

# Answer

*Business Men's Fellowship International*

- **What is the power of light?** p.2
- **Who created this insanity?** p.5
- **Can you swallow your pride?** p.8
- **Can a man trust God?** p.11



# Message in a Song...

*THE DAVID CHUAH STORY*  
*Orleans, Ontario, Canada*

**M**<sup>y</sup> hands trembled as I opened the letter from a prestigious agency. Nearing the end of high school, I had been offered a full scholarship, provided I earned certain marks on the university entrance exam.

Everyone thought I was a shoe-in. My fans included my teachers, friends and father, a successful businessman despite his limited education.

As the oldest of nine children, in my culture, I knew others placed considerable expectations on me. At the top of the list: becoming as successful in life as my father.

I was ready to step into these shoes. But my heart sank when I read, "We are sorry, but we are withdrawing our offer." I had missed the scholarship by a few points.

Horrified, I felt I had lost face. My dreams of college were ruined. Bathed in self-pity, I decided to move far away.

I wound up in a rural area, working in an agricultural extension laboratory. During the pitch-black nights, armies of insects and bitter winds howled like an eerie symphony orchestra.

Although relieved to be away from the scene of my disgrace, within a few weeks

loneliness overwhelmed me. When the sun set, my spirit sank with it.

I tried to compensate by meeting the locals, many of whom were rural plantation workers. My first friend was Omar, an Islamic imam. Every day he would invite me to join his faith.

At first I resisted. One day Omar suggested I attend one of their meetings. A group of about 50 Muslims gathered in a field where they performed supernatural feats.

These took place after they gathered in a semi-circle and chanted verses from the Quran and other writings.

Then their leader, known as a tok guru, touched their foreheads with his forefingers. This imparted special physical powers. I watched wide-eyed as these men then took punishing blows from punches and weapons.

Attracted by this display of power, I asked, "Can I have a share of this?"

“No, my friend, before you join us you have to be a Muslim,” the imam replied.

Despite his persuasive manner, something inside whispered, “No.” I told him I would think about it.

A few days later I told Omar, “I’m not interested.”

He looked at me and grunted, “You’re going to regret it.”

That night when I walked into my rooming house, a strange presence settled over me. I experienced overwhelming fear.

A few hours after going to bed, I felt something brush against my face. Springing up in my bed, I saw a mysterious light. An old man looked at me from across the bedroom.

Fear gripped me so hard my whole body tingled. I don’t remember how I finally went to sleep.

The next morning in the village, people kept shooting me strange looks. After I stopped at a cafeteria, an employee asked, “What did you see last night?”

“How did you know?” I asked.

“We saw the light in your building for a few hours.”

“What is that thing I saw?”

“The spirit of the place,” she replied.

“This is what we call the family spirit. You must have offended somebody.”

From that point on, gloom gripped me. Some mornings I would hear a voice saying, “Take your life. Take your life.”

One morning I sensed a power

drawing me towards a bottle of poison on a shelf. Suddenly an unseen hand pushed me. As I stumbled, my hand knocked a book from the shelf.

When it fell to the floor, a page with a song fluttered out. It had been left by Christians who had visited the area. I saw a line reading, “Never give up. God loves you.”

As tears filled my eyes, I said, “God, if You are real, be real with me.”

Instantly my despair vanished. Yet, I

wondered what I should do. After much reflection, I knew I couldn’t remain there. Swallowing my pride, I returned home.

Back in my hometown, I still struggled with feelings that life was not worth living. Yet, at their peak, I would remember that song’s message: “God loves you.”

That kept me going. Still, I spent many hours walking aimlessly through the streets. On one of these walks, a small piece of paper flew through the air

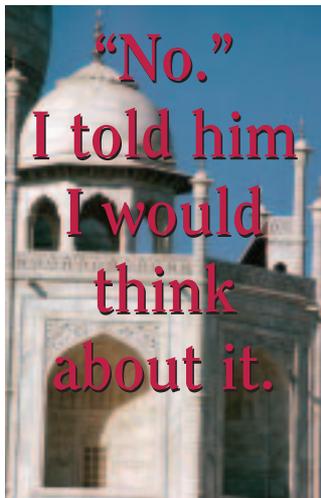
and landed at my feet.

Picking it up, I saw it was from a church just down the street from our home.

