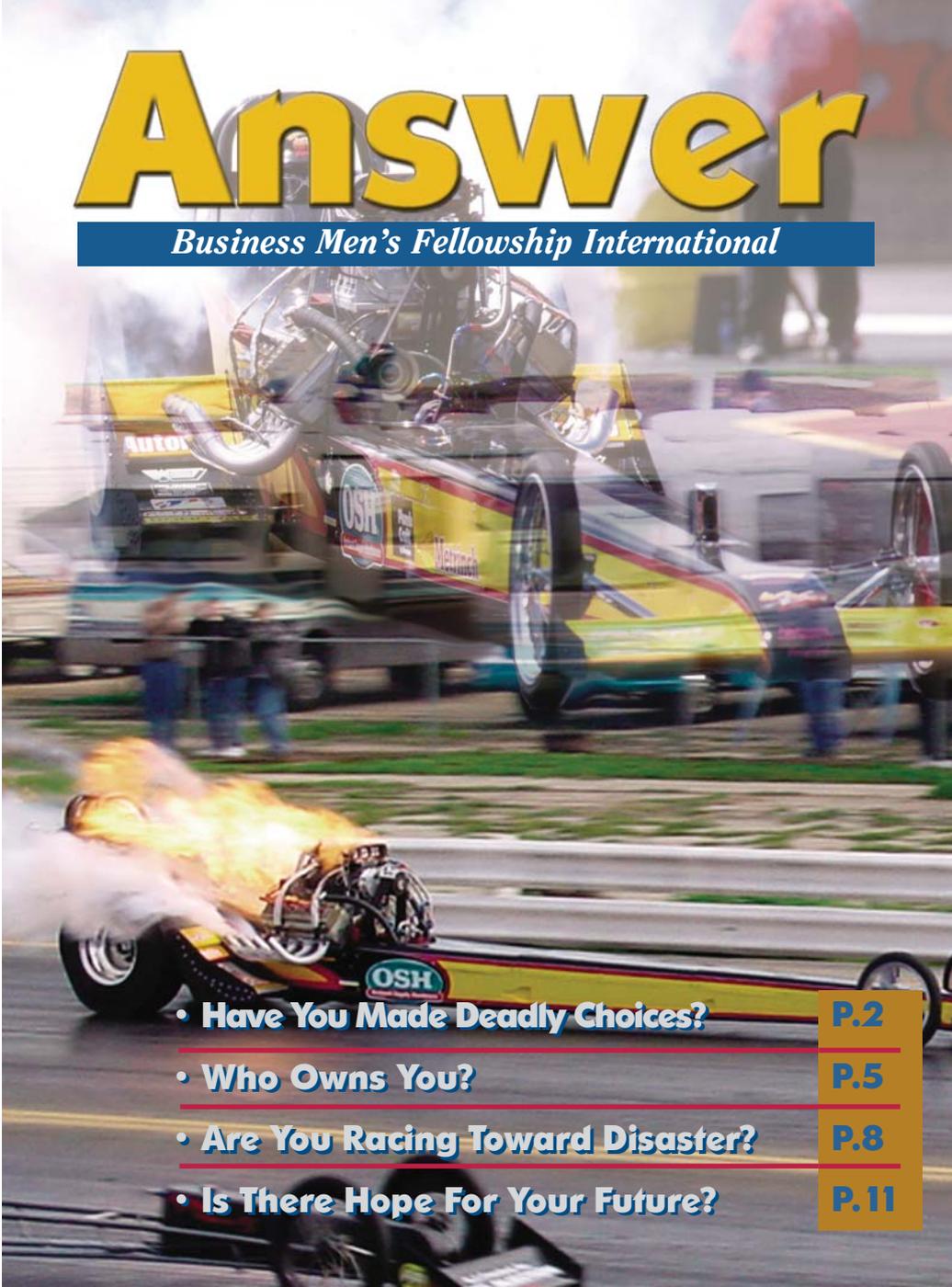


# Answer



*Business Men's Fellowship International*

• **Have You Made Deadly Choices?**

**P.2**

• **Who Owns You?**

**P.5**

• **Are You Racing Toward Disaster?**

**P.8**

• **Is There Hope For Your Future?**

**P.11**

# Fatal Error

*THE GUSTAVO BISI STORY  
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil*



When I graduated with a medical degree and a license from the Minister of Health as a surgeon and general practitioner, I set out to conquer the world.

Over the next two decades, the world conquered me.

