

*Life's*



**God's Miraculous  
Intervention in People's Lives**

**Gordon E. Necemer  
Editor**





Copyright February 2017, by Gordon Necemer  
and Press Time Publications of Surrey, BC Canada

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system  
in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying,  
recording, scanning or otherwise, except with written permission from  
Gordon E. Necemer,

All letters requesting permission to copy portions of this document  
should be address to

Gordon E. Necemer,  
Press Time Publications  
10122 - 125th Street,  
Surrey, B.C. V3V 3B5

Or emailed to  
necemer@aol.com

**ISBN: 13-978-0-9948583-5-1**  
**Published in Surrey, BC Canada**  
**By**  
**Press Time Publications**



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction .....	3
Part 1: Life's Wows: Author's Personal Miracles .....	7
Chapter 1 The \$20 Lunch Provision .....	9
Chapter 2 Meeting of the God Time .....	13
Chapter 3 Rescued by a Backup Copy .....	19
Chapter 4 Financial Help through Fellow Believers .....	23
Chapter 5 Broken Eyeglass Frame Miraculous Replaced .....	31
Chapter 6 Angelic Protection .....	33
Chapter 7 God's Arranged House Sale .....	37
Chapter 8 Financial Reserves Meet a Moldovan Need .....	43
Chapter 9 An Uncle's Fish: God's Arranged Flight .....	47
Part 2 Life's Wows: Contributor's Miracles .....	53
Chapter 10 A God Arranged Rescue .....	55
Chapter 11 Interstate 90 Toll Miraculously Paid .....	59

Chapter 12 Helpful Gift from a Texas Oil Tycoon .....	63
Chapter 13 The Call to Ministry becomes Fulfilling.....	69
Chapter 14 Medical Dead End – But God Intervenes .....	75
Chapter 15 Petite Pastor Raises a High Standard.....	83
Chapter 16 God Abundantly Provides for His Work .....	87
Chapter 17 God Provides a Double Blessing .....	93
Chapter 18 An Angel Pays Evelyn’s Grocery Bill.....	99
Chapter 19 No Pulse – Mel’s Miracle .....	103
Chapter 20 Transformed to Godly Trust .....	109
Chapter 21 God’s Intervention Generation to Generation ....	119
Chapter 22 God’s Faithful Call .....	127
Chapter 23 Broken Lives Healed by a Servant’s Touch .....	133
Chapter 24 A Godly Lesson on Forgiveness.....	139
Chapter 25 Blessed by Learning to Forgive .....	151
Chapter 26 Life According to God’s Timing .....	157
Chapter 27 A Most Glorious Salvation .....	167
Chapter 28 Saved from the Guttermost to the Uttermost.....	173
Chapter 29 Changed from Darkness to Love, Truth and Right .....	183
Other Publications Available.....	189

# **Introduction**

Years ago I use to watch the weekly television program, Dragnet. Although I cannot remember the gist of many of the episodes, or the main character's names, I readily remember the closing words of each episode, "There are eight million stories in the naked city, and this has been one of them."

In recent weeks I have been thinking about the numerous "God blessed" stories I have heard throughout sixty years of being a Christian. With this, I have also been pondering the thousands – possibly millions – "God blessed stories" that have not been told, but should be. Sadly, for one reason or the other, these tremendously powerful and encouraging anecdotes have laid interred in the "grave of nondisclosure." Because of this, no one, not even God, is getting the rightful praise or glory for the great feats believers have experienced. This needs to change. Scripture strongly suggests that the people of God have a right to say so as they confidently proclaim the saving, keeping and protecting power of their Lord.



The purpose of this book is to relate some of the countless miracles God has demonstrated in believer's lives. By so doing, the author hopes God will be glorified, and fellow believers will be encouraged to trust God more enthusiastically. This, the author believes is possible because the God, who provided manna when the children of Israel were hungry, and water when they were thirsty is the same God who cares for His children today.

We heartily rejoice with what Jehovah did for Israel, Peter and Paul, Lazarus and numerous other biblical characters. This is right, and it is good. But, it's time to move beyond reflecting on what happened and ponder what is occurring today so we can appreciate, applaud, and articulate the manifold blessings God, because of His love, is pouring out on His people today.

The stories referenced in this book may seem radical and outlandishly beyond reason to many. That's alright. That's the way the Sovereign God often works to demonstrate His power. The God who created the heavens and the earth, who formed man out of the dust of the ground, and who parted the Red Sea has not changed. He, who remains the same yesterday, today and forever, is reaffirming His sovereign direction over His people moment by moment. What we may regard as unexpected or improbable, more often than not, is His planned, intended good will for humanity even when it has difficulty in recognizing this as such.

Unquestionably, Philip did not expect to be baptizing the Ethiopian Eunuch near Jerusalem when he was doing evangelistic ministry near Samaria. But God, abruptly changed his itinerary by transporting him, by the Holy Spirit, to Gaza, so this great exploit could transpire. Ananias, while he was having lunch at his home near Joppa, did not expect to be praying for Saul, a confessed blasphemer and terror to hundreds of Jews, to receive his sight. Again God, by giving him direction through the Holy Spirit, changed his plans and Saul received his sight.

I invite you to read the stories presented and, despite not knowing the people involved in them, or having difficulty accepting their credibility, rejoice with what God has done in recent days.

The book is divided into two sections. Part One relates miracles the author has experienced, while Part Two relates miracles others have experienced and submitted for publication. May you be abundantly enriched in your faith walk as you read and ponder the information provided.

Part I  
Life's Wow's  
Author's Personal Miracles



# **Chapter 1**

## **The \$20 Lunch Provision**

For approximately thirty-eight years I have been operating an offset printing business. My main means of procuring business has been handing out company flyers to stores, laundromats, car dealerships, and real estate offices within the Vancouver and Fraser Valley. A friend of mine, operating a small candy franchise at this time, asked me if he could join me as I handed out flyers so he could get an idea of what he might do during the upcoming Christmas season. Wanting the company, and hoping I might teach him a thing or two, I gladly invited him to join me on the following Saturday. At 7:30 Roy was at my home, and by 9 we were handing out flyers. For the next two and a half hours we did very well; not only did we hand out about five hundred flyers, we also signed four contracts.

As I watched Roy, I noticed that by 11:30 he was getting tired so I said, "You're looking tired, is there something you need

as a boost?” “Well,” he responded, “I was thinking it’s almost lunch time. Maybe we should return to that restaurant from which we got the order for flyers, and have something to eat.”

“Great idea,” I responded, “we will do that as soon as I get some cash from the bank down the road a block from here.”

“It’s a long way to walk to get cash, and back to the restaurant. Maybe God could provide us the money without you going to the bank,” He stated.

“Roy,” I responded, “I have adequate money in the bank. I’ll draw a few bucks out, and then we’ll enjoy an hour or two break over lunch.”

“Well, that sounds alright,” Roy responded, “but it still would be nice if God could help us out.”

Without responding to his comment, I started walking towards a nearby crosswalk so I could take a short cut to the bank. As I waited for the light to turn green suddenly, and unexpectedly I heard Roy yell, “You’re not going to the bank, I’ve got the twenty dollars we need!”

