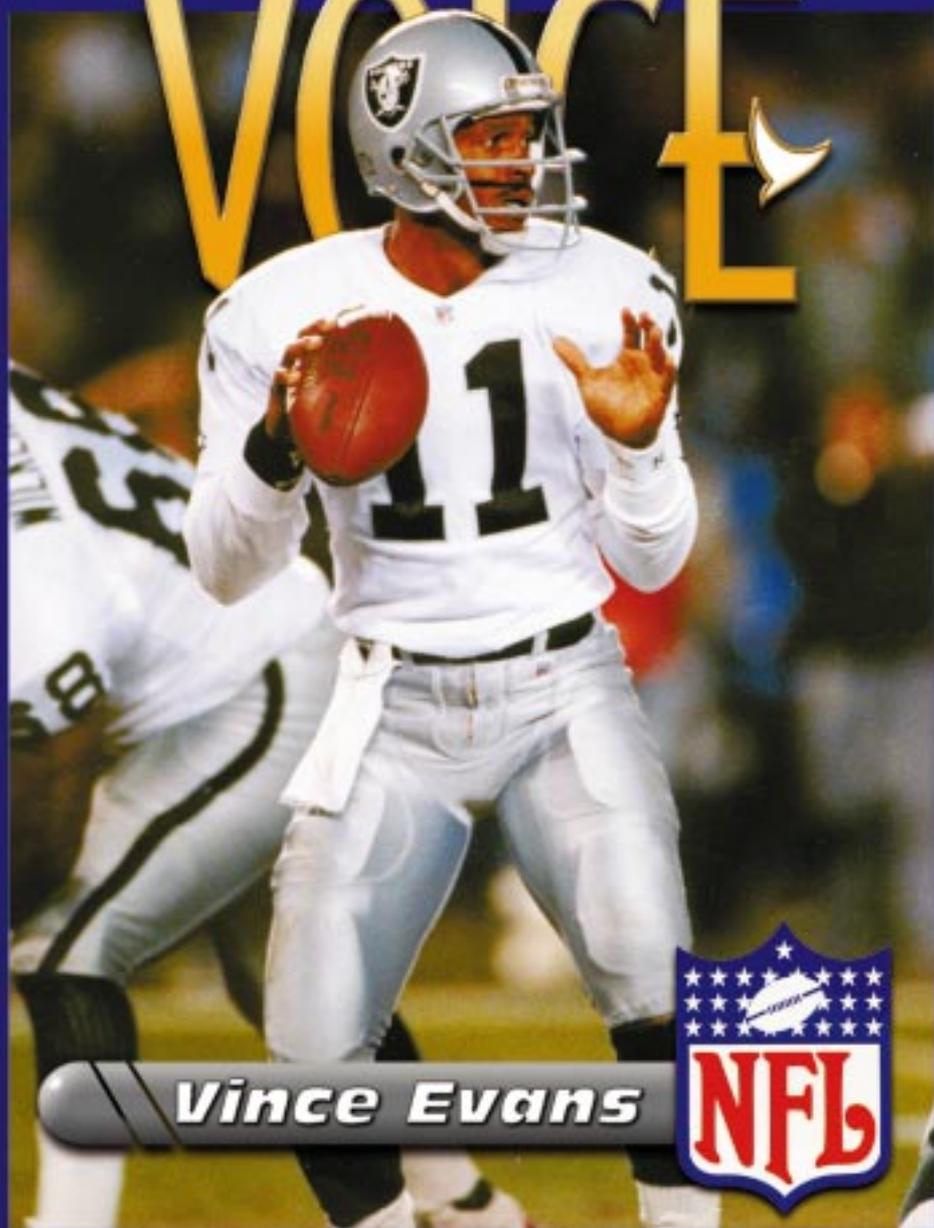


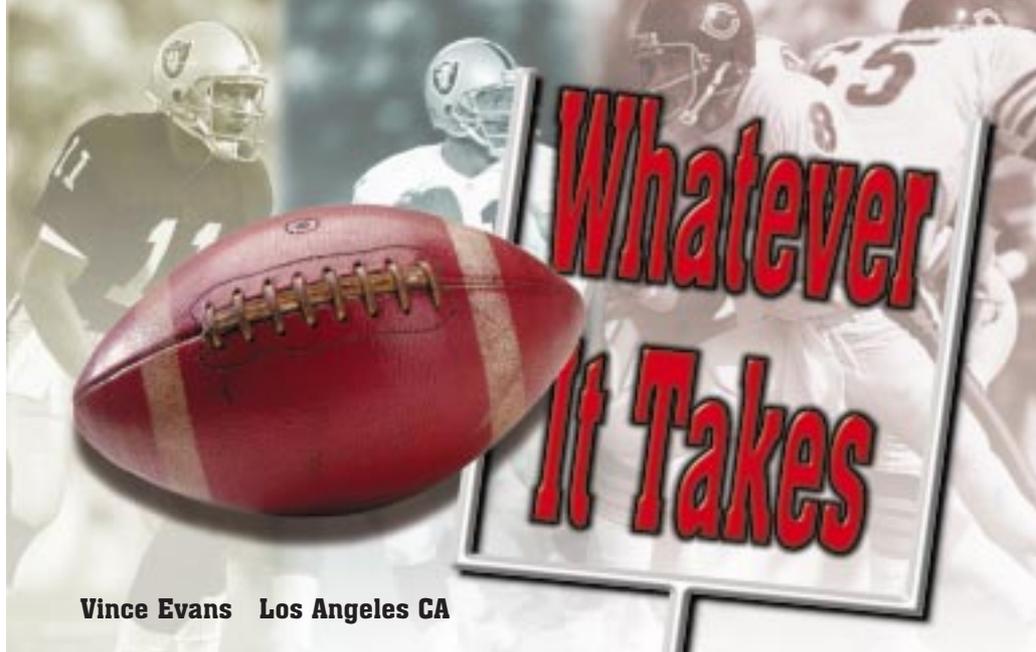
Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

VOICE



Vince Evans





Vince Evans Los Angeles CA

I came to know the Lord back in 1977. I was brought up in a Christian home in Greensboro, North Carolina. It was a prerequisite in our household that we had to go to church on Sundays. I didn't really know what it meant at that time to have what we call a personal relationship with this man they called the Son of God until much later in my life. I used church kind of like a parachute – when I needed it to get out of trouble, I'd pull that rip cord and ask God to help me get out of various circumstances that I might have been in.

