

Alf Droy's Life and Testimony

I published my fully detailed autobiography **The Lord is My Shepherd** in 1999, in which I wrote of my regularly being summoned by Christ up to my experiences in Israel to take part in an evangelism mission to The Mount of Olives in November 1995. Every publishing house that I had sent a copy to, declined to print the book of an unknown author. I recall one Sunday in church complaining of this to Jesus. He immediately replied "**Alf everything you have I have gifted to you. You must pay for the printing of your autobiography yourself, and I promise that your testimony will be known and spoken of across the world during the following six weeks**". Following the printing and circulation to various Christian outlets, I was so surprised to receive a letter from a Christian newspaper '**Challenge Magazine**', that prints 100,000 copies of its monthly magazine, freely sent to Anglican Churches throughout Britain asking me for a recent photograph, in support of an article that they were intending to publish, featuring my testimony on its front page as the millennial editorial. A copy of the millennial edition was sent to its sister organisation based in Australia, whose editor also decided to feature a copy of my testimony on the front page of the Australian edition of their magazine. From where several thousand copies of this edition were circulated to many nations, including New Zealand, South Africa, Singapore, Indonesia, and Papua New Guinea, for distribution. This extension of editorial licence also led to many invitations to preach at churches, across the world, and to receive an invitation of a studio interview on **The God Channel TV** based in Newcastle. That was transmitted to 57 countries. (20 years later that particular TV interview is still available to watch on 'You Tube'). On my return home from Newcastle, I answered a persistently ringing phone; it was from the American editor of the monthly printed **Voice Magazine** of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI), asking for permission to print my testimony, to be sent throughout the 150 nations, in which the FGBMFI was established. Many of their committees have asked me to address their lunches or dinner meetings over several years. God's word of promise was breath-taking; as usual God was as good as His word!! I later travelled widely to preach on several continents, in various countries, staying for a month or two on several occasions, where invitations proliferated. An unknown number of people across the world will have been influenced through hearing or reading my printed testimony. On four annual occasions (approaching Christmas), I would end my mission to a nation in the far east, and journey onwards to Australia, where I met Pauline and Daniel at the airport of their arrival, when they would join me for our Christmas and New Year celebrations, before they returned to Cambridge (Pauline to manage our guest-house, and Daniel to resume schooling), whilst I remained for a further month or two of preaching at churches, or speaking at meetings of the FGBMFI, being hosted in the homes of new Christian friends in various States, who chauffeured me on guided tours around their home state.

The miracle was that owing to numerous requests I received, and the many invitations to give testimony in many continents, Our Almighty, Trinitarian, Eternal, Heavenly Father appeared to have arranged my itinerary! In 2001, it proved necessary for me to write a follow-up book **Wake Up! The Lord is Returning** that Pastor Dr David Yonggi of South Korea amongst other notable dignitaries were gracious to write a complimentary recommendation. Of which, through popular demand I wrote another 5-editions of how the Holy Trinity has continued to bless me through spiritual revelation, and providing other spiritual gifts to me, and further commissions to return to Israel or wherever, that are detailed more specifically in **Wake Up!** and of which may be freely read together with other pertinent articles on my web-page '**wakeupnow.org.uk**'. My latest (unfinished) book is **Demographics**; which analyses my personal theological views and perspectives from my later study of Biblical history, from creation together with the spiritual giftings that have been granted to me over the years since my conversion to Christ. This testimony is a synopsis of my autobiography, and is basically a testimony of how our Omnipotent, Omniscient God has influenced my life, even before I was born, and prior to Jesus becoming Lord of my life as I approached 49-years of age.

I (Alfred Henry Daniel Droy) was born on September 22nd 1934 (when my parents were aged 21-years, midway through the global financial depression (that began in 1929), having been conceived by childhood sweethearts Alfred John William Droy and Lilian Maude Rosam, who were both born in 1913, and married on April 1st (all fool's day) 1934, and established their home, in which I was born,- they rented a flat at 25, Gerrard Road Islington, London NI (that is within the sound of Bow-Bells ringing at St Martins-in-the-Fields in Trafalgar Square, 4.5 miles away as the crow flies, which means I am a 'cockney sparrow'). Both sets of grandparents and all of their children were also born in London. My dad's parent's forenames were Trixie and Cissie, Granddad was a bookmaker, and Grannie birthed him 6-boys and a girl, Dad was the third born son, but because of my unexpected arrival, I was the first grandchild of this generation. Mum's parents Harry and Maude produced 3-boys, the eldest died in early childhood, was born after my Mum (who was the eldest of their children, followed by Albert who suffered a limp resulting through polio; whilst Mum and her younger brother Charlie enjoyed healthy childhoods. Granddad Rosam didn't have a regular job. I believe both Mum' parents were of Jewish extraction. I took this view because I was circumcised as a baby, and I remember that every Friday lunch my sisters and I shared with a meal with them, we always ate a fish-dish. Granddad Droy didn't approve of my parent's marriage, for he believed that his family were superior to 'the Rosams', he was certainly wealthier!

At 2-years of age, Mum (pregnant with my sister) was bathing me on a table, when, my soapy body slipped through her equally soapy hands, as I fell to the floor. I was hospitalised for emergency surgery, where the doctors re-adjusted my twisted intestines, resulting in a 6-month period of having fitted glass rods into my stomach to drain the infected blood away. I was discharged in 1937, having 24 suppurate boils covering my body and 40 stitches permanently scarring my stomach; and found I shared our new home at 17, Bourne View, some 30 miles from central London (an hour's tube journey from my parent's former flat), with a new sister Patricia Jean Droy, born on January 28th 1936.

George VI was King of the United Kingdom (UK) and the Dominions of the British Commonwealth from December 11th 1936, until his death. He was the last Emperor of India and the first Head of the Commonwealth. My first recollection of childhood excitement was of marching soldiers, marching in procession behind a military band celebrating this occasion; whilst I skipped and marched alongside of them. Prior to the war starting, my parents used to listen to the British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC), for they were very concerned that war was unavoidable; but they particularly disliked former Labour MP Oswald Moseley, leader of the fascist 'brown shirts', whose protest marches of (mob-rule, anti-government) supporters (through the streets of Islington in London, near where my parents grew up) against Britain's involvement in a European war invariably exploded into violence. More surreptitiously in 1938, 230 'Fascisti anti-Jewish Brits' became members of 'The Right Club', an organisation dreamed up by Conservative minister Archie Ramsay, advocating the denial of support for European nations, threatened with occupation by Germany, but supporting Hitler in his determination to exterminate the Jewish race. Englishman and member W. A. Joyce, who later became the traitor, who assumed the name 'Lord Haw-Haw'; who featured on European radio in espionage and propaganda against Britain¹.

Granddad Droy had bought 4-modern terraced houses in neighbouring streets in Greenford, Middlesex, a suburb on the outskirts of London, for his married son's occupation (each house having its own bathrooms, with hot water on tap!) It was financially a good long-term investment for him, and cheaper than buying properties in central London. Which meant that when the blitz of London of World War II started, our family suffered less distress during bombing attacks, which were focussed on Central London. Our younger sister Jean was born on February 24th 1940 at 26, Burwell Avenue (c 500 yards from our home) in the home of Mum's parents, a council-owned house that they rented, soon after my parents had moved from central London. Dad was conscripted into army service in 1941, and was granted compassionate leave prior to Jeannie's birth, after which we never saw Dad again until his 'demob' from (the Eighth Army 'desert rats' of General Montgomery's 'Desert Campaign'), a year after World War II ended, for he was posted to Holland on the Allies' Desert victory. Following Jeannie's birth Pat attended the Horsenden Lane School, as an infant, and I ascended into the junior school. Nanny Rosam became our 'true nanny', looking after newly-born Jeannie's welfare, collecting and feeding Pat and I after school, before taking the three of us to 'our' home. The first bombing-attack announcing the London Blitz, occurred in the daylight hours on 'Black Saturday September 7th 1940 (but continued throughout that night), when 350 German bombers (that were protected by 600 fighter planes) dropped their bombs on the London Docks, causing devastating destruction. 448 people died and many thousands were injured. Londoners began using the network of underground railway stations as a giant safety-shelter in the daylight hours, and as a night-shelter in which to sleep (of which initially the government disapproved, but later saw the wisdom in creating a network of especially built deep-shelters throughout the communities, schools etc surrounding central London. The initial period of bombing continued for 57

¹ As king, King George VI called upon the people of Britain and of the Commonwealth to observe a National Day of Prayer on May 27th 1940, to Almighty God, to give favour to the 30,000 British soldiers who had suffered great losses, on retreating under bombardment to the beaches at Dunkirk, defeat and capture appeared inevitable. The fervent Day of Prayers was answered with the British soldiers escaping to Britain in calm seas, in a flotilla of fishing boats, skippered by civilian fisherman, who answered an urgently transmitted BBC plea. On September 8th 1940, King George called for a further Day of Prayer, a period when the Luftwaffe were thought to be in a position to extinguish Britain's Fighter Command; before what may have resulted in the occupation of Britain. Douglas Bader DFC later said "**The routed German Air Force was in full flight.**", whilst Air Vice-Marshal Keith Parks when asked what fighter reserves were available, resignedly replied '**None**'. Ten minutes later Hitler's war-plan of a sea invasion by 50,000 storm troopers, supported by a battalion of parachutist, and squadrons of fighter planes was postponed '**until the conquest of Egypt**', which miraculously never happened. Rommel's Afrika Corps overran the British Eighth Army at Tobruk on June 29th 1942, in which my Dad had been a (surviving) tank commander, retreated exhaustingly reaching in their flight the El Alamein's support defences, only 65 miles from Cairo's suburb of Alexandria, hotly pursued by Rommel's Panzer Division and the Afrika Corps. Rommel later said: - "**Our strength failed in front of El Alamein**". Churchill said: - "**Before Alamein we never had a victory, after Alamein we never had a defeat.**" There is so much more testimony of the Commander of the Lord's Army supporting the Allies (Joshua Ch6:13-17), particularly God's favoured British nation, the majority of whose secular and humanist government officials have since rebelled against Christ, Thank God for His providence of individuals. On **VE Day** King George spoke into the BBC's radio microphone to say most humbly: - "**We give thanks to Almighty God for the victory He has granted us in Europe.**"

consecutive nights. Anti-aircraft guns, searchlight and alarm systems were installed, and giant air-balloons were floated over London, to force the German bombers to discharge their bombs from higher in the sky, resulting in less accuracy of hitting their aimed-for target. Following the blitz starting in earnest; if Mum was delayed from returning home (owing to air-raid alarms sounding), Nanny Rosam would tuck us into bed, and 'baby-sit' us until Mum returned, before returning to her home².

The concentration of the London Blitz became sporadic from May 1941, when Germany's surprise bombing-attacks upon factories in other port-towns and cities and towns with military bases etc, whose patriotic citizens manufactured significant products in support of the war-effort. In June 1944 Germany began using pilotless planes' (rockets, [aka 'doodlebugs']) V1's, which when the rocket's fuel ran out, they silently plunged to earth, causing great damage on impact. The Allies bombed the

² Living in central London during the blitz, wives with school children, whose husbands had been conscripted, were very stressed, for mothers had to either take and collect their children to and from the school-gates each day, or had made arrangements for relatives or friends to undertake this duty (if the mother of her children were sick). This was especially so if the mothers also went to work, to supplement their income (which was also the case for the elderly, and the single 'handicapped' youths, who were unfit for conscription). Quite often alarm sirens mournfully sounded, warning of German squadrons of bombing attacks occurring during daylight hours, when public transportation ceased, and the Air Raid Precaution (ARP) Wardens would direct all pedestrians, into some form of shelter until the bombing attack was over, when the pedestrians and the traffic were free to resume their journeys. Invariably many buildings were directly hit, causing death and destruction, and the ambulance and fire services were putting out fires or rushing injured victims to hospitals. Quite often there were more than one daily bombing attack. Life was difficult enough for all who lived in the suburbs of London (as our family did), without the support of a father/husband away at war; although the suburbs didn't suffer the same volume of attacks, as occurred in Central London. Conditions were very stressful for all mothers, and we were very grateful for the nearness of Mum's parents' home to ours, without whom it would have been difficult for mothers to cope. Specifically travelling daily to and from Waterloo Station (an hour-long journey each-way by tube-train), in order to keep Dad's newspaper sales-business functioning; even without the uncertainty of knowing the timing of the next bombing attack. Through selling newspapers (thereby protecting Dad's 'paid-for pitch') Monday-Friday, mum was as vulnerable as those who lived in Central London. Like every other citizen, on the alarm sounding, she was directed into the underground tube station, until the 'all clear' siren was sounded. Only then were trains and buses allowed to recommence transporting passengers to their destination. Mum (on 'closing her pitch' each night) travelled to Sudbury Railway Station, from where she walked the mile home, freeing nanny Rosam to returned to her husband and two sons (a few years older than I was). I recall us 3-children sleepily, being awakened one night by the long-mournful sound of the alarm siren, and Mum urging us to quickly get dressed, and hurry the mile-long journey to the council-built underground 'deep-shelters', carrying our belongings, whilst we sleepily noticed the beams of searchlights scanning the night-sky. We sleepily trudged home on the 'all clear' sounding. We were almost home when the alarm sounded again. Mum decided to go home and risk the consequences; we never again made that night-time safety trip. During one of Hitler's bombing attack, a house was demolished in the next street only 200 yards from our home. Shortly afterwards we had an Anderson shelter constructed in our back garden (named after the Lord Privy Seal, Sir John Anderson, who was the government minister in charge of civil defence shelters). A hole about 1.2m deep and 3m square was dug, into which was poured a reinforced concrete lining. Above the ground a semicircle of corrugated iron was bolted together and then covered by a 0.3m layer of earth. These well designed, shelters were available for every house with a garden. The short walk to our new shelter was pure joy in comparison with the neighbourhood deep shelter system. On one occasion Mum found a live spider in between our sheets; she was very afraid of creepy-crawlies (more-so of the fear generated by German bombers, and we never again used either the community deep, or the Anderson private shelter, preferring to leave our salvation up to God! Early in 1942 Mum bought the new Morrison in-situ house steel-shelter, so named after Herbert Morrison the British Home Secretary, being 2.5m long, by 2m wide and 1m in height. The shelter dominated the floor space in our lounge. It was built like a giant Meccano construction kit, four steel legs, supported the steel roof, which doubled as a table top, to which was bolted 50mm steel mesh sheeting, enclosing three sides. Entry was gained by crawling on all fours, in through the front or fourth side, as if entering a small tent.

Daytimes were equally disturbing during our school-attendance hours, for the mournful alarm regularly alerted our teachers of German bombers daylight attacks in our suburb, when we children were led in crocodile formation into the school's especially-constructed 'deep shelters', perhaps we would be in the deep-shelter for several hours, our educational ability obviously suffered. Initially, Mum read Dad's letters to us children in the evenings, and together we would sing a few sentimental songs, but this stopped when Mum went out in the evening 'to forget the daily problems' with her two (female) single cousins aged slightly younger than herself, who lived a few houses away from our home. They occasionally persuaded Mum (If she wasn't too tired and stressed, but knowing she was likely to be) to visit a nearby pub with them, at which the management employed a band playing each evening, where she could join the company of other residents, and nearby military-based and civil off-duty personnel in enjoying a dance, or relaxing to the music of the times. Mum attended occasionally, but soon afterwards more regularly, and without her cousins; leaving me (a 10-year-old) to 'baby-sit' my two younger sisters. Which became a reality for a 6-month period beginning in March 1945, when Mum accompanied us by train, before returning alone to Bourne View. She got rid of the Morrison in-house steel-table topped-shelter and turned the area back into a lounge. I instinctively knew Mum, had arranged our 6-months absence, to coincide with a relationship with a married soldier based near our home. This had been why Albert had collected our children from Yorkshire, for Mum was recovering from an abortion; as Albert confirmed to me on his death-bed in Guys Hospital in 1999.

launching pads of these rockets and their successors the V2's in the September of 1944. They were less accurate than V1 missiles, but travelled at the speed of sound, and as with the V1's before impact, it was almost impossible to defend against them. This weapon was formidable, causing 5,475 deaths and 16,000 injuries, before the Allied troops occupied the launch sites. Mum must have decided during 1944 that we children should become evacuees, and made the necessary arrangements with her Yorkshire relatives.

