

# Answer

*Good News for Today's Businessman*

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# Healed for Eternal Purposes

*THE JOHN KING STORY • Apopka, Florida USA*

Thursday had been a long day at work. I felt so drained when I finished a conference call at 6:30 that I didn't bother checking phone messages. I just wanted to get home.

My pager sounded as I drove down the highway. Exhausted, I ignored it, too.

When I walked through the door and saw my wife's red eyes and drawn face, I asked, "Who died?"

"Sit down, John," Pamela replied. "We need to talk."

She told me that my surgeon had called that afternoon.

A few months earlier I had noticed a small lump on the side of my neck accompanied by phlegm. I passed it off as the onset of a cold. In a few weeks, the lump disappeared though the phlegm remained.

Two months later, it returned. It was soft, like a watery sac. I didn't think much of it, especially when it went away.

But, when it returned a third time, I went to see a doctor who diagnosed it as Hodgkin's disease. A second, my primary care doctor,

concurring.

After the third exam, I wound up at a hospital where a pathologist withdrew fluid to determine the cause of the swelling.

Although saying he was 95 percent certain it wasn't malignant, he needed to run additional tests.

"The pathologist was wrong," Pamela said as my heart skipped a beat. "The surgeon called it squamous cell carcinoma with an occult primary."

Cancer. This dreaded disease had affected practically every member of my family. My brain clouded as I sorted out my wife's terrifying words.

"Here's his phone number," she said. "He wanted you to call him at home as soon as you got in."

The doctor told me he had scheduled me for surgery the following Monday. Afterward, I headed out for choir practice telling Pamela, "I've got to rehearse. I've got cancer. This might be the last time I ever sing!"

The following Monday I checked into the hospital. After some light banter and

reminiscing with Pamela and our two ministers, I went into surgery for 3.5 hours to remove a major salivary gland and seven nodes.

I awoke the following morning in intensive care. All I could see were IV's, monitors, and a drain tube coming out of my neck.

The swelling had been caused by a tumor the size of an egg. Since the majority of it had been beneath the surface of my skin, nobody noticed it.

Soon after awakening, my doctor came to see me.

"We removed the tissue affected by the cancer, but we have some concerns," he said. "We couldn't find the point of origin, which means you will have to undergo radiation.

"First, though, we want you to 'bulk up.' The radiation will cause you to have some difficulty swallowing. You'll probably lose weight."

Since I had been thin my whole life, I didn't have much to lose. So after recovering from surgery, Pamela and I drove to New Orleans. There, we ate our way through the French Quarter (I LOVE Cajun cooking!)

At one time, I lived a completely self-centered existence. My main motivations were self, drugs, and living for pleasure.

That all changed when we moved to the southwest coast of Florida. Thanks to people who shared the truth with me, I realized that Jesus is the Son of God and the Savior I needed.

I decided to stop living with self at the center of my life and put Christ there instead. I vowed to follow Him for the rest of my days.

After a corporate reorganization sent us

to the Orlando area, I gained new appreciation for the profound nature of that decision.

Two Sundays before I was scheduled to start radiation treatments, after church service I asked several elders to pray for me. The next Thursday we met again.

After anointing my head with oil, they laid hands on me and prayed. In those moments I sensed a refreshing power welling up and surrounding me. At that moment, I believe God delivered me from cancer.

The following Monday I went to see the oncologist.

"Doc, I don't believe I'll need those treatments," I said, describing the prayer time four days earlier. "God has healed me."

"Well, by going through with the radiation, God can still be honored," he replied.

I didn't understand it at the time, but he was right.

Reluctantly, I agreed to 37 daily treatments on my neck. To fit them into my hectic schedule, I would get to the office at 6:30 a.m., leave

for the hospital a block away at 7:20 and be back at my desk around 7:45.

During the fourth week of radiation, I began dropping a pound a day. When I lost 15 pounds, my doctor said, "If you drop any more, we'll have to intervene."