My parents were tremendous role models. They were both in education. So I really watched their lives and standards that they laid out for our family, and how they lived before us. It was just tremendous. So when it came time for me to make a decision for Jesus Christ I looked back on the life that they lived, and they

really had a big impact on me.

But I had my own ideas of how I wanted to live my life. I wanted to become a professional football player. Every time we got home from church I'd sit in front of the television set and check the game that was on. I would just sit there and dream, hoping that one day I would become a professional football player.

When I was a senior in high school, and it came time to pick a college, and I wanted to go to USC. I remember watching a football game with my family, and it was USC playing UCLA for a berth in the Rose

Voice

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WHO WE ARE: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International are businessmen, men of high status, as well as ordinary men, and our vision is, that by the millions, the light of Jesus shall shine forth from each of our men, into every culture, nation, race language and creed. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 147 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write.

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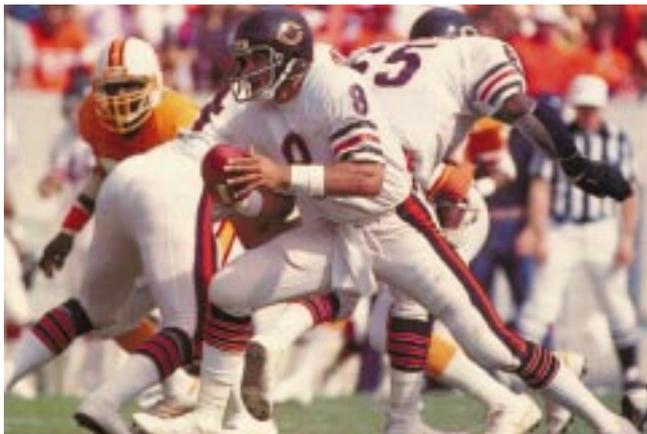
Bowl. They had a capacity crowd of over 100,000 people in the Coliseum. There was this white horse with a Trojan on it, their mascot, that was riding around the football field every time USC scored a touchdown. Well, SC was losing the game with only minutes, and they handed the ball to a guy by the name of OJ Simpson and he ran for a 64 yard touchdown to win the game for USC. I was captivated by this whole experience, and I told my dad, who was sitting next to me, I'd like to go to that school someday. Moments later he said, "boy, you're elevated on going to the top."

Little did he know that there was a dream being birthed in me that the Lord wanted me to go to USC. To make a long story short, I ended up going to USC and made MVP in the Rose Bowl and then was drafted by the Chicago Bears. It was a boyhood dream come true. Nobody in my family had ever played professional ball before, and that was a big thing for a guy coming out of North Carolina.

You know, I had all this recognition and had material things, things that you long for, things that you see as the American dream. I bought a place and had a nice car and fine clothes. People knew who I was. I thought I had really arrived. My ego was pretty big at that time, because people knew who I was, and I had a lot



Vince Evans
played for the
Chicago Cubs
from 1977 to
1983.

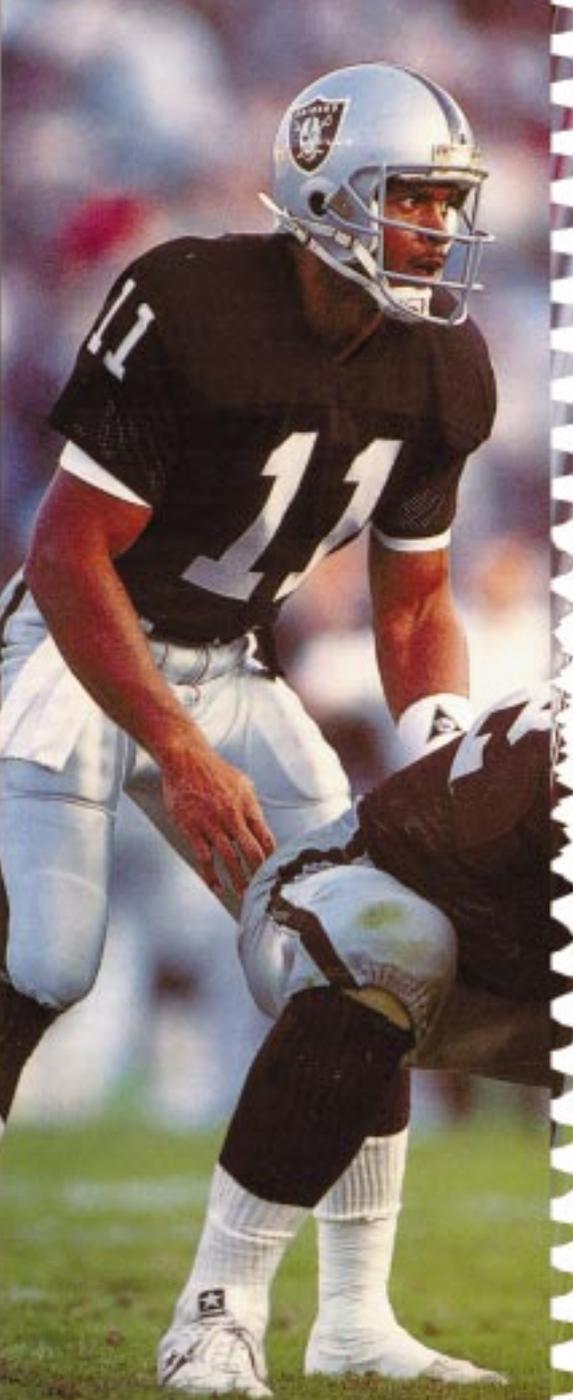


of money in my bank account. But a funny thing happened. I was sleeping one night in my rise apartment on Lake Shore Drive and Michigan Avenue overlooking Lake Michigan. I woke up at 2 or 3 in the morning, and this question came out of nowhere. “Is this all there is to it?” I said to myself, I’ve got everything I want. But there was a void in my heart, and I was not pleased. I couldn’t figure it all out and I couldn’t sleep the rest of the night.