“If you want meaning in life, come to this address,” it said.

However, I misread the time and showed up at 9 p.m. for a 6 o’clock meeting. Two men asked what I was doing.

“I thought you were having some kind of special meeting here.”



“No, we just finished and we’re cleaning up,” they said. “But you can come to our next one.”

I returned. What attracted me weren’t the meetings as much as the young people. They were so full of joy and purpose I thought, “I’d like to be like one of them.”

One night a speaker from another town came. He talked about Jesus and how He was the Living Word, the Lamp who could light our way. He was the Savior and the only way to eternal life.

His words vibrated with life! Finally, he asked anyone who wanted to follow Jesus to come forward.

Tears springing from my eyes, I stood up. As soon as I took a step, in my mind I saw those haunting shadows disappear. Then in their place, beautiful lights appeared.

When I got to the front, emptiness and loneliness melted away. I collapsed and cried tears of joy, freedom and relief. Now I believed in Jesus Christ, my Lord.

The next day, my family wondered what had happened. They hadn’t seen me smile for months. Gradually, I told each one of them.

When I talked to my father he said, “Son, I’m happy you found something. But don’t go proclaim it to everybody. That’s not for us. It’s not for our culture.”

I knew our beliefs would clash. As the first anniversary of my grandmother’s death approached, Dad reminded me of my duty as the first-born son. I was to hold the scepter and lead the rituals for our clan’s ancestral worship rites.

“Dad, I love you,” I said. “I love all of you. That’s why I shared with you the precious thing that I have found. It’s not

that I don’t respect you. But I cannot do it because I have found the heavenly Father.”

“What a poor, wretched Chinese you are,” he replied. “You are disgraceful.”

Then he walked away, never to speak to me again.

It was hard. I knew I had to leave, at first moving 60 miles away to live with an aunt and taking a job in the mines to survive.

But God became my protector and provider, bringing me other close relationships to replace those I had lost. That includes a beautiful wife and family.

Best of all, today I still follow Jesus Christ, the Light who set me free from darkness.



*Although he never earned a degree, David Chuah later worked as a laboratory*

*technician for the University of Malaysia. After immigrating to Canada, he became a gardener and service leader. David still returns regularly to Malaysia to tell others about Jesus. He and his wife, Cecilia, have three sons. They attend Peace Tower Church.*

*THE JOHN DOOLEY STORY*  
*Escondido, California USA*

# Up from the Pit

I thought I had seen hell when I went to jail at 21. But that was just a foretaste of the real thing – a crack hotel in downtown Los Angeles. There, the devil was everyone’s roommate.

Infested with cockroaches, my home was a dingy, one-room apartment furnished with just a color TV. Daily life featured ever-present drug sales, gunshots, stabbings and police sirens.

The steady stream of crack users who visited my apartment would routinely discuss getting rousted by a cop or the latest gang fight.

“Half your guys’ problem is when you’re talking, you don’t understand what you’re saying to each other,” I would tell them.

“That’s okay,” one of them would reply. “We’ll just fight it out.”

Then I would shrug and fire up my pipe.

How did a guy raised in a middle

class neighborhood in Hollywood walk into the middle of such insanity? One step at a time.

My downfall in the early 1990s came after the collapse of my second marriage. When my ex-wife got custody of the children, I adopted a “Who cares?” attitude.

Left alone with little to do and plenty of cash in my pocket, I thought, “Nothing’s left. The kids are gone. Might as well get high.”

Ironically, I had been clean for 20 years. I quit abusing drugs after going to jail at 21 for grand larceny.

I had been stealing everything I could lay my hands on to get money for drugs. Starting on marijuana after high school, within two years I had moved up to heroin.

However, the harsh reality of jail shook me up. Surrounded by robbers, murderers and rapists who all wanted a

piece of me, I realized this wasn't where I wanted to spend the rest of my days.

Straightening up, after getting out I went into business. Eventually, I became an executive recruiter. As a "head hunter," I developed such a strong network of contacts that at the age of 29 I opened my own shop.

Instead of using the profits wisely, though, I spent most of my earnings. That prevented me from building up the business.

Meanwhile, my first two marriages fizzled because we never took time to understand each other or work out our differences. By the time my second marriage collapsed, my wife and I couldn't talk to each other without shouting.

