

Who Am I and How Did I Get to 2007 – My Testimony

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I have been asked many times to put my testimony down on paper but I have never been quite sure where to start. I always ask myself: What do I include? Where do I start? At what point in my life do I begin a story that has been a journey of perhaps epic proportions and at other times, times of stillness and even boredom?

I have decided to leave out as much of the times of boredom as possible and focus on the interesting things that have led me to be the man I am today. That is not to say that some of the quiet times in my life are not important, but I can only write so much.

I always tell people that I was born in a brewery, not so much because I used to drink a lot before I became a believer in the Messiah, but because my mother was living with my aunt on the Isle of Wight, in a village called Shanklin, in a hotel that my uncle had converted from a brewery. That was way back in 1961. For those that don't know, the Isle of Wight is a little island off the south coast of England.

My father was an American serviceman who must have been involved in an experiment because he somehow disappeared off the face of the planet when he found out that my mother was to bear his offspring. The experiment must have worked as all these years later he is still invisible despite trying to find him on this fantastic medium called the internet. I guess all those films about the government making people disappear are true. (You can probably tell by my fanciful musings that I grew up a bit of a science fiction fan).

When I was 18 months old my mother decided to marry another American who had been a pen pal for a few years and who still lived in America. This is one of those romantic stories of a couple in love, at first sight. Without too much detail on that story, I ended up moving to New York to start my new life in a Jewish community as my new step father was Jewish. This was more of a shock to my mother's system than to my own as all I cared about at the time was people smiling and being nice to me, and what could I reach, pull down and break. Children today have so much more fun at this than I did as they now have video recorders and DVD machines to push their toys into. I have always been jealous of that.

At about the time I was eight years old my mother met a couple who were Born Again Christians. After striking up a friendship with them my mother was led to the Lord and brought into salvation. Now the tables had turned, it was my father's turn to be shocked. A good Jewish boy should not be married to someone who believes in that accursed name. For years my mother would try to go to Church on a Sunday, only to be thwarted in her attempts in various ways by my father. He would take the car as she was about to go or hide the keys. At times he had tried to lock her in the house in the hope this nonsense she was talking about could be bullied out of her; after all, he being Jewish made him right in the eyes of God over this issue as they are the chosen people, so of course he knew best.

My mother used to take me and my two younger sisters on the 5-6 mile walk to church anyway. If she made it in time we would be put in the Sunday school and she would go off to the main meeting. This didn't always work though, as many times she tended to arrive near the end of the service or parts thereof depending on the length of the arguments and delays she went through to get there.

For those that don't know, in America there are places called summer camps for children, usually aged eight and upwards. One summer I was sent to one of these through the church. It was called

“Word of Life Bible Camp” from what I remember. It was a marvellous place, up in the mountains of upstate New York with lots of cool things for kids to do. We were entertained with swimming and crafts classes as well as witnessed to and taught things about the Bible. At this young age and in fact for many years more I was not interested at all in that religious stuff. Especially when I could see what problems it caused within the household. Why would anyone want to believe something that caused so many fights? Seemed really strange to me.

No, I was interested in all the fun things we could do. I remember one evening a friend, whom I’d met at the camp, and I collected grass snakes and bullfrogs from the surrounding area, snuck into the girls’ cabin before they got back and put them all in their sleeping bags. Needless to say we got a great deal of satisfaction and days of amusement from the terrified screams of the girls that night as they got into their sleeping bags with their uninvited guests.

I believe that several of the girls and even some boys went home after this event as they had become too frightened to stay. If you are perchance one of these people that were frightened or even the councillors that had to deal with it, I ask your forgiveness and apologise unreservedly for my behaviour. Needless to say this was typical of my attitude towards life. If it was good for me that was fine, if it hurt other people that was okay too, as long as I didn’t get caught. I was never caught for the above act, hence my apologies now. I was one of those kids that had the face of an angel and people would always believe butter wouldn’t melt in my mouth.