Ultimately, I found myself in a situation where I was powerless. My riches, hospital directorships, and advanced medical knowledge became as worthless as trash tossed into a dumpster.

But to reach this point, I had to fall a long way. Pumped full of pride, I once acted as if I were God. It's easy to feel this way when you're required to make choices in life-and-death situations.

Like many businessmen, I had two life goals in mind – professional achievement and material prosperity. Both goals came easy, which inflated my sense of self-worth.

I felt so powerful and important, I carefully measured the time I would

allot to each person I dealt with. The lowly were quickly brushed away.

However, late one night my carefully-planned schemes took an unexpected turn. My panicked wife awakened me out of a deep sleep. Thieves had invaded our home and stolen many of our precious possessions.

Revolted, I began an intense manhunt for the culprits. This search quickly turned into an obsession.

Along the way, I encountered the underworld of crime that exists in every city. I soon knew in vivid detail about violence, drinking, adultery and prostitution. Then I began sampling some of the things I observed.

I never found the criminals. What's worse is this preoccupation separated me from my family. I steadily grew apart from my wife and had no relationship with our children.

As the years melted away, we became emotionally distant. Our daughters hated me. They had observed

my immoral lifestyle and inattention to their mother.

Trying to become friendly with our son, I invited him along on some of my immoral outings. On one of these escapades, he left to go home. But I didn't return. In the morning, my wife came looking for me.

I had rented a studio-type apartment for my encounters with the opposite sex. But after my wife found me, that day and night turned into a living hell.

The next morning she received a call from a friend whose husband used to go drinking with me. This woman had a dream that my wife was asking for help. She wanted to talk to us and invited us to go to a Christian businessmen's dinner.

At that meeting we listened to a doctor talking about an experience he had that wound up with him being unable to do anything. But when he appealed to God in the name of Jesus Christ, the problem was solved.

I shook my head.

"What an incompetent professional," I sneered.

Time passed and this couple invited us to another dinner. Not understanding what it was about, I accepted.

At that meeting another doctor told of a case where he asked for God's help and received it. I again got irritated over his incompetence.

Months later, I planned an

enjoyable vacation. Buying a new van, I invited my son to go with me to Porto Seguro, Bahia, a six-hour drive away.

When we arrived, we met some ladies and spent time with them. A few days later they invited us to a fun-filled barbecue. Finally, we decided to continue the party on an island that could only be reached by a ferry.

After nightfall, I noticed my son with a female I had partied with the previous day. I cautioned him to be

careful, because he wasn't accustomed to drinking.

Distracted by another woman, hours passed before I missed him. Just before dawn, I asked if anyone had seen him.

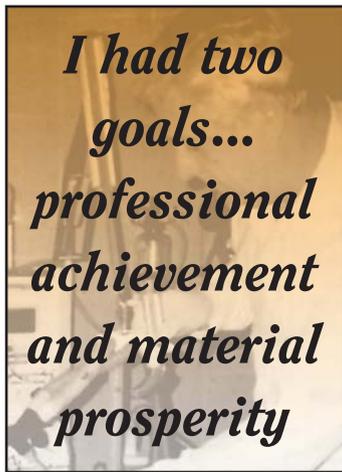
Quickly an impromptu search party sprang into action. After awhile, we saw the girl he had been with coming out of the brush. She looked like a ghost. "Something horrible has happened!" she gasped.

We quickly followed her. Lying there on the ground was my son, still and as cold as ice.

"They put drugs in his glass!" I thought. This area was noted for its heavy drug consumption.

Slowly carrying him to the van, I examined his body. His pupils were dilated, his heart rate slow and his breathing shallow. He began turning purple, with other signs that drug intoxication was sending him into a coma.

Still, I thought everything was



under control. After all, I was accustomed to dealing with this type of situation.

But confidence quickly turned to terror. When my mind cleared, I realized I was without equipment, material or a nearby hospital.

As my son's breathing and heart slowed to a bare whisper, I tried to revive him. Yet I realized it was impossible to maintain mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for long.

In that moment, my world crumbled. I felt like I were enduring an earthquake. When the dust settled, my son lay dead in my arms. Finally, I laid him back against the seat.

Although I felt helpless, I couldn't take my eyes from his body. I can't explain how, but I felt the presence of God – the Lord I had heard those doctors talk about.

It was as if He was picking me up out of the mud so I could realize my knowledge and professional expertise were all in vain. Without Him, nothing could be done.

With strange feelings welling up inside, I again cradled my son.