I got up the next day, and it was business as usual – going to practice, doing my job. We played a game in Miami, Florida. I was injured when a guy scratched me on my arm. I got home from the game, and was in a lot of pain. Later that night, I got up to go to the bathroom and I was in excruciating pain. I called some friends of mine because I literally couldn’t move. My lower body was paralyzed. They got me to the hospital where they diagnosed me as having a staph infection. The characteristic of this infection is that it attacks the weakest tissues of the body. So it could conceivably have gone to my heart or brain and that would have

meant instant death. But fortunately for me, it logged in the sacroiliac joint, which are two little joints in the back area. I was in the hospital in Lake Forest for about a month. I had previously never been in the hospital for more than 2 days. But it gave me an opportunity to think about my life. I, quite frankly, didn’t realize, or didn’t understand why this had happened to me. I think it was the first time that I really questioned God. I said, “God, I thought I was a pretty good guy. I used to help little old ladies across the street. I’d cut people’s grass for free. I was a good citizen.” I just couldn’t understand how God could allow something like this to happen to me.

I got out of the hospital,



was recuperating, but was still weak and somewhat feeble in my legs. My legs had atrophied so I had to learn how to walk again. Being an athlete this was something that was very humbling to me. But I went back home and started going back to church. Remember, I used to go to church so I had a kind of godliness, but didn't have the power of God, because I didn't have a relationship with Jesus.

I was about to go to church with a fellow teammate of mine, and I was watching this evangelist by the name of Robert Schuller. (I have since given my testimony on his Hour Of Power telecast). He was talking about the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It was Easter, and he was saying how Jesus came out of the grave. I had heard that before because I was a "Sunday go to meeting" type guy. But when he said it this time, it had an impact on me that I'll never forget. I cried out to God. I said, "Lord, if You are really the Son of God, I want You to come into my life and change me. I'm not happy. I feel like all the things that the world told me would make me significant, really haven't done it for

me. I mean I tried it. I partyed; I went to the right functions, hung around the right people – politicians, movers and shakers. I thought all of this would bring Vince Evans significance, and it really didn't. So I cried out to God and said, "If You're really who my mother says that you are, if You are really the Son of God, I need for you to come into my heart and do something on the inside of me." You know what? I didn't really know what I was saying. But that was a prayer. I was putting Jesus to the test because I didn't know what He would do, or what would happen because of that prayer. But I meant it and when I prayed it something happened. I felt like the weight of the world was lifted. He was real then, and He's real now. He came into my life, and He changed me. My life has never been the same. It was the best decision that I've ever made in my life, to ask Jesus Christ to come in and be my Lord and Savior. Now, it hasn't been easy by any stretch of the imagination. I've had more challenges, more difficulties, and more spiritual attacks on my life.

When I was at USC, some people were trying to kill me because of racial things, and because I was a quarterback, and they never really had many black quarterbacks in that team's history. I got some hate mail saying, "Nigger, if you go out there today, we're going to blow your brains out". But I didn't know God then so I was trying to handle that in my own strength; but the attacks I'm talking about are the spiritual attacks, the warfare that the enemy comes against us with to try to discourage us from our relationship with the One who holds our future.

But I have to tell you that my joy and my hope is all in Christ, and without Him I'm nothing, but with Him I can do all things, and I will



You know, I had all this recognition and had material things, things that you long for, things that you see as the American dream.

overcome everything that I go through because of the blood of the Lamb, because of His Word that I'm able to share with you right now. He enables me with the power of His Spirit, to be able to speak His Word, because in and of myself I'm fearful. But by the grace of God He's delivered me. I'm able to testify boldly and with enthusiasm, the life saving power of Jesus Christ.

I've been in and out of football. I was with the Raiders for



I had the opportunity to baptize 17 of my teammates in training camp, in a whirlpool in Oxnard, California

a while and they cut me and brought me back. But God certainly used me there on that team. I don't know if you know very much about the history of the Raiders, but they haven't been ones that have had a pronouncement of the gospel of Jesus Christ. They've been marketed as renegades or pirates. But God had a sovereign plan for me on that team. He put me there, and I saw guys get born

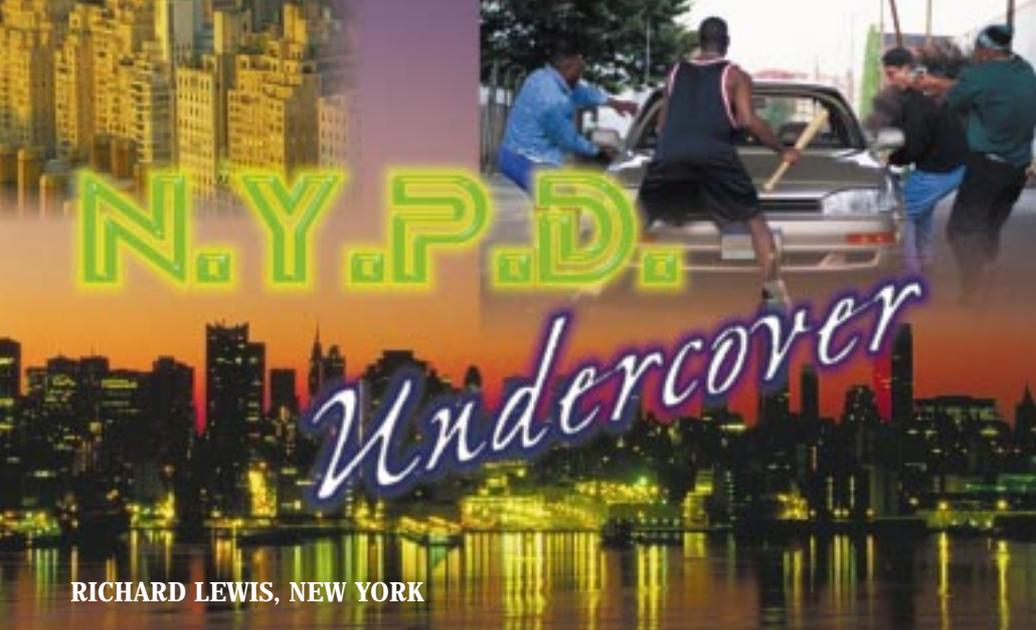
again. I saw lives get changed. I had the opportunity to baptize 17 of my teammates in training camp, in a whirlpool in Oxnard, California. I've seen a tremendous work of God. I played there at the age of 40. They said I couldn't do it, I was an old man and over the hill, but I was the only man in Raider history to throw for over 300 yards at the age of 40. I give God all the praise and credit for that, because He said that He would make my later days greater than my former.

