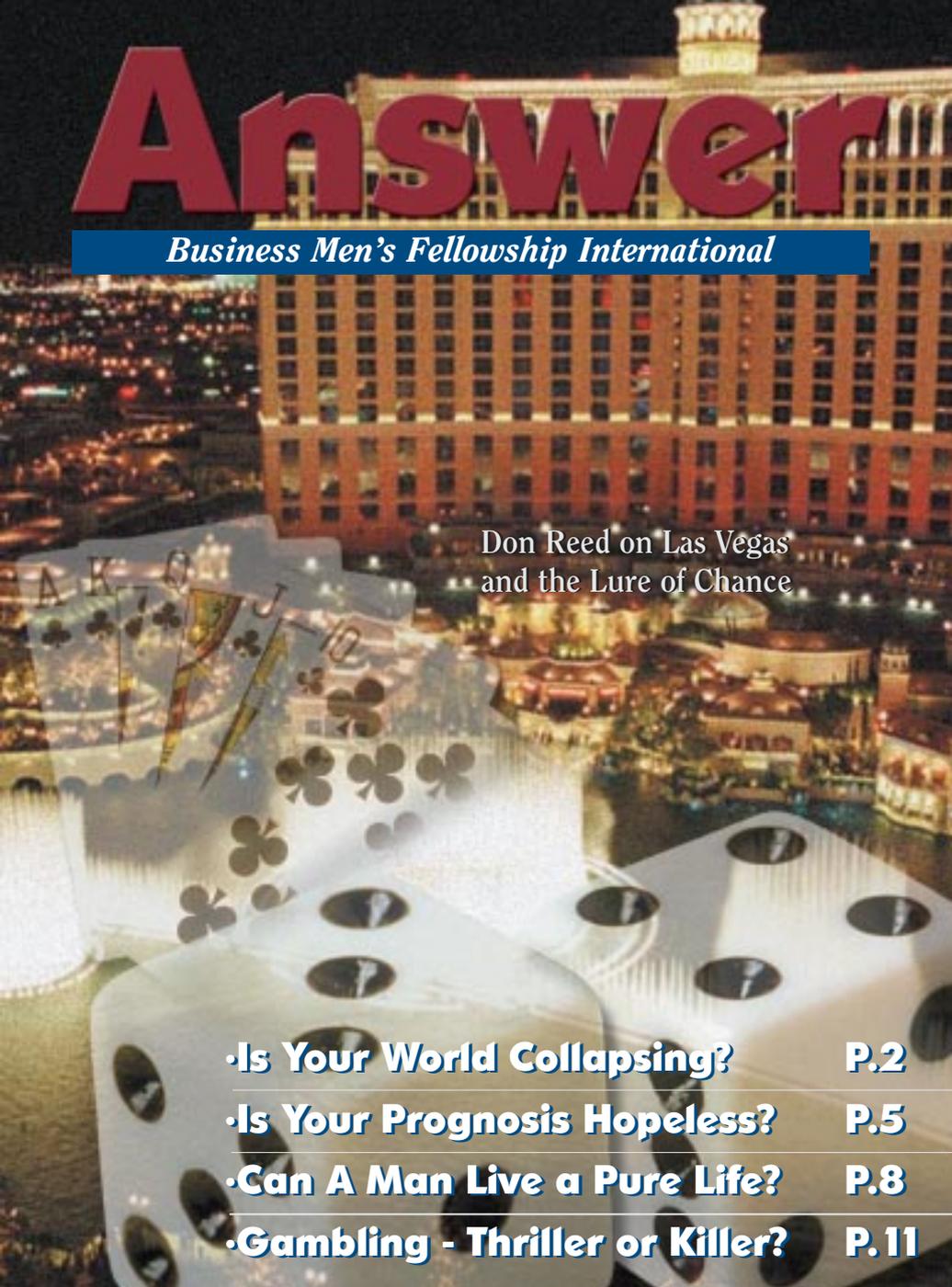


# Answer



*Business Men's Fellowship International*

Don Reed on Las Vegas  
and the Lure of Chance

- **Is Your World Collapsing?** P.2
- **Is Your Prognosis Hopeless?** P.5
- **Can A Man Live a Pure Life?** P.8
- **Gambling - Thriller or Killer?** P.11



**T**he man who walked into my shop reminded me of one of the villains in a James Bond movie.

“We’re raising your rent,” this shady-looking character declared. “If you want to renew your lease, it’s going to be three times as much. And it’s worth it. We had the property surveyed. You better go along if you don’t want trouble.”