I never dreamed cruising bars and returning to drugs would lead me to the brink of utter disaster.

But by the time I moved into that crack hotel, my business had collapsed. I had bounced \$8,000 in checks. Showing up with \$700 in my wallet, a week later I had smoked it all up.

There was one redeeming quality of my time there. I met a woman who struggled with drugs, was a gang member and a prostitute with a past that would harden anyone, yet despite all that, she still had a tender heart. Gradually, we fell in love.

After four months, though, I couldn't beg, borrow or steal enough to keep going. I told Mary Lou, "I'm getting a job. When I

have enough money, I'm coming back to get you."

Then I moved back in with my mother and stepfather, found a job with a long-distance company and saved enough money to buy a car. I still returned to that hotel on the weekends to see Mary Lou and get high.

One day I showed up with all my clothes.

"I'm either moving back here or taking you out," I said. "Which is it?"

Not wanting me to return to that dive, she said, "Let's go."

Moving to Hollywood, we rented an apartment. Although we cut back to weekend use, we didn't stop smoking crack.

After a year, I got laid off from my job. Using my severance check to party, soon I had lost my car.

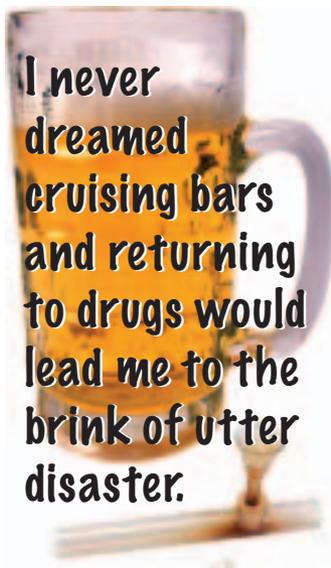
My own efforts to clean myself up and lead a normal life were worthless.

"Mary Lou, we need to walk to that church," I said of the place I attended as a boy. The day we visited, she said, "That preacher was speaking directly to me."

We started attending regularly and formed some close relationships. Still, it took us two more years to quit drugs.

Mary Lou was the reason. A one-time heroin addict, she dropped that habit, but only when crack came on the drug scene. She knew danger when she saw it.

"We cannot survive with that drug," she declared. "If you want to do that drug, you



will have to leave me.”

What a wake-up call! Soon both of us renewed our pledge to follow Christ as Lord.

I had made that decision at 21 only to slip away. Now I remembered the words I had prayed in jail: “Jesus, I’ve finally reached bottom. There is no other way but to give my life to You. I admit my sins, foul-ups and failures and ask You to forgive me.”

This time, I meant it, the Holy Spirit opened my eyes. I saw the difference that God’s love made, both in Mary Lou and others.

With that, I said, “We don’t need drugs any more. The real thing is available now. This is what God has for us.”

Not only did we pledge to follow Christ, we realized we shouldn’t be living together outside of marriage. To make sure this one lasted, I insisted we go for pre-marital counseling.

“Mary Lou, I’ve been married twice,” I said. “The only way this relationship’s going to last is if God’s in the center and you and I understand each other. I don’t know of any other way.”

Nearly 10 years later our marriage is strong. On top of that, our respective children returned.

Not to our home, since they’re all grown and out on their own. But they came back into our lives. We see each other regularly and know the joy of getting to watch our infant grandchild grow up. When we trust Him, God has a way of turning things around for our good.

God also restored me to business. After several years in the home improvement industry, in June 2004 I set up my own firm.

We now have half a dozen employees. Each of them has been through some kind of struggle. My story has been able to help

them see how God offers a way out of their pain.

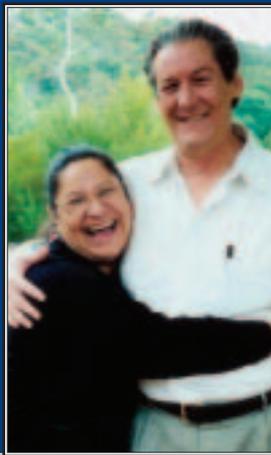
I see similar problems among other businessmen and customers. Many grew up like I did, with a missing father whose absence left me feeling insecure and lacking confidence.