At the age of thirteen the company my father was working for filed for bankruptcy and laid off all the workers. My father worked in the accounts department; hope it wasn’t his maths that caused the problem! Anyway, there were no other jobs of that calibre around for him at the time but he was offered a position in England that was both well paid and secure in a solid company. He was made the accounts claims manager for the entire world for this multinational company. Obviously he took the job and I suddenly found myself back in the land of my birth in a town called Northampton.

At thirteen this was a real shock to my system. I had friends I had to leave behind and all I knew was thrown into turmoil. I was suddenly surrounded by all these people who spoke with the same strange accent as my mother and when they talked fast I couldn’t understand half they said. This led on to me becoming the focus of some of the bullies in the school. Mind you it didn’t help the situation much that I would tell the girls that John Travolta was my cousin to impress them. He isn’t my cousin by the way but it was a great way to get the girls to like me.

The bullying started to get too much and it was getting to the point that I really did not want to go to school anymore because I was afraid. At about this time someone, I can’t remember who, suggested I start going to karate to learn to defend myself. So with much persuasion my parents agreed to pay for my lessons. I joined a club teaching Aikido and promptly threw heart and soul into training and learning to be the best martial artist I could be. This is all I will write on this topic other than to mention that I continued with the training on and off and trained in several styles over the years. (To know more about this topic please read my article on Martial Arts posted [here](#) or it can be found through the website at: <http://www.maxddl.org>).

At around this time, my Jewish stepfather found faith in the Messiah. He became born again, a completed Jew. The Lord spoke to him in the car on the way home from work one day and was convinced without doubt the truth of all that my mum had been trying to convince him of over the years. My mother prayed day and night for all of us. The Lord may take time to answer but he is listening, so never give up praying for your loved ones and others. If God could change my step father’s heart He could change anyone’s. So I found out later on.

It was also about this time that my love of science fiction stories developed into the reading of horror stories. I became fascinated with the occult. I could never get enough of it. I started going to occult shops and getting books on magic, spells etc. I spent years learning astral projection and most new age occultic techniques. This gradually led on to me devoting myself to worshipping Satan. This part of my life does not need to be elaborated upon too much as there are many things I would prefer to forget and things that do not need to be spoken of. I in no way wish to glorify or romanticise this part of my life. This continued in one form or another until I was twenty five.

As I grew in age, stature and confidence I developed a desire to ride motor bikes. Once I was old enough at seventeen to have one, I went out and bought one. This led me into friendship with other like minded people and so developed the point in my life that I coloured my skin artistically and played cat and mouse with the police, both on and off the road. I was arrested many times over this period and eventually when I was twenty I was sent to prison for 12 twelve years and three months, fortunately for me the crimes were sentenced individually and ran concurrently which meant I only served eight and half months. I spent my twenty first birthday in prison.

The few years leading up to my incarceration were particularly difficult for my mother and she could no longer have me live at home. She could not stand to see me always in trouble and throwing my life away with drugs. So I went to live in a hostel in the centre of town. I also got married to a young lady just after I turned eighteen and this marriage lasted all of six months. Neither of us were suitably stable enough emotionally to make the relationship work. Certainly on my part as the drugs and my already selfish nature made it impossible for anything to work other than on my terms. Not a good way to be when trying to work at a marriage.

Also at seventeen my step father died shortly before I married. This was a real blow for the family, my mother, two sisters and brother took it very hard. It was not so much of a problem for me as I never really got on with him and we fought continuously. I was also emotionally cold due to the drug taking.

The order of a lot of the events that happened in these few years of my life get a little muddled in my head sometimes, as the drugs made time flow differently to me and it is not always clear, even now trying to remember the exact order in which things happened. It always seems okay at the time to be on drugs but it is the scars that remain for the rest of your life that you have live with. Lost time is only a minor inconvenience compared to having a criminal record and the long term effects; such as not being able to remember names and numbers easily, at least in my case. This is something I find particularly difficult to deal with as I can hardly ever retain the names and scripture verses needed in my head when witnessing or when I went through Bible College. Praise the Lord though I can remember what the verses say; that I have no problem with.