Ever feel the world collapsing on top of you?

For months after this unpleasant encounter, I sleepwalked through life. My guts churning constantly, I couldn’t think straight. After more than 25 years in the motor industry, the new owners of my leased garage were either going to fleece me or toss me onto the street.

Fighting them seemed impossible. They were using London’s top barristers and surveyors. Even if I won the battle, going to court would bankrupt me. How had it come to this?

At one time, I had been on top of the

world. Although I had no formal qualifications, I enjoyed a good name in the business world. Most of my years around motor cars were spent running my own business.

One of the most successful was a garage in Ealing, West London. It was around the corner from the Ealing Film Studios. They made the Ealing Comedies, starring Sir Alec Guinness and other famous British comedians.

By then, the studio had been acquired by the British Broadcasting Company. Working on their cars meant you were working on a top-class fleet whose name was recognized by everyone. Among our other customers was Currys, a national electrical chain.

After wrapping up that business, I searched for another opportunity. Finally, I decided to purchase the lease of the Harbour Garage in Newhaven, a bustling port city.

British Rail, the national train

company, owned the property where the garage sat. They leased it for a three-year term, renewable for three more years — subject to rent reviews and other conditions.

Over the next decade, my business steadily expanded. We became the local truck stop for diesel fuel and developed the local program for the national fuel card. Five or six lorries (motor trucks) were steadily lined up at our pumps from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m.

However, amid a recession British Rail ran into financial trouble. Since they needed money to balance their books, they decided to auction some valuable land and property.

I learned my garage was on the block when a British Rail employee came to post the sign. Scrambling to survive, a local property man agreed to help me buy the garage and the car park next door.

He would develop the car park into factory units, bringing a good return on his investment. I would get to keep the garage and stay in business.

However, at the auction my heart dropped with a thud. The top price we could pay was the opening bid! We didn't even hold up our hands.

The transport and property company that bought the land where my garage sat had a questionable reputation. After numerous discussions, reviewing the books and agonizing over the decision, I

negotiated a modest sum of money to leave the property.

It wasn't a fortune, but it was better than nothing. Yet, the day I handed over the keys and walked away, I sensed that I would never see a dime. That feeling proved to be correct.

When these kind of things happen, you have two choices. The first is losing your mind; some men commit suicide over such injustice and calamity.

Instead, I took my case to God. "I don't know what to do," I told Him. "But I know You'll make a way."

I had decided to follow Jesus as a teenager. Yet, I had been through ups and downs in my Christian life.

Fortunately, after getting married I met some Christian businessmen who were excited about God.

Thanks to this group, I realized that God uses businessmen to do His work, not just ministers. I also saw that a lukewarm outlook and occasional church attendance meant nothing. If I believed Christ was the Son of God and He was alive, I needed to start acting like it.

When disaster struck in Newhaven, I was glad I had made that decision. I saw how God can intervene in a situation when it looks hopeless. It happened the very week I had to close my garage.

I owned a second home in the city. My mother and two aunts lived on the first floor. I rented the upstairs flat to a woman

## SOME MEN COMMIT SUICIDE OVER SUCH INJUSTICE AND CALAMITY

for a very modest price. She had lived there for 45 years and the rental was under strict price controls.

However, that week this tenant gave notice that she was moving. Suddenly, the property doubled in value. That covered debts from the garage operations and helped us move.

Deciding we needed a change of scenery, we sold both houses in Newhaven and resettled four miles down the coast. There I got into trading cars under the same name – Harbour Garage. I hadn't sold the business or gone bankrupt and keeping the name proved very advantageous.

Two years after we relocated, our three children all moved out. That left us with more house than we needed. My wife had gone to work for a private health company, but they closed the office where she worked and offered her a transfer to Manchester.

Since we didn't want to move, but Jean still wanted to work, we opened a "Bed and Breakfast." However, it took six months to get organized and listed in tourist brochures.

In the meantime, she found a job as a headmasters secretary at a local comprehensive school. So, we agreed that I would cook breakfast and together we would operate the B&B.

