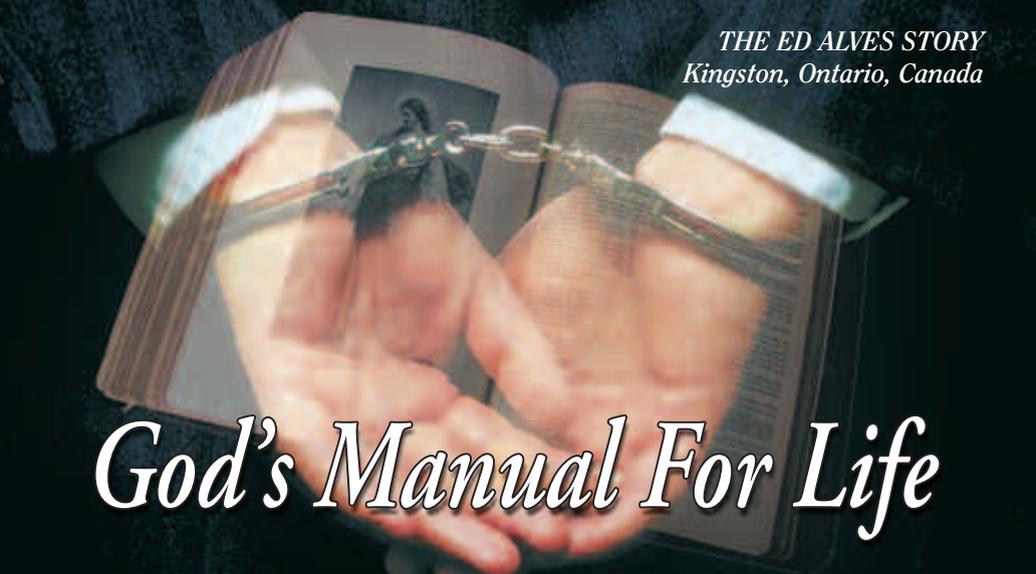


Answer

Business Men's Fellowship International

The Dick Kirby Story,
renowned hunter &
master game caller...
Page 8.

- **Which book guarantees success?** p.2
- **Who cares when your world crumbles?** p.5
- **Can the right call bring home the prize?** p.8
- **Have you been humbled by life?** p.11



God's Manual For Life

The day guards marched me into New York's Metropolitan Correctional Center. I thought life had come to an end.

Surrounded by drug dealers, hit men, axe murderers and child molesters, I felt terrified and completely alone.

"This is it," I thought. "I'm going to get killed. I'll never see my wife and family again."

That morning at 6 a.m. when federal agents arrested me for securities fraud, I told a close friend, "Call my wife and tell her what happened. And make sure you contact an attorney for me."

That guy didn't let call my wife until 8 o'clock that night. He never contacted an attorney.

Of course, when they slapped me into a four-by-six cell the next day, a lawyer was the last thing on my mind. I can't handle being confined in small spaces.

Nor could I handle this reality. Working in financial marketing, I was a

promoter, able to persuade people to make sizable investments in various companies. Now I was simply #49468054. There was no talking my way out of this grim situation.

They put me in a cramped cell right after I talked to my wife. From there, everything went downhill. Nerves shot and frustration mounting, I starting throwing up.

I made such a commotion, a doctor came to see me.

"What are you going to do if we keep you in here?" he asked.

"I'll kill myself."

Taking me seriously, the physician moved me to a larger room. There I became fodder for the guards.

"Oh, look at the crybaby," one sneered. "There are guys in here who are a whole lot worse off. Some have death sentences. And here you are trying to get out of it."

I endured the verbal abuse silently. But I couldn't stop the thought echoing through my mind: "What went wrong?"

A native of Portugal, my father moved our family to Canada when I was eight months old. Dad was a lifelong construction worker; Mom cleaned houses. Raised in middle-class surroundings in Toronto, I enjoyed a good life.

After high school I used my gift of salesmanship to establish my own business in financial marketing. I helped companies that wanted to become publicly-held find investment capital and buyers for their stock.

Things went well until our son died in 1999. Although born prematurely, he was perfectly healthy. The doctor could not understand what had happened because a week earlier our son

was given a complete bill of health from the pediatrician.

Whatever the cause, at just 10 weeks of age our son died of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome (SIDS.) Stung, I grew angry and bitter.