I find I have to keep saying someone's name far more than usual to retain it. I can forget names after a while even when I know the person well. Though the better I know them the longer it takes to forget the name. I never forget a face though, so I tend to say alright Mate or how you doing Squire till I either remember the name or ask them apologetically to remind me. It is an embarrassing legacy to have after the drugs. You can probably tell by the way I say things now that I have completely lost my American accent even without hearing me.

I digress; let's get back to the story.

During my time in prison I achieved a Btec in Business Studies; somehow I had managed to concentrate long enough to pass all the exams with a distinction in all parts bar one which I only just passed. That was economic history, (it was full of dates and names, aaah).

After my release from Her Majesty's establishment a Christian councillor I met organised for me to get a job in North Wales. It was at a Christian centre for both the mentally and physically disabled, as well as too healthy children to go on holiday (that's a vacation for the Americans that may read this). I was placed in charge of the harbour and spent many enjoyable hours taking the children out on power boats and canoes, as well as helping the instructors to take the children climbing. A condition of working at this centre was however that I had to go to the prayer meetings and Bible studies. This to me was hard work and wholly unacceptable, so it wasn't long before I managed to skive out of this and spend my off time either in the pub drinking or fishing when the boats weren't used.

I spent eight months at this centre and I must confess that not only did I enjoy it immensely but the children got their revenge on me as, I was now a councillor. Oh, how the tables had turned. What goes around comes around, as they say.

Once I left Wales I moved to London to where my family had moved during my time studying in the Queen's classroom. I was determined to try and straighten out my life and not go back to the old ways anymore. Despite this it did not take long for me to get back into the old habits. You see when I was seventeen I had had a motor cycle accident and it was just at this time that the insurance money had come through. For some time I had no need to work and started spending my time and the money I had received in the pub and smoking Cannabis. I did however manage to stay of the harder drugs this time.

Around this moment in time I met my second wife, a Jewess with three children from a previous marriage. We started going out for a few months and it wasn't long before she fell pregnant with our son. It was a very rocky, to say the least, relationship. Once our son was born we decided to get married but our reasons for this marriage were not right. We married because we had a son and not because we loved each other. Despite this we managed to stay together through the constant break-ups for four years. It did eventually get to the point that we were unable to repair it and there was no hope of the relationship working.

During this time I passed my truck drivers license and started driving trucks all over Europe, this kept me away from home a lot which suited me but not our relationship.

However, about four or five months before she took the children and vanished away with another man, I found salvation in our Lord Jesus the Messiah.

This is the most amazing and defining moment of my life. You must understand that up until this time, my god had been far from and totally apposed to what the Bible said I needed.

How the Lord called me is a story in itself, I will endeavour to pass that on to you now.

We received a phone call from my mother inviting us over for dinner one day. So we packed the kids into the car and drove over. Mum put her usual effort into a lovely roast dinner, and once finished the kids went off to the garden to play and we sat in the front room to chat. It was at this point that mother decided to drop the bombshell on me that she wanted to put her hands on me and pray. She asked if she could do this as she felt the Lord had requested her to perform this act. I of course promptly refused.

Undeterred, she persisted in her appeal in a way known to us men as 'severe nagging'. Eventually I relented and said "ok, but told her I had no desire to hear what you are praying or saying". This placated her and so without further ado she stood behind me and placed her hands on my shoulders and began to pray. True to her word I heard nothing of the prayer and let her just get on with it. Once

she had finished she thanked me for allowing her to do that and I promptly responded “if your God is real, He will have to really show himself for me to believe in Him”. The rest of that day continued as normal and no further thought by me was given to what I considered a minor irritation to do with my mother’s perceived brush with Holiness.

That evening it was the usual mishap and mayhem of trying to get four boys into bed and settled before we could go to bed. Eventually we were allowed to go to bed and after the normal nightly discussion I settled into a deep sleep.

They say you can learn things in your dreams, and in my case that was not wrong.