Yes, our business affairs turned out wonderfully. But we saw God do much more.

Take the serious illness that threatened our daughter Emma after we moved to Seaford. As we sat in the waiting room, a doctor came out and said, "I hate to say this, but I don't think she's going to live through the night."

"Lord, we don't accept that," I said after we joined hands and talked to God. "You are a miracle worker and we ask you for a miracle."

God answered that prayer. We still have all our children.

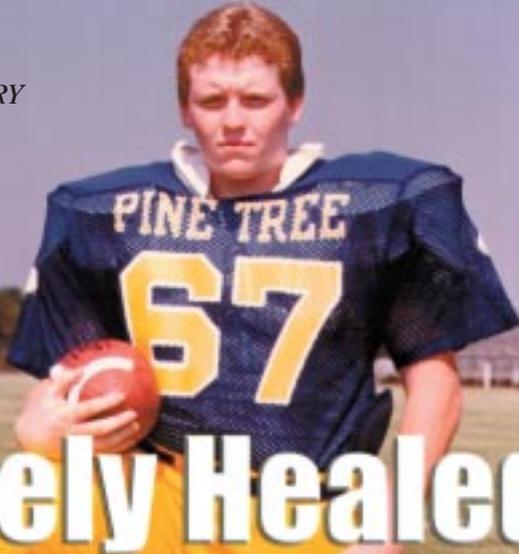
Nor is that the only time I have seen prayers yield powerful results. In the spring of 2003, I traveled to Northern Ireland for a meeting. We prayed for a man who was blind in one eye and he regained his sight. I have seen other people healed of such ailments as a bad back and an ankle injury.

I am delighted to be able to share my story in this magazine. We leave copies in each room at our "Bed and Breakfast." We want everyone who stays here to know that God can bring answers when none appear to be in sight. Jesus truly cares for you.



*Eric Woodward runs a car sales business and manages a bed and breakfast. He attends the Brighton Chapter of BMF and is a National Director for the United Kingdom. He and his wife, Jean, have three children. They attend Living Stones Church in Old Town, Eastbourne.*

*THE CHUCK EVANS STORY*  
*White Oak, Texas, USA*



# Divinely Healed

“All right, you sissies!” bellowed our football coach, angered by our lack of effort under the glaring spring sun. “Line up! We’re gonna run the hamburger drill!”

Named for the runner who could easily get sandwiched between three tacklers, when my turn came I eagerly grabbed the ball.

Although a defensive end, I wanted to prove my toughness and move up to varsity the next season. I hadn’t worked out and put on more than 30 pounds for nothing.

So instead of trying to dance away, I ran straight at them. Bam! I smashed into the first tackler head-on, flattening him. The other two defenders struggled to bring me down.

“Way to go, Evans!” an assistant coach yelled. “That’s what we wanta see! A little hitting! Next man up! Let’s go!”

As I trotted to the end of the line, I

felt a strange sensation.

“Man, I’m burning,” I said to my best friend. “My neck and back are hurting.”

“You’ll be okay,” he said.

I lined up and ran the drill again. And again. But the fourth time I hit a gang of tacklers, I fell backwards. Twisting around like a battered top, I fell flat on my face.

Fading in and out of consciousness, the next thing I remember was lying in the hospital. My mother stood over me.

A worried look filled her eyes as she looked at black spots running down the base of my neck and spine. I saw her touch my hands, then my feet. But I couldn’t feel a thing.

“He’s broken his neck,” a doctor told her. “He’s never going to walk again. The best thing we can do for him is to operate so he can regain control of his bladder.”

What would become of my future?

This looked like yet another unexpected turn on the road to my destiny.

It began in southern Ohio, where my brother, father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all worked at one of the steel mills that dotted the region.

At the age of 10, I was reading millwright manuals. I looked forward to claiming my place in the family tradition, which included living in the same town for the rest of my life.

That goal ended abruptly two years later when a fire shut down the plant. Dad qualified for early retirement and moved to Texas, about two hours east of Dallas. Even my brother, now in his mid-20s, came along.

Bitter over being uprooted, I started hanging out with older guys who were into drugs and drinking. Before long, I was taking advantage of opportunities to experiment with both.