It's been beautiful to see how God works. You know when the world tries to put us down and tell us we can't, or we're over the hill, or this or that, God says He'll renew our strength and make us soar like the eagles.

Now I'm married. We just had a baby. We're going to a good church - Christian Fellowship with Pastor Frank Stewart. I'm serving the Lord by going and speaking at different places, trying to let my light shine wherever I go, to let people know that Jesus is alive.

I'm getting into the real estate business. I'm talking to some people in the commercial and residential side. I'm seeking for the Lord's leading as to which way He wants me to go in that area. I'm a giver, so I have to make good money to be able to give more back to the church. He's leading me down the path that I should go. As a matter of fact, I just got off the phone with a guy from USC who is in the medical business. He builds buildings for medical people, and he puts me in contact with some people who are on the commercial brokerage side, and he also put me in contact with a fellow on the residential side. So I'm just networking right now, trusting that God will lead me to the place that He would have me to go.





N.Y.P.D.

Undercover

RICHARD LEWIS, NEW YORK

I've been shot at, talked about and lied on. I wrote about my 20 years on the force in "Black Cop: The Real Deal," a book detailing my experiences as a patrolman, an undercover cop and a detective in the New York Police Department.

On television when a police officer shoots someone, they show him blowing smoke from the barrel. But it's a totally different scene when you're actually involved. I was in several shoot-outs and in two of them, I shot people, and they died. The first time it had a great impact on me. It was like I was moving in slow motion.

When I reached down and took the gun out of the victim's hand, I was looking up for someone to come to my aid.

God came to my aid on several occasions. Once a man shot at me from point blank range and missed. I can see the hand of God in my career. In 1968, at the age of 24, I joined the New York Police Department after a stint in the Air Force.

"At the time, it was one of the best jobs that a black person could get as far as security. Even though my brothers had bad experiences with police officers, (they had been beaten by black officers), I always thought a police officer was in a position to render good to the neighborhood. My mindset was that I was going to be different from other police officers.

However, without Christ in my life, I didn't have the power I needed to be different. The first ten years in the force, I was a character. I

was brought up in the church so that kept me from really going overboard, but I was terrible. I had a temper and I'd fight you at the drop of a hat.

It wasn't until 1978 – halfway through my tenure on the force – that I accepted Christ as my Savior and gradually began seeing a change.

Looking back, had my superiors found out some things I did as an officer, I would have been written up. I've given people breaks where most officers wouldn't and could have locked them up. By not doing that, I was able to see the difference in that person's life.

I was confronted by a young lady in the station who was a drug addict. She asked to talk to me and explained that if she got caught with drugs one more time, she would end up in jail indefinitely. They had not searched her yet, so she still had drugs in her possession. I agreed to get rid of the drugs for her.

About a year or so later, I ran into her. She recognized me, but at first I didn't recall who the "beautiful young lady with a Bible in her hand" was. It turned out that her case has been dismissed. She told me she promised God she would go to church if He would get her out of that situation. Ironically, on that day, she was on her way to a Bible Study.

I had received two medals of honor, but the feeling I got from that experience, words alone couldn't explain it. Had I acted on my own instinct, I would have never done this, but it had to be the Lord leading me. There's no telling what impact she'll have on other lives.

Many times, it seemed like the more good I did, the more backlash I experienced from the department. Often I had to work the midnight shift alone in the public housing projects – one

of the city's most dangerous beats. There was a conspiracy against black officers – especially black officers on the rise like me. It was normal for lesser experienced white officers to be promoted over more qualified black officers.

There came a point when they deliberately had me working the night shift as a detective, if a homicide or anything went down, I had to handle it by myself without back-up. Sometimes when you entered buildings, your radio wouldn't even function so you were more or less on your own. Investigators usually work in teams, especially in New York; but many black officers were





working by themselves.

The higher I rose in the ranks from patrolman to the narcotic beat as a detective, the more determined I became. I took a bold stand against the mistreatment of black officers and the double standard that existed on the force.

Once I was suspended on charges of negligence after a man found a stolen gun and turned it in to me. At the time, I was overseeing a meeting at church, and was not acting as an officer. Because I was not acting in official capacity, I did not feel that I should reveal the name of the person who found the gun. I was found negligent on two charges in a New York court and was suspended for five days without pay. But the verdict was overturned after judges questioned how an officer of my stature could be

working against the grain of the police department. They removed the charges and reimbursed my pay.

Some people would say, I don't know how you take it. The Bible says "greater is He that is in you than he who is in the world." I had to show the difference. There were times I got frustrated and called the supervisors and asked, what is going on here?

I retired as a third grade detective. With my arrest record, I should have been a first grade detective, this would have given me an extra \$20,000-30,000 a year in my retirement pay. But money was not my focus, rather trying to prove that there is a difference in my life.

I told one of the deputies regardless of what you do to me, I've got the victory. That's how I felt in my heart because I was on the winning side anyway. They would try to discredit me but the most miraculous thing is that while this was going on, I was operating as one of the top investigators.

