really hungry for the words. It was as if he was talking just to me. It was like somebody had told him all the things I had ever done.

I was thinking that these people must be spirits of some sort, because they knew me; so I left, but again the thought of suicide had left me. The next Sunday, the same scenario happened over again. The message was about the Prodigal Son. It really touched me. When I realized what the pastor was saying, I understood how lost I really was. I was no more than an atheist and had the same sins. The pastor was speaking straight to my heart when he said, "You think suicide is going to set you free? But no, after death comes the judgment. If you haven't accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Savior and your Master, and if you don't repent of your sins, you're lost and will be lost for eternity, lost forever."

(When the pastor asked if there was someone there that night who wanted to ask Jesus Christ into his heart as his personal Savior, and that that person should raise his hand.) And only God knows why, but I found myself raising both hands.

I said, "Lord, I know I'm lost. I know for sure it's finished for me; madness and death are waiting for me. I want to accept you as my personal Savior. I want you to be my God on one condition: I don't want to drink anymore." I was twenty years old and I didn't want to die, and Satan was doing everything he could to destroy me. I cried out, "Lord, deliver me, I don't want to drink anymore." In that instant, I felt upon me a cool refreshing breeze — not upon my clothes, but on my body. I felt changed inside, transformed. With my hands still raised, I said, "Oh, thank you Jesus, for now I know I'm saved."

I knew I was saved. I ran out of the assembly hall and left because my heart was so full of joy. Later on, the pastor told me that he thought I would never come back. Something marvelous was inside of me, a brand new life. I received a new life that God gives to us in Jesus Christ. I understood that I was really saved. I went down all of the old streets and past the bars that I used to go to, and when I came to the end of the street, I said, "You got me before, but you will never get me again!" Never will I drink again, and my brothers and sisters can witness that to this day. I don't even drink a drop of wine. The Lord had healed me completely. If I were to drink even one drop of wine tonight, my wife would for sure smell it, for the wine would rot inside of me.

When God does something, He does it good and in its time. I was converted, I was turned around, my old life was finished, and a new life had started. I gave all my heart to the Lord. I've seen some of the most beautiful experiences happen with my God. I've seen children with just one hour to live and prayed for them, and the Lord healed them.

In 1945, during the war, I had pain in my legs and in my back. Sometimes, during certain atmospheric conditions I would fall down on my knees for pain. One day there was a very strong storm, so strong that I felt as though I had actually touched electricity. I fell down on my knees and never stood up anymore. I was finished, I would never stand again; I was paralyzed. They tried with x-rays to find out what was wrong with me, but no one could figure it out. I said, "Lord, I know you are there, but what's going on? Why am I sick?"

Three and a half years went by. One day, a doctor came to see me because I had caught a cold. He said, "I know why you are paralyzed. I'll come and get you tomorrow." He put me in touch with a doctor at the Royal Hospital in Belgium who told me I had cancer of the spine. The sciatic nerve was cancerous. It was hidden behind the backbone, so you could not see it. The doctors operated and did find cancer on the sciatic nerve; one of the nerves in the cervical column had almost been completely severed by the cancer. After surgery, I was in a coma for five days; they didn't know if I would come out alive. They cut out seven centimeters (approximately three inches) and grafted it back together. The General Surgeon came in and told me, "I've done everything I could to save you, but you will be confined to a wheel chair for the rest of your life."

Some Italian doctors saw me and examined me. They told me that when they did the surgery they cut some nerves. Now I was even more paralyzed than in the beginning. I was very weak and couldn't talk; my voice had become very weak and feeble. I couldn't move my arms, and my legs were completely dead. I was confined to a bed and couldn't get out. There was a nurse next to me continually. They couldn't leave me alone. I was only able to eat liquid foods through a pipe in my mouth.

I had raised five children, and now I couldn't even do anything by myself. Even though I was in such bad shape, I told the Lord, "I love you with all my heart and soul. I don't understand it, although I know there is a reason, but I know some day I will." When you put your faith in God, Satan is always there to discourage you because he hates it when someone believes God. Satan doesn't want anyone to stand firmly and surely on the Word of God, in which is included all the promises for each and everyone of us. Each day I would talk to my God, "Lord, you said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' One day, I know I'll understand." I prayed in my heart because, you see, I could no longer speak. I said, "Lord, why am I here? I beg of you, talk to me, help me." And then, in my ear in an audible voice (it was not in my head, but it was audible), I heard the voice of the Lord as I had heard many times before. When the Lord speaks to His children, His voice goes into the innermost recesses of the heart. It's so sweet and marvelous, it's like a wind of peace that comes inside of me. He simply said, "Faith without works is dead." I said inside my heart, "Lord, I don't understand." And again, in a louder audible voice, "Faith without works is dead." I was sort of irritated because, in my country, to do works would be to give a few coins to the poor, and I said, "Lord, I'm paralyzed. How could I possibly do any works? I can't even move, how could I possibly give to the poor?" And again, the third time, the voice of the Lord came to my ears. "Listen, faith without **action** is dead." (Do you understand, Christians? You that are hearing this gospel for the first time, you that maybe know the gospel but haven't understood the grace and power of the Lord — faith without action is dead.) At that moment, I understood and I started to tremble and to shake.