The next three years were rough. Finally, with maturity beyond my years, I took a long look at myself. I saw that I was becoming just like my father, an alcoholic who sometimes grew violent.

Seeking a change, I enrolled in a different high school, got involved with a new crowd and started studying. I wanted to enter the military so I could fly helicopters.

Yet, the strangest thing happened. I still felt a void in my life. Cleaning up my act hadn't brought much happiness.

Then, one day as I walked down a

hallway at school, I found a small pamphlet. On the front was a question: "What do Christians miss?" I opened it up to see the answer: "Hell!"

That tormented me. I thought of the magazines a pastor in Ohio had been sending me. They had stories of businessmen whose lives had drastically improved after they followed Christ. Was that what I needed?



Soon after this, a youth pastor came to see me. A baseball coach, he wanted to sign me up for his team. I told him, "I don't care much about baseball. What I'm interested in is you telling me how I can become a Christian."

Handing me a dollar bill, he said, "This is a gift. It's just like that. It's free. If you believe in Jesus, He gives you eternal life."

Soon, I repeated what I call an "ABC" prayer. I:

Accepted the fact that Jesus is the Son of God.

Believed He died on the cross for my wrong doing.

Confessed that He is Savior and Lord.

When I finished, a soothing peace filled me. I sensed God's presence. I knew this was the answer to my frustration.

I made that decision just two weeks before that paralyzing football injury. So as I lay in the hospital, I wasn't worried.

One reason is I had seen God heal my mother when I was just four. Suffering

because of a grapefruit-sized tumor, she had withered away to 95 pounds. As I watched cancer eat at her body, I pleaded, “God, don’t take my Mom. Then I won’t have anyone to protect me.”

God had answered that prayer. I reminded her of it that night.

“Mom, don’t worry,” I said. “I know the character of God. He healed you and I know He’ll heal me.”

I didn’t know it, but many people were praying for me. Members of my church. Guys in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes at school. Some of my coaches.

In the morning, my father was in the room with the surgeon who was supposed to operate on me. As the doctor started talking, he touched my toe.

“I felt that!” I exclaimed.

“No, you just think you felt it,” he said. “You saw my hand touch it and want to think you felt it.”

So I moved my leg and said, “I think I moved my leg.” Then I moved my arm and said, “I think I moved my arm.” My father watched with his mouth hanging open.

The doctors decided to examine me. But the X-rays came back showing nothing was broken. Finally, they put a neck brace on me and said, “We’ll let you go home.”

The day after that, I went back to school. When one of my coaches saw me, he fell to his knees with tears in his eyes.

Over the next three years, 165 classmates decided to follow Christ when they saw what God did. They couldn’t doubt my healing when they saw me playing varsity football.

A number of years have passed. I got

married and have been involved in several businesses. But that isn’t the end of story. I have seen God heal hundreds of people, including my mother for a second time.

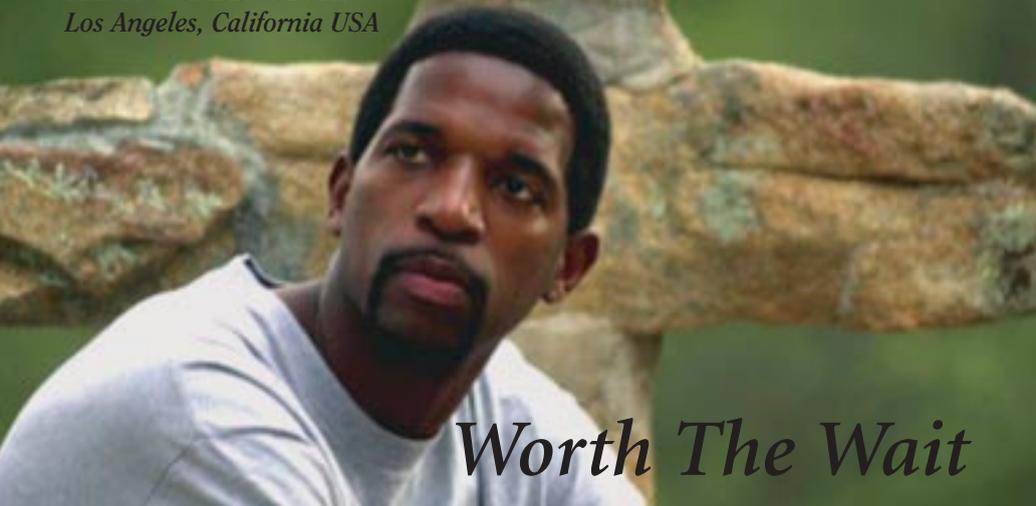
Diagnosed with congestive heart failure in 2000, Mom supposedly had six months to live. But after prayer, she felt better. Three years later after an extensive examination, her doctor said, “Your heart muscle is great. You don’t have any problems.”