We need to pray that more honest cops will hit the streets who have the welfare of the people they are sworn to protect at heart. We need more dedicated peace officers who are willing to devote their God-given talents to see that justice is handed down fairly and impartially in the

communities they serve. When honest cops of any color or background give up the struggle or justice and conscientious law enforcement, they not only hurt themselves, but the people living in their communities. One of my greatest sources of support was the on-going interest and encouragement of a white, middle-aged newspaper columnist who simply cared. Even after I retired, he would call me every time a sensitive issue arose concerning New York City's housing projects, race relations, or alleged corruption in the police force. He even braved the disapproval of editors to run honest articles portraying my convictions about Jesus Christ, and the power of the gospel to bring lasting change in troubled communities and in the hearts of convicted felons. I will always appreciate the work of Dennis Duggan, one member of the media who dared to ask the hard questions and print the answers in his column

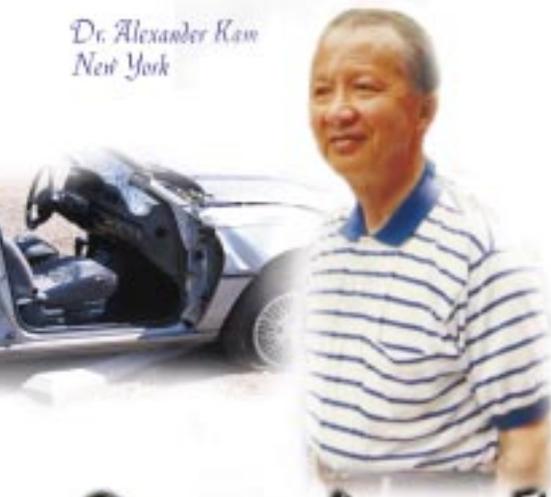
and news articles- exactly as I gave them.

Despite the mountain of problems presented by crack cocaine, rising incidents of violence, and growing social disruption, I am more convinced than ever that there is an answer who is greater than the worst drug epidemic or most powerful crime lord. He towers over every organized form of corruption or anarchy. I have dedicated my life to sharing the Answer of Jesus Christ to anyone and everyone who will listen to my simple message: there is hope for our hurting cities and fractured society, and His name is Jesus. 



Richard Lewis is known as the “most decorated cop in the city of New York.” Decorated more than 70 times for bravery, Lewis is the only officer in the history of New York City to receive the Medal of Honor two separate times for valor above and beyond the call of duty – the highest honor a city can give to an officer and one that is usually bestowed upon an officer's widow. But to some what he had to endure to get there would hardly seem worth it.

*Dr. Alexander Kaw
New York*



Survived



When I drove away from my home that Memorial Day, I only intended to be gone for a short time. Six weeks later, I returned as a new person—in more ways than one.

A light rain had fallen that day, but the gray clouds couldn't dampen my shining pride. The prosperous operator of four medical clinics in the New York City area, I believed I controlled all of life's circumstances.

After all, I had climbed many rungs up life's ladder after my birth in Southern China's Quandong Province.

Raised in Christian schools, I spend most of my childhood in Hong Kong and later enrolled in a medical school there. However, the school abruptly shut down in 1941 when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and Hong Kong.

I escaped and continued my medical education in the northern part of Quandong Province, changing my major to veterinary medicine. As the war spread, I again fled and wound up in the Chinese Air Force.

Though discharged in 1945, war would continue to touch my life. The Chinese war led

me to flee the mainland, and I wound up in Taiwan. I later served as an interpreter for the U.S. during the Korean War.

Afterwards, my colonel sponsored me to come to the United States so I could complete my medical studies. However, I dropped out after a year and joined the U.S. Army.

For seven years, I taught linguistics to military officials headed for the Far East.

In 1959, I left Monterey, California for Ireland. Returning to my original field, I studied there and in England where I earned my degree. In 1966, I came to New York as a doctor of internal medicine.

Opening my practice, over the next 13 years, it grew from one clinic to four.

As an immigrant, I gloried in my social status and material benefits. But spiritually, I was bankrupt. I had been in many churches for several decades, and often heard about Jesus. However, though I knew OF Him, I hadn't MET Him.

Despite my "religious" appearance, I lacked two things: 1) a personal relationship with Christ and 2) the wisdom of the Bible.



Dr. Kam in Africa

Matthew 16:26 says "if we gain the whole world and lose our life, we have not profited." This wet Monday afternoon, I would learn about the value of life.

A few minutes after, I went for a short drive, I approached St. John's University in Queens. Suddenly my Volkswagen skidded on the wet pavement.

Initially, I had a chance to regain control and reverse the spin. But a strange thought popped up: "let go!"

I later learned that just before my car smashed into a tree, it wobbled and zigzagged. A lady behind me sped past to tell some nearby police, who called an ambulance. Had medics not arrived quickly, I might have bled to death.

The impact of the crash thrust my body forward, shattering the windshield. My head careened into the steering wheel, bounced upward and hit the ceiling, imprinting my forehead up there.

When my left rib cage smacked the steering wheel, it fractured three ribs. Those ribs pierced my heart and left lung. My bladder hit metal and

the gear shift, rupturing it and tearing my urethra. This caused severe bleeding of the bladder.

I held the steering wheel so tightly that the whiplash broke my left arm. My left thigh was fractured, too.

The police pried open my door with hammers, axes, tongs, crowbars and other instruments. Blood puddled on the floor. After a diagnosis, an internist rated my chances of survival at 20%.

I held the steering wheel so tightly that the whiplash broke my left arm

Despite this, when the police asked my name and telephone number, I told them quite clearly. Throughout the course of my treatment, I remained conscious, sometimes to my dismay.

Among the top notch specialists who came to my aid were:

*A neurologist (nerve specialist). After an examination, he said, "Dr. Kam, you are very lucky. You don't have a brain concussion."

That was good news. I thought if I suffered a concussion, I would become vegetable.

*An orthopedist (bone specialist) checked me and confirmed the various fractures.

*A pulmonary (lungs) doctor told me I had a collapsed lung. After a chest x-ray, another said that I had pneumonia.

*A cardiologist's (heart) check showed a damaged heart muscle, and irregular and rapid heart beat. I had lost 8 pints of blood, causing my pulse to soar to 160 beats per minute (2 ½ times the normal rate).

The worst damage was to my urethra, the small tube that enables you to urinate. It was filled with holes.

An ENT (ear, nose and throat) doctor said if the injury had occurred a half-inch below my left forehead, or a half-inch above my left cheek, I would have lost my left eye. A quarter inch difference and I could have lost my nose.

Besides protecting my brain, God spared my eye and nose so that I did not need plastic surgery. But at that time, I could not give Him the glory.

Since I didn't know Jesus, my mind concentrated on the enormous pain that wracked my body. Every time they carried me from one ward to another, I screamed. The whole floor heard my anguished cries.