Neglecting my family, I threw myself into my work. Money became my god. I wanted to make a fortune so I could establish a foundation that could help discover a cure for SIDS.

Ironically, two years earlier I had pledged to follow Christ. It happened after doctors found a cancerous tumor on my neck. Distraught, I tried to commit suicide several times.

But that changed after my wife's mother laid hands on me and prayed. A warm, fuzzy feeling covered me from head

to toe. It felt like warm oil covering me. Suddenly soaked in tears, I said, "Jesus, come into my heart."

Then, when our son died, I got mad at God. I wanted nothing to do with Him or "religion."

I soon learned that when I turn my back on God, the devil can make mincemeat of me. In my case, my lust for money lured me into dealings with an

organized crime syndicate in New York.

Essentially, we inflated stock prices of small companies in order to make money and leave unwary investors holding the bag.

This lucrative

scheme looked promising. But sitting in prison, I felt like a fool. Humiliated and disgraced, I stopped eating for a week.

Finally, a pastor came to see me. After hearing about my earlier decision to follow Christ, he grabbed my hand.

"Ed, your left hand is Jesus and your wedding band is you," he said. "You're in Jesus' hand. He surrounds you and God surrounds Jesus. There's no way anybody can get at you.

"Put everything in Christ's hands and commit your life to Him. Everything will work out."

That pastor made a lot of sense. After he left, I prayed.

"Lord, I'm nothing without You," I said, blinking back tears. "There's got to be more to life than living down and out.



Forgive Me. Come back into my life. Help me be the man You want me to be.”

I soon saw the power of prayer. After I pled guilty, my appeals to serve my time in Canada succeeded.

Still, when I was paroled after five months, we were reduced to living on social assistance. That was humbling. Eventually, God helped me find a sales job with a cell phone company.

The following year my boss told me his brother needed help with his public company. Suddenly, I found myself back in the financial marketing business.

Only this time, I ran things differently. Before taking on any company as a client, I prayed about it. If God gave me a green light, I took the job. If He didn't, I turned it down.

I primarily invest in small companies trading in the over-the-counter market in the United States. There are lots of hucksters who hype phony deals, make a killing on the stock and move to the next deal.

I'm not like that. Companies I work with have legitimate products that help people. In addition, my work gives me numerous opportunities to tell others about Christ.

Recently one guy asked, “Why are you so blessed?”

“I have this little book,” I replied. “I read it and apply the principles in my life.”

“What book is that? *Think and Grow Rich* by Napoleon Hill? Or another one?”

“No, it's a book those guys base their principles on. The Bible. When you read it and apply it, you'll succeed.”

“The Bible is religion,” he said.

“No, the Bible is life,” I said. “It's my

manual.

He was blown away.

When I stop and think about how God has blessed my life over the past three years, it puts me on the verge of tears.

After living on welfare, I am earning far beyond what I thought possible. Yet, God's blessings go far beyond money. A close-knit family and children who pray when they're sick and wake up feeling well are just two of them.

Going to prison taught me two valuable lessons:

- To put God first in everything.
- To pray every day. I desperately need to sense God's presence in my life.

My favorite Bible verse is Joshua 1:8 which says to constantly meditate on God's Word and do everything written in it. If I do that, it promises: “Then you will be prosperous and successful.”

I know that is true. Not because I make a lot of money, but because God has set me free to walk in His ways. That brings me health, joy and eternal life.



Ed Alves is the owner of Pachira Financial Services and serves as the

Vice President of the Kingston BMF Chapter. He and his wife, Lydia, have seven children, six who are still living.

The All-Sufficient God

The financial advisor frowned as he looked over my statements. After 15 minutes of periodically clearing his throat, he gave me his advice.

"I don't see any way of pulling out of this," he said. "I suggest you carry out an orderly liquidation of your business."

My heart sank. After all we had been through, I couldn't imagine giving up now. So I did what so many men do when faced with a crisis: nothing.

It seemed like all I had worked for would vanish. That didn't seem right after investing years of training and working to reach the pinnacle of business.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, in my middle teen years I started a toolmaker's apprenticeship. To gain more experience, at 18 I moved to London, where I met my wife, Julia.

After three years in London, I returned to Dublin. Julia followed and we married two years later.

As the years passed, we had five children and I moved up the ladder. By the time we moved to Limerick, I had undertaken additional studies and qualified as a works manager and engineer.