Two weeks later and 22 pounds lighter, they surgically implanted a feeding tube in my stomach. I was hooked up to a machine round the clock, seven days a week, while it fed me six teaspoons of liquid nutrition per hour. The radiation ultimately rendered me unable to swallow even my own saliva for 2.5 years.

To say I was a mess is an understatement. Still, God gave my wife strength to bear the brunt of all I had to endure even having to administer morphine to me for the pain. God

*At one time,  
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existence.*

gave me encouragement through cards, letters, calls and visits from friends.

Knowing I could do nothing but sit in my easy chair, groups from church took up donations to buy cases of liquid nutrients, movie rentals, food and books. The worship team even came to my home to sing, praying for me afterward.

Although I was out of work for three months, thanks to my 28 years of service with the company, they continued to pay my salary.

Even when I returned to work, I continued taking liquid nutrition using a syringe to inject it into my feeding tube.

This was embarrassing. Besides leaving bulges in my shirt, every 2.5 hours I had to excuse myself to go to the restroom to take this nutrition.

After 18 months of this, I visited a medical center to start swallow therapy so I could strengthen the muscles in my throat.

During these visits I met a fellow employee, a Muslim. Her husband had undergone surgery for removal of a brain tumor on the back of his neck. He, too, had had radiation treatments and been left unable to swallow. He had the same type of feeding tube and machine.

As his wife and I talked, she was intrigued with the electrical machine that measured the impulses of my throat muscles, my openness concerning my treatment and recovery, and, I suspect, my faith. She asked if I would provide him some words of encouragement. Just then, my doctor's message echoed in my ears: "Yes, John, you don't need me or the radiation but don't you know that God can still be glorified by your being here?"

Pamela and I visited he and his wife. He was a frail man, his face contorted by the surgery, his speech slurred, his weight depleted because of his inability to swallow. We bonded showing each other our feeding tubes! I asked his wife if he would mind if we prayed for

him. Walking over to his chair, the three of us placed our hands on him and prayed asking God to give him comfort and healing and to give comfort and strength to his wife. When we finished, he looked up at me and uttered, "John, you're my hero."

I fought to choke back my tears.

After 2.5 years, God allowed me to begin swallowing water, then other liquids, soft foods, and eventually everything!

Some time later, we were invited back to this couple's home. We celebrated, sharing a meal together!

Since then, God has introduced me to several other people with cancer. Because of my experience, I can offer them encouragement, advice, and insight. When Jesus healed me, He had much more in mind than just my healing. I believe God has other people for me to meet and other stories to be written.



*John King is a senior engineer in the network design section for Embarq, a multi-faceted telecommunications company. He and his wife, Pamela, have sons Lance and Sean, one daughter Leslie, and five grandchildren (one pictured above). They attend Journey Christian Church.*

# Breaking the Cycle

The clock read 4:00 when I stumbled into the bedroom after another drunken fishing trip. My wife barely acknowledged my presence. She wasn't in the mood to hear about my latest escapades.

"Henry, shut up!" she growled after I kept trying to describe my weekend while ignoring her "shhhhh's."

Suddenly crying erupted from our oldest son's bedroom.

Instantly, a thought flashed through my mind: "You jerk! You're doing the same thing to your son that was done to you."

Bam! In an instant I felt stone-cold sober, as if I had vomited all the liquor out of my system.

"That's it," I vowed. "I'm not drinking any more. I don't care what I miss out on. I'm going to stop."

I didn't say anything, though. A couple of days later, I told my wife about

my decision.

She nodded and said, "Okay. We'll see."

I couldn't blame her for being skeptical. I had been drinking away my life for almost 20 years.

Ironically, I wasn't the son of an alcoholic. Still, my father had been troubled by mental illness and resentment toward many people.

Although Dad never hit us, he took out his frustrations with emotional abuse. It hurt worse than if he had smacked us with his fists.

At first, I escaped by using drugs. I hung out with a crowd in high school that never felt loved or accepted either.

