studio chain. We had seventy-five studios in the States and Canada. I ducked in and out of the motion picture and music industry down through the years, cutting records myself to fit the trend of music, whatever it was. I put together "Oldie but Goodie" albums, bought out top radio and television time, and made a fortune out of them way back there. Now there is no big money in them. I managed and promoted stars, top ones. I would pick up complete unknowns, manage and promote them to big stars.

It was on or during one of these big promotional extravaganzas that I met Jesus of Nazareth, my Lord. My mind was so far removed from anything concerning God the day he turned my whole world upside down. I had picked up a boy singer, a complete unknown, and did a gigantic promotion on him. I had him booked to all the top television shows.

I was driving around town in a chauffeur driven limousine with a police escort and an entourage of seventeen people, putting the world on a trip. I had a barber, a body guard, a nurse, and all sorts of "yes" men. If I went to a hot dog stand, or a motion picture premiere, I went with the limousines, chauffeurs, cops, the whole regalia. The body guard would open the door, throw down a big velvet pillow; we would step into the velvet pillow. The barber would comb our hair, the nurse take our pulse. One of the fellows would spray us with cologne, another strew flowers in our path, and the cops would stand at attention. Where did I get the cops, the chauffeurs and the limousines? I rented them from a funeral parlor for a hundred bucks a day.

I had spent so much money on promotional ads and on keeping the entourage of seventeen people that my expenses were running into thousands of dollars a day and I needed money. My attorney told me some of the super stars had invested money in a holding firm and they were interested in investing money in my campaign. Would I meet with them and their attorneys? At first I said no. "I have a hit record, the record distributors owe me money. Within thirty to forty-five days I will have all the money I need." My attorney said, "Tony, the way you spend money, there is no way you can survive thirty to forty-five days." I ranted and raved. "Sure they will put up the dough. I have the star made. I've done all the work. Why wouldn't they take the frosted cake for a million bucks?" "Well, Tony," he reasoned, "don't sell half of him." I agreed to see them and offer five percent for fifty thousand. Little did I know what was waiting for me that day.

The black limousines lined up, the police escort went into formation, and we cruised down the streets with motorists and pedestrians gaping, wondering who the dignitaries were. We cruised over to the attorney's office. The police lined up the limousines, the chauffeurs opened the doors, and we got out of the limos and went up one flight of stairs to the attorney's offices in Beverly Hills. The offices were packed. The motion picture stars were there, their attorneys and, of course, my seventeen people.

The attorney representing the investment firm was a little Jewish man. He came forward rubbing his hands and smiling. "Tony Alamo," he said, "I have been wanting to meet you. This is the greatest promotion I have ever seen in all my years in the industry. It is an extravaganza," he exclaimed, sweeping the wall with a gesture, and I saw he had the whole promotion laid out on his wall, still rubbing his hands and smiling as we sat down. "Now," he said, "I understand you boys need a little money." I was getting ready to haggle with him, and I thought to myself, "I have one up on him. He thinks I am Italian and I know he is Jewish." I answered him with, "Well, I don't need as much money as you had originally offered."

Suddenly my ears went completely deaf. I could not hear any noise from the crowd in the room. We were only one floor up, yet I could not hear any noise from the street. I looked at the people in the room. Some of their mouths were moving, but I could not hear anything they were saying. Suddenly I heard a voice; a voice that came from every direction. It was all around me. It was going through every fiber of my being. My head, my arms, my legs; it was all around me. The voice said, "I AM THE LORD THY GOD. STAND UP ON YOUR FEET AND TELL THE PEOPLE IN THIS ROOM THAT JESUS CHRIST IS COMING BACK TO EARTH, OR THOU SHALT SURELY DIE."

I looked around the room to see if someone was putting me on some kind of a trip and they were all looking at me. I felt as if I were sealed into some sort of gigantic vacuum. I thought, "I am going crazy. I'm losing my mind. Yes, that's it, I'm cracking up." People had told me I was a genius, and geniuses often cracked up, so that was it. So I would get out of here before I made a fool of myself.

I stood to my feet and said, "I am ill." The giant pressure that was upon me forced me back into my seat and the voice as many waters flooded all around and through me again. "I AM THE LORD THY GOD. STAND UP ON YOUR FEET AND TELL THE PEOPLE IN THIS ROOM THAT JESUS CHRIST IS COMING BACK TO EARTH AGAIN OR THOU SHALT SURELY DIE."