That enabled me to become an engineering manager with an American-owned company. Then I joined an Austrian manufacturer as general manager, establishing and equipping a factory that employed 103 people.

After 4 1/2 profitable years on this second job, I decided to set up my own business. Negotiating a joint venture with an American company, I assembled and distributed its medical aids in Europe and the Middle East.

About four years into this venture, the American firm pulled out. That reduced our size and restricted sales activity to Ireland. Severe cuts in health spending had thrust its medical market into a deep depression.

Needless to say, before long we were in serious trouble.

Now, anyone who has lived through lean times knows how fear and doubt gnaw at your soul and paralyze your mind. So, when my financial advisor suggested liquidation, I couldn't force myself to act.

Finally, our bank reduced our overdraft facility by 50 percent. That decision forced me to shut down, a step I had dreaded. Yet once I did, Julia and I breathed a sigh of relief.

However, closing my business didn't relieve our financial strain. Over the next few years we had to work such odd jobs as painting, wallpapering and roofing.

The only time we felt humiliated was when we finally had to sign on for government unemployment. We resisted that step until we had nowhere else to turn.

How bad was it? We had lived in our home for 15 years, but when our business failed we re-mortgaged the property to pay most of our debts. However, for two years we failed to earn sufficient income to meet the payments.

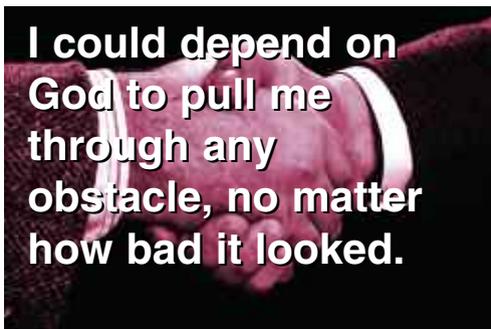
We tried to sell, but when no offers came we turned over the keys. As much as I hated that, I was glad to be relieved of the debt.

These otherwise painful incidents taught me something else: I could depend on God to pull me through any obstacle, no matter how bad it looked.

Although I was raised in church, for years it was primarily a social custom.

Then Julia attended a prayer meeting at a friend's house and came back a changed woman. She read the Bible and constantly talked to others about Jesus.

I was happy for her, but my work kept me occupied. Then, I suffered a severe back injury that temporarily kept me from working.



We traveled to Glasgow to see a specialist. After a third day of painful treatments, I was resting while Julia read her Bible. Suddenly, I said, "Lord, if You will heal my back, I will read your Bible."

While the pain didn't vanish, something inside of me changed!

Three weeks earlier some of Julia's friends had prayed for me. Now, I realized how much I needed this Jesus they had talked about. When I said, "Lord," I recognized my need for Christ.

Seven weeks later, at Julia's weekly prayer meeting I had an intense experience with the Holy Spirit who filled me with a new prayer language.

Because of this blessing, I instantly stopped swearing and started telling others about Christ. I also devoured the Bible I had pledged to read.

I'm so grateful I could depend on God when our world crumbled. Instead of falling apart, we saw God provide for our needs.

For instance, Christmas was approaching, when we were getting ready to shut down our business. With no money in the bank, we owed three employees wages and holiday pay. So we asked God to provide for our needs.

That day, only 200 pounds came in the mail. The next day, a woman called asking for an oxygen concentrator for her husband.

We normally rented this equipment on a monthly basis, but she said, "No, I want to buy it." This had never happened. The next morning we delivered it, and she paid 3,400 pounds in cash. All our needs were met!

During two years of unemployment, we regularly saw God take care of us. One day a friend called, wanting to visit. When he came to our house, his car was stuffed with groceries.

Yet even better, God finally helped me find steady employment and get us back on our feet. Later, He enabled us to purchase another home.

But the real dream-come-true happened when He allowed me to go back into business, this time as a furniture retailer.

The following year I saw dramatic evidence of God's protection. It happened the week before Easter of 2003.

As I waited on a gentleman at the counter and Julia helped a woman with two children, two men wearing masks came running into the shop.

One jumped over the counter, brandishing a huge screwdriver and demanding money. The other waved a gun as he shouted, "Come on, come on, you heard the man! We want money!"

"You have no authority here – leave, in Jesus' name!" Julia responded as startled looks came over the men's faces.