I gave up smoking marijuana after meeting the woman who became my wife, but I refused to put down the bottle.

I'll never forget the first time I went out to celebrate a buddy's birthday and

chased some beers with several shots of whiskey.

“Life is good,” I said to myself after the effects of the booze kicked in. “This is heaven.”

Strangely, I could never relive that sensation no matter how much I drank.

Despite my drinking habit, I never missed work because of it. After high school I worked alongside Dad on a farm for two years, which brought some reconciliation between us.

Then I found my calling: truck driving. I started by driving for a quarry, although I wound up losing that job and quitting many more because I couldn’t get along with my boss.

My long-held resentment toward Dad gave me a problem with authority.

At one point I went into business, leasing a truck. I ran freight all over Ontario and eventually the U.S.

The longer runs helped stir up trouble with my wife, Jackie. She didn’t like me being away from home. Nor the drunken parties with buddies when I was back in the area.

Although I had my own business for six years, after the birth of our third child, Jackie had had it.

Suffering from postpartum depression and angry over my absences—and that I had fallen behind on my lease payments—she declared, “You quit or it’s over.”

I decided my marriage was worth more than a failing business. Still, after taking up

driving front-end loaders closer to home, every time I saw a fancy semi tooling down the highway, I grumbled, “That’s what I should be driving.”

A stewpot of bitterness, I could have easily exploded had it not been for that fateful decision to stop drinking.

Three months later, life took a turn for the better. We had been trying to sell our house for quite a while.

After getting barely a nibble, several couples came to look at our home. They were so impressed we wound up selling it for more than the listing price.

In the meantime, we found a home 40 miles away. The summer after we moved in, the couple who had sold us the house invited us to church.

I agreed to go, until they told me what

denomination it was.

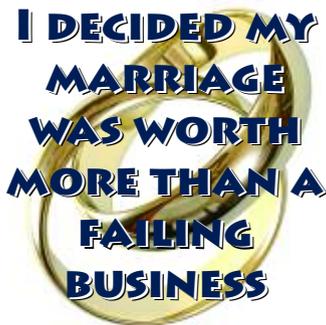
“Those were the folks who used to tell me I was going to hell,” I told Jackie.

“Oh, that’s in the past,” she replied. “Why don’t we go?”

I gave in. When we got there, I was glad. These people were friendly and happy to be there. They were much different than the “church folk” I had known.

In addition, as we kept going, I saw how they could laugh at themselves. Unlike the other churches I had visited, plenty of young people were involved. They had joy on their faces.

In addition, men whose lives were more of a wreck than mine would share



openly how God had rescued them from destruction.

“Whoa,” I thought. “Something’s going on here.”

A year later, I attended a men’s retreat where my life changed forever. I had never been with 200 other men praising God enthusiastically.

At the end of another two-day seminar, the leader said, “If you want to give your heart to God, hold up your hand.”

Until then, I had never raised my hand in church, a reflection of my problem with yielding to authority. Now it shot in the air like a cannon!

“Lord Jesus, I’m a sinner, and I need You in my life,” I prayed that day. “I want You to be my Savior.”

Instantly, I knew that God accepted me, and made me His child. Although it wasn’t an overly emotional experience, a load lifted from my shoulders. I felt peace surround me for the first time.

However, it took some time to work through all the issues in my life.

I had to reshape my identity. In the past, it was wrapped up in being a truck driver. I ate, slept and breathed trucks.

Now I saw that I wasn’t a truck driver. I was a Christian who happened to drive trucks for a living. Instead of wanting to be on the road constantly, I wanted to spend more time with my family and going to church.

I also became a better husband. Instead of living a marriage hanging by threads, I knew the joy of being in unity with my spouse.