“God, if You exist and You have a son, Jesus Christ,” I said, fighting tears... “in His name I beg You, bring my son back to life.”

Silence. I repeated the prayer.

Suddenly, it felt like an enormous presence surrounded our van. I don't know how much time passed. But when I looked over at my son, he sat up in his seat. His skin color had returned to normal.

“Father, the vacation was great, but it is over,” he said. “We have to go back home.”

“Lord, you are real!” I exclaimed. Right there, sitting behind the steering wheel, I prayed and invited Jesus Christ

to come into my heart. I wanted Him to be my Lord.

Later, my wife asked me to take her to that vacation spot. Our son told her it had a beautiful lake with transparent blue waters, where you could see your feet on the bottom and gold fish dancing.

Except in that place there was no lake, much less blue waters. Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, had awakened my son from his death bed. He had seen a vision of heaven.

Today, God has restored our family. We know about peace, happiness and a full life. Two of our three daughters are happily married, the other is engaged and our son is in law school.

I can say that I have greater security than I ever knew before. Like any other human being, I face problems. But in each difficulty I see victory through Christ. Every day I see the promises of the Bible fulfilled.

The Christ who brought my son back to life can give you the same joy.



*Gustavo Giro Bisi is a doctor, administrator and public speaker.*

*He is a member of Chapter 425 of Business Men's Fellowship in Vitoria, Brazil, South America.*

# “Possessed”



THE DENNIS WHITMAN STORY - Turlock, California, USA

**A**waiting sentencing for killing my brother, I found a copy of David Wilkerson's book, *The Cross and the Switchblade*, in my jail cell.

Curious, I picked it up and began to read the story of a gang member whose life changed dramatically.

“What you've been doing is wrong,” I thought. Instantly a voice inside sneered, “Shut up! Dennis, you belong to me.”

Good and evil were warring. Satan had controlled me for a long time. He wasn't going to let go easily.

My slide to the bottom began at 18. My first LSD trip seemed interesting and fun. But only because I had no idea where it would lead.

Drugs provided a release from the tensions of living with a violent, alcoholic father. I still remember the night I smashed him in the face to stop him from choking my second-youngest brother to death.

Snorting like an angry bull, he lunged at me. Though I escaped his

grasp, I couldn't run far enough from the hurt and loneliness I felt.

Soon after, I discovered “acid.” I would get high for hours on end, studying lines on my hands or flowers on the wall. Such fantasy helped me forget the awful truth.

But this escape turned to tragedy.

It happened after my youngest brother gave me some angel dust. This drug is so powerful veterinarians use it to tranquilize large animals. I snorted two lines and stayed high for two days.

On the second night, I sat on my bed. Thoughts of murder raced through my mind. Suddenly a voice growled, “You're mine! You're going to do whatever I tell you.”

Instantly, a horrible darkness surrounded me.

Soon after, my youngest brother came home with two friends. They must have sensed the evil because they quickly left.

“What do you want me to do?” my brother asked. “Should I stay or go?”

Suddenly rage consumed me. I rushed at him, kicking and screaming. I swung wildly and he fell to the floor. A look of terror filled his eyes.

Then I went into a drug-induced vision. All alone in total blackness, a voice whispered, “This is going to last forever. You’re going to be like this forever!”

When the multiple hallucinations stopped, I found myself standing next to the door. Blood was on the walls. Beneath my raised foot lay my brother’s crushed body.

Even after I found him, my drug-crazed mind refused to believe I was responsible. I thought it was part of a weird trip.

But when the police arrested me, it became very real. Convicted of involuntarily manslaughter, I would eventually wind up in San Quentin prison.

Sitting there day after day, I felt increasingly hopeless and depressed. Thoughts of death filled my mind.

Then another inmate I had known from a previous trip to prison came to visit me. John told me he wasn’t the same guy I remembered. He told me he was a new man because he had come to know Jesus, the Son of God.

I knew he wasn’t faking it. I could see the peace in his eyes.

Before leaving, he gave me a New Testament. I read it for the next three days. The words leaped off the page and set my soul on fire.

Still, I struggled. Thoughts of the past, especially my brother’s death, would flash into my mind. But the Bible kept drawing me back into its pages of life and hope.

During one of these reading sessions, I came across 2 Corinthians 11:14, which says, “Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.”

“Man, you were taken over by the devil,” I thought. “He’s the master of liars and you believed him.”