More than once, I had rejected God. Among the witnesses was my brother, Samuel, who constantly advised me to read the Bible. I always ignored him

God believes in second chances. Since I refused to turn to Jesus the easy way, He got my attention the hard way.

At the peak of my crisis, a friend named Mr. Tan came to visit me. He had just returned from



Dr. Alexander Kam

Hong Kong. He prayed with me and said, “Kam, you should pray to the Lord. I was praying and God promised me He would heal you.”

“I am a doctor,” I replied. “I believed science and logic. I know that my urethra was 75 percent damaged. How can you expect me to completely recover? It is impossible. I don’t believe in so-called miracles.”

“With God, everything is possible,” he argued. “You must believe that.”

I praise the Lord for Mr. Tan’s faithfulness. He and his church kept praying. He visited me daily to witness and read the Bible. One passage caught my attention. Jesus healed a woman who had wasted 12 years trying to find a cure from the doctors.

“Maybe He can heal,” I thought.

I prayed, asking for His help. Once I did, the pains began to disappear. After three days, all of them vanished. Soon after God spoke to me.

“I shall determine your fate,” He said. “It is up to Me. If I didn’t spare you, you will have no eyes, no nose, no brain. If I spare you, you will

have your eyes, nose and brain.”

Through that, I saw that I had to be totally surrender to Him. After I knew something about faith, my urologist came to visit. By that time, I had been in the hospital for close to six weeks.

“I have bad news,” he said. “I don’t expect your urethra to heal at all. There are holes all over it. I want you to go home and come back in six months. I will do surgery on you.”

“Dr. Kam, you have to accept the facts,” he said. “These are the facts.”

I sank into depression. I didn’t mind dying, but I dreaded the idea of being disabled.

Later, he said he wanted to do a test to show how much progress had been made. I spat, “don’t bother. I know it will not be healed.”

“I am a doctor, so I have to do my job,” he replied.

When they wheeled me to the testing room, I felt like a prisoner being marched to the courtroom for trial. Guilty or not guilty? Death penalty or freedom?

As the nurse pushed my gurney down the hallway, a thought struck. “Pray.”

Suddenly my body felt hot. I

did not know where this heat originated. But I uttered my shortest, most serious and most effective prayer. I felt like a child asking, “daddy, I’m hungry; could you give me something to eat?”

“Lord, please help the doctor to help me,” I whispered. The simple test began. A bottle of saline solution hung in the air above me, turned upside down. The bottle was connect-

The next day, the doctor beamed, “You are healed fully, Brother Kam. You don’t need surgery.”

ed two rubber tubing and my bladder.

The doctor’s assistant let the saline drip to my bladder to see if it would excrete the saline normally.

Praise God! That’s exactly what happened. My bladder expelled it normally, physiologically, rapidly. For the first time in six weeks, I could urinate normally.

“I am well already,” I said.

“I tested your urethra. It’s

ruptured,” the man replied.

“How can it be healed?”

“Why don’t you do the test again?” I asked. Before he started, I again prayed.

“Lord, please help the Father to help me.”

They started the test. Same results.

“I’m healed,” I smiled. “I Know I’m healed.”

“Yes, you are,” he said. “I can’t figure it out. I can’t tell you why. All I can do is report to my chief. Let him tell you tomorrow.”

The next day, the doctor beamed, “You are healed fully, Brother Kam. You don’t need surgery.”

“Thank you for treating me,” I said.

“Do not tell me that,” he slowly replied.

“I did not do anything. You must be a good man.” As he said that, his eyes filled with tears.

His voice cracked. Finally, he mumbled, “you don’t need me anymore. Go home, take a vacation for three months and then start working.” Two weeks later, I returned to the hospital for a check-up. A battery of specialists looked me over. They all said, “Brother Kam, you’re doing very well. You’ll recover.”

The cardiologist told me that I could swim again. Swim! After suffering from all these big-name medical problems that supposedly would keep me from walking for a year or two, in weeks, I could dive in the pool.

The best part of my testimony is that the Lord didn’t just heal my body. He totally changed my nature, my character and my ways.

In place of a proud, arrogant man, He made me submissive to Him. He replaced my devotion to self with passion for His plans.

Surviving this accident is so unbelievable and there can only be one explanation to it. Jesus spared me. Not to reach further for my goals,

but to give glory to Him. I am so happy He did this, and I have devoted my life to sharing His grace.

When I started testifying, I had little knowledge of the Bible, having never read it before. Nor was I an expert in prayer. I went out in faith and asked the Lord to guide me.

Visiting many cities in New York State, I shared what had happened, and eventually other states. I also traveled to Southeast Asia, through Taiwan, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and Thailand.

I preached in one of the largest (50,000 members) churches in the Far East which is in Malaysia. However, my most fruitful talk occurred in a small village in Thailand.

There I spoke to a group of 300 Laotian refugees who had taken a boat there from Cambodia. I gave an altar call, and within an hour every one of those 300 men dedicated their lives to Jesus.

Since then, I have visited my homeland twice. Though they would not allow me to speak publicly, they permitted me to distribute a tract describing my healing. You should have seen the faces of my Chinese brethren as they eagerly grabbed for them!

Several years ago, I went to Peru, speaking in various cities and prisons. That proved to be the most gratifying evangelism ever. Many hardened criminals accepted Jesus, and people there asked me to come back.

Over the years, I have seen two factors that keep many from the gospel: prosperity and work.

In Taiwan, few people accepted Christ during my stay. Life is too good for them, materially. In the Chinatown section of New York, where one

of my two remaining clinics is located, most work six and seven days a week. They are too busy to listen to the Good News.

That doesn't slow me down, though. While I could have retired, I maintain my office to serve as a headquarters for my mission activities. We have prayer meetings regularly in my office. My work also keeps me in touch with many people.