After speaking in her prayer language,

which inspired me to do the same, she repeated, "There is no money here for you. Leave! I rebuke you and your gun!"

The robber with the gun looked confused. He expected their intimidation to put a spirit of fear in us. Five minutes after Julia started praying, he walked out.

Meanwhile, the other man came out from behind the counter with our cash tray. As he passed me, I knocked the tray to the floor.

He swung his screwdriver, cutting me slightly on the foot, and then grabbed the nearly empty tray and ran.

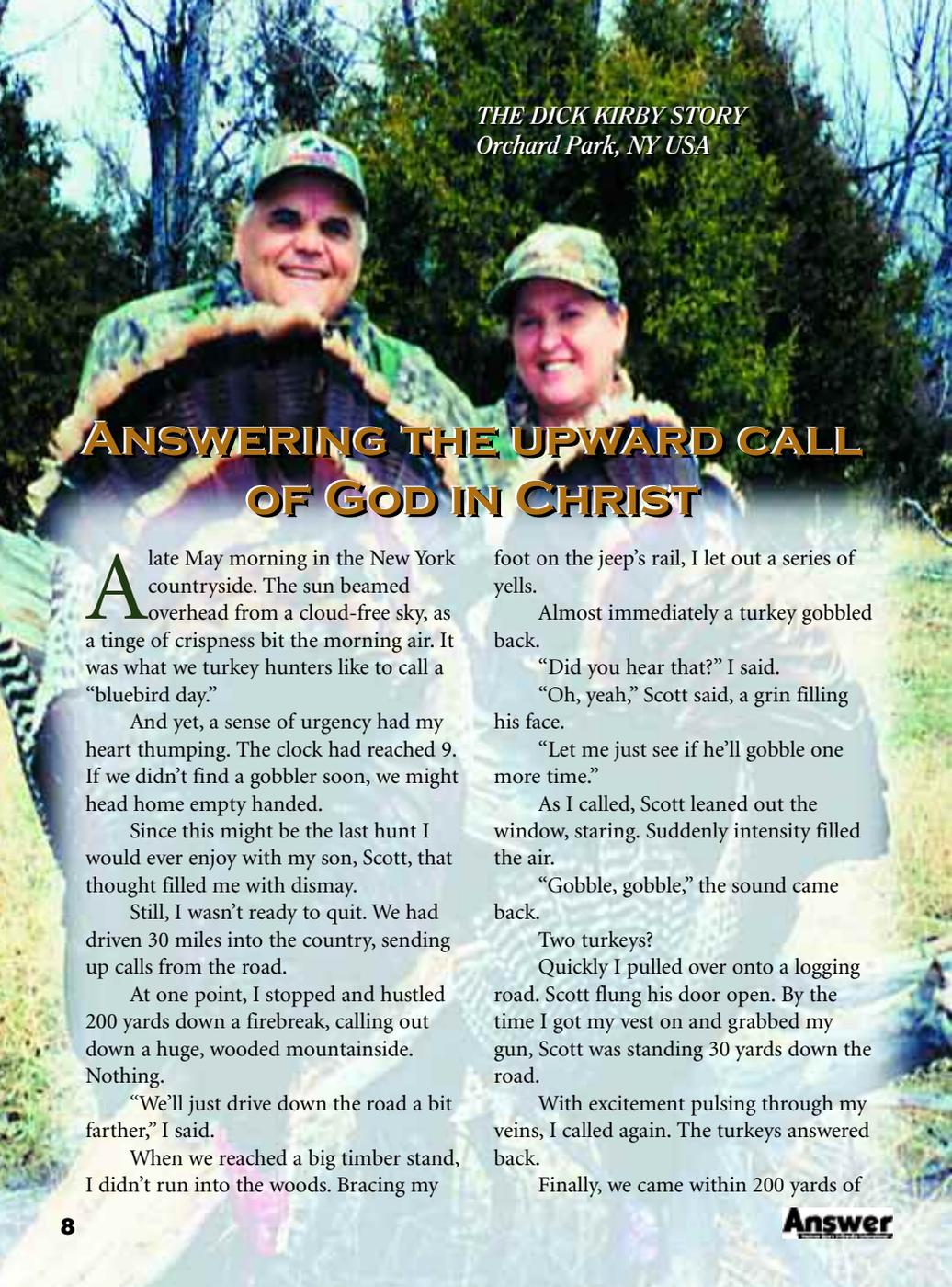
The police never caught the culprits. We got their license plate number, but the car turned out to be stolen.

