

## INTRODUCTION

With this book I hope to encourage the readers by sharing some of the amazing things that happened in my life. A hope that goes beyond this short life, which we live here at present. I do not want to labour on my past wild and sinful life, but I like to share the more positive things that have happened to me since Jesus came into my heart. This testimony is a true account from a true witness, as I state only the simple facts of the miraculous things I experienced personally. No exaggeration nor emotional or religious persuasion, just simple facts. Most of the happenings can be verified by other witnesses. There is no personal interest on my part; I simply trust that this book will be helpful to someone.

## LEADING UP TO THE MOMENT OF CHANGE

I was born in Switzerland to a rather poor family at that time. During my younger years, I always wanted to do more than others, which resulted in many activities. Such as roaming the forest on my own at the age of five, being successful in sports, such as gymnastics, judo, boxing and motocross. After the years at school, I did an apprenticeship and also engaged in further education. I soon found myself having top jobs and earning good money. Despite this, I was seeking more, for real life and liberty and ended up experiencing much more than the average person, some good and some not so good.

Eventually, at the age of 22, I travelled halfway around the world on the Italian cruise boat Galileo Galilei, leaving Switzerland with the final destination being New Zealand. Still looking for freedom and liberty, I ended up living a wild life in New Zealand and Australia, Opal mining, hunting, eating Kangaroo and Emu eggs, living out of the back of a station wagon, riding big motorbikes and thinking that this was liberty. This type of liberty and freedom only lasted for a short time. This made me start thinking seriously about life's purpose. I am grateful that I didn't fall into the hands of some religious groups, even though I was approached by some. Seeing the way my life was heading, I came to the conclusion that I was going nowhere. Trying to find a purpose or working towards a goal, I decided that I should at least try to buy a house.

Knowing that I didn't make enough money on my New Zealand wages, I thought about moving to Australia or back to Switzerland. By this time, I hadn't seen or spoken to my family for over three and a half years. Considering the possibility of moving, I wanted to visit Tauranga once more, the place where I first lived in New Zealand. On the Friday morning of Labour Weekend in October 1978, I took off on my motorbike and made my way to Tauranga. I went straight to the place where I had worked, full of expectations. However, I was quite disappointed. Now that I had mastered the English language and the novelty of being in New Zealand had worn off, things at the workshop appeared more stupid than funny.

In the evening, I went to a pub in the city's "red square" where I ended up having a few drinks in the "public bar" before moving on to the "lounge bar". Every time I moved from one bar to another, I had to walk outside through the "red square" area. There, I noticed a bunch of people, including a Māori fellow with a guitar. They appeared to do some Christian outreach, and somehow, I felt sympathetic towards them. As the evening wore on and many drinks later, I began to feel quite happy and stimulated, and that's when I thought I would offer the Māori guy some advice and encouragement. I tried to convince him that I believed in God and that I thought it was good that he was trying to convert those heathens out there. I told him that God had just blessed me with lots of money, that I had just won by playing poker. He tried to talk to me about Jesus, but it didn't take long before he realised that he wasn't getting through to me. He just looked at me compassionately and asked, "Can I pray for you?" This question nearly knocked me over. I seldom prayed for anyone else. I only prayed when I wanted something for myself or when I was in trouble. Being taken by surprise by his question, I just mumbled "Yes". Then he began to pray for me, just outside the pub when it was closing time. I heard some people laughing as I stood there. For some reason, I did not react to the scoffers, but instead, I was moved by the prayer. After the prayer, I had totally lost the desire to go to a party and went straight to the hotel reception to book a room for the night. I fought with tears all the way to my room, and to my surprise, I found a

Bible in the hotel room. I picked it up and read a few lines and then went to bed, where I cried for the first time in many years. Suddenly I realised how low I had come and that me being a Christian was just an illusion. I was as bad, or even worse than that scruffy bunch that I had been with at the pub.

The next day, I travelled on to Rotorua, somehow feeling very sober. I needed a place to stay for the night, but all the motels were booked out as it was a public holiday. I kept thinking about what had happened the night before and had no desire to get drunk or go to a party. For the first time in my life, I identified Jesus Christ with God. Inwardly, I looked up and felt that Jesus was able to find me a place to stay. Feeling confident that He would work it out for me, I went to a restaurant for a pizza. At about 9.00 p.m., I went to a nearby motel to ask if they had any vacancies. They informed me that they were fully booked, and so was the rest of Rotorua. Just as I began to walk away, the lady called me back and said that she had a phone number of a family who sometimes took in overseas students. She made a quick phone call, and sure enough, soon after I arrived at their place, where I could stay for the night. They were very friendly, and it did not take long before I realised that they were Christians. In the morning, they gave me a Bible.

Now I travelled back to New Plymouth, richer by a few experiences and a Bible. Back in my flat, I began to read the Bible, which made me feel more uncomfortable than blessed. Therefore, I thought to just stop reading it. On second thought, I realised that not reading it doesn't change the facts and the truth of what is written in the Bible. Ignoring the truth does not make the truth change go away. One day, I read that drunkards would not be ready at the Lord's second coming. This really stirred me up as I was drunk most nights. Therefore, I resolved to drink less and to stop before getting drunk. A while later, I went out and had a few drinks. Soon, I felt that I had had enough to drink as I was reminded of what I had read about drunkards. However, I ignored my conscience and went off to enjoy myself and to drink even more. On my way home, someone in the car in front of me threw a cigarette out of their window. I

took exception to this and simply roared past that car. It was then that I was chased by a police car with its lights flashing. I accelerated, expecting to get away as usual, but this time it just didn't seem to work. I ended up skidding on some gravel, and then I was caught. I ended up losing my licence, which was quite a nuisance because I lived about ten miles out of town in a bach on Oakura Beach. It seemed strange that since the Lord spoke to me about drinking, I no longer got away with it, and I felt that this had been some kind of correction. I now had more spare time, and I read more often in the Bible.

Again, another verse spoke to me. This time, it was about offending or misleading children. Straight away, I thought of my mate Richard. He had been so innocent when I first met him, and others at work constantly fooled and cheated him. This was not right, and therefore I took Richard's side, trying to make him aware of what was going on. I had made it my mission to "help" and teach him the ways of the world so that he could stand up for himself. I did not realise at that time that I was the blind leading the blind.

Soon after my conviction about misleading Richard, I transferred back to Wellington, where Richard and I were sharing a flat. I bought him a Bible for his birthday and made the following inscription: "May this book of life help you through life to find life". Before I gave him the Bible, I urged him to forget everything I had ever told him and the ways I influenced him. Just do what the Bible says, for this is the truth. Richard thought that I had lost my mind, but he took the Bible and put it in his bottom drawer. A few days later, I came across a pamphlet that mentioned that alcohol and tobacco were not for Christians. This again spoke to me, as I was a very heavy smoker. A couple of nights later, I rolled a cigarette and said to Richard, "This is my last one ever". Richard just laughed, didn't believe me as he had seen me "give up" many times before. However, this time I knew it was different. This was the first time I realised that smoking was not just a bad habit but that it was wrong for me to smoke. That night I went to my bedroom and on my knees and said: "Lord Jesus, you know that I want to give up smoking but I can't do it on my own. Please help

me". The next day, I waited for the usual withdrawal symptoms, but they never came. I was totally free and delivered from smoking. After we had been in Wellington for a few months, I managed to persuade Richard to come with me to Europe. We booked a cheap cruise and left New Zealand on the Taras Shevchenko, a Russian boat, at the beginning of winter 1979.

Now that I was a more experienced traveller, I found that I could sit back and observe how others behaved. Richard and I were best friends and as soon as I ran out of money, we started to use his. Richard stayed in England, and I borrowed some money from an Irish girl and then flew to Switzerland. It felt strange to be back in Zurich and even speaking my mother tongue seemed embarrassing. Finally, after four years, I was back home. No one seemed to have changed much, they had just gotten older. Of course, the last four years full of new experiences changed me quite a lot, and I now felt like a stranger in my own home country.

One day my dad wanted to take me to some "hot" places in Zurich. This made me feel quite uncomfortable because I was trying to improve myself and to live godlier. My dad could not understand the changes I was going through and wondered what was wrong with me. But as time went on, I found myself frequenting the clubs and places that I used to go to and was slowly slipping back into my old ways. I applied for a few jobs and received two very good job offers. One was near my home and the other was in the French speaking part of Switzerland. The last thing I wanted was to learn another language again. However, I thought that a job further away from home may be better for my religious endeavours. Despite the lower wages, I chose to move to the French part of Switzerland. Once again, I was leaving home and finding myself very lonely. I also realised that moving away did not stop the old habits, they just followed me to the new place as well.

Trying to release my frustration, I joined the local rugby club. I played very roughly to the extent that some of the other members began to complain about it. One Sunday night, I decided to go to a nightclub about 20 kms out in the country. Something inside me told me not to go, and I

was reminded of the time I had the motorbike accident. Nevertheless, I dismissed the warning. Being very tired but determined to go to the nightclub, I quickly stopped at a restaurant and drank white wine to overcome the tiredness. Then off I sped, skidding around the corners, when suddenly I was surprised by road works. The road suddenly narrowed, and I didn't have enough room to straighten up the car. The next thing was loud bangs, broken glass, flying lights and me skidding through a farm fence into a paddock. The first thing I did was to pull the handbrake. It just came off, as a matter of fact, the whole car engine was pushed into the inside of the car. The car was a complete write off, but I myself was unharmed. Once again, I knew that this was some kind of correction from above.

I kept in contact with Richard and invited him for a skiing holiday in Zermatt for couple of weeks. It was now I who had the money. We went skiing and had a great time together. On New Years Eve, we spent the whole night celebrating, and we both ended up drunk and silly. I waited for the correction from above, but it never came. This worried me and I began to think that God no longer cared about me. The situation seemed serious to me, and I realised that I could not gamble with God given corrections and opportunities. Richard went back to England, and the following Sunday, I decided to go to Church. Besides feeling a little emotional, nothing moved me and I had no desire to go back to any Church.

Around the same time at work, I temporarily shared an office with an older man called Jean-René. He was a decent man and appeared very serious. Definitely not the type of person I would have taken any advice from. As a matter of fact, I did not listen to any person's advice as I thought that I knew best. What an illusion! One day, I was talking to Jean-René about a man from the Rugby club who was an atheist. It was during that conversation that I realised that Jean-Rene was a Christian who believed in God the Creator as I did. Now I felt a little more comfortable around him. I now found it easier to talk to him, especially when I was frustrated. One day, I mentioned to him that there were no decent people in this world. Everywhere I went it seemed to be the same old thing:

“stupid talking, booze and silly women”. He listened and then told me that he knew of a group of nice young people who gathered on a Saturday night to talk and sing songs. Jean-René offered to find out if I could meet with them as well. The next Saturday evening, I ended up meeting with these people. First, I felt quite embarrassed, but I appreciated their sincerity, honesty and simplicity. We sang some songs, shared experiences and even prayed together. Praying together made me very uncomfortable. Despite this, I met up with them again. Also going skiing with them. One Saturday afternoon, I joined them again for an outing, but to my surprise we ended up at a rest home to sing for the old people. One of the young men briefly spoke about the Lord to the old folk. I was feeling very embarrassed standing there with all these humble people, and I kept looking at the nurse, trying to indicate that I didn’t really belong to this group. About a week later, a similar situation unfolded when we all went to the Lausanne city centre to hand out invitations for some forthcoming Gospel meetings. I found myself hiding behind the group, hoping that I would not be seen by anyone from work. I was so ashamed and thought that it would be impossible for me to return to work if I was seen with this humble bunch.

The following week, I went along to one of their special Gospel meetings. It was all in French, and I didn’t really understand a lot but felt a sweet atmosphere and therefore decided to go again the next night. I felt very happy after that meeting, and driving home, I really felt that God still loves me. By this time, I was looking forward to going to the next meeting. During the preaching, I suddenly saw a picture of a mountain ridge in my mind. Some would call it a vision, but no matter what it is called, I understood that if I were to say “yes” to this humble lot of believers and give my all to Jesus Christ, then it would be like crossing over the ridge once and for all with no way to ever return. This would have been like total self-denial. The preacher offered to talk to anyone with questions after the meeting. During the meeting, I was pounded by terrible thoughts and imaginations and I would have liked to ask the preacher about it. Despite feeling too embarrassed to ask, the preacher himself said to me: “We will have a little talk, won’t we?” I instantly said “Yes”. I was surprised that he had spoken to me in Swiss-German and not

French. After everyone had left, the preacher “frère Houmard” and I sat down in a little side-room to talk. Now he spoke French and was surprised that I didn’t understand him too well. Anyway, I was able to ask him about the terrible thoughts that had been bothering me. He simply told me that if a bird flies over your head, you can’t do anything about it, but if it starts to build a nest, then there is definitely something you can do. Frère Houmard soon realised that I had a greater need than just that question, and therefore he began to read some verses in the Bible to me. He also talked about being born again. I couldn’t understand this, as I thought I would always be me and hopefully I would improve over time, but it is not possible to become someone else. To find out if I was aware that I was a sinner, he asked me if I had ever stolen anything. I hardly remembered having ever stolen anything, as my parents had taught me that this was wrong, but stealing at this point seemed a very minor offence in light of all the other bad things I had done. As I began to reflect on my life, I began to feel very sinful, and I was aware that it was not possible to be worse than I was. We ended up reading in the book of *Acts 26:18*, “to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me”.

Frère Houmard asked me if I understood what this Scripture meant. I answered and said that it meant that those people were sanctified and made holy because they believed in Jesus. He seemed to agree with me and then asked me if I believed in Jesus. I certainly did not doubt that I believed in Jesus, since Jesus was the reason, I had been trying to reform my life for all this time. As I answered yes, he then asked me what the meaning of this Scripture meant to me. It was right then that my old life and the bad things flashed before my very eyes like watching a film. I thought that I would be such a hypocrite to say that I was sanctified, as I felt very contrary to it. But then I thought, that is the Bible and the Bible is the truth. Then again looking at myself, I saw it very differently. Right then, I had a great conflict. Looking at the sinful evidence of my life, or looking at what the Bible says. Then I realised that the Bible, the truth that says that, and not me and I believed the Bible to be the truth. Despite

being nervous to say so, I said, "Because I believe in Jesus, I am sanctified and made holy". For a moment, I waited for a telling off for making such a statement, but instead, Frère Houmard asked me if I had ever thanked the Lord for having sanctified me. As I never had, we both went on our knees and I thanked the Lord for making me holy through faith in Jesus Christ. I stopped shivering, and a warm feeling came over me.

## **THEN JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART**

Straight after this, I began driving home, thanking the Lord as I drove the car. The joy in my heart became greater and greater until suddenly I found myself completely enveloped in the presence of Almighty God. This joy was far beyond anything that I had ever experienced. I was singing, shouting, crying and screaming as the revelation hit me that I was indeed a child of God, redeemed, loved and accepted in the Beloved. Me a saint! This cannot be learned. It comes by revelation, which will then turn it into reality. There are no words to realistically describe this experience. It needs to be experienced personally to be understood. I can truly say that I have never been the same since. All things had become new. A whole new world opened up to me now. Many things I could now address, understand and solve in the Spirit. A total freedom and liberty had now become reality. Jesus Christ has set me free!

## **FIRST CHALLENGES**

Ever since that moment, my life has changed, and even my opinions and desires have changed. Things that I used to like, I no longer wanted. For instance, I poured all the booze that I had at home down the sink. I no longer wanted to waste my time watching television, and I had no desire to go to the clubs and pubs again. I found that I could now speak without swearing, and to many people's surprise, even children didn't get on my nerves anymore. Finally, I was free! Free from the invisible chains of sin. I simply no longer needed to do the things I used to do. I even liked to go to work, and every day was full of excitement. I truly felt that I would have been happy even if I were locked up in a broom cupboard. Now,

the Holy Spirit was dwelling in me, and I finally had what I was unknowingly searching for all these years. In this new freedom, I was conscious that my past life was gone and that all my sins were forgiven. Even so, there were things of the past that I felt I needed to put right. One of the first things I did was to go to my parents and apologise for my difficult and rude behaviour during my teenage years. They were more embarrassed about this than I was, but they knew that I meant business with my new life. I also went and apologised to people that I had lied to and repaid for things that I remembered that I had stolen. As soon as I had put these things right, they no longer bothered me.

There are many things I could not put right, and for a while, I felt bad about it. This was a trap of the devil. All my sins, past, present and future were paid for by Jesus Christ, and they are now in the sea of God's forgetfulness. I am justified by faith in Jesus Christ. Just like I had never done anything wrong. Church was never my thing in the past, and even now, I was reluctant to attend a Church. Then I thought that as long as they just read the Bible and nothing else, I could manage it. So, I began to attend the little fellowship meetings regularly and enjoyed every meeting. I had no awareness of Church politics, hypocrites, false brethren and manmade systems. I simply loved everyone.

## **BECOMING INVISIBLE**

My family thought that I had been brainwashed. They could not understand how I could be so different. One day, I was at my parents' house, and my mother and sister were standing there in the lounge talking about me, even suggesting that I have mental issues. I was sitting right in the same room. I was wondering with a smile, thinking, don't they realise that I was sitting right there? Then I got up and stood right between them, smiling. The strange thing was, they kept on talking badly about me, and they just didn't see me. I thought maybe that the Lord allowed this incident of being invisible to them, just to show me how much I had really changed. Even my old worldly friends avoided me. I did not have to tell them that I was now a believer in Jesus Christ. They just sensed that something was different and "fled" from me.

## MY BEST FRIEND RICHARD'S CONVERSION

Soon after my conversion, I was contacted by my old friend Richard. Life in England was very hard for him, and He was very desperate and wanted to come to Switzerland. I let him know that he was welcome, but that I would not join him for outings as we used to do, because I was now a Christian. He didn't mind and sent me his arrival date and time at the Lausanne Railway Station. The day arrived, and early in the morning, I drove to Lausanne to pick him up. I waited and waited, but Richard never arrived. Knowing him, I thought that he had his dates mixed up and that he would arrive a day later. And so, it was. Only this time, Richard waited and waited as I left it up to him to find his way to my place. Finally, he turned up in Yverdon. I was happy to see him and was just about ready to give him one of "my special greetings". I used to have a bad habit of punching people in the shoulder. As I was pulling back my arm to punch him, I looked at my fist and instantly realised that I no longer needed to do that. No more bruises for Richard! The Lord gave me His Holy Spirit, and now He was teaching me to yield to it.

Richard was tired from travelling, but this did not stop me from talking about the things of the Lord until late at night. I even made him sit down and listen to a sermon I had on tape. During the sermon, Richard nodded off to sleep a few times. I kept on waking him up, telling him how important and serious it was. My new way of life meant that I spent many evenings at home. Not knowing what to do with all this newfound time, I started to play the guitar, compose songs, read the Bible, and I even started painting. Of course, Richard was slightly forced to become part of my new lifestyle, especially for the first few days. He was very skinny, and I tried to make him eat more. I was just like "an eating coach", saying: "Come on, have another helping, just one more spoonful!" After one of those eating sessions, I started with my painting. Richard had to be my model. I tried to draw the parable of the Sower in the Bible, so Richard had to pose like someone who is sowing seed. As I was drawing, Richard started to move. "Keep still", I kept on saying, but suddenly he had to make a run for the bathroom as the big dinner had just been too much for him. As I had to go to work in the morning, Richard was home alone

during the day. He spent the days relaxing and reading the Bible. When I got back from work, I would talk to Richard about things of God. He was very surprised, because I would talk about the same Scriptures he had just read during the day. When this happened day after day, Richard asked me, “How can it be possible that you talk about the very same thing I just read in the Bible today?” I told him that this was the work of the Holy Spirit. This strange phenomenon and my persuasion, also led to Richard praying “the sinner’s prayer”. God answered! The things of the Lord became so real to Richard that by now he was earnestly praying for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He knew that without it, he was not ready for the Lord’s return. I assured him he would receive it because the Bible promises the Holy Ghost to those who ask for it. By now, I have also introduced Richard to some of my newfound Church family. We travelled together to other towns, attending many meetings.

One Sunday after we got home from a meeting, I was talking to Richard about some Scriptures. As I was looking down at the Bible, Richard suddenly made a strange kind of laughing noise. I was about to tell him to show a bit more respect, but when I looked up, I saw him radiant with joy. I had never seen Richard in such a happy state before. Finally, when he could talk again, he exclaimed, “They are gone, they are gone”, before returning to making happy noises. “What is gone?” I kept on asking until finally Richard was able to say: “They are all gone, my sins are all gone, Jesus Christ has taken them away!” We both fell on our knees praising God for His wonderful grace and mercy. Praise God, Richard, my best friend, was now saved and also my brother. As time went on, Richard and I went to many Christian meetings and enjoyed our new, real life in Christ. Richard soon met new friends in Church and was invited to stay and work with a brother from the Church, but still, we spent a lot of time together. Richard confessed to me that he had been contemplating suicide when he was in England, as he was so lost and unhappy. Praise God for keeping him and giving him real life!

## **CHURCH LIMITATIONS**

All Churches seem to have limitations and problems. Some are more legalistic, others more liberal, and others more exclusive. It is like being

in a cage. Some cages are bigger and some smaller, and some even made out of gold. But the fact is, they are all cages. Jesus came to set us free! Even when you experience this new life in Christ, religious people try to put an invisible cage on you. Flee from it and cling to the freedom in Christ. The Church I fellowshiped with seemed to have a very small cage. There was no raising of hands or vocal praise.

Nevertheless, even though I respected their Church order, I was not bound by this cage. I shared with Richard that the Bible says for men to lift up holy hands. *1 Timothy 2:8 I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.*

Being a bit shy, and this being a new thing, I decided to go with Richard into the forest. I told him to go behind a certain tree, and that I would go behind another tree to pray and to lift up our hands while doing it. After a short while, we came together again, and Richard testified to the presence of God when he raised his hands. For a moment, I felt a little bit like a fugitive, having escaped the Church cage.

## **SPEAKING IN TONGUES**

One night after a meeting, a man from another Church group came to my place for supper. He had been sent to try to get me to join his group. During the evening, I told him that it was better to get the lost sheep in before spending time shifting the saved ones from one stable to another. As I said this, the presence of the Lord came down, and the brother jumped up with excitement, even spilling his coffee as he wholeheartedly agreed with me. Later that night, I lay awake for a long time, too excited to sleep. Having been used by God made me very happy and grateful. I could not stop praising God. I tried to sleep, but soon was again on my knees, praising God. As I kept praying to the Lord, my speech suddenly turned into another language. It was as if my Spirit was praying separate from my mind. I wondered if this was “the speaking in tongues” that my Church was unfamiliar with. The Bible speaks of it, so that is good enough for me. I told this experience to a man from a Pentecostal Church. He straight away said: “Now you have the Holy Ghost”. I did not believe that. I received the Holy Ghost back in February 1980 in the

car! Speaking in tongues is not the evidence to be filled with the Holy Spirit! Later on, once again, God took over my speech. This time it was English, but the words were so beautiful and expressive, they simply came through the Holy Spirit. God can speak in various ways. Tongues, dreams, visions, the Bible, through an incident or situation, a preacher or even a total stranger. Just be convinced that it is God who speaks to

you! Don't be persuaded or influenced by feelings, flattering, signs and wonders and men's interpretation. The Gospel never changes. Jesus said in *John 10:27-28* *27 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: 28 and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.* The Bible also tells us to prove all things! *1 Thessalonians 5:21* *Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.* And again, the Bible warns us of false preachers and false anointed ones. *2 Corinthians 11:14-15* *14 And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. 15 Therefore, it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness, whose end shall be according to their works.*

Many more Scriptures are warning us of the false religious ministers. As soon as someone tells you that they need anything else besides Jesus Christ, be aware! What Jesus did for you on Calvary, dying for your sins, is sufficient. Jesus said in *John 19:30*: *It is finished.* We are now His purchased possession. The apostle Peter also tells us in *1 Peter 1:18-19* *18 forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; 19 but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot:*

You belong to Jesus Christ, serve Him! Have a love relationship with Him! Not a Church, a preacher or some other religious persuasion. It is Jesus Christ by His Holy Spirit who ministers to you now.

