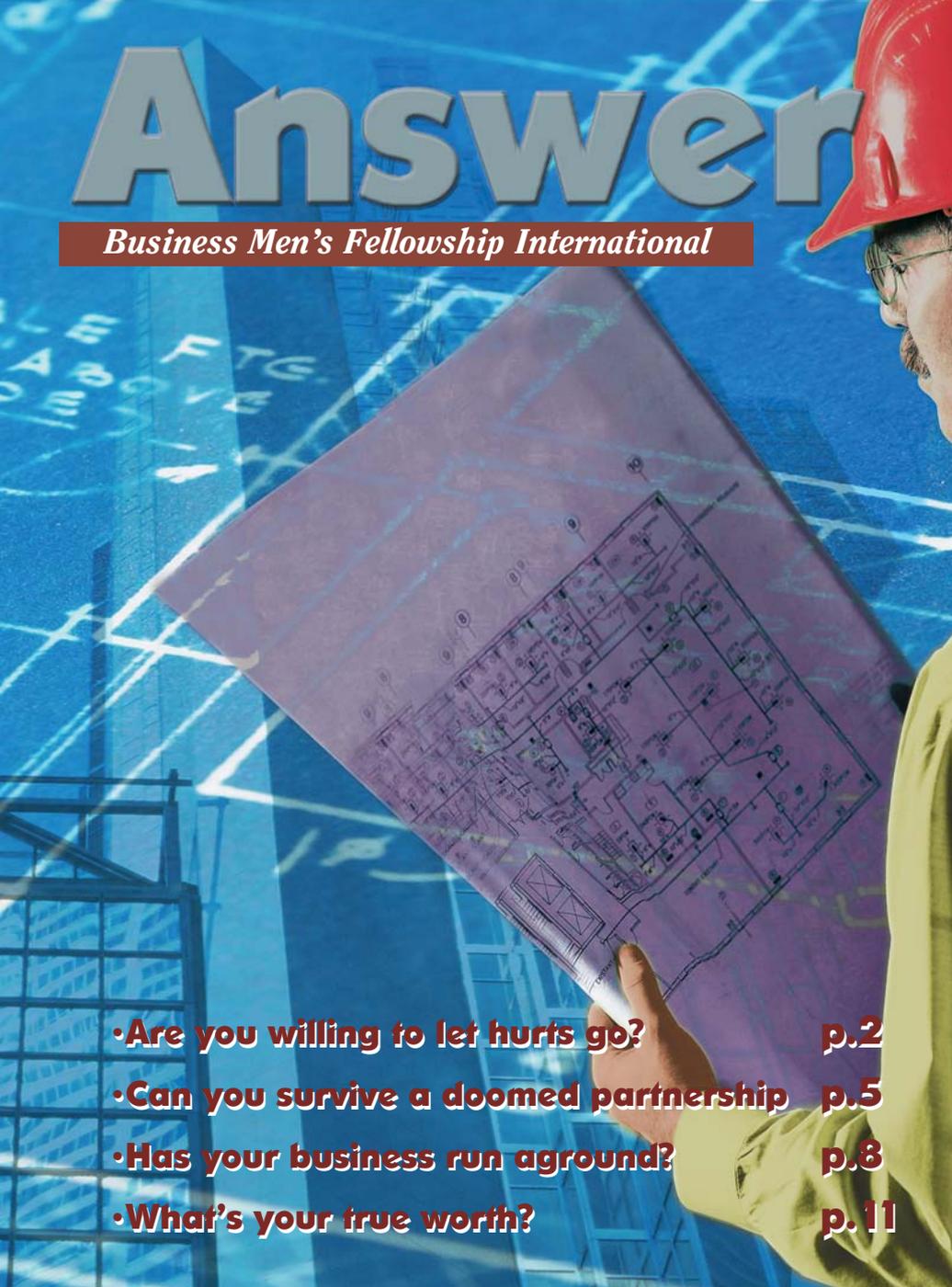


Answer



Business Men's Fellowship International

- **Are you willing to let hurts go?** p.2
- **Can you survive a doomed partnership** p.5
- **Has your business run aground?** p.8
- **What's your true worth?** p.11

Overcoming Depression



“Hi, honey,” my wife smiled as I walked through the front door. “How was your day?”