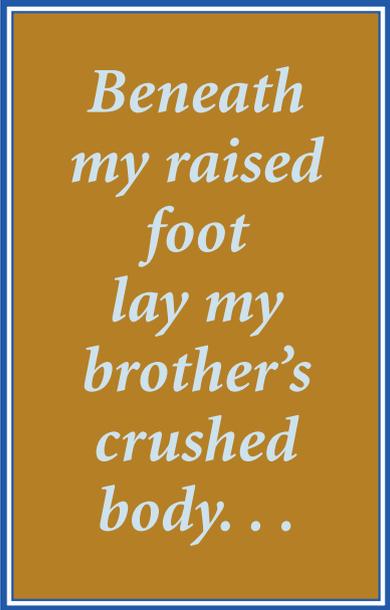
Guilt and shame crushed me. I could almost smell hell’s flames. Trembling, I screamed inside, “God, tell me what to do!”

Several days later, John returned to my

cell. After I told him what had happened, he asked, “Are you ready to turn away from what you’ve done in the past and ask Jesus Christ into your life?”

Was I ever! I prayed and asked Christ to forgive me and make me into a new man. I ended the prayer, “Please stop the pain and guilt I’ve been feeling.”

Instantly, I felt a supernatural Light coming into me. The darkness vanished. The guilt of taking my brother’s life began to fade. As I studied the Bible and



*Beneath  
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body. . .*

other Christians disciplined me, the Holy Spirit helped me to appreciate that God's forgiveness is complete.

He also helped me to face the resentment, fear, confusion and inferiority inflicted by my father. As I dealt honestly with the past, God helped me to forgive him for the pain he caused.

Released after about three years, I enrolled in the Teen Challenge program. It has a great success rate in helping drug abusers go straight because it is based on the foundation of God's Word.

After six months, I joined the staff to help others escape the scourge of drugs. I spent nine years working in San Francisco and then came to Turlock to run this center.

Some laugh at the idea a person can change old habits and become new. But I know it's true. I once was a drug-addicted hothead who lived for sex, drugs and rock-n-roll. Today I am a child of God, filled with peace and hope.

But it's not just me. Over the years I've seen countless miracles. Like the guy who was into witchcraft who today pastors a church. Or the bright college student who got so seriously wasted on drugs he came within an eyelash of committing suicide. Today, he works at a printing operation and is happily married.

An amazing story involves a guy once known as "Dangerous Dan." He had been a hitman for the Mexican Mafia. Hardened Mafia members trembled in his presence.

But after 20 years in prison, Christ made him a new man. After getting out of our program, he worked restoring houses and later drove a supply truck. The last I heard, he was ministering on the streets of Oakland.

God didn't just give me a happy story to tell. He has worked with me over the years. Although I run what is classified as a ministry, in many ways I feel like a businessman.

It takes a lot of sound business principles to oversee a staff of six and a dozen residents. Not to mention a \$200,000 annual budget.

I have developed a business mind. Yet if I take a look at God's Word and it tells me to take a step of faith, I choose God's way over business. I've never gone wrong putting Him first.

That's because I owe everything to the Lord. He took someone possessed by evil and made me a new man. Best of all, I have freedom from the past.

No matter what you have done, Jesus can set you free today, too.



*Dennis Whitman has been the director of the San Joaquin Valley Teen Challenge program in Turlock since 1989. He and his wife, Jody, have been married for 20 years. They attend Calvary Temple in Modesto, California.*



# On Track to Forgiveness

## THE JIM MURPHY STORY Santa Rosa, California, USA

**I**s your life governed by moods? Mine used to be. They revolved around whether I had a good day or a bad one. And that depended on whether I accomplished my goals.

I didn't know this wasn't the way to live. But Someone greater than me used my misguided priorities to cause a dramatic change in my life.

At the time, my wife and I had been struggling. She was becoming more acquainted with the Bible. I grew busier while constantly setting goals.

On this particular day I went home in a fairly good mood. Judy was lying on the couch, an unusual thing for her.

"What's going on?" I asked quietly. I had been extremely short with her lately.

"You've been verbally abusing me," she replied. I can't go on like this "If it continues, I must leave."

I was incredulous. I'd never heard that peaceful of a response from her.

"If that's how you feel, then leave right now."

She walked over to get her purse and started to walk out. Suddenly, anger, fear, and hatred flashed through me.

Grabbing her, I pushed her to the floor. Then I dragged her outside to my truck. Grabbing my gun from the glove compartment, I fully intended to kill her. Then kill myself.