However, I've never worried about them coming back. In Matthew 6, Jesus repeatedly says, "do not be anxious." I have seen God provide for all of our needs, whether food, shelter or security. His promises never fail.

In May of 2002, Denis O'Brien opened his retail furniture business which

also employs his son full-time and his wife part-time, as well as three other people. He is a member of BMF's chapter in Wigan, England. Denis and his wife, Julia, have four living children and six grandchildren.





THE DICK KIRBY STORY
Orchard Park, NY USA

ANSWERING THE UPWARD CALL OF GOD IN CHRIST

A late May morning in the New York countryside. The sun beamed overhead from a cloud-free sky, as a tinge of crispness bit the morning air. It was what we turkey hunters like to call a “bluebird day.”

And yet, a sense of urgency had my heart thumping. The clock had reached 9. If we didn’t find a gobbler soon, we might head home empty handed.

Since this might be the last hunt I would ever enjoy with my son, Scott, that thought filled me with dismay.

Still, I wasn’t ready to quit. We had driven 30 miles into the country, sending up calls from the road.

At one point, I stopped and hustled 200 yards down a firebreak, calling out down a huge, wooded mountainside. Nothing.

“We’ll just drive down the road a bit farther,” I said.

When we reached a big timber stand, I didn’t run into the woods. Bracing my

foot on the jeep’s rail, I let out a series of yells.

Almost immediately a turkey gobbled back.

“Did you hear that?” I said.

“Oh, yeah,” Scott said, a grin filling his face.

“Let me just see if he’ll gobble one more time.”

As I called, Scott leaned out the window, staring. Suddenly intensity filled the air.

“Gobble, gobble,” the sound came back.

Two turkeys?

Quickly I pulled over onto a logging road. Scott flung his door open. By the time I got my vest on and grabbed my gun, Scott was standing 30 yards down the road.

With excitement pulsing through my veins, I called again. The turkeys answered back.

Finally, we came within 200 yards of

the birds. Then, as if time froze, I stopped and looked at my oldest son.

A once physically fit specimen, chemotherapy and radiation treatments had reduced this 19-year-old man to a rail-thin 120 pounds. His hair had vanished.

A couple years earlier, his goofing off and skipping classes had brought him to the verge of getting kicked out of school. His mother and I had been furious at the time.

Right now all I felt was compassion and a burning desire to see him bag a turkey.

“Are you ready?” I whispered.

“Yeah, I’m ready.”

Now they sounded like they were 100 yards away, traipsing across dried leaves.

Pretty soon we saw two young turkeys with a third, larger gobbler leading the way. He strutted as the sun glinted off his feathers, white head and red neck.

“Make sure you get a good shot,” I said softly.

As they closed the gap to 25 yards, Scott raised his gun. Bam! The big bird fell.

Not wanting to disturb my son’s shot, I hadn’t even raised my gun. Now I swung into action, firing at one of the young turkeys. He came down, too.

“All right!” we exclaimed, exchanging “high fives” and a bear hug. It was like a dream come true.

Over the next few months, as Scott slowly took a turn for the better, I watched a miracle take place. Medically speaking, most

people would credit the doctors and an experimental program.

However, I believe God arranged Scott’s participation in that effort. And I will never forget the night I had a vision as my wife and I prayed for our son. I could see God’s arms around him. I clearly heard the message, “I have Scott. No matter what happens to him, he is Mine. I’ll take care of him.”

I should have never doubted his

recovery, but sometimes when things looked bad, I struggled. Today, as I rejoice over Scott being alive and well, I’m glad I don’t have to be perfect to call God my Father.

As I look back. I am still surprised at all that has happened in my life. When I opened a barbershop years ago, I never imagined one day turning a hobby into a living. But God has a way of doing things we don’t expect.

I had once vowed to follow Christ at a meeting where the famed evangelist, Billy Graham, spoke. Yet, for the next 12 years I didn’t do much to fulfill that commitment.

Then, one day in church I sensed God asking, “Are you still going to hold out, or are you ready to let Me show you what I have for you?”

“Okay, I’m ready,” I replied. “You just have to show me. I’m going to keep doing what I’m doing. If I’m not supposed to be there, You change the situation.”