Soon after that, our six-year-old daughter was healed. She had suffered from a painful intestinal disorder that made her miserable. We had almost given up hope when God brought the answer. I should have known He would. He’s the same God who caused me to rise up and walk when doctors thought it impossible.



*Chuck Evans is President of GTI, a real estate firm in Longview, Texas, that renovates and*

*markets restored homes. He also serves as associate pastor of Rose Heights Church. He and his wife, Angel, have one daughter. Evans is a Key Man leader for BMF and attends chapter meetings in Longview.*



## Worth The Wait

Youngsters who follow the National Basketball Association today know stars like Shaquille O’Neal, Kobe Bryant, Jason Kidd and Allen Iverson.

When I joined the Los Angeles Lakers, my “Showtime” teammates included Magic Johnson, Byron Scott, Michael Cooper and James Worthy.

But none of these legends were that impressed with me – at least, not with my personal stand. I told them I planned to wait for marriage to have sex. Laughing, some took bets on how long I would last before giving in to temptation.

“Son, in six weeks you won’t be talking any more of this stuff,” one said. “This junk about treating women like sisters and honoring them? Once you see some of the ladies coming around us, I bet you’ll have a change of heart.”

Over the years, I faced taunts, rumors and frequent doubts that I could withstand the seductive atmosphere. Before I retired

in 2001, a *Sports Illustrated* writer dubbed me, “The NBA Player Who Has Never Scored.”

But none of this bothered me. When that teammate challenged me my rookie season, I replied, “You can bet anything you want.”

While I didn’t give it a second thought, that statement was like throwing down a red flag in front of a bull. Suddenly I had guys watching me everywhere I went: To our hotel, in the locker room and on road trips.

Once, on a visit to my hometown of Portland, Oregon, I was talking with a woman when she said, “I think your teammates are trying to get your attention.”

I turned around to see a couple of the Lakers eavesdropping on our conversation. I laughed, especially since the woman was my sister!

Nobody thought I could avoid

sleeping with at least one of the flock of beautiful women who throw themselves at pro athletes. They were wrong.

When my bride and I walked the aisle in April of 2002, she knew I loved her before we even met. Why? Because I had saved myself for her. On our honeymoon, she knew she was the only woman to ever share an intimate moment with me.

Was it worth the wait? You bet!

This is the blessing available to everyone who makes the right choice. One that includes protecting yourself. Not just against sexually-transmitted diseases, but against the emotional heartache of casual romance gone sour.

I have a secret to share, though. I am not special. I am not Superman. During my basketball career I was tempted to violate the standards I had set years before.

Fortunately, I didn't give in to peer pressure. Teenagers think they face the toughest peer pressure around. But the worst I ever dealt with came from adults trying to convince me waiting for marriage was foolish.

One thing kept me from stepping over that line. It started with a decision I reached after graduating from high school.

Funny thing is, to everyone on the outside, as a teenager it looked like I had it made. A star on the team that won the state championship my senior year, I was the most popular athlete in our high school.

I had been named an All-American.

Multiple colleges had offered athletic scholarships. I tooled around town in the Lincoln Continental my parents had given me.

But while the accolades piled up, a scared little kid lived inside. I may have been an energetic, high-fiving player, but off the court I didn't have a leg to stand on. It looked like I had everything anyone could want. But I had nothing to live for and it left me feeling empty.

However, that summer some friends invited me on a weekend trip to visit one of our former teachers and his wife. Since I knew this couple and enjoyed their company, I accepted.

That Sunday we went to their church. I had heard about God before, since Dad made us go to church.

But the most exciting thing I found as a youngster were the refreshments.

This day was different. I heard a message that had never penetrated my brain before. It had a simple title: "Do you want to go to heaven or hell?"