Others get overwhelmed by the drugs and alcohol that are such a standard part of the business world. Or, they are drowning in debt because of foolishly taking out loans to keep up with what their neighbors have.

I’ve been through enough battles to realize there aren’t any magical answers. But I also know the truth that the family that prays together stays together.

And, I now recognize we all need the fellowship of other Christians to stand strong amid the junk going on in this crazy world. Take it from one who has lived in the pit of insanity: Jesus is the only way to happiness and eternal life.

*The founder and President of Primus Home Improvements, John Dooley serves as President of BMF’s Escondido Chapter. He and his wife, Mary Lou, have four children and one grandchild. They attend Faith Fellowship Church.*



# Submitting to Purpose

*THE MAURICE CURREY STORY*  
*Shropshire, England*



As a friend and I walked through a churchyard in Ross-on-Wye, he told, rather patronisingly, that his parents had gone “all religious.”

“They go to church, read their Bible, say their prayers and go to meetings,” he grumbled. “What do you think of that?”

A prideful, headstrong accountant, I usually was always ready with a quick answer. This time, though, I considered the question for what seemed like an age.

“I wish I could be religious, too,” I replied.

Now, I didn’t mean “religious.” I didn’t want to be a pious, self-righteous, judgmental church member. I wanted a sincere relationship with God.

Everything I had tried on my own didn’t lead to success. This wasn’t the way it was supposed to be when I set out to earn my worldly fortune and prestige.

Growing up in the London suburbs, I had all the advantages, including a good home and dependable parents. My father

was publisher of the Sunday Pictorial, a national Sunday newspaper.

As a child, I attended Sunday school. I loved to hear about miracles – those unexplainable events described in the Bible.

I went to a church school until I was 10 and then won a scholarship to a grammar school where the curriculum included religious instruction.

As a teenager I continued attending church with a friend. But the only reason we went was so that we could walk the girls home after the service.

When I left grammar school at 16, I left church behind.

“I’m a man now,” I said. “I’m growing up. I want to concern myself with manly things and move on in life.”

Ever since turning 12, I had my sights set on becoming an accountant. I admired a friend of my parents who worked in that profession.

Studying hard, I earned Chartered

Accountant status at 21. Not only had I qualified at the earliest possible age, I did it despite losing two years of study while serving in the Royal Air Force.

I was proud of what I had done. Pride was my middle name – and my downfall.

More than once, I missed out on promotions because of my obvious lack of respect for superiors. Educated and intelligent, I scorned men who had no letters behind their name.

My problem blossomed 18 months into my career, when I was offered a job with a private, limited company that made colours and admixtures for concrete.

After learning the boss had inherited the business from his father, I didn't respect him or think he was qualified to tell me what to do.

What I did not consider was that he hired people and fired them. After 18 months I was politely asked to resign.

Within a short time, though, the general manager of an international motor manufacturer offered me a job as chief accountant. We had met when I worked on the audit of that company for my first employer.

What looked like a promising move turned to disappointment again. When the general manager died, someone replaced him who I considered to be unqualified. My disdain shone through whenever I received requests or comments from the boss.

Despite this haughty attitude, looking back I can see that God had His hand on my life. My path toward Him began with a cycling holiday in France.

One afternoon I became unwell. Instead of stopping, I felt compelled to continue on to Sezanne, the next town on our itinerary.

Ultimately, we found a doctor's surgery, but couldn't understand the

receptionist when she told us that he wasn't available. It was Bastille Day, a national holiday.

Fortunately, Paulette – a young woman who spoke English – explained the situation and offered to take us home. Her mother, who felt sorry for a poor lad, sick and in a foreign land, insisted my friend and I stay until I recovered.

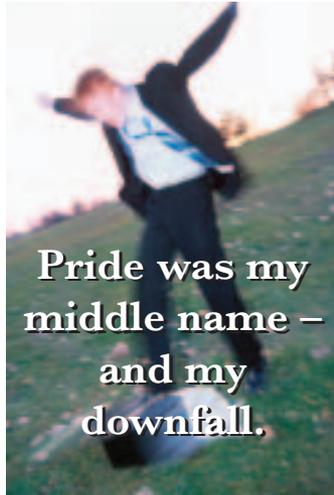
Two years later, Paulette and I became husband and wife!

The years passed. By all appearances I should

have been happy. I had a lovely French wife, two children and a good position.