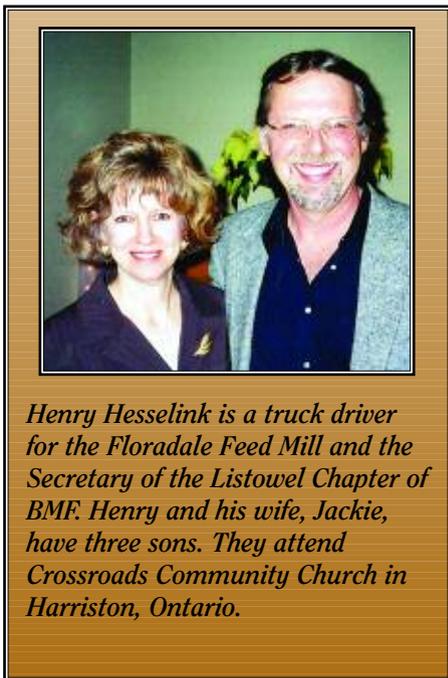
I also learned to stop living in denial. When I was 22, my father had committed suicide. As the oldest of six children, Mom

urged me, “Just tell people he had a heart attack.”

Now, I spoke truthfully about the past and how Jesus helped me overcome it. When I shared that in group settings, many people would tell me, “I had a relative who did that. I understand your pain. Thanks for sharing.”

God also helped me unload the anger that had gripped me from childhood. Instead of resentment clouding my vision, I now had hope and a wonderful future.

One day I know I will live in heaven with my Lord. Jesus has rerouted me from the road to destruction to the highway to heaven.



*Henry Hesselink is a truck driver for the Floradale Feed Mill and the Secretary of the Listowel Chapter of BMF. Henry and his wife, Jackie, have three sons. They attend Crossroads Community Church in Harriston, Ontario.*

# LIVING FULLY & FREE

*THE JOHN ELTON STORY*  
*Seaford, East Sussex, England*

**T**he chief magistrate in Windsor Magistrates Court frowned as she looked down from the bench. Her stern tone revealed her disgust over yet another of my court appearances for drunk driving.

The first time, I lost my license. Then I got caught again. Now, for a third time I'd been found drunk at the wheel of my crashed car.

"Mr. Elton, the law must not be laughed at in this way any longer," the judge said. "If you're going to be rehabilitated, it will have to take place in prison. You'll be going there for three months. You will not be allowed to have a license for three years."

Shocked, I found it hard to believe this was happening to me. I had been the managing director of a successful wall coatings business that I had built from scratch.

Sadly, that business collapsed several months earlier because of some

bad publicity about the material we used. Ironically, a year later, it turned out the report that sank us had been prepared by an unqualified person and was totally wrong.

At that moment though, business setbacks were the least of my worries. I felt numb as they led me away. My wife, Jenny, returned home alone.

Like many people, I started using alcohol as a teenager. Many eventually learn to drink moderate quantities or stop altogether. I never did.

As life progressed, I gradually became a fully-fledged alcoholic, which led to numerous problems.

Once in a drunken state, I refused to pay my restaurant bill. The owners called the police, and my name appeared in the local newspaper.

I didn't improve much after I married Jenny, although I did try.

Still by the time of my drunk-driving offences, local policemen knew

me quite well.

Jenny found life with me problematic, so much so that she threatened to divorce me. However, not working and dependent upon me financially, she didn't follow through.

Yet, there were times she took our three children to stay with her sister or friends overnight, fearing for their safety.

Each time I promised, "It will never happen again," but I never kept my word.

The roots of my confusion went back to childhood.

As an only child, and because we moved so often, I grew up feeling lonely. At the same time, I was raised to believe I came from a special, "well born" family, which led me to adopt an arrogant, smug attitude.

After college, this outlook caused me to move from job to job. I never found satisfaction, because nothing was "good enough" for me.

I settled down somewhat after I married, eventually becoming a salesman for a company that marketed textured exterior wall coatings.

Recognising this product's incredible potential, I set up my own company. Before going to prison, I had achieved a comfortable lifestyle.