The next few moments went on for what seemed like hours. She was fighting for her very life.

This emotional time bomb began ticking in my childhood. The oldest son of Irish immigrants, I grew up in San Francisco. There were happy early years. Dad and I built model airplanes and went fishing together. But our all-American home gradually turned dark.

The vice president of a powerful labor union, Dad started enjoying martini lunches. But he couldn't control liquor. As it took over his life, Mom joined him.

Soon they were spending every evening at the local bar, staying out all hours of the night. Gradually, their behavior grew erratic and violent.

My mother would sometimes bring other men home. Dad would stumble in, enraged over this. Several times I stopped him from trying to kill my mother.

Over time, the nightmare grew. Finally, he began sexually abusing me. Later, I learned

he was doing the same things to my sister.

I never breathed a word to anyone. But the wounds slowly turned into an all-consuming hatred. Deep-rooted anger would haunt me for years.

Dad's drinking cost him his union post and many other jobs. But he always landed another through community connections.

By my senior year of high school, his luck ran out. We moved to Wisconsin to his new job. It was hard leaving friends. Fortunately, I made new ones and took up hunting as a hobby.

On a weekend trip, my buddies and I attended a deer hunter's ball. There I met the most beautiful girl that I had ever seen. By the end of the night, I was in love.

Judy and I dated for a year. We were young, idealistic and ambitious. And ready for life together, despite the extreme differences in our backgrounds.

She came from a close-knit Christian family, with a wonderful father. I grew to love him deeply. Reasoning that my difficulties were from another time, I decided to move on in life.

### **Trouble Appears**

At first, everything seemed wonderful. We had a baby 18 months after our wedding and I took on several jobs to be a good provider.

Soon after, while visiting my parents (they had returned to California), we decided the West Coast beat sub-zero winters. Besides relocating, I learned a new trade. By age 24 I had learned enough at drywalling to start my own business. It became the steppingstone to a construction firm.

With a second child by now, we looked like the perfect couple. As in my childhood, it was a phony picture. Every day I dwelled on what had happened to me in my youth.

Eroding inside, I lashed out at Judy and the girls. The worse I felt, the more verbally abusive I became.

I didn't realize it, but one outlet for this aggression was racing. I started with boats, then moved to drag racing.

Joining the "funny car" rage in the early 1970's, I became an expert behind the wheel.

After Coca-Cola asked me to join its "Calvacade of Stars," I moved to full-time racing.

Selling my business, we moved closer to the Midwest racing circuit. However, after two years I discovered this wasn't my first love. I was meant to be a contractor who raced as a hobby.

Since I couldn't stand harsh winters either, I wanted to return to California.

Having made friends in Michigan, my family didn't want to leave. In my typical, controlling way, I declared we would move anyway.

As my daughters watched my abusive, controlling behavior, they grew confused. When I became violent, they didn't understand why their mother didn't fight back.

Oh, I tried turning my life around. To make Judy happy, back in California I went to hear a speaker at church. That night for the first time, I realized that Jesus had died for me. That if I were the only person on earth, He still would have come to die, just for me.

Afterwards, I prayed with the speaker. I told God I wanted Christ in my life. I needed a Savior.

Still, I failed to come to grips with my past. And because I didn't get into the Bible, I didn't mature as a follower of Christ.

Sure, things improved. But my unresolved pain and anger fueled more abuse. My mood swings continued for about 12 more years.

### **Overcoming Rage**

Satan wanted me dead. Several times thoughts of suicide flooded my soul. Before this episode of wanting to kill my wife, I was tempted to follow through.

Still, God is sovereign. Wanting to save marriages, He works in mysterious ways.

Judy and my oldest daughter were involved in a Christian 12 step program prayer group. Judy was asking them to pray for us. Things were out of control. My anger was escalating.

We had been at a race that past weekend. After my anger surged, I sarcastically told Judy, "Just pray the Lord will take my life. I

don't want to go on any more."

My business success had brought us material rewards. But life felt empty.

Judy went to her prayer group, broken and worn out. Afterwards, the pastor's wife, our oldest daughter and Judy went to lunch. Our daughter told her mom she saw a vision while they were praying.

She saw me become extremely violent to the point of killing Judy. She warned her not to struggle. Diana said when she and I stopped fighting, I would see Jesus.

As we struggled in the truck the day of that prayer meeting, Judy remembered the vision. She sensed the Holy Spirit telling her, "STOP." Instantly, she obeyed.