*Hebrews 1:1-2* *God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, 2 hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds;*

## MY FIRST SUPERNATURAL HEALING

One evening, as I was sitting at home by myself, I wondered when I should go to the hospital to have an operation on my foot. For a long time, I had a growth in my foot which hurt me quite often. Another man at work had had the same thing, and the operation put him off work for about three weeks. While I was looking through my diary to find a suitable time for the operation, suddenly revelation struck me. "Almighty God, the Creator of the heavens and earth, is my heavenly Father!" In past years, I had often prayed the Lord's Prayer, starting with, "Our Father which art in heaven", but now it was quickened to me, and I suddenly comprehended the reality of it. Well, I thought, if He is my Father, then I can surely ask Him for healing! I straight away prayed and asked my heavenly Father for a new foot. As soon as I said "Amen", I looked at my foot, and it was still the same: a growth on the sole of my foot and a corn on my toe. That same evening, when I was in the shower, I was washing "my good foot" when suddenly I noticed that standing on "the bad foot" didn't hurt anymore. A miracle had taken place! The growth was completely gone! As a matter of fact, I had received a new foot. Even the corn on my toe was gone! This was my first healing miracle, and it made me more aware that I was dealing with the Living God. It was not just for the early Church. Nothing has changed! *Hebrews 13:8 says: Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.*

Many more miracles happened in the months to come, and living with the Supernatural became quite a natural thing to me. If you see it in the Bible and can believe it, then you can expect it to happen.

## TAKING BIBLES TO A COMMUNIST COUNTRY

At Church, I met a young man, Christoph, who asked me to join him for a secret Bible smuggling trip to Romania. In those days, Romania was under strict communist rule, and Bibles and Christianity were prohibited. We had a specially prepared car with a double floor, full of Bibles. We also had to learn and memorise the name and address of our contact so that we had no written evidence that could endanger those brethren. We

also decided to take a huge chilly bin full of butter for the brethren, because it was very hard for them to get any dairy food. Even this was dangerous in itself. At the border, we had to remove everything from the car; we left the chilly bin sitting on the back seat. The border control searched everywhere in that car, even lifted up the back seat, but they never seemed to see the chilly bin. What a miracle! We were protected on the whole journey. We slept in a small tent in the forest, not knowing that there were bears, wolves and bandits. At night and in the early morning, we heard unusual activity outside the tent, but no harm came to us. We finally found our contact, and after dismantling the car floor in the forest, we filled up bags with Bibles. Now we had to quickly drop off the Bibles and avoid being seen by anyone. Despite this, we had a moment of fellowship with the old couple, and even though we could not understand the language, there was such a unity in the Spirit, knowing that we had all met the same Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The old men had just recently been released from prison after having been tortured and incarcerated for three years just because he was a Christian. As we left, we held hands and prayed in our own language. We all had tears in our eyes. We truly had an invisible union in Christ with those believers.

## **CONVERTED FROM CATHOLICISM**

Another time, I went to an outreach camp in France. It was a great opportunity to witness to the people on the streets and to some of the young people in the camp. We even had the opportunity to witness and to show a Christian film to a group of Catholics. The priest was so impressed that he invited us back. One young Catholic boy stood out from the rest of the group. He was very diligent and full of desire to serve the Lord. Once I spoke to him about Mary. The Bible tells us to honour Mary, but there is no Scripture to tell us to make her an object of worship. I told the young man that it is wrong to worship Mary, to which he took exception. Straight away I changed the fruitless discussion and told him to always believe the Bible and seek the Lord for the answer. "This is the Holy Spirit speaking", he replied. A few weeks after the camp, he contacted me to say that he was finished with the Catholic Church. He

came across the Scripture where Jesus says not to call anyone father except the heavenly Father. Full of enthusiasm, he tried to enlighten the Catholic priest of his newfound revelation. Of course, the priest did not accept this, and therefore, he decided right there to quit the Church and to follow the Word of God instead. It is very important to ask the right person when it comes to religious questions. Don't ask a Catholic priest if there is something wrong with Catholic doctrines. Find an impartial person and ask the Lord Himself, and get a Scriptural answer. Many times, people just want to persuade you to join their Church or to agree with some of their beliefs. The Bible says in *1 Thessalonians 5:21 Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.* And again in *1 John 2:27 But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.*

Be aware, it is religious people who want to control you and rob you of the liberty you have in Christ. Be led by the Holy Spirit alone. He will always glorify Jesus Christ, no other man, no Church, nor any religious group. He who led you into the liberty can also keep you there. Keep your eyes on Jesus Christ.

## **WITNESSING AT WORK AND AT HOME**

Working and living in Yverdon in an apartment was nice, but I really desired to have a house in the country. Knowing that the Bible teaches us to be content, I did not want to force the issue by praying for a house. A few weeks later, I had to take a group of visiting engineers out for lunch. After lunch, I noticed an advertisement for a house to rent in a newspaper that was lying on the table. The description fitted exactly the house I had been dreaming of, so I stepped outside to a phone box and, after quickly praying, I rang up to enquire. What a blessing, I got that house. It was the perfect place for me and very affordable. I now rented a beautiful, completely restored old house, built in the 1700's, in a nearby village called Fiez. This was such a blessing, and even the tax code was a lot lower. In this new house I was able to host many visitors. One Sunday afternoon after Church, once again, I had a full house. Not only that, but

I had a terrible migraine headache. Having had that kind of headache before, I knew that it wouldn't go away until late at night and that no tablets would relieve me of the pain. I therefore excused myself from the visitors for a moment. I went to the bathroom and cried out to God. Praise God, the headache left me straight away.

One day, a Moroccan man turned up at my place wanting to stay with me. When I asked him why he had contacted me, he said he had heard that Christians are helpful and have a lot of money. He also told me that he really wanted a job, and therefore I said to him: "Let us pray together and ask the Lord Jesus Christ to give you a job". I told him to go down onto his knees, which he, a Muslim, reluctantly did, and there we asked the Lord to grant him a job. Before going to bed, he let me know that I could go to work in the morning and leave him there at the house to do his own thing. "No way", I told him. We had just prayed for a job, and I insisted that he go to find it in the morning. At 7.00 am, I drove him to a nearby village, telling him to get a job. At 5.00 pm, he turned up at my house, full of excitement, exclaiming: "I got a job and accommodation too!" He was more surprised than me.

Many times, people from the fellowship visited me, and quite often I had a full house and many blessings. Even an old boss, Mr Philips from New Zealand, came for a visit. He wanted to see Richard, not me, but praise God, I had the chance to host him and apologise for my bad behaviour while I had worked with him.

Around that time, Richard's parents came for a visit. They were not impressed with Richard's conversion and blamed me for it. Richard had quite a hard time, as they hammered him concerning his beliefs. But he was not alone because the Lord was right there with him. One night when they were out for dinner, his mother was really giving him a blast, to which Richard replied that she had no guarantee of being alive the next day. Just as she wanted to dispute that, she nearly choked to death on a piece of meat. After they left Switzerland, his father wrote a letter to Richard warning him against me. We never compromised the truth just to appease them. Truth will remain truth and sooner or later will be

vindicated. The Bible says in *2 Timothy 3:12* *Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution*. Even my best worldly friends and family treated me as an outcast. I was called all sorts of things. A mild one would be extreme and radical. I once answered this particular accusation with “Truth only appears radical and extreme if you are far away from it”.

After a short time of living the Christian life, it became my desire to tell my old friends and everyone I came across that there is hope beyond this earthly life; there is life eternal! God is real! This was one thing that made work frustrating. I thought that teaching people about office equipment and computers was a waste of time, as there was something of far greater importance, the Lord Jesus Christ! Nevertheless, I had a lot of opportunities to witness to people I would not have otherwise met. One incident was a manager from Nigeria, Tobi Oluasusi, who came for some technical training. One evening, I invited him to my place, and before I took him back to his motel, I prayed with him. After we got up from our knees he exclaimed: “What a wonderful prayer!” Once we were in the car he added, “This was the nicest prayer I’ve ever heard!” After we had been driving for a while he said, “I really felt the presence of the Lord when you prayed!” By the time we arrived at the motel he stated, “When you prayed, I saw a light come down from heaven!” In a way this progression of feelings and observations seemed quite funny to me. I guess that some people with certain personalities and emotions often exaggerate and make up stories which are not exactly true. The same type also gets carried away with visions, dreams and imaginations. They don’t mean to lie and their intention is to give glory to God, but I personally would rather have simple truth.

Working as a technical instructor went well for me. In this company, I also learned to be content with my wages. In the past, I used to ask for a pay rise every few months. To my surprise, I not only received a pay rise at the end of the year without asking for it, but also a bonus payment. I was now being sent abroad to run training courses. The biggest concern about this was being away from fellowship for a month. My first

trip took me to Dubai. The plane was delayed, and the poor fellow who had to pick me up stood the whole night at the airport in Dubai waiting for me. He was very glad when I finally turned up. I was driven to a hotel complex on the edge of the desert called the Metropolitan Hotel. There were a couple of restaurants and a nightclub called Lucifer's Place. I did not need a lot of discernment to know that this was not a place for the children of God. Where could I go and what could I do for three weeks?

Outside, it was very hot, and there was nothing but sand and dirt. One day I watched the news on television, but found myself watching some rubbish afterwards. This caused me to unplug the television, and instead, I went on my knees to ask the Lord to let me be a blessing to someone. Even while I was praying, the devil was trying to make me doubt myself, saying, "How can you be a blessing being locked up in your room?" I started to write a few postcards, thinking this may be how I could be a blessing to someone. After a while, I rang the room service for a drink. Soon after, there was a knock on the door, and a shy young Indian man stood there holding my orange juice. After a few moments, he got even more nervous and said, "Sir, may I ask you a question? What book is that?" As I replied, "This is a Bible", he started to smile. He showed me a small Catholic prayer book his mother gave him before he had left home. He never had a Bible and did not know much about the Scriptures. I enlightened him about the Lord's second coming and many other things. At the end of more than an hour, I prayed with him and gave him a Bible. After he left, I realised that God had just answered my prayer.

The biggest challenge was not the running of the training course, but the official invitation I received as a guest of honour from the company director. This was to celebrate Diwali night, an Indian god of fortune, at the Sheraton Lounge. As I was pondering over the gold-framed invitation card, I became quite disturbed and ended up having a sleepless night. Should I go and be a witness, or should I refuse to go? Finally, morning arrived, and the sales manager came to pick up the acceptance card. Without thinking, I said: "I am not going, I am a Christian, and I do not celebrate Indian gods". The sales manager had a fit and was very upset.

That was the confirmation I needed, and I knew I had made the right decision. Sometimes salt is more noticeable when it is missing than when it is there! The course was very successful, and I finished it by inviting the whole class to a formal dinner at the hotel.

I was able to change my ticket and decided to take a private holiday before heading back home. I flew first to Egypt. What an experience! It started right at the airport when all the taxi drivers started to fight over me. I ended up at a local hotel from which I had to flee a couple of days later. It was quite a dangerous place. One afternoon, when I was in my hotel room, I heard knocking on my door. I didn't answer, and soon someone tried to force the door open. A man dressed in a suit and tie entered my room. He was totally surprised to find someone inside. When I asked him what he wanted, he told me he was the plumber and needed to check the tap. It was then that I decided to leave that place. It didn't happen without people chasing me, but I managed to get away.

I found refuge at the Heliopolis Sheraton Hotel. There I met a travel agent called Berge, who seemed to find me interesting, and he asked me to have a drink with him after he finished work. In the restaurant, I spoke to him about the things of God. He got so nervous and was so convicted that he didn't even finish his drink. He told me that he thought that meeting me was meeting an angel. Being in Egypt, I didn't want to miss visiting the pyramids. It was quite impressive to be out in the hot, yellow desert, riding a camel and seeing the pyramids in the distance. I couldn't help thinking about how the children of Israel had been slaves there.

The Arabs were constantly begging for money, which began to get on my nerves. They would suddenly come running towards me with an open bottle of Coke they wanted to sell. They found it hard to believe when I refused to buy it from them. I did give some money to a little boy who was leading the camels. Shortly afterwards, an older man with rotten teeth begged me for more money to buy food for the abused looking camels, only to be informed by the boy that I had already given him money. This didn't please the old fellow, who then started to abuse the young boy before continuing with his plea for more money. By now, I had had enough. I told him I had no money. At that moment, a bank

note fell out of my pocket, and I realised that I had just lied. This troubled me for the following three weeks as I thought God had left me! All I wanted to do now was to get out of Egypt, so I changed my ticket and took the next flight out of the country and ended up in Greece. As well as going for a cruise around some islands, I travelled by bus to the old city of Corinth. It was an amazing experience to be there meditating upon the things of God and realising that the apostle Paul had walked in the same place. From Greece, I flew to Rome. There I met a young man called Felice. He told me how he grew up as a Catholic and wanted to become a priest. Then his parents got divorced, which completely shattered him. This Catholic god can't be right, he thought, and started his search for the real God. He ended up in India, on drugs and experiencing many false gods, until finally a travelling evangelist led him to Jesus. I shared my testimony with him, and at the end, we embraced each other and cried. Back in Switzerland, I was still struggling with the lie I had told in Egypt, but I was comforted by the Scripture in *1 John 3:20 For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.*

One night Richard came to visit me, as by this time he lived only ten kilometres away. We talked for a while, and then he had to leave to catch the last train home. As we walked to the door, I suddenly said, "Just stay for another moment, I'll just read something in the Bible". I opened the Bible and read *Psalms 114: When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language; Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion. The sea saw it and fled: Jordan was driven back. The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs. What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fledest? Thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back? Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs? Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob; Which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters.*

I was really spoken to by this Psalm and became aware of the amazing greatness and power of our God, my God! We went on our knees, and I started to pray and praise the Lord, when suddenly the presence of

Almighty God filled the room, and the Spirit of God once again took over my speech, only this time it was in English. Richard said that the prayer I prayed was so wonderful and the words were so beautiful. It was supernatural because my English vocabulary at the time was not that extensive. This event took place on the 8th of December 1980, and I will never forget it! Even though I had grieved the Spirit, He had not left me. The Scripture says in *Ephesians 4:30 And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.*

Yes, we are sealed with the Holy Ghost until the day of redemption! Yes, even if our own heart condemns us, God is greater than that, and His Word never changes!

## ESCAPE FROM MEN'S RELIGION

My newfound freedom in Christ was soon attacked. The enemy knew that I would not go back to the worldly, sinful life I once was living, so the attacks were subtler. It came not in the form of worldly bondage, but religious bondage. There are many "church spirits" which are not the Holy Spirit! The Holy Spirit will always provide a way out with the conviction and, of course, will always agree with His Own Word, the Bible! Jesus said in *John 16:13-14 13 Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come. 14 He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.* Yes, the Spirit of truth will always glorify Jesus Christ and Him alone!

At first, some people in the Church had plans for me and even tried to matchmake me with a girl. I never felt comfortable about getting a wife my own way, but I believed the Lord could give me a wife of His choosing. During one sermon, the Lord ministered to me when the preacher said it takes about five years for a new Christian to become mature. I thought that I could not get married and start a family before I was mature, so somehow, I knew I would have to wait another five years! Five years seemed a long time to wait for a wife, and also, because I was already 28 years old. Because of this, I decided to apply for the Church's own

missionary school. I had all the qualifications they required, but I was puzzled when I had to fill in the application form. Some of the questions they asked were, “Do you have insurance? Do you have health problems? How much do you earn? Have you signed the abstinence agreement?” Christ is my insurance, actually “blessed assurance”. Christ is my health. Christ is my Provider! Why sign an abstinence agreement when Christ had delivered me from alcohol? Despite those questions, I handed in the questionnaire, but to my surprise and bewilderment of others from the local Church, I was not accepted. It took me quite a while to understand this. Here I was, willing to give my all, and it was refused. The Lord showed me in His love and mercy that I was falling in love with and sticking up for the Church. Then I realised that the only one to be in love with must be the Lord Jesus Christ and not the Church denomination. Unfortunately, this experience made me begin to see men’s input in the Church, which, up to this point, I had refused to believe existed. It was only when I found myself defending the Church to my mother that I realised God’s Word stands on its own and doesn’t need defending. However, I did not want to get a wrong attitude towards people, and I often had to pray against such thoughts. It took me a while to see that, as the Lord had delivered me from the world, He was now delivering me from a Church denomination. I felt that my time there was up, and I was about to turn a page. I have since learned that when Jesus sets a man free, it is then very easy to fall into bondage to man-made religion.

Church spirits and religious spirits are harder to discern than the obvious spirits of the world. People under religious bondage often judge others who are not under the same religious bondage as they are. A truly free man does not judge others, but he will show love, mercy, grace and also patience. He will also pray for the Lord’s saving grace and liberty to be extended and revealed to them as well. Unfortunately, false preachers have always been around right from the early Church, but now it is much worse.

## **GREAT FINANCIAL BLESSINGS**

At work, I was promoted to handle the technical side of the company’s amalgamation with the Italian company Olivetti. One of the electronic

engineers who now had to report to me took great exception. He had higher qualifications and degrees, but I had more authority. We had a showdown, and he nearly lost his job because of it. He then reluctantly submitted. The interesting part is that this man had a “spiritual run-in” with me before. I once invited him to a special Church meeting. He told me that he would come along, but in the meantime, he consulted a medium, a witch, who had told him some future things before. This stopped him from coming to the meeting. He now stormed into my office and blasted me and argued about spiritual matters. I felt intimidated and lost for words. There was a real evil spirit on him. I almost felt crushed and did not know what to do. I felt helpless, attacked and weak. Not knowing how to answer, I said something totally unrelated to his arguments. I said: “I don’t know. All I know is that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed me from all sin”. Immediately, he became very weak and started to shake. Without saying anything more, he made a run for the door. I beat him to it, held the door handle and repeated: “The blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed me from all sin”. This totally crushed the accuser, and he was about to fall to the ground. It was then that I decided to let him out of my office.

During this time, I had a few wonderful business trips to Italy and great liberty. Just a dream job no one would want to leave. Despite this, I once again felt in my heart that I would like to go back to New Zealand. The only hindrance was that I had to give three months’ notice at work, and I would have liked to have had more money to take with me. Another problem was that I had already given notice on my rented house in Fiez and also sold my good car. Selling the car and giving notice on my house was because I felt sure at the time that I would be going to the missionary school. Now this meant that as of September, I would have no accommodation. Just at that time, I was asked to go for another business trip to Saudi Arabia. That worked out well because while I would be away, staying in hotels, I wouldn’t need a house, in the meantime, anyway. Therefore, I went to the local council and simply told them I was going to work in Saudi Arabia, and then I would come back to Switzerland for a very short time before permanently leaving for New Zealand. I was told that I could deregister from paying taxes in that village, due to those

circumstances. After I left my meeting with the council, I thought, “Why did I say that?” I shouldn’t really have made that statement, as I was not sure I would be able to go to New Zealand so soon. It wasn’t scheming or wishful thinking. I just spoke the desires of my heart. It was the Holy Spirit who knows the future, speaking through me without my understanding it. I was now homeless without a fixed abode.

The flight to Saudi Arabia left from Zurich and landed for an hour in Geneva. As I was concerned about being away from fellowship again, I quickly left the plane in Geneva and rang my friend Richard. Richard encouraged me and prayed with me. Back on the plane, the seat next to me was empty. Just before taking off, a man from Kentucky named Carl Henry came and sat next to me, and within a few minutes, we shook hands, and he said, “God bless you, brother”. It was a blessing to meet him as he was also working in Riyadh on a contract and would pick me up from the hotel for fellowship with an underground Christian group. It had to be hidden because Christianity is forbidden in Saudi Arabia. They were mostly Americans, and I enjoyed the fellowship and the love the people had for one another. But one thing puzzled me. These people appeared to me to be quite casual with their faith, not as I had been taught holiness according to the Bible by my Church. Not wanting to be judgmental, I somehow had this thought come to mind that the main thing was love. This illusion was soon to be taken away from me as I realised the words that Jesus said in *John 14:15 If ye love me, keep my commandments*. Jesus Christ is the Word, let’s be true to Him. Whatever He tells you - do it. It’s more than carnal love. Have a real love relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ, and He will show you more. Then it becomes also a “revelationship” (this is not a real word, but I made it up as I thought that it is fitting to call it this).

During the training course, I had a rather hilarious, but quite edifying experience with one of the trainees. Every few hours, all the shop doors closed, and everything came to a halt. Out came the prayer mats, and prayers were said by all the faithful Muslims. During one of these prayer times, an Indian trainee exclaimed, “What a stupid religion, they have to pray five times a day! I am a Catholic; morning prayer, evening prayer,

done!” It was obvious that he still only had a religion, call it a bigger cage. Some religions are better, some are tougher, some are more relaxed, but they all are only religions with no power, no life, no resurrection from the dead, no living founder and no eternal future! Even if someone lives by the Christian principles without knowing Christ personally, the Christian life is still more blessed than the worldly life. But without being one with Christ, there is no entry to heaven.

After my three weeks in Riyadh, I stopped in Dubai for a week and visited the company where I had previously run a training course. During the week, I organised a sales seminar, visited a subsidiary in Abu Dhabi and went out for dinner with the company director. My company in Switzerland then contacted me and requested that I run another course in Ireland. I replied, telling them to delay the course in Ireland, because I was going on a holiday and then needed a week to prepare. Finally, I was on holiday. I had a ticket to go to Israel via Egypt. At the Hyatt hotel’s lobby in Dubai, I asked a staff member about Egypt. This lady was very excited and led me to understand that she was an Egyptian. I then asked this patriotic woman what Egyptian Airlines was like, and her countenance changed immediately. Semi-embarrassed, she said, “I don’t know because I always fly with Swissair!” Slightly concerned, I boarded the Egyptian airliner the next day. Well, the plane wasn’t very clean, and some of the seats were broken. Nevertheless, we got off the ground. When we flew over Cairo, the plane suddenly started to shake and stall, nearly dropping onto house roofs before somehow recovering and finally landing safely. Leaving the plane was a fight on its own as there was such a press. One poor old woman with her veil in her mouth and carrying several heavy bags tried to get off the plane. People started to push and shout abuse at her, and no one offered to help. I must have looked a bit odd in my business suit, but I offered to help her. She could not understand any English, but somehow trusted me and as I took her very heavy bags and carried them out for her, she kept on saying, “shukraan, shukraan, shukraan!” At the airport, the taxi drivers started to fight over me, and I finally ended up in an old Mercedes. The driver told me the price for the fare to the Sheraton Hotel. He laughed and drove like a maniac, suddenly turning onto a one-way street at full speed. A

policeman blew his whistle before jumping out of the way to avoid being hit. With another fit of laughter, the driver began to talk price again. I told him that it was not my first time in Egypt and that I would fix him up at the destination. He stopped in front of the hotel where I gave him the money. I said with a loud, stern voice: "Here is the money for the fare and here is a tip, and now say thank you!" He shook, looked scared, took the money and said thank you! I was still in my "instructing" role, as I had just come from the training courses.

At the Sheraton, I met the travel agent Berge, whom I had talked to the last time I was in Egypt. This time, with great excitement, he invited me for dinner at a local Egyptian restaurant. It was a bit rough, and I seemed to be the only non-Egyptian. I really enjoyed the authenticity of everything, including seeing a very cute little girl, dirty, smiling and wearing a headscarf, come into the restaurant trying to sell old newspapers. The next thing surprised me a little bit. Suddenly, a huge piece of metal was thrown into the restaurant, and it landed exactly next to my plate. Praise God, no harm came to me.