“All right,” I mumbled, tossing my coat onto a rack.

Then I retreated to the bedroom. I didn’t come out for supper or speak to anyone the rest of the evening. Alone, I sank into another of the depressed moods that cropped up when I reached my mid-30s.

These battles went on for nearly 15 years. They were sparked by a seemingly innocent remark from my wife, Wilma, or one of our two children.

Wilma could ask, “Did you have a chance to fix that bathroom faucet?” or “Are you sure you want to wear that suit today?” But I would take such questions as a major attack on my abilities or personal tastes.

Then I would isolate myself for several days before snapping out of it. This only happened at home. During these spells I continued going to the office to meet with clients, conduct interviews and handle

administrative details.

On the surface we looked like the normal, happy, middle-class family. Everyone thought I was carrying on the proud family tradition that began with my father’s quarry business.

Raised in a traditional home where Dad provided the income and Mom was a homemaker, I was the fourth of six children.

I didn’t know it then, but after a girl and two boys, my mother desperately wanted another girl. Before my birth she picked out the name “Nancy” and bought numerous pink-colored outfits.

My mother’s disappointment over not getting a girl quickly turned to rejection. It surfaced through our ambivalent relationship. Although I respected her, we were never close and never shared intimate feelings. I still remember when she blurted angrily, “You’re the rottenest kid I’ve ever raised!”

Dad tried to compensate for her coldness by showing me extra attention.

After I graduated from high school and joined two brothers in the family business, my father gave me more management duties.

Ironically, I grew up in a Christian home. As a young teenager, I recognized that going to church didn't mean I had decided to follow Christ. So one Sunday night I said a prayer acknowledging Jesus was the Son of God and the Savior I needed.

Afterwards at home, Dad gripped my hand and said, "Son, you have made the most important commitment you have ever made in your life."

That was true. It took a long time to learn more about the truths outlined in the Bible and how to live. Although I didn't become perfect, I saw that following God was much better than life without Him.

On numerous occasions after going to work at the quarry I saw Him protect me from serious injuries, illness and even death.

The most dramatic episode took place one Saturday afternoon. I was moving a layer of limestone that kept breaking into small pieces, which meant it could only be used for landscaping.

Moving back and forth between two loaders, I used a forklift on one to spear slabs. Then I jumped to the other and shifted the stone into its bucket. The limestone would crumble and I would load it onto a truck.

However, after I moved one three-by-seven-foot chunk onto the bucket, it didn't

break. Suddenly, 3,000 pounds of stone slid towards my open cab! Without thinking, I flicked the lever and dropped the arms, bringing the slab to a halt.

Heart pounding, I shakily climbed down from the machine. I instantly recognized God had saved me. Normally, I wasn't that fast operating the controls.

God later healed me from the painful effects of a hip that I dislocated at work.

Although it only briefly snapped out of place, the mishap led to years of trips to chiropractors, problems with arthritis, and prescriptions.

Then, at a church service one New Year's eve a man and his son offered to pray for people who needed healing.

"Well, I've got nothing to lose," I thought as I stepped into the aisle. While nothing dramatic happened that night, the

next morning I shouted, "Wilma, it's gone!" "What?" she said.

"I have a new hip," I smiled. While I never got it X-rayed to confirm the healing, I never again saw a doctor for the problem. I never took any more drugs for it, either.

Despite these miracles, when my problems with depression surfaced, I didn't know what to do. But God had the answer.

It came through a Christian businessmen's group I had joined. Eventually, I became president. In that capacity, I provided lodging for traveling guest speakers.

One night at home after a meeting, I sat talking with the speaker. He had been a



Son, you have made the most important commitment you have ever made in your life

farmer before entering the retail business. I don't remember how the subject came up, but I revealed my continuing struggle with depression.

"Would you like to be rid of that thing?" he asked.

"I sure would."

Taking my hands, he said a short prayer. He declared I was God's property and ordered the spirit of depression to leave, ending, "In the name of Jesus."

It worked! I can't say I never had any further disappointments or upsets, but those nagging moods that caused such distress in our home vanished.

However, God's work with us wasn't finished. Over the next decade, Wilma recognized that she had problems with deep-seated anger.