In the next moment, I realized a lifetime of anger was close to destroying that which I loved most dearly. I, too, stopped and laid down the gun.

The way back wasn't easy. I had to humble myself and confess what I had done. Thanks to a caring pastor, I was able to realize evil forces had been controlling my behavior.

The final victory came several years later. Dad was suffering from pneumonia. The convalescent hospital he had been in for more than twenty years urged me to visit.

It wasn't easy, I didn't want to go but I sensed the Holy Spirit leading me. Standing in his room, I looked at the pictures lining the walls. Pictures of me, Judy, the girls, my race cars, buildings I had built.

This was his entire world. And it was filled with people who didn't care about him. Suddenly my heart went out to him. For the first time I realized what had happened.

The spirits behind alcoholism, hatred, and pedophilia had controlled him. I'm sure he hated what he did, only he didn't know what to do about it.

Clasping his hands, I spent 45 minutes pouring out my heart.

"I forgive you for the things you have done to me," I said through tears. "I love you. Can you forgive me for all this pent up anger I have had toward you all these years?"

Though not coherent, he acknowledged my words by squeezing my hand. For the first time in my life I left that day with a feeling of complete peace. A huge weight had been

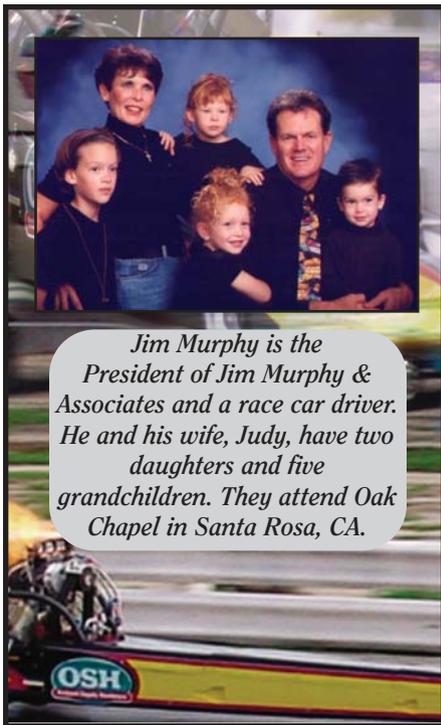
removed from my shoulders.

I'm so thankful I listened to the Lord that day. A few hours after my visit, I received a phone call from the hospital that my father had died. If I hadn't made peace with him at the time the Lord was urging me, I would have carried my feelings to the grave.

I'm convinced many of our problems can be resolved if we will listen to the Holy Spirit. If anger has a hold on you, talk to God about it. Forgiveness will set you free. I know because of the peace and joy that now fill my heart.

I am so thankful that the Lord has restored my family. My wife and I enjoy a wonderful marriage, and we have a very close, godly relationship with both our daughters, their husbands, and all five of our grandchildren.

God restores, and He always wins. Don't ever give up.



*Jim Murphy is the President of Jim Murphy & Associates and a race car driver. He and his wife, Judy, have two daughters and five grandchildren. They attend Oak Chapel in Santa Rosa, CA.*

# When Grace Enters In

THE HOWARD MOLE STORY  
Greenock, Scotland

**A**buse and rejection. Starting at a young age, I had more than I could handle.

It started with childhood abuse that lasted for seven years. While I don't remember much about it, I'm sure it influenced my bad choices as a youth.

Yet, equally painful was the collapse of my first marriage. We were young, meeting in school at 17. We married at 19. One year later, she walked out.

When the door closed behind her, my world caved in. Loneliness haunted me and became a way of life. In vain I tried, repeatedly, for a reconciliation.

Each time she rejected my begging and pleading.

"No way," she said. "I'm not coming back. It's over."

My heart broke. Pain stabbed at my insides like a doubled-edged knife. For months, loneliness filled our home. Yet I stayed, hoping she would somehow come back and fill the void.

As far as I could see, life was over. I had no one and nothing to live for. I assumed my death would come by slow, constant use of cigarettes and alcohol.

Yet, I would learn that when it appears we have hit bottom, God can lift us up.

During these lonely days and nights, I sought God. I had heard about Him growing up. But because I didn't know Him, I tried bargaining. When I cried out to Him and asked for forgiveness, I promised if He would restore my marriage I would be good. I even slept with a Bible under my pillow.

God didn't answer that prayer. Instead, He revealed Himself to me.