The night before I flew to Israel, I had a strong desire to meet real Christian believers. I earnestly prayed and asked the Lord to lead me, not to just a Church group, but to real children of God! The next day, I felt very confident that the Lord was in control and that He would guide and lead me as I journeyed to Israel. I rented a car at the airport and started driving towards Jerusalem.

Nothing could upset me in Israel, because I knew that the Scripture says in *Genesis 12:1-3* *Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee: 2 and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: 3 and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.*

I was there to bless Israel! On the way to Jerusalem, I picked up a hitchhiker, a soldier in uniform with an automatic rifle. He couldn't speak English, but tried to give me some directions as we arrived in Jerusalem.

Somehow, I lost my way and ended up in a Jewish hotel in a back street, where I booked a room. Not being familiar with Jewish hotels, I was asking the receptionist about the sign in the hallway, which contained a list of Sabbath regulations. She told me that Jewish people were religious people and that I could go down to the Western Wall to watch them pray. Then I told her that I found no pleasure in watching people pray, as I was a Christian and prayed myself also. To my surprise, before she said anything, I heard a voice from behind a curtain shouting, "Praise the Lord!" This sounded just like home to me. It was another staff member in the back room who was listening to our conversation. When I spoke to her, I noticed that she was very embarrassed and had not meant to say anything.

The Lord had everything arranged, and the next day, which was the Sabbath, this lady's parents picked me up for a meeting. This was such a wonderful event, and I knew immediately that my prayer had been answered. I was directed to meet them, and had wonderful fellowship with them. I was impressed by the joy and the godly standards that they displayed. It was just beautiful and made me feel ashamed that I had even considered compromising on the Word of God when I was back in Riyadh, by thinking that (carnal) love amongst the brethren was the only important thing. Now I saw love and life. Another description could be Pentecostal fundamentalists.

After the service, I shared my testimony with them, and to their surprise, I appeared to believe the same way as they did. They could not understand how I could have such knowledge of the truth without having heard of the late preacher William Branham, whom they followed. The answer to me was simple. If we have the same Holy Spirit that the early Christians received at Pentecost, and if we're not misled or influenced by our own thinking and traditions, or denominational and men's teachings, then we cannot help but speak the same language and have the same manifestations in our lives. It was evident that we were filled with the same Holy Spirit. Later on in life, I realised why some of them were so bewildered when I shared how I received the Holy Spirit. They seemed to have the false understanding that only those who heard William

Branham could receive the Holy Spirit in this day. The truth is, we need no other Gospel than that which is written in the Bible. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and the blood He shed on the cross for our sins is all we need. Not Jesus plus! Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life, the only begotten Son of the Father. True, wonderful Christians can still be taught wrongly by preachers who are void of God's calling and Spirit. I ended up staying a whole week with them in Jerusalem and had a wonderful time of fellowship. Seeing this lovely host family, Quinten and Patty Erickson with their 13 children, who were all very nice to me, made me dream of a large family for myself one day. Leaving very early in the morning, I had to say my goodbyes to the little ones the night before. It was very touching! One of the little girls embraced me and didn't want to let me go. When I left, they gave me the address of a Church they knew in Gisborne, New Zealand. I knew that there was yet more to come. Little did I know what God had in store for me.

## **DESIRING TO GO BACK TO NEW ZEALAND**

Back in Yverdon, life appeared to be different after my time in the Middle East. I shared my experiences at Church, from which I received a cautious response. No matter what people said, I knew in my heart that God had directed me that way for a reason and that there was something for me somewhere in the future. By now, I had no house to go to, and so I stayed at the company's motel unit for two weeks before going to Ireland to run another technical training course. Once again, I did not need a house for another three to four weeks.

The trip to Ireland was very eventful. On the plane, a woman sat next to me, drinking champagne and smoking a cigarette in the non-smoking area. She was telling me about her partying the night before and her worries that her boyfriend may notice she had had a late night. I was quite put off by her and kind of ignored her. The smoking annoyed me a bit, so I turned the fan toward her, but she didn't get the hint. I then looked out the window and quietly prayed for her and the situation. Shortly afterwards, I had an opportunity to witness to her about my experiences with the Lord. Suddenly, we flew into a storm, and the plane was caught up in the turbulence. Other people on the plane screamed and were in

shock, and the woman next to me also looked very frightened. I was totally at peace in the storm, which puzzled her, and I kept on witnessing to her, despite the storm. By the time we landed, I was able to give her a Bible, which she accepted with tears in her eyes, and she told me she had never touched a Bible in her entire life.

In Ireland, I was picked up by the company director, and after about half an hour, he asked me, "Are you a Christian?" Many wonderful things happened in Ireland, and I ended up in several Church and home meetings.

A missionary couple picked me up one evening to go to a meeting. On the way there, they also picked up a tramp, who seemed to take an immediate liking to me and kept on talking to me. Unfortunately, he had the most horrible, bad breath and stank incredibly. As the smell was nearly killing me, I opened the window a little bit and tried to catch a breath of fresh air to survive the journey. When we arrived at the meeting, the tramp was still following me. Then I saw my way of escape, an empty seat in the middle of the crowd. Quickly, I manoeuvred my way between the seats. Reaching the vacant seat, I sat there closing my eyes, relieved and quietly praying, when suddenly that horrible smell came back. The tramp had battled his way through the crowd and managed to squeeze in right next to me.

After the meeting, I again fled, but soon after, he found me again! Now I realised that perhaps God wanted me to talk to him. I quietly prayed, and then the smell was gone, at least while I witnessed to him! The tramp told me that he could not understand why Christ had to be crucified. I was able to share the Gospel, and I believe it had an impact because later, when I was back in Switzerland, I received a card from him. At another one of those Irish meetings, I ended up at a home meeting of a group in Dublin that had only recently left the Catholic Church and started to have their own meetings. The preacher read the Scripture about the angel coming to Mary. He said that our salvation depended on Mary's answer. Then he said, "Do we all believe that?" No one said a word, but I could not let that one go unchallenged, so despite being just a visitor, I found the courage to raise my hand and say: "I don't believe that!"

Slightly shaken, the preacher stuttered a bit, and then he agreed and went on to preach a wonderful message on predestination and how Mary was chosen by God, because He knew that she would be a willing vessel. This experience impressed me so much that I made up a song about it:

“Long, long time ago, Jesus  
saved my soul.  
Long, long time ago,  
He died for you and me.  
But only since a while I know.  
But only since a while I see,  
what the Lord has done for  
you and me, there on the  
cross of Calvary”.

When I got back to Switzerland, I found out that all the brethren in Israel had been praying for me. This explained the incredible experiences I had had on that trip and the way I had been led in unexpected ways. Talking about Ireland, no one would think that it was a business trip, as it had turned out to be more of a missionary trip. After having been in Israel, my heart was set to return either to Israel or New Zealand. It seemed the “Swiss chapter” was closed and that I was definitely turning a page.

My heart’s desire was still to have a bit more money and to leave work by Christmas. Of course, this did not seem possible, as I would have to give three months’ notice at work, and it was already December. Nevertheless, I had the promise of God’s Word in *Psalms 37:4* “*Delight thyself also in the LORD; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*”

Just at that time, the company was restructuring and offered redundancy pay for those who would voluntarily leave. Straight away, I went to see the boss. He told me this was for other people, and he didn’t want to let me go. After a few discussions, he then agreed to accept my voluntary resignation. I ended up with more than six months’ tax-free pay in my pocket, and I could leave at Christmas. What a miracle! I was now free to leave, and I also had the money I wanted. I decided to return to New

Zealand to tell my old mates about salvation in Jesus Christ. I booked a flight and left for New Zealand in January 1983.

## **ON MY WAY TO NEW ZEALAND**

Just a few days before my departure, I faced another challenge, a hefty tax bill. I had to dismiss the thought to just leave and forget about it. I knew this would not be the right thing to do, so I went for a trip to the French part of Switzerland to speak with the tax department. After disclosing my absence from Switzerland and my planned trip to New Zealand, the tax man told me to go away and come back in 20 minutes. When I returned, he ripped up my tax bill and said that I did not need to pay the tax. I was convinced that if this had been a tax office in the Swiss German part, I surely would have had to pay the taxes.

The night before I left, a friend stayed with me at my parents' house. Since I had triple the luggage allowance, I began to get very nervous. My mind went into overdrive, thinking of the various scenarios that may await me at the airport. I kept on quoting the Scripture in *1 Peter 5:7* "*Casting all your care upon him; for He careth for you.*" Nevertheless, I kept on worrying and talking about it. It wasn't too long before my friend simply said, "Why don't you do it?" He was right. Saying it and doing it were two very different things. From this point, whenever the luggage worries came to mind, I instantly dismissed them.

The Lord is faithful! I arrived in New Zealand with all my luggage and no penalties despite all the overweight plus over 20 kg hand luggage. My motive was pure, and my return to New Zealand was to be about the Lord's business. I started my "missionary work" on the plane by witnessing to a slightly sarcastic man. He said: "I see you've been brainwashed". I replied, "No, I've had a heart transplant".

## **BACK IN NEW ZEALAND**

The plane was delayed and as I arrived in Auckland, I tried to rush to the domestic terminal to catch my connecting flight to Invercargill. With the trolley full of luggage, I literally ran through the automatic glass doors which were slower opening than I was walking! They shattered and

jammed and a couple of airport workers came and un-jammed what was left of them and freed my trolley. "Thank you", was all I said before speeding off to the domestic terminal. My connecting flight was also delayed and now I had to wait and had time to ponder about how much I was yielding to the leading of God and how much was just me trying to lead myself.

In Invercargill, I first visited the family I had previously boarded with. They were kind to me but looked at me slightly sideways. Not everyone was excited about "the new AI". The next day I visited another, quite rough family I used to know, and they were pleased to see me. They had such a lot of smelly rubbish bags and an old washing machine blocking their front door, which didn't look very inviting. The dad was still in bed when I arrived at 11.00 a.m. He then called out to his wife, "Horse, bring us a cup of tea!" Just testifying was perhaps not all I could do, so I hired a trailer and cleaned up their messy backyard. Even though they liked me, I could not convert them. It takes a man to witness, but it takes the Holy Spirit to convince, or as the saying goes, "You can lead a horse to the water, but you can't make it drink."

There was another person I wanted to visit in Invercargill. I had met a Swiss family on my cruise from Genova to Auckland and I remember that he moved to Invercargill. I ended up at his workplace but no-one knew where he was. I prayed about it and asked the Lord to show me where he lived. Soon after that I heard a woman talking about a funny name in a newspaper article. I asked what the name was and lo and behold, it was the person I was looking for, announcing the engagement of his daughter. From the newspaper contact I could tell that he lived in Riverton. Full of excitement and thanksgiving I drove to Riverton. I knew that this was of the Lord so I did not need further details. The moment I drove into Riverton this man's wife just walked across the road in front of me. They all were pleased to see me. I helped them to catch an elusive sheep which I sheared for them. Of course, I witnessed to them about the Lord. His wife was shaking and he was just ridiculing everything. The next time I had heard of them I was told that he was in a wheelchair wanting a gun to shoot himself. Quite sad!

During my three-month stay in Invercargill, I tried to find a Church to go to. This was rather difficult, not because there was a lack of Churches, but rather that I wanted genuine fellowship without having to compromise on the Word of God. I tried the Baptist Church, the Church of Christ, the Presbyterian Church, the Pentecostal Church and a Brethren Church. Some Churches were dead, others worldly, and others totally set in their traditions and pet doctrines. As I said before, the Lord not only delivered me out of the world, but He also delivered me out of man-made organisations. Some of these places are falsely called Churches; they should rather be called clubs or lodges.

Nevertheless, I did find some nice people in each one of these Churches. Believing that every Christian should have fellowship with others, I ended up spending some time at the Brethren Church. A true believer can share fellowship with anyone upon the basis of the shed Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. There I watched, observed and listened. The Lord helped me to stay true to His Word and not to compromise with traditional beliefs and arguments. After about three months, I left Invercargill by car and made my way up to Tauranga. Just before I left, a sincere young couple from the Brethren Church took me aside and said, “We also believe the way you do!” God has His children in many places to be a shining light, wherever the Lord places them.

As the Bible declares in *Revelation 18:4*, “*And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues*”. No matter where you fellowship, you are not obliged to compromise the Word of God.

## **ON MY WAY TO TAURANGA**

As I left Invercargill, I was driving and praying, when suddenly the presence of the Lord came into the car. That presence was still recognisable when I stopped to pick up a hitch hiker. He was very excited that I was going to Dunedin because this was also his destination. He hopped into the car and I drove on not saying anything. The presence of the Lord was still very strong and somehow it made that hitch hiker very uncomfortable, even though nothing was said. After only a few minutes

we came into Gore, the next town. There he suddenly wanted to get out of the car and not go on to Dunedin with me as planned. He looked a bit scared. Yes, it is a scary thing to come into the presence of the Lord without the covering of the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. On my way to Tauranga, I visited some of my old friends and they were amazed to see the change in my life. Only eternity will reveal what they did with my testimony.

There was Keith, a former workmate I visited in Dunedin. He was happy to see me, but after speaking to him the whole evening, he looked at me sideways, wondering if I really was this Al he used to know. After we had gone to bed, he knocked on my door at about 1.00 a.m., asking me if I wanted another coffee. He then asked me questions until the early hours of the morning and at last I encouraged him to pray and to ask the Lord Jesus Christ to forgive him for his sins and to come and live in his heart. At that time, I was not bold enough to pray with him, but I encouraged him to pray that prayer once he was back in his room. I don't know whether he did pray that night or not, but the next thing I heard of him, was that he had died suddenly while shifting house. He was just under 30 years old. If he did pray and if he received the Lord that night, my trip to New Zealand was more than worthwhile. After crossing by ferry to the North Island, I contacted a Christian couple whose phone number was given to me by some people of the Brethren Church. I rang them, but soon realised that it was not convenient to visit.

## **CAR CRASH MIRACLE**

When I was driving through Palmerston North, a car with a couple of young fellows and a pregnant woman crashed sideways into me. They panicked, as it was their fault. Even before I got out of my car, I had a tremendous peace about the whole situation. Their car was quite damaged. I told them not to worry about me and my car and sent them away with a Christian pamphlet. I then had a closer look at my car. Another miracle, not even a scratch!

The next day, I drove up to New Plymouth, where I visited an old workmate and his wife. They were not believers, but to my surprise, they

invited me in, put on a great meal and offered me a bed for the night. I now also had the opportunity to pay for the shirt that I had ripped years ago. It was a strange habit I used to have, ripping off people's shirt pockets. Usually, it was only me who thought it was funny. This man was one who could not forgive me for it at the time, and because I remembered this, I felt an apology and some money would be appreciated. He was surprised by this, but he just took the money without saying anything. It made me think that this is similar to the things of God. The moment we say, "Thank you", we acknowledge and confess that we have received it. We did not talk about shirts that night, but I shared with them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The next evening, I arrived in Rotorua. I was wondering if I could find those people who had given me a Bible back in 1978. As I arrived at night, I saw a restaurant with "Jesus is Lord" written on the roof. Surely, that must be the place to go to! It wasn't long before I had that family on the phone, and it was so wonderful to be able to tell them what had happened to me. I nearly cried when I exclaimed, "I am saved!"

## **BACK IN TAURANGA**

When I arrived in Tauranga, I went to stay with Richard's parents. In the past, I had found them irritating and complicated, and though they still had their peculiarities, I had changed and could now appreciate them for who they were. They became some of my very best friends! In Tauranga, I had further opportunities to speak to some of my old drinking mates and people I had known. I went to visit my former landlords, who were very excited about the change they saw in me. Since I had last seen them, they had become Baptists. They invited me to their Church meeting, where I met a lot of nice people. Unfortunately, the standard of holiness seemed to be lacking, and it was obvious that they were only willing to go as far as traditional Baptist beliefs. This reminded me of another friend who introduced me to a "Christian lady", who, when he saw my expression of shock, took me aside and said, "She only accepted Jesus as Saviour and not as Lord". What a crazy thing to say and to believe, I thought! He is Saviour, Lord, Provider, Healer and all in all! We cannot receive Him in parts! We are either full of His Spirit and have

it all, or we are none of His. *Romans 8:9 "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his".*

One weekend, I felt led to travel to Gisborne. I had been given two addresses of believers to visit there, one from the Brethren Church in Invercargill and the other from the believers I met in Jerusalem. Off I went on my motorbike for my first trip to Gisborne. As I was not sure which place the Lord wanted me to go first, I prayed for guidance as I rode into the city. Then I saw the street sign of the address given to me by the believers from Jerusalem. There, I met the pastor Reg Searle of the Gisborne Christian Fellowship. He sent me to "The Gospel Tape Ministry", where his son Howard was working. When I arrived there, I was suspicious and troubled seeing all the pictures and photos hanging on the wall. I have never been a big fan of having photographs of preachers on display, as it always made me think there was some man worship involved. Therefore, I gave the brother a good, strong rundown of what I believed! "I believe that the whole of the Bible is the absolute truth and that the Lord Jesus Christ was God in the flesh", I exclaimed, to which the brother shouted, "Amen". I kept on stating my beliefs, and the more I did, the more he jumped with excitement. By then, my suspicions eased a little bit. After some more fellowship, he realised that I had never heard any of their Gospel tapes, so he went to find a tape and played me a passage. I certainly was not used to preachers shouting and being loud, but I took no offence. When I left, I took some recorded messages and a book with me.

Back in Tauranga, I started to read the book, which helped me to clear up some questions I had. It also strengthened my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I really knew now that I could never compromise with men's doctrines and Church teachings.

Jesus Christ is the Word according to Scripture, and it is to Him that I want to be true. *John 1:1* declares, "*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God*". Also, *John 1:14* states, "*And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his*

*glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth”.*

Any compromise with the Word of God, or mixed with men’s input, would have made me a spiritual harlot!

## **EMPLOYMENT MIRACLE**

By now, I had also received two job offers from companies in Rotorua. I really wanted to stay in Tauranga, and therefore I asked the Lord, if it was His will for me to stay in Tauranga, could I please have a job by Wednesday? At the beginning of the week, Richard’s mother told me that, because I had travelled so much, I should apply to become a travel agent. Well, I thought, travelling doesn’t make one a travel agent any more than drinking milk would make me a dairy farmer. Nevertheless, since I had prayed for guidance, I did not dismiss her suggestion and rang a travel agent. To my surprise, I got an interview, and by Wednesday, I had my job in Tauranga!

At this time, I moved into a very nice flat in one of Tauranga’s most prestigious areas, Waratah Street in Matua. I had many great experiences with the Lord in that place. There, I even met up with the famous New Zealand MP Winston Peters, who was campaigning at that time. In those days, I wrote letters, had visitors, read the Bible and listened to Gospel messages. Many things blessed and enlightened me. Certain other things did not witness to me, so I put them “on the shelf”.

## **RELIGIOUS CHALLENGES**

I also met believers who called themselves “message believers”. That is where some challenges started. I still did not understand why I had to be confronted with all this religious confusion, but the understanding of why came a couple of years later. Some people were genuine Christians, while others were just looking for satisfaction in religion. My question was not “When did you change your religion, but when did you receive the Holy Spirit?” Of course, many never experienced the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and instead of seeking it and pressing in, they reduced the genuine Pentecostal experience to just believing a set of doctrines. Just

saying, I believe “the Word, the message” is not a substitute for a genuine Holy Ghost experience. Just a new religion without the need to die to self. What a deception! Then, of course, everyone suddenly had a teaching ministry with all sorts of various flavours, causing divisions and putting people into religious bondage by saying unless you saw it their way, you wouldn’t make it. Scaring people with statements like, “The true bride will believe this message”.

A person with the Holy Ghost will only receive what is of the Holy Ghost as long as they keep their eyes on the Lord. Jesus warned us to flee from such false teachers. I believe that if the truth is received correctly, then it will result in a greater appreciation of the Lord Jesus Christ. A sincere sinner would come to genuine repentance and into the experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Unfortunately, as is often the case, many people who are not willing to die to self simply receive it like a new religion and, unaware, turn it into a denomination or cult.

Religion is a poor and dead substitute for the real thing. One should continue to seek the leadership of the Holy Spirit and not just the letter of the Word. The Holy Spirit will lead us into all truth. Press on until you receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Then all you want to know and talk about is Jesus Christ.

Jesus said *in Matthew 12:34 ... for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh*. It is interesting to hear what people talk about and quote when they preach or fellowship. The early Corinthian Church had a similar problem. For some, it was Paul this and Paul that; others lifted up Cephas, and others always mentioned Apollos. In the days of John the Baptist, many stayed with John even when he declared in *John 1:29*, “*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world*”.

The letter alone causes people to become like a Pharisee, judgmental, arrogant and full of themselves, seeming to know everything. The Truth received by the Holy Spirit will make one humble and very much aware that we are saved by the grace of God and faith in the shed Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ on Calvary. The true Holy Spirit will glorify Jesus Christ.

The Bible tells us in *John 16:13-14*: “Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you”.

In many places, you will only be loved as long as you go along with their teachings and never question them. There is only one common denominator for the real Body of Christ. The Holy Spirit!

*1 Corinthians 12:13* says, *For by one Spirit are we all baptised into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.*

## BEING RE-BAPTISED

The question about true Christian baptism was still on my mind, ever since I was first made aware of the Scripture in *Acts 2:38*. I never dismissed it, but had only put it “on the shelf”. But now I have come to a place where I seriously considered being re-baptised in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I battled with it for a while, knowing that it was not water that cleanses from sin, but the grace of God, through faith in the

shed Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. God had already filled me with the Holy Ghost before baptism, just like Cornelius in the Bible. *Acts 10:44-48* *While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word. 45 And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. 46 For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God. Then answered Peter, 47 Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptised, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? 48 And he commanded them to be baptised in the name of the Lord. Then prayed they him to tarry certain days.*

I ended up asking myself, “Who would want to stop me from doing what the Scripture says? Certainly not the Holy Ghost who wrote it!” Therefore, I decided to be re-baptised according to the original early Church baptism, in the Name of Jesus Christ.

On the 1st of May 1983, I was re-baptised and fully identified myself with His Word in *Acts 2:38-39*: *"Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. 39 For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, [even] as many as the Lord our God shall call"*.

What a blessing! When I came out of the water, I saw lights where there are no lights around the edges of the ceiling and started to speak in tongues. Praise the Lord! Yes, all the fullness of God, the Holy Spirit, dwelt in the Lord Jesus Christ. And now His Spirit also dwells in the believers. God Almighty, who is a Spirit, sent His only begotten Son and came and dwelt in a body of flesh and blood, and God reconciled the world to Himself through Jesus' redemptive work on the cross of Calvary. Praise the Lord!

When there is ever a question, then search for a Bible answer. This is a safe way. If there is anything else in the mix, then leave it alone. Strangely enough, some Church people I knew could not share the excitement about my re-baptism. I am sure glad that I do not need to be restricted by a Church philosophy but can be led by the Spirit of God according to the Word of God. This Word of God about baptism in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ also comes with the promise, the gift of the Holy Ghost! If repentance is true, the baptism is true, then also the promise will come to pass, and the believer will be filled with the Holy Spirit! To believe and to be willing to identify with all of God's Word will also empower the believer to combat all the attacks of Satan!

In *Matthew 4:4*, Jesus said to the devil, *"But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"*.

*Colossians 3:17* says, *"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, [do] all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him"*.

I started to see that there were so many Scriptures about being baptised and being re-baptised in the Bible.