At first I thought Roy had found a twenty dollar bill in his pocket. But, as I chatted with him later, I learned he found a crumpled bill near the light post against which he was leaning as he awaited my return from the bank. Placing the bill in my hand he said, “Gordon, you’ve got to start seeking so you can find, knocking so it will be opened unto you, and asking so you can receive. As you started to walk towards the corner,” he added, “I said a little prayer reminding God that there is no good thing He would withhold from those who walk uprightly before Him, and within a minute of doing this, I found the bill.”

Five minutes later we were at the restaurant ordering lunch. Roy, smiling, turned to me and said, “The meal is on God and me. I asked, He provided and now you can enjoy the gift that should cover our costs.”

Once again God, who knows our needs before we ask, intervened with a timely and bountiful blessing which we both greatly appreciated.



## **Chapter 2**

### *A Meeting Of The "God Time"*

I'm a social person. I like being with people regardless whether it be for a casual visit over a cup of coffee, with a small fellowship group, or at a scheduled, larger banquet. Those who are acquainted with me are aware that I often call friends to meet me, for a chat, with little or no notice.

A number of years ago, around 3 am, I felt strongly impressed by the Lord that I should contact and meet my friend, Rob McGrath so I could give him a cheque for \$150 to help with the utility bill at the House of the Good Shepherd of which he was Director. Immediately after completing breakfast I wrote the cheque, and phoned Rob to let him know I urgently needed to meet with him, but he did not answer the call. Thinking he might have gone to the office early, I phoned it. But, when I called there I could not contact him. The only other number I had was the Assistant Director's cellular, so I decided to phone it and let him

get Rob to call me when he saw him later in the morning. I phoned the cell, and much to my consternation, I heard the infamous, unwelcome message, “The customer’s mailbox is currently full, please try again at a later time.”

I knew I should meet Rob; the impression I felt earlier had not subsided. Two hours later I recalled all the contact numbers, but to no avail. Totally frustrated that I could not contact Rob I prayed, “Lord, I feel you want me to get this cheque to Rob. However, regardless what I try I can’t contact him. Please, God, you’ve got to have him phone me, or direct my path so we can somehow meet for coffee. I’ve done all I can possibly do so I’m asking you to intervene miraculously.”

And having done this, I headed to my press shop to start a run of flyers which I had to deliver the next day. But, my plans soon came to an end when I received a phone call from the client stating he wanted to make a major change before the job was printed. Not having anything else to print, I decided I would head to a local auto wrecker to get a new gear shift for my 1981 Mirada which I was restoring. I placed the cheque in my wallet, grabbed my tool case and a number of screwdrivers that I expected I’d need, and headed directly to the wrecker.

Arriving at the yard I quickly found a Mirada with a gear shift I liked and wanted. Without hesitating, I unscrewed the upper shaft from its setting so I could pull or twist the base loose, and be on my way home. But, much to my discomfort, I discovered the base had a special retaining clip that needed to be squeezed before it could be removed, and to accomplish this I needed a special tool if I were to remove it. Scanning my tool box I noticed I had everything in it, except this “special tool.” Becoming upset that I didn’t bring my large tool box, I thought my efforts here, like those to contact Rob, were wasted.

But something unexpected and good was awaiting me. In the distance I heard someone opening and closing a couple of car hoods or trunks. Without giving it second thought I yelled, “Hey man, if you’ve got a tool box and a spare moment, I could use your help if you’re coming my way.”

“I’ll be right there, son,” the voice responded.

Being confident help was on its way, I crawled back into the Mirada and twisted and pulled the gear shift as hard as I could to see if I break the clip and free it. Regardless what I did, it would not budge. Frustrated by my situation, I decided to get out of the car to check if the individual was on his way. My plans was halted when I heard the person say, “Hey, Gordie, what are you doing here?”

It was Rob McGrath! He had gone to the office earlier in the day to visit with clients, and do the monthly account. On his arrival, as he explained it later, he found a friend with a dead alternator in his car waiting for him to see if he had a spare alternator at the mission. Rob, being a mechanic, offered to come to this yard and get the needed, rebuilt alternator because he had an account with the firm which assured his purchasing parts at a reasonable discount.

Rob had exactly the tool I needed. Joyfully he helped me get the base released. Once this was completed we went for a coffee at a nearby restaurant. As we sat down I said, “Rob, you’re a hard man to contact. I phoned every number you gave me without a welcome result. Eventually, because I knew we should meet, I had to ask God to intervene because you didn’t answer your calls, and I couldn’t leave a message with anyone to get you to phone me this morning.”

“Oh,” he responded, “I forgot to plug in my cellular so I didn’t get the call; I sincerely apologize for my oversight.”

Taking the cheque for \$150 he said, “God is faithful. Not only has He arranged for us to meet, He’s provided exactly the amount I need today for the ministry’s hydro bill. God bless you, brother, for seeking His kingdom and His will so our expense in this area could be covered.”

As I left Rob, much pleased that he had helped me get the gear shift out of the car, and that I was able to give him the cheque, I remembered how God directed Samuel to David so he could anoint him as King of Israel despite the numerous encumbrances he faced. And then I recalled scripture’s promise, “The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord.” Once again, as He’s done so often in the past, He clearly demonstrated His faithfulness to those He gladly calls His children.



## **Chapter 3**

Rescued By A  
Backup Copy

From January 2004 to April 2007 I attended Regent College in Vancouver, BC. During my first semester I took Hermeneutics 601. Not only was this course extremely boring, it also demanded an immense amount of reading and paper writing. Every Monday, even if it were a holiday, a summary of the week's reading – usually 100 to 150 pages – was required to be handed in at the start of class. I was always faithful in doing the readings and getting the assignments turned in on time because I regularly typed the assignments on my computer as I read the assigned passages. But, I almost met a disastrous end with the assignment required for Thanksgiving Monday.

On Friday night, prior to Thanksgiving, I perused the required reading and made a few notes on scrap paper I had at hand. I was going to do a deeper reading after supper as Donna did the dishes. Unexpectedly my plan was altered when Donna



suggested we go out for supper and then visit friends we had not seen for three months. Readily, because it was a holiday weekend, I concurred with her suggestion.

Because I didn't get much accomplished on the assignment on Friday night, on Saturday morning I quickly added to the notes I had already started. For the rest of the day I worked on other matters at hand. After supper I re-started typing the assignment on the computer, but unexpectedly due to a wind storm, the power went out, and there was nothing more I could do on it until morning.

But Sunday was busier than expected; we went to church, and then joined friends for their Thanksgiving Dinner. Again, what I hoped to accomplish during the day was not completed. Late Sunday night, remembering an assignment was due in the morning, Donna said, "Gordon, you should print your project and I'll deliver it to Regent in the morning when I go to visit my brother."

"Come to think of it Donna," I replied, "it'll take me a couple minutes to finish the rough draft I've, and a few minutes to print it out. I'll leave it on the table near the back door so you can take it with you in the morning."

Hurriedly I went to my office to finish the project. I turned on the computer and opened the MS Word file I had needed. Much to my disdain I discovered when the power shut down on Saturday night, only the first line of the assignment was retained by the auto save system. Immediately I started to fret about not getting the assignment completed, about providing an excuse for being late to the professor, and about getting a failing mark. In my distress I consulted with Donna what I should do.

"Gordon," she said, "I think you started a hand written copy of the assignment on Thursday night, and then added to it on

Saturday morning. If you can find it,” she continued, “type what you’ve finished and hand that in. At least you’ll be on time with the project, and you’ll get some type of a mark for it instead of a sure failure.”