However, I again lost out on a promotion. This time, someone else was appointed to fill a newly created position above me that I thought was rightfully mine. Now, with bitterness added to pride, I struggled to report to this person.

Disillusioned, disappointed and searching for meaning, I found myself saying, "I wish I could be religious too" in that churchyard.



**Pride was my  
middle name –  
and my  
downfall.**

My response surprised me, because when I left church years before I had no intention of returning.

Soon after, Paulette became ill because of a lesion in her lung. As she lay in the hospital, she asked, "Would you go to the London Healing Mission? That's where I've been attending services on Thursday nights. Ask them to pray for me."

I didn't think that would do any good, but agreed. Two nights before her operation, Jesus instantly healed her. It reminded me of those Bible stories I listened to as a boy.

Several months later I was bothered by what I thought was a cyst. Remembering Paulette's healing, I returned to the mission.

However, the missionary in charge was busy and couldn't see me for three weeks. In the meantime, I sought medical advice and learned the "cyst" was gone.

Still, I decided to keep my appointment with the missionary. Then I returned for several more talks, receiving what I call a spiritual spring-cleaning. I learned that God had a better way for me to live.

I found my attitudes changing at work. My relationship with the supervisor I hated changed. We became good colleagues and forged a close friendship.

Finally, during a visit to the Healing Mission, Rev. Tom Jewett asked, "Have you ever accepted Jesus as your Lord and Savior?"

"No, but I'd like to," I replied. By now, I recognized Christ was the reason my wife had been healed. Her faith gave her a great outlook, compared to my sour nature.

"Lord Jesus, I believe You are the Messiah, the Son of God," I prayed. "I believe You died on the cross for my sins,

and rose again from the dead, that I might have eternal life. I ask You to forgive me of my sins, as I forgave all those people who have ever done me harm."

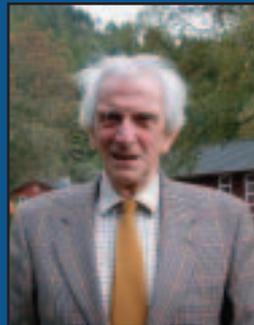
I finished by asking Jesus to come into my life. I told Him I would submit to His perfect plan and purposes for my life.

Nothing dramatic happened. But gradually I saw God transform me. Although I never received that promotion, I eventually became company secretary.

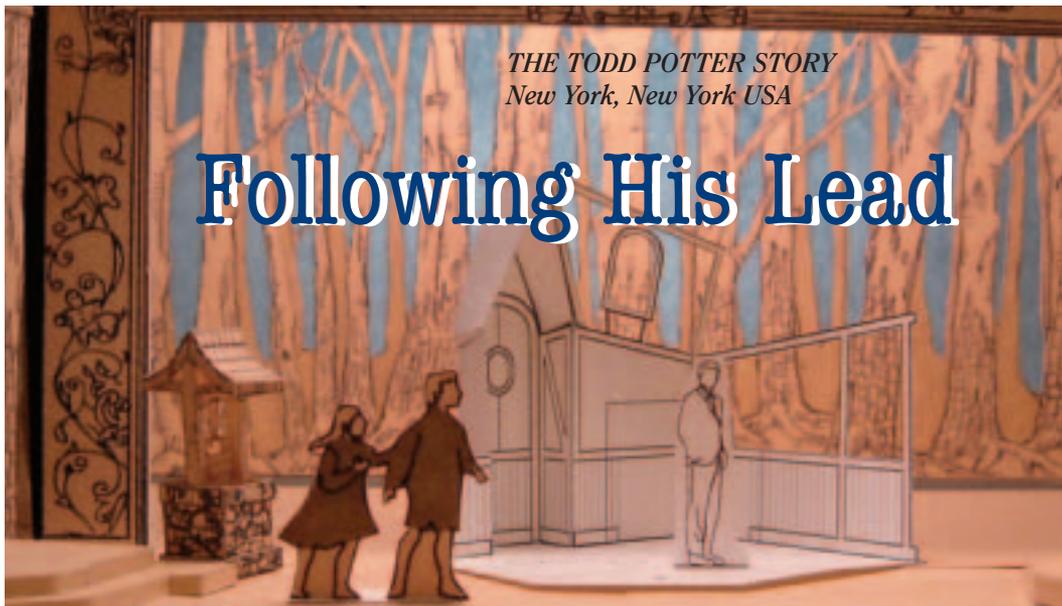
By then prestige and position had faded in importance. What excited me was seeing God heal people and set others free of the same kind of bad habits that used to plague me.