It went back to childhood, when her mother was stricken with measles during her second pregnancy. After her younger sister was born deaf and with vision problems, Wilma ran into a field, shook her fist at the sky and said, "God, You made a mistake."

This anger was compounded when she later learned her sister had been abused at a school for the deaf.

She also harbored resentment over my long period of dark moods. For years she walked on egg shells, afraid she would upset me or make my depression worse.

Her healing came gradually, but from these situations we learned to never overlook the spiritual element of emotional difficulties.

There are natural factors that can affect our bodies. Wilma knows this because of extensive nutrition studies and better health practices that helped her overcome physical problems. Still, at the root of many problems lies unforgiveness.

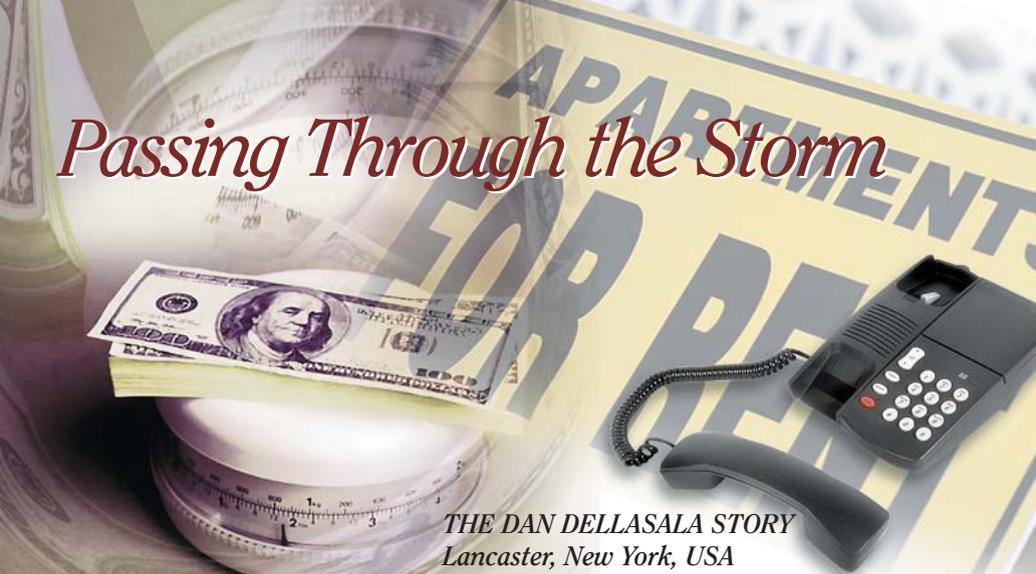
We may have suffered abuse, rejection and other indignities, whether as a child or an adult. Yet, as long as we cling to anger and bitterness, we will never be set free.

It isn't easy letting go. I know that from experience. Even after that man's prayer broke the stronghold of depression, it has only been in the past five years that I have been able to find complete release from the pain of childhood.

While it was a long time coming, praise God that He made it possible. There is no care, trouble or any past hurt that is too big to place on His shoulders.



After selling the family business, Herb Ebel worked for many years as an industrial training consultant. He is now a sales associate in Home Depot's hardware department. Herb serves as treasurer of the Owen Sound Chapter of BMF and a field representative for southern Ontario. He and his wife, Wilma, have two children and four grandchildren. They attend the Christian & Missionary Alliance church.



Passing Through the Storm

THE DAN DELLASALA STORY
Lancaster, New York, USA

When the phone rang, it only took a split second to realize this call meant bad news. The voice belonged to a bank officer, who spoke in gruff tones.

“The mortgage on your apartment building is four months behind,” he said. “We’re going to start foreclosure proceedings if you don’t pay this. And we can call the note on your house, too.”

“What are you talking about?” I said, my eyebrows shooting skyward. “All these bills are supposed to be paid.”

My father and I soon realized we had been swindled by the manager of our partnership. Using profits from my insurance agency, and Dad’s company, we had purchased an 18-unit apartment complex.

Our partner came with a good recommendation – from a bank executive — and experience in real estate developments. Since the building needed

renovations, it seemed like a good idea to let him manage the property.

To our dismay, he turned out to be a thief. Instead of using residents’ rent to pay for renovations, he pocketed the cash. None of the building’s utilities had been paid. Neither had \$30,000 in real estate taxes. We were \$60,000 in the red.