Quickly we searched my office for the rough draft. Much to our delight we found it on top of the paper shredder under my desk. For the following three hours I worked on it. The backup copy – the first I had ever made while taking this course – proved to be God’s blessing. Not only did it enable me to get the project completed and handed in, it was the only time throughout the course I got an A on an assignment.

Sometimes in life, I learned through this experience, I need to be still and know that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is with us, and that He is working all things for our good” even when we aren’t fully aware of His caring intervention during the crisis. “Thank you, Lord for this timely reminder!”

## **Chapter 7**

### *God's Arranged House Sale*

In 1988, shortly after moving from Port Moody to Vancouver, BC I re-started an in-house offset printing business called, Fellowship Publications. Up to this time I had been “farming out” the contracts because I did not own an offset press. This became problematic for me because many of the companies, to whom I sub-contracted jobs, did not get them finished on time and I began to lose clients.

In August 1989 this changed. Due to an automobile accident in which I sustained serious shoulder injuries, I received a cash payout of \$14,000 from the Insurance Corporation of BC. With this I bought a reconditioned A.B. Dick 360 offset press. The afternoon I purchased the machine and had it set up, mysteriously – through the providence of God – I received an order of 80,000 single sided flyers. The job was completed and delivered on time. Because of this, the client was elated with my work, and spread the

word about my service to friends and colleagues. Within two months the business was growing faster than I had expected.

In late 1989 the business had grown to such an extent I had to purchase two more offset presses, and hire another press operator. Because of the volume of flyers being printed weekly, it necessitated I move the business from South Vancouver to New Westminister to a residence which had a large garage, separate from the house, that could be used as my shop.

Like, while I was in Vancouver, the volume of the business increased rapidly. And with this, the product line changed. Whereas earlier I only printed flyers, now I was printing business cards, letterheads, envelopes and note pads. Regardless of the month, the size of the orders always seemed to be high. During the two years I lived in New Westminister I printed 375,000 flyers, 5,000 notepads, 25,000 #10 envelopes, and 5,000 brochures, so I was always under pressure to get the work done. By the spring of 1991, the growing business “forced” me to make another move – this time from New Westminister to Surrey.

Selling the house was going to be simple – so I thought. It had so much to offer to the purchaser. It was in the perfect spot overlooking the Fraser River, it had been renovated two years earlier, and it had a separate garage which could be used for storage, or for a business start. All I had to do was call a Realtor, list the house, and print ten or twenty thousand flyers for him to mail out. That was my plan for a “sure and quick sale.”

But I was going to face a problem that few, if any, have encountered. I listed the house in early May. Everything looked good for “my quick sale.” No inquiries about the home were received by the Realtor during the first two weeks of the listing, “because the market was slow.” During the second week of June,

clients started to come for the “open house showings” and hope rose that the house would sell immediately.

During the second showing, however, an interested client checked the attic to see if there were bedrooms in it. As she started to climb the stairs, she made a loud shriek. Here, much to our surprise and shock, she discovered it was filled with wasps. During the winter the wasps had been dormant, and of no concern. Now, however, because of the increase in the spring temperature, they were very much alive. Thousands of wasps had invaded, and taken ownership of the attic, and they were enjoying their liberty to move within it freely.

A number of prospective purchasers continued to visit for the Saturday “open house showings.” But, when they were told about the wasps, they refused to make an offer saying, “We’ll call the agent if we want to tour it again.”

On the advice of the agent, I immediately called a pest control company to come and do whatever was necessary – regardless of the cost – to rid the home of the wasps. On the Friday, prior to the regular Saturday open house, the house was fumigated in the morning and, again in the early evening. By late Saturday afternoon, however, wasps were flying in the attack again. Throughout the following week, the pest control company returned and smoked the attack, sprayed it with toxic spray, and torched the nests. But, regardless what it did, nothing worked. The wasps could not be killed!

By mid-September I had a crisis on my hand. Thinking the home would sell quickly, I purchased a larger home, with a huge garage out of which I was going to run the business, in Surrey. The closing date of this purchase was October 31, 1992. I had no offers pending for the sale of my New Westminster home, and as long as

the wasps were present, I was guaranteed not to see a sale. Our real estate agent was very concerned about losing the commission on the sale of the Surrey home, if the home in New Westminster did not occur.

Regardless how much advertising he did, or the frequency of open houses he held, the home did not move. Thinking I might be able to help him, I handed out flyers, talked to friends and acquaintances, and put up posters at BC Telephone (Telus), the Royal Columbian Hospital, and at a nearby mall. September and October came without seeing any positive action regarding the sale of the house.

On October 30, at seven in the evening, the realtor arrived at the house. "Gordon," he said, "I've done all I can do to sell the property. The wasps are hindering the sale, and unless God does something tonight, I'm sorry, you're going to lose the home in Surrey. I've got a suggestion," he continued, "I've invited a number of our friends to come for a prayer meeting at 7:30 so we can seek the Lord about the matter."

At seven thirty, despite the others not arriving, the agent and I started to pray. We knew we needed God to intervene and bring us a purchaser by midnight the following day because, if He didn't, we would lose a lot of money and a very nice home in Surrey. At 8:15 we stopped praying, and had a time of coffee fellowship which we enjoyed immensely. It was going on to 9:30. The agent was saying, "Goodbye" when his cellular went off. After talking for a couple of minutes to an "unknown", he turned to me and said, "God's heard our prayer. One of my co-worker's husbands wants to purchase the house. He likes the shop, and He's ready to give you the \$185,900 you're asking. By the way," he added, "you don't need to worry about getting rid of the wasps

The next morning at 10 am we signed the papers. On November 1, as we were hoping, we made the move to Surrey rejoicing in God's faithfulness demonstrated at the "latest of hours".

For 9 years I operated my business out of this home. Instead of running two presses, I was running four with three operators helping me off and on. During the nine years I lived at this home, God enabled me to print 3,000,000 flyers, 85,000 envelopes, 140,000 note pads and 18,000 business cards.

All that God arranged for me in my move from Vancouver to New Westminster, and then to Surrey is recorded for His praise and glory. Through the eventual sale of the house in New Westminster I profoundly learned that without Him, I could do nothing.



**Part 2**  
**Life's Wows**  
**Contributor's Miracle Stories**



## **Chapter 14**

### **Medical Dead End - But God Intervenes**

By Dr. Jim Fisher

Ann and I live in a small town, Dacula, Georgia which is located about forty miles northeast of Atlanta. We have been married for forty years, and we have lived in Dacula all our married life. I have been serving the Lord constantly for approximately sixty-three years. I became born-again during my first year of public school teaching in Molbery, Georgia. I had been raised in a “Christian home”, but no one ever bothered to confront me openly about my need to be saved. I had been christened as a baby, but at this time I began thinking that becoming saved was something I had to do for myself.

One Sunday, during a regular morning worship service, when I was twenty-three, the preacher was speaking that we were all here for a purpose and we should be imaging Christ in our daily lives as His ambassadors so others could see Him and come to know Him as personal redeemer. As he spoke, I began thinking I

wasn't doing much for him as His ambassador, despite the fact I was a Sunday school teacher and a youth worker. Shortly after the message, I re-dedicated my life to Christ, and was baptized by immersion as I understand the scripture. From that time on I purposed I would live my life for Christ to the best of my ability and exemplify Him in all I did daily. I remained single for the next eleven years because I wanted to honour God and my faith commitment to Him by marrying a solid, fully committed Christian wife.