I've seen God do so many things I could never list them all. But the greatest thing He has done in my life is to reveal Himself as my friend, Lord and Savior. He grants that honor to anyone willing to follow His Son, Jesus.

*Maurice Currey was the founding president of the West London Chapter of BMF and retains membership*



*there. He and his wife, Paulette, have two children and four grandchildren. They attend Dunnington Wood Baptist Church.*



I had just finished checking the set for our show, a Christmas season mixture of country and gospel music. Tourists would soon flock through the doors of this Branson, Missouri theater.

Suddenly the owner motioned me to join him backstage.

“Todd, I hate to tell you this, but we’re filing for bankruptcy protection,” he said. “We’ll try to pay you, but we don’t know how this is going to work out.”

“Okay,” I said. “I’m going to look for another job.”

Then I walked out, clinging to a faint hope they would send me several thousand dollars in back pay. Deep down I realized I would never see a dime.

When I got home, more bad news struck.

After a few pleasantries, my wife said, “Look, I don’t love you any more. I’m in love with someone else. We need

to think about what we’re going to do next.”

“I just lost my job,” I said, choking back tears. “I’ll have to think about this.”

After trying to patch things up, we decided the best thing we could do was see a lawyer. After a quiet divorce I looked for a way to survive.

Right then, my spirits were sinking as low as they ever had. After earning two degrees in theater-related subjects, I had taught college for six years before becoming a freelance designer.

After getting nowhere in Branson, I called a professor I knew in Kansas City to see if he knew whether a major theater group needed any help.

“They don’t,” he said when he called back. “But why don’t you come to school? We’ll give you that scholarship we offered earlier.”

Not only did that pay practically all

my expenses, as soon as I arrived on campus and looked into this professor's eyes, I knew this was where I was supposed to be.

Despite considerable theater experience, I still needed a mentor who could help me get to the next level. Not only was he that man, this professor was a key figure the spring I received my Master of Fine Arts degree.

Right before graduation came the "clambake," when students nationwide took their portfolios to New York to meet with theater professionals at the Lincoln Center Library.

When I told him I couldn't afford the trip, the professor replied, "I'm paying for it. This is part of your education."

That trip gave me the confidence that I had the talent to become a professional set designer. I realized this is what I had been preparing for throughout my career.

I wasn't just getting a degree to land any old job or to go back to teaching. God had placed me in position to move to the highest level of my craft so I could tell others about Him and help them through crises.

First, though, I had to endure another test of faith. It happened four weeks after I moved to New York in 1993.

Lacking the contacts experienced professionals have, I relied on whatever leads I could find and making cold calls to chief designers.

Money running low, I tried to act calm

the day I called a designer to ask about work.

"We have some jobs, but I have to talk to some producers," he said.

Two weeks later, I called on a Monday to again ask about the job. He repeated, "I'll have to talk to the producers."

After hanging up, I got down on my knees and prayed, "God, I need a job. I'm down to my last \$50."

Before the day ended, the designer called back.

"You have the job," he said. "You start on Wednesday."

For me, this was a practical demonstration of what it means to follow Jesus as my Lord and Savior. I had made that decision at 16 and,

despite adversity along the way, He has always provided.

It isn't always money, either. Sometimes it's the opportunity to show His love to others or tell them about Him.

Take the time I first lived in this area, when I had a two-hour bus and subway ride to work.

One day a woman with a thick European accent got into an argument with the bus driver. She claimed he had overcharged her and wanted some money back. When he refused, she started scuffling with him as we entered the Lincoln Tunnel.

Now, I knew how this woman felt. I lived on a tight budget where every penny counted. But the last thing we needed was to crash inside the tunnel.

Taking out a \$10 bill, I gave it to her



and said, "Here. Please sit down."

"He owes me the money," she protested.

"I know, but he isn't going to give it to you. Take this. It's for you."

Smiling, she said, "Thank you" and looked at me with gratitude the rest of the trip.

I've also had chances to talk with theater professionals about the beliefs that guide my life.