I struggled to my feet again, and took one step. As I did, God started playing with my soul like a yo-yo. He would pull it half out of me, and then put it back. My heart was palpitating so hard it felt as if it was going to jump out of my body, and suddenly a revelation came to me, so real I was astounded that I had not always known it. I knew there was a heaven and a hell! I started screaming to the top of my lungs, "No, God, No! Please don't kill me . . . I'll tell them! I'll tell them! I'll tell them!" The breath went back into my body and my heart stopped jumping.

I said, "God, you don't know these people like I do. They won't believe me. But I'll tell them. I'll call them all on the phone, send them telegrams, anything. But please don't make me do it here, they will think I'm crazy." Again he started pulling the soul out of me. My heart was jumping out of my body. I was gasping for breath. "No, God, no . . . please," I began screaming, "I'll do it, I'll do it. I'll tell them." Again my breath went back in my body, my heart stopped thumping.

I looked at the people in the room. They were all staring at me with eyes as big as owls. "I know you won't believe me," I said, "But God is telling me to tell you that Jesus Christ is coming back to earth." Now, I said to myself, I said it. Oops, again my soul started going in and out, again, gasping for breath. "What's the matter God? I said it, I told them." Suddenly every promotion I had ever done in my life was laid out before me in block form. The enthusiasm I had built and sold a star or a product with. And the Lord said, "NOW THAT YOU KNOW I AM HERE, IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO FOR ME?"

"I know you won't believe me, but Jesus Christ is coming back to earth again." This time when I looked at the group of people, they all looked so small to me, and I really wound up with all enthusiasm. "Repent," I screamed. "Jesus is coming!" I had never read a Bible scripture in my life. I had seen the picture, "Elmer Gantry", and I commanded everyone in the room to get down on their knees and repent immediately, that Jesus was coming. I thought that if I did not do a good job, they would all disintegrate before my eyes and I would disintegrate for not doing a good enough job.

The vacuum around me began to lift and my hearing was returning, and the Lord said, "THAT'S ENOUGH." My attorney grabbed one of my swinging arms and said, "Tony, Tony, what's the matter with you?" The little Jewish attorney almost backed out of the window. Papers were flying all over the room (I had knocked his spindle off the desk). "Get him out of here," he screamed, "He's nuts!" I thought for a moment, how can I blame him? If someone had come into my office and done the same thing I had just done, I possibly would have thrown them out of the window.

I walked out of the office with all of my entourage following me. My bodyguard (who is now with Sonny and Cher) was laughing so hard he was falling down the hall. "Tony," he said, "what's the matter? Didn't you dig the cat? Man, he'll wind up in a staight jacket over that scene." The more I tried to explain to them that God had talked to me the more they laughed. "Come on, Tony, put them on a trip, but, man, don't try to put us on it." As I got to the foot of the stairs, there was the funeral limousines lined up. "Oh, my God," I thought, "the last thing I want to see is this mess." I made them all get in the cars.

I wanted to walk. I wanted to be alone. As I walked along, I looked up into the sky. "Dear God," I said, "now that I know you are there, just tell me what you want me to do. I will do anything you say." No answers. I thought, "Maybe God wants me to go to church. Yes, that's it. I will go to church."

I picked the biggest one. I though the biggest one should know the most. I went in and talked to the priest. I told him what happened to me. The priest said to just keep it in my heart to be baptized. This infuriated me. To think that God had told me that Jesus was coming, and here is a man of God telling me to keep it in my heart to be baptized. "Look," I said, "I am a promoter, I know my business. If you ask me how to promote a product, I will give you a positive way to promote it. You are supposed to be a man of God. You tell me about God." This priest was later filled with the Spirit and is now preaching the gospel, but he had no answers for me then.

I went from one church to another, but found no one preaching the powerful message that God had given to me. One by one I left each church, more depressed than I had been before. I felt that I was the only person in the world that knew the truth, that Jesus was really coming.

I had left all my business, I was broke. I took what money that came in and paid off debts. I couldn't work. I was afraid that God would come down on me again in front of people. I was desperate and I was confused. I did not know what to do; I went to my room. There was an old Gideon Bible laying. I opened it and read, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be filled." "Oh, God," I cried, "that's me. I am hungry for truth." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Oh, God," I cried, "I have never been meek, but now I am broke. Now I am in this shabby room. Maybe I qualify now." As I read the words of the Bible, I knew every word of it was truth. I felt the same Spirit I felt that day in the office, and I knew that God had come down on the prophets, the disciples, the apostles, in the same way he had come down on me in that office that day, by the power of the Holy Ghost, and told them what to write.