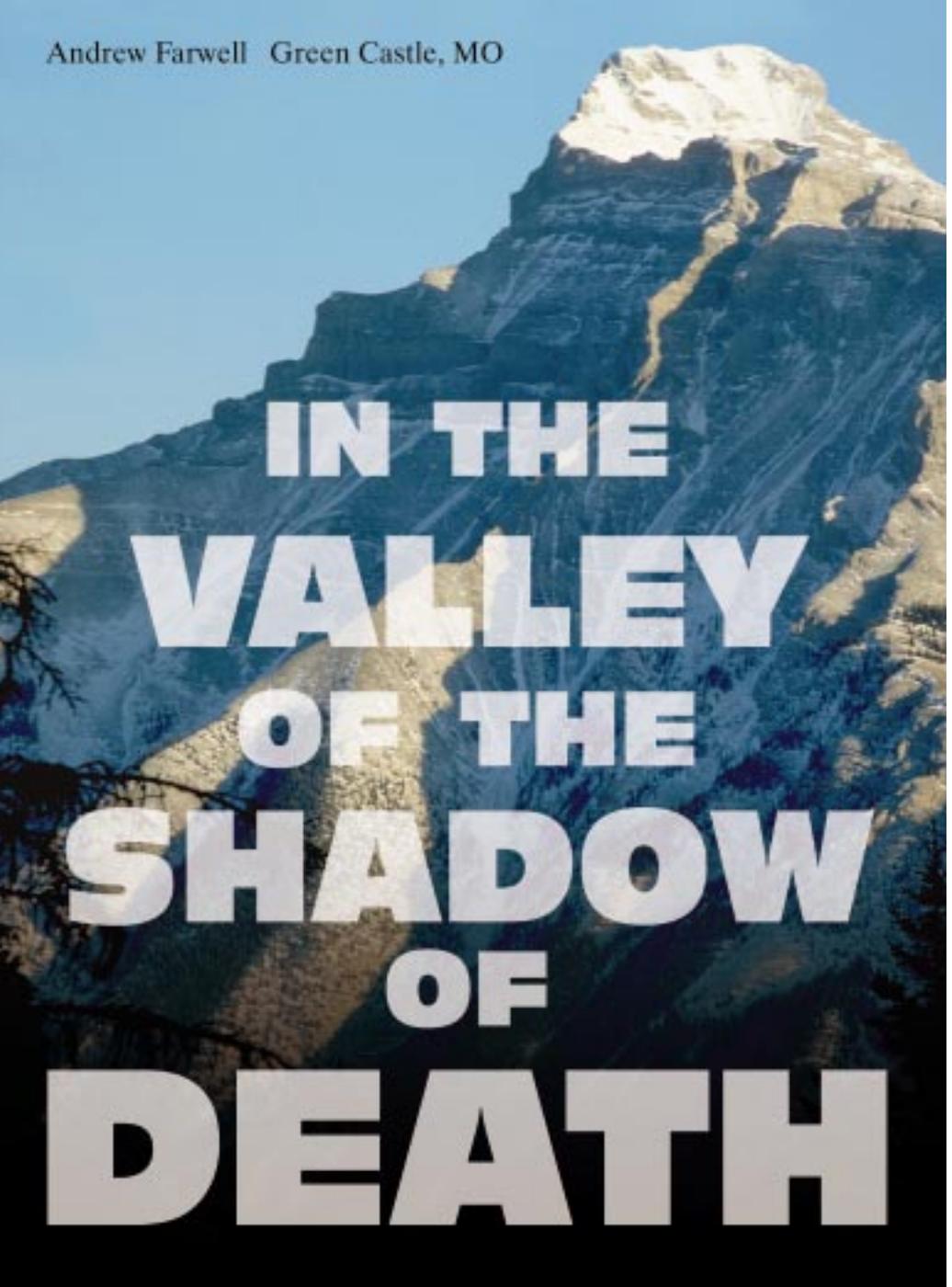
My healing was so dramatic, it might sound like all my problems are over. That's not true. But despite life's struggles, I know my Savior will be with me through each one of them.

If you don't know Jesus, invite Him to come into your heart and live as your Savior and Lord. That's not only easier than going through what I did, it's the only way to eternal life.

Dr. Kam operated medical clinics in Chinatown in New York City and Forest Hills on Long Island. He and his wife, Fu Yen, have one son, Alexander. A member of the Manhattan FGBMFI Chapter, he attends Highland Church (Pentecostal) and operates a missions outreach.



Andrew Farwell Green Castle, MO



**IN THE
VALLEY
OF THE
SHADOW
OF
DEATH**

Summer on my family's cattle ranch is a beautiful time to enjoy God's creation and all He has blessed us with. However, living on a ranch means long, hot hours checking cattle pastures or working in the hay fields.

Once in a while, the person working in the heat will get hot and become tired and even forget to take precautions. God was with me that summer and kept me from dying under a tractor. He used this experience to touch my life and make me realize that He is always there for me. I thank God that He cares for us and keeps us safe even when safety is the last thing on our minds.

My parents had been out of town for several days during August helping our pastor move his daughter to Gallup, New Mexico. My grandmother came up to stay with me, my brother Matthew, and my sister Annie. We went to the hay field after dinner to mow hay while my grandmother stayed at the house.

Driving a 930 Case Tractor, I cut off a section of grass to mow while Matthew and Annie finished up another piece. After going a few rounds, I decided to straighten up the corners of the rows by pulling out of the row, turning around, and coming back into the row, making a square corner. However, I had to turn around on the side of a hill which got the momentum going downhill with the sickle mower. I had made a bad mistake. It was too late. I tried to steer, but I had the steering wheel turned too

sharply, and it locked up on me. I grabbed on to the wheel hard enough to leave matching black bruises on my biceps, but the tractor turned over so quickly that I could not hold on. When I had tried to brace myself, I got a foot caught in the door of the "cage" our hired men had made to try and keep the sun and bumble bees from getting the driver.

Before I knew what happened I was lying on the ground with the tractor completely upside down on me. The tractor shut off and was settling into the earth, pushing me with it. My right foot was caught on the other side by the fender and was bowed out because the steering wheel and the seat were pinching my leg and holding it against the ground. My left leg was on the floor board above me and was cocked clear down near my chest on the ground. The steering wheel I had tried so hard to hold to my chest was now on the ground where my head and upper body would have been crushed had I held on.