The Dream

I’m sure you know how in dreams things can move very quickly and often strangely. That is what happened to me. In the dream I was standing looking at two houses. On the left was a newly built house and on the right was an old gothic style house, a bit like the house the Munster’s or the Addams family would have felt at home in. As I was looking at the houses they moved towards each other and blended together.

In the next instant I was standing inside the front door looking down a hallway. I realised I was standing in the new house, but as I looked right I saw the stairway running up to the first floor and as I gazed upward I could see the banister getting older and older as it went up. I could just see that the top of the stairs were in fact in the old house that I had previously seen outside.

Then again, with the amazing teleport like ability of dreams I found myself standing at the top of the stairs in the older part of the now blended and joined house. Just in front of me and slightly to the left was a doorway into a room. I entered this room and saw in front of me a big old four poster bed. Then looking to my left I could see a large gothic style wardrobe. One of those wardrobes which you might see in a horror film placed in an old scary house. It was covered in gargoyles and other unidentifiable carvings. I felt a foreboding feeling as I looked at this wardrobe and I was more than a little uncomfortable. Whilst watching this piece of furniture warily, the doors suddenly opened and all I can describe as a black mass or cloud shot toward me and enveloped me at incredible speed.

It is almost impossible to put into words. Not only the utter terror I felt when encompassed by this mass but the feelings of despair and complete loss of anything even remotely related to anything good. In the few seconds which lasted an eternity I found I couldn’t breathe or move and I could hardly think.

Imagine losing everything you loved in your life, family, friends, children, eyesight, hearing, and any possibility of ever moving again and multiply that by infinity. That doesn’t even come close to explaining what it was like. With the little rational thought I had left I realised I was dead and this is what it was like to be separated from God. Hoping that it wasn’t too late I managed to scream; at least I think it was a scream, “Lord Jesus Save Me”.

Suddenly as I made this truly heartfelt plea, I felt a hand grab me from behind. This hand grabbed the collar of my shirt and pulled me backwards down the stairs into the new house.

I then found myself in total blackness; I could feel nothing, see nothing nor hear anything. Yet I was able to think clearly. This lasted for perhaps 5-10 seconds (I think) and then I felt an explosion in my chest. Several seconds after that, I gasped and took in a deep breath. This breath was not painful but sweet and wonderful after what I had just been through. I believe the explosion in my chest was my

heart starting again and the breath I took was me coming back to life. I was literally Born Again in more sense than one.

For some time after this I just lay there sobbing and repenting of all I had done and begged the Lord to forgive me. I must have prayed for an hour or so when I finally felt up to waking my wife and telling her what had just happened.

Being Jewish she was not overly impressed with my story and went back to sleep moaning about the fact I had woken her over such rubbish. Undeterred I went back to praying and eventually fell asleep. A dreamless sleep I might add.

The next day I got up, and, at the first free moment I phoned my mother and told her what had happened. As you can imagine, there were more tears, but tears of joy this time. All she kept saying was; “you see, God answers prayer”. She would cry with joy some more and kept thanking God.

I realised then and still know to this day that I died that night and as I died I was given the chance to repent. I know that if I hadn't repented I would still be with those demons that had come for me and be eternally separated from God.

In the physical, I don't know why this would have happened. I was reasonably fit and healthy, or at least so I thought. Perhaps it was all the drugs I had taken over the years catching up on me. This I don't know, but I do know with unwavering certainty that what happened and how it felt was real.

This all must sound very dramatic, but if you remember, I said it would have to be pretty dramatic to get my attention when Mum prayed for me. God certainly deserves every award possible for His sense of drama and timing. When He wants to get your attention you will know it, believe me.

This all happened on the Saturday night. On the Sunday morning I walked down to the only Church I knew in the area that was within walking distance and went in. It was an Elim Pentecostal. It was the first time I had ever gone to Church under my own steam.