But it would get worse. This guy had charged the bills for a \$100,000 addition to his home to our partnership. It was part of a pattern. He had swindled other investors in various deals for a total of \$5 million.

Eventually, he went to prison. But it took three years for the attorney general to complete his investigation. As the state’s lead informant, I helped put the guy behind bars.

While the probe continued, a judge named me the managing partner. That turned out to be a title I didn’t need. With controversy swirling around me and endless meetings with investigators,

attorneys, and the Internal Revenue Service, I felt like a drowning man with no life jacket.

Trying to keep the partnership afloat, I paid up to \$5,000 a month out of my own pocket. For three years I spent half the day on this mess and sold insurance until 9 or 10 at night.

Looking back, I have no idea how I managed. I guess because I had no choice. It had to be done.

In the midst of this nightmare, I developed irritable bowel syndrome and wondered if my marriage would survive the stress.

“What we are going to do?” my wife asked more than once. “How are we going to handle this? Are you going to jail? Are we going to lose the house?”

“No, I’m not going to jail,” I would assure her. “If we lose the house, we’ll just have to start over.”

While I spoke those words bravely, inside I wasn’t so sure. More than once as I drove to appointments, I broke into tears and asked, “God, why is this happening to me?”

Ten years earlier, I had made a pledge to follow Jesus. Although I grew up in church and heard that Christ died for our mistakes and was the Savior we needed to get to heaven, I shrugged it off.

But after getting married and starting my own insurance firm, I learned a bit

about life’s pressures. With my business not producing, I contemplated closing down and doing something else.

One night as I drove home, listening to a Christian radio station, I said, “God, You’ve got to help me.”

Seconds later the announcer said, “Hey, there’s a salesman out there. God’s telling me to tell you that you’re going to be

fine. Your business is going to turn around.”

Talk about a fast answer to prayer! Immediately I recognized I needed to follow this Jesus and make Him Lord of my life.

“God, it’s time,” I said quietly. “I’ve been playing around with this for too long.”

However, I would learn that decision didn’t make everything perfect. Pride crept in and made me forget God had given me success. I got

into that real estate venture looking to make lots of money. But I made a fatal mistake by getting involved in something that I knew absolutely nothing about.

At the end of the struggle with our doomed partnership, I filed for bankruptcy. Although the building was worth \$500,000, my ex-partner had saddled us with so many bills we listed debts of \$1.4 million.

Fortunately, we got to keep our home. But I had to sell my new Cadillac and buy an aging Taurus with 100,000 miles on it to get around town. I didn’t have anything else to sell – no savings, stocks, bonds or fine



jewelry. Everything had gone into that apartment.

However, that's not the end of the story. At home we had more obstacles to face. They started the year before I filed bankruptcy, when our second-oldest son fell off his bike and suffered a concussion.

After that he suffered from migraine headaches so bad he had two seizures, 106-degree fevers and missed three-fourths of the school year.

Trips to a chiropractor and using herbs and vitamins in place of medication finally cured him.

But the year after that my wife fell on the steps at our youngest son's nursery school. Smacking her head on some steps, she blew out her jaw and wound up needing two surgeries and six months of bed rest.

A couple years after her recuperation, our youngest son started having physical problems that we passed off as growing pains. When they persisted, we took him to several specialists.

The last one was a neurological surgeon, who told us he had a tethered spine. That meant a ligament wasn't growing properly, putting pressure on a nerve.

"We need to do spinal surgery and I want to do it Friday," he said (just two days later.) As I turned pale, the doctor added, "This is serious stuff. If he has another growth spurt, it will rip the sheathing off his spinal cord and he'll be paralyzed from the waist down."

Our son? The star gymnast who could turn 30 consecutive back flips? Talk about shocks! While surgery corrected his spine, we had some shaky moments.

Still, we survived. How? Through prayer and faith in God.

Once a friend told me, "If I had your life, I would have shot myself 10 times."

"How do I know it's not what God needed me to be?" I replied.