I met Ann shortly after my thirty-fourth birthday. We have been married for over forty years. We have three grown children, educated who have been raised to know the gospel and we pray for them regularly that their faith will always be sincere and committed.

After devoting my life to Christ, and getting married, I started teaching public school in Dacula, Georgia. As soon as we established a home in the area, we found a godly and welcoming local church to attend. Shortly after taking membership in the fellowship, the pastor invited me to teach a youth Sunday school class, which position I gladly accepted. After doing this for a short period of time, I discovered the church had a group called Royal Ambassadors so I asked the pastor who was leading it. He informed me that the individual who had been leading it during the previous calendar year had moved, and the position was open. Without hesitating I offered my services to teach the teenage boys because that was the age group I was teaching in the public schools. I did this ministry for the next five years. My ministry with Royal Ambassadors ended at this time because I changed schools and I, two years later, decided to work towards getting my Ph. D. which necessitated us moving to Tennessee.

My healing from cancer, unquestionably, was through an intervention of God when, as the doctors put it, "my days of living

were numbered.” In 2014 Ann and I were on a cruise to Antarctica. We had left Buenos Aires. On the second day of this cruise I began feeling terribly ill, and I was vomiting for most of the day. I immediately knew that there was definitely something wrong with me so I reported my condition to the ship doctor who carefully examined me to see if he could prescribe something that might help me.

The doctor immediately concluded I was dehydrated. While I was resting in the office he decided he should take blood samples. In so doing he discovered that my red blood count was very low at 6.2. He immediately gave me iron pills that helped a bit, and recommended that I get off the ship at Ushuaia Argentina, the next port and report to the nearest hospital immediately – which I did.

On arriving at the hospital the doctor immediately did some tests and gave me three units of blood and three units of iron. The doctor knew that my condition was serious, but he also knew I wanted to get home as soon as possible so I could be under the care of doctors I knew.

The next morning we were on a flight to Buenos Aires, and then on our way to Atlanta as planned. When we got to Atlanta we were delayed two days because of an unexpected snow storm. I checked into a hospital there and the doctors did more tests, including a colonoscopy and an endoscopy. Regardless what they did, they could not find the cause of my illness.

Discouraged by what was happening, when I finally arrived home, I phoned a lady friend with whom I had gone to college to inform her of my problem. As we discussed the issue she said, “Jimmy, I don’t want to disparage your doctors, but if I were you I would seriously consider getting a second opinion immediately to

find out whether you have cancer. The doctors,” she strongly suggested, “may have missed something important.”

As soon as I was feeling better, and circumstances allowed it, I traveled to Emory University for a checkup. Immediately, after being examined by a cancer specialist team, the doctors informed me I had cancer and I needed to have an operation without delay. Two weeks later I saw a heart specialist, and two weeks after that I had the operation that took eight hours instead of the anticipated five.

According to the reports, everything went well. But because the doctors were concerned about me coming down with an infection, I was moved immediately to intensive care. The next day, as I was talking to my brother-in-law, a Korean doctor walked into the room and casually said, “Sir, as I was walking down the hall, looking at your chart, I noticed that there is something irregular with your heart.” And then he continued asking, “Have you recently had any problems with your heart?”

To this query I quickly responded, “No, nothing of which I am aware.”

The doctor was distressed with my reply, so he said, “There could be a problem from what I see, and I think that I should check it out.”

Complying with his request, although I was extremely weak, I stood up for him to examine me. Suddenly I began turning deathly gray and I collapsed. I had gone into a sharp cardiac arrest, and the doctors thought I had died. Immediately a team was at the bedside with a defibrillator working on me. In God’s providence the team was able to resuscitate me. Even though help was provided, during the afternoon I had two more major heart attacks. The doctors called for Ann and the children to come immediately

to my bedside because they were certain I would not survive the night. While the cardiologists were waiting for my family's arrival, they had my bed moved to a private room.

Once I was moved successfully, the doctors reported I had had an embolism by which a blood clot had moved from the legs to the heart, and then to the lungs. This was the issue that was causing me complications. Because of the doctors' concern what had happened, I remained in the hospital six and a half weeks longer than I expected. Two hours after I had the cardiac arrests, Ann and the children were gathered around my bed talking to me. Although I was not fully conscious, Ann tells me that as my son held my hand and talked with me, I was able to respond to his questions by pressing his hand once for "yes" and twice for "no". Although I was able to respond to my son's questions, I was not fully aware about what was happening.

When I started to regain strength I was sent to a rehabilitation centre for two weeks. However as I, and countless others prayed for me, God intervened and I was discharged from the hospital after five days. What was very interesting to me is that my daughter – who is not actively following Christ – daily sent out emails to people I knew, and to those whom I did not know – so they could pray for God to intervene in my crisis. With this, I had numerous unknown believers – Baptists, Pentecostals, Lutherans, Methodists, Mormons and others – unexpectedly and uninvited, drop in saying they felt they should come and pray for me. As long as they professed Christ as Lord and Savior I allowed them to pray. I believe God used every one of the prayers – known or unknown – to bring about my eventual healing so I could serve Him now.

Two weeks prior to being transferred to rehabilitation, as my daughter was visiting with me on the ward, the specialist – under whose care I had been placed – walked into the room. On seeing her, my daughter approached her and whispered, "Doctor,



this is like a miracle that my father is alive and talking to us despite us being certain he would die at any time?”

The doctor kindly pulled her aside, put her arm around my daughter and said, “It’s not like a miracle; it’s a miracle.” And continuing she added, “In all my years of being a physician I have never seen anyone go through what he has, and then, having only one half of one percent to live, survive the ordeal.”

Having heard the doctor state this to my daughter, and then hearing my daughter tell me the same message a second time, I knew that God had a special purpose for me to be alive. In June this year, weeks prior to finalizing the cruise to Iceland and Greenland, I returned to my doctor for a final examination. After examining me carefully, to ensure the healing was successful, she turned to Ann and me and said, “Go on the cruise, have a great time because you’ve earned it.”

I took her advice and registered for the cruise. Regardless of where we have traveled, or the events that have taken place, God has given me strength and joy to participate in everything and I’ve been able to do what I wanted. And with this, although Ann has been nervous about me sharing my testimony, I have been able to tell many on the ship about my miraculous healing that He, without question, has given me. Some listen and some don’t, but I still give God praise. I constantly feel God’s abiding presence over my life. My desire now, as it was when I became born-again many years ago, is to image Christ to those about me, and to fulfil the ministry to which He calls me as long as He gives me breath, strength, direction and opportunity.



## **Chapter 21**

### **God's Miraculous Intervention Generation To Generation**

By Walter Stunder

God promises His blessings from generation to generation. This holds true to our family. My mother was born in the town of Ostrihe in Ukraine in 1903. Her father and mother both died the same day from the Black Death, leaving her an orphan at the age of 3. She was placed in an orphanage operated by the Russian Orthodox Church, where she stayed until age 20. She married my father and had two children.

In 1927, she began having dreams or visions which showed hungry children, poorly dressed, wandering the streets of Ostrog, which she interpreted as an indication that bad times were coming. My father agreed with her because, by this time the Red Guards had arrested his brother and sent him to Siberia. With this, bad economic times had also arrived. Strongly believing he, and the family, should leave the area he used gold coins – Chervonitzi – to buy his fare to Canada in 1929.