Two years later I went on my first



turkey hunt. I had gone hunting with Dad as a boy, but I had never hunted turkey. It's infectious.

Bringing down one of these brilliant-colored birds is a challenge. They see about 10 times better and hear about four times better than the average human. They can run about 35 miles an hour and fly at 45.

My first hunt also gave me a thirst to learn how to call. The calling industry and turkey restoration were in their infancy, so it was a perfect time to get involved.

For several years, it remained a hobby. After entering my first calling competition, I set up a company. Business took off like an autumn wildfire.

Finally, I set down my barber shears. Soon I began traveling to hunt, speak and lead seminars.

My first year of traveling I hunted in eight states. After that, I hunted in 13 to 14 annually and sometimes in Mexico. Every step of the way, God showed me He is in control.

Take the Grand National Calling Championship I entered recently. Although I had gone to the sidelines six years earlier, the bug bit me again.

Although I made the finals, that morning I nearly panicked. Somehow I had misplaced two calls. Walking outside, I saw an old friend.

"What's wrong, Dick?" he asked as soon as he saw me.

"I'm not ready," I said, shaking my head. "I don't have the calls."

When he asked what they were, I stuck my hands in my jacket pocket – and found them. Ordinarily they would have been in my room, preserved in a refrigerator.

"Try one," he said. After I did, he said, "Try the other one... You've got them. Just go

in."

Despite that boost, I still had stage fright. Waiting for my turn, I complained how bad I felt. Suddenly it felt like God put his arm around me.

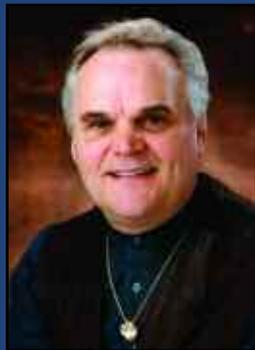
"Look," He said softly. "We'll do this together. Just relax."

I won that championship. I consider it a gift from God. It showed me that if I will allow Him to be part of my life and help me, He will respond.

Life is God's gift to you. It's up to you to choose what you will do with it. If you will give Him authority over your life and follow His Son, Jesus, He will show you great things. And that is a promise that everyone can bring home. So, "I press on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus. (Phil. 3:14)

Dick Kirby is the CEO of Quaker Boy, Inc., which manufactures assorted calls for turkey, deer, duck, and other game,

hunting videos and other items. He has 100 first-place awards and 200 trophies in major game calling championships. Dick and his wife, Bev, have three children and two grandchildren. They attend the Wesleyan Church of Hamburg, NY.



Lifted up by a loving God



THE JOHN SHOEMAKER STORY *Webster, New York USA*

As I plunked our 5-year-old daughter into the bathtub, sorrow overwhelmed me.

Essentially living as a single parent already, I had been expecting the divorce papers. But when they arrived earlier that day, I felt as if someone had kicked me in the gut. What I dreaded the most had come to pass.

Ironically, our marriage had been so bad previously that our oldest son was the only reason I stuck with it. But after it improved for several years, the situation deteriorated again.

It wound up with my wife moving to the basement and refusing to talk. Then she took a job on second shift, meaning I had to take care of the kids after work.

Pain churning inside as I bathed our little girl, I grappled with my worst fear – losing custody of our three children. For the first time I felt like I had no control over a situation.

Even worse, this happened seven years after I put aside pride and intellectual pursuits and vowed to reform the way I lived.

Prior to that decision, I had been on a relentless search for truth for years, going back to my childhood.

Growing up I learned two principles: Instant obedience. Ignoring my parents' orders meant painful discipline. And, whatever you do, do your best.

Trying to please my parents, I participated in several sports despite my limited athletic ability. While that taught me self-discipline, it led to a prideful, “I can do anything” attitude.

As academic skills led to college achievements, I also embraced intellectualism. I could figure out anything on my own.

Life knocked me down a notch, though. My first rude awakening came a few months after I married and graduated with an engineering degree.

I intended to pursue a master's degree in industrial management. But when I called the draft board, it became clear I was headed to the army.

Although I found a job after graduation, a few months later I was at basic training.

Three days before finishing infantry training – an automatic ticket to the Vietnam War – a clerk noticed I had attended Penn State University. He placed me in a science and engineering program and I never went to war.