*Acts 19:1-5 And it came to pass, that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus: and finding certain disciples, 2 he said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. 3 And he said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptised? And they said, Unto John's baptism. 4 Then said Paul, John verily baptised with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus. 5 When they heard this, they were baptised in the name of the Lord Jesus.*

Why only identify with some of the Word and not all the Word? It seemed that I had started a new page on my Christian journey. I truly believe that there is more of God, and I want to receive it. There will always be more to come. Not a new Word, but a revelation on the existing Word, the Bible. I kept on listening to Gospel tapes, reading the Bible, praying, and meditating upon the things of God. This answered a big question that had been troubling me. I had met many Church people with a true anointing on them but they themselves didn't live according to God's Word. I now understand that the rain falls on the just and the unjust! To be anointed with the Holy Spirit and to be filled with the Holy Spirit are two different things. The Bible says in *Romans 8:14 Amplified Bible. 14 For all who are allowing themselves to be led by the Spirit of God are sons of God.*

As I saw and recognised these Bible truths, I had a lot of overcoming to do. Overcoming traditional Church teachings was one of them. Not that everything I was taught in the past was wrong, but many Bible truths were not addressed. Always stay with the original Gospel. Praise God, I was greatly comforted. As it is with so many Christian groups, many are claiming to believe in Jesus Christ, but reality shows that they are not! Christ is the Word! I met some people who took me to a meeting in Whakatane. This ended up with yet another trial, as I was now exposed to various strange doctrines. Unfortunately, many genuine people are misled and influenced by false doctrines. Often, due to a lack of confidence that believing in Jesus Christ is enough. Jesus Himself cried

out on the cross, *"It is finished"*, referring to the work of salvation. We are all like sheep and will follow something. Follow Jesus Christ and Him alone!

*John 3:16 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*

During that time, to my big surprise I also received a letter and a family photo from the Nigerian man I had met years before in Switzerland. He told me that he had found an old letter of mine and became very convicted. Then he said that now all of his family was baptised in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ according to the Book of *Acts 2:38*. With his explosive personality, he was also able to convince his entire family to follow the Word. Praise the Lord!

During my stay in Tauranga, I also met some nice Māori brethren. I always had a soft spot for the Māori people, and I had many great times of fellowship with them. For instance, one night at 11.00 p.m., my phone rang, "Brother Albert, do you want to come for some fellowship?" I couldn't turn down the offer and drove over to their place for some fellowship. At midnight, a great big roast came out of the oven, and the whole family was at the table, enjoying a very big meal and nice fellowship until very late. Meetings like that happened quite frequently and sometimes all night long.

I always tried to witness or encourage people. Sometimes it was perhaps in disguise. One late night, as I was driving home, a drunk man crossed the road and nearly ended up on my car bonnet. I offered to take him home. He gave me some directions and then told me to stop near a beach. He just tumbled out of the car and then fell onto the sand. What a sad situation. I could not leave him there, so I offered a bed at my place for the night. He accepted. At home, I pulled out a sofa bed, and the man just collapsed on it. I went to my bedroom and went to check on him in the morning. He was gone. He probably couldn't remember anything and perhaps thought that he had broken into a house. Above the exit door, I placed a framed text I made. Gold letters on blue velvet. Jesus

Christ is Lord. Perhaps the drunk man just had to see this? The Lord works in mysterious ways, and we cannot always understand.

### **ENCOURAGING TIMID OLD LADY**

I also met an old Swiss woman who was living on her own. She was a confessing Christian but appeared to be quite easily intimidated. I tried to encourage her to be bolder when it came to accepting God's promises. Trying to make a suitable example, I told her to imagine how it would be if her neighbour were to build a garage on part of her land and so deprive her of her view and her garden. Of course, she would have a right to complain. But what if the neighbour refused to listen, but rather intimidated and threatened her? She would then live all these years without a view and a garden, which rightfully would belong to her. She really should go to the council, get the title deed of her property and then visit the neighbour again with authority, informing him of the facts: "Here it is written, this is the blueprint, and this land belongs to me, so get off my land". I explained those things to her so that she may become bolder to claim and accept the promises of God. To my surprise, the old lady now told me that the neighbour really had put part of his garage onto her land. I didn't know that, but the Holy Spirit knows every situation and can reveal these things. Praise the Lord!

### **BLESSED BEYOND UNDERSTANDING**

Still working for the travel agency, I was keen to go for a trip to Fiji, but thought it would not be appropriate at this time to spend money on pleasure. Shortly afterwards, I was requested to go on a trip to Fiji for the travel agency, staying at the best resorts and hotels, all for free. Praise the Lord!

I enjoyed living in my nice, waterfront flat, sailing my steel yacht I purchased and flying aeroplanes. Playing golf with Richard's dad was also great, even though golf was not my favourite sport, but Fred enjoyed my company. There was no need for me to work since I still had a lot of money from my pay in Switzerland. As a matter of fact, I could have

bought a ten-acre block with a house plus another house in Invercargill, and I still would have ended up with almost half my money.

Initially, I searched for the man who prayed for me outside the pub back in 1978. I wanted to support his outreach. No matter how hard I tried to find him, I could not find him. Then I thought to put all the money into a Church offering box, but had no witness to do so. Eventually, I thought, if the Lord gave this money to me, perhaps He wants me to use it. Therefore, I thought of ways to use it for outreach purposes. And I did, with thanksgiving.

## **MY SWISS FRIEND CHRISTOPH JOINING ME**

I kept in touch with another good friend from Switzerland, Christoph, who wanted to be sure I was not involved in a cult. Eventually, I wrote to him that if a truth is spoken, then it won't matter who said it and that we should simply receive it. We always give the glory to the Lord Jesus Christ and not to anyone or anything else! A true believer needs to see the truth in

the Bible, and then recognise the truth when they come face to face with it. It is also of vital importance to discern the spirits because even Satan himself quoted the genuine Word of God to Jesus, *Psalms 91:11*, when he tried to tempt Him.

*Matthew 4:5-7 5 Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, 6 and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. 7 Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*

Jesus said in *John 10:27-28* *My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: 28 and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.*

Another very important and essential Scripture is found in *1 Thessalonians 5:21: Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*

Many times, people listen to a man of God preaching. Then, with excitement, form a cult around that man. Let us remember, whosoever the man is, he is still a man and subject to error.

It was in 1984 that my friend Christoph decided to come to New Zealand to outreach to others and tell them the good news of eternal life through Jesus Christ. For this reason, I quit my job and bought a van so we could travel around New Zealand. I modified it into a camper and on the back of the van, I had a motocross bike as well. Near the time of my friend's departure from Switzerland, his 84-year-old grandfather, Desiderius Sardi, asked if he could join us for six weeks. Of course, this was not planned, but it ended up being a great blessing! We travelled together throughout New Zealand, testifying to people and having a great time. His grandfather even had a ride on the back of my motorbike on 90-Mile Beach in Northland. One weekend we went to Gisborne, where my friend decided to be baptised and, to our surprise, grandfather also expressed his desire to be baptised. It was such an unforgettable and wonderful day! When the pastor explained to the grandfather true biblical baptism in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, instead of using just the titles Father, Son and Holy Spirit, then the only comment he made was, "Then all those Churches got it wrong!" He never even questioned the truth, but it was instantly quickened to him.

Following this great event, we travelled on to the South Island. Grandfather was a gardener and therefore very interested in New Zealand's plant life. As he had only a little knowledge of English, he would often ask strangers for the names of plants and trees. All the names were then recorded in his little notebook. After a while, he noticed something was wrong because so many trees and plants had the same name, "I don't know". He had so many "I don't know" trees! One day, as we stood in a paddock full of hay, Christoph suddenly realised that he was healed of chronic hay fever. We had previously prayed together for healing, and now it had been manifested.

In Christchurch, we met up with some of the believers and were able to park our van on one family's back lawn. They were a nice Christian

family who had recently separated from their previous Church because their pastor had been experimenting with doctrines, which they weren't pleased about. That pastor heard about the two young travellers and turned up to invite us for dinner, which we accepted. He and his wife were very friendly and put on a nice meal for us. It was there that I first met their 16-year-old daughter, Bronwyn. She was quite a cute young girl, I thought. Of course, I never thought any further because she was still at school and I was already 31. She obviously thought my English was a bit poor, so she spoke very slowly, making me wonder how good her English was.

Soon after, we went again, travelling further south. Near Wanaka, Christoph and I had a little argument. I just laughed it off, perhaps a bit provocatively, but he seemed to be still under a thunder cloud. Suddenly, a rock shattered our windscreen. It was like a sobering wake-up call. Grandfather just quoted from the *Song of Solomon 2:15*, "*Little foxes spoil the vine*", and then we all understood. When we got to Invercargill, we decided to go camping and fishing. I had boasted quite a bit about how great the fishing was down there, so after I caught many beautiful trout, Christoph acknowledged that he now believed me. It took more than words, fish in this case, to convince him, and I believe it should be the same with the Word of God. True faith will bring the Word of God to life.

Now it was time for Grandfather to go back to Switzerland, so he left us behind in Invercargill. He was a true friend and brother in Christ! The next part of our journey took us to Stewart Island for a hunting trip. After getting over the sea sickness, we walked along the island and put up our tent near the beach. Half asleep, I tried my luck with a bit of fishing and cast out a hand line. The word "hand line" took on a whole new meaning because the hook caught my hand, whilst the heavy sinker was flying towards the waves, leaving my finger quite badly ripped and bleeding. By now it was 6.00 p.m., and I was ready for bed. Despite feeling so weary and being nearly dark, I decided to go for a quick walk along the grass between the bush and the beach. The wind was blowing favourably towards me as I sneaked up a little rise. As I slowly raised my

head, I saw a deer! I fired, and the deer ran toward the beach, where it collapsed. I fired another two shots, just to make sure the deer was dead and wouldn't suffer. Christoph was all excited, and having heard three shots, he thought I had three deer. One was enough, and the next day we made our way back to the mainland. After another seasick trip, we parked our van at some friends' place, where they helped us to skin and cut up the deer. They were amazed at how blessed my hunting and fishing was. The Lord was blessing us in every way!

We travelled back towards Auckland, as we intended to go on to Australia. On the way north, we once again stopped in Christchurch. The Church there had organised a sports evening with the young people, where I once again saw Bronwyn, and now she was my badminton partner. We had a lot of laughs, and it was nice to see her sparkling eyes when we won games together.

Christoph, and another young man called Ross, and I decided to go for a hunting trip to Lake Sumner. Stomping through a paddock together, I soon realised that this was not hunting as I liked it, so I decided to take off on my own. As I had my motocross bike on the back of the van, I decided to go further afield. Off I went with my rifle and tent. Finally, I started to hunt near the bush. Absolutely nothing. The place appeared to be dead! Not even birds! Just as I wanted to pray for a deer, I changed my mind and prayed instead that the Lord would open my eyes, so I would see the things which were out there. The place seemed to come alive instantly. Not only birds, but a hare and even cows! Sometimes it is not a lack of things present, but a lack of vision. Before I set up my tent, I also prayed that if there was anyone out there that the Lord wanted me to talk to, that He'd direct me there. I instantly saw some smoke rising in the distance. This was my signal! Now I made my way on foot towards the smoke. Finally, I arrived at a hut that I didn't know existed, where I found two very grumpy and unhappy-looking fellows. One was chopping firewood with an axe, and if I hadn't been directed by God to that place, I would have felt a bit scared. "Here are my victims", I thought, and now, what should I say to these men? I sat down across the table from one of them, a German, who was eating. Not knowing how to start a spiritual conversation, I asked

the man if he had ever read the Bible. I was very surprised when he told me that just the other day, he had been given one. Then I said to him: “Did you know that it is written in the Bible, that whosoever blesses Israel will be blessed and whosoever curses Israel will be cursed?” He jumped under conviction because he was a Jew hater. Mission accomplished, but nothing achieved, I thought.

Now it was the other fellow’s turn. Again, I didn’t know what to say, but felt led to talk about the end times. I noticed that the guy became very agitated. There was no fear in me, and I boldly told him, “There will be nuclear bombs and war, and whatever you are trying to do can’t stop it!” He then confessed that he was on an anti-nuclear protest march through New Zealand. As I went to bed that night, I prayed and wanted to apologise to the Lord for having failed to preach the Gospel. Right then He ministered to me that I had said exactly the right things, and a beautiful, sweet presence surrounded me. The next day, the protest marcher told me he had had a Christian upbringing. This was also a confirmation that it would have been the wrong thing to tell him about Gospel truths that he already knew. When I met up again with my other hunting partners, none of us had a deer, but I was an experience richer.

Christoph and I went on to Auckland and from there we flew to Australia, where we met up with an evangelist who kindly invited us to stay with him and his family. He had a strange sense of humour. I thought, here we are on a missionary trip and trying to find the mind of Christ, and here he was just pulling pranks. Eventually, he realised that I was not impressed. This evangelist arranged for me to meet a man without telling me what he was like. I spent the next few hours patiently listening to the man as he explained pages of computer printouts about things William Branham was supposed to have said. Talk about confused! In my mind, I thought, “I am already converted and a Christian and do not need another Gospel”. This encounter only confirmed that I had once again come across another flavour of “Branham religion”. Unfortunately, there are so many scarecrows like that one hindering people from hearing the truth. People without the Holy Ghost leadership will be misled and produce the wrong outcomes. Search the Scriptures, pray about it and find out for

yourself. Once again, prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. A man can be used by God, but now and then, we also get “the man part”. Any doubtful matters, leave them alone. Lay everything next to the Bible. Ask a neutral person, or better still, ask the author of the Bible, the Lord Jesus Christ himself. This is the best advice I can give!

We met various people, had nice fellowship with Aboriginals and Samoans, and ended up in a Yugoslav Pentecostal Church, attending some of their youth meetings. We also had the opportunity to minister in a couple of their Churches. By now, we had bought a VW van and stocked it up with food. The evangelist and his wife were very generous and gave us a few extra supplies. They informed us of a convention up north, so off we went, travelling nearly 2500 kilometres to a place called Ravenshoe. I can honestly say there were many nice people, but I wondered how much they understood of the preacher’s strange doctrines. At the end of the meeting, after the convention speaker declared over and over that the Lord had already come, he asked if someone had a song they wanted to sing. Then one of the Aboriginals requested the song “He’s Coming Soon.” I still remember a dear Aboriginal brother, who told us that his uncle had been taken by a crocodile just three weeks earlier. I said that Australia was a dangerous place to live, but then he said with big eyes, “We only have crocodiles, snakes and spiders, but did you know that they have lions in Africa!” Time to go for a crocodile hunt, I thought. Sneaking around some bush near a river became more and more spooky, and I abandoned my hunt before taking, or being taken, by a crocodile. After only one meeting, Christoph and I decided that it was time to leave. We had had enough of the “new gospel”. It had been a very long trip to attend just one meeting. Some of the Aboriginals were very sad to see us leave.

We began our journey south again, and our first stop was at a missionary’s place in Coffs Harbour. These missionaries were from Switzerland, and they were very relaxed, I’d say, too relaxed. The missionary was wearing skimpy yellow shorts, and his wife told us about having been swimming in her bikini. Christoph wasn’t too impressed since his tithes and offerings supported this mission station. While

staying there, we had quite a few discussions about many Scriptures. The missionary was quite uncomfortable with what we discussed and even started shaking. This family had three cute little boys, so the subject of discipline came up. I was thinking of a Scripture *in Proverbs 13:24 GW Translation* <sup>24</sup> *Whoever refuses to spank his son hates him, but whoever loves his son disciplines him from early on. and said, "Sometimes it is necessary to give them a little smack"*. This comment was not at all well received, and the missionary's wife told me off and led me to understand that there were better options nowadays. I felt somewhat embarrassed and humiliated, and then kept quiet. Later, going to bed, I went to another room to pray. I still felt the effects of being told off, but as I prayed, a wonderful presence came around me, and it ministered to me, "They have not rejected you, but they have rejected me". Incredibly joyful, I now went to the bedroom. Even though I didn't say a word, my friend Christoph looked at me with amazement, saying, "You have been with the Lord!" When we left that place, the missionaries were glad to see us, especially me, go. One good thing to come of our visit, I thought, was that the missionary prayed more from the heart rather than just saying formal prayers, as was the case at first.

Another stop was nearby in Woolgoolga, where we visited a very interesting, old man, Jack Lehmann. We arrived after dark and were greeted with a shotgun! Once he knew we were Christians, he gave us a very nice welcome. His whole life had been quite tough. Initially, he had been converted in Switzerland and was a strong follower of the teachings of Fritz Berger, an evangelist who once had a revival in Switzerland. Those teachings were very good and Scriptural and, in the time of revival, very anointed and with power and manifestation. Unfortunately, as it is with so many people, they build a fence around their belief and no longer have ears to hear what the Spirit says. They only have ears for what the Spirit said in the past, which results in organisations and often dead denominations. Knowing that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever, it is important to hear the Christ of today! He is not dead; He has risen from the dead! As Jesus said in *John 13:20: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me"*.

To me, it is very important to have ears to hear what the Spirit says today. If He lays on someone's heart to speak to you, you'd better listen carefully. This person can be the "whomsoever" Jesus talks about.

Our journey led us to Lightning Ridge, the Opal mining town where I had spent some time in my wild days. We decided to outreach to the people and made special "first aid packages" to hand out. The packages contained a New Testament, a couple of Gospel tapes and various Christian pamphlets. Christoph went door-knocking, which was not at all my style, so instead, I went around the mines. When we met a few hours later, we both had "success stories". He had knocked at the door of one house, and although someone said, "Hello", the door didn't open. After a little conversation and a few more hellos, Christoph realised he was talking with a cockatoo. I had met a few miners, who were very friendly to me and even asked us to stay with them.

One of the old fellows lived in a tin hut and had an old billy, continuously brewing something. He offered me a cup, and it was hard to believe that it was tea, as all sorts of things were swimming in my totally chipped enamel mug. Situations like these break the ice and make room for more important things. While working around the Opal mine, I parked our van next to the mine and played a Gospel tape, hoping the old may hear some Gospel truth. There was not much response until he heard, "A pardon is only a pardon when it is received as a pardon". This statement visually changed the old miner's countenance. Previously, I had given him one of those "first aid kits" we had made up, and while he treasured it very much, it looked like this was as far as it would go. God has ways to speak to men, even when no one intends to listen. Eventually, when it was time to leave, the old miner bought our van. He had no licence and never wanted to drive it, but just in case, he said, if we ever returned, we would have a place to sleep. From there, we took the bus and train back to Sydney, where Christoph left to go home to Switzerland, and I returned to New Zealand. I stayed in Christchurch for a few days, and there I caught up with old friends again, especially Bronwyn. Now it was time to go back home to Tauranga.

The waterfront flat in Tauranga was waiting for me, as I had sublet it for the time I was away. Unfortunately, even though the tenants were professing Christians attending Bible school, they left without paying their big phone bill, which I didn't think was a very good look for Christians! I thought of the saying, "Put your money where your mouth is". Just professing Christianity is not good enough! Rather say nothing about your Christianity than become an offence.

Being on my own again, I wondered what I should do in the future. I spent quite a bit of time down at a boat yard, where I met a guy who wanted to sail around the world in a small yacht. He worked and lived on his boat, and I enjoyed meeting such an ambitious person, and, somehow, I think, I dreamed of that kind of lifestyle myself. Living on a boat seemed such an uncomplicated way to live. I invited this young sailor to my place, and I also offered him my washing machine and facilities. We had many nice meals and talks together. He was reluctant to receive the things of the Lord, but was happy for me to pray for him and he accepted a New Testament before he left on his sailing trip. Still thinking about sailing, I ended up buying a steel yacht without realising the whole reality about boats, the maintenance, storage fees and other liabilities. I didn't have a clue about sailing, but soon learnt. During that time, I often took Richard's parents out for an afternoon sail, but unfortunately, most of the time, the weather was stormy and uncomfortable. Richard's dad looked a bit frightened, but his mother was in her element. I was absolutely convinced that she would have sailed around the world with me, despite being nearly 80 years old. She was a tough woman who used to drive an ambulance in England during the war.

In those days, I often picked up hitchhikers. As I witnessed one hitchhiker, I mentioned that God knew his very thoughts. As the saying goes, "Your thoughts speak louder in heaven than your words". He didn't look too impressed, but then suddenly he started to scream. I didn't know what was going on so I stopped the car on the side of the road. We discovered a wasp, which had just stung the hitch-hiker in the back. I have no idea where that wasp came from, but as we continued driving, he confessed to me that when I spoke to him about how God knew his

thoughts, he had thought it to be a load of rubbish. “Right then, when I thought that, the wasp stung me in the back!” he exclaimed. He felt that it was a punishment from God and was quite shaken up. I am sure that he now realises that God really does know our thoughts.

## **MY RELIGIOUS TRIP INTO THE BUSH**

By 1984, I had a yacht, a nice flat and a job offer with a company car. Sitting at home, I wondered if this was the right thing for me, as a Christian, to have this nice and easy life. At that time, I also saw a job offer in a remote place in the Matahi Valley past Waimana, up in the bush on a farm. Free accommodation in return for feeding the farm dogs the odd weekend. I rang up and enquired about the possibility of finding paid work. As the place was in the Urewera National Park, there was some forestry work available. It surely went against the flesh, but I decided to take up the offer. My boat was in storage, and my beautiful flat was gone for good. The cottage was away from the farm, all by itself, in the bush. No luxuries, no phone and hardly any hot water. It was tough! Forestry work, involving medium pruning of pine trees, was not my kind of work either and at first, I injured myself very often. As I was on a contract, working all by myself, I hardly made any money. I really wanted a phone, so I contacted Telecom, which finally agreed to get a telephone wire and some posts installed, just to connect me up. There was an old-fashioned wall phone with a handle to turn. This was to alert the telephone exchange, where one had to request the number. During a phone call, the volume would often go slightly down, caused by the nosy phone exchange operator listening in on the conversation. Instead of getting upset, I made use of the situation and usually started to preach.

Out there, I also met a couple of Māori children. They often came to visit, and I showed them how to make bread. Many times, we had Sunday school lessons and then homemade bread to follow. The cottage I lived in felt a bit spooky one night. It was pitch black, and at about 3.00 a.m., I was woken up by the sound of loud, heavy footsteps above the ceiling. The roof, however, was low-pitched, so there was no room for anyone to walk around underneath. The steps were loud and sounded like they

came from a heavy person, not likely a possum or a rat. I quickly realised that it was an evil spirit. I called out in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and told Satan to get out of my place. Instantly, the spook was gone.

I spent a lot of time reading the Bible and praying. One day I read the passage about the great commission Jesus gave, to go out to preach the Gospel and to baptise. This started to minister to me. I prayed and told the Lord that I had preached the Gospel, but had never baptised anyone. I really wanted to be identified with this Scripture and therefore, I asked the Lord, to send me someone to preach the Gospel to and to baptise in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Within a week I received a mystery letter from a man from Auckland, telling me he was a Christian and asking if he could come for a break from the big city. I wrote back to him and invited him to stay. He got my address off someone I didn't know. The day before his arrival I asked the Lord to show me something in advance about this visitor from Auckland. Suddenly, I saw before my eyes, that this man was a homosexual. At first, I thought, I should not judge him before he even arrives, but then I realised, that those were not my own thoughts, but a vision from the Lord. He finally arrived. Homosexual? Absolutely! He talked to me, showed me photos of his friends and tried to be friendly. Seeing his state and the photos of his transvestite friends made me quite sick. I just could not share the excitement. When I told him that he could not be homosexual and a Christian at the same time, he started to get angry and accused me of being a hard Christian. As I further talked to him and explained, that Christian means Christ-like and that Christ was the Word and that the Word was against homosexuality, he got very angry and started to swear. He looked demon possessed and I thought he would physically attack me, but instead, he stormed out of the house. After about two hours he came back and apologised. This happened twice. On the third day I took him to a prayer meeting with a few old Māori sisters in Whakatāne. On the way, he confessed to me, that I was right and that it was wrong what he had been doing. As we prayed together, he repented right there in the car. We then stopped at a restaurant before the meeting and to my surprise, he suddenly said to me: "Brother, would you please baptise me". After the prayer meeting, we had a wonderful baptism in the sea, at about 11 o'clock that night. It

was in the middle of winter, but the water appeared to be warm all around me. This was the first baptism I had performed, and it was a direct answer to my prayer. When one wants to be identified with the Word of God, then God will make a way, as it is according to His will.