For the first few weeks after this experience I was on fire, with a thirst to know the God that had saved me. I would spend every spare minute reading the Bible and praying. I stopped doing the continental driving and got a job close to home. This job was perfect for me at that time. It was a six week contract, but I had to do twelve hours a day for seven days a week. They were doing what is called a shut down at one of the oil refineries not far from where I was living. Each year they would stop production and clean and replace the machinery. I was the only driver on site licensed to drive an articulated truck. (That is a semi and trailer to you Americans). All I had to do all day was sit in the truck in case it was needed to move something. In the six weeks I did maybe two hours work. The rest of the time I had to myself and spent it reading the Bible trying to learn what it is that God wanted from me and who He truly was. After all, to me for so many years He was no more than a swear word or curse when upset or excited.

The Continuing Saga

Only a few short months after this transformation, I found myself suddenly homeless and without a family, I didn't know where my wife had taken my son, she also seemed to have been in the same experiment as my dad, she totally vanished leaving the house empty, and shortly after it was sold. Details aren't essential here. Within a week of this separation I found a job working for a company that not only delivered around Europe, but Eastern Europe and the Middle East, all by road. This suited me perfectly as I could be out of the country for weeks at a time as opposed to days. The next two and a half years brought many adventures, all to do with my travels in the truck. I was on the Iraq border the day they invaded Kuwait, I have had military protection in Jordan after being shot at,

robbed by soldiers in Syria and was in East Germany the day they started pulling down the wall. I was in Romania during the revolution and saw many of the troop movements in the former Yugoslavia when it all kicked off there.

I had some entertaining times and interesting experiences in that job. Even though there were several times I truly believed I was going to die, or at least be seriously injured. One such occasion was during the first Gulf war when I was in Jordan:

Three of us were travelling together. Another driver from the same company I worked for and a Swedish driver. We came through the border from Syria into Jordan and proceeded to go through the usual ritual of customs papers and bribery to enable us to carry on all the way through the country and on into Saudi Arabia.

Now, when you travelled in a truck across Jordan at that time there was a system that went like this: when there were enough trucks on the border with customs clearance, a military or police vehicle would lead the convoy of trucks out of the border and across the country to the next border. This convoy, on normal occasions was about as effective and useful as a chocolate teapot. Because many of the trucks in the convoy were heavily loaded and they would be very slow and the escort would keep the speed down for them to catch up. This would mean it could take up to six hours to cross a country we could do in about three and a half hours. We had a tendency to overtake the convoy leaders and disappear into the sunset, often arriving at the next border and through into Saudi before the others were three quarters of the way across the country. As I say, this is how it normally was.

This occasion was different. We did the usual customs and paperwork ritual expecting to be on our way within a couple of hours. However, we had not reckoned on the problems brought about by the newly started Gulf war or the excitable supporters of Saddam in Jordan. As we were preparing ourselves to leave the border the previous convoy started to return, in rather a hurry I might add. We could see as they returned many broken windscreens and headlights and some of the Turkish drivers were covered in blood. This made us more than a little nervous and we went to investigate what had happened.

One of the drivers told us that when they had reached the town just outside the border they were set upon by an angry mob. Trucks were smashed and set on fire and apparently one Turkish driver was killed in the ensuing melee'. The security soldiers at the border told us to go back to our trucks and wait. We did this with some trepidation, but what else could we do? Later that day there were people walking around the inside the border looking up at us and drawing their thumbs across their throats and threatening us with death. So to try and be safe, we put all three trucks close together and opened the windows between us so we could get to each other whilst the two outside trucks kept the exposed windows closed and doors firmly locked.

We spent the next two days like this. On the afternoon of the second day a Jordanian news crew were filming just the other side of a chain mail fence and beckoned us over for an interview. We decided to be brave and walk over; it was only a few hundred feet away. As we approached, the camera was turned toward us and the interviewer was about to ask us questions we were reminded of why we should stay in the trucks. Several people approached us at a run in an obviously threatening manner, so we made a hasty retreat back to the relative safety of our trucks. We didn't try this again despite the news crews' attempts to prompt us over when the angry people had gone.