We were 'hosted' by Mum's relatives, who lived in Hunslet, in Yorkshire (me with the parent's and the girls with their daughter's family, who lived in the same street); attending the local school, even beyond the war with Germany, which ended on May 8th 1945, when Britain celebrated victory in Europe (VE Day). At the order of President Harry Truman (with the consent of Britain as outlined in the Quebec Agreement), during the final stage of World War II, America dropped nuclear bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6th, and 9th, 1945, respectively. The 2-bombings, which killed at least 129,000 people, and left many more suffering a short time-span of diseased life. A week later Truman declared this day as Victory over Japan (VJ Day), and the end of World War II. On September 2nd 1945, to celebrate both victories, throughout Great Britain children's street parties were organised during the school summer holidays.

It had been an enjoyable 'kids-street-party' in Hunslet, a week or so prior to Uncle Albert supervising our return journey home, for Mum (we children were told) was recovering from malaria. I was thrilled to be returning to our own 'fatherless home'. On my return from evacuation I joined the cubs and when old enough, the scouts, whose unit HQ was based in the Anglican All Hallows Church in Horsenden Lane. I began attending the morning service, as many of my school friends had. I particularly enjoyed the Sunday School part, when us children were separated into classes, according to age, where we received a greater understanding of scripture, and its characters. I also attended the evening service. There was also a special Friday evening Youth-night, when the church hosted the church hall to the cubs, scouts, brownies and guides, which were great fun. At 11 years of age (during the 1946 Summer holidays, I was confirmed into the Anglican Church by the diocesan Bishop. That same night I awoke experiencing a nightmare, in which I had awoken in a coffin. I was aware that I had been in a coma and wrongly construed to be dead. I screamed in terror, realising that no one could hear me, and then I heard the voice of Jesus telling me that I had nothing to worry about, for I belonged to Him- reassured I fell back to peacefully sleep. The next day, I was playing hide and seek in the Horsenden Hill woods with my school friends, and it was my turn to be 'it' I closed my eyes, and was counting up to 100 (before trying to locate their hiding places), when I heard the snapping of twigs behind me, and turned to discover who was sneaking-up on me in the coppice. All I saw was a large trunk of a growing tree immediately in front of me, when suddenly a man materialised in front of it. He looked unsmilingly at me without speaking. He was dressed as a priest, even to wearing a dog-collar and a cape, I turned and fled, not thinking anymore about that incident until I met that same priest face to face! (of which my reader can read on page 13 of this epistle)

On Dad's demob, Mum took us on a week's holiday to Southend, and Dad took 2-days off from his work to join us. I could sense Mum's antipathy towards him, and the holiday was a complete failure for their reunion. Dad alone took us children the following year, because Mum had deserted him (following a heated row on Dad returning from a night of work at the dog-track with his family). I was adamant that I wanted to stay with Dad, whilst Mum took my sisters' live at her parents' home. On finishing my junior school education, Dad and I moved into his parents' home at 72, St Peter's Street in Islington, where, at the end of school Summer holidays in 1946 I joined the Tudor Rose Secondary Modern Senior-School, for a year, until I took and passed an examination enabling me to gain entry into the Northern Polytechnic, a building trade technical school, where I opted to study Plumbing and Heating. My Dad and his brothers who were or had been 'barrow boys' working in **Chapel Street Market** at the Angel in Islington 5-days a week, and on Sunday Market in **Petticoat Lane**. During the evenings and Saturdays, they worked as 'tick-tack' operators advising of the changing odds given on the number and total amount of bets received by the 'bookies', on the runner's chances of winning, based on the number of bets placed at the totaliser at both dog and horse-racing tracks. I once overheard a conversation that suggesting that depending on each race-night's profits, granddad had 'written in' (after the results of a race were known), a fictional bet that enabling him as bookmaker to cream off much of his actual race-night profits. This being the source of Granddad Trixie's business, which he 'dolled-out' proportionately to his sons, for their evenings labour, and help to him throughout the week! Most evenings included a few drinks at the 'Star' PH. where he was 'a bit of a ladies-man'. Trixie by name and tricky by nature. Referring to granddad Droy's wealth, (of which I indicated on page 2), he left nothing to me in his will, which I as the eldest grandson born into his succeeding generation might reasonably assume he would. In my final year of senior school education, I was selected to study for a further exam. Successful candidates would be offered a place at **The London University** to study architecture. I withdrew my application on Dad suggesting that I should permanently re-join the largest section of our family, and: - "**to take my place as head of the house**".

Irrevocably leaving Dad after our long separation through the years of war, was a heart-breaking experience for me, for I had missed him so much. I was aware that Dad's youngest brother Reggie (recently married to Pat), wanted to move into our former family home, besides which Dad was tired of the daily monotonous early morning travelling, and the late-night return home by tube train, that he endured out of love for me. Mum obtained a job working for Glaxo, some 5-minutes' walk from her parent's home, until her remarriage to John in 1947. Following which Mum and my sisters moved to Plymouth with John, where they occupied a ground floor one-bedroomed flat (previously occupied by John's brother and his wife, who had moved to alternative accommodation, on their becoming managers of a dance-club), in which Mum and John slept in the lounge, whilst my sisters slept in the only bedroom. As I was arriving in Plymouth, Dad was moving back to his parent's home. On my arrival, I slept in the only bedroom in the flat, that my sister's occupied, which meant our enlarged family quickly qualified for a council house on the Whiteleigh Council Estate (near Crownhill, some 5-miles from the city centre) currently under construction. I became a plumber's apprentice for 5-year, with John Ford Plumbers, based in Plymouth city centre³. I confess that I enjoyed the pleasant

³ I had played football to a decent standard, as a youth for a junior league team in Greenford at right full-back, and on moving to Plymouth I joined Virginia House Youth Club at 16-years of age, who put my name forward for a trial to play from Devon under-18 team. I played regularly for both teams, before signing-on for Plymouth Argyle FC. I only ever played for their non-league side, and only for the 1951-52 season, because at 18-years of age, I became interested in girls, and to further my interest I attended a ballroom dance studio I found I liked ballroom dancing more than I liked girls! I worked hard at improving, and over the next 2-years, I was awarded the individual, Bronze, Silver, and Gold Medal awards; before searching for a dance partner to compete in ballroom dance competitions. I joined the Bobbie Cooper Dance Studio, where I met Pam who became my dance partner in competitions, until my RAF conscription I had always believed that the infected blood spread from my ear-drums (which became perforated, with the scars not healing until the skin disorder changed on reaching adulthood, which seemed to be supported by my conscription into the Royal Air Force (RAF) in September 1956, fully fit for Her Majesty's service. It was agreed that my RAF entry could be delayed until after we had taken part in the September 1956 Devon and Cornwall Ballroom Dance Championships. We were both delighted in our reward of reaching the Grand Finals, all the other contestants were long-term professional dancers. We never danced competitively again.

As an apprentice plumber, at the time of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation on June 2nd 1952 to the throne of Britain (for which the nation was given a one-day public holiday). I had a mentor Alf Screech who increased my plumbing skills. Alf invited me to his home on this auspicious holiday occasion. Having watched the ceremony, we had lunch and played cards through the afternoon. Alf's parents were spirit mediums, and they invited me to take part in their weekly séance, to which I agreed, and we gathered in their lounge. A spirit guide manifested itself as a Chinese mandarin through Mr Screech Snr, with arms loosely folded, bowing his head repeatedly, smiled at me whilst addressing me. He told me that all religions were like the spokes of a wheel, and that they all came together at the hub, which I knew to be wrong. He further told me that the material trappings of life, particularly money and success, would be my prime interest, but that at about my 50th year, I would walk through the heavenly gates of gold and silver, as my spiritual life took a change of direction. This prophecy of the Chinese spirit guide was fulfilled, for I was almost 50 years of age when I became a born-again believer. It does seem strange to me that the spirit guide did not lie, nor curse me, but could only bless me, with the message of promise that his medium delivered (similar in fact to Balaam not being able to curse the Israelites, Numbers Ch 22 to Ch 24). However, on reflection, perhaps I was being told that my life was not sanctified, and that I would remain a subject of Satan until I repented and was born again, thereby changing the spirit guide's words into a subtle curse. I was told that I had my own spirit guide, an American Indian named *Silver Birch*.

At the age of 17, I had become curious in supernatural phenomena, and crossing the divide between the living and the dead. My interest in psychic phenomena was aroused by reading an article in the Sunday newspaper, '*The News of the World*', about Harry Edwards, a spiritualist faith healer. I often bought psychic magazines and looked for spiritual enlightenment, through attendance at the Spiritualist Church and experimented with faith healing, spirit writing and emptying my mind of any thought, in order that I could be more receptive to spiritual vibrations. Alf later told me that if I developed the habit of staring transfixed at a mirror and emptied my mind of all thoughts, after a minute or so my face would become an image of this guide. I was willing to try anything, but I did not experience any kind of manifestation, mainly because I sensed that such intensive behaviour would be unwise. Alf also introduced me to picnic days on the Cornish beaches, which were great fun, and new to my adult experiences. I had lived in Plymouth over the two previous summers only a few miles from the sea. I had declined previous invitations to regularly attend the weekly séances at the home of the Screeches. Pam introduced me to two of her childhood Torpoint friends, who had married, and invited us to their weekly Ouija board sessions, and occasionally accompanied us to the Cornwall beaches at weekends, just a short ferry-boat ride from Pam's Torpoint home. Pam stopped attending the Ouija board sessions after just a fortnight, for she was a practicing Roman Catholic, and found the experiences as evil, and Biblically warned against in (Deuteronomy Ch18:10-12), but I had stopped attending church, or following Christianity, even before I moved to Plymouth. I must have unconsciously nursed unforgiveness and bitterness as a residue of the war years of my youth. Pam was 3-years older than I, and much better educated, we had grown into adulthood from different backgrounds, but held equally strong opinions and ambitions. Pam from childhood lived in relative peace in Torpoint, Cornwall, together with her younger sister Sheila. Frank Tunstall (Pam's dad) hadn't been enlisted during World War II, as he was over the age of conscription. Fortunately, Pam's family had not been so exposed to the trauma my family endured. Her parents were self-employed as managers of a Torpoint public house. Pam had an uninterrupted Catholic-School life of peaceful serenity; whereas I had experienced deeply embedded trauma, into all of my childhood memory. I am aware that Plymouth

family times with Mum, my sisters and Mum's new husband John in a stable life-style, in which I had my own bedroom, at 12, Dorchester Avenue, Whittleigh. I felt sorry for Mum's new husband John, as owing to her earlier abortion Mum (now in her late 30's) was unable to produce any other children, which was a disappointment in their marriage. I had suffered with bouts of ear-discharges of wax and blood for years after my tummy operation, which occasionally meant spending a few sleepless nights in Mum's arms.

On my conscription, I was first posted to RAF Bridgenorth, where I underwent several weeks of drilling ('square-bashing'); learning to comply with military regulations, before being posted overseas to Malta for 2½ year in my new trade of 'accounts clerk'. I was given 3-weeks' embarkation leave. I used my time by preparing for my wedding to Pam, who became my wife on February 4th 1957. She joined me in Malta 6-weeks later, where we established our first home, in a shared block of flats in Hamrun, close to Valetta the capital city of Malta. Pam applied for a secretarial position with the RAF HQ in Valetta, where she worked until close to birthing our daughter Kim on June 7th 1958. Pam had no difficulty finding secretarial work in Malta (that was her last secretarial post until Pam applied for similar work at RAF Wroughton, where our marriage ran into difficulties, that I detail in footnote 4. I taught ballroom dancing at a dance studio in my 'off-duty' hours for the duration of my posting, which ended in August 1959, on our return to the UK. During my 6-week disembarkation leave, we stayed at the Ferry Hotel in Devonport, Plymouth (the pub that Pam's parents managed), Pam was 2-months pregnant with our 2nd child. We received the expected letter advising me of my posting to RAF Innsbrook in Gloucester, where I was fortunate to 'find' a 3-bedroomed house in Gloucester city centre that the camp administrators were pleased to add to their list of civilian buildings, as an RAF hiring, enabling our family to set up home together (rather than my living on the camp with all the single personnel, many of whom were soon to be demobbed. I was fortunate in thinking up a way of saving the accounts branch much time and money, that altered our antiquated way of recording officers pay and allowances, and as a reward my commanding officer was pleased to support my application for another overseas posting, that quickly materialised. But first Pam birthed our 2nd daughter Leigh, who was born in a maternity home in Devonport Plymouth. In June 1960, I was posted to Singapore, travelling together with my family, to serve at RAF Tengah. On arrival, we were accommodated in a hotel, and allowed time from work to decide where our families might like to set up home from a list of possibilities suggested. I hadn't realised that once family men found a home of choice, they were allocated an 'Amah' (a housemaid, paid for by the RAF, to 'lighten the load' from the tropical heat, which was a blessing for it meant there was a lot less tension at home on return from duty). Pam was delighted, with our 'Amah' sharing the work load, allowing her freedom to 'socialise'. Initially we chose a bungalow at Sambawang, where many new arrivals initially settled. However, within 6-months, we relocated to Hong Kong Park, which was much closer to our RAF Station, meaning considerably less daily travel-time for me. Pam fell pregnant but sought to have her third pregnancy terminated, much against my protesting wishes. Fortunately, she was unsuccessful, and Kerry our son was born in Queen Alexandra Hospital at Tanglin. Soon afterwards we were moved to Nee-Soon village, until allocated a married quarter on the camp at RAF Tengah, where we lived for my final 6-months of overseas service. RAF buses, provided regular half hour transportation throughout every day, that carried the fortunate wives and their children (outside of school hours) from the married quarters to the camp swimming pool, restaurant, cinema and hospital and return home, very accommodating! I had hoped that once having experienced the love that children bring, Pam would change her mind on accepting the challenge out of her love for us, of becoming both a housewife and a mother. For quite obviously she would be 'house-bound' to raise infants until they attended school, leaving me as husband and father to be the provider of our daily needs. Our enlarged family returned to the UK in December 1962. We again enjoyed a 6-week disembarkation leave before my posting to RAF Hospital Wroughton in Wiltshire, where I was allocated a house on the camp's married quarters estate for RAF personnel⁴. I served at Wroughton until I was 're-mustered' from my RAF profession

Dockyard (less than a mile from Pam's parent's pub), was often bombed, as had some other UK cities. but not as regularly as London experienced, for Hitler's objective was always to weaken the resistance of the population who lived in the capital city; in this way denying Britain's confident belief in the final outcome of the war. Since leaving school, Pam had been a personal secretary to the head of a firm of solicitors. After our marriage neither Pam nor I showed any interest in attending church at any time. When I have reflectively considered with regret that I had behaved similarly to my parents and grand-parents, in not having any interest in our children's Christian education, and development into their adulthood, I feel a deep realisation that I had fallen so far away from the Word of God.

⁴ Following my family settling into the married quarters at RAF Wroughton, I cycled the 3-miles to Swindon each Saturday, to buy food requirements that were cheaper in Swindon's supermarkets, than were available from our NAAFI, only 100 yards from our home. I had passed a Singaporean driving test, but this was not acceptable to the UK licencing authorities, and I had to have further lessons before taking and passing the UK driving test. I then purchased a Morris 1000 traveller, in order to take our three children to Plymouth (which was only a 3-hours journey by car to get to our parents [and the children's grandparents] homes). Pam was anxious to return to her occupation as a single woman full-time. She reached an agreement with a friend and neighbour, who had 3-children of similar ages to our 3-children (then aged 3, 2 and 1), who offered to look after our 3-youngsters, in return for half of Pam's salary. Pam applied, and obtained a full-time

as accounts clerk was changed to that of plumber (for owing to my having signed on for 12-year of service, I was entitled by Queen's regulations to serve the remainder of my service in my previous civilian occupation). I was granted permission to attend Swindon Technical College, for a 1-day release from RAF duties each week, where I studied **Advanced Plumbing Technology** to take a **City and Guilds (C&G) Certificate**, with the objective of obtaining a technical specialist position at the end of my RAF service. However, after a short time of heavy manual work however at the only RAF station for the permanent staffing of building trade employees (RAF Waterbeach in Cambridge, from where staff were 'seconded' for building 'operations'), this unit became my final posting: but having had a sedentary occupation sitting behind a desk for almost 8-years, I quickly succumbed to the 'muscular force of physical labour', and was sent home suffering a re-occurrence of a spinal injury, for which I had been previously hospitalised at Wroughton). This resulted in my attending RAF Hospital Ely, where a doctor decreed a medical discharge from the RAF, which was completed in January 1964. I receive a long-awaited congratulatory letter from the C&G officers, advising me of my success in the recent exam. An attachment was included with this letter, advertising a managerial position with Nuralite (a company that manufactured a sheet-roofing material, made up of tar impregnated into asbestos sheeting, that was much cheaper than the traditional lead alternative), offering the successful applicant a well-paid job of area sales manager, who should live in or near to Cambridge City, whose expertise would cover East Anglia. In anticipation of my forthcoming discharge.⁵ In the years that I served in the RAF we raised 3-children. On my leaving the RAF the ages of our children were; Kim aged 8, Leigh aged 7, and our son Kerry aged 6. Born respectively in the middle-east (Malta), at home in Britain, and in far eastern Singapore.