It happened in a rather strange way. One day the *Sunday Times* of London carried an article about the Shroud of Turin. It included a photograph of what may have been Christ's shroud. The picture showed the nail marks on His hands and feet, the blood and the crown

of thorns.

For some reason I cut the story out and kept it. It would reappear one Saturday at my parents' house. I stayed up late that night to watch a choir on television. Their singing captivated me.

When I went to bed, I reached for my Bible. I turned to the first chapter of Revelation. There on the page was the face of Jesus! This vision only lasted for a few seconds. But in that flash of time I knew that He is the Son of God. I believed He had died on the cross for me.

The next morning, I opened the curtains and couldn't believe my eyes. The light! The joy! The colors! God had forgiven my sins. I could face life again with His assurance, strength and faith.

That wasn't the end of my battle, though. When Satan loses one of us, it makes him angry. He fights to drag us back down.

In my case, he used my failure to quit drinking to seduce me back into the pubs. Over time, I stopped going to church and broke my fellowship with God.

Now, life wasn't all misery. I met the woman who became my second wife and we married in 1986. But she wasn't a Christian and my lukewarm faith sure wasn't going to convince her the Lord was real.

Thank God for my oldest brother. He became the tool the Lord used to show me the way back. In 1992, he invited me to a men's camp to hear Steve Ryder, an evangelist from Australia. Though I didn't want to go, he persuaded me.

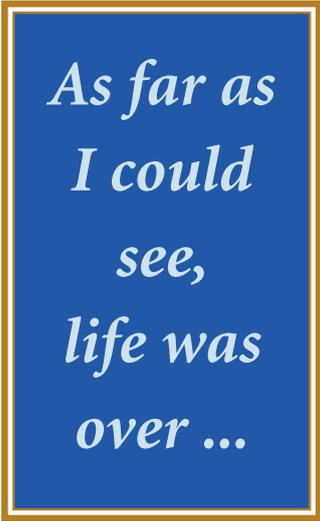
On Saturday afternoon, which normally would have been a break time, the weather was so bad they decided to have a meeting. Ryder spoke about his past as a gang member, his involvement in bank robberies, and an attempted murder.

As he wrapped up his talk, the speaker discussed men who wore masks. Men who were afraid of following Jesus. I knew he meant me and walked forward for prayer.

When Steve raised his hand above my head, I felt like a bolt of lightning struck me. I fell to the floor, helpless. The Holy Spirit filled me that day. When I finally stood up, I was radically changed.

I knew the Father had accepted me back. I was filled with a hunger for Him. I knew the man I had been had passed away. I never entered another pub and threw away my cigarettes.

Now, I had already become more sober about life. Our first daughter was born earlier that year, giving me a newfound kind of love. This helpless infant loved her daddy and depended on



*As far as  
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over ...*

him for her welfare. It touched me as nothing ever had.

The day I came back from camp, I saw our precious daughter lying on her changing mat. I was overwhelmed with God's presence. I knew that, whatever the cost, she had to be brought up to know Christ and His love.

This noticeable change in attitude affected my wife. She soon told me that she, too, wanted to know the Jesus who had made me new.

In my fumbling way, I led her to the Lord. But to be on the safe side, I drove her 90 miles to another of Ryder's meetings so she could hear a clear explanation of faith.

Christ opened up what seemed like a new world. He led us to the church where I soon became treasurer and a Sunday school teacher. My old heart of stone was being replaced by a tender, soft nature.

Nowhere did God make Himself more real than in my occupation. Before this, I was a low level banker. I had asked for promotions but never got any. Nor had I been able to pass my bank exams.

But God changed all that. After being filled with the Holy Spirit, I was promoted five times in five years, going from clerk to managerial status. In three years, I passed more than 20 exams, the last one equivalent to a university degree.

That brought both benefits and salary increases – eventually to double my old pay. However, I know happiness doesn't come from making a lot of money. My joy is in knowing Jesus. We happily tithe our income and God gives us all we need to care for our growing family.

Joy also fills my heart as I watch our children grow into graceful, spiritual, young people. More than once, God has reminded me of where I came from, and what could have been their fate, had it not been for His grace.