I felt the power of the Holy Spirit deep in my heart and soul. I found the plan of Salvation. How we must ask God for forgiveness of our sins and ask Jesus to come into our hearts. I cried out to God to forgive me of my sins. My life had been so filled with sin. I asked Jesus to come into my heart and make me a new creature. God gave me a vision of hell. I cried out, "God, don't let me go there." Then he gave me a vision of heaven. I saw myself little, naked, kneeling before God. I was so peaceful I never wanted to leave. There I was, at his feet, I was afraid to open my eyes. I know if I did, I would be looking into the face of Jesus, and I was afraid to look him in the face. Then I saw a large illuminated cross and stars bursting, thousands of them, and angels singing. The Spirit of God entered into my body and I knew beyond any shadow of doubt I passed from death into life. God broke my heart into a million pieces and I lay on the floor with tears streaming down my face, and my body rocking in sobs, but I knew I was saved. Bernie Lazar Hoffman, a.k.a. Tony Alamo, was a changed creature. I took a shower, changed my clothes and walked out into the rain. How wonderful it felt. The skies were different, the world had changed. I had peace for the first time in my life. Peace that money could not buy.

I walked for hours in the rain, then I walked into a restaurant. My Susan was sitting there. Susie and I had known each other for years, but she wouldn't have anything to do with me. The most she would ever say to me was hello and goodbye. I had tried to talk to her before but she wouldn't talk to me. I always knew there was something very different about her. I walked over to the booth where she was sitting and asked her if I could sit with her. To my surprise she said yes. I sat down and ordered my coffee. She looked straight across the table at me with those big, black eyes and said, "Tony, do you know that the Lord Jesus Christ is coming back to earth again?" I came unglued. I jumped up, knocked my silverware and coffee off the table. I thought, "Did she say that? Is God coming down on me again?" "Susie, Susie," I said, "Did you say that? Are there more of us? Are we supposed to meet somewhere? How did you know? Did God come and tell you, too?" "Tony," she said, "it says it all the way through the Bible." "Show it to me."

Susan began reading the Bible to me ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day, and explaining it to me as she read. I could not hear enough. I was like a sponge. "Please, Tony," she would beg me, "go home, I am so tired, I must sleep." I would go back to my room and just wait for her to sleep so I could go back. When I thought my Bible teacher had slept enough, I went over and rang the bell until she got up. Then I started gathering all the people I could find to take with me to learn about God also.

Susie took me with her when she went to churches to preach. I began to realize that I was desperately and completely in love with my teacher. I began to cry out to God from the depths of my heart and soul for God to give her to me. "Oh, God, please," I begged, "I have made such a mess out of my life. This is the only woman I have ever loved in my life. Please God, please give her to me." Sue obviously didn't know I was living. She paid no attention to me whatsoever, other than by Bible lessons and going to church, and that was always in a group. I was so miserable. I was so afraid she would catch me looking at her and know I was in love with her and tell me not to come back.

Susie was fasting and praying for God to send a great revival. I started fasting and praying even harder for God to give me Susie, and God spoke to Susie's heart in a very supernatural way, and she became my wife. The minister who married us said, "I have been in the ministry for many years, and I have married a lot of couples, but I have never felt the Spirit of God as powerfully as I feel it with you two. God has something great ahead for you."

I went back and did another big promotion in the world. I believe God allowed me to do it to prove to the industry that I was not crazy. After that scene in the office, it had circulated through the industry like wildfire, that Alamo had cracked up. The Lord let me prove to the world that I had all my mental facilities. I took a classical singer who was earning ninety bucks a week, a complete unknown, during a hard rock phase of music. Ninety days later he was a superstar, booked into the Dunes Hotel at $15,000 a week, on a graduating scale.

I bought a home in Malibu. Susan begged me not to buy it. "Tony," she would say, "people are dying by the thousands, and they are lost. Please. let's just give up everything and go out and preach the gospel." "Look, honey," I said, "God gave me a brain, let me use it. Let me make money. I'll buy radio and television time. We will get the gospel out." Susan would say, "Tony, God doesn't want your money, He wants your heart."

Every time we would drive up Hollywood Boulevard or Sunset Boulevard Susie would look at the hippie kids roaming the streets. "Look, Tony," she would say, "there they are. There is the harvest field. It is ripe, but no one will go. No one will take the position of the lowly Nazarene." "Look," I said, "You don't know about those kind of kids. They are so spaced out they wouldn't know what you