Naturally, I said, "Heaven." But the speaker said there were some keys to getting there:

\* Accept the truth that Jesus Christ is God.

\* Obey Him.

\* Let Jesus be the head coach of my life.

I felt like this man had smacked me between the eyes with truth. I had no



*she  
was the only  
woman  
to ever share an  
intimate moment  
with me*

purpose or identity.

Then this man asked if anyone wanted to follow Jesus as their Savior and Lord. He invited us to acknowledge that by walking up front and telling him. Knowing I needed to do this, I thought, “Yeah.”

But after taking a step, I stopped. Wanting someone else to go first, I nudged my friend, Ricky. He just stood there with a glazed look on his face.

The speaker asked a second time. Sweat pouring from my arm pits, I looked around. Nobody moved, including me. I didn’t want to be laughed at.

He asked a third time. Somehow, I found the courage to walk up there. When I reached the front, he asked, “Do you know what you’re doing?”

“No,” I said. “But there’s something burning inside my heart. I know this is what I need to do.”

“That’s okay,” he assured me. As we talked, he explained I had decided to lead a different life by following the Son of God. We talked to God and I told Him that’s what I wanted to do.

We turned around to face the crowd. I had feared that people would mock me for my decision. Instead, all my friends applauded, smiled and gave me the thumbs-up sign.

From that day on, I decided I wanted to lead the kind of life that would honor God. And I discovered that what I did mattered as much as what I said.

I saw the truth of this when I reached the NBA. That first year I rarely said much about the Bible or my beliefs. Instead, I sensed God’s Holy Spirit whispering, “Just shut up and live it. Let them see your life.”

What made the difference was the

attitude of my heart. The desire to follow God led to the actions that showed what I believe.

Funny thing is, now that my basketball career is over, I’m seeing that the choices and decisions haven’t ended. I have to show people that the same God who helped me withstand the temptations of the NBA helps me today.

As a businessman, I have to deal honestly with others and give my best. But the pressure to do so doesn’t come from others. It comes from that decision I made at 17 to live in a way that would honor God. I found that following Him, and waiting for His best, is a choice that will always steer you in the right direction.



*A.C. Green holds the NBA record for most consecutive games played (1,192) during his 16-year career. He scored a total of 12,331 points and won three championships with the LA Lakers. Green now owns a share of an automobile dealership in Huntington Beach, California, and leads the A.C. Green Youth Foundation. The foundation promotes abstinence and provides Summer Leadership camps for youth in the Los Angeles and Portland, Oregon who would not otherwise have a chance to attend a basketball camp.*

*THE DON REED STORY*  
*Hermitage, Pennsylvania USA*



**L**as Vegas! Bright lights, the sounds of excitement and curvaceous women nuzzling against me. Heaven on earth. The thrill of competing for a fortune at the dice tables raced through my veins like a powerful drug.

Tonight, I was hooked. I couldn't quit, even when I was thousands of dollars ahead. Nor did the women hanging around tempt me away. During a losing streak, I would drink heavily.

After night had turned into morning, a casino pit boss approached me. "Mr. Reed, don't you think you better quit for awhile?" he said softly. Despite my swollen eyes and a throbbing head, I replied, "I'm all right."

"You were here on my last shift and I know you were here before that," he pressed.

I glanced at my watch. The numbers looked bleary.

"I guess you're right," I mumbled. Maybe I needed a rest. My luck had changed. Now I was \$10,000 in the hole.

After staggering to my hotel room, I sprawled across the bed. "God, God, what am I doing?" I cried.

But I wasn't asking for help. I knew my gambling, alcohol abuse and sinful life were wrong. But I was just too tired to care.

How had I gotten on this merry-go-round? It started innocently when I was about twelve. Fascinated with the wagering at a poolroom, I started stealing nickels and dimes from my father to place bets.

I never guessed such a small thing could lead to huge trouble. It didn't happen right away. I went on to become an all-state basketball player who earned a college scholarship. Later, I became a respectable businessman.

I was the picture of perfection, an Army veteran with a beautiful wife, two sons and my own accounting practice. Then I expanded my business, buying a motel across the street from my office.

However, if your personal life is out of

control, the American dream can become a nightmare. The booze never seriously affected my business. But gambling brought total ruin.