Within a few months of my family's departure, Joseph Stalin built the Iron Curtain, and closed all the borders. As God

had revealed to my mother years earlier, the Holodimir – hunger – began. All food and livestock was confiscated, and people began dying of hunger. Somewhere between six and seven million Ukrainians starved during the period of 1932 to 1933. God had warned my parents to leave the area, and because they were obedient to His leading, they were now safe in Canada.

On arriving in Canada, my father was given a homestead of 160 acres. Being a conscientious and hard worker, he soon had a thriving farm of cattle, sheep, pigs, chickens, and the like. He built a number of structures with large logs, and plastered the exterior with clay. To ensure the buildings would be safe from interior rain damage, he thatched the roofs with straw and grass. He was a fervent and devoted Christian. This was demonstrated as he taught us God's Word at breakfast and supper, and prayed much between.

A number of years after starting this farm, my father felt he should purchase more land. After a time of prayer and reading scripture, he sought God about the matter. Shortly thereafter he felt compelled to purchase 160 acres near Clair, Saskatchewan. On moving there, because the family had grown to seven children, he built a large house. Having completed this, even though he had only five cows, he constructed a very large barn because he believed God would fill it with more. Soon, his prayers were strangely answered. A neighbour, who had 13 cows, ran out of hay just after Christmas. Not being able to feed already emaciated cows, he gave them to my father. Again, my father's prayers were answered, and the barn was comfortably filled with cattle.

The following summer, a thunderstorm, with hail was approaching from the west. It was the worst storm I had seen. I remember my father walking towards the storm, raising his hands, and commanding it to cease. It split in two, half going to the south and half going to the north. Our home, barns, vegetable garden,

and 160 acres of crops were virtually untouched. There were many prayers of thanks to God at suppertime.

The following two years were very wet and the crops were poor. We managed to harvest much grain, but due to an early frost, the wheat was rendered as unfit to be sold, so our money was about to run out, except for one situation. My father and I went to see how the neighbours were progressing with their barley harvest. Unexpectedly, their combine got badly stuck in the mud. While attempting to pull it out with the tractor, the combine frame was badly twisted and could not be fixed. Because of this, the barley could not be harvested.

In Saskatchewan, strong winds from the south regularly brought warm, dry air which quickly dried the ground and the barley could now be harvested. We drove to tell the neighbor the good news hoping this would encourage him to retry harvesting the crop. In his discouragement, he became convinced the combine could not be repaired so he told my father to harvest the barley and keep it. Accepting this offer, we worked day and night harvesting it as my father thanked God for this bountiful gift. The proceeds from the barley paid our bills and left some extra cash as well.

My father's unshakeable faith in God, through his life of Bible teaching and counsel, was passed on to me. Throughout my childhood, I saw God's hand continually and faithfully directing our family. To demonstrate this I will submit two examples, one physical and the other financial, that recently occurred.

In 2007, I was driving on the Lougheed Highway in Burnaby. I noticed a construction truck, loaded with sand, bricks, and other material following behind me. The driver was busy, talking on his cellular and, therefore, was not fully attentive to his driving. A car which was ahead of me had stopped for a red light.

When I looked in the rear view mirror, the heavily loaded truck was bearing down on me with the distracted driver having no intention of stopping. I braced for the impact. When I regained consciousness, all the doors of my car had popped open, and I was draped over the steering wheel. Several people were trying to pull me out of the car. After coming to, I crawled out of the car with little assistance. I soon realized what had happened.

From the impact, the bolts of the front seat had been sheared off, and I ended up in the back seat, only to be thrown over the steering wheel when my car struck the car in front of me. The CD, which was in the player, was thrown into the back seat. Most of the articles from the trunk ended up in the front seat, including the back bumper. Witnesses frantically dialed 911. Within minutes, the police, ambulance, and fire trucks were at the scene. The police advised me to lay down and wait for the attendants to put me on the stretcher. However, I walked to the ambulance by myself. My blood pressure was over 180, heartbeat over 180 per minute. My age was over 70 so I should have been in cardiac arrest. My neck was put in a brace and a call went to Burnaby General Hospital to prepare for a very serious case. The x-rays for my neck, spine, and lower back all proved that no bones were broken – only some soft tissue damage was found in my back. Everyone who viewed my car was amazed that I came out alive, let alone with no serious injury. At the wrecking yard, the men asked me what relation I was to the driver. They were amazed when I told them I was the driver. When they saw the Gideon Bibles, they knew who protected me.

The financial miracle took place in 2005. I started a public company and hired a friend to raise capital. He was very successful, and raised the \$500,000 which was needed. However, instead of putting the funds in the public company's account, he deposited it into his company's account. This was reported to the

regulators and my company was halted. Because of this, I was deeply in debt with no way out in sight.

Despite this unwelcome problem, I took a job organizing a drilling program for a South African diamond exploration company, which worked in Ukraine. The diamond exploration was going well, but the company encountered financial problems in South Africa. Because of this, it immediately abandoned the drilling program in Ukraine, and gave it to me. I, again, established a public company, raised finances, and assumed the drilling program. The laboratory results proved very promising and with a few months diamonds were discovered in three places. Our stock soared, and our shareholders made good money. Sooner than anticipated, I was able to pay all my debts and still have much money to spare.

In the Bible there is a record of King Amaziah, who paid hundreds of shekels of silver to the King of Israel in exchange for the services of 100,000 soldiers, only to have a “man of God” tell Amaziah that he should not deal with the King as God was not with him and Amaziah will lose the battle. Then Amaziah asked what about the silver he had already been paid to the King of Israel. The man of God replied, “don’t worry about it. God is able to give you more.” From this example, perhaps more of us could learn to trust God, rather than the lawyers, courts, and other forms of negotiation. I can testify that God has been good, and the Bible should be our guide in all aspects of life.

Walter and his wife live in Surrey, BC. He is retired, but remains active in raising money for orphanages and sponsoring children in Ukraine. If you want to know more about his work, take a few minutes to contact him through <http://www.HART.ca>, or phoning 1-888-788-3880 in Calgary. God’s goodness continues



to be realized by Walter daily. In talking to him, one readily sees his confidence in God, and his readiness to serve Him



## **Chapter 22**

### **God's Faithful Call**

By Peter Green

I was converted on a cold July night in 1962 at an open air ministry in Sydney. I was just days short of my 16th birthday. At the time I was planning to become an engineer, but I now realize that that was an unwise choice. I was heading towards advanced qualifications in English and German at the end of high school, and was even showing an interest in ancient languages like Gothic (4th Century) and Old English (10th Century). These are not usual interests for engineers.

A little while after I was converted one of the deacons, Mr. Ron Reid, dropped me home after a youth night. As I was getting out of the car, he asked me what I planned to do after graduating from school. I told him, and he responded, "Are you sure being an engineer is what God wants for you?"

I thought it a strange question, but said I was pretty sure. A couple of months into working in a civil engineer's office and studying at night, I began to realize that if ever I became an engineer, I would never be a happy one. I mulled this over for

some time. One day, while walking to work, I was struck by the thought I had never actually asked God what he wanted me to do with my life. So, on the footpath of Phillip Street, Sydney, not far from the Australia Square tower, I asked God.