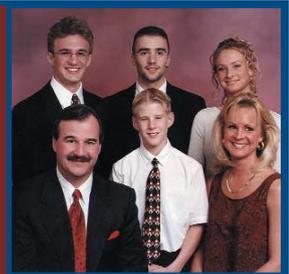
Through our health and business ordeals, which weren't resolved until 2002 when I settled with the IRS, I saw God at work. Everything the devil wanted to do to hurt us, God turned into a blessing.

Today, when people are struggling with marital, business or family difficulties, they often wind up at our home, wanting to talk. It's amazing to see how others look at you differently once they know you have gone through storms.

I know that no matter what choppy seas you are passing through, God is in the boat. If you will give up control and let Him steer, He will bring you through to the other side.

An account executive with the Hartford Life Insurance Co., Dan DellaSala won the

company's #1 Sales Award for 2002. He also serves as Vice President of BMF's new Greater Buffalo chapter. He and his wife, Cindy, have four children. They attend Full Gospel Tabernacle in Orchard Park.





Recovery... God's way

*THE DALE NEILL STORY
Long Beach, California, USA*

It was evening and everyone had long since gone home as I shuffled into my banker's office, I had reached the lowest point of my business career. Interest rates had skyrocketed, leaving us holding the bag on multi-million dollar developments that suddenly had no buyers.

My company was developing several large estates, a shopping center, and two restaurants. All on speculation, based on interest rate costs that had since nearly doubled. We were hemorrhaging Hundreds of Thousands of dollars every month.

I couldn't sleep. I couldn't think. It felt as if I were turned inside out, a failure waiting for his epitaph to be carved on a stone.

When a businessman runs aground, it's a very lonely place. Few people want to empathize or understand the depths of your despair.

It didn't make me feel any better, that other developers had been caught in the same buzz saw.

Up and down the Wilshire corridor in Beverly Hills – where our office was, – sat

unfinished high-rise condos. Their exposed frames looked like bony skeletons, witnessing of the dying economy.

This is the kind of situation that tries men's souls. Many start drinking or drugging, searching for something to relieve the crushing pressure. Many lose their marriages and families because they become so miserable to live with.

Fortunately, I had avoided that trap because my wife made a conscious decision to stick with me. But as cash flow went from bad to worse, I discovered it wasn't the prospect of losing money that bothered me the most. Instead, it was my pride.

"What in the world are people going to think?" I mumbled under my breath as my banker approached. "I've come so far. I started with nothing and now..."

My thoughts dissipated into remembrance. I thought of starting with nothing as a framing contractor fresh out of high school. I had learned the trade from my father. A contractor, he continued building homes after buying a dairy farm in central California.

However, Dad retired before I finished high school, meaning I had to fend for myself in starting my business. Married at 18, I became the youngest person in the state to hold a general contractor's license. Scrambling to survive, I bid for jobs at night and worked on them during the daylight.

Gradually, I worked my way into building custom homes and large estates for attorneys, doctors and Hollywood celebrities. Some liked my residential work so much they hired me to build their offices, which added commercial development to our specialties.

Now, it looked like everything I had worked for was about to go down the drain. Including our home on two acres in the posh suburb of Bel Air.

"Dale," my banker said from across the conference table, startling me back to reality. "Listen. I know this is very difficult and we may not come out of this thing whole.

"But I want you to know something, I've seen something in you. You have an ability, a gift to put a deal together. I want to tell you that regardless of what happens, don't let this situation you're in kill that ability."

What a life preserver! That statement lifted me out of my ocean of despair. I recognized that God was speaking through this man. Until this point, no one had given me a sliver of hope.

I mark that experience as the start of our long climb out of emotional and financial devastation. Even though the worst of it has ended, 15 years later we still haven't fully recovered from the setback. But the changes that have taken place within me have definitely been worth the process.

It is worth noting that this stunning reversal occurred long after I became a Christian. Raised in church, where my father was a key leader, I had accepted Christ as my Savior as a youngster.

At the age of 27, even though I was already a Christian, I fell in love with Jesus, and my priorities began the journey of change, I became involved in the business/ministry of our church and regional groups in our denomination.

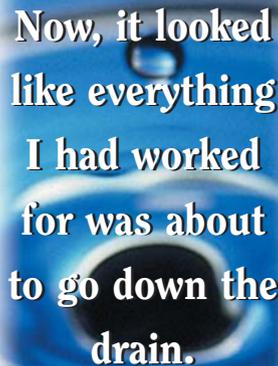
However, amid the near collapse of my business, I saw that I had more to learn. Earlier, I mentioned being bothered about my loss of pride. I also realized I had self-righteousness and unspoken fears that God needed to root out of my life.