It was often very lonely out there in the bush, so one day, I decided to take a bus to Auckland. While waiting for the bus, I quickly went to the local dairy in Waimana to buy something. Just at that moment, the bus arrived and, by the time I came out of the shop, I had missed it. I also had a migraine headache, and to top it off, in my post box was a discouraging letter from a friend. Forsaken, missing the bus and having a headache was quite a lot to bear, especially as I also had a lack of food at the cottage and there was nothing to go back for. I ended up going to Auckland another time.

Next time, the farmer dropped me off at the bus station and promised to pick me up again after the weekend. However, when I got back after a long, wearisome bus trip from Auckland, I found no one waiting for me! Hot and tired, I picked up my heavy bag and began walking the 16 kilometres up the valley, towards my empty cottage in the bush. Various thoughts crossed my mind, but I acted contrary to my thoughts, believing the Scripture that says in *Romans 8:28* *And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.*

Despite feeling miserable, not understanding why, I thanked the Lord that I had missed my ride. After about a kilometre, I remembered I had once met a farmer, who told me he lived down there somewhere. At the first farmhouse, I knocked on the door, but some other people came out. It was the right address, but the farmer was on holiday, and the people were relations. They kindly invited me in and asked me to stay for dinner. During the course of the evening, I had the opportunity to witness to these people. When I finished talking, one woman was very moved and said, "You just told me my life story". The Lord knew exactly what I had to say and praise the Lord I did just that. At the end of the evening, the people were kind enough to drive me home. What at first looked like a problem turned into a blessing.

On another occasion, I wanted to go to Tauranga. I had no car, and no buses were running. Hitch-hiking was not my style, so I asked the farmer's wife for a ride to the airport. Unfortunately, no planes were flying to Tauranga either. Next to the airport, I saw an aero club and went and asked for a flying lesson, a cross-country lesson to Tauranga. As we were flying along, the instructor was explaining about taking note of landmarks. Landmarks? What for? All I wanted was to get to my destination. Finally, I landed the plane in Tauranga, and the instructor had to take the plane back without me. A bit more costly, but at least I was in Tauranga! Where there is a will, there is a way.

Eventually, I bought myself an old car in Auckland, a Morris 1100. When I took it in for a warrant of fitness, the garage told me it was beyond a warrantable standard and that I should take it to the car wreckers. Nevertheless, I drove it back to Waimana and tried to fix a few things on it. Besides other problems, there was something wrong with the wiring, and so I attended to that before taking it again for a warrant to the local garage in Waimana. This mechanic was a lot friendlier than the one in Auckland. He even appeared to like my car! When he tested the indicator, the lights didn't go on, but instead, the car caught fire under the dashboard. I quickly turned off the ignition and put out the fire. Once again, I fiddled with the wires and managed to get the indicators blinking after all. A few kicks onto the tyres, and I had my warrant of fitness! A true country warrant, and my little Morrie lived for another day!

At one time, I got very sick and nearly died. At first, I could not move, lying in my bed stiff and shivering for three days, even too sick to pray. On the fifth day, my phone rang. I managed to crawl to it, and an old Māori Christian sister was on the line. She realised how sick I was and said a simple prayer for me. Within minutes, my terrible headache disappeared, and I started to recover. My stay in the bush was a self-inflicted trial and it came from wanting to be more religious and holy and to draw closer to God. I have since learnt that I didn't need to go into the bush for that. Soon after my recovery, there was a convention in Gisborne, and I felt the need to attend. Still very weak and having lost a lot of weight, I managed to get to Gisborne with my old car. Here once

again I met up with Bronwyn. During the convention, I went out for lunch with Bronwyn and her brother. I was quite surprised to see Bronwyn taking the front seat of the car next to me and having her brother in the back. Obviously, she regarded me just like a brother and an old friend. They often cracked up laughing, and at first, I wasn't quite sure why. One thing was that my old Morris was not in a good state, and therefore, each time we sat in it, I had to ask, "Please slam the door!" That was the only way to keep it shut. Another time, as I was driving, I was so busy talking that I forgot to change from second gear to third, and the car was revving quite high. Eventually, Bronwyn said, "Push the clutch", and when I did, she quickly changed the gear for me. During the convention and the fellowship, I noticed something about Bronwyn that had quite an impact on me. Despite being a city girl and not really too adventurous, she displayed an attribute that got my attention. I thought she was quite tough and uncomplicated; a nice characteristic to have.

Back in the bush, life seemed quite hard. I pondered the things I had heard during the convention and read my Bible a lot. There was not much else I could do out there. On Christmas Eve, I sat in my cottage all by myself, a candle burning, and remembering my childhood Christmases. Suddenly, feelings and emotions came over me. At the same time, I began to feel sorry for myself, but I knew that this was not to be entertained. Instead of feeling sorry, I started to read the Bible. As I finished reading the story of King Hezekiah, I felt tremendously encouraged. I picked up my guitar and started to play and sing, marching around the lounge. Instantly, a new song came out:

"There is power in the Name of Jesus Christ  
There is power in the God of old  
Yes, He slew hundred thousands in the enemy's camp  
There is power in the Name of the Lord  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Jesus remains the same  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, glory to His Name"

I was rejoicing exceedingly and had a glorious time – a real Christmas!

The Lord spoke to me clearly on three occasions that I should go back to Tauranga and be where the people were. I saw a job advertisement in an old newspaper. It matched exactly the kind of job I had turned down before going to the bush. I prayed and asked the Lord to give me an excuse to pass through Tauranga if He wanted me to apply for that job. Within moments, the phone rang, and a brother from Auckland asked me to come and help him with a job. Straight away, I drove my old car via Tauranga to Auckland and, on the way, I applied for that job and left them with my friend's phone number in Auckland. Within two days, the company rang and offered me the job. Knowing that it was the Lord leading me to go back to Tauranga, I was not worried about accommodation, which was very hard to find at that time. On the first day at work, to my surprise, I received a phone call. It was my old landlord. Somehow, he had heard I was back in town and had rung various companies dealing with office equipment, until he finally found me. He said: "Al, do you want your old flat back? It just became vacant". This was again a miracle, and I was delighted to move back to my beautiful flat. Praise the Lord! I not only enjoyed the flat and the view, but also went sailing with my yacht, just about every evening, rejoicing and giving thanks to the Lord for His wonderful blessings, which I had previously declined and now was able to enjoy, without feeling guilty. What good are riches if they can't be enjoyed? Blessed is the man who has them and is able to enjoy them. I now did not feel guilty anymore for being so blessed, but rather thankful and giving all the glory to God.

## **MOVING SOUTH**

During my stay in the bush and following my return to Tauranga, I had kept in touch with the pastor of an evangelistic fellowship in Christchurch. He wrote to me on several occasions, encouraging me to move to Christchurch. I wasn't sure what the reason was. Perhaps he wanted to get more members in his Church? Perhaps they were looking for a young man for one of their single sisters? Perhaps he just liked me! Not too sure of what to do, I ended up ringing a job agency in Christchurch. Instantly, they asked me to come for an interview with a computer company. I flew to Christchurch, had my job interview and got the job.

During those few days, I met up with Bronwyn several times and we played a lot of table tennis at her place. We really got on well together. When I left to fly back to Tauranga, I didn't tell her I had the job and that I was moving to Christchurch. After one month, I shifted down to Christchurch and stayed with some friends, but soon found myself visiting Bronwyn again. As I walked down their driveway, she was very surprised to see me walking past the window. She had been sitting in the lounge, looking at a photo of me that was taken at the Gisborne convention, thinking that she would never see me again. She was also listening to the song "It is no secret what God can do", and there I was!

I liked her and was pleased to see her again. One afternoon a few other young people were at the house and Bronwyn played the piano. I sang loudly and some of the other young men laughed a bit sarcastically. There was one thing I never wanted to do, and that was to find favour with a girl by not showing my true personality. I hoped that one day a girl would marry me for being me. I never wanted to use psychology or pretend to be something I wasn't. She had to like me as I was, so no big future surprises would follow! After a few days, a young brother told me that Bronwyn was his girlfriend. Of course, I did not want to interfere in any way and I prayed for the Lord's blessings upon those two if this was the will of God. I also prayed and asked the Lord to remove my feelings for Bronwyn, or to increase her feelings for me if she was meant for me. I also prayed that her parents would get the same witness. The next time Bronwyn and I played table tennis, she appeared a bit unusual and uneasy. I felt that she liked me and didn't want to lose me as a friend. I wanted the best for her and said that we could stay friends and that I didn't mind she had a boyfriend. "Boyfriend!?" she said; No, she did not have a boyfriend and, I guess, the boy who had said that, liked her too. Now things were different. Her feelings for me had increased a lot and I felt incredibly excited, but also experienced an inner turmoil, especially considering our age difference. I tried to get rid of those feelings of mine and felt a bit guilty to even consider having more than a brotherly friendship with Bronwyn. It didn't work. Those feelings for her just didn't want to go away. Just to be sure, I asked Bronwyn: "If I were to ask you out, would you say yes?" This was a bit unusual. I didn't ask her out but

wanted to know if she liked me enough to go out with me. “Yes!” was the answer.

Now I had a big task in front of me, as I wanted to ask her dad for his approval. The night came when I mustered up enough courage to ask, at least, that was my intention. Her dad and I were in the lounge that evening, all by ourselves. Bronwyn pre-warned him that someone would come and ask to take her out. It never crossed his mind that it would be me! Around 10.00 p.m., I started talking to him, while Bronwyn and her mother were in the hallway, eavesdropping. By about 1.00 a.m. I still hadn’t posed the question, but at least I had attempted to. I said, “Uhm, ah, uhm” several times until he interrupted me and said, “Do you want to take Bronny out?” All I could say was “Yes!” and then, that was that. I never asked if he agreed or not; I just took his question as an approval.

The lunch date was on Saturday. A little misunderstanding made me wonder if it was all off. I thought that she would ring, and she thought that I would ring. Eventually, I rang. Bronwyn was never very relaxed on the phone and always appeared to sound so formal. Nevertheless, I went to pick her up for our lunch date and I saw immediately, that her interest was still very much there. We were both so nervous that we hardly ate any of our lunch. Later in the afternoon, we drove to Lyttleton, and I showed Bronwyn the boats in the marina. She acted interested, even though boats were not her thing. As we walked along, I shared a dream I had just had the night before. In my dream, I saw another young man, who showed an interest in her, trying to put his arm around her. In my dream, Bronwyn got upset and swore at the young man, speaking in my Swiss German language. Quite a dream! I then laid my arm on her shoulder and asked if she would be upset at me, too. To the contrary! Bronwyn said she knew right then that I was the man for her life. Of course, our courting took on new dimensions and occupied most of our time. It was a well-known fact to anyone who knew me that I would marry Bronwyn! I had always said that I would never take out any girl unless I would consider marriage. My reasoning for this was simple. If a relationship ends, one or the other could feel hurt. I also trusted the Lord to bring along the right one. In this way, there is no need to ponder, try

out or wait. Then, a trial came at work. All seemed to go well. I was very happy and thought that I did a good job. One of the co-workers had a fit one day. He stamped his feet and shouted like an insane person: "I can't stand it, I can't handle it, because you are always so happy". Then, in the middle of the afternoon, the boss came along with an envelope. He told me that a certain business deal did not work out, and therefore, there was no job for me. I felt quite devastated as I left the place in the middle of the day. What a disaster, I thought. Unemployed, just after I met the love of my life! Once again, I had to apply the Scripture and believe that all things work together for good. Therefore, I thanked the Lord that I had lost my job. I did not feel like it or understand it, but what happened from here was much greater. The company paid my transfer, a month's wages and travel expenses. Then I had a break for a week before starting another job. The new job was close to where Bronwyn worked, and now, we were able to go out for lunch together every day. During lunch time, Bronwyn walked past jewellery shops with me, looking at "engagement" rings. I got the hint, and only two and a half weeks after taking her out the first time, I asked the question, "Will you marry me?" The rest is history. Bronwyn saved up some money during the short time she had been working, and we decided to use her money to buy a car. We already had all things in common. Bronwyn did not have a car licence at that time and therefore, I was driving the old Vauxhall. We went on many outings together. Everything was exciting. I now realised that my journey through a religious wilderness was needful not only to become stronger in Christ, but also to find my wife.

The big day finally arrived, 15th of February 1986. The girl of my dreams was a reality. She really existed! It was the second most beautiful day in my life; the first having been my encounter with the Lord Jesus Christ!

## **HONEYMOON IN SWITZERLAND**

My parents didn't attend the wedding, but they paid for our plane tickets to travel to Switzerland, and six days after our wedding and our honeymoon in Akaroa, we were on our way. I was proud to introduce my lovely wife to family and friends. We had a nice time, despite it being a bit hard for Bronwyn, who at this time did not know the language. After

having been single for a long time, I had to learn and adjust to being married. On our holiday trip to Zermatt, I told Bronwyn about the famous Matterhorn mountain we were about to see. Normally, one can get the first glimpse of it while on the train. I opened the window, and we had a look. It was too cloudy to see the mountain, and so I said, “We can’t see it today”, and promptly pulled up the window again. Unfortunately, I didn’t realise that Bronwyn was still looking out. Her head was stuck, and I could have decapitated my new wife on our honeymoon. Being no longer single and having another person to consider took a while to get used to. Neither could I expect the same level of experience from a person who was 15 years younger than me. I needed to learn to be patient and considerate. Especially when those beautiful sparkling eyes started to look more like the eyes of a tiger.

I took on a well-paid job and tried to save money for our future. This was hard for Bronwyn because I was away the whole day, and she didn’t have much else to do except wait for me to come home from work. I felt this wasn’t going to be good for us and that married life may be easier for us in New Zealand. After four months we decided to return.

One Sunday morning, we decided to go to a local Church, but ended up parking the car next to a river instead and talking about the things of God. Bronwyn confessed to me that she had never had a Holy Ghost experience the way I had and wasn’t sure of her place in Christ. The pressure of being away from home, without a secure Church environment, family and friends, brought her to a point of soul searching. We read *Acts 2:38* *Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.*

Since Bronwyn had been baptised in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I assured her that God’s promise to give the Holy Ghost was for her. “If you haven’t received it yet, you surely will later”, I said to her. If repentance is true, and the baptism is according to the Word of God, then His promise will certainly also come to pass! This helped Bronwyn to hold on to His promises.

Before we left Switzerland, I was able to resign from my job, still within the probation period. The Personnel Manager was not very happy and offered me an even better job. I declined and prepared for our departure, having been able to save quite a lot of money within those two months.

## **THE HOLY SPIRIT DIRECTING**

On the last day at work, I felt a need to go and speak to a certain woman, who worked there, about the Lord Jesus Christ. As this was probably the last time I would ever see these people, I felt compelled to speak to that particular woman. Just before lunch time, I went to her office to say goodbye and tell her I was going back to New Zealand. Not knowing how I could start talking to her about God, I inwardly looked up for His leadership. The woman then mentioned the lovely scenery in New Zealand and how she loved nature. Immediately, I felt an inspiration and told her how one can see the attributes of God in nature. I tried to make an example so that it could be better understood. "For instance", I said, "If you were to have a room at home, set apart, full of paintings by the same artist, and you were to study the paintings, you would learn much about the artist himself". Now I looked and saw a very perplexed woman. Almost in shock, she said to me that she had such a room at home, full of paintings by the same artist. She also realised that it was the Holy Spirit revealing all this to her. She thanked me and wished me all the best for my return to New Zealand. She also said she would start reading the Bible again. I believe that she was the one God wanted me to speak to.

## **BACK IN NEW ZEALAND**

Back again in New Zealand, we drove our old Vauxhall Viva from Christchurch to Tauranga. All of our belongings fitted into the boot of the car which I sealed with tape so nothing would get wet. When we arrived in Tauranga, we were able to stay with one of the families I had known, until we had our own place. This was not so easy, as there weren't many houses available and the ads in the paper came out only once a week. Bronwyn was also pregnant and probably had the motherly instinct of

wanting a home. I encouraged her to trust the Lord for the accommodation, despite nothing being available in the newspaper.

Then, out of nowhere we got a phone call and had an old house offered to us. We soon moved in, only to find the place in a real mess and full of rats. It took a while for me to clean the old fridge and cupboards. Not that Bronwyn didn't help, but I didn't want my young pregnant wife to do such dirty work. We soon got some rat poison and prepared the house, even looking at a possible room for our first child. My search for work seemed to be successful. I had the approval for a job and all the company wanted to see was my official certificates. After supplying the certificates, nothing happened and eventually the job offer came to nothing. In those weeks that we had spent waiting for the company to get organised, we had managed to spend all our savings. Once the savings were gone, I got another job. We felt the Lord was showing us that we should not trust in our own ability to save. He is our Provider, and this was our first lesson. The new job was to teach computer courses. It seemed to be quite easy for me, because of my background as a technical instructor. Work went well, and I even appeared in the newspaper a few times with the mayor of the city and my class, being congratulated for the 100% successful outcome of the course. All the students I re-trained had jobs after the course.

Fellowship was a bit of a problem because there weren't regular meetings to attend. The two families we knew just sat around and listened to a Gospel tape. This was quite hard for us, especially Bronwyn. She was missing a real fellowship, and then being introduced to my friends wasn't too exciting for her either. There were Richard's parents, the two families I knew and my down-to-earth Māori friends from Rotorua. A bit of a shock for my sheltered city girl.

## **BRONWYN RECEIVING THE HOLY SPIRIT**

Because of the lack of regular meetings, I decided to conduct Sunday morning meetings at our place. The other two families joined those meetings, and often the Māori brethren from Rotorua turned up as well. At times, people we reached out to also came along. My wife was still

frustrated with spiritual things. One night, before I had to preach, we had a real attack from the enemy. It became evident that my lovely wife had only heard about the Lord Jesus Christ and had obeyed His Word, but she had never really met Him. I therefore encouraged her to pray and to ask the Lord Jesus Christ to show her how she looked in His eyes, rather than in her own, which she did. Praise the Lord! On Sunday morning, the Lord was very present, and at the end of the meeting, we all sang and were praising the Lord. Then suddenly, Bronwyn stormed out of the room in a rage, slamming the door behind her. It was a bit embarrassing for me, so I went out to see her. There she was, frustrated, wild and tearful. "What's the matter?" I asked her. She replied, "You wrote that song, "It's the grace I see, that brings tears to my eyes", but it is the grace I don't see that makes me cry!" Eventually, I persuaded her to come back into the lounge where we all prayed for her.

The next day, Bronwyn was doing the dishes and suddenly remembered something that happened during her childhood. She asked me if things had to be confessed or whether it was enough to have prayed about them. I said that sometimes we need to confess things before God and before man. This was very hard for her. Being exposed was not what the flesh desired. I encouraged her to confess it to me, and finally, sitting on my knees, and after a long battle, she did. I didn't think it was too bad, but to her, it was terrible. Finally, she saw herself as the Lord saw her, a sinner who needed to be saved.

*We then read the Scripture in 1 John 1:9 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*

We were on our knees when Bronwyn cried out, "Lord Jesus, please save me!" Then suddenly, a heavy weight that felt to her like the size of a tennis ball, left Bronwyn's heart, and she was as happy and free as never before. I had never seen her so happy, radiant and excited. She now wanted to testify to everyone that she had found the Lord, or more correctly, the Lord had found her. She ran across the road to the nearest phone box and rang one of our friends. When they answered, Bronwyn began sharing what the Lord had done and was full of excitement about

how she had received the Holy Ghost. Suddenly, the phone clicked off, because in those days one needed to press a button when the phone was answered. In her excitement, she forgot to do that, and the people couldn't hear her.

The Lord is so gracious! Our lives went up to another level, and our marriage has not been the same since! As Bronwyn testified, many Church people she had grown up with were surprised to hear that she had received the Holy Spirit, as most of them never had such an experience. Just a confession of beliefs and doctrines is not the real life, which only the Lord Jesus Christ can give. Yes, there is only one door, the Lord Jesus Christ, whereby we must enter! To be born again means we become a new creation! Now Bronwyn loved to sing that song, "It's the grace I see, that brings tears to my eyes", as grace meant something to her now.

## **OUR FIRST CHILD**

During the early years of our marriage, we had to shift about ten times. This was very unsettling for Bronwyn, who was expecting our first child. This situation made Bronwyn quite nervous. Someone gave her a book about "birthing". This made things even worse because all the things which could go wrong were mentioned in there. I ended up burning the book. There was also disagreement between the doctor and the midwife. The doctor insisted that the child would be born at full term, but the midwife said that it could be any moment. Then, soon after, Bronwyn was in labour at around two o'clock in the morning. It was then that I was more nervous than her. It all happened so suddenly. Bronwyn prepared things from the moment she knew that she would have a baby.

After a few months, she got so impatient that she felt that the birth would never happen. It felt a bit like the second coming of the Lord. We believe that Jesus is coming, see the signs, but all this time of waiting makes one wonder when. But then, it will be suddenly upon us, even when we least expect it. Just like having a baby, we know the approximate time, see the evidence of pregnancy and yet, we can get impatient even though we know that it will happen sooner or later. Just be ready!

Just the day before, the clutch cable broke on the car, in which I had to take her to the hospital. I managed to drive it without a clutch, going through every red light in the process. Finally, we made it to the hospital. Our lovely black-haired girl Christine was born three weeks premature, and all went well. The midwife was right. After a few days in the incubator, we could take our baby home to our little two-bedroom flat, which we had just recently moved into.

## **DEMON FLEEING OUR FLAT**

The flat was upstairs and seemed quite suitable for a small family. A strange thing happened in this flat. The whole place felt a bit oppressive, which was also noticed by discerning Christians. This oppressive feeling affected us quite a bit. Christine was only about three weeks old when Satan tried to kill her. Yes, there was an evil spirit living in that upstairs flat and one night it tried to strangle our little baby girl. She was twisting like a corkscrew and looked like she was dying. We prayed and cried out to the Lord, who saved our girl. Despite this, we still took her to an emergency doctor to find out what was wrong, but they could only say that she had been very distressed and there was nothing physically wrong with her. Nevertheless, this evil spirit remained in the house until my wife desperately sought guidance from the Lord about it. One night, I woke up and heard Bronwyn in the lounge crying. Not again, I thought and ordered her to come back to bed. I had to go to work in the morning, and I wasn't really in the mood for what I thought was yet another emotional carry-on. "No!" Bronwyn said, "I want to know what's wrong!" There she was, on her knees with a box of handkerchiefs and her Bible open in front of her. She said, "Here in the Bible it says love, joy, peace, and I can't see it!" I knew then that she was serious and meant business and that I was in for the long haul. "Do you want me to pray?" I asked. Bronwyn said yes, so I too went on my knees. Tired, I mumbled a prayer and nearly fell asleep.

Then Bronwyn started to pray. It didn't sound like her at all! Positive and wonderful, powerful words were pouring out of her mouth. Instead of complaining, she was giving glory and praise to God. I realised this was the Holy Ghost and I woke up in a hurry. As we prayed and worshipped

the living God, the power of Almighty God filled the whole place. What a wonderful night that was! No tiredness, no worries, just joy and excitement, screaming and shouting and praising God! At 3.00 a.m., we went back to our bedroom. We still were too excited to sleep, and we continued praising the Lord, the Blood of Jesus Christ, and His greatness and power. Then, all of a sudden, there was a loud bang and a scratching sound on the window. The window was pushed open from the inside of the room towards the outside. Bronwyn immediately exclaimed, "The devil just left!" Praise the Lord, the evil spirit had fled out of the window and was gone! I started to realise how real the spiritual world is. There is no room for playing around. We need the Lord Jesus Christ to be our guide, our Lord and Saviour, and only then are we protected and able to withstand those forces. Sometimes people get all excited when supernatural things are happening, but completely forget that the devil, too, is supernatural! The Lord Jesus Christ wants to give us life and life more abundantly, but the other force, the devil, wants to take and destroy our lives. From then on, there was a peaceful atmosphere in our home.

