategic Studies in 2000 at the Air War College. He and his wife, Cynthia, have four children. They attend McLean (Virginia) Bible Church.

“Rescued From Terror”



THE STANLEY PRAIMNATH STORY
Elmont, New York USA

The clock had just passed 9:00 the morning of Sept. 11, 2001 when the phone rang. “Are you watching the news?” asked a woman in our bank’s Chicago branch. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine,” I said, thinking the damage to the North Tower at the World Trade Center had been an accident. Just then, I turned and saw it: A grey airplane rapidly filling the window view. It was headed straight at me!

Dropping the phone in mid-sentence, I screamed and dove under my desk. “Lord, You take control here,” I said, curling into a fetal position. “This is Your problem now.”

Seconds later, I heard horrible screeching. United Airlines Flight 175 tore into the South Tower. The hard whine sounded like a steel cage being ripped apart.

Smoke and soot filled the air. When I looked out, I could see an airplane wing. I feared the blue flame rising from one

end might ignite. I didn’t know the airplane had already exploded. Or that fire was ripping through the building.

This may have been a blessing. Had I realized this was a terrorist attack, it might have made my panic worse.

I struggled to cope with the enormity of this catastrophe. A lot of what took place is hard to put into words. But I know I prayed some again and again.

“Lord, help me, please, please,” I pleaded. “Send somebody, anybody.”

When I stood up, the 81st floor looked like a war zone.

Office equipment lay scattered like matchsticks. Walls were flattened into dusty heaps. Flames flickered. Rubble covered the floor. Dust filled the atmosphere, like someone had ripped open bags of dry cement and tossed them into the air.

I clawed my way through the mess. But everything I climbed on collapsed.

Soon cuts and bruises covered my body. The white shirt I wore to work that morning had mysteriously vanished.

“Lord, I have to go home to my loved ones,” I said as I struggled. “I have to see my daughters. I have to make it. You have to help me.”

A Light Appears

Suddenly I saw a light poking through the murky surroundings. What were the chances of someone bringing a flashlight to this floor?

“This is my guardian angel!” I thought. “The Lord sent somebody to save me!”

“I see the light! I see the light!” I screamed.

“Come toward the light,” a voice responded. “I’m here to help you.”

Though I pushed on, suddenly another wall tumbled down. Shielding my face with my right hand, I winced when a nail embedded itself in my palm.

I cried out in pain.

“What happened?” the man asked.

“A nail went through my hand.”

“Bite it out,” he urged. “Suck the blood. Spit it out.”

“I can’t,” I said, fatigue washing over me. The smell of jet fuel filled my lungs. Yet, somehow I pushed out the nail. Blood sprayed. I wiped it off on my tattered undershirt.

When I got close to the light, I realized another wall blocked my path. What was I going to do?



“Climb over,” the voice said.

“I can’t,” I said. I was too tired. Plus, there were all kinds of electrical circuits and wires dangling from the exposed ceilings.

“Do you go to church?” I asked the man.

“I don’t miss a Sunday,” he said.

“Do you believe in Jesus?” I said.

“I sure do.”

“Well, let’s pray about this,” I said.

I can’t tell you exactly what I said.

But when I finished, I felt different. Power surged through me. Looking at the wall, I thought, “You’re no match for me and my God.”

“I’m going to knock this wall down,” I declared. Then I started punching and kicking.

Though I attend karate classes, I don’t break boards. Just 5-foot-9 and 175 pounds, I’m not a bruiser who gives power-filled demonstrations.

However, as this unexplainable, inner strength

flowed through me, I kept punching away. The dents got deeper and deeper.

“I see your hand!” the other man exclaimed. “I see your hand!”

I kept pushing. The hole got bigger. Finally, Brian Clark was able to grab me and pull me through.

My guardian angel was in his early 60s. He was an executive at a brokerage firm three floors above me.

We hugged and darted into the stairwell.

The Trip Out

A mixture of fear and nervousness filled me as we headed down. My legs felt rubbery. My body sagged with tiredness.

Fortunately, the walls were coated with luminous paint, installed after the 1993 bombing that had killed several people. Even though the brightness helped us see, Brian kept his flashlight on.

Arm in arm we descended. Just four floors down, a man with a broken back was lying in a pool of blood. We volunteered to carry him.

But a security guard said, “Look, you’re going to injure him worse taking him down. Send help up.”

We hobbled further. I steadied myself by holding on to Brian’s neck and shoulder.

“You’re my guardian angel, who the Lord sent to save me,” I said. On and on I babbled, alternating between thanking God, thanking Brian, and crying.

If somebody had seen me, not knowing how I had crawled out of a hopeless situation, they would have thought I was crazy. My blood-stained undershirt looked like a shredded vest. My face was covered with soot and my hair caked with whitish dust. My white shoes had turned a greyish black.

Finally, we reached the concourse on the mezzanine level.

“Are there others?” a fireman yelled.

“Yes,” I said. They pushed past in a

frantic ascent, ultimately giving their lives in hopes of saving others.

Around us, a gruesome scene unfolded. Glass was exploding. Body parts dotted the floor. Flaming debris would make our escape dangerous.

Looking at my rubber-soled shoe, I said to Brian, “This thing is going to melt.”

“I will never be able to explain why God spared my life.”

Seeing water cascading down the steps, we decided to go stand under the sprinkler system. We waited until our clothes were dripping wet and our shoes were slushy.

“I’m going to Trinity Church,” I said as we got ready to dash outside. “I’ve got to thank the Lord for this.”