It started with poolroom wagers, then graduated to a series of penny-ante poker games and lottery tickets. Each step opened the door wider to serious trouble.

The invitation to Las Vegas came during a poker game. A buddy burst through the door looking like he had discovered a gold mine.

“Hey, you guys!” he said, grinning. “Next week we forget the poker and go big time. I’ve found a guy who can get us on a junket to Vegas!”

“You sure you can get us all on a plane for free?” I asked.

“Sure,” he said. “They’re always looking for a couple more suckers!”

Everyone laughed. Like Boy Scouts heading for a camping jamboree, the next weekend we flew west. I marveled over the glittering lights, plush motels and wide-open nightlife.

That weekend I established credit of \$3,500. I lost a little that trip, but vowed to make it up the next time. Before long, I picked up \$20,000 “markers” – casino IOUs – as easily as a pack of cigarettes.

Casinos and professional gamblers love to brag about these kind of exciting images. What they don’t tell is the whole story.

When I reached bottom, almost everything that mattered was slipping through my fingers. I had just signed foreclosure papers on the \$300,000 motel that I had struggled so hard to acquire. A few weeks before, I had been forced to sell half my accounting practice to pay off one night’s gambling losses.

In addition, I looked like walking death! Used to drinking my meals, my athletic, 6’-1”-physique had dwindled to 160 pounds. Although we still lived in the same house, my wife had filed for divorce. She had grown fed up with my lies and out-of-control habits.

Donna didn’t know the worst of it – I had signed her name to 30 bank loans. I owed money to 40 other creditors.

I was so far in debt I couldn’t add it all up.

Yet, at this point of desperation, God hadn’t forgotten me. Although I thought all was lost, He had been quietly at work. Strangely, although my life was out of order, I continued to tithe my income.

The first change came when my wife turned her life around and decided to follow Christ. While that didn’t mean much to me, the Bible she left lying around the house made a huge difference.

Then there were the words a pastor spoke on a visit. Mentioning I was one of the best basketball players to ever come out of my high school, he remarked, “One thing



## **It started with poolroom wagers... penny-ante poker games and lottery tickets**

you never did – you never made the first team with Jesus Christ.”

That cut me to the core of my soul. He was right. I had been to church, but I didn’t know God.

That phrase, “first team with Jesus,” rattled through my mind like Vegas’ neon lights. One afternoon, I picked up Donna’s Bible. Reading from Mark, I saw that God wants us to follow Him wholeheartedly.

The phrase that struck me between the eyes said, “For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” (Mark 8:36.)

I had owned five cars, two swimming pools and a life full of excitement. And it had brought nothing but misery. Suddenly filled with grief, I sank to my knees.

“Lord Jesus, here I am,” I said. “I’ve done so much wrong I couldn’t even begin to tell you all the rotten things.”

After talking to Him for a while, I finished, “I’ve made a terrible mess of it all and now I give it to You.”

Tears streamed down my face. No lightning flashed and no thunder clapped through the sky. Yet, I felt an overwhelming sense of peace. I had found a new life.

I discovered that faith in God was more exciting than any jackpot I had ever won. My Father in heaven helped me recover my dignity. He preserved my marriage and restored our family.

I learned God is also just. He didn’t wave any magic wands and make the consequences of what I had done disappear. With my business gone, I had to start over by doing income tax returns in my basement.

When my attorney advised otherwise, God told me not to file bankruptcy. It took

17 years to pay off all my creditors, but I did.

Today I see so many people making the same mistakes I did. Like the professional man who called me, distraught because his video poker was costing him \$120,000 a year. Or the woman blowing \$100 a week on bingo, when her husband only earned \$500.

The man listened to my story about Christ and decided to follow Him. But the woman said, “I’m not ready for that yet.”