A word formed in my head – a most unexpected one – "Ministry." It wasn't like my usual train of thought, yet it wasn't like a real voice, either. This was an alarming thought to me because I stammered. I knew how much I struggled to speak fluently regardless if it were in public settings, or one-to-one conversation. There was no doubt in my mind. My stammering, definitely interfered with me having effective communication. So I knew this word, "Ministry" didn't mean "pastoral ministry." It would have to be some backroom service, probably on a mission field somewhere. I knew most about missions in Papua New Guinea or in the Solomon Islands. I could see myself maintaining the radio or doing the accounts – the third worst thing I could imagine – in a thatched hut with spiders, snakes and scorpions raining on my head – the second worst thing – and no girls – the worst of the lot. That was very much not what a 17 year old wants! I was almost at work before I said to God, "OK, if you want me in ministry, I will do it, but I need confirmation by this Sunday, because otherwise I will assume this is a mere subjective impression."

I knew I was safe, because nothing would happen. But I was mistaken! On Sunday morning the pastor came to me after church and said, "I believe you have pastoral gifts, and I want you to help me." There was no escape. I applied for acceptance as an ordination candidate – and was knocked back. But the rejection only more strongly affirmed my "call", particularly when I talked it over with the chairman of the committee. I continued working in engineering, but eventually failed mathematics twice in a row, and was excluded from further progression at university. I began

courting and, eventually returned to a different university to pursue a BA in English and German, with some History and Philosophy thrown in, because I had come to believe it would be worthwhile, as a pastor to be a university graduate.

I married the same year I returned to study and, over the next decade, we had four children. I moved from engineering design work to town planning, and gained both a master's degree in town planning and a government certificate to practice in local registry office. I took up a senior planning position in a significant suburban council, but I still had the nagging sense I was in the wrong place and should be moving toward ministry. To make matters worse, I had a staff of four practicing Christians in my section, plus I shared an office with a young woman who had a church background with another section. They really didn't need a manager, but they needed a pastor, and many evenings I stayed back while they talked to me about issues in their lives. I really enjoyed my time with them.

During my lunch break one day, toward the end of the week, I said to God, "If this is the only church I ever pastor, I will serve you here." That weekend, there was conflict between my wife, Chris and I. Being distressed about the matter, I sat up into the early hours of the morning trying to work it all out. I just kept coming to the conclusion that God wanted me in ministry. How to tell my wife was the next thing. Although she had urged me quite strongly to do the master's degree when I was reluctant to be away from the family for another four years, she had recently commented that she was sick of my being a student.

I waited until Chris was relaxed and snuggled in bed before I told her what I had wrestled with during the night. She opened her eyes wide, and said, "You are right!" It turned out that she had been talking to our pastor's wife about a sense of dissatisfaction, and Elizabeth had told her husband, "Peter is called into ministry,

and Chris is resisting that call. I am sure that's what God is showing me. She says that God keeps telling her He has told her already what she needs to do."

It was too late for an application to enter theological college the next year, but the committee decided to accept a late application. It was too late for an interview before the college year started. But, unexpectedly, in God's providence, someone dropped out of an interview. This permitted me to have mind in late December. I barely had time to assemble all the required documentation – including a 1500 word essay – but I was accepted. Shortly after the interview ended, I was informed that on the first Tuesday of February I would begin lectures as an accepted candidate. Now that I was a candidate for ministry, I was invited to begin at the Marrickville Baptist Church – a short distance from Sydney by train – as a second year student pastor. In God's goodness I have been here for thirty-one years. Sadly, my wife Chris, who ministered with me here during these years, died earlier in 2015.

God's call doesn't always work out as we imagined, or at the time we expected, but, for those who are faithful, he will eventually bring his plans to pass.





## **Chapter 26**

### *Life According To God's Timing*

Interview with Radu Tet  
Majesti, Romania

Donna and I had the pleasure of meeting Pastor Radu Tet in May of 2005, and then we spent 3 days with him in Magesti, Romania where he was planting a new church. He is a man directed of God who has the burden of reaching others for Christ deeply etched on his heart by the Holy Spirit. This interview was taken in June 2007 about a month before Esperanza Baptist Church, Magesti was to open. I trust God will stir you to trust God as Radu did, despite the many difficulties he faced in his pursuit of church ministry.

**Gordon:** Where were you born?

**Radu:** I was born in 1955 in a small village north of Oradea ten years after Communism started in the country. My parents and my grandparents worked very hard to provide for the family because the government took their land, their animals and many possessions away. It was a very difficult time, but they never gave up.

**Gordon:** I notice you are pastoring five Baptist churches; when did you first feel God's call on your life for ministry?

**Radu:** It was very early in my life when I was ten years old. God called me in a very special way on a Saturday night in July, when I attended, with many old people, a prayer meeting at the church. I was the only boy at the meeting and a very old man, who could not read because he did not have glasses, asked me to read a portion of scripture from Psalms. As I was reading it for him, I heard a voice behind me say, 'Radu, do you see the type of people I have called. If you want to be one of my servants, are you willing to follow me regardless of the costs?'

I turned to see if someone were behind me, but at the same time the Holy Spirit enabled me to see that it was God who was calling me with a voice inside. Immediately, I responded, 'Yes, Lord I am willing to follow you no matter what.'

**Gordon:** So this was a very special, timely call on your life?

**Radu:** 'Yes it was, and I never forgot it.'

**Gordon:** Was there anyone else in your family in Christian ministry that would have prompted you to be a pastor?

**Radu:** No, my father and mother knew Christ as Savior, but they were trained only in farming – caring for the animals, growing crops, and other such matters. God called me to minister with this special calling. From that time I started to study scripture deeply so I could know my calling and be an example to my colleagues and friends. At 16, despite having no training, I started to preach the gospel within the local villages.

**Gordon:** We know from others with whom we have spoken that during this time believers were called, 'Repenters' and

faced much persecution. Did you have problems because you were one of them?

**Radu:** Yes, I had many problems because, at this time as I went to school, the Director and the teachers saw that I went to church regularly on Sunday. They continually told me – so I would not attend – that church was only for old people, and not for children. But I still went to church even though I had to walk a long way through fields that were difficult.

When I was in high school, the teachers asked me what kind of work I wanted to do. To this I responded that I wanted to be a Baptist preacher. Hearing this, they would say, ‘Radu, don’t write that you want to be a pastor; say you want to be a doctor, an engineer or a teacher, but not a pastor because you will not find work in Romania.’

But, despite their advice, I continued to write, ‘I want to be a Baptist pastor’ and this created many problems for me.

**Gordon:** What kind of problems did you face; were you excluded from special activities or were you physically punished?

**Radu:** I was a very good pupil who was generally quiet and did whatever I was asked. Regardless how good I was, however, they continued to tell me not to go to church, and threatened me that I would not get a job once I was finished high school.

**Gordon:** Despite your problems – the ridicule that you went to church, and the possibility of not getting a job – that God, through the Holy Spirit, had called you to something great?

**Radu:** ‘Yes, I did and it seemed to grow deeper daily.’

**Gordon:** You told me during an earlier talk that you were required to serve two years in the military

**Radu:** I served a total of one year and four months before being released.

**Gordon:** And where did you do your military duty; in Oradea, Timisoara or Bucharest?

**Radu:** I served my time in Timisoara, and a small village near there. I had great troubles during this time because the military knew all about me being a 'Repenter' and my strong desire to be a pastor before I arrived. They were strongly intent to persecute me by withholding weekend passes like others received. This they did because if I left the base they knew I would go to church in Oradea.