I applied, and attended an interview, at which the Board of Directors appointed me to the advertised position. I was allocated a company car (a mini), and very limited expenses. I won the national summer award of selling the most goods amongst the sales managers, but I was frustrated by the limited monthly expenses that Nuralite paid, and began applying for other advertised positions. On recovering my health, I had joined the Chesterton Athletic FC, playing regularly until the end of the 1964-5 season, fortunately my job application in practice was mainly sedentary. Our eldest daughter Kim had previously attended a primary school at Wroughton village, soon settled into the Milton Road primary school, whereas Leigh found her initial term difficult to settle into. I was given largesse to remain in our RAF hiring for an indeterminate period.

I often called in my local pub on my way home from work in the evenings, where I befriended a divorced bookmaker Pete Dixon, who during one of our conversation learned that I was looking to buy a house. Pete responded by saying that he owned a three-bedroomed house in Manor Park, Histon, a necklace village of Cambridge, that had no current occupants, and that he was thinking of selling. I eagerly asked him to show me over the house. We finished our drink and he drove me to view his empty house. I was surprised to find the house was still fully furnished, containing, curtains, carpets, bed and domestic linen, crockery and cutlery, together with fridge, freezer, washing machine and TV, whilst the garden shed housed a lawn mower and a refuse bin!! Literally all we had to do was move in and fill up the shelves and cupboards with our personal effects, all without extra cost to me of furnishings. I agreed to pay his remarkably low asking price of £4,000, which included all the accessories left behind when Pete's wife had deserted him, which must have cost almost half of the amount that he was asking me to pay!! Incredible to realise that in 2017, the saleable value of our former home had increased 100-fold plus⁵!

secretarial post at Wroughton Hospital. The arrangement failed at the first school-break, owing to Pam's chosen child minder, realising that she couldn't cope, owing to the increased tension and she gave Pam a month's notice, allowing her time to find someone else. Pam only received one response to her advertising the replacement position. The application was from an unemployed single girl from Wroughton village, who turned out to be a thief, who stole money from us, and rifled through our possessions, but Pam refused to sack her, or alternatively to resign from her own job. I was at my wits end through distressful arguments, concerning how this disturbed girl might influence our children's future behaviour, and we didn't desperately need the money that Pam received. The impasse was finally ended a year later; on my posting to RAF Waterbeach, on our vacating our RAF Wroughton home, when Pam returned to Plymouth, until I had 'found' a suitable home that became an RAF hiring in Chesterton, Cambridge (however, I was in no doubt that Pam didn't want to be 'house-bound-home-confined mother any longer, which was as equally upsetting as being told soon after we had married, that she had '**no intention of becoming my servant!**' I believed that Pam would only find satisfaction, if she was able to find a 'nanny' to look after our children, from which time she was able to return to secretarial work, which she soon did!!) From this time, onwards Pam was adamant that she would never leave her 'senior' role' position, for mine or the children's sake. She would always be able to 'find' someone able to 'carry out the servant duties of an 'Amah' that had allowed Pam freedom from being housebound, during my posting to Singapore. When I felt sure that she must have thought we had come into money, and had joined the wealthy!

⁵ Since World War II ended, God's laws have been replaced by Human Rights laws (mostly since Britain joined the European Union [EU] on November 1st 1993, having previously joined the European Economic Community [EEC] in 1973 by the initial British referendum). Land

We vacated our RAF Chesterton home at half term, and moved into the first home of our own that we had ever purchased. The children soon settled into Histon's primary school, and Pam secured a job as a secretary at Chesterton 'old people's' hospital. Our next-door neighbour Steve Wilkinson was the manager of the South Midlands league football team the **Bell School of Languages**, which I joined for the 1967-68 season as right back (my preferred position since childhood, and where I played for Devon County, and Virginia House youth club, before my 16th birthday when I signed on to join the professional club Plymouth Argyle FC and also throughout my RAF career, until I became a devotee of the game of squash rackets).

Within a year, of leaving the RAF at the age of 30, I successfully applied for the position of area sales manager with another engineering company (Naylor Bros) that manufactured clay drainage pipes, that improved the earth the improved sewage waste of the crop-growing farming land it was filtered onto; resulting in an earth-enhancing growth of crops. My interview was just as 'shambolic', as that of my first job (when I turned up for my interview a week early!!) My wages were twice as high, and I enjoyed unlimited expenses (as I was expected to take customers out to lunch whenever possible), and a larger company car, (a corsair). A year later our family moved into a newly built house at 29 Impington Lane, much closer to the primary and secondary school of Impington Village College, which adjoined Histon FC, which I joined, as well as the tennis club, and the school's badminton club, as I settled comfortably into community life (and in due time I became player, and youth coach at the Histon football club). A client who had become a friend, proposed my seeking membership of the Cambridge 'Round-Table' (a less than forty years of age group of established businessmen, who had established senior positions within the structure of the firms that they represented. Soon afterwards a friend and neighbour offered me the opportunity of seeking membership into the Freemason Chapter, of which he was a member, and of which I was subsequently approved. Around this time contractors had built me an office in the back garden, together with an adjoining bicycle shed in which to house the children bikes, which was also became a store-room for all deposits of seasonal clothing and accumulated 'stuff', not in immediate usage. I developed the skill of brewing my own beer and began hosting regular parties of 'Round-Tablers' at our home, which my colleagues occasionally responded to by instigating their own home parties! Some years later Pam was promoted to Medical Secretary, at the hospital I admit that following on from my frank disclosures of our differing backgrounds in footnote 4, and the antagonism that had emerged, I became unfaithful to Pam. Unfortunately, our opposing strong wills caused stress between us, for Pam always returned to nagging me over my consumption of alcohol (not that I ever drank too much when I was intending to drive after a lunch engagement). I believe she secretly didn't like the fact that I was proving to be very successful at my job, as well as my sporting hobbies. Pam was continually seeking ways to sarcastically belittle me and refute my self-confidence. Repeatedly after every fracas, she would end the argument by saying that she would leave me, if I ever lost my job through drink-driving. However, as I was never stopped by the police for bad driving (even though I drove on business roughly 1,000 miles each working week), she persisted with her vindictive and destabilising argument! Her antagonism to my leading our joint future life's progress was not something that she had ever disputed during our years of dancing, for it is the male dancer that always took the lead (Pam had heard Wally Friar, the world champion ballroom dancer, who had been our coach; saying to me, that I would be the most likely candidate to replace him as world champion), but I saw no point in reminding her of Wally's confidence in my ability!

All branches of the Round Table played friendly sports games against other Round Table teams from nearby cities. We beat one such cricket team at Stamford (in Lincolnshire), who immediately challenged our captain to a team squash match, I was 37 when my fellow 'Tablers' realised that I knew nothing of the game of 'squash'; they offered to teach me the fundamentals of the game. and I found that as my skills improved and the rallies lasted longer, which meant that I quickly ran out of breath. For I had put on weight, as an office-bound accounts clerk, and my waist-line had greatly increased! I gave up smoking, exercised more and drank less alcohol as the number of times I played each week increased, which resulted in time to my waistline reducing from 40 to 32 inches! I became a member of the Portugal Place Squash Club, and had weekly lessons with the club professional (Phil Ellis) I climbed from the bottom of the club's squash ladder that I had joined as a novice, and eventually attained the top

and house prices in Britain have risen exponentially particularly in areas of consistent economic growth, under successive governments, as has mass immigration, that I believe are due to inadequate British Government laws, and imposed EU laws. Being a Christian in Britain today has become 'politically toxic'. Currently in 2017 the government are being pressured into considering an Equality Act, a state-sanctioned 'view of what is spoken and written of, as British Values', but those values just continue to undermine God's laws replacing them with man-made laws. Diversity and equality has become a god that must be obeyed. It appears that all people in public office have to affirm absolute equality of homosexuality with heterosexuality in every way, or they will be hounded and prosecuted for hate-crime (no longer just mocked), for their Bible-supporting position (read my article My first attempt of Propheying Replacement of Gods Laws for those of Human Rights); which is why I am delighted that the majority of voters elected to leave the EU at the Referendum of June 23rd 2016 that awaits finalising, but unless Jesus has decided that enough is enough, Britain as a nation will lose God's blessing.

spot! My success resulted in my being selected to play for Cambridgeshire throughout my playing career (mostly as a veteran, on becoming 40-years of age), until being injured in a car crash (of which I write on page 18). Very soon after my initial success I qualified to be firstly a referee and shortly afterwards as a coach, I began giving squash lessons to individuals, and I gave instruction of refereeing to squash clubs. I organised the first squash leagues to be formed in Cambridgeshire, as an additional task of administering the Annual County Squash Championships. Later I was invited onto the national committee of the Squash Racket's Association (SRA), as East Anglia's representative. Inevitably soon afterwards I turned professional, and on the Chairman of the UK's Squash Professional Association retiring, he handed his baton over to me. I had been playing squash for only five years! My meteoric rise of fortune, on leaving the RAF, both in business acumen and in the whole gamut of squash activity, certainly led to my looking forward eagerly to every new challenge.

In 1972 at 38-years of age, I sold our Impington Way home and we moved into an 'up-market' house located in the most desirable cul-de-sac in Histon, at Harding Way, which became our third Histon home in 8-years (very similar to the 8-years of romany wanderings in the air force!) All the houses had larger areas of ground space in which to develop their gardens. We bought the last house before the turning circle at the end of the cul-de-sac, which meant no vehicles thundered past, disturbing our peace of mind concerning our children playing outside with other friends. The previous owners of our new home had been caravan holiday fanatic, and had built a huge double garage in their imposing large garden, which meant that I transformed the house garage into a study cum gymnasium to improve my squash playing fitness level; and later transformed my personal gym into a lounge in which our children could entertain their friends, without 'overseeing' from us parents. I also had contractors build a two-storied extension, resulting in a larger lounge for us to entertain visitors, whilst on the floor above extending our bedroom and building a third bedroom providing an individual bedroom. One for each of our children. (My reader can easily deduce that we had sufficient monthly income to supply all our financial needs. For the longest period of our time together, we had lived in this spacious, secluded house⁶).

A local sportsman and professional squash player Dave King well-known to me quite unexpectedly offered me a proposition to consider; for (astute) Dave was equally aware of my success and influence in the national game of squash. He calculated that I might be interested in expanding my interests, into becoming his business partner, through starting a group coaching project in St Ives (near Huntingdon). Dave's wife Meg (Margaret) was a receptionist at the newly built Leisure Centre. The manager of which was looking for ways to popularise the 6-squash courts that had been installed at the Leisure Centre, but which were largely unused. He was particularly interested in my offer to hold the future County Annual (male and female) Squash Tournaments at St Ives' Leisure Centre, and he accepted our offer to ensure the courts full used each day, through the advent of our group coaching classes. Each week David and I coached about 100 enthusiastic beginners, who had signed on for a 10-week course of group lessons (12-to each class, paid for at the initial programme, all participants were anxious to buy their squash accessories from us. We had purchased these items in advance and stored our purchased in a commercial van we had bought, that our enthusiastic beginners were pleased to buy from us at retail prices.

I contemplated leaving the family home, 3-years after moving into Harding Way Pam continuously complained over the amount of time I spent in the evenings playing or attending squash meetings and tournaments, that I imagine she linked with my supposed infidelity, from friends advising her (which resulted in a blazing confrontational row, and an undertaking from me that I wouldn't be so tempted again). I believe we both knew that my fidelity would not last, which had only developed from her constantly undermining my successful return to 'civvy street'; which for some strange reason she always harboured resentment against. However, when I broached the subject of possibly leaving my employers (Naylor Bros), and buying into a partnership in an existing squash club close to our current home, or failing that, of building a new club locally (or in a nearby county if appropriate, which I would finance) an adventure that I knew would be both successful and profitable. Pam's inability to accept that I was best placed to decide our future welfare meant that she was adamant that she wouldn't agree to a change of our current life-style (she loved her job, refusing to contemplate our moving house yet again, possibly because she was doubtful of our marriage continuing, but also doubtful of my ability to fulfil my personal ambition, of self-employed (as my Dad, and had his

⁶ My Dad had visited our 'new' family at Histon, as we had visited his new family still living in Islington, but they now lived in a council-managed block of flats on the ground-floor (since before Pam and I married, but Dad was suffering breathlessness from emphysema, spending every waking hour in a chair of his lounge, where he could at least feel part of his family; which was how they were granted accommodation. Dad died on February 26th 1974 aged 63. As his coffin slid into the incinerator, the curtains were closing as his eldest brother George arose from his seat, and gently closed the curtains together, whilst saying "**Good night and God bless Alf, I will see you in the morning**". I was distraught at this simple homily.

father before him had been), besides which, I wished to accomplish something that I was good at and enjoyed doing; as well as my being confident that the venture would succeed. My pleadings fell on deaf ears, Pam always adamantly said NO to my regularly broached proposals! After all, if my ambitions turned out to be wrong we could always sell any squash club that I had bought, and attempt some other objective! Our displeasure with each other, was evidence to me that our marriage was over. The climax came at a friend's party; when Pam became tearful at my flirting (as she saw it) with the wife of one of our friends. But on this occasion, she chose to drive home independently, angrily sobbing in her distraught state of mind, in considering how she could best accomplish her threat to leave me. The following morning, she boarded the early train to her parent's home in Plymouth. She was well aware that I loved our children, despite my no longer wanting to be her husband, and perhaps she hadn't accepted that I intended to leave our family home, not only over her refusing to follow my leadership, but for making life at home unbearable. However, our children were now of an age (17, 16, and 14, and at this time I decided to leave home for good, I believed the children were old enough to make their own decisions on their approaching adult lives. On Pam's return from Plymouth, I told her I was leaving home for good; knowing that I would have access to them, and due to their love of me, they would realise I wasn't abandoning responsibility to be part of their future lives.

I initially stayed at the home of a couple of Round Table friends (who attended our squash classes) that I had approached over moving into a room in their home for a 'week or two' when I might reconsider my 'impulse'. Naturally they knew nothing of the anxieties and aspirations that I have already shared with my reader. I discussed my anxieties with my partner Dave, who offered to provide me with food and accommodation, until I decided what I intended to do. All I positively knew was that I only wanted to start a new life free of Pam's obstruction in fulfilling my ambition both for David and I, and our children. Dave helped me to remove my personal belongings into our jointly owned van. I knew I was suffering from mental melancholia or depression, and sought medical treatment soon after leaving home, for which I was prescribed drugs that were frightening, as I started hallucinating. I soon stopped taking the drugs.

What I hadn't known was that after my conversation with David, over the likely outcome of my leaving home, he was investigating the buying of a freehold shop 'up for sale' in the town centre of St Ives that I could freely live in the flat on the third floor above, if he could find another investor as a partner. David made the proposition to a married couple (Derek and Pauline Medlock, who were ever-present at our coaching classes), that they might wish to enter into a partnership, in our burgeoning sports business. They enthusiastically agreed to take out a mortgage on their own home, as a good investment, and becoming our joint partners. David told them of his intention of turning the ground floor space into a sports shop, and furnishing a fishing tackle shop on the first floor, with me living on the third floor (that later developed into a lounge, bedroom, bathroom and an office, in which we stored invoices, from where I settled our monthly bills). I had no collateral that I could offer.

On moving into the flat, I naturally spent time with customers in our shop. On one occasion, I was speaking with the landlord of a neighbouring pub (the Lord Nelson, when I was working in the shop), who questioned me concerning our retail prices for selling dart accessories to our customers, which he explained that I was selling cheaper than he was currently buying from his brewery representative. On my checking at a Sports Trade Conference (held soon afterwards in Birmingham with the manufacturers of dart supplies, that we were dealing with), I was advised that their directorships had agreed to supply me personally, not as a retailer but as a wholesaler, selling privately direct to pubs and social clubs. This led me into investigating the possibility of supplying flights and stems on an especially designed 'King Alfred' dart card to be hung behind my client's bar (on a sale and return basis) in full sight of the pub's customers (alongside the peanuts and other delights available for purchase). I promised to visit regularly, or whenever they telephoned to say that the dart card needed changing, when I would refund the cost of all unsold items, deducting the amount from that of the new card (usually the publican's experience was that they never saw their previous supplier again, my offer was too good to refuse!) I also offered the publicans engraving on trophies won by their pub customers, who at that time gave the pub's name to a variety of teams of various sports, and would print pub logos onto sports shirts of the teams that derived from the pub as their HQ. The response was hugely positive, the best part of our agreement from my point of view was that all such pubs and clubs invariably paid me in cash, immediately transactions were agreed! I realised that this was my opportunity to make a great deal of personal money, far larger than what I received from coaching squash and my wages from Naylor Bros. I had started this new enterprise by calling at the pubs in St Ives, before widening my area circularly into nearby villages and then cities. Wherever I travelled on Naylor Bros business throughout East Anglia, (obviously using their provided car, and charging Naylor's for the petrol consumed), I made my offer to every pub and club in East Anglian towns. Naylor Bros had noticed the drop in my success rate of previous successes. On my being summoned to the HQ, the directors and I agreed to 'part company', without my having any regrets. I then purchased a brand new large Volvo car, and became totally focussed on my new enterprise! This was when I started raising a dummy invoice book to hide

these increasing profits I continued paying the mortgage of my former home (which when Pam sold on moving to her new husband's home after their marriage, I made no claim for a share of the proceeds).