After military duty, I obtained my master's degree and set out to become "someone" at the Eastman Kodak Co. in Rochester, New York.

Rushing down the career path, I earned a string of promotions and pay hikes. Yet, within a few weeks the excitement of each new position sputtered away.

I should have known that worldly achievements wouldn't bring happiness. The reason? In the army I had decided to follow Jesus Christ.

Captain Merlin Carouthers, author of a best-selling book called *From Prison to Praise*, was at Fort Benning, Georgia. His influence was a major reason for my choice.

Yet, not understanding what that really meant, and failing to get involved in a church, I drifted back into intellectual pursuits. Ultimately, I assembled a mishmash of strange philosophies to explain what God was like.

Not only was this dangerous, it kept me from experiencing the fulfillment that only

comes from knowing Jesus as Lord.

However, my misguided spiritual pursuits changed when I met people who loved God and treated Him as if He were standing in the room. They persuaded me that God was love and sent His Son to earth to show us how to live.

Convinced that God was powerful, I renewed my vow to follow Him. When I asked Him to fill me with His Holy Spirit, He gave me a new prayer language and a constant awareness of His presence. This was

fantastic!

Soon I got involved in a Christian businessmen's organization. Speaking to groups in New York and New England, I eventually became an officer. Active in church as well, I led small group meetings in our home.

One word described me: busy.

Too busy, in fact, to notice that my self-

confidence and self-righteousness didn't help me love others. Or, that my busyness left little time for my children and spouse.

I suppose I shared the blame for my divorce. But as I sat on the edge of the bathtub, realizing my marriage was doomed, whose fault it was didn't matter. I was more concerned about our daughter growing up in a bad environment.

Suddenly I sensed the Holy Spirit speaking.

"Don't you know how much I have invested in your children?" He said. "I will not allow your kids to live in a place of long-term hurt."

I thought that meant I would get

After military duty, I obtained my master's degree and set out to become "someone"

custody, but He pointed out He didn't say that.

"I'm telling you your children are Mine," the Holy Spirit said. That message helped me endure proceedings that dragged on for more than two years.

Divorce is a tragedy, but God used it to refine me. To start with, I took my "Type A" attitude into parenting. Trying to be the best Mr. Mom ever, I discovered my cooking talents were no match for Martha Stewart!

Plus, the pressure of balancing an executive position with childcare loaded a ton of stress on me. One night as I washed dishes, my heart started pounding, forcing me to go lie down.

"Okay, God, you got my attention," I said.

"Your priorities are out of order," He whispered.

I saw what I had to do – get over my fear of people, the fear of looking bad, and fear of losing my place at Kodak.

The next day I told my division manager, "I can't continue at this pace. Something has to change."

"Change whatever you need, John," he replied. "I'll be supportive."

While that helped me adjust my frantic pace, I faced many other hurdles as a single father.

Those nine years were a time of brokenness and suffering. But I lost my hard-heartedness and developed compassion for others, especially single parents. And, as I learned to increasingly depend on God, He brought healing to my heart.

One major struggle was acting toward God like my father had toward me. Growing up, Dad never spanked me. He disciplined with stern looks or withdrawing from me.

Likewise, when I had difficulties or

made mistakes, I pulled away from God. I came to this realization one day driving over a bridge. I quickly grabbed a phone and called my pastor.

He prayed for me, breaking a hold over my life. I still mess up, but now I know my mistakes don't stop God from loving me.

I saw how much He loves me when He directed me to seek a serious relationship with the woman who is now my wife.

The first time I asked her out, she refused. The victim of an abusive ex-husband, the idea of being hurt again frightened her.

Six months later she changed her mind, though. Soon we will celebrate our ninth anniversary.

Her change of heart shouldn't have surprised me. God has continually shown me that He loves me and has a great plan for my life. I just have to acknowledge that His ways are best and listen when He speaks.



John Shoemaker spent most of his 30-year career with Kodak in

manufacturing management. He now works as an administrator for an organization in Rochester. He and his wife, Barbara, have six married children and six grandchildren. They attend Bethel Christian Fellowship.

Keep company with Him and learn a life of love. Observe how Christ loved us. His love was not cautious but extravagant.

He didn't love in order to get something from us but to give everything of Himself to us. Love like that.

Ephesians 5:2

- 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

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Issue #90105

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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.

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