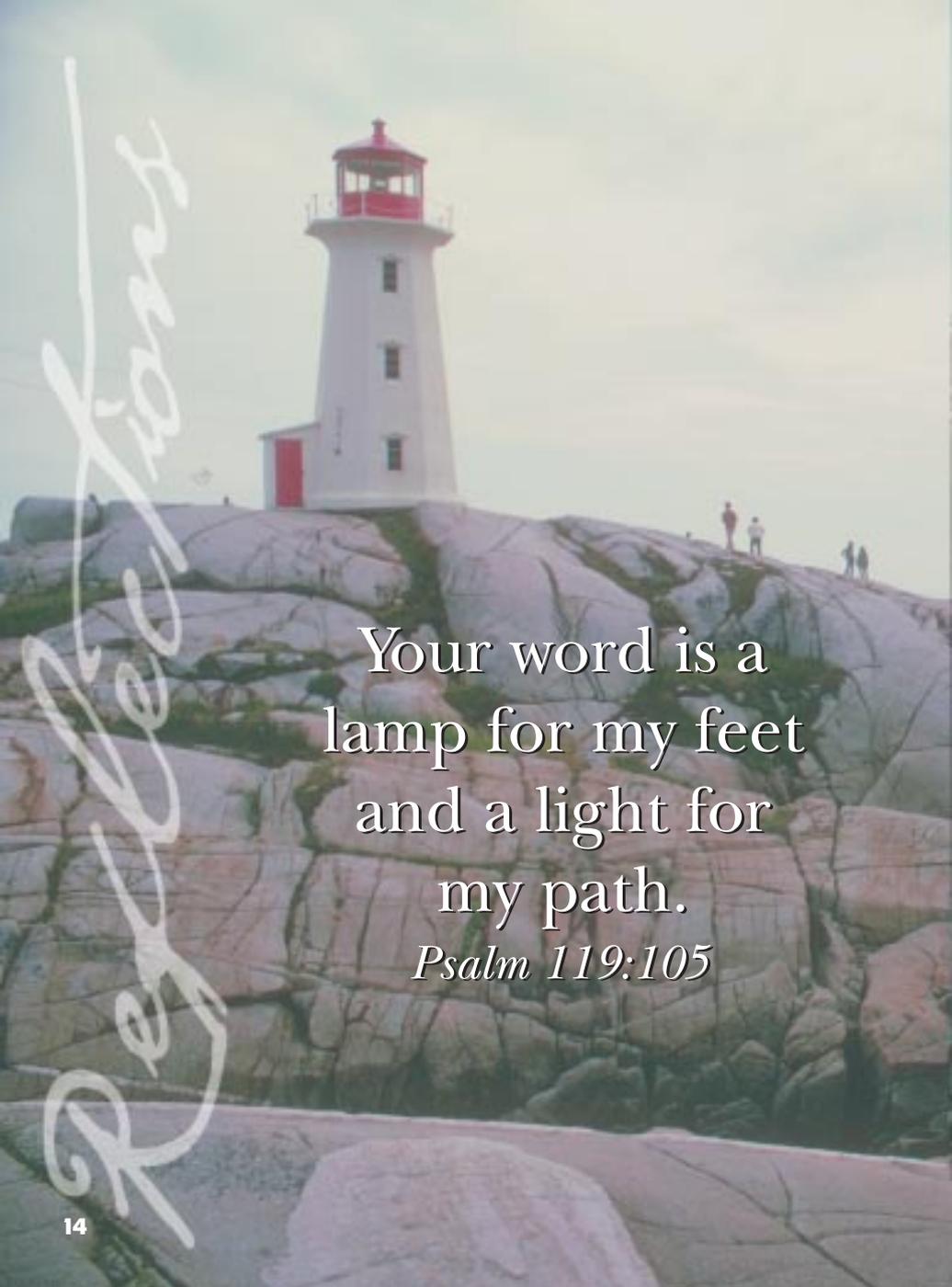
What about you? Do you want to break free of gambling’s stranglehold on you? Are you ready to embrace joy and contentment? Then, choose to follow Jesus. You can know Him. Why gamble with your life any longer?

With Christ, you can be sure now where you’ll spend eternity.



*Accountant Don Reed is president of Reed & Reed Associates, Inc., a CPA firm. He has written a book about his experience,*

*Now I'll Bet on You, Lord (order at [www.crossingpaths.org](http://www.crossingpaths.org).) His weekly TV show, "Crossing Paths," is broadcast on the Sky Angel satellite network 9701, Monday at 9:00 PM and Sunday at 6:00 AM. He and his wife, Donna, have two sons and eight grandchildren.*



Your word is a  
lamp for my feet  
and a light for  
my path.

*Psalm 119:105*

# 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 .....

Issue #070103

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