However (in 1976), Pauline chose to leave her husband in the bungalow (that she and Derek had built on the land that they had purchased), and moved into a caravan home of one of her friends. Derek was distraught and decided that he could no longer be part of our partnership. As he was managing the fishing tackle side of the business, we had to hire an employee as a replacement for him. David's business agreement with Derek was over, and presumably David settled the finances involved. My relationship with Pauline later developed into a courtship. Pauline was keen to improve as a squash player, she showed real aptitude and determination. She accompanied me for court fitness training (which I always did early mornings). Within a few months, she deservedly won a regular place in the Cambridgeshire Ladies Squash team, fulfilling her ambition. We agreed to set up home together (in 2017 we have now been together for over 40 years!) Like many other couples who were born during the 'baby-boom' years that followed World War II, Pauline and I (like other reasonably young adults, born in the 'baby boom' following World War II (she being only 31-years young, half my 45-years of age). We lived together for a short while. I obtained a mortgage on a house in Queen Edith's Way, a 'fashionable' part of Cambridge, before we married at the Tavistock Registry Office in Devon on August 8th 1978⁷. Prior to our marriage, Pauline had managed our Cambridge sports shop, whilst I concentrated on increasing my profitable sales of dart accessories etc. to pubs and clubs, which increasingly expanded. David and I agreed to end our business partnership, Pauline and I retained the rented Cambridge shop in Downing St, and David retained the ownership of the St Ives (mortgaged), and the Godmanchester rented shop. I knew that Pauline would accept the decisions I had made, on behalf of our united relationship without argument, after all I was her mentor on the squash-courts!

To avoid paying tax I had hidden our increasing wealth by channelling my misappropriated profits into a private account with the Cherry Hinton Road branch of Lloyd's Bank (through raising 'dummy' invoices on the products I sold). My personal 'nest-egg' of illegal, untaxed money, became my own ('tax-free off-shore' secret account. For example, I used the cash that I had

⁷ I had travelled to Devon with Graham (Pauline's brother) and his American wife Carol for our wedding. They had flown in from San Jose California, where they have lived throughout their married life. Pauline had made the journey with her parents, whilst our great friends (and former business partners) Dave and Meg King also attended. My eldest sister Pat and her (Freemason) husband Peter (also some years into their second marriage) owned a freehouse pub *The Royal Standard* in Mary Tavy village, where our reception was held. My (remarried) mother and her (second) husband John also lived in this lovely village. Pat's first husband also named Peter had died, leaving her with a daughter and a son to raise. Pat as a widow seeking an income became a barmaid at *The Leaping Salmon* in Horrabridge, where she fell in love with the proprietor, who divorced his wife to marry Pat!

My younger sister Jeannie and her husband Malcolm attended a Plymouth Brethren Church every week with their two daughters. They attended Bible camps each year as their main holiday; the only Christians amongst our family. I recall on one of our regular visits to Plymouth to engender family relationships, Jeannie saying to Pauline and I, in a very self-satisfied kind of way; '**Oh we know that we** (meaning her immediate family) **are all going to heaven, but I don't know about you**' (meaning Pauline and I). Pauline often reflected that Jeannie's smugness upset our complacency so much that she practically compelled us into becoming practicing Christians! Both Pauline and I had been nominal Christians as children, but had drifted into secular interests upon our first marriages. During our subsequent visits (now as baptised Christians) I had invited mum to join us for our private daily Morning Prayer and meditation time, through which we led her into faith in Jesus Christ. She knew that I had forgiven her, and bore no malice; in the same way that she knew she had been forgiven by God, and was no covered from eternal harm by the shed blood of Jesus Christ. Mum had often afterwards telephoned to tell me of the opportunities she had to speak to her friends and neighbours of Jesus Christ's earthly ministry. Mum died (aged 73) on Easter Sunday March 30th 1986, but Pauline and I together with Jeannie and Malcolm were rejoicing, because we knew that Mum had entered heaven (despite the Catholic doctrine that all non-Catholics suffer purgatory before such admission). Following mum's death, on what had become annual visits to Plymouth, we chose to stay with Pat and Pete; for they had retired from the pub trade, and had bought a nearby house with extra bedrooms. This decision was mainly due to John's deteriorating health, and his inability to host us, owing to his poor health. I recall on one subsequent occasion whilst staying at Pat and Pete's home, of God telling me to call at John's home and lay hands on him whilst Pauline prayed that the pains in both John's legs would be ameliorated. The pain lifted immediately, but he died a year or so later, I had spoken over the telephone with John whilst he was in hospital, but he said not to make the long journey down to Plymouth from Cambridge, as he thought he was getting better, and would shortly return home, but I could hear a death rattle in his voice, and he died in hospital. We attended his cremation in Plymouth on Monday November 4th 1996. On the following Monday, I conducted the service of remembrance of the licensee Jim, of my local pub *the Elm Tree*, who had specifically asked me before he died, to officiate at his committal to the flames, as I had for my Uncle Albert on his death. Similarly, Pat also responded to our joint prayer times from the time that John's pains were supernaturally lifted as had happened with our Mum. However soon afterwards she and Pete died whilst trying to land their private aeroplane. Which crashed into a tree in thick fog overlaying Exeter's airport on April 8th 1993, on seeking the airport (my autobiography gives details of events surrounding their joint burial service, and my castigation of the attending Freemasons).

hidden from the tax authorities to furnish our house, and pay for our wedding, costs, and holidays. Some I invested into space invader machines (that I bought for cash in London, and transported back to our Cambridge home in my large Volvo). Space machines that I installed in private member clubs and free-houses, cafés and shops. I emptied the 10p coins from the machines each week, sharing the revenue with the business owners, and 'wheel-barrowing' my share of the proceedings on most days to our Bank; for the takings were bulky and very heavy! A friend once described my character as being an image of the actor Sir David Jason portrayed as 'Del-boy' in the TV series "Only Fools and Horses", a likeable cockney 'spiv'. Bearing in mind my Granddad Trixie Droy, and his sons (see page 4), it was inevitable that I too was a bit of a spiv, -a 'wide-boy'.

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My sister Pat's daughter married on May 1st 1981 at the Tavistock Anglican Church, and having taken our seats prior to the service beginning, we knelt down for a short perfunctory prayer, I whispered to Pauline sitting beside me, that this was the first time we had attended church together. Presumably the Lord must have stirred earlier memories, for I recall that prior to Remembrance Sunday on November 11th, later that year), I suggested to Pauline that we might attend our local Anglican Church (St James) for this service; not for any religious purposes, but just to spend some time getting to know some of our neighbours who might attend, for in our busy lives we had not made any effort to speak with our neighbours since moving into the locality some years earlier!

On our first-time attendance at St James parish church, Pauline immediately recognised Ian Woodruffe the vicar, who many years earlier had been an employee at Chiver's Jam factory HQ in Histon, where she had been employed and had later changed his profession. Services were both traditional and familiar to us; the vicar always dressed in a cassock, as did the organist, the vicar's servers and the choir. Over coffee after many weekly services, we had befriended several neighbours. We decided we would attend regularly, after all a couple of hours a week was not a huge commitment, and we didn't have any regular engagements on Sunday mornings, but gradually we found that our commitments to church activities grew in both number and time invested. Within a few weeks, we added our names to a rota of one particular prayer team who weekly every Sunday afternoon visited Addenbrooke's Hospital (which was within our church' parish boundaries) and prayed for those from our congregation who were currently patients. Soon after Pauline and I became communicants at St James, Pauline enrolled for a course of Confirmation classes that resulted in the Anglican churches tradition of infant and adult (sprinkled) baptism, which was an unacceptable doctrine to me. Whilst I chose to attend a series of the Focus Christian Institute (FCI) lectures of early British protestant church history and missiology. On my arrival at the first lecture, I had been startled to note that our course teacher, (the Reverend Eric Hutchinson) was dressed as a vicar in the classic hat, white collar and cloak of the vision received in 1945! I recognised Eric immediately from a time when Eric would have been 40-years younger! The apparel he was wearing informed me that the authority and leanings of my teacher were Anglo Catholic in persuasion (both sincere and loving, if not featuring portraying the gospel world-wide) and secondly to alert me to Eric being a truly educated disciple of God, sent specifically to provide understanding to my spirituality! Eric was dumbfounded when I called at his home, to tell him of my early supernatural experience, for which I asked him for an explanation, to which he could only shake his bemused head, for the experience had been highly supernatural!! Unfortunately, Ian and Penny (his wife, who we had befriended) separated within a year after our joining the church, which resulted in many families leaving (presumably joining other churches) St James, which finally resulted in Ian leaving his appointment of vicar, and commencing a new career as a hospital Chaplain⁸.

⁸ My thoughts became truly focussed on Anglican church tradition and practices, on hearing that American evangelist Billy Graham in June 1984 was to hold a series of encounter meetings entitled "Mission England", to attract converts into Christianity. The summer campaign was to be staged around the country in 6-football stadiums (Carrow Road, Portman Road, Roker Park, Anfield, Villa Park, and Ashton Gate) over the 12-week period, at a cost of £1½ million. Some 60% of the funds were donated within the first 3-weeks of circulating the intended proposal to all churches of every denomination. One million people in total attended the 6-venues, and 100,000 people responded to Billy's message, by making a commitment, to accept discipleship, from the supportive churches. Both Pauline and I were keen to be involved in the crusade. St Andrew's Street Baptist Church placed a notice in the local newspaper that they would host a promotion of the mission in their church, for those members of churches who wanted to be part of the mission, but whose home churches were not supporting the mission. We attended all the Cambridge meetings, Pauline became part of the mass choir, and I was put my name forward as a counsellor, and we were well briefed over many months of pre-event training. We commenced our training meetings with prayer and worship, during which people prayed extemporaneously from within the assembly and in exultation raised their arms and their voices in their joy of singing praise choruses to God. I read later that at the Norwich venue from June 9th-12th, 63,000 people attended overall and 3,700 made commitments. Statistics given for the Bristol meeting were that 2,352 went forward to receive Christ on the 1st day of the mission. On the 2nd day 2,172 went forward, whilst on the following day 2,642 accepted Christ. The figures were fed into a computer and analysed by the

In 1982, I had obtained a Building Society mortgage, of a freehold shop in Milton Road, Chesterton that we opened as a second sports shop, which Pauline also supervised, whilst I concentrated on my 'dart' business. The ground floor shop had 2-stories above (reminiscent of our St Ives shop). I had initially intended to sell that lease of our rented Downing St shop and transfer all our sports goods to our wholly owned Milton Road shop; for the 3-year rent review of our town-centre leasehold sports shop, invariably increased by 33% each time the tri-annual rent review was renewed. We had the choice of either living in the flat above, or alternatively rent the whole accommodation out, in either case providing a regular income as part of our retirement pension. I was so confident of my plans, that I also bought from the City Council their previous Education Offices (that had been moved to more appropriate premises) I intended to turn this investment into the first publicly-owned independent gym in Cambridge city centre.

I awoke one morning during Lent in 1983, as my 50th birthday was approaching, I reflected upon my self-gratifying life-style, recognising the extent of hiding my embezzlement of funds from my privately-owned companies from the tax authorities, who had recently started to ask me by letter uncomfortable questions. As I lay in bed recalling the various negotiations I had made (to my own advantage), I resolved that I never again wanted to use future multiplying lies, in order to gain an advantage. Yes, I had proven to have become a successful businessman, capitalising on recently becoming a squash tournament organiser of UK based international tournaments; and on one occasion being selected to play for an England in a Squash Racket Association(SRA) veteran's squash team against an Irish team. I had also become the chairman of the United Kingdom (UK) Professional SRA, and currently owned of two sport's shops, and the first Health Club in Cambridge City Centre. As a considered authority on fitness I was regularly interviewed by the local press and radio station concerning my opinion and support of many local sporting and social issues.

Quite unexpectedly I experienced a ringing in my ear, and I heard Jesus Christ's voice, challenged me with a 'Wake-Up' call:-

Choose this day whom you will serve, (Joshua Ch24:15). I recognised His voice that I had previously heard at the age of 12, but never since heard until this day. Jesus said: "Alf Droy I know every emotion behind every thought you have ever had, and every sentence expressed in your spoken or written words. I am aware of all your actions, and inactions. You believe that with your quick wits and your silver tongue you can gain entry into eternal life by charm. You have never repented of your sinful past, nor acknowledged that you are responsible for your life's outworking to Me as your Lord and redeemer. You have only ever 'turned over a new leaf', and have never asked for My forgiveness for your sinful life. If you surrender your life over to Me and repent of your sinful nature and accept My forgiveness offered by grace and not performance, and make restitution by confessing your embezzlement from your privately-owned companies to the authorities, I will grant you a place in heaven beside Me, your Lord, Jesus Christ."

strategists. The percentage commitments of total attendance were 8.3%. Percentages over 5% were considered successful by the organisers. Mission England's statistics reveal that 11% of those who went forward at the invitation still attended church one year later.

I decided to personally pay for the hire a 52-seater coach for the final evening at Ipswich, which I advertised in the local newspaper as having seats freely available to any Christian requiring wishing to attend the Billy Graham crusade meeting, providing they brought a non-church attendee with them. The coach would leave from outside St James Church, which is immediately opposite Queen Edith's Chapel, an independent Brethren Church. My next-door neighbour was a deacon at Queen Edith's Chapel, to whom I had personally delivered an offer for his Church' inclusion. He told me that he had warmly thanked the leadership of St James' PCC, for the generous invitation extended through **The Cambridge News**, and was taken aback by the stiffly retorted (unfriendly) reply, that coach seats could not be guaranteed, but would only be offered if St James' members did not require all the coach seats. I told my neighbour and my vicar that seats would be allocated on a first come first served basis of the applications (as per our local newspaper offer). My insistence on a first come first accepted basis was justified as the coach was paid for in full, with people (mostly members of the two churches and their friends. I later learned of some who had travelled in 'our' hired coach, had made a commitment to Christ, one of who was the wife of Ben Hicks, who later became a friend of mine. On returning home his wife told Ben that she was now committed to serving Christ. Ben was bemused but decided to drive the next evening to Ipswich to judge what his wife had heard for himself; he also made a commitment! I was told years later by a friend Ruth Backhouse (who attended Queen Edith's Chapel, and with whom I prayed weekly in a '**Prayer for Israel**' [PFI] group, a group that I have attended for over 30-years), that the previous day she had attended a funeral of an elderly lady, who had become a convert following her travelling on 'our' coach to the Ipswich mission, after which she became a disciple based in Queen Edith's Chapel. I was overjoyed in hearing that my 'silent evangelism' had paid dividends. Over many years since my experiences of that mission, I have often been interviewed on the radio, and who knows who may have been influenced to make a commitment, and had regular preached and given my personal testimony nations at many churches, house groups, and FGBMFI dinners, where I never could have been expected to be invited.

I knew that I had clearly heard a supernatural echoing message that Jesus had similarly previously given to the rich young ruler, concerning the inheritance of eternal life (entry into the 'heavenly Kingdom of God)': - "**Sell everything you own, and give the proceeds to the poor; then come, follow me, Luke Ch8:18-30,**" which was not something acceptable to the man, who was both rich and a ruler. I also recalled Jesus saying in the passage in Mark Ch12:17 "**Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's**", so I had no doubt that I should declare my secreted income, and pay my legitimate government taxes. I was equally aware (from Exodus Ch2:3-4) that the escaping previously enslaved Jews of Egypt, whilst enduring the wilderness wanderings, had grumbled that the food provided by God during their Exodus was not as varied as the food which had been available to them in Egypt! Similarly, Lot's wife (who the Bible does not even name! looked back to the burning city of Sodom with regret, and presumably her former life-style. No born-again believer can 'flirt' with their past memories with impunity their solemn vow of repentance, and subsequent forgiveness by Christ. There has to be a continuous 'attitude of gratitude' in our regular prayers to our redeeming Lord (Mankind's history does not necessarily determine one's future, which depends on whether one has heard the Gospel, and sought forgiveness. Thereby becoming a disciple of Christ, through being 'born again', which secures eternal redemption). I hurried downstairs to tell Pauline of my supernatural experience; she asked what I was going to do concerning Christ's challenge I told her that I intended that very morning (without having made an appointment) visit the Brooklands Avenue Income Tax office in Cambridge, in order to declare my embezzlement. Pauline, nodded in agreement.