Two years ago, while chatting with a designer who worked on one of Broadway's most popular shows, she mentioned that she felt a force guiding her upward in her career.

"Do you believe in God?" I asked.

"Sort of," she replied.

"I feel the Holy Spirit guiding and directing me in what I'm doing," I said. Then I explained my walk with Christ and what He means to me.

Since we are working on another project together, I expect to soon renew that discussion.

Not everyone is open to the Lord. I've tried to tell some street people about Him after giving them money for food, and they nod, "Yeah, yeah, I've heard it before."

Yet, others have cried when I gave them money because they were hungry or had other needs. I believe that at some point God will touch their hearts through another person and they will decide to follow His Son.

After all I've been through, I still find frequent opportunities to trust in God. Recently a client sent a letter saying he "hoped" to be able to pay his \$7,000 bill.

Instead of panicking, though, I took it in stride. If he winds up declaring

bankruptcy like that theater owner long ago, I know that God will still take care of me.

One reason is the other provision He brought into my life a few years ago. Melissa and I met through a coffee house. The owners offered singles opportunities to meet after completing a questionnaire on personal tastes and interests.

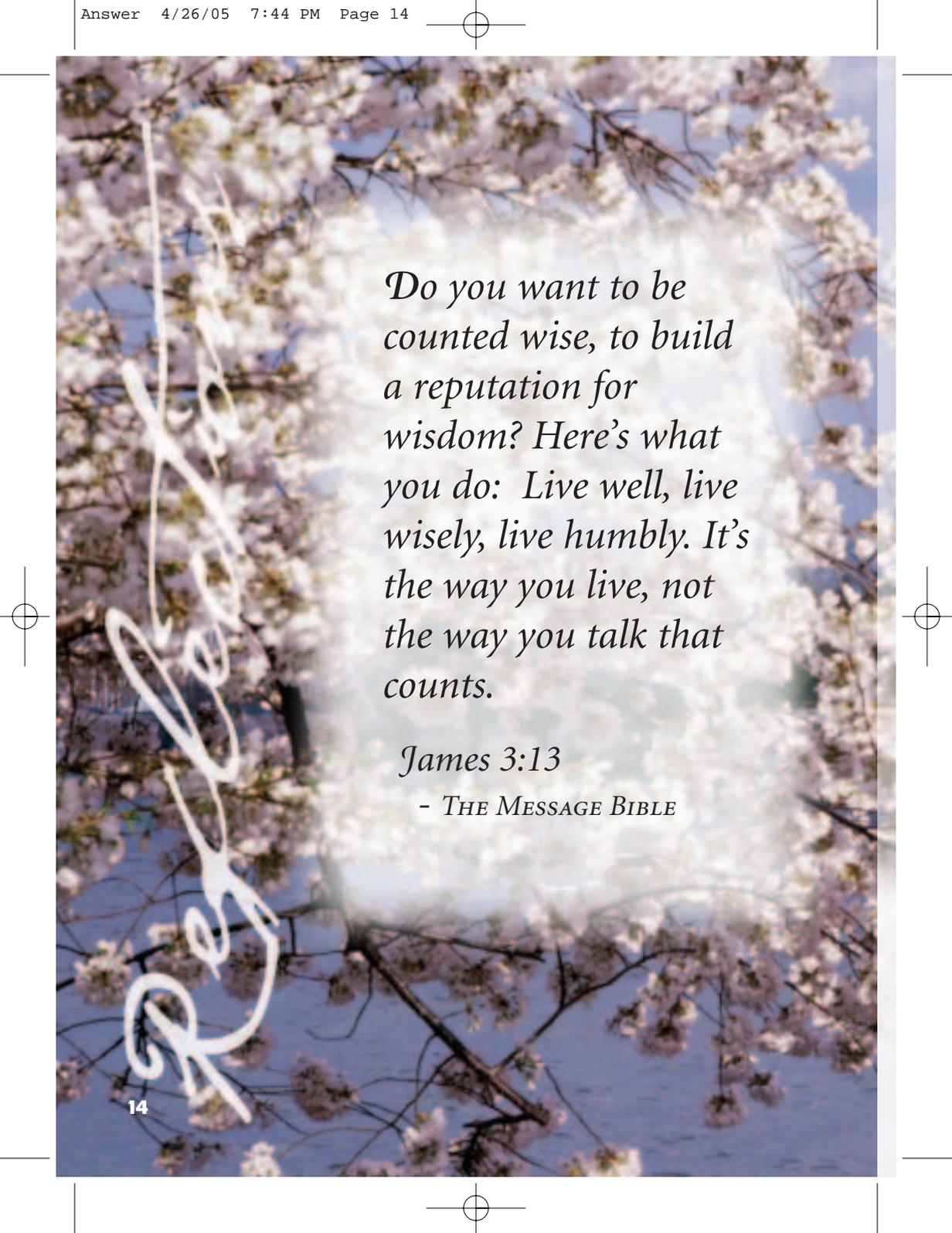
After what I had been through, I needed someone I could trust and who believed in me. And that is what I found in my new wife. Without someone to share life, New York can be a lonely, cold place.