“I’m coming with you,” Brian said.

Then we joined hands and ran.

“Run, run, run!” some firemen yelled. “Go, go, go!”

As we headed for the historic Episcopal church a couple blocks away, people called, “Falling debris! Look out! Glass!” But as we ran, not one shred of debris or glass fell on us.

When we reached the church, out of breath, I grasped its gates. I turned around to look at the tower we had escaped.

“This building is going,” I said.

It started to wobble and shake. For a brief second it swayed, then started coming down like a pancake, one floor on top of the other. Smoke started filling the cross streets.

People panicked, screaming, running and knocking others down.

“You’ve got to get away fast,” I told Brian. Slipping him my business card, I said, “Keep in contact because I owe you my life. But if not, I’ll see you in heaven.”

The Aftermath

When my wife heard about the second tower getting hit, she thought I was dead. Distraught, one of the women at her office drove her home and comforted her.

Flagging down a vehicle, I got the driver to take me to the Brooklyn Bridge and crossed it to reach her office.

After learning she had left, I made my way to a subway and took the train towards Long Island.

Two transfers later, I got to the lot where I had parked my car and drove home. It was after 3 p.m. when I had a tearful reunion with my family.

I will never be able to explain why God spared my life. It almost seems cruel that I survived while thousands died. Still, I believe that the Lord deflected that plane so it wouldn’t hurt me.

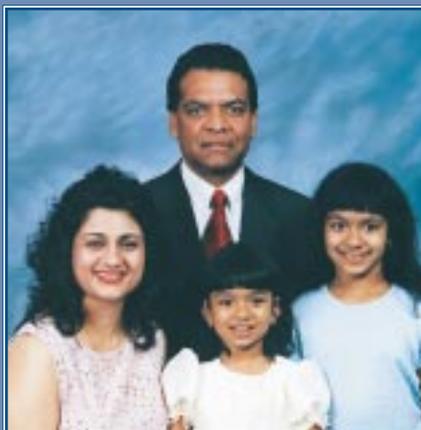
To pray to God seconds before the crash and ask for help, then escape without serious injury, defies human reasoning. Nor can I explain making it out of the tower in less than the 47 minutes between the plane’s impact and its collapse.

The only thing I can say that it wasn’t my day to leave this earth. My Lord must have some things He wants me to do.

For one, I believe He wants me to continue leading Sunday school at our

church. I serve as superintendent, not because I’m great or wise. I’m just available.

As for other tasks the Lord has for me, I am waiting like the ancient prophet Samuel. Waiting for the still small voice of the Holy Spirit to direct me. In the meantime, if I ever get in trouble again, I trust that when I call on God, He will rescue me.



Stanley Praitnath, 45, is an Assistant Vice President in the loan operations department at Fuji Bank, which lost about two dozen employees in the Sept. 11 attacks on the World Trade Center. He is a deacon and Sunday school superintendent at Bethel Assembly of God in Jamaica, New York. He and his wife, Jennifer, have daughters Stephanie, age 8 and Caitlin, age 4.

“Can anything ever separate us from Christ’s love?”

Does it mean He no longer loves us if we have trouble or calamity, or are persecuted, or are hungry or cold or in danger or threatened with death? No, despite all these things, overwhelming victory is ours through Christ, who loved us.

And I am convinced that nothing can ever separate us from His love. Death can’t, and life can’t. The angels can’t, and the demons can’t. Our fears for today, our worries about tomorrow, and even the power of hell can’t keep God’s love away. Whether we are high above the sky or in the deepest ocean, nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God that is revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord.” Romans 8:35, 37-39



Christ is the ANSWER...He makes life worth living.

As you have been reading the stories of the lives of different people in this issue of *Answer Magazine*, you may have been thinking, "Is it possible for me to really know God and have peace in my heart?"

The answer to this question is "YES!" It is experienced by believing in God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and being born-again by His Spirit.

God loves you and He showed that love in sending His Son, Jesus, to die on the Cross to pay the penalty for your sins. He wants to bless your life and make it full and complete.

He not only offers you abundant life here and now, but a life which is eternal. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

Do you want to be born-again and receive the free gift of eternal life? If you do, then follow these steps:

1. ADMIT to God that you are a sinner and are separated from Him, and that only the Lord Jesus can save you. "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23)
2. REPENT by turning away from sin and submitting to God. "I tell you... except you repent, you shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13:5)
3. BELIEVE that the Lord Jesus Christ died on the Cross and shed His blood to pay the price for your sins, that He was buried

and rose again. "If you will confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved." (Romans 10:9)

4. ASK God to save you. "For whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved." (Romans 10:13)

If you would like to accept Jesus into your life, and receive the free gift of eternal life, then pray this simple prayer out loud:—

"Dear God, I come to You in the Name of Jesus. I now realize that I have a choice to make about my life. I believe that Jesus died for me, shed His blood to wash away my sins, and that He rose from the dead, making a way for me to have fellowship with You. I turn my back on the life I have lived without You, and I choose to follow Jesus from this moment on. I ask Jesus to be Lord of my life and to live in my heart. I thank You, Almighty God, that You love me, have forgiven me, and have accepted me as Your child, and that right now I am a new creation, born of God. Thank You Heavenly Father."

When you have made this very important decision, please complete the form below and return it to the nearest National Service Center (listed on the back cover).

We will then send you further helpful information.

I wish to inform you of my decision to follow Jesus Christ

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