I was ushered into the office of Mr Heap, the Chief Tax Inspector, who asked what he could do for me, following which I handed over to him a set of bank statements of my previously non-declared profits hidden from the Revenue Authorities. In my secretively bank account, replying: "**It is rather what I can reveal to you that matters**". Having examined the bank statements he said to me that: - "**This fraudulent concealment is too big for me to handle, and the information will have to be passed on to The Fraud Squad**".

The very night of my confession to the Tax Inspector, on falling asleep I began to receive an incredible series of 8-visual cameos (similar to the Prophet Zechariah's experience of Ch1:1f), with revelatory interpretation of the spiritual meaning. The following morning whilst walking through from the lounge into the kitchen I received a vision in the form of a trance: A dead leaf fluttered to the ground in front of my eyes, startling me, causing me to blink and step backwards. The leaf in this cameo was blown by a wind skittering across the floor into a stream, slowly sinking to the riverbed where I was told it would finally decompose, and that this autumn leaf represented a follower of Christ who had died and become part of **the River of Life** which flowed from the sanctuary of the Temple of God. During the following night, I was reminded of the 2-earlier revelations before I was given a vision of **The River of Life** becoming a great artery flowing from God's heart. Someway down this river of paradise was Jesus in the river with his left arm outstretched from one bank called 'the world'; close to the river was a great flourishing cedar tree and his right arm extended to the other bank labelled 'Heaven'. Jesus was the river's 'lock-gate', which controlled the surge, the viscosity and the temperature; representing the everlasting power of His blood, His love and understanding and thirdly His compassion and mercy. I heard Jesus say "**I am the Gate for the sheep, whoever enters through crossing the river will be saved. He will come in and go out, and find pasture.**" (John Ch10:9). I saw individuals and families of Jews crossing from the left-hand bank to the right-hand bank

The vision then changed featuring the mature cedar tree growing on the bank of the river. I was told that this resplendent tree represented the empire of King Nebuchadnezzar, the archetype of all emperors throughout history, whom Daniel called 'the king of kings' who sometime in the future would prostrate himself before the Lord of Kings. I heard an authoritative voice ring out: - "**Saw down the tree and lop off all the branches. Bind the stump with bands of iron and bronze.**" Stripped of its splendour, the lopped cedar tree bridged **the River of Life**. I watched as a succession of Gentiles singularly and in families who had accepted Christ as Lord and Saviour, crossed over the river, by way of the lopped tree, from death to life. An unseen angel told me the successive dreams were to clarify that 'first the Jew and then the Gentile' had made this journey.

On the 3rd night of revelatory dreams, my attention was drawn to the stump of the tree with its roots firmly fixed in the ground. I became aware of a cross-shaped pattern at the centre of the stump, that was imposed over the inner tree-rings indicating that this tree was sacred. I was told that the stump had produced a shoot that became **the 'root of Jesse' the Holy Seed**, written of in Isaiah Ch6:13- and Ch11:1: "**There shall come forth a shoot from the stump of Jesse.**" A metal band that had been tightened around the circumference of the tree-stump seemingly to prevent fraying, but it spiritually signified that the Holy Roman Catholic Empire represented a boa constrictor, and not a protective sleeve (gauntlet) to prevent damage to this holy tree, **squeezing the life blood out of the chosen people**. However, whatever disguise the false church appeared as, its intention was to suffocate true Christianity, thus denying forgiveness and redemption. Written in numerals at the circumference of the tree-trunk were the figures 2,0,0,0 (**later it was revealed to me that this year specifically would complete the first of three**

seven-year periods which I would come to recognise as leading to the Great Tribulation, each period would start, from the ending of the earlier seven-year period. Later still it was revealed to me that this tree trunk was the highway to salvation, and that these 7-year periods were also a repetition of the 3-woes of Biblical times. **“What do you see Alf?”** asked the unseen angel who had visited me the previous night. Once this angel was satisfied that I had understood the revelation, the vision continued: The metal bands were struck with the back of a long-handled mallet, **coalesced into an iron cooking-pot**, whilst the tree-rings shimmered into ripples of sluggishly circling viscous mixture of blood and noxious fluids. Gaseous, sulphuric bubbles (coloured predominantly yellow, silver and black), rose to the surface. I was told that the liquid in the pot represented the nations of the world throughout which the Jews had been dispersed. The pot was once again struck, to inform me that the vista was about to change. The sun came from behind a cloud shining brightly on the nauseating concoction, suffusing the dully-coloured contents into bright metallic colours of silver, gold and ruby-red hues. The sluggishly circulating liquid at the outer edge of the cooking-pot increased in speed, whilst the revolutions of the liquid at the centre became too fast for my eye to register, producing an effect similar to that of a whirlpool or vortex. The thickening mixture solidified, altering in nature, transforming itself into a priceless chalice, a communion cup not formed by human hands. An angelic voice told me that the length of the base and stem of this chalice was two-thirds of the total length, representing 4,000-years of Biblical history from the fall of Adam in the Garden of Eden to the vicarious death of Christ, encompassing every previous event of world history. The bowl of the chalice represented one-third of the span of c2,000 years from the Cross of Christ until His Second Coming. The gong sounded once more and the luminescence faded away: the vision changed again. In reverential silence, I watched the cupped hands of Jesus Christ lifting the chalice and placing it onto a glass-topped table, but supernaturally, not the hands and arms that placed the chalice there! I received this revelatory prophecy: as Christ said: - **“Do not be dismayed that you (the believers in Christ) have not completed the commission given to you as an undertaking. The harvest is even now being gathered in. Verily we will soon be drinking the new wine in heaven together. Rejoice in the Second Coming of your sovereign king.”** I instinctively knew that I had become ‘born again’ (as determined by Christ Jesus in His answer to the Pharisee Nicodemus, an official of Israel’s ruling council, JohnCh3:1-21). The spiritual eyes of my heart, had been circumcised, and become my soul. To which I publicly gave testimony at my water baptism by full immersion as an adult, of which I write on pages 15-16.

This series of revelatory dreams and trances grew to a crescendo on the final night of visions and revelations: I was transported to the platform of a railway station, where the last train of the day was building up steam prior to departing. I was then placed so close to the platform clock that it filled my whole vision. The hands of the clock were pointing to one minute to midnight confirming that the timing is not only immediate but had been decided at the beginning of time. A disembodied hand of God tore the clock from its fixings (in the same manner that I might pluck a petal from a flowering rose) and threw it under my feet (**hence the picture on the front cover of Wake Up!**) I instinctively knew through faith that the events and signs of the end times of history were to be revealed to me at the appropriate time. I was told that this was the calendar date indicating that the ‘time of Gentile world rule’ was ending, and featuring the commencement of the **covenant of death** being made through anti-Semitism. My dream sequences whilst sleeping and my supernatural trance experiences were similar to watching a video on TV. Each night I was taken through the earlier revelations in succession (presumably to ensure my understanding of what was being revealed to me).

The morning following, the final night of my week of revelatory visions, I wrote a letter of resignation to the Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge, of which I had been a member for several years, informing him that I had become a ‘born again’ believer in Christ. At that time, I was unaware that if I had progressed through to the 33rd degree as a Freemason, I would then have been calling on the name of Satan (Lucifer) for my guidance, and cursing the name of Jesus! I knew that I could no longer retain the space-invaders ‘dummy accounts’ system adopted to ‘cover my tracks’ that I had previously employed, and sold the business to a friend for £20,000. Within 3-months, I was at total peace knowing from my previous forgiveness that no harm could befall me that Christ hadn’t allowed, and that I now totally was committed to Him as the redeemer of mankind for my eternal salvation⁹.

⁹ I became aware that my whole being, spirit, mind and body had been touched and changed by God’s supernatural blessings. I knew that I had been born again (reborn). I wondered if I would have to answer to a heavenly court for the talents given to me that I had wastefully squandered, or not used. I thought of the servant in the parable of Matthew Ch 25, who was recognised by his master as being both wicked and fearful, surely, I was even more so? Now that I have been ‘born-again’ I realise that the age of Planet Earth, or the age of the universe is only a distraction from the main event, which is the incarnate birth, violent death and supernatural resurrection of Jesus the divine Son of God into heavenly eternity, to provide the only way to save sin-soaked mankind from its sinful rebelliousness. I am no longer distracted by periphery arguments, for the Holy Spirit of God is living within me and has freed me to believe in eternal salvation, that can only be grasped by faith, and not through personal earthly achievements. All who turn to Christ in faith have to lay aside the baggage of their secular

It was later in 1983 that Mr Warner of *The Fraud Squad's* investigatory team, met with me at our home, from where we visited my various business outlets. Colin told me that Mr Warner had privately said to him that **"if continuing my conversion with him, I had adopted the same sincerity that I had given to Mr Heap, I would have voluntarily informed my deception to the HM Customs and Excise Office (the Value Added Tax [VAT] department)"**. I was mortified to learn that it was illegal for Mr Warner's department to advise other government departments of the results of their investigations. For I innocently believed that my disclosure to Mr Heap would include his advising all the authorities of my confession, including the value added tax (VAT) authorities I immediately telephoned the VAT office at Harlow, advising them of my disclosure of my long overdue VAT bill'. This resulted in our having to find a further £6,500 of unpaid VAT. During another of my several interviews with Mr Warner over the next 18 months, I revealed the collection of 'dummy' invoice books I had compiled in concealing the amount of money that I had 'pocketed' in my deception. I disclosed to Mr Warner that I had written to the Peterborough Passport Office advising them I had lost my previous passport, when in truth I had hidden my assumed 'lost' passport (in order that no investigator would know how many countries we had visited, and how often), in order to obtain a replacement passport. I explained to Mr Warner that I had no intention of rescinding my decision to turn to Christ, and would in future declare all my taxable income to the authorities. Mr Warner may have been impressed with my thoroughness, but totally unimpressed by my motives.

Jeannie was delighted when I telephoned her to ask her to accommodate the wish of Pauline and I to be baptised by immersion in Jeannie's home Plymouth Brethren Pentecostal Church, and my wish to give public testimony. We both wanted to ensure that our Mum and sister Pat attended, in order for them to sense the presence of the Holy Spirit, and by our united prayers would abjectly repent of personal sin seeking forgiveness and commit their lives to following Christ. The ceremony took place on February 24th 1985. I was permitted to testify, which I did loudly and convincingly at the baptismal pool following my immersion, declaring: - **"I am conscious that prior to my conversion I had been gifted with some spiritual attributes, but they were 'of the devil', for I can trace them back to the time of my involvement with the spirits of the dead or demons at Ouija board sessions. I am aware that I had developed an evil eye; and am capable of wishing harm to individuals, families and businesses, and even calamitous hatred against nations. I invariably heard of the misfortune that had befallen whomsoever I had turned my hatred towards, to those who had suffered fairly soon after I had wished venomous attacks against them. I had been able to read a weak-minded individual's mind and impose my will over their hopes, to suit my purposes. I have, repented of my former practices, by renouncing all those earlier 'giftings', and ask Jesus to sanctify any future gifting He might entrust to me."** That night I was awakened from a dream of which I received a spiritual interpretation. I was standing in line with other Christians, who had been herded together to be beheaded, by Islamic Jihadists. I was eager to testify to my forgiveness of personal sin through Jesus Christ's precious blood, shed, that I might be redeemed; I had previously been fearful of dying through beheading, by Islamic extremists who might contemptuously kill me, but now I was reassured that such death, was a privilege and a testimony of faith, for I would become a martyr for Christ, and the spirit of fear left me. It was sometime later that I received Christ's confirmation that in future years I was going to be spiritually blessed to a greater degree. For Jesus had not only accepted my abject heart-felt apology, but confirmed to me that I would receive more demonstrable giftings. For in being baptised as an adult, I had acted obediently to God and not to the Anglican Church's doctrine, for christening at birth, does not invite the Holy Spirit to live within a convert, who is not aware of Christ's vicarious sacrifice. I recalled that American evangelist who lost his life during a missionary tour to the Huaorani jungle people of Equator declaring his unforgettable message: - **"A man is no fool who gives up that which he cannot keep, to gain that which he cannot lose"** (that [pearl of great price that Jesus spoke of in Matthew Ch13:44-45], which leads to an eternally blessed life).

I had my final interview with Mr Warner, during 1984, when he detailed the decision of the heads of his department that I was being allowed to pay my restitution of the previously unpaid taxes, which had also to include the penalty fines, amounting in total to £100,000, with the authorities receiving all the money received on the sale of our house, less the mortgage repayment. All the remainder of my penalty would have to be paid over the following 6-year period of time in equal amounts. If we defaulted on handing over the full amount from the sale, or over any of the later 6-annual fine repayments we would be forced to liquidate

education and upbringing. I became aware that I had received a great love of Israel and the Jewish race, no doubt from acknowledging Jesus to be the divine Son of the Almighty God as the redeemer. I echo Ruth's answer to Naomi's plea for Ruth to return to her own people (Ruth Ch1:16-18). I am not naïve, I am aware that Israel is a democracy, and that Israel's government is no better or no worse than Britain's, and that the electorate and those they vote for are definitely not all Christians, but I am a patriot of both nations, and love all Gentile nationals across the globe who live in peace and harmony with their neighbours, regardless of their religious faith or lack of it.

some of our current business assets to pay any outstanding debt (which I thought was exceedingly generous, for I really believed I would have to serve a term of imprisonment). Allowing for inflation, the total of the fine in 2017 would be equivalent to at least £1 million. We put our four-bedroomed (luxurious) home (that Pauline and I rattled around in) up for sale. A former friend agreed to pay £95,000 for our home, and the agreement date of sale was set. On the day of moving from our first home into a basement flat, our purchaser withdrew his offer, but by then we had moved into Pauline's father's property in Newmarket Road. At basement level, the flat housed a rear garden; a kitchen and bedroom and an outside (unheated) toilet; whilst on ground floor level, my father-in-law conducted his hairdressing business. With the first-floor above providing our lounge and a study. Pauline and I were very grateful; particularly when Pauline became pregnant soon after we moved into the flat. One morning I was awakened by a voice ringing in my ears, telling me that Pauline would have a boy, and that we should name him Daniel James. We were in the habit of praying together each morning, during which times I would pray that Pauline would have a trouble-free birth, without pain. Pauline told me long after Daniel's birth, that although she always had said 'Amen' to that prayer, she knew a pain-free birth would be highly unusual.

There was a short time during which we both continued to attend our evening Bible classes at St James Church, and we settled into our flat. I was encouraged to and elected to join the St Matt's Parochial Parish Council (PCC) during the interregnum of 1987 that we endured for over a year, to preach and to apply for lay-readership. The PCC were grateful when an ex-University student was permanently appointed. Soon after Pauline befriended an unmarried mother, who began attending St Matt's, she having borne the child of a criminal, who had recently been discharged from prison, and was attempting to re-impose his former hold over her. Phillip Foster our vicar had obtained a court restraining order against this person entering our church, because of the likelihood of his unruly behaviour. Pauline allayed the lady's traumatising fears, and succeeded in finding her a regular job. We had been visiting her at her Council-owned block of flats one evening, when this man began banging upon the door, shouting loudly and threateningly, without being aware of our presence. I shouted back for him to quietly leave before we telephoned the police. Pauline had previously cleaned her new confused and frightened friend up, repaired her bike, and encouraged her to apply for a job at a bank, which had been successful (a position that both Pauline and she had formerly held). Her grateful mother was a Peterhouse College landlady, who managed a student letting house in Warkworth St, in the centre of Cambridge. It was her suggestion in gratitude to Pauline for her help with her daughter, that Pauline should apply for a similar position to the position she held, in the same street, with the same College, that had arisen through the present landlord's deteriorating health. Pauline agreed and applied. She was subsequently offered the position of landlady.

By appointment we met with the incumbent landlord, Mr Nelson, and discussed formalities in his lounge. I was surprised to see on the lounge mantelpiece, a symbolic idol of a black cross with a golden snake encircling it with its coils of constriction. I instantly knew that the managing tenants were spiritualists (as I had been from my teenage years until my adult baptism, see footnote 2 on page 4). We were delighted to accept Pauline's offered position, and after moving into our new home, our vicar Philip (who had recently been appointed after a year-long interregnum) prayerfully exorcised the house with us. Jesus prompted Pauline that we should name the house 'El Shaddai', as it was a 'welcoming house of shared hospitality' with other residents, who often had no allegiance to God Most High, being of other religious or having no religious faith. Our only function was to provide a home for five students during term times, cleaning the bathroom that they all shared, and the stairway access to each of their rooms; not very demanding.