Many things have happened since the Lord came into my life, and knowing Him has changed my priorities. People are more important than careers and money. I sought to serve the Lord, and He has tremendously blessed me! I simply had to learn to live by faith and to rest in Him! This took a while and came about by having challenging circumstances that were above and beyond my ability to solve.

## **INTRODUCING BRONWYN TO MY HOBBIES**

After we had been married for nearly one year, I launched my yacht again and decided to introduce Bronwyn to my interest in sailing. She reluctantly came out on the boat for a quick sea trial, leaving our baby Christine with the grandparents, who were visiting from Christchurch. I thought it would be best not to go too far from the marina, so I went to a quiet area in the harbour, where I had not been before. "Come down below", I said to her. I thought that being in the boat's cabin, in still waters, would be romantic, and I hoped she would get a liking for the boat. As we were enjoying the gentle rocking motion of the boat, suddenly, there was a thumping noise. I knew immediately what was

wrong. We were in shallow water, and the tide was on the way out. That didn't do much for Bronwyn's confidence, as she was almost beside herself. Her motherly instinct told her that little Christine needed to be fed, and she couldn't just wait for the tide to come in again. Some people in a motorboat saw the commotion and "rescued" Bronwyn. Being the captain, of course, I stayed on the boat. Bronwyn managed to get home, while I waited until the tide went out and then came in again. It was not a complete waste of time, because at low tide, while the yacht was on the dry sand, I was able to give the hull a coat of anti-fouling paint.

Camping and the outdoors were not Bronwyn's favourite pastime either. Therefore, I erected a tent in the lounge, hoping that she would get to like it. No such luck, she confessed that she just didn't like tents and camping. Never mind! I, too, had to confess that I spent the money my mother sent for our new baby on a fishing rod.

## **ALL YOUR CARES CAST UPON HIM**

One of the first experiences of God's provision came during the early months of our marriage. We made a lot of phone calls to my parents in Switzerland, and in those days, overseas calls were quite expensive. For some reason, we did not receive a phone bill for several months, but when it finally arrived, it was a big one! We had no savings and lived from week to week, so such a bill was a huge amount for us to find. There were several nights when I lay awake in bed, wondering how to get the money to pay that bill. One day, I suddenly realised that it was utter unbelief to worry. The Bible says in *1 Peter 5:6-8: 6 Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time: 7 casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.*

All I had to do now was believe and do it. I told Bronwyn to get the bill and put it on the table. Together, we laid our hands on it and committed it to the Lord. I then said to put the bill in the bottom drawer and not to mention it again. Bronwyn was a bit puzzled, but did just what I said. No arguments, no discussion. Every time that bill came to mind, I refused to think about it because I had given it to the Lord. About two weeks later at work, it was announced that we were getting a pay rise and that it was

to be back-paid for quite a few weeks. The amount I received was enough to pay the phone bill! We were beginning to learn how wonderful it is to trust in the Lord.

## **EVERY PRAYER ANSWERED**

Still at the little flat, I invited people from work, where I was teaching computers, to come and visit us for an evening. Of course, I had in mind to tell them about the Lord. The night came, and quite a number arrived. Some of them were in a party mood, and others seemed to have sensed my real motives. At the end of the evening, we sang a song together. The same was planned for the next week, but this time, not everyone came back. I ended up sharing my testimony and encouraged the visitors to believe in the reality of God. To prove this, I told them they could pray for whatever need they had. To get them started, I told them of a list of things that I wanted. I wanted to sell our old Vauxhall HB Viva for a good price, then find a good, cheap Bedford van in Christchurch, get a cheap air ticket to Christchurch, quit the flat, have a holiday in Christchurch and then drive the van back to Tauranga and move into a three-bedroom house. As we could not afford to have a holiday and pay rent at the same time, quitting the flat seemed to be the only option. Quite a list of things I desired! This encouraged the others to share their desires, a job, money, direction for personal problems, etc. Except for one woman, everyone shared their prayer requests, and we all ended up praying, even non-Christian people. The following week, we met again, and I had wonderful news! My car had sold for a great price! My father-in-law, now a mechanic, said this was a miracle in itself! While I was at the Air New Zealand travel office, I was informed that everything was booked out. Just as I was about to leave, a very cheap flight became available because of a cancellation. The best was yet to come. My father-in-law went to an auction in Christchurch, where three Bedford vans were auctioned off, two of them for quite a high price. The third one was in the best condition but had a problem with the starter motor and couldn't start, so my father-in-law managed to purchase it for a bargain price. It was a very minor repair job to get it started, and the perfect van was mine. During the week, I contacted my landlord to give notice.

“Where do you go from here?” he asked me. “No idea”, I said, “But I will look for a three-bedroom house at the end of January”. He then told me that his son was moving to Australia and that his son’s three-bedroom house was going to be available, if we wanted it. This was more than perfect for us. We not only had the house but were able to move in whenever we wanted without having to pay rent first. When I shared with the people that all my prayer requests had been answered, they could hardly believe it! It encouraged their faith, and all of them, except the woman who didn’t share her request, testified a week later that their prayer requests had been answered, too. Praise the Lord! A few months later, I saw the woman in town, and she recalled the night of prayer. She told me of her unspoken request and that the Lord had also answered her prayer. Jesus is alive!

Off we went to Christchurch, where we stayed with Bronwyn’s parents. I spent quite some time in the garage, constructing a cot/play pen in the back of our new van for our little girl Christine, who had just turned one. She liked the new cot very much, and she behaved well and was easy to take places. We had an enjoyable trip back to Tauranga in our new van, and it was great to come back and be able to move into our new house straight away. Yes, the Lord had certainly given us all that we had desired.

## **A NEW BABY AND PLANS FOR A HOUSE**

Back at work, there seemed to be some trouble brewing, and general hints such as, “If you don’t like it, you can go”, were made. No direct threat was made towards me, but it was enough for me to consider furthering my computer skills and learning computer programming. I had an interview with the Polytechnic and was accepted for a one-year, fulltime course to gain the National Certificate in Business Computing. I was assured that the student allowance would go up and would be sufficient to cover my living expenses. Upon this advice, I resigned from my job and began my full-time studies.

To my surprise, the allowance didn’t go up, and I received less per week than our rent alone! This really put me under intense pressure. It was

not just financial pressure, but I also felt the criticism from friends and family, who thought it was very irresponsible of me to have left a well-paid job, especially as Bronwyn was about to have our second baby. In my desperation, I went to see the Polytechnic counsellor, who advised me to ask for an emergency benefit, but not to declare that I owned a boat. This didn't sound right to me, and I told him that if I couldn't get the money honestly, then I didn't want it at all. The next option was the Social Welfare Department. Once again, a well-meaning woman tried to find a way for me to receive a benefit. Unfortunately, I was again encouraged not to tell the truth about my situation and to say that my wife was living on her own. I knew this was not the right thing to do either.

My mother heard about my situation and sent me some application forms for a bursary from Switzerland. I read the criteria and soon saw that I did not meet the criteria at all. Firstly, it was only for people living in Switzerland, and secondly, they had to have lived at least two years in the town where the money was supposed to come from. Nevertheless, I filled out the forms and sent them away.

The Polytechnic course was difficult, and I struggled a lot with the accounting module. There was one consolation: the teacher was Swiss and very helpful, and we became good friends. As I struggled financially, I wondered how other students coped. I asked an older student how he managed, to which he replied that it was no problem, because he was sponsored by a Māori organisation. This just didn't seem right, I thought.

One night at home, I felt completely overwhelmed by the stress of trying to learn programming, accounting, etc., mixed with the financial pressure and the criticism from friends and family. I was nearly tearful as I stood there in despair and said to Bronwyn, "I do not know how we are going to pay the bills, but one thing I know, the Lord has never let me down, nor forsaken me!" This is not wishful thinking, but Bible truth!

*Hebrews 13:5 Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*

The next day, as we were reading the Bible together, we came across the verse in *Genesis 18:14* *Is anything too hard for the Lord?* Definitely not! We were greatly encouraged by His Word!

After studying all day, I also worked part-time in the Polytechnic library. It was not really the sort of job I enjoyed, but it brought in a few dollars. It was about two weeks after we had read that Bible verse that we had our first answer to our prayers. A letter from my parents arrived saying that they wanted to pay for our rent while I was studying, so they sent us the rent money for the entire year. Praise the Lord! What a blessing!

On one of those evenings, while working at the Polytech library, I got a phone call to say Bronwyn was in labour. I rushed home, took Bronwyn to the hospital, and in less than an hour, we had our beautiful second daughter, Sharon. We rejoiced greatly and now really felt that we were a proper little family. About three months later, another letter from Switzerland arrived. It was very plain and formal. It simply stated that a decision had been made, and unless we wanted to dispute it, a significant sum would be paid into our account. Another miracle! It seemed too good to be true that we had really received that bursary! But we knew that the Lord had made a way and that there is nothing too difficult for Him! At the end of that year, I not only graduated and got my certificate, but we also had enough money left to consider buying a house.

We thought about the possibility of moving to the South Island, but my former boss kept on phoning me, offering me my old computer teaching job back. After his third call and the promise of the same employment conditions, I accepted. Now we looked for a place to settle in Tauranga.

Personally, I did not want to buy a house and borrow money from the bank, because since I had become a Christian, I had made it a principle to only get what I could afford. However, we had to live somewhere, so we decided to consider buying a section and building a house. Bronwyn and I found a lovely, full-size section in a new subdivision. There was a big price difference between half-size and full-size sections, but we opted for the latter. The day came when the solicitor arrived at our house with the contract for us to sign. As I read through it, I noticed that the vendor

had put the price of the half-size section on the contract, despite the contract being for the full-size section. I informed the solicitor of the mistake, but he told me just to sign it, because the vendor had already signed the contract. We now had the full section for the price of a half section. What a blessing! It was then that I remembered the conversation I had had with my uncle regarding giving money to the Church, and how the Lord blesses the obedience to His Word. As we had to leave our rented house, the landlord's father offered us a flat, very close to where we were building our new house. We could live there until we moved into our own place. We were excited to see our little house being built and watch the progress day by day.

## **LOVE INSPIRED LEADING**

Bronwyn called me often at work. So many times, until management complained about it. I was still able to call her occasionally, but our phone at our flat had a fault and didn't ring anymore. One day I had a great desire to hear her voice. As I really wanted to talk to my sweetheart, I just decided to try the phone anyway. I waited only a few moments, and Bronwyn answered. She said the phone had not rung, but she just really wanted to talk to me and so had picked up the phone in faith. It made us both very happy to know we were in tune with each other.

## **A NEW HOME AND A NEW SON**

The day arrived in 1989 when we could shift into our new home. We were extremely happy and grateful. In the first few months, I spent all my efforts and money working around the house, making fences, building retaining walls, a cobblestone driveway and planting dozens of trees. The house was a blessing, and we had many visitors and wonderful times of fellowship.

After a few months, we were delighted to welcome our first son into our family. Of course, we named him Albert. He was born in our bedroom. I asked the midwife if I could do the delivery. And so, I did. Just after the delivery, I went to the lounge where Bronwyn's mother and grandmother were eagerly waiting for the announcement. When they saw me, my

expression and blood all over me, they were in shock. Only for a moment until I exclaimed, "It is a boy!" Having three children was great. I always wanted a family, and now I had decided to dedicate my time and interests to the family. I built a chook yard, a sandpit and a playhouse, plus a fenced garden patch. Albert liked to be in charge of the garden and only he was allowed to pick the fruits. We decided to get him a pet lamb but Albert could only pat the lamb after I tied up its legs. Unfortunately, the lamb was not at all tame and already half-grown, and it bleated the whole night, running around our fenced section and keeping the neighbourhood awake. The next morning, I phoned the farmer to see if we could swap it for a more suitable pet. This time, I came home with chickens and a young rooster that we called Cottonwool. As it grew, it started to crow, which also didn't impress the neighbours, so he too had to go.

## **MELANIE, SUSANNA AND RUGGE**

Before long, Bronwyn was expecting again, and we arranged for another home birth. All was going well when, right in the middle of giving birth, some visitors arrived. I quickly made them a cup of tea and told them to just wait a moment, as we were having a baby. Shortly after this, our darling Melanie arrived. We now had four children in a rather short period of time. We rejoiced greatly, but my family overseas thought it was crazy to have more than three children. This made Bronwyn wonder just how many we were going to have. I kept on reminding her that children are a blessing of the Lord, especially if we receive them as such. I also told her that she would find the answer in the Bible. A bit reluctantly, Bronwyn searched the Scriptures and sure enough, the Lord showed her that it is He who opens and closes the womb. So, we felt happy to leave this matter in His hands. After a much bigger gap than usual, Bronwyn was expecting again. This time, she knew that it was the Lord's will and a blessing of Him. The Lord also told her in advance that she would have a girl and what we were to name her. And so it was, our cute Susanna joined the family. By now, young Albert was surrounded by four sisters. Ever since I was a child, I had always wanted to have a dog, but had always been told that I couldn't, for one reason or another. I was so used to being told a dog was a waste of time and too much hassle that it wasn't

until I was 40 years old that I suddenly realised I could have a dog. I just had to go and get one, which I did. I chose a lovely German Shepherd puppy that we called Rugge. Little Albert was so excited when he found out the dog was a boy, and he no longer felt like the odd one out.

I also built an office and a garage on our property. I worked three different jobs so I could pay for all the additions. One of those jobs was teaching night classes, and our little girl Melanie was always so sad when I had to go away in the evenings. I made up a song for her and used to sing it to her before leaving for night classes.

“Melanie, Melanie, don’t you cry  
Melanie, Melanie, I just say goodbye  
Melanie, Melanie, it won’t be long  
And I’ll be back at again  
Singing this song  
So, don’t you cry”

Finally, we had all we wanted for the family, a lovely house with a chook yard, a playhouse, sandpit, swings, office, garage and gardens. Having a mortgage still troubled me a lot, though. Trying to pay it back a bit quicker, we sold Bronwyn’s beloved piano and my beloved yacht.

The pastor who conducted our wedding had prayed for us that our home would be a place where the sick would find a healer, the weary would be comforted, the sinner would find their Saviour, and the saints of God would rejoice together. It was a great blessing for us to see this come to pass in our home. One day, a Christian sister came to visit with her teenage daughter. The daughter wasn’t interested in visiting and stayed in the car, smoking. The mother stayed for quite a while until finally, the daughter knocked on the door, asking to use our bathroom. She walked through the lounge to the bathroom, then back to the car.

Years later, we met her again at a Christian meeting. It was then that she told us of that visit with her mother. She said that when she walked through the lounge, she had felt such a wonderful, sweet atmosphere,

which made her decide right then and there, that she too wanted to become a Christian. Praise the Lord!

Another time, I invited a man from work to our home for dinner, because I thought he needed some encouragement. He surely did. Just before he left, he told us that he had wanted to commit suicide, but now, since he talked with us, he had changed his mind.

## RELIGIOUS PRESSURE

One day, some people who had just been to a convention came to visit us and insisted that we should receive their “new light”. It didn’t seem to be the same Spirit that had ministered to me before.

The Bible says in *John 10:4-5* *4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. 5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.*

We got quite a pounding because we didn’t agree with them. It was so intense, and they were so rude to me that Bronwyn started to cry because she could not handle it when people were rude to me. It was then that I felt it was time to dismiss them. The next day we still felt troubled from that visit. That was when I was telling Bronwyn that I was not intimidated and not even scared to say to one of those big-shot false gospel preachers, “Get behind me, Satan”. Then I remembered and mentioned the time when Jesus had rebuked Peter, when he said that he wouldn’t allow anyone to hurt the Lord.

*Matthew 16:21-23* *21 From that time forth began Jesus to shew unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised the third day again. 22 Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee. 23 But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.*

As I was speaking, the Holy Spirit started to speak through me so that I could even listen to myself. I said that every spirit that would try to hinder a person from coming to a “Jesus on the cross experience” is of Satan.

Right then, the room was filled with the wonderful presence of the Lord, and we could not even speak for several minutes, just looking at each other with tears, in that wonderful atmosphere, experiencing tremendous joy and peace and confirmation of the truth that was just revealed to us.

Even though we have had many wonderful times in the Lord, Satan was active too. He often comes in disguise. If he can’t get to me, then he tries my wife or my children. Bronwyn had frequent attacks, being pounded by all sorts of imaginations. Especially about my past before I was a Christian. Thoughts that I may have had a girlfriend who was prettier than her, etc. Imaginations can run wild and even lead to torment. This battle went on for a long time until the victory came. The Lord spoke to her through a Scripture and then confirmed it. What spoke to her and was revealed to her were the following two Scriptures.

*John 8:32 and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.  
John 8:36 If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*

The devil often presents you with part of the truth but not the whole truth. Bronwyn could now see the whole truth. Yes, I indeed lived a worldly and sinful life before I knew the Lord. But it is also true that God granted me repentance and that He forgave me all of my sins. And it is also true that it is now no longer I that lives but Christ that lives in me. Finally, Bronwyn was completely free. Be aware, Satan is the accuser of the brethren. By faith in Jesus Christ and His work on Calvary, we have been accepted, justified, sanctified and even glorified. There is no room to lend our ears and minds to accusing God’s own children.

## **CONTINUOUS OUTREACH**

Around that time, I placed advertisements in the local newspaper with challenging thoughts and Scriptures which drew some response from religious people. I was brave enough to leave my phone number in the

advertisement. I also purchased a very old green van, which I used to take to the “Red Square” in downtown Tauranga. It was the place where a Māori brother had prayed for me years ago. I had the van arranged like a little shop with free Bibles, Gospel tapes and pamphlets. There were mixed reactions from people; some very positive and others very abusive, but the Lord protected me. It was a bit tough to be there on my own every Friday night, but at that time, no one else shared my vision for outreach.

I still remember one night when a neighbour came down to see me. He was very disturbed. He hadn't come to get spiritual guidance, but to inform me that there had been a big accident at my house. Across the road, a neighbour had parked his truck on his steep driveway, and the brakes had failed, causing the truck to roll backwards down the hill, across the road, through our fence and crash into our house. The truck had struck a corner of the bedroom where Christine was sleeping. As I arrived home, I heard the neighbour's wife screaming, “We are so sorry, we are so sorry!” Not knowing if anyone was hurt, I rushed into the house to find that everyone was well. Just that morning, Bronwyn had felt the need to move Christine's bed from that corner to the other side of the room. Despite the room being covered in gib-board and dust, and pictures that had fallen off the wall, Christine remained asleep and unhurt.

In fact, none of the children had woken from the noise, even though the whole house had been shifted off its foundations. Praise the Lord!

A few years later I used a small bus for the outreach. On one occasion, a loosely dressed woman came into the bus and wanted me to go somewhere with her. She was quite rude, and I felt a bit disgusted. She put her legs up onto the back of a seat and insisted that I leave the bus and go with her. Then she asked me what I was doing on the bus. I explained that I was doing outreach and was telling people about the Lord Jesus Christ. She wasn't impressed at all and said it was a lot of rubbish. Then she insisted that I kiss her. She came closer and closer towards me, wanting a kiss. She was not far from my face when suddenly the Lord's presence came upon me. Instead of disgust, I felt a

tremendous love and compassion for the woman. As my eyes started to water, and as she also felt that presence, she started to shake and exclaimed that she was no good. To this I replied, "That is why Jesus Christ died for you. Your soul is worth more than many worlds". At this she broke down, dropped to the floor and cried and howled for about 15 minutes. I prayed for her. When she finally got up, she shook herself and explained that she didn't know what was happening to her. Yes, the love of God reaches out to the lowest sinner. He is no respecter of persons, which means he doesn't discriminate.

One day, I received a phone call from a man who had seen my phone number in one of those advertisements I had placed in the newspaper. He explained that he felt the Lord told him to call me to ask if I could help him with preaching in the meetings he conducted on Sunday afternoons at the historical Elms Chapel. I told him I would be happy to help him. I didn't know what denomination they were, but it didn't really matter to me, because I just wanted to be able to share what the Lord would lay on my heart. I respected their Church order, which meant the whole meeting had to be over in exactly 45 minutes. On one of those Sunday afternoons, I had a good message on my heart and had prepared quite a few notes. However, I was a bit concerned about how I could present it all in less than 45 minutes, as two hymns also had to fit into that time limit. When we arrived at the chapel, the minister was winding up the old pendulum clock, as if to remind me to keep an eye on the time. When I had finished preaching, I looked at the clock and was pleasantly surprised to see I had finished in time. Just when I thought that all had gone well, one old man in the congregation stood up and informed us that he had something to say. "Listen, people", he said. This made me very nervous, as I wondered what I had done. The old man continued. "Albert spoke about Joshua and how God stopped the sun, so the battle could be completed. But while he was preaching, the clock stopped for about 15 minutes and then started all by itself again. This happened so that Albert could finish the message". Wonderful! The Lord had performed a miracle! I then also realised that the Lord often works behind the scenes, but we are not always aware of it. The preaching at the Elms lasted for quite some time, but eventually, the traditional congregation of

mostly old ladies began to get uncomfortable with hearing the Gospel, which stirred them up. They were happy to have a short service and a nice cup of tea, and it appeared that they didn't really want to be challenged in any way. The Word of God is too serious to turn a meeting into just a nice little religious gathering. The truth convicts, but it also sets us free, if it is received! So, my time at the Elms came to an end, but I was thankful for the opportunity I had had.

## HOMESCHOOL

As our children began to grow older, we decided to teach them ourselves at home, rather than sending them to school. Apart from the bad influence in public schools, I believed we had a scriptural reason for doing it. I was thinking of the Words of Jesus when He said that in the last days the world would be like Sodom and Gomorrah and the times of Noah. There is no doubt that we are living in the last days. Would Abraham have sent Isaac to Sodom to be educated by the Sodomites? I certainly don't think he would have, so why should I then entrust my children to a worldly state system, which is under the control of the Sodomite spirit? Home school went well, and Bronwyn did most of the work. The children not only had academic studies, but also learned many practical things and discipline. They were all encouraged to be independent at an early age, which resulted in very positive outcomes.

In October 1994, Samuel was born, and Albert got the brother that he was missing so much. Our little house began to get quite cramped. It was time to think about moving into something bigger. At work, I started to feel the pressure. The organisation I worked for helped people to further their education and to find employment, but by now it was becoming very political. As I didn't play that game, I was singled out and suffered quite a lot of stress from it. For instance, there was the official opening of the new education centre and, to be politically correct, they invited a Māori official. We were told this Māori man was coming to put a blessing on the building and that we were all required to walk behind him while he was chanting his stuff. Of course, I would never do such a thing, and I simply refused to attend. There were a couple of "denominational Christians" in management, and I let them know that this

was not right. Trying to find a solution, they just invited someone from the Salvation Army to say a prayer as well.

At this time, we were all offered new employment contracts, which included new conditions. As this was not at all what had been promised, I resigned with dignity. In the preceding months, I had been studying via correspondence to get my Real Estate licence. Having achieved this, I began working with a local company; however, the difficulty was that you only got paid several weeks after a sale had been completed, which made things tough financially. Bronwyn and I were careful not to spend more than absolutely necessary and to help us through, I taught night classes at the Polytechnic and the Girls' College as well.

## **BUILDING A HOUSE**

Having seen many houses in the real estate market, I wondered how we could ever afford a bigger place. The only possibility I saw was to buy a piece of cheap land and build a house myself. We therefore put our beloved little house on the market. It was bought by a Christian couple, who said they liked the nice atmosphere they felt in this house. I soon found a piece of land that was affordable. It was one acre of land with a great view, but the city rubbish dump was nearby, which was why the price was very low. Nevertheless, I felt the need to buy that land directly from the farmer who owned it. He was very nice and even gave us a further discount. We now owned an acre of freehold land and had a little bit of money left to build a house, or at least part of it. Bronwyn and I drew up plans for a large house, without really realising how much it would cost. The farmer had another old farmhouse nearby that we were able to rent for eight months while I began building. I now became a “builder”, which I really enjoyed, even though I had very few tools, no building experience and not a lot of money. I often drove around other building sites just to find out how it was done. Despite doing most of the work myself, we soon ran out of money. I also suffered tennis elbow in both of my elbows from hammering in thousands of nails. At the old rented farmhouse, things were going well. Bronwyn was very industrious and even milked a cow, which the farmer had loaned to us. From the milk, Bronwyn made yoghurt, butter, cheese and ice cream. The menu

was supplemented by fish I caught and eggs from our chickens, and we all had a happy time with plenty to eat.