On the third day of our uncomfortable siege, we could hear gun fire and it was getting louder. An angry mob bent on the death of the foreigners at the border was headed our way. Without further ado all the drivers on the border grabbed their passports and cash and ran for the border trying to get back into Syria. They refused to open the border to let us through. All of a sudden a complete calm

came over me, I don't know if it was because I had decided to accept I was about to die and be with my Lord or if I was just in shock at the culmination of three days of an uncertain situation. Just as we were coming within range of the bullets of the angry mob the Jordanian army arrived. The next few hours are still a bit of a blur, but we found ourselves suddenly totally safe. The army were protecting us and the soldiers were very apologetic for what had been happening to us and actually made us feel welcome in their country. On day four we were told that the convoy was ready to set off and would we please stay in the convoy for once. This we had no argument with.

One soldier who spoke perfect English and had what I assumed were high ranking insignia told us that when we go through the town, not to stop for anything. He said if someone runs out in front of you, run them over and do not stop. I was uncomfortable with this idea but agreed to his request. I was about fifth or sixth truck back in the convoy as it left the border. Before I left I disengaged the speed limiter on the truck as all European trucks are limited to 56mph and knew that if I had to, I could get up to about 80mph with the light load I had on and at least try and get away from trouble if it arose. The two drivers with me did the same. It was about a mile from the border to the town, and along the route there were many soldiers. As we reached the town there were soldiers about every three feet or so on both sides of the road interspersed with tanks and armoured personnel carriers. When I saw this I must confess I felt relief and a certain amount of security.

About a quarter of the way through the town I lost a little of the confidence as someone on a rooftop, so I thought, threw stones at me. Just as I heard the bangs on the cab of my truck the soldier next to me turned and sprayed the roof of the building with machine gun fire. I didn't stop to see the results of this barrage but continued as instructed. Several hours later the convoy was brought to a stop in the desert so that everyone could catch up. It was also a well needed toilet break by this time. We still had several dozen soldiers with us at the front of the convoy and many more coming along with the rest of the trucks.

When talking to my Swedish colleague he pointed to a hole in my driver's door which I hadn't noticed. Upon further investigation we found three holes in the unit of my truck. The one on the door was a bullet hole which penetrated just under my seat and the other was just behind me and went through my pillow and out the other side. Three holes in all and a pillow with leaking foam filling. I don't know what happened to the man that shot at me but I do know I thank the Lord that he missed the way he did and that the soldier was on the ball enough to stop anyone else getting hurt.

Once at the border to leave Jordan we had a few more, but only minor problems with some of the customs officers being awkward with us, but eventually we arrived safely in Saudi Arabia. There is more to this story as we still had to get home again but I will save that for another time.

The reason I am recanting this story is to show how God can organise things and keep you safe in a dire circumstance when we can see no way out.

As time went by I eventually felt it was time to go to Bible College and spend more time and effort on what I was to do for the Lord as opposed to what I was doing with the travelling. During all this time of travel and work I had very little time to go to church as I was only home occasionally on a Sunday. I knew it was time to stop all of this and focus.

I left work in faith and started praying for this opportunity to arrive. After a few months of unemployment I was getting a little despondent and thought perhaps I was imagining it and should get back to work. Just as I was giving up I was approached by someone, totally out the blue who said, "I feel the Lord is asking me to pay for you to go to Bible College". I was blown away by this, though I don't know why. The Lord always keeps His Word; it is just not always in our time. So I set off trying to find a suitable College. The cost of the College and support did not seem to be a

problem for this person. I applied to several colleges and attended interviews at several, both in the UK and abroad. I was accepted to a few and couldn't make up my mind where to go. I sat in my mother's lounge one morning praying about this situation when the post arrived. In the post was an advert for a new Bible College opening in London that was part of the Elim Pentecostal Church I had attended on a few occasions. The cost of this was also a lot lower than any of the colleges I had applied to. It also meant I could live at Mum's and keep the cost down further. I took this as an answer to the prayers I was making at that time. I applied and was accepted. To get to the Church meant that I had to travel on two trains through London, but I was happy to do this seven days a week. Five days for the College, one Day for the Sunday service, as I had committed myself fully to this church and on Saturdays I would help in the maintenance of the building and go on outreach. I passed all the relevant exams despite my trouble with names and numbers and started looking for a possible full time job in the ministry.