Prison quickly shattered my snobbish attitude. One day, alone in my cell, I came across a Bible. With little else to do, I started reading the book of John.

In chapter 3, I read of Jesus telling a Jewish leader named Nicodemus that he must be "born again."

I had heard once before of this "born again" stuff, but assumed it had just come over from America. I never realised it could be found in the Bible.

"I wonder what happens when you're born again?" I thought. "Do you see flashes of lightning and bangs of thunder? Or something else?"

A few weeks after leaving prison, my brother-in-law and his wife took Jenny and me to hear two speakers talk about Jesus. They told of how He went to the cross and died for our sin and wrongdoing.

Then they invited anyone who wanted to ask Jesus to come into their life to walk forward. I was moved, almost to the point of tears. But because my family was there, I was too embarrassed to step out.

In the meantime, I struggled to make a living. We had to sell our house and lost thousands of pounds.

Jenny returned to full-time nursing, so our family survived, but the next three years were difficult. I tried my hand at several endeavours, including selling energy-saving devices to businesses. That failed too.

After getting my license back, I had a succession of sales jobs that led to a commission-only position with a burglar alarm company.

One day I drove to see a couple in Crawley, Sussex with whom I had an appointment.

As we chatted over tea, we discussed spiritual matters. I shared some of the misguided beliefs I developed through reading various things and watching TV.

**But I  
never  
kept my  
word...**

“We believe in Jesus,” the husband said. “Would you like to ask Him to come into your life?”

Had someone asked me that in prison, it would have spared me from a heap of trouble.

“As a matter of fact, I would,” I replied, telling them how I had read the passages in the Bible.

A member of a Christian businessmen’s organization, he took out one of their magazines and showed me a prayer printed in the back.

As he read it, I repeated the words and asked Jesus to become my Lord and Saviour. I told Him I was sorry for the things I had done, asking forgiveness and wanting to live a different way.

Afterwards, not feeling any different, I thanked the couple for their hospitality and drove home.

The next day it hit me. I just knew that something had changed!

“What is it?” I asked myself. Thinking it over, I realised I had been set free from my dependence upon alcohol.

What an addiction it had been. Just a few days earlier, I had told Jenny, “I must go out for a walk.” That walk took me to the nearest pub. I couldn’t last for more than a day or two without a drink.

Now, I was as different as night is from day. A peace that I didn’t know existed filled me from head to toe. Alcohol no longer had a hold on me!

From an angry man who cared little about Christ, I took a 180-degree turn. Soon I was attending church regularly, got baptised in water—a ceremony symbolising my new life—and started telling others about my newfound joy.

I quickly learned what an impact my decision had made. At one church, the people

applauded when they heard of my conversion. A neighbour told me, “If you only knew how many prayers went up for you...”

Besides releasing me from the grip of alcohol, God led me to steadier work. Later, I worked with foreign students referred by two colleges, teaching them English as a foreign language.

Without Jesus stepping into my life miraculously when I had reached the age of 49, I would certainly not have had the joy of seeing my grandchild. Nor, would I be off the streets or perhaps even alive. Without Jesus, I would not have my wife Jenny and our three children and their married partners all as one happy family. Without Him, I would be deserving of hell and its torment forever. But now, being clean from sin in God’s sight, I have a lovely family life and know that I am going to be with Jesus when I leave this earth.



*John Elton and his wife, Jenny, moved to Seaford in March of 2007. They have three children and one grandchild. They attend Seaford Baptist Church.*



# Daily Direction

*THE DR. RICARDO SAVARIS STORY • San Francisco, California USA*

I turned my collar up against the wind and rain blanketing Munich, Germany. A native of Brazil, I had been selected for an overseas internship in Western Europe.

After arriving at 10 p.m., I was nervous and unsure of what to do. As a young medical student from a family of modest means, I couldn't charge a hotel room on my credit card.

Finally, I decided to grab a cab and head to the address of my contact. When the cab dropped me off, I looked around. I was in front of a cemetery with no idea of where to go!