I praise God that He kept me unbelievably calm, and I concentrated on Him at all times. I often wonder what



Andrew and his brother

Matthew thought when he first got to the top of the hill and saw the tractor on top of me. He came immediately and I tried directing him as he put the prongs on his tractor under the front of mine to raise it up. He bent the hood but my tractor did not move

For me it was the tractor suddenly giving and crushing my legs, or worse, the thought of the tractor rolling on over and killing me with everyone standing there helpless was almost unbearable.

except to put more pressure on my legs. By then, Annie has seen the mess I was in and when she arrived Matthew sent her to get my cousin who was raking hay a couple hills over. While Dan looked over the situation, Matthew ran to the house after John and Charles. Annie was to tell Mom later, "you don't know what it is like driving over the hill, seeing the tractor turned over, and knowing my brother was under it."

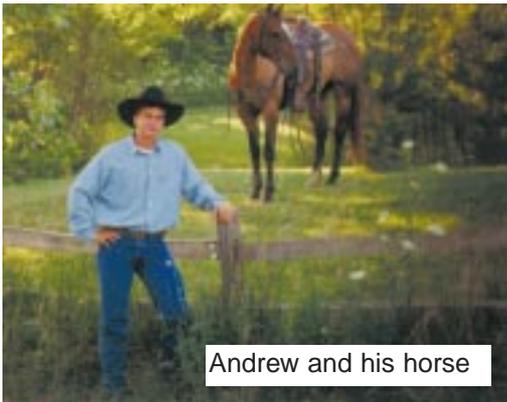
The tractor wasn't through settling yet, and the battery cable hit the side of the metal box it was in and sparked, starting a fire right above the diesel that had spilled onto the ground. The only thing I could do was pray that God would get me out of there without being burned to death. Praise God, Dan got the fire out before it hit the diesel.

It seemed a long time before Matthew could get back with the other guys and tire jacks to try and raise the tractor. During the hour, I was under the tractor I couldn't help but think of the pain I was feeling. My lower body became numb quickly and was throbbing from loss of blood circulation. I lay there in the hot sun, sweating, barely being able to stand the pain, yet knowing if I got hysterical then everyone else there would follow suit. Being an athlete, I also started worrying about what would be the effects on my legs. A person will, without fail, think of the worst case scenario. For me it was the tractor suddenly giving and crushing my legs, or worse, the thought of the tractor rolling on over and killing me with everyone standing there helpless was almost unbearable.

Matthew and the guys arrived as quickly as they could and put the jacks under the prongs of Matthew's tractor which were still under the

Case. The guys started jacking and I realized with sudden fear that greater pressure was being put on my legs. I told them to stop and figured out that the jack on the opposite side was slowly pushing the tractor down on me. They continued to use the other jack which sunk eight inches into the ground under the weight of the tractor before raising it enough to let some pressure off me. The guys started taking the fender loose on the other side of the tractor while one bent the steering wheel and I took the screwdrivers they provided me and loosened the seat while lying there on my back. After a few minutes of working furiously, my brother, sister, and the hired hands pulled me out from under the tractor.

I stood up a little unsteadily, but I was just thankful that God had walked with me through the ordeal. The guys ended up taking me to the house where the ambulance my grandmother had called arrived several minutes later. The paramedics asked me a host of questions and checked my reflexes. They also checked my back and vision and pronounced my injuries not serious enough to be taken back to the hos-



Andrew and his horse

pital. The only injuries I had were to my pride and to my leg where the steering wheel left an indentation by the knee. Besides all the sore spots from the fall, I was very fortunate that nothing else was bothered. I'd considered that a blessing.

Now looking back I see that the whole incident was a blessing. Although I would never have gone through it by choice, I know that I know that my heavenly Father was there to walk me out of the valley of the shadow of death. People tell me in awe how lucky I am to still be alive. I laugh and tell them that it wasn't luck, but our Lord Jesus Christ that held His hand on me and walked me out of my dangerous predicament.

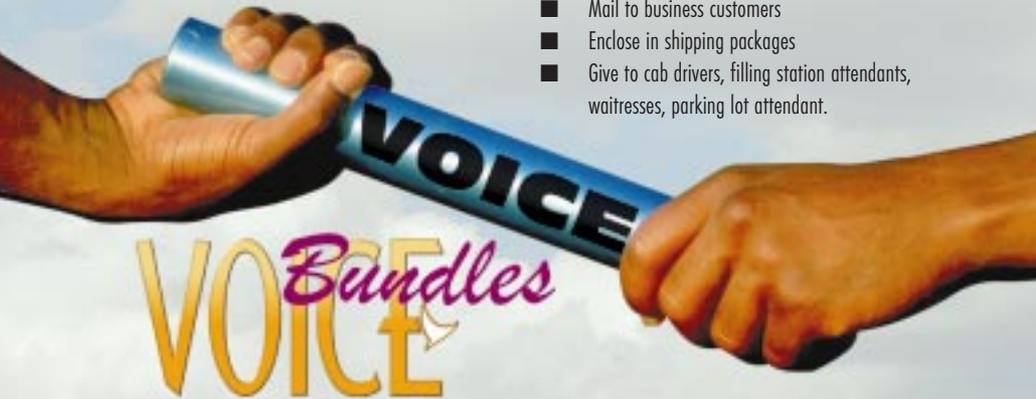
I have just entered my freshmen year at the University of Arkansas, which is located at Fayetteville, Arkansas. My God is still with me as I walk this new walk. How do I know? He was with me as the tractor shoved me farther and farther into the valley, so I am assured He will be with me here in the Arkansas mountains and valleys. I'm still running; I'm still praising Him. He is a wonderful God.



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6 Steps To Salvation

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.

1

Acknowledge

"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23)

"God be merciful to me a sinner." (Luke 18:13)

2

Repent

"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13:3)

"Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." (Acts 3:19)

3

Confess

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1John 1:9)"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Romans 10:9)

4

Forsake

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord...for He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah 55:7)

5

Believe

"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." (John 3:16)

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16:16)

6

Receive

"He came unto His own, and His own received him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to those that believe on His name." (John 1:11, 12)

Why not make your eternal decision now?

"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, **"Now That You've Received Christ."**

Yes! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Saviour.

Please send me the booklet "Now That You've Received Christ."

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