In mid-September 1987 Pauline's was 12-days overdue and aged over-40, (her tummy was very prominent as the anticipated day approached, with the additional effects she was enduring, through the stress of moving into our God-given home, and the decorating that we chose to do ourselves, rather than wait for Peterhouse to arrange for commercial decorators. The hospital specialists decided that Pauline should rest in hospital before enduring the induction of Daniel's birth through a caesarean operation on the following day, when Pauline telephoned me to say the surgeons had given her an epidural prior to the operation; but within an hour she was experiencing natural labour pains. The epidural deadened the pain she would have endured through natural delivery! Shortly after we moved into El Shaddai, so much mail had accumulated for the Nelsons that I decided to deliver the accumulation personally to their new home, for the specific reason of advising them that Jesus had told me to tell them to stop attending the spiritualist church and turn to Christ, for otherwise Mr Nelson would lose his life. Mrs Nelson answered the door knocking, and told me that her husband was much better and was 'not in, but out for a walk', so I gave her the mail and Christ's message. The following week's local daily newspaper reported that Mr Nelson had died (presumably unrepentant)!

Our accountant sent a copy of our 1993 year-ending account to our newly appointed Barclay's Bank manager for analysis; around the time we had agreed to sell our Queen Edith's Way home in the Spring of 1984 for £116,000. I 'second guessed' the bank manager, who had learned from examination of our 1992 profit and loss account, that the government had become our

foremost creditor¹⁰. Who had a prior claim on our assets to that of the bank for the £100,000 Corporation Tax, exposing the bank's weakened position. He pointed out to me that our gross expenses of our city-centre leasehold shop in town-centre Downing Street was larger than our income to the tune of £250 each week of trading (which I had already discerned). He insisted we sold our lease (which took us almost a year to accomplish (to a trader in coffee), we were greatly relieved at the sale! Quite professionally he demanded that we paid in the promissory restitution of our '**£25,000 personal guarantee**'. David our house-group leader (who was also a tax-official!) telephoned me the following morning after I told my house-group friends of my predicament, offering to loan us the £25,000 for a few months (free of interest, a lesson that we have since adopted as a principle of our lending to others). He had received some money from the will of his recently deceased mother, and his concern was only that some months later he would need the loan returned, in order to pay the death duties due in respect of his mother's bequest. He treated us abominably; restricting our overdraft terms to a crippling position, and increasing the repayment of our overdraft from 12 to 8 years, simultaneously increasing all the bank's charges for 'supervising' once a month our trading position; for which I was charged £200 monthly for the privilege of his valuable time! We were charged 91p for every cheque I wrote. I had to repay £1,500 per month in overdraft charges alone. Since our earlier agreement of sale had been to sell at £95,000, we were able to pay an extra £21,000 to the authorities, which also meant that the 6-annual repetitive fines were reduced by £3,000 each year!! for which we were very grateful to God which I was fortunate to have received from the extra money I had sold our home for. I calculated that in one trading year I had paid almost £30,000 to Barclays Bank 'for services rendered' (Surely Barclays Bank were bigger rogues than I had ever been! Incidentally our former home was sold to a developer in 2015 for £1.6 million, who has demolished it and replaced it by a block of 7-flats, but I have no regrets with regard to my earlier decision to sell everything and follow Christ).

This bank 'manager' then pressured me into selling our Milton Road shop; inevitably our Milton Road sports shop was also trading unprofitably due to the lengthy recession. Our estate agent had judged the premise to be worth £100,000, but owing to receiving no offers the bank badgered us into accepting a ludicrous offer of £70,000. Our Milton Road property would have considerably increased in value, if we had been allowed to sell at a more advantageous economic time (when sold 5-years later for £120,000 my exasperation with the banks unscrupulousness totally bemused me) I recognised that the bank's intention had always included us selling our health club, to complete our overdraft position with them. The total retail shop misfortune had cost us about £30,000 (which amounted to the cost of our unsold stock, which we freely gave away to a Missionary Society, who shipped the goods to Africa, whilst we freely gave the (expensive) shop-fittings to a church that was extending its book shop). Later I read that the Government Ombudsman had invited the general public who may believe that they were being dealt with unreasonably, when they were equally suffering financial hardship imposed by their banks. Following the recession ending, we had fortunately sold the (never used by us) ground and basement floor of our Castle St investment, to a restaurateur; whilst retaining a flying 99-year leasehold on our gym contained on the 2-floors above the restaurant. I had previously spent ages (unsuccessfully) showing ambitiously-minded people over this premise, but now I sold for the asking price of £150,000, the exact amount of our overdraft; which released us from the constricting coils of Barclay's Bank malevolent destruction of our once well-established business practice; we were now free from debt! In April 1988, we sold the retained leasehold gym to the solicitor's practice next door at our asking price of £150,000, who wished to knock down the walls between our two separate premises, in order to extend their business practise. However, we were confident, in that the Lord would have made arrangements for our welfare for the remainder of our earthly lives. The sale was a blessed relief for us I was certain that our income from both the guest house and of dart sales, would supply all our needs.

On the bank pressuring me once more to lowering my asking price for our Castle Hill property, I applied for help of the ombudsman, who was able to persuade the bank to allow us an extended period of time to repay our company overdraft. If I had only known that the Government Ombudsman, could have intervened on my behalf, we may have retained the Milton Road property, and perhaps refunded our debt, in a more considered way. I still retained total control of the darts business and the Castle St gym, and we were now trading profitably from our health club (and kept our staff in employment) without further monthly bank meetings. This chapter in my life was the most anxious period of my walk with my Lord and saviour, that we discussed together whilst walking along the Jericho Road on a later mission to Israel (read pages 23-24).

¹⁰ Barclay's branch manager (I cannot bear writing 'our bank manager'), as if I had the same friendly relationship with him as I had with his predecessor. I still remember banks advertising on TV, that each manager, was to be thought of as 'the friend in your cupboard under the stairs', but the current manager was certainly no friend of ours!). If only he had treated us as sympathetically as had the Fraud Squad, in leaving us our hard worked for assets to earn the money that was really not desperately needed by this one branch.

In August 1988, we decided (during our university student's terms of recess, when our students invariably returned to the parents' home for their holiday), to rent out the student rooms to visitors as a B&B (bed and breakfast) guest house. We locked away in the cupboards of each of our 5-student's room their personal possessions, and because they invariably had some larger items, we boarded-out the attic space, to store any excess items, until they returned from their holiday recesses. For 25 years, we lived in **El Shaddai** (until 2012), into which God has blessed us throughout our Christian ministry. I decided to advertise our B&B accommodation on the internet, and advertised **El Shaddai** as a Christian Guest House. Without wishing to boast, our returns were never less than 97% during the 23-years of this extended, welcoming ministry of providing accommodation for visitors (I understand that other guest houses, programme to achieve a 50% occupancy rate). We received enquiries from people throughout Britain and across the world at large. Annually the occupation of our guest rooms (when not occupied by our students, who were always our main priority), We believed that Jesus was prompting people of all or no faiths to make the reservations for our guest rooms, but God spoke with all those who stayed at our home. Invariably I would welcome new-comers in, and often Jesus advised me of which guests had 'personal problems', who might want to seek an opinion of their situation from me, as I prepared to share time with them in love, and served their prepared breakfast, for I was often asked to pray for such people, and I always did! Many people kept in touch with us, and advised their friends to stay at **El Shaddai**. We also had many 'burned-out' missionaries, pastors and their wives, and theological lecturers, many of whom asked me to pray over their personal situation. Such prayer times were humbling to me, if asked for my assessment or opinion, I would tell them of what Christ had revealed to me concerning their particular problem. Occasionally wives of Masonic leaders booked in with their husbands, as did the wives of the wealthy and academics who were not Christians, who would ask me to speak to their husbands of how God had released me from my obsessions, and God would often bless me by giving me appropriate words that could release them from whatever beset them. Once we even had (unmarried) international human rights lawyers book in, the male was a black American, and his partner was white European. Whether they were sent surreptitiously to observe our ***modus operandi*** I never knew, but they came to our church, and shared our Sunday lunch with us!! Pauline managed our guest house and the health club, taking our happy and contented son with her each day, at times when our staff arrived. Our consciences would not allow us to offer the health club facilities on a Sunday, for the club would have needed staffing, which was unacceptable to our Christian belief that Sunday was a day for spending time with one's family. This meant that our competitors were offering a 15% discount over our prices, as their facilities were open for an extra day of every week. Also, it meant that every Sunday afternoon, we would spend some time at the gym emptying and cleaning the Jacuzzi bath, shower, sauna, sun bed and toilet area, to be ready for the following week of our employed staff instructors supervising our attending members.

I had an interview and signed on to begin a 3-year course of full-time theological study, attending Romsey House Bible College Monday to Friday during the day (and during the evening, and most Saturdays, I would answer the telephone calls of my committed dart clients seeking assistance, but most such outlets diminished in number, as my involvement became 'rarefied'). It was at Romsey House that I befriended several 'stalwarts of Christian belief'. Daniel Cozens the evangelist, who initiating 'the annual **Marches of the 1,000 men**, across counties in the UK, who also used my prophetic ability to pray for those who came forward at his invitation to the altar for prayer. Also of **Graham Daniels of 'Christian in Sport'** fame, whose personal ministry I helped in similar ways, and Michael Schluter of **the Cambridge-based Jubilee Centre**, who initiated the '**Keep Sunday Special Campaign**'. Between them they gave me so much encouragement and opportunities to develop my interest in itinerate evangelism relationship with Christ, whom I worked alongside following receiving my '**Diploma in Religious Studies**'.

In 1989 Sylvia, a lady visitor to St Matts from Rio the Brazilian capital city, heard me preach, and invited me to preach at her Assemblies of God (AOG) church, whilst also providing me with accommodation. I gratefully accepted the opportunity, but prior to Romsey House' Christmas holiday period, and my arrival in Brazil for this invitation, my mission was extended, for I received other invitations to minister throughout Brazil, speaking at churches and university campuses for my first follow-up itinerate experience of international evangelism, and for the first-time Pauline had to manage our B&B alone. My time in Brazil on the first of my venturing into the field of itinerate evangelism was incredibly blessed by the presence of the Holy Spirit, who equipped me with healing hands and the gift of discernment, and a faith in Christ's abilities to heal the sick at my hand.

On the weekend of my arrival in Brazil, I stayed with the British Dean of the Rio City Cathedral, and his family, where I spoke on the Sunday morning. On awakening that first Morning (a Sunday), I opened the double doors to my bedroom balcony, and was blown away by the nearness the huge statue with arms outstretched, of Christ the Redeemer that overlooked the City; it was located in the nearby mountainous Tijca Forest National Park. I fell to my knees and prayed that Christ would sustain and protect me throughout this mission. I preached in the Cathedral at the morning service, and in the late afternoon, I helped give communion at an old-peoples home, before preaching to an expectant packed Bethesda Assemblies of God (AOG) Church in São Goncalo (a district of Rio de Janeiro) having a congregation of between 300-400. I instinctively knew that pastor Edeno

Fonseca, a crusading evangelist (who was immaculately dressed, was not pleased that I was wearing an open-necked shirt). As I stood up to preach, I was amazed to (spiritually) see that half of the faces in the congregation appeared to be glowing brightly, whilst the faces of the other half seemed strangely darkened. Jesus advised me that the darkened faces were of those possessed of many oppressive problems who needed relief and future hope. After I had preached the pastor invited those who wanted a touch from God to come forward into the auditorium in front of the Diaz, where I would pray for them, whilst the musicians played, and the congregation worshipped Christ. I moved to the area in front of the platform and was engulfed by people, they were not queuing! Many fell on reaching the platform, 'slain in the spirit', and on recovering, lay laughing, weeping or singing on the floor in front of me, without my laying hands or praying for them, or of learning what they had come forward for. Not a soul communicated with me; not that I could have heard them (even if they could speak English). Mothers carried or pushed their sick children, for me to pray over, literally dozens of adults came forward, all singing lustily some weeping. I was hemmed in (engulfed by the tide of emotion as if part of a standing football crowd), I hardly had the space to lift my arms to touch the foreheads of those surrounding me. The music and the worship was deafening. Some of the young babies in their mother's arms looked through unseeing eyes at me as I prayed for them. Having prayed for others in the melee, I 'muscled' my way back to those children in their mother's arms, and prayerfully laid hands on each child for a second time, and witnessed the recognition that had come to the child's eyes as I smiled at them. I have no idea how the congregation coped, with this white-stranger shouting loudly in triumph, and calling loudly on the Holy Spirit to deliver more power. As people were healed and returned to their seats, they were replaced by further numbers waiting for God's healing hand to fall on them. Some 2-hours later, the musicians stopped playing, but the congregation were still singing in tongues. I saw Pastor Fonseca attempting to cast out a demonic spirit from a lady lying on the floor. In the spirit but I could see that she was chained to a rock, which I tore asunder, hearing the demon scream as it departed, and the lady shouting with relief! The people all cheered exultantly, it was pandemonium! I grabbed hold of the pastor by his shoulders, and he grabbed me back and clumsily danced with me at arm's length, inviting me to celebrate with him. Musicians struck up, and the crowd clapped in tempo, but it stopped as we stopped stamping! (this was two years before ***the 'Toronto Blessing reached Britain'*** in 1993! (again, I refer my reader to my autobiography for further detail). The congregation were then dismissed, the service had started at 7.00 p.m. and we were still worshipping at 10.30 p.m. Pastor Fonseca was so moved by the demonstration of Holy Spirit power at his church that he asked me to join with him the following year in a crusade into the jungle region of Manaus, deep into the River Amazon. He told me that many congregants this night had made a first-time commitment to God. We still gathered outside talking excitedly until about midnight, before the main group went home, when Edeno took a party of us to a restaurant, for a late supper¹¹! My successful ministrations quickly spread around the Rio church community, leading to other invitations to speak.

I had hoped that Paul Freston, a missionary member of St Matt's who was serving Christ as a lecturer at the St Paulo University, with whose family I stayed for a couple of nights over my second weekend, would be able to accompany me to some venues, but unfortunately it was not possible, but he was able only to telephone missionary friends in Brasilia. However, this led me to completely rely on the Lord during the times I was not preaching to congregations, for I had no control over the timing or disruption of pre-determined events, or of my thankfully going to bed each night! I made the 5-hour bus-journey back to its terminus in Rio. Where Sylvia met me, and drove to us to her home for a meal, before taking me to another church, the largest AOG assembly in Rio, where I was to speak that evening. After the service (which was more like I expected, with people queuing up for prayer in turn!) Two leaders of the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International (FGBMFI), who were members of this church, invited me to speak at the annual Latin American Convention, to be held in Foz Iguacu, but unfortunately the dates clashed with prearranged bookings (I did later visit this breath-taking place), but after the Conference was ended. This tour was my induction to serving Christ in a land where my safety and consideration was of little merit to the people I would encounter. The Cathedral Dean was disappointed that I wouldn't be staying with him, when I was ministering in Rio, but was baffled by my decision (for the Archbishop of Canterbury had stayed in their home only a few weeks earlier). However, it would have been discourteous not to accept accommodation offered by Sylvia at her initial invitation made at St Matt's. She also held down a

¹¹ I have never fully written of my São Goncalo Church experience, when the 'Toronto Blessing' became known throughout the world, I could only agree from my Brazil experience, that it was genuine. I knew with certainty that there was to be revival world-wide prior to the Lord's return, and I hoped it would follow, as quickly as the Holy Spirit manifestation of both Biblical days and proportion! It would not impact everywhere at the same time, but its effects would ripple ever outwards, until the wrath of Jesus begins following ***the Great Tribulation***, initiating a programme that excited me. There have been many times when I became vulnerable to losing my possessions, and even my life, but I knew that as long as I followed Christ's instructions, I would be protected. From that time forward church leaders and organisations told me of many people coming to the Lord following my preaching based on my testimony. My principle was that the joy should be mine, but the glory goes to God. As John Ch3:29-30 intimates Christ must become greater, whilst His disciples must become less.

government appointed position, with 100% inflation, a regular yearly prospect, with monthly wages often being delayed. Sylvia also had an ageing parent to take care and provide for, but she was so attentive to blessing me through introducing me to some British and American missionaries. I am sure from my background history that anyone can sense that I prefer to stay in a private home of a church member and of missionary families, rather than the home of a high-ranking clergyman. but I knew my footsteps were being directed. I had made arrangements in the UK to contact a Brazilian Christian who provided both accommodation and speaking opportunities in both Salvador and Fortaleza during the 6-weeks I was in Brazil. I took also booked an unforgettable week's holiday on the River Amazon. I prayed prophetically for congregants both in churches and in the streets in unbelievable power. It seemed strange to me that my first 3-overseas missions had been to Portuguese speaking nations. This was never a problem, even though I neither spoke, nor was able to interpret any language other than English.