Progress on the building site slowed down, mainly due to the lack of money. So far, the house consisted of a double garage, a small bathroom, a formal lounge and the entrance. The main part of the house was yet to be built, but as we had run out of money, I decided to close off the end of the house with plywood until such time we could afford to continue. It was now decision time. Should we live in the part of the house that was built, or should we rent somewhere? There was a unanimous decision to move into our new house. I found a very good, second-hand stove and kitchen sink at an auction for next to nothing. Soon, we had a temporary kitchen set up in the corner of the garage. Bunks were arranged around the walls for the children, and we set up the formal lounge as our bedroom. We had such a happy time living in the garage. The children enjoyed exploring outside, and we began to collect quite a menagerie that included goats, sheep, chooks, ducks, a cat, a cow, and of course, our dog.

Ten months after we shifted into our new home, Elanah was born, and we were all very happy to have another member in our family. I named her after that Christian woman I met in Jerusalem years ago. We didn't have much money, but at least we didn't have a mortgage. It was during this time that we really experienced the Lord as our Provider. Every weekend, a nearby vegetable shop gave us boxes of vegetables that they hadn't been able to sell during the week and didn't want to keep until Monday. So, we had an abundance of free vegetables every week. We felt like Elijah being fed by the ravens.

The farmer who had sold us the land was selling another six acres adjoining our property. I thought this would be a great opportunity for one of our friends. They did come and inspect the land, but seemed to be a bit put off by the nearby dump, and so decided not to buy it. I told the farmer I would like to buy the land, but couldn't afford it just at that moment. He then offered it to me with a late settlement, a two-year settlement! It was an offer too good to be missed, and so I signed the contract, not knowing the headaches and blessings which were hidden

in this purchase. The six acres were again very cheap! There was also an area with a farm shed on it, which was subdivided off to be sold with another section. By mistake, that piece of land was sold twice, but thankfully, with no dispute, it was awarded to me. After just a few months, we received a notification that the city dump was to be closed and the land was to be turned into a park. Land values increased rapidly following this news.

## **THE PEACE THAT PASSES ALL UNDERSTANDING**

Two years passed but our house had not progressed greatly due to the lack of money. I now had to organise a mortgage to pay for the acquired six acres, so I borrowed a little bit more to be able to carry on with my house project. Having a mortgage made me feel quite stressed. Things got worse when I found out the transport authority was planning to put a road close to our boundary and would require a small corner of my land as a buffer zone. This planned road seemed to destroy my future. I had plans to do many things with this land for the family. I ended up requesting that the transport authority purchase the required land earlier than needed. Finally, an official came along to value the property. My stress level was incredibly high by now. I felt shattered, having a wife and seven children living in a garage! One day I realised that being so stressed was simply the result of having a lack of faith. The Bible says that we are promised a peace that passes all understanding. “Where is it?” I asked myself. “Maybe I have done something wrong?” Therefore, I started to seek the Lord so that I could possibly repent if there was something to repent of. I just could not think of anything I had to repent of. About three weeks later, the Lord showed me in the middle of a prayer where the problem was. “Not your plans, but My plans”, was the answer I received from God. I suddenly realised that all the plans I had for the family and the future were made without consultation. Because my plans were made with good intentions, it felt unusual to repent for them. Nevertheless, I repented for having my own plans and surrendered all into the hands of the Lord. An incredible peace and joy came over me and all the stress was gone instantly! Straight away I told Bronwyn, “I don’t care whether we have a mortgage or not, I don’t care if they build a

road, I don't care if we can sell some land or not, because I have the peace of God!"

A friend I met at an auction was interested in buying two acres of my land, with the idea of building a house for himself. Land values had risen considerably, but I agreed to subdivide two acres off for a low price. He declined, saying, to my surprise, that this was too cheap! A few weeks later, he asked again if I would still sell those two acres to him. This time, I suggested a higher figure, to which he replied, "Yeah, that sounds much better", and purchased the land. Shortly afterwards, the transport authority informed me that its valuation had mistakenly included the two acres I had just sold, but because things were already in the pipeline, I might get the money anyway. It wasn't long before we received about threefold the amount of what we had paid for the entire block of land! Praise the Lord! No more mortgage, no pressure to work and plenty of money to finish the house. Talk about showers of blessings! Just as well I had committed all things into the hands of God and let go of my own plans. It was at that time that the vegetable shop that supplied us with free vegetables closed its doors. Having so much money in the bank took quite a bit of getting used to. I still hesitated to buy things, because I was so used to not having much money. This can happen spiritually, too. A person coming into Christ becomes the recipient of all the promises of God! Just accept it and make use of it! Once it sank in that the bank statement represented money I could spend, I did just that. We bought a bus, a boat and two kilograms of gold. With the rest of the money, I finished the house. Twice we travelled around the North Island and South Island with the whole family in our bus. The boat got a lot of use, too. My children really enjoyed going out fishing with me.

## **CHRISTINE RECEIVING THE LORD**

In May 1998, we were blessed by the arrival of our eighth child, Joseph Israel. Everybody rejoiced greatly. On Fridays, we used to have a family celebration night. Bronwyn always cooked a special dinner, and we had lovely music playing, candlelight and an enjoyable family time. Sometimes we read, sometimes we prayed, we often sang and sometimes we played games. On one of those nights, after dinner, all

the children waited with anticipation to see what we were going to do. I had some phone calls to make, so I had to think of something quickly. I had a pile of old business cards and handed three to each child, telling them to write down some things they would really like. I did not promise to give them their wishes, but I thought, at least I would know their desires, and this would also keep them occupied while I attended to my other business.

When I returned to the dining table, I took the cards and began to read them out. First, I read out Albert's card. Motorbike, chainsaw, strawberries. The next card was from Melanie and started with a chocolate fish. Eventually, it was Christine's turn to hand over her cards. She acted a bit strangely, but then suddenly handed over the cards. Card one, empty, card two, empty, card three, "I want to give my heart to the Lord". This took me by surprise! All I could say was that she desired a good thing. I walked over to her seat and told her that she should pray. And pray she did! Christine repented and asked the Lord for forgiveness and to come into her heart. I then laid my hand on her shoulder and prayed for her, that the Lord would fill her with the Holy Spirit. A beautiful presence filled the room, and Christine started to rejoice, and she received the peace that passes all understanding. What a wonderful night that was! Praise the Lord! The following Sunday, Christine was baptised in the Wairoa River.

## **MAKING HEADLINES**

In June 2000, David was born. We were so happy to be blessed with all these lovely children, and our boy/girl ratio started to even out. With all those homebirths, we got to know the midwives quite well, and some of them thought that I was such a great husband and father. I considered myself to be just normal, but then I realised that many people are in relationships which aren't blessed by God, and they don't experience the joy of family life as I did.

One morning, I was lying in bed, and my dear wife had just brought me breakfast, when the phone rang. It was a journalist from the Bay of Plenty Times asking if they could do an article on my family for Father's Day. I

was absolutely puzzled. Father's Day!? I thought the article should be about Bronwyn and not me. I think it was one of those midwives who had informed the newspaper about our rather unusual family. We agreed, hoping that perhaps we could be a helpful witness to the community. We were cautious about what we said, as we knew the press could portray things however they chose. There is a very fine line between being an example of a nice marriage and family, and being looked at as a religious crank who is overdoing everything. To my surprise, we ended up on the front page of the newspaper, and the journalist had written a very positive article. There were several letters to the editor written in the days that followed, and they were all very positive.

## SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES

One day, I had been to Whangamata to visit my old friend Kevin Lee, and on the way home, I made use of the uninterrupted quietness to pray

and just talk to the Lord. I wanted to be led by Him, and the verse from the Bible came to mind. *Ephesians 4:30, which says: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption".*

Therefore, I first asked the Lord to forgive me if I had grieved His Spirit in any way and to make me sensitive to the leading of His Holy Spirit. After this prayer, I felt quite alert and sensitive towards God. As I drove on this country road, I noticed what appeared to be a brown rag in the gutter. Somehow, I felt I should stop and have a look at it. Usually, I never stop when I am driving, but as I had just prayed to be sensitive to God's leading, I stopped the car and walked back to the place where I had seen the item. The closer I got to it, the more it looked like a handbag. I picked it up, took it to the car, and had a look inside. To my surprise, I found a wallet with cash in it, credit cards, bank cards and a cheque book, in which I saw the name "Harrison". I continued and drove towards Waihi.

As I entered this town, I noticed a car parked across the road that was about to leave, heading in the direction from which I had just come. Right then, this strange feeling came over me again, and I was sure that this was the leading of the Holy Spirit I had prayed for. Immediately, I stopped

the car and ran across the road. An older couple sat in the car, and the man reluctantly wound down the car window when he saw me coming towards them. I then said to him, "Excuse me, are you Mr Harrison?" He looked very surprised and said, "Yes". Full of joy for having been led by the Lord, I told them that I had a story to tell. I explained how I had been praying and had found their belongings, which they had only recently noticed were missing and how the Lord had directed me to their car. To say they were surprised is an understatement. They were speechless, but gratefully accepted the return of their belongings. As I left them, the woman called out, "Thank you, but we don't even know your name". I told them not to thank me, but rather to give thanks to the Lord Jesus Christ for the return of their belongings.

As I drove away, an incredible joy came over me, and two things came to mind. Firstly, the Scripture in *Romans 8:14*: "*For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God*", and secondly, I thought how great the love of God is, to care for these old people's lost property. Praise be to His Holy Name! His love, mercy and grace reach out to everyone!

## **RICHARD'S PARENTS RECEIVING CHRIST**

One day, I received a phone call from Peggy, Richard's mother. She had to go to the hospital for a check-up and wanted me to look after Fred, Richard's father, for the day. When I arrived at their house, Peggy answered the door and informed me that Fred wasn't in a very happy mood, but I wasn't worried by that. I went in and found him sitting at the table muttering, and as he was nearly completely deaf, I just took him by the arm and said loudly that I was taking him out for the day. This must have taken him by surprise, as he didn't protest, and soon Fred was in my car and on the way to my place.

I tried to talk to him, but it didn't go too well because he simply couldn't hear. Just then, I had an idea. I took Fred into my little office and wrote on the computer screen, "Can you read this?" No reply. Now I zoomed in on the screen until I finally heard him saying, "Yes, I can read that". Next, I wrote that I had received a letter from Richard. This caught his

attention. Then I wrote that Richard's daughter had given her heart to the Lord. By now, Fred was shaking his head because he was an atheist. I explained that this was a good thing she had done and that I had done the same thing a long time ago. After typing a few more Gospel truths, I wrote on the screen, "Have you ever given your heart to the Lord?" I wasn't at all surprised when he answered, "No". Boldly, I typed, "Would you like to?" "Yes", Fred answered. Totally amazed, I went over to him and told him to pray with me. I prayed the "sinner's prayer", and Fred repeated it word by word, asking the Lord for forgiveness and to come into his heart. It was a miracle! Fred understood and heard every word I spoke!

Sometime later, Peggy had to have an emergency operation for cancer. She had been misdiagnosed for years, and finally, it was too late. Peggy underwent the operation, but there seemed to be little chance of recovering. During one hospital visit, Peggy grabbed my hand and said, "Al, I am scared!" Peggy looked very serious, and she was not the kind of woman who was easily frightened. She must have known that her life was coming to an end, and she simply wasn't ready. I said to Peggy, "Yes, it is a fearful thing to walk through the valley of the shadow of death on your own. You need the Lord Jesus Christ to hold your hand!" After this, Peggy too prayed the "sinner's prayer" and received Christ. The fear left her and three days later she died.

During that time, we had Fred staying at our place. One evening we had a Bible study, and I asked Fred to read *John chapter 3*. He felt very honoured and began to read. When he got to verse 16: *For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life*, Fred started to cry. The word of God had finally sunk in! Praise the Lord!

Richard arrived a few weeks later and took his dad home to Switzerland with him, where, after only a few weeks, he passed away. I had been storing some of Peggy and Fred's furniture at my place. I asked Richard what he wanted me to do with their belongings. He told me that I could have it all. I felt obliged to tell Richard that some of the furniture was worth a lot of money. Richard simply said, "I have Jesus, I don't need

money!” It was a real blessing for us, and I was able to sell most of the antique furniture for a good price.

One interesting thing I discovered was an old pocket watch that had belonged to me. Fred had once offered me quite a lot of money for it, but because it meant so much to him, I had given it to him as a gift. I not only got it back, but there were over 30 more in the same box. I ended up swapping some of them for a motorbike.

## **HAVING TWINS**

One day, we gathered the family together as we had a very special announcement to make. We had just found out that we were expecting twins! We were so excited, and I couldn’t hide my emotions. The twins were born in May 2002, and we named them Stephanie and Joshua. Not without a challenge. Stephanie was born first without any problems, but Joshua was born over two hours later and was not breathing.

The doctor came rushing in, took Joshua and placed him on a nearby table. Out came the oxygen mask, and the doctor exclaimed that he had to give him life. To this, I took exception! The very same guy who kills a baby by abortion in the morning then wants to play God in the afternoon. We obviously clashed. After a few minutes with no sign of life, the midwife, who knew that I was a Christian, looked at me, very concerned and worried she said “I think you should pray!” I prayed, and straight away a beautiful crying noise came from Joshua. Praise the Lord! I had always felt that someone was missing around our big dining table, but after their arrival, I knew our family was now complete.

## **STARTING A BUSINESS**

When Christine was nearly 16 years old, we thought it was time to consider her future. I therefore ended up starting a small business where she could assist in the shop, while doing some correspondence courses at the same time. This worked out very well. The interaction with the public and the courses she studied helped her to develop into quite a business woman. The business was called KNIFE SHOP, and it turned

into a very good and well-set-up business, which is still successfully operating ten years after I sold it.

## **STOLEN MOTORBIKE KEY MIRACLE**

Opposite our shop was a restaurant where I used to park my motorbike. The owner often came over to my shop just to make some sarcastic remarks regarding my faith in God. One afternoon, I wanted to go home early, but I could not find my motorbike key. I looked everywhere and eventually went out to the motorbike, and there I remembered that I had left the key in the ignition. But it wasn't there anymore; someone had stolen my key! This distressed me very much, because the motorbike had a very complicated ignition system and a replacement key was virtually an impossibility. I walked back to my shop, where I desperately prayed and asked the Lord to show me where the key was! I did not even consider the natural impossibility of my request and simply walked down the shopping mall towards the main street, looking for my key. At the end of the shopping mall was a large roller door, between two pillars. Without even thinking, I just bent down at the left pillar to see if my key was there. It was! Praise the Lord! Afterwards, I realised that I had prayed for the impossible, but with God, all things are possible! I first witnessed this miracle to the restaurant owner. I told him that the Lord showed me where my key was and that He also could let me know who took it. The man looked a bit shocked. I then told him that I did not need to know who took it, even though I suspected that it was him who had taken it. Soon after this incident, the restaurant closed, and his wife left him. Very sad to hear!

## **GOD MAKES A WAY**

Once we had a back-slidden man in the Church who then went to Australia. Things turned out to be worse for him in Australia, so he contacted us, requesting help and a visit. I did not really feel like travelling to Australia and instead, I sent another brother from the Church over there. Not much was achieved. I felt a bit guilty for not going and, therefore, sometime later, I decided to go for a short outreach trip to Australia. I invited another brother from another Church to join me. Not

knowing where the Lord would want to lead me, we travelled by car between Sydney and Brisbane.

Just past Coffs Harbour, I felt to visit Jack Lehmann in Woolgoolga, a man I visited in my single days. He was very pleased to see me and offered us a bed in his old big house, where he lived on his own. He pulled back the covers on the guest bed, only to discover a decomposed rat. Never mind, there was another room. A small bed and a mattress on the floor, plus a huge spider. Jack sprayed it and hit the spider with a stick. Finally, we could sleep, I thought. My travelling mate had the most unusual way of “snoring”. I laughed in the middle of the night and thought, “How could his wife handle this?” On a second thought, it came to me that she must love him.

In the morning, Jack said that he has a Church meeting and that I might as well preach. I was totally surprised and unprepared. Jack had a side room set up as a little Church. I preached on *1. Corinthians 15* which explains that everything must be according to the Word. After the meeting we had a small lunch together, and it was then that a young family came over to me. The husband said that it was a miracle to be there because he normally always had to work on Sunday. Then he asked me if he could be baptised. This took me by surprise. I did not mention baptism in my sermon. Jack did not think that it was necessary to go through water baptism and therefore never preached it. I raised my hand and announced that we are going to have a baptism after lunch. As we all walked toward the town's water pond, I felt like being carried by angels. Everyone was following us and old Jack was so blown away by all this that he could not say anything. He just followed us on his quad-bike. He did not know what to say after the baptism. Out of perhaps embarrassment, he said “Now the town drinks holy water”.

After my return to New Zealand, I was flooded with letters from Jack. He said that it was not water that takes away sin, but the blood of Jesus Christ. I fully agreed, but despite this, it is a commandment to be baptised in the name of Jesus Christ! Jack's reluctance to be baptised resulted from being opposed to the false Catholic teaching that baptism in the Catholic Church saves the soul.

## **NOTHING BY CHANCE**

On one of my many business trips, I booked a seat on a train in Germany. I left my reserved seat for a moment, and upon my return, an old lady was sitting in it. What should I do? Should I insist and tell the old lady to move, or should I sit somewhere else? There was a spare seat next to a Muslim woman. I chose to sit there. After witnessing to this woman for quite a while, she had to leave the train. She looked very touched, grabbed my arm and begged me to pray for her and her family. I then realised that the change of seats was God-ordained. It's good to look to the Lord first and then to our rights.

## **ALLOWING THE HOLY SPIRIT TO LEAD**

One morning, an old man turned up at our shop, looking very lost and unhappy. Christine spoke to him briefly and found out he was 79 years old and had just retired from his job selling real estate. After he had left the shop, Christine felt she should have invited him to Church. She prayed that she would get another opportunity to see this old man. The next day, Christine was walking down the street when she saw him walking in her direction. She thanked the Lord for answering her prayer and then quickly offered him a card with an invitation to come to Church. He was very puzzled about the invitation, but eventually came along to Church one Sunday and again the next week and the next. Soon he was serious about serving the Lord, and I baptised him in a very cold river. Bert and I had many wonderful times of fellowship together, and it was wonderful to see him grow in the Lord. He suffered a lot of persecution from his wife. They lived on the same property but Bert was not allowed in the house and lived in a caravan. She used to try to stop him from coming to Church, even violently. I asked Bert what had happened as they must have loved each other when they first got married. He told me that she was a good wife and that they lived on a farm. One day, an overseas woman held a meeting in their community hall, which Bert's wife attended. That was the time when everything changed. Indoctrination by devilish feminist influence ruined their marriage. After 11 years, at the age of 90, Bert went home to be with the Lord.

We often had visitors in Church, which were unknown to me. One of them complained after Church that someone had told me all about his life's problems, because I had preached about them. I never met the man before, neither did I hear or know anything about him. The Lord knows all things and can inspire us just to say the right thing.

On another occasion, a man from the Philippines attended. After Church I noticed that he wandered around, looking a bit distraught. I went up to him and tried to say something encouraging. All I said was, that no matter how things were, the sun would rise again the next day, despite the problems. Little did I know that those simple words had a great impact on him. Three weeks later, the man confessed to me that he was planning to end his life that Sunday afternoon, but somehow, the word I had spoken ministered to him and he pressed on with life. It is important to be sensitive to the leading of the Holy Spirit. There is always a word for the season. *Romans 8:14 Amplified Bible For all who are allowing themselves to be led by the Spirit of God are sons of God.*

## **ALBERT GIVING HIS HEART TO THE LORD**

Having a big family made it a bit more difficult to have a quiet time on my own. Not even the bathroom was a safe haven. Children always knocked at the door and wanted something. One night, I was in my room having some quiet time, when one of the children knocked on my door. I just called out, "Go away!" Again, another knock and again I shouted, "Go away!" Persistently, the knocking continued for a third time. This time, I jumped up and roughly opened the door shouting, "What do you want!" It was Albert. He said he wanted to give his heart to the Lord! I immediately felt bad for being gruff about the knocking, but at least I knew that Albert was serious about his decision. This is what you would call "pressing in". We went on our knees and prayed together, and soon after, he was baptised as well. Praise the Lord!

## **HOLY GHOST FIRE IN THE CHILDREN'S BEDROOM**

Another time, Elanah had some questions and had gone to Christine's bedroom to talk to her. Elanah had listened to a sermon I preached in Singapore, where I mentioned sheep and goats. Elanah had her own pet

goats and loved them very much. She must have taken offence from an example I had made.

Christine explained things to Elanah, and after they had talked for a while, they began to pray together, when suddenly, the presence of the Lord came down into the room. They both started to rejoice loudly, which attracted the attention of Melanie, who then went into the room as well. Immediately, the Holy Spirit fell onto Melanie as well. As the commotion grew louder Sharon also went to the room and was affected the same way. Susanna and finally the neighbour, Emma, who was staying with us, went into the room as well and immediately came under the same anointing. They all couldn't help but worship and praise the Lord. Melanie received the Holy Ghost that night. It was the first time she was not intimidated by Satan and just told him to get behind in Jesus Name. We didn't know that anything was happening until Samuel came to our room upstairs and said that something was happening with the girls. We asked him what he meant. He said that they were all shouting and speaking in strange languages, but that they seemed to be happy! We said, "Don't worry, they are just fine". Of course, after a while, we all gathered in the family room to continue giving God praise for what He had done.

## **A WONDERFUL HOME MEETING**

On another occasion, we had a home meeting, and I decided to ask everybody present to comment on a time in their life where they knew that God had spoken to them. At first, I was going to ask people to testify about when they received the Holy Spirit, but then I thought that there may be quite a few who had never had this experience. As we went around the room, many lovely testimonies were shared. Even our friend Sue, who was very quiet, shared a moving testimony. When she was young and coming home from school, a voice spoke to her not to go inside her house. A bit frightened, she ran to the neighbour's house instead, where she later found out that her dad was dead inside her house. Then she shared, that the same voice spoke to her again when she met Bronwyn. The voice said "I want you to be like her".

After sharing testimonies, then suddenly the Lord Himself came on the scene, and His presence was very noticeable. I went around and prayed for each one. Everyone was touched. Our five youngest children were very moved by this spiritual experience and wanted to give their hearts to the Lord and be baptised. The Lord starts moving in our lives long before we really know Him. Praise His holy name!

## **THEN SUDDENLY, JESUS CAME**

Over the years, Bronwyn and I started Church fellowship quite a few times. Every time things were happening and new people came to the Church, trouble was on its way. Trouble came in the form of zealous religious people who, when they heard of our fellowship, came just to upset things with their religious spirit and forceful ways. After our fellowship had been disturbed several times, I started to make a stand. I did not want to act as a self-appointed pastor, as I feel that I am just a brother in Christ, trying to encourage others in their walk of faith. Nevertheless, I gathered all the brothers for a meeting. I told them, that for the Church order's sake, we should have a pastor. I asked if anyone feels called or if we should pray and ask God to send one along. They all unanimously voted for me. This gave me a little more confidence, enough not to be easily pushed around. Despite, one of those religious zealots managed to sway some people away. It did not last. After a while, some quit, others moved away, and what was left came back to our fellowship.