Just then, a man came pedaling up on a bicycle. I approached him, showed him my ticket, passport, and the address and explained I was lost.

"You're real close," he said, smiling. "I live right here, next door to your friend. It's late. You can take the keys to my apartment,

and tomorrow drop the keys in my mailbox."

I wondered if giving your keys to a stranger was a German cultural trait. After connecting with my host, I looked for this kind man, but never did find him.

Despite that gracious welcome, I struggled with loneliness, language barriers and a medical team that displayed hostility toward me.

Eventually, I switched to a different team that was much nicer. During two months with them, they stimulated my interest in studies of infertility, where I now concentrate my efforts.

I have more than a passing interest in this topic. An only child, I was born 16 years after my parents married because of their struggle with infertility problems.

After waiting so long for my birth, my parents dearly loved me. Still, their

government jobs required long hours of them, and they spent more time at work than at home.

Because of my circumstances, at one time, medical school seemed like the impossible dream. So for seven years after high school, I invested myself completely in my studies.

After returning from Germany and earning my degree, I went to Denmark to complete another internship. One day, I found a leaflet in the library about post-graduate opportunities in the United Kingdom.

I wrote to 18 universities there. They all replied, “You are welcome to come as long as you pay (a certain amount) for tuition and all your expenses.”

I wondered how that could ever happen. The Brazilian agency overseeing medical scholarships had a policy against grants for master’s degree studies abroad.

I wrote to everyone I knew: the mayor of my hometown, Porto Alegre; the state’s governor; the president of Brazil; and others. Everyone said, “You’ll never get the funds.”

On the verge of the new school year, a letter came from the educational agency. Hands trembling as I opened it, I read they were giving me a scholarship to study in Edinburgh, Scotland.

This sounds so incredible. There is only one explanation: God. He has guided my life since I was 16 years old and decided to follow Jesus as my Savior and Lord.

I attended church the first time by

accident because I was looking for my aunt. On that Sunday I made my decision, for no apparent reason I started crying. Then I heard a soft voice whispering, “Ricardo, come to Me.”

I told my aunt what had happened and asked, “What is going on?”

“Jesus is inviting you to give your life to Him,” she said.

That day I said a simple prayer: “Jesus, I repent of my sins and want to follow You.”

I learned that was only the beginning of a long relationship. Sadly, when I got into college, I forgot about God. Medical studies consumed my every waking hour.

Then the Holy Spirit told me to stop giving my life to medicine. That ended the stale feelings I had developed and opened me to God’s leadership.

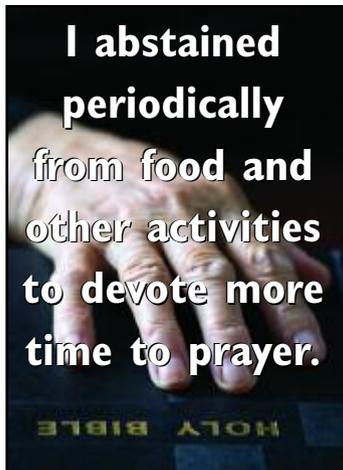
You see--a key to receiving that master’s scholarship came from

spiritual means.

After God told me to fast, I abstained periodically from food and other activities to devote more time to prayer. Three months later, I received the funds.

Still, my master’s degree didn’t automatically open doors. When I returned home, I wound up at a clinic that paid the equivalent of one dollar an hour. That forced me to live with my parents.

That same year, Dad was diagnosed with bladder cancer, and my girlfriend from Scotland dumped me. The one good thing that happened was meeting my future wife at that clinic. In December, we were married.



My job situation also improved, although two years later the hospital where I worked fired me. They didn't give a reason, although I suspected the head nurse didn't like me.

Finally, I received an offer to work as an OB-GYN in a small city for \$5,000 a month. That is a good salary for a Brazilian doctor, but it meant I would have to quit my Ph.D. studies.