On my return to the UK I had been thrilled to be appointed to the role of vice-chairman of ***the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International of Cambridge*** (for the defunct (FGBMFI) group, was to be re-constituted). However, on the downside my son Kerry who had been married for only 3-months committed suicide that very night; on his wife and mother-in-law having a restraining order issued on his interfering with her daughter's future life. I had previously advised both of them not to marry, for they both suffered from mental problems. I suffered so much torture in my spirit, from Satanic attacks after Kerry's death, of my being a bad example of a father figure. Kerry's childhood had been tortuous (as had mine). I confess that I had teased him, in that he had been allocated a pink female blanket in his cot in the hospital maternity ward, and not a blue male blanket, suggesting that he may not have been our son but a daughter (which was quickly adjusted). I had spent much time, during the tortuous years since he moved from the comfort of his mother's home, and chose not contacting either me or his Mum; I was aware that Kerry was self-harming and taking drugs and spending most evenings drinking with his friends in his favourite pub. A concerned anonymous friend often advised me of Kerry's latest depressive instability. At which warning I called at the pub to speak with him. He had responded to invitations to visit Pauline and I for a meal, and during a period of his stability had spent time visiting Kerry at his previous girlfriend's home, and shared reciprocal meals with them, but he and I both knew that any permanent relationship would become a disaster owing to his mental problems. This girl, distressed at Kerry's drug taking and alcoholic behaviour eventually 'kicked him out', and his concerned friend told me where he could be located (sleeping each night on a sofa at the home of other friends). I visited and spoke with him, encouraging him to recover his possessions his former home. He went back to his working close to El Shaddai as an electrician, from where he occasionally visited us. Months later he told me that he was taking his latest girlfriend to Mykonos on holiday, where he proposed to her, and I advised them both on their return from holiday against marriage: for I knew that his fiancé was similarly prone to a disturbed mind. I telephoned him on the day following my return from Brazil, and spoke with both he and his wife, when he answered monosyllable to my questions. He committed suicide later that day, of which I learned of from his friend. I attended the morgue and saw his body, I wanted to pray Christ would restore Kerry's short but disturbed life. Jesus sympathetically said to me: - "**Don't pray for Kerry's restoration to life on Earth, for you are aware that he will only attempt suicide again.**" I resignedly agreed. Kerry would have been 22 years of age later that month. Daniel Cozens insisted on conducting the cremation service, for Kerry had attended a couple of Daniel's 'pub nights' with me; that I always arranged, during Daniel's 6-week campaign of testifying in Cambridge pubs. but Daniel and I both believed that Kerry's cremation was a celebratory service of Kerry's eternal life¹².

My (itinerant preaching ministry (outside Anglican authority) just kept increasing from this point in time. Whilst Pauline was 'mindin' the store' (during our B&B, during university-term recesses, -often plus a bit longer!), I was enthusiastically accepting the many invitations proffered by Christian tourists from across the world, who invariably had reserved rooms at our well-advertised Christian B&B. Many of whom invited me to preach at their home churches; where I received the hospitality of staying in the homes of those who had 'lodged' at ***El Shaddai***. I was so blessed on each occasion by being chauffeured freely around some remarkable places of interest in their homelands (foreign countries which included the Middle and Far East, South

¹² Kerry's dysfunctional life had not been dissimilar to my own throughout his young life. I have many regrets concerning my former life-style, but both my daughters, Kim and Leigh, now have children, only Kim's daughter Amelia has married, Leigh never married but bore a son Richard to Ken, they have since always resided in Canada. On one winter visit to the UK, I took Leigh and baby Richard for a beach holiday to Forta Ventura (they are both due to visit Cambridge in June 2017 in what has become an annual visit, which I look forward to. Kim celebrated her 60th birthday, whilst Pauline has also celebrated her 70th birthday in 2017, what it is to be young and carefree!!) I pray that my daughters, grand-daughters and grand-sons and any great-grand-children might meet and follow Jesus Christ the Lord of my life. I re-enacted the drawing the of curtains, that were electronically closing, as uncle George had done for my Dad, in giving Kerry his final earthly blessing. (see footnote 6 on pages 8- 9).

America, South Korea, Hong Kong, Thailand, Malaysia, Borneo, Australia, New Zealand, Indonesia, the Philippines, Africa, and India), at a minimal cost!! Nations that I had only dreamed of visiting.

On March 21st 1990 (travelling in my week-old, brand-new car between Haverhill and Bury St Edmunds), my car was written-off in Chedburgh village, on being hit head on by a 23-ton-loaded lorry (it was carrying a crane). I was cut out from the wreckage an hour or so later, and walked to the ambulance that transported me to the Bury St Edmunds General Hospital in Suffolk. (Ironically, I was admitted for a right knee replacement at that same hospital 12 years later; from which time I became the 'bionic-man', through having my left knee and both hips replaced, due to arthritic deterioration, accelerated by my car accident). Anglia News radio station reported the accident, which resulted in a prophetic Christian friend telephoning to ask if I ever previously experienced a head-on accident. I confirmed that I had previously twice before experienced head-on accidents, my friend stated that Satan wished to kill me. I heard Jesus say:- "**Alf you cannot live one day longer nor one day shorter than I have decreed, continue to follow the path I have planned for you, despite Satan's malicious attacks**".

Christ arranged for us to take a family vacation during August 1992 (where we enjoyed a family holiday at an animal farm at Edgefield in Norfolk). On awakening on the first morning of our arrival, I was squinting because of the early morning sun flooding through our bedroom window with sunlight, when I began experiencing a high-pitched humming in my ears, alerting me to the fact that I was about to receive a revelation in trance form. The sun was shining through the upper four window-panes, which were covered in condensation. Suddenly the numerals 1, 9, 9, 9, were being written into the condensation that had formed on each of the four window panes, each about 200 mm in height, each recording one digit '1' by Christ Jesus' finger!! I blinked my eyes to clear my vision, immediately hearing an angelic voice advising me that the '1' was the instigator, and that Christ, who was providing this vision, and the three '9's' represented the accumulated judgements of the ungodly, a judgement which would soon be delivered on unrighteous mankind; when there was to be a major earthquake occurring in Turkey during 1999, following which I was to visit Turkey, where and when I would be given greater revelation on what was to follow the confirmation of 'my water baptism and proclaimed testimony'. I spent many days pleading with the Lord for further 'insight'; which he gave to me a month later as a special 'birthday present'¹³! During the night of September 21st 1992 preceding the morning of my 58th birthday,

¹³ I had heard of spiritual manifestations similar to those I have described, as being named 'neuron theology', suggesting that supernatural experiences are often catalogued (by some experts) as mental or bodily illness or physical experience through an accident suffered as a disturbance or illness reflected in the brain: the psychic experience being apparently possible to affect anyone of any or of little spiritual faith. One detail of what I am spiritually reassured of, is that ever since committing my life to following Jesus Christ's initial challenge to me, through discipleship, I have enjoyed a regular prayer time with Him, which has continuously provided me with a peace that in supernaturally and naturally reflective. Certainly, it is true that Messianic and Arab believers attending **the 'One New Man Churches'** have multiplied exponentially in number since the beginning of the 21st Century. I realised that the 2,300 days between the Oslo Accord being signed, and the year 2,000 commencing, were a parallelism to Daniel Ch8:14, when the sanctuary was to be reconsecrated in Jerusalem!! I believe that the sanctuary has been replaced by the universal restoration and sanctification through spiritual cleansing of the Jewish race (as the Time of the ending of the Gentile race's international rule is fulfilled, Luke Ch21:24) as promised in Jeremiah Ch31. I was reminded of the 3-woes of Revelation Ch8:13 suggesting: -**that the 7th year of the 3rd Shemitah (pronounced shmitta) cycle, precedes 'the 'end of days' that commences with the beginning of 'the days of The Wrath of the Lamb' (Revelation Ch6:16, which also introduces the 5th of the 7th term of years that ended each 49th year, which I believe to usher in the commencement of 'The Great Tribulation), not many years into 2000AD., The 50th year repeats the reoccurrence of 'a special Jubilee year of restitution for the Jewish race', to the Father of mankind. the Second Coming of the sovereign king, Lord Jesus Christ, prior to the commencement of His millennial sovereign global rule.** The Jubilee year, is often 'a time of judgement for Israel's enemies', which is confirmed by the historical record of repeated 'tetrads' (of rehearsals). The tetrad's factual existence being discovered by Jewish messianic believer in Christ Jesus, **the Rev Mark Biltz** that began with Christ's vicarious death on the Cross, paying the price of death on mankind's behalf, which is pointed to by modern Biblical scholar **Jonathan Cahn** (both of whom are messianic Jewish disciples of Christ, who accept Christ's dictates to them, and follow His instruction in their daily lives (as I have learned to do), who are serving Christ in America, whose writings are pertinent, significant and worth studying (which accentuate my own received revelatory words of knowledge, and need to execution of Christ's dictates!!) Exodus Ch17:6 speaks of a stone that will provide life-giving water to the Jews, and Zechariah Ch12:3 speaks specifically of the City of Jerusalem becoming the burdensome stone to the unbelieving leaders of Gentile nations, who consider human rights as superior to God's laws, and have constituted laws denying Christians in their nations their former rights to speak in the public arena of their faith, with loss of job, fines or even imprisonment, and other laws that particularly fly in the face of British Christianity, which many Church denominations have meekly accepted without protest, and the liberal-minded electorate have equally accepted! Jeremiah Ch25:15-36 says that Israel is the wine cup of fury containing the Lord's wrath. Those who drink from this cup will be beset with madness, bringing disaster upon every unrighteous ungodly nation for the human rights rebellion against the true Sovereign God. **The final Jubilee** marks the anniversary of Christ's death; just as **Shavuot** (Pentecost) marks the **annual 50th day** since **Pesach** (Passover) first began; which is particularly significant during the **50th**

I received a revelation from Jesus that the treacherous infamous **covenant of death** would soon become international law. On September 13th 1993, the agreement known as **The Oslo Peace Accord**, compiled by **the United Nations General Assembly (UNGA)** had been signed in Washington, USA, by the elected Israeli Prime Minister (PM) Yitzhak Shamir, and Yasser Arafat on behalf of the Palestinian National Authority (PNA), widely trumpeted on international TV. It was **the 'Unholy Peace'** of Daniel Ch 9:27 that would occur between the following two annual trumpeting's of the *Shofar*, announcing the Jewish New Year, that fell between the 1992 and 1993 in the Gregorian calendar (which is based on solar years). American Evangelists Peter and Christine Darg, with whom I had shared a platform at the **Prophetic Summons for the 'Healing of the Nations' Conference** in Cambridge, (at which time they stayed with us at **El Shaddai**), and had entrusted me to deliver some gifts to Ali Khweis, a Christian Arab prophet, living on the Mount of Olives. To which I had added some goodwill gifts of my own. I arrived in Israel on September 24th 1993. I telephoned Ali at his home, and was invited to lunch. From this time forward Ali regularly sent me audio CD's, and when I was in Israel I was welcomed at his home to share and pray. On this occasion, I also visited the home of the late Lance Lambert, where I was delighted to spend time with American journalist and preacher David Dolan (who had also shared hospitality at **El Shaddai**), and regularly attended Lance-led Friday prayer evenings. We discussed the possibility of the UN covenant **being the covenant of death**. Interestingly, there were exactly 2,300 evenings and mornings between the signing of **the Oslo Accord** and the New Year's Day of 2000AD (Daniel Ch8:14 writes of this date, as the date when the sanctuary is to be reconsecrated; but I firmly believe this date announced the 'times of the Gentiles being fulfilled Luke Ch21:24; which had been the year featured in my initial 1983 series of challenge and accompanying visions [unconfirmed by Jesus])

I had long been a supporter of **Siloam Christian Ministry** and friend of its UK director Richard Norton, who had received hospitality at **El Shaddai** in 1987, at the time he preached at 'St Matts', where he told the church of his organisation's charitable ministry. Pauline being more practical than I, elected to sponsor a child from **the 'Spirit of Faith' orphanage** in Ruiru that had been started by American missionaries Dick and Linda West, as did others in our congregation, whilst I gladly accepted the opportunity offered by Richard, just prior to Christmas in 1988, to meet with Pastor Oscar Segura of a church in Lagos in Portugal, and to deliver 1,000 food parcels, to the remainder of the poor and destitute refugees that had fled from Mozambique and Angola a decade earlier Most of which had been allocated homes over the intervening years, but we visited a group of 10-families still living in atrocious conditions in a decommissioned prison. It was an unhygienic hovel, awash with water that did not drain away quickly enough. All 10-families, (with an average of 6-children to each family) shared the 2-toilets and 2-bathrooms which did not leave much room for modesty. Another large group of families slept in caravans measuring 3m by 4.5 m, parked as a small settlement, alongside a huge rubbish dump where rats and lice proliferated: this was where their children's play area.

anniversary year in God's **Chronology of Forgiveness and Redemption**. Leviticus Ch25 clarifies that this anniversary actually falls on the 10th day of the 7th month of the 49th year of the *Shemithah* cycle, ending in the 7th month of the succeeding first day of the following **first year** of the *Shemithah* cycle.

This conclusion reached from a recorded and publicised prophecy of **Rabbi Judah ben Samuel** (a leading Talmudic scholar of Germany) on his deathbed in **1217AD**, who had prophesied that the Ottoman Turks would rule over the holy city of Jerusalem for 500 years, stating that: **"In 1517AD, the Ottomans will conquer and rule over Jerusalem for 8-Jubilee cycles. Jerusalem will then become a no-man's land throughout every jubilee, until in 1967 the 10th Jubilee begins, with Jerusalem's liberation, by the Israeli Defence Forces (IDF), resulting in an Israeli governed leadership of the current nation of Israel"**. In 1897 Austrian Jew Theodor Herzl, founder of Zionism prophesied the re-emergence of an independent Jewish state of Israel within 50 years. In 1947, the UN gave authority for the Jews to return to their Promised Homeland, which was thought to include the Gaza Strip, and what is today referred to as the West Bank, and East Jerusalem, by UN officials, who are demanding Israel relinquish control of what is the capital of **the Promised Land**, a country that has been diminished in acreage from God's promised leasehold land by 77% of the bequeathed acreage!! **From 1967, the 1st of the 7-Shemithah (Sabbath) year cycles began. (The current, and prophetically prophesied last Sabbath cycle, which ended in 2016, was prophesied to occur by ben Samuel, that leads to the final Jubilee before the Second Coming of Christ) However, yet a further Jubilee year (but perhaps not in the Biblical sequence) is to be celebrated in the centenary year of 2017, that is the anniversary of (1) the historic Balfour Declaration, and of General Allenby's forces liberating Jerusalem, and (2) the 50th anniversary of the 1967 reunification of the city by the IDF from Jordan's 2-decades of control; which introduces a 2nd jubilee celebration. Pauline and I had made our 1st visit to Israel on the 40th- anniversary of this occasion.**

Also 2017 marked the passage of 70 years since the summer of 1947, when HMS 'Exodus' transporting some 4500 Jewish refugees, left port in France on a sea voyage of destiny, which captured the attention of the entire world's media. The tragic odyssey of this ship and its desperate passengers helped to convince the UN that November to pass an international decree for creating an independent Jewish state, replacing parts (previously mandated by the LON) of the nation of Palestine. There had been 70 years between the Jews of Judea and Samaria that had been waiting to be restored to the Israelites Promised Homeland. This happened to be the time of my commissioning to arrive at the Wailing (Western) Wall in Jerusalem **before Rosh HaShanah** (the Feast of Trumpets), which in 1993 fell on September 16th.

Most of these poor folks were members of Pastor Oscar's congregation. They were frustrated at their inability to find permanent jobs, and having to rely on the charity of others. (This project was just one of the many ministries that Siloam Ministry supports). I had told Richard that Pauline and I had taken a winter holiday at Christmas at Sleima in the Algarve, but this was a new venture, now that we had a baby. On some evenings Oscar had arranged that I preached at churches in Sleima and at nearby Burgau, and at his home church. These sermons were really testimonies that alluded to my previous rebellious life and my subsequent encounter with Jesus; they were my first attempts to preach through an interpreter in a foreign land. I was thrilled that on one occasion, having told the congregation of my confessing my embezzlement a young man came forward for prayer, confessing to me that he had robbed 5-banks, and that on the following day he was going to confess his crimes to the police!! Pauline was very supportive of my pursuing similar invitations! That was the first occasion that I knew for certain that my testimony had value to others. In December 1989, Pauline, baby Daniel and I (during the Christmas break from Romsey House Bible College), again assisted Pastor Oscar in delivering the food parcels, as we had in 1988.