After several months I started getting involved with a church in London that was Faith and Prosperity oriented with its own Bible College. I didn't realise at the time what this meant but they offered me a job rebuilding various areas within the building and I was soon there seven days a week. They had out reach meetings every night which I stayed for. There were regularly big named American televangelists coming to speak and I was given the job on occasion of picking them up from the airport in the churches own vehicle which was a very nice limited edition Audi.

After several months I began to ask questions of the leaders and teachers in this church as to why they are so focused on money and our ability to, what seemed to me, control the Holy Spirit and condemning people who were sick as having sin in their life. I questioned how they were teaching that the church had replaced Israel in God's plan and that He was finished with the Jews.

I must state that I was not in anyway trying to cause disruption in the fellowship as I only brought these questions to the teachers and leaders with a genuine desire to understand. I explained that it appeared to me the Scriptures quoted were out of context with the rest of what was said around it and could they explain it to me. I genuinely wanted to understand as I thought it must be me that was wrong, after all these are Bible College teachers and people that preach the Gospel on TV, so they must know what they are on about. Despite asking at various times over a two to three week period, I received no explanation or even attempt at one.

I was feeling a little despondent and disheartened over this and then at one of the evening meetings I was asked to leave the church and not to return as it was claimed by the leadership that I was a sorcerer infiltrating the church to bring division. This was done, not privately but in front of about five hundred people. I was devastated.

I left the church in shock and headed for the train station. As with the other church I had attended I needed to catch two trains to get home. I was glad it was reasonably late in the evening and the trains were quiet because I found myself in tears and praying desperately for an explanation. I thought maybe I was the one that was off base and God would reject me for questioning His teachers. I even doubted if I had truly been saved in the first place and could they see my old ways infiltrating back into my life. I was scared. What if they were right? What could or should I do? I did the only thing I could. I prayed and prayed and kept praying. Lord don't leave me like this.

As I pointed out earlier the Lord always answers prayer in His time and His timing is always perfect.

At the station where I had to change trains I met a young woman whom I had known from a Baptist Church that I had visited on a few occasions. She was just saying goodbye to a friend and was getting the same train home. We sat and talked together and I poured out my heart to her over what

had just happened. She was obviously shocked and encouraged me that I wasn't wrong in my perceptions. This made me feel a little better but I was still unsure.

As we reached our destination she suggested that perhaps I would like to go to a Messianic Fellowship with her which met on a Friday night. I asked what a Messianic Fellowship was. I was worried it was some sort of cult. She explained to me that it was a fellowship of mainly Jewish but also gentile believers in the Messiah and the teaching was very good and Bible based as opposed to man centred teaching. I had no car at the time and she said "no problem, I will pick you up" so I said okay.

On the Friday night she arrived promptly at the arranged time as promised and off we went. I had never heard praise and worship like it. A lot of the songs were in Hebrew yet somehow it felt as if the Lord was truly the focus of the praise. I loved the tunes as well, they were so alive. She explained to me that the songs were in fact psalms and other Scriptures put to music, God had given the worship words so why not use them. I was impressed by this.

The speaker stood up to speak and I was surprised that he wasn't Jewish, I half expected a Rabbi in his prayer shawl to stand up. When the speaker started expounding the Scriptures he covered every question I had had over the last few weeks and even talked a little on how some of the churches were deceiving people away from the truth with out of context and misinterpreted Scripture. I was absolutely blown away. Every question and Scripture I had been confused over was brought up and explained in a way that was logical and obviously correct when interrelated with the rest of Scripture. I asked my friend at the end of the service if she had spoken to the speaker and informed him of my problem. She assured me that she hadn't.

I became a member of this fellowship and spent a few years there. The speaker became a close friend and mentor. One day someone in the congregation asked me if I could help a friend of theirs set up a large screen on a stage for a gospel outreach. I said I was happy to. Shortly after meeting and helping this person he offered me a job at CMJ (Churches Mission to the Jewish People) to help build a museum for schools to come to and be educated in the history of the Holy Land and the roots of Christianity. I of course accepted and worked on this project to completion about sixteen months later.