One day – about five months after enlisting – I was given a weekend pass. But as I got to the gate, an officer approached me and asked, 'Radu, will you go to church this Sunday?' When I replied, 'Yes, I must,' he immediately withdrew the pass and I did not get another one until 4 months later. And when this was offered a second time, they asked the same question to which I gave the same reply. During my training, because of my love for God and His church, I did not receive a pass.

But God was going to work things out. It was now August. I had been in the military since March, the year earlier. The Commanding Officer received a phone call from Bucharest that a General was to visit the base within two days. The Commanding Officer, fearing that I might make complaints to the General approached me saying, 'Radu, you must go home immediately.'

When I told him that I would go to church, he replied, 'Don't you worry what you will do, just leave the base immediately.' And, without stopping he provided me a pass for 21 days, when I should have received one for 14.

I left the base as commanded to discover God was working wonderful plans for my life. On arrival at home I received that day a letter from Bucharest Bible College stating that it was having examinations for pastoral applicants on August 13 and 14. My pass that I had received earlier in the day, meant that I would have time to attend for the tests. I knelt by my parent's table and said, 'Thank you God. You again provided for me at exactly the right time.' Because of God's goodness I was able to visit with my parents, study my Bible and prepare for the upcoming college tests.

**Gordon:** In Romania, at this time, there was only one Bible College and pastors had difficulties training for ministry because the Secret Service was always watching them. You said that at one time there was a limited enrollment for new pastors by the Department of Cults. At one time, you also stated, the college was closed for a period of four years.

**Radu:** Yes, you are right. One of the things the Department of Cults did to ensure that Baptist churches would not grow was limit pastor training. Sometimes it would allow ten students to attend, sometimes four, and sometimes none. In the last year, before the Revolution, there were four students – three from Romania and one from Hungary – and we had seven teachers.

**Gordon:** You were still in the military when you went to Bucharest for the exams; tell us how God arranged for you to get accepted at the college without disclosing you were still in service.

**Radu:** When I arrived home and saw the letter from the college, I knew it was fantastic that God had provided me an opportunity to be interviewed for pastoral training. I was going to Bucharest despite there being only twenty positions open, and one hundred candidates being interviewed. Getting accepted was going to be a great problem because I was still an enlisted private; being in the military immediately disqualified a person from training.

## **Chapter 27**

### **A Most Glorious Salvation**

By Lars Stinson

For the glory of God at the request of many who have seen and bore witness to the most remarkable change God can make in a sinner's life.

I was born in 1917 in Germany. I attended public school until I was twelve years old. My schooling ended because my parents divorced, and I was taken to be raised by my grandparents who believed "hard work" was the best teacher for a young man. I ran away from their home at 15, and worked on small, private farms until I was 18. Three months after becoming 18, I immigrated to Canada with the help of a Catholic Priest who lived the village where I worked. Shortly after arriving here, I chose wicked friends, and became a slave to evil habits. God only knows how I suffered physically and mentally. If it were not for His abundant love, grace and mercy, I would have gone to a Christless eternity.



Becoming greatly convicted about my sins, I had a strange experience at that time that I was put in prison for forty years. God's children in Beacon Light Mission were praying for me as I had attended there occasionally when drunk and disrupted the services. In repentance I sought the Lord, and for a short time I followed him. Satan, the enemy of my soul returned, and came in like a flood so my condition was worse than it was before I knew the peace of God through sins forgiven. For years I wandered, like a tramp, in and out of jail.

One time when I was in Beacon Light Mission drunk, the elderly preacher H. Waldein, had a vision of Jesus standing over me, weeping. However, I ignored his plea to turn to Christ and know the peace of God. Sin, at this time, had such a solid grip on me and all I craved was the "pleasures of the moment I could find."

After leaving the mission, I tried to commit suicide by having a CNR train run over me, but this failed. I begged the men who stopped the train to get out of the way. I told them there was no hope for me; I had turned too far from God for Him to save me. They, however, turned me over to the police. In the cell that night, the power of darkness encircled me as never before. I felt as if I were dropping into the bottomless pit – perspiration dripped off me as I feared my certain, unchangeable destiny. In this state I recalled a verse the Priest taught me while I was still in Germany, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the LORD shall lift up a standard against him" (Is 59:19). As I started to think about this verse, Satan abandoned the cell, and I went to sleep peacefully.

The following morning, as I woke up sober, a sergeant released me saying, "Lars, you're on your own. You need to make some changes or you'll make prison your home for life."

Taking his counsel seriously, I then and there decided I would stop smoking, drinking, gambling, and stealing. From this day forward, life was going to be better. I was going to start living the good life, and I would begin attending church. But self-effort did not last too long. Shortly thereafter, I got drunk again, and ended up being physically beaten by an individual to whom I owed a gambling debt.

Despite returning to my wayward, ungodly and unwholesome life Beulah Mission, Vancouver seemed to have an attraction for me. Regardless of the condition in which I found myself, I always found it convenient to return there. One evening, the mission pastor handed me a meal and said, “Lars, no man can serve two masters; you need to decide tonight whether you want to serve God or Satan.”

God immediately started to speak to me. I had a strong, unending yearning in my heart to know him. I wondered if this were God’s last “call” so, when the altar call was given, my hand, immediately went up for prayer. I had a born-again experience right there in my seat. I knew for certain that I had passed from death unto life. That was the beginning of a new life for me, and I understood the true meaning of 2 Cor 5:17, “Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away, and behold, all things have become new.”

Three days later, as I was walking along Hastings Street, the Spirit of God took full control of my life, and I begin speaking to men about their need for Christ. Conviction fell on many to whom I talked, and over a two year period – working with Sister Maria of the Gospel Mission – I saw many of these individuals come to faith in Christ.

Shortly after my retirement – about twelve years after being saved – I had a vision of three men sitting at a table, and a book

before them was open. One of the men wrote down everything that the Holy Spirit spoke through me over the earlier ten years. As I was meditating on what I was seeing, God reminded me of the night I was going to take my life by having the CNR train run over me, and then He asked, “Lars, will you be willing to change your life of despair for one of hope as you serve me?”

Now having a clear revelation of the ruinous end I was facing while I served Satan, in comparison to the peace I could know in serving Christ, I answer “Lord, I love you Lord, I’ll serve you!”

As a result of this life changing miracle I began openly to rejoice and praise God for His redemption and blessings on my life. Because of the exuberance of my joy, a merchant near the Gospel Mission phoned the Vancouver City Police saying, “Lars is drunk again; you need to take him to detox.”

Two police officers arrived and arrested me. They thought I had been drinking again, but this time it was not the intoxicating type; it was the wine of the Spirit of God. Regardless what I tried to say to the officers, I again was taken to the police station. While I was being taken to my cell, I told an officer to call Mr. Cook from the Beulah Mission so he could explain what was happening with me.

The younger office ignored my plea. But God caused the sergeant, who had booked me many times before, to phone my dear friend. Mr. Cook knew my religious encounter with God was genuine. He, therefore, willingly came to speak to the authorities on my behalf. Despite believing Mr. Cook’s story, the sergeant demanded I be examined by a medical doctor and a psychiatrist. When they arrived, I told them Jesus had saved me, and I was a changed man who was on his way to heaven. The doctor, after hearing my confession and Mr. Cook’s verification of my

conversion, placed his hand on Mr. Cook's shoulder and said, "I wish more men on the street would get what he has."