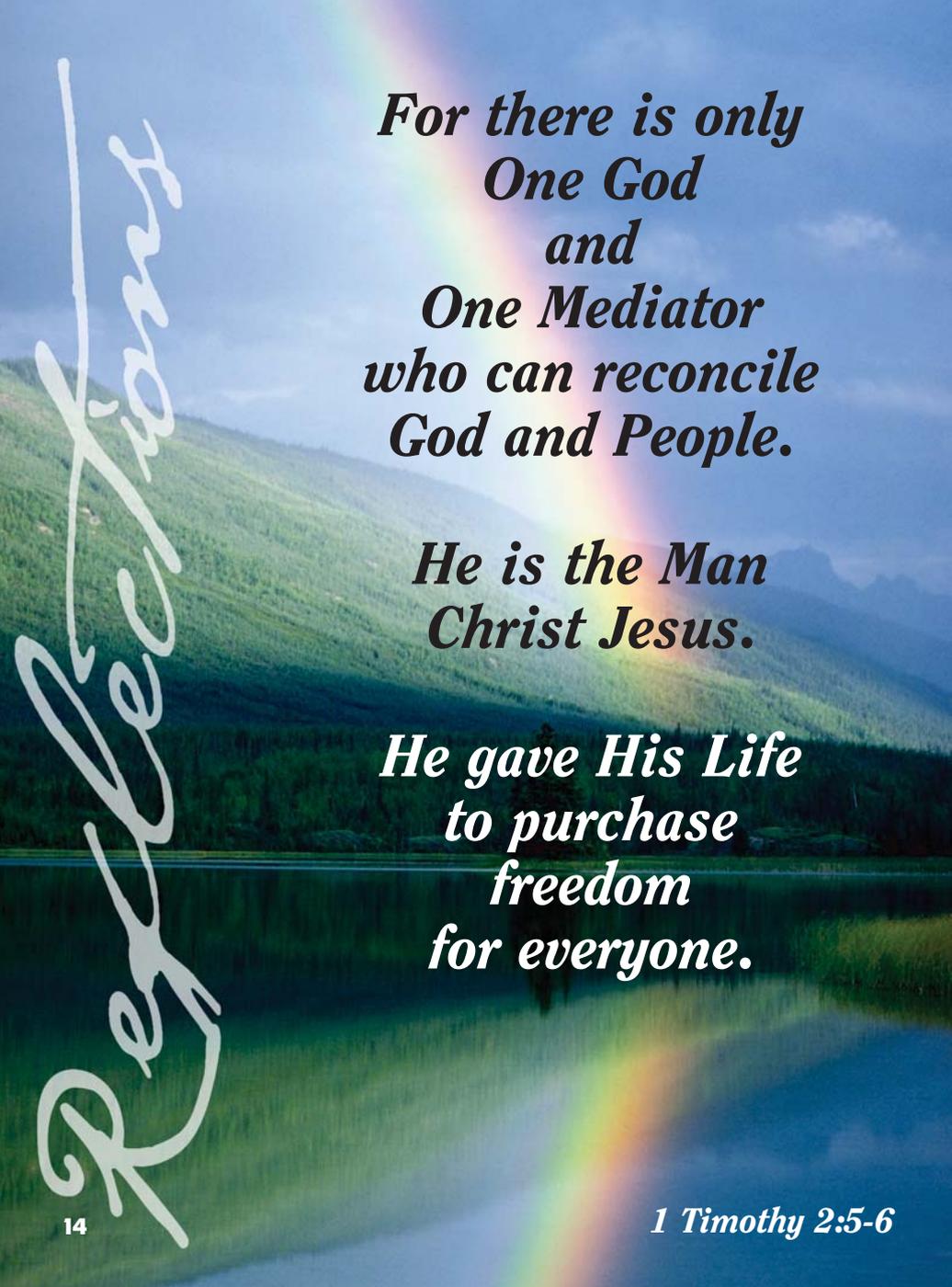
That's why I am so full of gratitude for what God did for me.

The best news is, no matter where you live and no matter what you've done, He can do the same for you. He's the God of restoration. He makes all things new.

Invite Jesus into your heart. See what a difference He makes. This is the day to let Jesus come in and make your life brand new.



*Howard Mole is the Assistant Corporate Manager at the Royal Bank of Scotland in Glasgow. He serves as Secretary of the Inverclyde Chapter of Business Men's Fellowship. He and his wife, Sheila, have three children between the ages of 3 and 9. They attend the Struthers Memorial Church in Greenock.*



*For there is only  
One God  
and  
One Mediator  
who can reconcile  
God and People.*

*He is the Man  
Christ Jesus.*

*He gave His Life  
to purchase  
freedom  
for everyone.*

# 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*

*(Please print clearly)*

Name .....

Street .....

City / Postal Code .....

Telephone .....

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