Once the job was completed I was let go by this ministry as there was no other position for me to take up at that time. It was a Friday so I drove home and got changed and ready for the usual Friday evening meeting. On the way in the car I was asking the Lord for some direction as to what was next. I was out of work again but wanted to get back into some kind of ministry or Christian work as soon as possible. During this time of praying in the car I said to the Lord, "I would love to go to Israel" as I had never been.

God, with His usual sense of timing and I am sure sense of humour amazed me yet again. I parked the car, walked into the meeting hall and was immediately pulled aside by one of the congregation. This person, with no beating around the bush, simply stated that they felt the Lord was asking them to pay for me to go to Israel. You can imagine my stunned silence. When I had picked my jaw up of the floor I said yes, thank you and explained my current situation and what I had praying in the car.

I went to Israel and spent four months working on Mount Carmel helping to build a worship centre there. I did steel erecting, cement pouring and any other jobs that were needed. I met many amazing people from around the world who had come to offer their time as volunteers to build this building. I remember two men which particularly stand out in my mind. One was a former American bomber pilot who was responsible for flying nuclear bombs around in case Russia attacked them and the

other was a former Russian nuclear Submarine commander. We were working alongside each other praising God.

Within a few weeks of my return I was offered a Job at Messianic Testimony. Initially it was to come in twice a week to maintain the computers and help out with the book room etc. After about two months of this I was starting to struggle a little financially as this did not pay much, so it was back to prayer and what should I do. Within a week the office manager left to another ministry and I was offered his Job. I took the job and was happy at that for just over two years.

When I left Messianic Testimony I had always had a desire to fly planes. The opportunity arose for this to happen and I went off to America for three months and took my pilot's license and other additional ratings. Later on I would also take my Helicopters pilots licence.

Shortly after my return I was approached by a former worker of CMJ who ask me if I would like to help build some truck trailers into education centres, more of a portable interactive tour of the Holy Land, to take around schools and educate on the roots of our faith. This person had not realised I could drive trucks and not only could I help build it but I could transport them as well. It took us about eighteen months to refit the trailers and to start getting bookings with churches and schools.

It was an amazing privilege to meet so many young people and inform them of the roots of the Christian faith and to see their eyes being opened to a whole new perspective on Christianity.

I will never forget two young lads at one school. They were the school bullies and loved to cause disruption. They were playing up so much in the other trailer to mine that they had to be asked to leave. When they were due to come to my trailer which had two separate sections in it, I decided to give them a second chance. As their group was a small one I sent the main group to the back section and kept these two boys in the front. That way they could only disrupt me if they tried. I must admit that when they first came in they were trying to play up a bit. But with my 6'3" stature and arms covered in tattoos they thought better of it and settled quite quickly. I presented them with the standard program which they watched with relish as this part of the trailer was a 3D theatre, giving a tour of Israel in 3D. They were amazed at this and started asking lots of questions as to what Christians believe. Which I dutifully answered. They then asked me if I believed all that I had told them in response to their questions and I of course said yes.

Simultaneously both boys with no prompting from me or conversation with each other got on their knees and accepted Jesus as their saviour. These boys were about 14 at the time. I have never seen them again or heard of their progress but pray for them regularly.

In the few years that have passed since then I have remarried to a beautiful Christian wife who supports me one hundred percent in my desire to reach the lost, teach the church the roots of our faith and expose the deceptions spreading so rapidly through Christendom in these last days.

I have prayed fervently over the years for my son, whom I had not seen for 18yrs. Just recently the Lord finally answered that prayer and we have been reconciled. It is a wonderful experience to be allowed the privilege of getting to know my son after all this time.

It is my deepest desire that this testimony may be of help or encouragement to any struggling just now. Prayer never goes unanswered; you just may not expect the answer you get. Always give the Lord the honour due Him and make Him your focus, seek His face and learn the Word in Truth.

2Ti 2:15

Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.