A short time after this experience, God spoke to me that I should go to Prince George and visit a nephew who days earlier had a heart attack. Instead of taking the bus, I decided to hitch hike the 900 kilometers I needed to travel. Within minutes of a car stopped and the driver asked me how far I was going. When I told him I was headed to Prince George, he responded, "Well, sir, you can ride all the way with me. That's where I live."

As we traveled the distance, I discovered he was a precious brother in Christ. We enjoyed sweet, God-blessed fellowship throughout the entire trip. With every step I took from that day, I knew I was in God's will. That was many years ago, and God has kept guided me since that time. I can truly identify with David when he says, "I have been young and now I am old, yet have I not seen the righteous of the Lord forsaken, nor His seed begging for bread" (Ps 37:25). This has been my life since "I tasted of the Lord, and found Him to be good" (Ps. 34:8). Praise His name forever!

## **Chapter 29**

### **Changed From Darkness To Love, Truth and Right**

By Frank Dewar of Langley, BC

I came out of darkness  
Into His shining light  
Out of a cloud of evil and wrong,  
Into a life of truth, love and right.

How clever was he who once held me in,  
Surrounding me with others in the same self-sin.  
Pretence of reality, false love, and joy,  
Mental depression, sickness;  
He was so coy.

The world's possessions I could attain,  
If I worked hard and used my brain.  
I was as good as the next guy,

I had two kids and a wife, a job, and two cars,  
What more could I ask for in life?

Satan wasn't worried, I was one of His crowd,  
Smoking pot, drinking, and adultery were allowed.  
Satan's book had no rules; no boundaries, no controls  
But his payment was pain, heartache, and death of  
the soul.

One day at work a particular guy,  
With a smile on his face,  
Told me of Jesus' love, salvation and grace.  
I couldn't think straight in the shape I was in,  
He said, "Jesus could save me and cleanse me from sin."

I laughed and made fun of him, but something  
he'd said  
Made an impression, and it stayed in my head.  
"Salvation, what's that?" I'd never heard that one before.  
By the way he talked, I just had to hear more!

He invited me to his home that very evening,  
He said they were having a little prayer meeting.  
I said I'd be there, but I knew he had doubts,  
You should have seen his face when I arrived at his home.

They prayed and then sang, and read scripture there,  
Two or three people had a testimony to share.  
We sat and talked and had a great time,  
No one had a beer, or a toke; not even wine.

The people were so friendly, and smiled all the while;  
They all talked of Jesus, his tribulation and trial.

How he died for all, to conquer pain, sin and death,  
That the end was near, and when He comes we win.

I sat there dumbfounded, not knowing what to do,  
I thought they were all crazy; maybe you would've too.  
Then that particular guy with a smile on his face,  
Stood up and said, "Salvation is for the whole human race."

I knew they had something; I wanted it too.  
He asked us to kneel, and he'd lead us through.  
The sinner's prayer which would make us like new  
I did as he asked with no further ado.

I repeated verbatim the words that he said,  
With all of my being, not just my head.  
No rockets shot off, no earthquakes, no bombs,  
But I felt something happen, and I had sweaty palms.

Life went on the same as before,  
In fact things got worse, I even drank more.  
Fights with the wife and beating the kids,  
Kicking the dogs, reaching the skids.

The problem, I thought, was that family I had,  
If they were all dead, I'd be so glad.  
I'd be free from the torment, free to drink more,  
No one to yell at me when I came in the door.

So one night while drunk, I threw open the door,  
With murder in my mind, and hatred galore.  
But God's plan was different, praise His precious name  
I phoned the police; to the rescue they came.



They talked for a while, and calmed us all down  
And told us of a treatment centre right here in town.

I said I'd check in as soon as I was able,  
They left the phone number on the kitchen table.

I entered in January; six weeks did I stay,  
I took in the Bible, I was on my way.  
I've been sober since then, and pray to remain,  
God picked me up right out of the drain.

Now I'm a new creation, a brand new man  
Old things have passed away, I've been born again  
Just like they promised, just like they said  
I've got Jesus in my heart, not just in my head.

The One I serve now is not far off and above,  
But right here inside me, filling me with love.  
Now I'm peculiar, and enjoying it so  
I can share Jesus wherever I go.

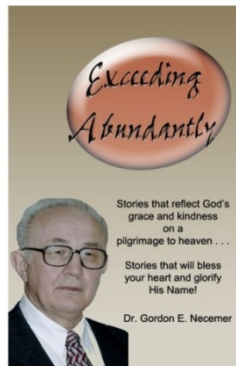
Yes, I came out of a cloud of darkness,  
Into His shining light.  
Out of a cloud of evil and wrong  
Into a life of truth, love and right!



## Other Publications

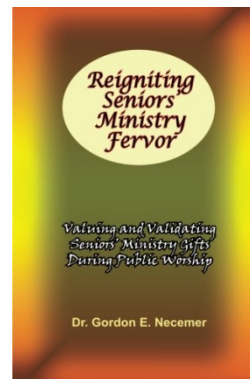
by

**Gordon Necemer**



This book is a collection of stories about how God has miraculously provided and protected Gordon over a period of 45 years. Those who have heard of the stories of D. L. Moody will be amazed to read the stories in this book. Many of them are very similar to those that Moody experienced. You will be richly blessed spiritually and encouraged immediately after starting to read it, and you will not want to put it down until you finish it!

This book investigates and examines the intense isolation and marginalization of seniors in public worship in Canada. After examining, establishing and expanding the evidence to support this claim the author sets out constructive biblical recommendations to pastors, parishioners and congregations how this problem can be resolved in a godly and good manner for seniors and the Church of Christ. A book well worth the reading.

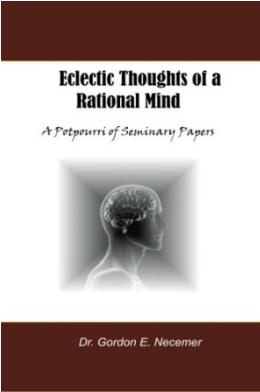


exam  
marg  
Can  
expa  
the  
reco  
and  
resol  
senio



This book carefully examines Zacchaeus' encounter with Christ in Jericho presented in Luke 19:1-10, to demonstrate the steps one must experience on the "road to eternal life" in order to become born-again and a discerning, directed, determined, and devoted child and disciple of Christ. It is the only book on the market that fully investigates Zacchaeus' salvation experience. A book worth considering for Sunday school teachers and pastors

This book contains a potpourri of religious/philosophical essays that have been updated from studies at various seminaries. Some of the articles include the author's opinion on abortion, secularism, Use of MS PowerPoint, Guilt, and the Pietists. Individuals who have read the book have been blessed. If you are interested in gaining general interest on a number of subjects, this book is for you.



**Gospel Tracts Available**

- A Lot on Your Mind
- A Heaven Recommend
- Burdened Down . . . But Then
- Dealing with the Hurting of Hurting
- Dignity Restored
- Did You Know You are a Somebody?
- Gaping Beyond the Portals of Hell

God's Chosen Chef  
Inspect Your Life  
Life Beyond Life  
Masks of Deception  
New Life . . . New Hope  
The Doctor's Prescription  
The Times of our Life  
The Weights of the Cross  
The Unique Christ  
Two Men – Two Eternities  
Three Things God Does Not Know  
Unmistakably Changed

To learn more about Gordon Necemer  
and the ministries with which he  
and his wife, Donna are involved  
visit our website

**<http://www.harvestoutreach.ca>**