I put my hand on the shoulder of the nurse. "I want to get up." She said, "What are you going to do?" I told her, "Josie, give me my pajamas." She couldn't understand what was happening. She knew there was no hope of me ever getting up, but when she felt my hand on her shoulder holding on with strength, she rang for another nurse who ran into the room. She said, "Go get the General Surgeon and tell him the man in Room 70 wants to stand up." My voice raised up again, and I said, "Josie, give me my pajamas, I want to get up." She said, "Just wait, the surgeon is coming." I said, "No! Give me my pajamas, or I'll get off the bed." (And of course, I was naked). There was action now, there was life springing up inside of me. I had to act. I had to show this faith that was in my heart. So she finally gave me the pajamas, and I turned around and let my legs just fall off the bed. If you've ever been just ten days in bed and put your legs on the floor, you know what it feels like. It was three and a half years for me. My legs were trembling, but I commanded them in the name of Jesus to walk. My hands recovered strength, I pushed my right leg in front of me. (If you could have seen the nurse, she was shaking worse than I was.) I said, "In the name of Jesus, I am going to walk." So I walked forward and got to the middle of the hallway just as the Surgeon General was arriving. He yelled, "This is a miracle! Number seventy is walking!" And it was noised abroad throughout the hospital, and even to the factory where I used to work so that the whole factory knew I was walking.

And why? Because when you cry out to God from the bottom of your heart, when you really have a need, He is not a God far away and deaf unto our cries. "If one calls unto me, I will not turn him away," said the Lord, and when someone needs Him, He will come immediately. But our faith must be a living faith. Our faith cannot be a dead faith. We cannot say, "Lord, please help me" and not move. If I hadn't stood up, I'd still be lying there paralyzed today. But the Lord did His work. I was walking — I was happy — I was glad.

My children called me. They were in an orphanage, and when they saw me they said, "Dad, we can go home now." We went back home, and the next day I was playing soccer in the street with them. Because when God does something, He does it with certainty, and does it well.

Lamenting and sorrowing doesn't help. The just shall live by faith. If you need Jesus, if you're without God and without hope, come to Jesus tonight. Give yourself to Him. Have faith in His promises, and you will see that God is a marvelous God.

I was called immediately into the ministry. That's what God wanted for me. I went and preached the gospel everywhere without asking anything from anybody. I was receiving some welfare because of my disability; I've never been without food. I've been preaching the gospel since 1948 and have had some extraordinary experiences. I have seen miracles manifested; I've seen life; I've seen extraordinary signs. I've been walking along with them. I was walking with them without any kind of formal instruction. I didn't even speak French well. I was a stammerer and stutterer, but as soon as I started talking about the Lord, my tongue was loosed. For a long time, I preached the gospel. I gave my all to the Lord. But in 1959, I was tired, really tired. Sometimes on a Sunday, I would have five different meetings in different places.

I was in a tent in the month of November and there was two feet of snow on the ground. After I finished the meeting that night, I headed home on my motorbike in the snow, and I fell down in the storm. I was wasted. I went to bed that night without even taking my clothes off — I didn't even know where I was. When my mother saw the state I was in the next morning, she called the doctor. The doctor said I was really sick. I didn't have any more antibodies in my system; I was completely drained. I had no more strength in me. He gave me a shot of penicillin. (He should have never given me penicillin. It was forbidden since my surgery). Unfortunately, it worked contrary to the way it should have. The virus left my throat and went to my legs. In just a little while, my legs started to swell up, and water was oozing out of my legs, and it was stinking. They wanted to take me to the hospital, but I told them no, I would be all right. And then, in the beginning of December 1959, my toes and toe nails started turning black. I had gangrene. This horrible sickness got worse and worse. On December 22, 1959, the doctors said there was only one way to save me — that was to amputate my legs. I heard them talking in the other room. I told them no, it was too late. I told them not to touch my legs. Just leave me alone. That night I was in peace, although I knew I was going to die. It was a marvelous peace. I had joy in my heart. In the afternoon of the 23rd of December, I knew it was really over. My mother was at my side, and I told her, "Don't cry, Mamma. The Lord will not forsake you. Don't worry about me. I know where I'm going." I felt nothing moving inside of me, and suddenly I knew my heart was stopping. In peace and in joy, I was looking at my mother with a big smile, and it was over. I was gone. But at that very instant, I found myself standing next to my body in the bed. I saw my body lying there. And in that instant, I was gone.

It was very strange passing from one state into another without feeling anything. Then I heard music, and in front of me, I saw a gate, a gate of gold shining as though it had diamonds upon it. The gate opened, and from inside, I heard the most wonderful songs and hymns, and I heard a voice telling me, "Enter in my well beloved. Enter into the house of thy Father." Now I know why I was in peace when my eyes were closing on this earth. There He was, waiting for me. The One who said, "Where I am, there will you be also." And I heard