One evening, Christine and Melanie came to our room and could hardly speak as they were too excited. I straight away knew that they had been with the Lord. After a while they managed to tell us that the Lord had spoken to them. I asked what He had said, and finally, they managed to speak and told us that the Lord had given Christine a word of prophecy saying that He would come in a special way to our Sunday meeting.

Then on Sunday morning I had a good friend and pastor come to visit. I was glad, because I did not feel well and I had nothing to preach. However, after the song service, the visiting pastor pointed to me and indicated that he wasn't going to preach. Eventually, I went up and

simply spoke on the “Lord’s Prayer”. It felt very dry and at the end of the meeting, I said that we would sing a song and then close in prayer. Not feeling well was one thing, not feeling inspired was the other. No one in the congregation looked enthused. Despite this, I picked up the guitar and started to strum. All of a sudden, the Holy Spirit fell on everyone! People shouted, screamed, fell on their knees and prayed. What a powerful visitation that was! No charisma, no great speech, just the Lord coming to make His presence felt. After the meeting, one Pentecostal believer said that he never experienced anything like it. No workup, just like someone switching on the light. Another told me that he always desired to be in one of those great revival meetings from the 1950’s. He then said that he had now experienced it. Another young man who did not believe in God confessed that he now knows that there is a God. He was baptised a few weeks later. Praise the Lord! He is always present, whether we feel it or not. Amen. This was the fulfilment of Christine’s prophecy!

## **GOD MOVING IN THE SWISS ALPS**

Over the years I often visited my parents in Switzerland and these visits were more like a missionary trip than a holiday. On one of those trips, I visited a mountain farmer and as it was summer, he and his family stayed up in the alps in a mountain hut. We were just going to go for a walk, when his wife called us and said their daughter had become very sick. The girl had a very high fever and was almost unconscious. Both parents looked in shock, not knowing what to do, as the hospital was a very long way away. I asked them if they believed that the Lord could heal the girl, to which they replied that they did. Then I asked them if they had prayed for her. They hadn’t, but the father then asked me to pray. I laid my hand on her and simply asked the Lord to heal her. Then I said to her, “Your daddy and I will go for a walk and when we come back, you will be well again”.

We came back after a couple of hours and the girl was totally healed. Later, I drove about three hours back to my sister’s place, where I was staying. When I arrived, my sister told me that I urgently needed to contact the mountain farmer. I waited until the next day, as it was already

late at night. When I called, they told me their other daughter had also fallen ill with the same symptoms, but they ended up taking her to the hospital, where they diagnosed the illness to be meningitis. That farmer witnessed about the healing to other farmers, which opened a door for me to share more of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The following year I went there again, but this time, I could hold a meeting with quite a few of the mountain farmers. The next day when I left the mountains, I saw two men in a paddock. I stopped the car and they came up to me. It was two of the men who had attended the meeting. I asked them how they were. One said that his friend, the other man, wasn't well at all. He had been sick for a very long time and could not find relief. I prayed for him right there on the track and said goodbye. A year later, I visited that mountain place again. On the way up, I saw a man in a paddock and when I stopped, he came towards me. It was the same man I had prayed for the previous year. The very first thing he said was, that we were standing at the exact same place as last year when I had prayed for him and that he hadn't been sick since. Praise the Lord!

## **MY YOUNGER SISTER'S DEATH**

One day, we received a phone call informing us that my younger sister, Beatrice, was suffering from a brain tumour. Beatrice wanted to be able to stay at home, but by now she needed full-time care. Her husband and two sons were not able to take time off work to look after her, so we decided that Christine should go and help. I also went over there to visit my sister and family. One day, my sister's husband rang me and wanted to see me urgently. He wanted me to do something that would take away my sister's fear. I had to inform him that only the Lord can help someone in that situation. Nevertheless, I went and talked to my sister, and she prayed the "sinner's prayer" with me, and the fear left her. Christine also had many special times with her, as she sat by her bedside most days. The Lord told Christine which day Beatrice was going to die, so that she could be prepared for it. He also allowed Christine to see my sister talking to the other dimension, saying that she was coming in a short while. Beatrice had peace and died on the day that the Lord had told Christine. During all those months, Christine didn't earn money, but the

Lord miraculously provided for her. After the funeral, a woman whom Christine didn't even know came up to her and gave her an envelope saying, "Open this at home, the Lord told me to give this to you". There was quite a lot of money in the envelope. I truly believe that if one is on the Lord's business, then He will also provide! I experienced this myself many times, so I could never understand people begging for money, professing that they needed it to do the Lord's work. The Lord will always provide for our needs. If it is Him who sends us somewhere, then He will also make a way for it.

## **PRISON MINISTRY**

For several years, the Lord opened a door for me to do prison ministry. Before getting permission, I was interrogated by three prison chaplains. As they were Catholics, they questioned me about the way I baptised people. God gave me wisdom, and after first sharing some testimonies with them, I could tell them why I believed what I did about baptism. I told them that if I were to believe that Peter, on the day of Pentecost and full of the Holy Spirit, had disobeyed the Lord's commandment to baptise in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, then I couldn't believe anything else he had said. I then told them I did, however, believe that Peter had a revelation of what that name was, the Lord Jesus Christ! There were no more arguments, and I was free to conduct Bible studies in prison. Eventually, I had the opportunity to baptise twelve prisoners in the middle of the yard, in an inflatable swimming pool, and I also had the opportunity to address many prisoners who had come to witness the event. One of the brothers I baptised was called Joseph. He was 33 years old at that time and had spent half of his life in prison. Shortly after that, Joseph was released from prison, and we have been fellowshiping together ever since. The Spirit of God changes people!

## **SPIRITUAL DREAM TO GET AN ANSWER**

Over the years, I was often troubled by religious people. One point of contention was that some people referred to the experience a believer needed as only having to believe the Word. While believing the Word is the correct thing to do, I also believe that we need to meet and accept

Jesus Christ personally, and have the Word quickened by the Holy Ghost. This would be the evidence of having received the Holy Ghost. I often thought that I would have liked to ask a man of God to explain this to me. As this troubled me greatly, the Lord was very gracious to me and gave me a dream. Almost a paradox, because the people who troubled me were quoting William Branham.

In my dream, I was sitting on a barstool, and next to me sat Bro. Branham. At first, I cried and tried to explain my tears, saying that I was crying because the grace of God was allowing me to speak to him, since he had already passed away. He never spoke a single word, but the expression on his face and eyes spoke volumes. Then I posed the question I had about the “token”, is it the Word or the Holy Spirit? Again, there was such a wonderful expression in his face and eyes that I had absolutely no doubt he understood exactly what I meant and what it was that troubled me. Still, without words, he took hold of a large block of ice, and he held it over a bottle. Slowly, the ice began to melt, and the water dripped into the bottle. I didn’t need words! I knew straight away the answer to my question. The Word, the solid ice, could not enter a vessel until it was in the state of the Holy Ghost, liquid water. The Word became Spirit, so that it could enter the vessel, you and me. Ice and water are the same element, only in different states. It is almost hilarious to think that God gave me this answer in response to the people who troubled me with their heretical statements and talked about their prophet.

## **THE ENEMY WITHIN THE CHURCH**

The challenges I now experienced in life seemed to be less natural, but more spiritual. In the days of the apostles, there were many false brethren and ministers within the Church. I would say that things are worse now concerning false brethren and ministers than they were in the early Church. Of course, being in a Church role myself, I did not want to accuse anyone of being false. This caused me a lot of hurt. It happened several times that zealous religious people came to our Church, bringing with them their strong, religious interpretations of beliefs. It usually didn't take long before the sweet atmosphere changed, and it was quite difficult

to pinpoint the problem. On one of these occasions, I started to get quite stressed, not knowing exactly what I was fighting against. I sought the Lord about it, and He showed me the answer.

One night, I was lying on my bed, still troubled by the situation in the Church, when suddenly the Bible story of Naboth, Jezebel and Ahab came to mind. It witnessed with me straight away that someone wanted my vineyard and that this was the spirit I needed to fight against. Happy, I went to sleep, only to wake up again at about 2.00 a.m. I decided to listen to the Bible on my iPod, which I had set on random selection. The very first thing that played was the story of Naboth! God does confirm His Word! From this moment on, the situation in the Church changed, as that evil spirit had been exposed. It is not the people themselves, but the spirit that wants to bring discord among the brethren. Any ministry, any gospel that teaches that we now need more than Christ did on Calvary, is heresy. The apostle Paul even declared in

*Galatians 1:8-9 8 But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. 9 As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.*

## **HEALING OF CANCER MIRACLE**

The farmer, Mr Richard Smith, who had sold us the land many years earlier, had always been so kind and helpful to our family. Several of our children had been able to help him on the farm, and he had given them calves and other things. Once, one of our boys came home quite upset as he had just received the news that the farmer had been diagnosed with terminal cancer. He got progressively worse and had to sort out the farm, getting rid of all the animals, even the chickens. He was very sick and lost so much weight that he looked like a skeleton. My son Joseph told me that the farmer was selling a rifle, so I decided to go and see him about it. It was quite a shock to see him so weak and sick and in such pain. When I asked him about how much he wanted for the rifle, he replied that he didn't need money anymore and that I could give him whatever I wanted. He then told me the doctor had given him only two

more weeks to live, but he didn't feel that he would even make it that long. It was a sad visit, especially as he said, "There is nothing anyone can do". To this I replied that the only thing I knew was the things of the Lord and to pray. At this, he got a bit nervous and decided it was time for me to leave. As I left, I mentioned to him that if he ever wanted to talk or pray with me, he could contact me anytime, day or night.

I had only been home for one and a half hours when the phone rang. It was the farmer, and he wanted to talk to me. Immediately, I went back to see him. We sat down, and he began to explain to me how the pains were becoming more severe and a lot sharper. He talked to me like one would talk to a doctor. As I am not a doctor, I could only tell him about the things I knew, so I started to tell him about the Lord and what the Word of God says. *Mark 16:14-20* <sup>14</sup> *Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.* <sup>15</sup> *And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.* <sup>16</sup> *He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.* <sup>17</sup> *And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;* <sup>18</sup> *they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.*

I explained that the growth had a life which was not from God, but that an evil spirit was giving life to the cancer. I then mentioned to him that the Bible says we can cast out demons and lay hands on the sick, and that they will recover. I then said he had to have faith, and he assured me that he did. I placed my hand on him and started to pray. First, I asked the Lord to forgive him his sins, and I committed them under the Blood of Jesus Christ. Then I prayed against that demon spirit of cancer. I told the devil to leave in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ! About a minute after the prayer, the farmer exclaimed that the pains were going away. This was wonderful, so I encouraged him to hold on and believe, no matter how the feelings may change. To my surprise, he then asked

me how much I charged for this visit! Of course, there was no charge. Freely we have received, and freely we give!

Unknown to the farmer, other Christians were praying for him as well. The following Monday, the farmer went to the doctor to be checked. There was no cancer to be found! The doctor was very puzzled and sent him to be checked by another doctor, who confirmed that the cancer was gone. Praise the Lord! I visited him a few months later and hardly recognised him, because he had put on so much weight again and looked so well. He was 85 at the time of healing and died of natural causes in a rest home aged 90. Not all healings do happen instantly. Just believe until it is manifested. Confess the truth, for He is the High Priest of our confession.

## **MIRACLE HEALING OF PARALYSIS AND BACK INJURY**

It was just before Christmas 2017 when, after playing tennis, I started to get incredible back pains. No painkiller gave me relief. There was not a single position I could sit, stand or lie without terrible pains. Of course, I prayed for relief, but the pain continued. I prayed and tried to have faith to be healed. Nothing seemed to help.

Finally, after Christmas, I tried to get some help. The doctors were closed, so I went to a physiotherapist. I was massaged and treated so much until I didn't know which pain was worse, the physio or my bad back. After the session, I got up and had to be helped from falling over. I struggled to walk, but made it to my motorbike and off I went towards home. Getting off the bike, I just fell over. I had no more control over my foot. There was no way that I could lift my foot. Walking was difficult as I now dragged my foot along. At the next physio session, I informed them of my paralysed foot. They were shocked and very concerned and advised me, if there were any more changes, to go directly to the accident & emergency department at the hospital. They also arranged a special appointment with a doctor in a private hospital, who specialised in back injuries. Thanks to the physio, I could get an appointment straight away. The doctor checked me out and booked me in for an MRI scan. Before I had the results I started to go to a hot pool, trying to get some pain relief

and also hoping that it might fix my paralysed foot. Unfortunately, that didn't work. I actually resigned to the possibility of being a cripple for the rest of my life. Finally, as the scan results became available, I had another appointment with the doctor. On my way to the doctor, I prayed very specifically. Since I didn't experience healing, I thought that it may be God's will to go through with medical treatment.

Therefore, I asked the Lord to speak through the doctor and that I was willing to do whatever he would suggest. And so, it was. The doctor showed me the scan and told me that he hadn't seen anything as bad as this before. This did not sound like God speaking to me. He suggested that I should have an operation straight away so I would have a slim chance for my foot to work again. He looked a bit surprised when I agreed straight away. Now I had appointments with various hospital staff and then, ten days later was the date for the operation.

At the hospital, I was prepared for the operation, including medication. Now I was wearing an operating gown and was wheeled to the operating theatre. First the anaesthetist came, pulled down his mask and explained to me what he was about to do and the possible soreness in my throat after the operation. Then came the doctor, all dressed up and ready to operate. I must have looked a bit nervous, because He gave me a pat on the shoulder and asked, "How are you feeling?" Instantly, I said, "A lot better". He looked a bit surprised and started to check my leg and foot again. Then he asked me if I could walk. I got off the bed and walked up and down, dragging my foot along. Now something very strange happened. Suddenly, the atmosphere changed. It was kind of serene, like spiritual. The doctor felt it too and paused for quite a moment, then tilted his head slightly to the side and, looking straight into my eyes, he said, "If I were you, I'd cancel the operation". That sounded more like God speaking to me, and a great feeling of relief and joy came over me and with no hesitation, I cancelled the operation. After I got changed, I walked back to the foyer. The nurses were very surprised to see me and asked me, "What have you done?" With a smile, I replied, "I prayed". The nurses were very friendly and prepared something to eat for me. While waiting for the food, I borrowed a phone and rang my wife.

She was very surprised that all went so quickly. Once I informed her that I opted out of the operation, she burst into tears. Tears of joy and also relief for not having to nurse me for the next three months.

I went home, still suffering from drop-foot, but convinced that the Lord was in all this. After another three days, I got up in the morning and, praise the Lord, I was perfectly well again. My foot worked again and all pains were gone. I had already received a get-well card from the members of the tennis club, and when I played in a tennis tournament a week later, they were in utter disbelief. With man it is impossible, but with God, all things are possible.

## **OUTREACH TO OLD MATES IN THE SOUTH ISLAND**

During the years, I felt drawn to travel as far as Invercargill to reach out to old mates I had during my time as a sinner in the world. Particularly, one old friend called Allan was on my heart. After several visits he finally was at a rest home waiting to die. Allan was not interested in the things of the Lord, because he had been pestered by relations with good, but religious intentions. Nevertheless, on my very last visit before his death, I asked him if I could pray for him. To my surprise, he said yes. After I prayed, he suddenly grabbed my arm and would not let me go. Then Allan started to pray. A wonderful prayer, mainly asking God to be with me and bless me. Tremendous! Through Allan, I met a few new people whom I now visit frequently and was able to witness to them.

Also, on my long drive south, I got to know new people to witness to, and each time on my way south, I can visit and encourage them in the Lord. On one of those trips south, I came to a town where I once met a young couple many years ago. Now, 45 years later, I had a desire to meet up again. This was a hard task, because I had no contact with them for over 45 years. Not just that, but I could not even remember their names. The only thing I remembered was the town they used to live in and an unusual feature of the young woman. She had two different coloured eyes. Having no information nor recollection of their names, it was on my heart to find them and to witness to them about the saving grace of Jesus Christ. Despite the impossibility, I had great confidence that my desire

to witness to them was of the Lord. *Jeremiah 32:27 Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there any thing too hard for me? Matthew 19:26 But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.* I truly believe that all things are possible with God, and therefore, with confidence, I decided to drive to that town and look for the impossible.

The next morning, I drove to that town, not knowing where to look. Nothing happened. After about an hour wandering around, I decided to leave again. On my way out of town, my attention was drawn to a second-hand shop. I stopped and went to this shop, looking at some interesting old items. Then I noticed the shopkeeper, who looked roughly about the age of the woman I was looking for. I then asked her if she was a local. "Born and bred" was the answer. I explained that I once knew a couple from there, but the only thing I remembered was the woman's unusual, differently coloured eyes. "Ah, that's Pat", the shopkeeper replied, "she works in the supermarket up the road". Happy to get this information, I went to this supermarket and asked a staff member if there was a person called Pat working there. The woman then asked me what I needed her for. After a few explanations, the woman revealed to me that she was the one I was looking for. This made me very happy, and I started telling her things I remembered about them from 45 years ago. This made the woman nervous. She must have hidden some of the things I remembered about. I witnessed to her about my new life in Christ. I offered to send her one of my testimony books, which she accepted with the request to send it to her work and not the home address. Something must have struck home, I thought. Praise the Lord! I truly experienced once again that "with God, all things are possible".

## HEALED BY REVELATION

Most Christians believe that God is the Healer. So do I, but I also believe that healing comes in various forms and ways. Sometimes it is through going to a doctor, other times it comes by prayer and there are times when it comes by casting out a demon. I did have an experience on one of those South Island trips that simply came by having a well-known truth revealed to me. For days, I suffered with abdominal pains. At first, I

thought that it was from eating too much of the wrong food, so I changed my diet. Things only got worse. I rang my wife and told her of my trouble. She suggested to go and see a doctor but that was the last thing I wanted to do. Feeling my tummy, I managed to locate and pinpoint where the pain was coming from. To my surprise I found a large swollen lump which was very painful to touch. I was quite concerned about it and wondered what to do, when suddenly, revelation struck. and I was overwhelmed with God's love for me. His love for me became so real at that moment, so that I started to praise the Lord and thank Him for His love. Instantly, the pain was gone and the lump disappeared. I was completely healed! Never doubt the love of God!

## CONCLUSION

There are so many more wonderful things I have experienced and am continuing to experience, so that I can keep on writing daily. Of course, I must stop somewhere. I only trust and hope that what I have written will increase your faith and convince you that Jesus Christ has truly risen from the dead and is alive today, and that His Word is the truth.

It is so simple. God created us and loves us. Despite the fall of man, God Himself provided a way to save us by sending His only begotten Son Jesus Christ, to die for our sins. The One who had no sin was crucified, carrying our sins and was accursed instead of us.

The Bible says in *2 Corinthians 5:21* *For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.*

By grace are you saved, through faith, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for our sins and shed His Blood as payment for our sins, so that we could go free and have eternal life. Just accept it, believe it and receive it! Jesus said in *John 15:16* *Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father*

*in my name, he may give it you.* He is risen from the dead! Jesus is alive!

Simply pray according to the will of God and He will answer! His will is that all would come to repentance and inherit eternal life. *1 Timothy 2:4 ERV Translation* <sup>4</sup> *God wants everyone to be saved and to fully understand the truth.*

Ask Him to forgive you your sins and to come into your life! If you do that, watch what happens. He will lead you into all truth and reveal Himself to you to be alive. It is Jesus Christ who paid the price for your salvation. Look to Him, serve Him, walk before Him and Him alone. Jesus Christ will come again! Not to be crucified again, but to take us to be with Him. Many religious people falsely predicted the coming of the Lord, and others preach that He has already come. He will come according to the Scriptures as He told us. No one knows when, but you will know when it happens. Jesus said in *Matthew 24:35-37* *35 Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. 36 But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. 37 But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.*

In the days of Noah, even though they heard Noah preach and saw him building an ark, they were taken by surprise when the flood came. So is it today. It will suddenly happen. Watch and pray and keep your eyes on the Lord.

*Revelation 1:7 Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen.*

When this happens, it will be too late to repent or change! We can see the signs of the times, therefore know that the second coming of the Lord could happen anytime. If you die today, then He has already come for you. Just be ready and do not let religious men rob you of this living hope and promise.

Jesus ascended supernaturally after his resurrection, and He is now alive for evermore. He came by His Holy Spirit to set us free. Free from men's religion, free from the bondage of sin. *Acts 1:6-11* **6** *When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? 7 And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. 8 But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. 9 And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. 10 And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; 11 which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.*

Further proof of this is found in the book of *Revelation 1:18*, *I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.*

I once witnessed to a Muslim about Jesus. I said that people say that He rose from the dead. Then I said that if He had risen from the dead, then He must be somewhere. Therefore, I started looking for Him and I have met Him, the living Lord Jesus Christ. *Jeremiah 29:13* <sup>13</sup> *And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.*

Believe the Bible and have faith in God. His Word will come to pass whether you believe it or not. A glorious future for the believer and disaster for the unbeliever. *1 Corinthians 15:51-55* **51** *Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, 52 in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. 53 For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. 54 So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. 55 O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?*

*1 Thessalonians 4:15-17 15 For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. 16 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: 17 then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.*

The signs are evident everywhere! Just to name a few, the Bible says that in the last days there will be an increase in earthquakes, an increase in knowledge, an increase in violence and immorality, Israel will be gathered again into her homeland and become a nation, this happened in 1948. These are only a few of the signs which have already come to pass. The time is at hand, and judgment is coming. Get yourself into safety, as no one can stop the destruction from coming. The only place of safety and the only hope is in the Lord Jesus Christ! He is alive! Yes, He rose from the grave!

He is right here, all present, knowing your very thoughts, burdens and needs. If you have received Him, rejoice as you see the day approaching! If you don't know Jesus Christ, then confess to Him that you are a sinner and repent. Ask Him to come into your life and He surely will answer! It works! You don't need religion, but Christ! Read the Bible and pray, have a love relationship with your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Separate yourself from all unbelief and man-made organisations and teachings which are contrary to the Bible. We will not be judged by what any Church or group says, nor how we feel about it, but by His Word! It is your life and your future. Be certain of God. Live your life free from the bondage of sin and man-made religion! Time is at hand. Come to Christ! Choose life! Just think, once you take your last breath, you can no longer change. You will pass over into the other dimension as you are, either to eternal life and glory, or judgment and hell. If you follow men's teachings, you may experience a blessed life, but with no eternal future. If you follow the living Lord Jesus Christ, you will have life and life more abundantly and at the end, eternal life!

All these things that happened to me were just the beginning. The Lord has led me every step of the way, and I can truly say that He has always been my Helper, my Healer, my Provider and a wonderful Saviour.

My wife and I have been blessed with eleven children and, as of today, with 31 grandchildren. We have experienced many wonderful and supernatural things, as the Lord has taught us to trust Him. He also gave me the opportunity to travel and to be a witness in many countries around the world.

I want you to know that God is real and that there is eternal life to be had! He loves you, and if you call on Him, He will hear and answer you. No one knows you better than Him. Once the love of God enters your heart, it will remove all fear and change you forever. It is not my intention to draw you to a religious group, or even to influence you with my own ideas. I just hope and pray for you, that this account of my life will cause you to consider your own position and to seek and find your Creator and Giver of eternal life. Life is short, eternity will be forever! The Lord Jesus Christ is the only true hope for mankind. Is there any other hope?

God bless you!

Albert

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Our wedding: <https://youtu.be/s8m5SaiGaNw>

Our 40th wedding anniversary: <https://youtu.be/lt1HcDGkdmc>

For any questions or further information feel free to contact me.

## Disclaimer

I am not affiliated with any particular Church group even though I am falsely accused on some websites of belonging to a certain group. I am not! I may feature in various groups posts or in places I preached. Let me be clear! I preach in any place where I am invited. This does not mean that I am affiliated. I am an individual who tries to encourage anyone in the ways of the Lord and fellowship with anyone who loves the Lord Jesus Christ. I may be found in places other than a true Christian Church. This is for outreach purposes.