The recovery went agonizingly slow. We lost our home in Bel Air and had to sell everything we could. Finally, we had to store things we couldn't use in the smaller home where we settled.

In these humbler surroundings, God taught valuable lessons about His Word and His ways of doing business. Every morning I spent well over an hour studying the Bible and talking with God seeking to learn how His Kingdom works.

One insight came from Matthew 6:24, where Jesus says you cannot serve God and mammon. (Many interpret that as money, but mammon includes the hold money can have on you with such things as material possessions, prestige and power.)

For two months, every time I opened my Bible that verse jumped out at me. Finally, God revealed what He meant. It is impossible to strive to get closer to God and grasp for worldly wealth, at the same time. Both are



**Now, it looked
like everything
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drain.**

masters. I had to choose which one to serve.

Studying further, I saw the enormous potential businesspeople have to change the world. Almost all the examples I could pattern my life after – Abraham, Moses, Joseph, Daniel and the many others who changed the world they lived in– were businessmen, not religious leaders.

From there, God showed me other Kingdom principles that changed the way I did business. There is a parable Jesus told in Matthew 25:14-30, about a man who gave three of his servants portions of his business to manage while he traveled to another country.

When he returned, two of the servants had doubled his money. The other had failed to do anything and gave back the one talent entrusted to him.

Many interpret this to mean we should be good stewards of our possessions. But God showed me something different. This parable is not about talents or increase as many think.

Jesus said the “Kingdom of God” is like this MAN. I realized this was a man who had his priorities straight. He understood God had a trip for him to take to a far country. This man trusted God with his livelihood enough to leave his business activity in the hands of his stewards and obediently follow God’s purpose. Even though one was not productive with what his master gave him, the other two prospered well beyond the 10 to 20 percent profit most businesses could expect to achieve in the given period while he was gone.

“When you have your priorities straight and you trust Me instead of the world’s system or your own abilities, you can expect to multiply instead of simply increase,” God told me. “You can gather where you haven’t scattered, and reap where you haven’t sown.” This is a dimension that is beyond the principle of sowing and reaping we hear so

much of in Christian circles today.

Once I grasped that truth, I felt set free. Free to pursue the purposes of God for my life. I realized that I am not blessed because of any great talents, abilities or efforts. All I have to do is ask God what He wants me to do, and then do it, being obedient to His Word and His Principles.

I was once a shy, scared kid from the farm who would take an “F” rather than get up in front of my classmates to give an oral report. Today, I travel internationally, dealing with government leaders and business owners to affect the destiny of nations. It’s not me who is great, but the God I serve. He is truly the God of enough who can be trusted with everything.



Dale Neill is the founder and President of Diversified Design and Development International. He is the International President of the

Christian Chamber of Commerce, represented in more than Ninety Five Nations worldwide (www.iccc.net.) Dale is a member of BMF’s North Hollywood Chapter. He and his wife, Sharon, have two daughters and four grandsons. They attend Saddleback Church in Lake Forest, California.



Finding Significance in God

*THE JOHN FRATTARE STORY
Rochester, New York, USA*

The elevator door was about to close when a worried-looking man approached. Having seen him occasionally around the office, I remarked, “You look like you’ve lost a lot of weight.”

“Yes,” he nodded. “I’m going through a divorce.”

“I’m sorry. Can I help?”

“No,” he quietly responded.

Soon the doors opened and he was on his way to the parking lot.

I didn’t think much more about it – until Monday morning, when I heard that this man had committed suicide over the weekend.

That made a dramatic impact on me. I wondered: If I had said something else or shown more concern, would it have made a difference?

That set me on a deeper search for meaning in my own life.

The youngest of seven children, I was born to immigrant parents from Italy.

A mason, Dad owned his own business. He was strong man with a gentle spirit and great wisdom.

My mother was sixteen years old when she came to the United States. Her relationship with God was very visible and had a significant impact on our family. Church on Sunday was mandatory, no excuses!

At the age of 12, I had to take weekly preparation classes for my Confirmation. In these classes, I learned more about God.