I asked God if I should go. Then I remembered what He had said several years earlier, "Through your studies, you will travel to distant places to testify about My gospel."

Ironically, I wound up taking another job for an even better salary and then returned to my hometown to work in an emergency room. I completed my Ph.D. there and eventually became an assistant professor at a major university.

In 2006 a professor from San Francisco invited me to do a post-doctoral fellowship, without even requiring a personal interview. However, I had to find grants to pay travel and other expenses.

When I prayed, God said, "Fast for three months and you will receive this grant."

Instead, I wound up selling our car and dipping into savings. Soon after arriving in California, my father-in-law called.

"Ricardo, I received a letter from the Brazilian Agency of Research," he said. "They are giving you a full scholarship."

God had kept His promise!

That helped me see I can rely on Him for everything. One time I was on call and had to perform a cesarean section. After delivering the baby, the woman started bleeding profusely.

After trying in vain to stop it, I prayed, "God, show me what to do!"

Suddenly, He helped me realize the bleeding was perpendicular to the suture.

This was abnormal. I added a small suture in another direction and the bleeding stopped.

God has provided for all our needs since we moved to California down to finding a car on the internet for just under \$3,000.

On another occasion, as my wife drove past the AT&T stadium, she said, "God, I wish I could go to a baseball game." That same day, another professor who was supervising my wife, gave us four tickets to see the Giants without knowing my wife's wish.

This is why I say God is personal and cares about my daily affairs, just as He does yours. He not only wants to take you to heaven, He wants to walk with you daily on this earth.



*A faculty member at Universidade Federal do Rio Grande do Sul in Brazil, Doctor Ricardo Savaris is completing a post-doctoral fellowship at the University of California, San Francisco. He and his wife, Michele, have two children. They attend Message of Peace International Church in South San Francisco.*

For He is our  
God. We are  
the people He  
watches over, the sheep  
under His care.

Oh, that you would listen  
to His voice today!

Psalm 95: 7

# Christ is the ANSWER...He makes life worth living.

As you have been reading the stories of the lives of different people in this issue of *Answer Magazine*, you may have been thinking, "Is it possible for me to really know God and have peace in my heart?"

The answer to this question is "YES!" It is experienced by believing in God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and being born-again by His Spirit.

God loves you and He showed that love in sending His Son, Jesus, to die on the Cross to pay the penalty for your sins. He wants to bless your life and make it full and complete.

He not only offers you abundant life here and now, but a life which is eternal. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

Do you want to be born-again and receive the free gift of eternal life? If you do, then follow these steps:

1. ADMIT to God that you are a sinner and are separated from Him, and that only the Lord Jesus can save you. "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23)
2. REPENT by turning away from sin and submitting to God. "I tell you... except you repent, you shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13:5)
3. BELIEVE that the Lord Jesus Christ died on the Cross and shed His blood to pay the price for your sins, that He was buried

and rose again. "If you will confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. (Romans 10:9)

4. ASK God to save you. "For whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved." (Romans 10:13)

If you would like to accept Jesus into your life, and receive the free gift of eternal life, then pray this simple prayer out loud:—

*"Dear God, I come to You in the Name of Jesus. I now realize that I have a choice to make about my life. I believe that Jesus died for me, shed His blood to wash away my sins, and that He rose from the dead, making a way for me to have fellowship with You. I turn my back on the life I have lived without You, and I choose to follow Jesus from this moment on. I ask Jesus to be Lord of my life and to live in my heart. I thank You, Almighty God, that You love me, have forgiven me, and have accepted me as Your child, and that right now I am a new creation, born of God. Thank You Heavenly Father."*

When you have made this very important decision, please complete the form below and return it to the nearest National Service Center (listed on the back cover).

We will then send you further helpful information.

## ***I wish to inform you of my decision to follow Jesus Christ***

*(Please print clearly)*

Name .....

Street .....

City / Postal Code .....

Telephone .....

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