Of course, if you don't know Christ, life can be desolate no matter where you live. Decide to follow Him. He'll be there for you. I tell my theater students at New York University, "Don't ever give up. You don't know what's going to happen tomorrow."



*A longtime member of Business Men's Fellowship, Todd Potter is a partner in Pi Scenic*

*Design ([www.piscenicdesign.com](http://www.piscenicdesign.com).) His credits include acting as associate designer on such major theater productions as "Little Women," "Avenue Q," "Swan Lake" and "Enchanted April." His wife, Melissa, is a landscape architect in Manhattan.*



*Do you want to be counted wise, to build a reputation for wisdom? Here's what you do: Live well, live wisely, live humbly. It's the way you live, not the way you talk that counts.*

*James 3:13*

*- THE MESSAGE BIBLE*

## 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 .....

Vol. IX / No. 3



Issue #650105

**EDITORIAL COMMITTEE**

**Wendell Nordby**  
**Ronny Svenhard**  
**C.F. (Buz) Swyers**

*Publications Editor*

**Ken Walker**, contributing writer

ANSWER Magazine is published bi-monthly by BMF, the BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL and is available by request.

The stories contained in this magazine are transcribed and edited for this publication and have been released by their authors with express permission. Any subsequent reproduction of the stories or contents of this publication is by written permission only and may be obtained by contacting BMF - Answer Magazine, 3824 Buell St., Suite A, Oakland, CA 94619. We welcome your comments and suggestions. If this publication has been helpful to you, please let us know. You can reach us in writing at BMF - Answer Magazine, 3824 Buell St., Suite A, Oakland, CA 94619, or on-line at:



**info@bmfusa.com**  
**www.bmfusa.com**

This publication is available by request through your National Service Center. Please write the National Service Center, at the address listed above right, indicating the number of magazines needed and the shipping address. Answer magazine is included free of charge to its membership. Answer Magazine may also be purchased in bulk. Answer is packed in convenient display boxes of 50.

**Printed in USA**

# BMF Business Men's Fellowship International

## BMF NATIONAL SERVICE CENTERS IN USA-CANADA-UK

To request more information about the Business Men's Fellowship in your area, please contact the National Service Center nearest you. They can supply you with information on membership and Chapter locations and a contact person nearest you. Current and past issues of Answer magazines and BMF brochures are available by request.

### Business Men's Fellowship, U.S.A.

3824 Buell Street, Suite A  
Oakland, California 94619  
Tel. 800-BMF-8981  
Fax 800-BMF-9136  
email: [info@bmfusa.com](mailto:info@bmfusa.com)  
[www.bmfusa.com](http://www.bmfusa.com)

### Business Men's Fellowship, Canada

P.O. Box 76038, Southgate  
Edmonton, Alberta T6H 5Y7  
Tel. 780-435-7502  
Fax 780-436-2693  
email: [bmf\\_can@telusplanet.net](mailto:bmf_can@telusplanet.net)  
[www.bmfcanada.com](http://www.bmfcanada.com)

### Business Men's Fellowship, UK

454 Crow Road, Glasgow  
Scotland, UK, G11 7DR  
Tel. 0141-357-0606  
Fax 0141-339-2554  
email: [nsc@bmf-uk.com](mailto:nsc@bmf-uk.com)  
[www.bmf-uk.com](http://www.bmf-uk.com)



## Business Men's Fellowship International