During the ceremony, the Bishop, laying his hand on my head, said, “You are now a soldier of Christ. The Holy Spirit is now upon you.” I really didn’t understand the significance of that, but somehow, I felt close to God.

In my boyhood years, sports became the focus of my life.

Little League baseball was my first crowning athletic achievement. At ten years of age I was one of only 60 kids to make it

out of 600 who tried out.

In high school, I went on to play football, basketball and baseball, making varsity teams as a freshman and making All-County teams in my sophomore, junior and senior years.

However, academics were a struggle for me. It was my success in athletics that gave me a sense of significance and recognition.

After high school I spent two years at Indiana University before transferring to a management program at Rochester Institute of Technology night school.

At this time two significant events occurred in my life. My wife Sally and I were married and I began my career at Eastman Kodak Company.

These were exciting times! Ten months before we bought our home, I took a second job at a freight company to earn extra money for the down payment. And our twosome grew to four with the birth of two daughters.

Success came my way at work, too. Nine years after joining Kodak, I received a suggestion award that included a \$7,200 bonus. With this extra income we paid off our bills and bought a pool. The award also opened the door for me to take on a staff position in my department.

In the meantime, two more daughters joined our family.

Over the next couple of years, events

occurred that impacted my life forever.

Although I had been a church-going man all my life, I developed a strong desire to understand what it meant to have a relationship with God. So, I started to read the Bible.

While I was in the midst of this process, something happened that jarred me.

One day, at work, two of my co-workers and I started to talk about God and the importance of salvation. They seemed to have a grasp on something more than I did. They asked me what I base my salvation on?

“I go to church, I give to my church and I love my family” I replied.

“Your church won’t save you,” one of them responded.

“Save me from what?” I thought. I left that conversation angry, but wanting to know more.

This journey lasted several years. It ended at a breakfast meeting with a

group of Christian businessmen.

The speaker that morning was Paul Costa, who had played for the Buffalo Bills. He talked about his relationship with Jesus. Then, he explained clearly why Jesus came to earth and died on a cross. He said that if we believed in Him we could live forever in heaven – “saved” for eternity.

The message was simple, direct, and clear. That morning as I prayed with some of the men, I made a commitment to Jesus

They asked me what I base my salvation on...

Christ as my Lord and Savior. Thanks to that decision, I recognized that God loves me and desires to walk with me in this life and in eternity. I found my significance in God.

As a boy, I had always tried to do the right thing in acknowledging God. Like the time in high school when I needed to pass a test to retain my athletic eligibility. After passing, I ran to church, knelt at the altar and said, "Thank you, God."

Now, I realized that Jesus is a real, living Person. I began to pray for people in His Name. Often, a person would say, "No one ever prayed for me before."

God did something for me that I couldn't do for myself. When I understood that He loved me and wanted a personal relationship with me, He gave me significance and peace.

All of a sudden I had an awareness of His presence in my life.

I realized that in the past I thought it was what I did myself that made me righteous, perfect, and holy. I had tried to work my way to God, which is impossible.

Instead, I came to understand that God wanted me to simply accept all that Jesus had done for me when He went to the Cross. It is what He did that makes me righteous.

I've also learned that when I trust Him to work in my life and I follow the Holy Spirit's guidance, God gives me the power to do things I can't do on my own.

For example, He guided me through three career path changes that required relocation within the company and with new and additional responsibilities.

At each stop, I've seen the importance

of sharing my personal walk with God man-to-man. I've found that men are willing to listen to the story of what God did in another man's life.

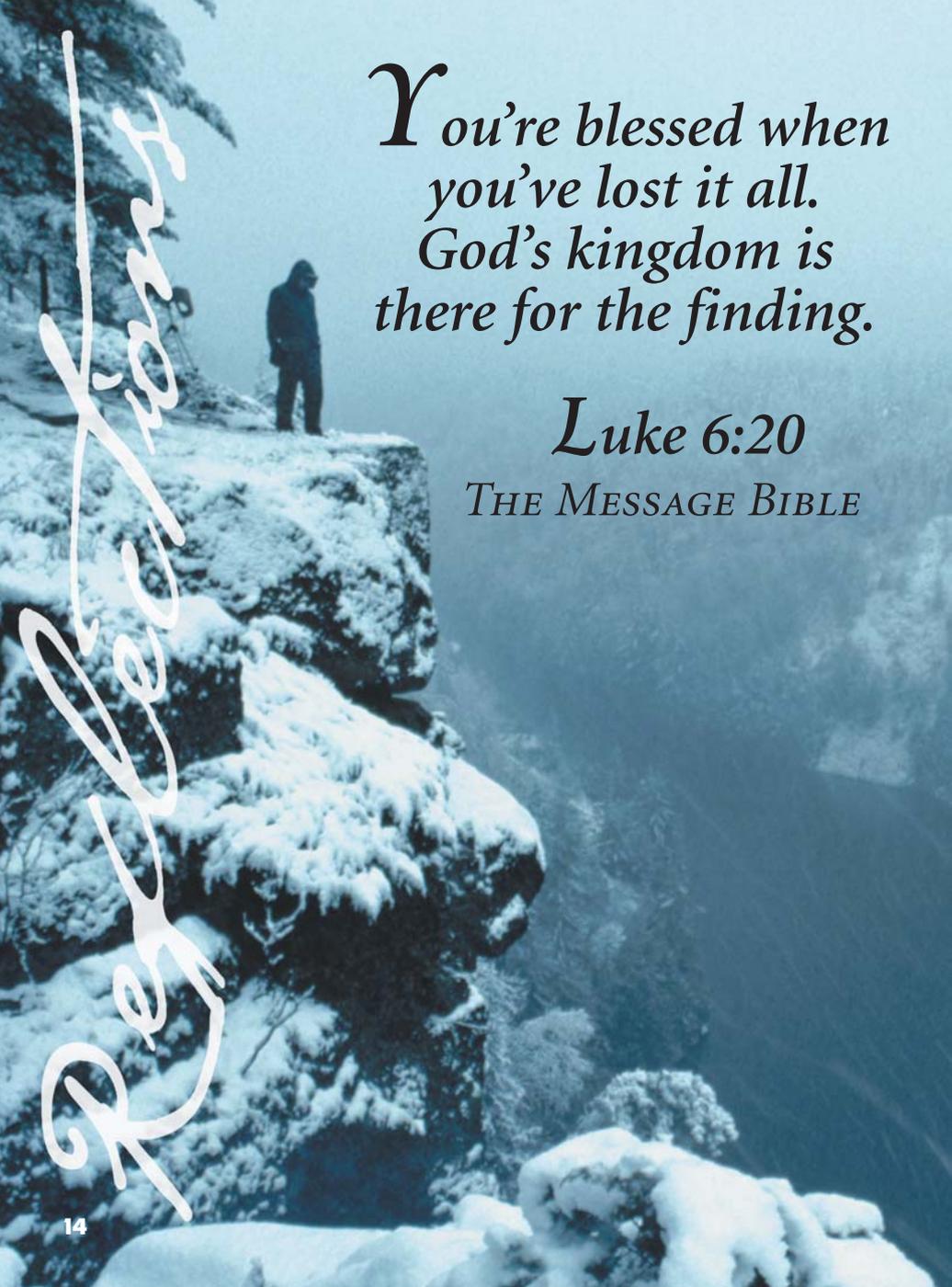
In a drive around my hometown area last year, I took note of all the small businesses and major corporations. I realized that, in those buildings, are men like I once was. They are men on a search for hope and significance.

I have never forgotten the man that I encountered on the elevator.

Wherever I go now, I want others to know that God can deliver them from their problems, no matter how serious they appear, and that there hope and salvation in a relationship with Jesus.



John Frattare has been a production supervisor, process and project coordinator for several companies in the Rochester area. He serves as Membership Chairman of the Rochester Regional Chapter of Business Men's Fellowship. He and his wife, Sally, now have nine grandchildren. They attend Hope Church in Rochester.

A person in dark winter clothing stands on the edge of a snow-covered cliff, looking out over a vast, misty valley. The scene is captured in a monochromatic blue and white color palette, emphasizing the cold and serene atmosphere of the winter landscape.

*You're blessed when
you've lost it all.
God's kingdom is
there for the finding.*

Luke 6:20

THE MESSAGE BIBLE

Reflections

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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Issue #010104

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