I recall that in 1993, my long-term friend Michael Schluter of the Jubilee Centre (where I had worked voluntarily for him during the '**Keep Sunday Special**' political campaign, following my theological studies at Romsey House) had reserved a double room at **El Shaddai** for Bishop Tom Abunga of **the Kenya City Mission Fellowship**, and his wife Rhoda, during the first weekend of a short UK ministerial tour. They attended St Matt's with us on the Sunday, the band were playing a lively tune, and as occasionally happened, the congregation were encouraged into the aisles to dance in conga formation around St Matt's. Tom loved our church's expression of freedom and joy, I introduced the Bishop to our vicar, who invited him to preach at the evening service. He testified that I had prayed for his back condition earlier, which he knew to have been healed; having had hands laid on him many times without lasting relief. He recommended that the sick should come forward for prayer, and as usual Phillip the vicar and I prayed for them. Tom later wrote that on returning to Kenya his whole eldership and his wife Rhoda had been killed in a tragic road accident, which left Bishop Tom badly shaken up, but not injured. As was usual in this culture, he quickly married his wife's unmarried sister, who had to become the mother of his 8-children. I wrote a letter of sympathy, asking if I could help, which resulted in Tom inviting me to be the lead evangelist of a crusade he was arranging. As was the tribal custom, Tom married the unmarried sister of his wife, who accepted responsibility for nurturing her dead sister's children

I telephoned Richard of my intent to undertake a 6-week evangelistic mission to Kenya, where I had arranged with Cambridge friends John and Audrey Preece, who at that time lived in Nairobi Kenya where they were the leaders of **the Mission Aviation Fellowship** team throughout Africa, to ask if I could spend time with them, which he was pleased to anticipate. I asked Richard to arrange for me to visit the Reverent Dick and Linda West at the '**Spirit of Faith Orphanage**' that they had created, which then had 77 orphans. Linda met me on arrival at the airport, and drove me to their home, she showed me to my en-suite bedroom. It was then that Jesus told me that I must deliver an uncomfortable prophetic message to her husband (who I knew to be 20 days into a 40-day fast, but Linda should not hear that message (of which I cannot write any details), but Dick and Linda did subsequently visit **El Shaddai** a year or so later for more prayer! Their particular testimonies were theatrical, and now since they have 'retired' I advised them to write a book. I couldn't help thinking how much of Dick's background reminded me of American actor Phil Silver playing the character role of American Army Sgt Bilcoe! Unbelievably at the end of my Kenyan ministry; for the second time, it had been necessary to tell a man that he had to change his behavioural patterns or he would be taken to his final place of eternity. The 'recalcitrant' was Bishop Tom, and he died months later, through drinking contaminated water whilst on a mission in a remote jungle village. I was too upset to make the journey to take part in Bishop Tom's burial ceremony, at which I had been asked to officiate; because I knew he had died because he had no intention of changing his chosen life-style (again I cannot share what God's message to him said). It seemed strange to me that Jesus would entrust such severe cautioning to me, being so inexperienced in the faith.

Christine Darg invited me to be part of a team of 7-evangelists from the UK, to take part in a week of afternoon and evening tent meetings in a garden restaurant on the Mount of Olives on one of her series of monthly missions to Jerusalem. Our party's aeroplane left Heathrow at midnight on Friday 3rd November 1995, arriving early in the morning of the Saturday at Tel Aviv Airport. After being bussed to Jerusalem, we were shown to our respective rooms on a Hotel on the Mount of Olives, freed for the day; but were asked to return for a shared evening meal, where the team would receive the unfolding of the strategic plan of our mission, followed by a time of prayer, to be conducted in the area looking across the Kidron Valley, high above the Dome of the Rock mosque. It was here we met with Brother David and Sister Sharon, both American missionaries, who permanently resided on the Mount of Olives, who had been the inspiration behind this mission. The night view was spectacular; we could see the lights of Jerusalem through to the horizon. It was a beautiful clear and warm evening, and the night sky was full of stars that looked like jewels in front of a black satin back-cloth. We prayed and conducted spiritual warfare for some considerable time. The ambience was holy, and our warfare reverentially prayerful. Before returning to our hotel I offered up what turned out

to be our final prayer, during which I asked God to confirm to us that He intended to honour both our prayers and our objectives, by making the very ground shake beneath our feet, to which the team re-joined 'Amen'. On our return to the hotel, we were told of PM Rabin's assassination, which had taken place at roughly the time we were saying our final amen.

The following day at the Christ Church' morning service, the whole congregation was shocked by this assassination, for Rabin had been a war hero, but he had more latterly been a politician seeking peace through *the Oslo Accord*. On the Monday, Mr. Rabin was interned. As a sign of respect and remembrance, a loud siren was sounded at his internment, this was clearly heard throughout Jerusalem. As the mournful wail ceased, Christine having completed her address passed me the microphone in 'The Tent', which was the name of the restaurant where we were conducting our open-air service under a cloudless sky. It was an unforgettable moment for me as I drank in the solemn atmosphere. I looked at the column marking the spot of Jesus' ascension, with the minaret tower alongside of it, and with the siren still resonating in my ear (reminding me of the siren's during the blitz); I cleared my throat and gave my testimony. A loudspeaker from the minaret crackled into sound, calling the Moslems to prayer, seemingly to drown out my message. I rebuked this interference, and the mosque loud-speaker went silent. (I was told later that the muezzin had been taken ill and could not continue with his task!) During our week of mission, all my companions suffered tummy disorders and sickness except myself and Pastor Werner Oder, each person needing the attention of a doctor due to drinking tap water served in crystal carafes at meal times, instead of the plastic water bottles available at shops that Werner and I drank from. Through the daily distribution of personal invitations, our team invited the resident community to join us for a meal to hear of testimonies of salvation and pray for their healing, which was acceptable to Muslims, who responded positively to our invitations, for it is impolite to refuse hospitality, and their culture loves to be prayed for! Presumably those who accepted our invitation told their neighbours that our party were not threatening. I suspect that many The evening of our arrival PM Yitzhak Rabin of Israel was assassinated, which added to the drama surrounding this proactive week. During our week of service, all my companions suffered tummy disorders and sickness except myself and pastor Werner Oder, each one needing the attention of a doctor due to drinking tap water served in crystal carafes at meal times, instead of drinking from the sealed plastic water bottles that Werner and I had personally purchased, and drank from. The spirit within me told me that many responded to the messages, but no Arabs came forward for conversion only for prayer; I suspect the results were due to the attendees being aware of a secret police network that would report to the local mosque that 'so and so' had responded to an altar call. It had been an eventful mission over all, and I had taken the opportunity of walking along the Jericho Road, overlooking the desert plains, and received assurances that my faithful service would be rewarded, through Christ's guidance, during the time I spent with Jesus though prayer¹⁴.

I returned to Jerusalem on Monday October 31st 1994 as part of a Shoresh tour, where I visited Ali at his home, during a 'free-time' period. I had been alarmed to see a hand axe in Ali's armchair, that Ali said he kept within easy reach for protection, against a surprise Islamic attack. Ali said that an armed group from the PLO had visited his home one night, to advise Ali that a property he owns, which is rented out, but which Ali would like to sell (in order to finance the needs of his family and ministry), was being commandeered by the PLO on the threat of death if he raised any objection. Ali's family desperately needed the money that the sale of the house would provide, and were distraught with fear because of these intimidating threats. The Palestinian National Authority (PNA) was surreptitiously buying (acquiring through intimidation??) any property and land in east Jerusalem that came to their notice as being offered for sale. In the old city of Jerusalem. The property that the PLO knew to be owned by Arabs, they coerced by threats of violence. Ali decided to use the power of the Israeli courts to break this impasse, which could drag on for years. Ali was not frightened by the threats, he trusted totally in God's provision for him and his family. He was aware that funds sent from Europe meant to alleviate the position of the poverty stricken Palestinian Arabs, have been siphoned off, to fund armed extremist groups. Ali had heard from a Swedish official who supports his ministry that money was sent through the PNA that had specifically been designated in writing to support Ali's ministry, that Ali had never received.

¹⁴ For an undisclosed reason two of our party's return flight tickets had been allocated to other passengers, and Werner and I volunteered to return to the UK on an Olympic Airline flight via Athens Airport, a more circuitous route. We were delayed further when one of the tyres blew up at Athens Airport, causing the aeroplane to return from the runway whilst the wheel was changed, which was frustrating. An attempted hi-jacking occurred at the airport that same morning, when a passenger held an air stewardess at knife point, as he demanded the right to speaking on national TV, of the plight of his fellow countrymen to the attention of the media around the world.

¹² My visit to Kenya, and my many visits to Israel increased the 'widening and depth of my spiritual horizons'. My reader will need to read my books and articles for a complete picture of some of my unforgettable trips, particularly to Israel, and I have compiled quite a lot that can be read in my 2016 CFI tour of Israel, that is virtually a picture image that can be freely read on computer link [wake up now.com](http://wake-up-now.com).

Skipping on over several years of overseas ministry; at 3:02am on the night of August 17th 1999, 18,000 people died in Izmit a Turkish city, which was struck by an earthquake measuring 7.0 on the Richter scale. I obeyed the commission given to me in Norfolk in August 1992 by visiting Turkey in April 2000 as part of a Christian tour party with Mastersun, when we travelled 'In the footsteps of St Paul's mission', around the country, where I received the promised revelation of August 1992 for my obedience. I did not have long to wait for the fruition; a rotund middle-aged short overweight Muslim man emerged from a restaurant at the base of a steep hill, with his young family. Visitors had to ascend this hill in order to observe the ancient cave paintings located in the 'Cave Church of St Peter' in Pisidian Antioch at the hills summit. I presumed that this man had eaten a large meal, following which his children had encouraged their father to play a (strenuous) game of 'tag', whilst clambering up the hillside. Who were shrieking loudly as he attempted to catch them, as they danced teasingly around him. He dropped dead in front of our tour party, amongst which were three doctors who examined his body and declared him to be dead. **Quite unexpectedly** God told me to lay hands on his lifeless body. His wife assented to my request to pray for her husband in the name of Jesus. I was more surprised than my compatriots, who were all wondering what I was about to do, I placed my hand on his cold, clammy forehead, and gave a short simple prayer glorifying Jesus our Lord and sovereign God that I believed intended to restore this man to life. Having said my 'amen' I stood upright and on my turning away; the dead man rose to his feet and walked down the hill behind me! What was so surprising to me was the fact that so many other citizens had died in the Izmit earthquake, yet the Lord was choosing to raise this one man at this time; albeit for a different reason. I sensed that Christ was repeating His rhetoric question of Luke Ch18:8, from which He received our party's confirmation on that day! This miracle has greatly encouraged me to continue prophesying over whatever Jesus has since revealed to me concerning the future. In responding to 'a word of knowledge', on the evening of the raising of the dead man, I had been invited during our group's time of worship to pray for those among our party who sought personal prayer. The Holy Spirit moved in great power for a considerable disorganised noisy time! Whilst sleeping I experienced a cameo vision of a Saracen warrior, wearing a ceremonial white costume, with a matching turban. He had a ceremonial scimitar secured at his waist and strapped to his back. Having taken an arrow from the quiver, he drew the drawstring of his crossbow taut, before purposefully firing the arrow into the air. An angelic voice told me that the first arrow was aimed at the Wall Street Stock Exchange in the heart of America. Having he objective of announcing Islam's decision to destabilise the American economy from within America's homeland. This arrow was followed by another aimed at the 'Twin Towers' (the World Trade Centre), with a further arrow that was to be fired at a nuclear plant, and yet another at the Pentagon, with yet another at the White House. I was aware that any registered hit would result in huge devastation. Following the ending of this revelatory vision and word of knowledge, I was commissioned to return to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of Tabernacles (FOT) in 2000. I was to receive a revelation at the Wailing Wall on *Rosh HaShanah*, and a further word 10-15 days later at *Yom Kippur*. I wrote an account of my experiencing in a visit to Israel in

¹⁵ I had been commanded to pray that these (arrow) strikes would be diverted as had an earlier unsuccessful Islamic bombing attack on the Twin Towers in 1993, in which 6-people had died. The debris from the explosions had fallen into a large hole that resulted in the basement area, into which the damaged parts of the building had fallen. The debris was taken away by lorries, but the hole in the basement was 'cordoned-off' for 8-years by yellow tape, never being properly filled in, and the floor-base never restored to allow for the unloading of goods or car-parking. On learning of this fact, I was disquieted, on learning from investigative journalist reports had implied that the American Government may well have been anticipating that at a later date, a controlled detonation system could be 'organised', to explode floor by floor in sequence, with the debris filling this cavernous hole once again. It was pointed out that 800 lorry-loads of debris were quickly taken to the docks, and transported to China, before the forensic investigators could examine the material.

A French website *HunttheBoeing* (www.asile.org/citoyens/numerol3pentagone/erreurs-en.html) alerted a suspicious American journalist and researcher (Dave vonKleist) into producing a website (www.letsroll911.org and www.911inplanesite.com) and a revealing DVD. entitled *In Plane Site* based on his radio programme *The Power Hour*, but the government has never released a satisfactory explanation from the information at its disposal, nor given one for the transpiring anomalies. I suspect the greater percentage of Americans accepted without question their government's honesty and would prefer not to provide credibility to a conspiracy theory, and do not support a full internal investigation. Because of the similarity of these tragedies reason compels me to accept vonKleist's belief that America's secret services carried out both of these tragic incidents, under government instruction. More light was shed in 2008 by the release of a video entitled *9/11: Blueprint for Truth*, presented by architect Richard Gage a member of *Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth*. This group of professional people have read the explanations offered by the American government employed experts of the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST), and the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) and on carrying out independent experiments with *Nanothermite* found the government's report to be untruthful. *Nanothermite*, a compound of iron oxide and aluminium had been invented in the 1990's to aid the demolition of buildings, and owing to the 4,500% of Fahrenheit temperature on explosion is able to melt steel instantly. When so ignited the molten steel may remain molten for 21 days, and on solidifying it becomes a solid mass of steel and pulverised concrete. The 47-storey tall Building 7 was not hit by an aeroplane, and as a fire 'creeps' (as opposed to an explosive controlled demolition) it cannot reach a temperature that would melt steel. It is obvious from eye-witness accounts and the evidence of the film footage that both Building

September 1991 in my autobiography, of previously seeing this same Saracen warrior (but appearing as a hate-filled gigantic Muslim attacker, clad only in a loincloth), angrily brandishing a scimitar as he ran towards me, whilst foaming at his mouth. This event had occurred where the Harod and Jordan Valley meet, at an unspecified time. The locality is one of Israel's largest archaeological sites, at which our prayer team chose as a significant place, during our prayer walking, to pray against all planned attacks of Satan against Israel, but significantly against the entire Jewish race, including those still living in the Diaspora. Subsequently later I realised that I was being given insight into the (apparent) 'Islamic terrorist attacks' of 9/11 in America, that would trigger a response to the UN agreed upon dictate of the **Oslo Accord** that triggered the **covenant of death**, which is primarily based on world-wide anti-Semitism. Of which I published in my autobiography six months before the American 9/11 attack occurred in 2001.

Following my commissioning in Turkey earlier in 2,000AD to return to Israel later that year, I arrived in Jerusalem on September 23rd 2000AD. Having previously booked to attend both **the 'One New Man in Christ' Conference** and **the Feast of Tabernacles (FOT) Conference**, both taking place in Jerusalem during the time of my visit. However, I had no revelation of **the second Intifada** that would begin during this visit I had also reserved a room at Christchurch's guest house, whilst the main group of tourists had been travelled with me booked into a more palatial hotel, nearer to where the Conferences were to be held. On the following Thursday September 28th (the day after the first Conference had ended), our party travelled by coach to Lake Galilee, where all tourist, however often they have revisited, enjoy a boat trip on Lake Galilee. After which our party were driven to a hotel to book in for our overnight stay. I witnessed on TV FM Ariel Sharon being physically harassed by Arabs whilst visiting the Al Aqsa Mosque earlier that day, a visit which he had publicised to the media, his intention of exercising the right of every Jew to pass through this Islamic holy site, or to visit it. Sharon did not go to the Temple Mount to pray, but to make the statement that as an Israeli, a Jew, a son of Israel, to demonstrate that he had every right to make a pilgrimage to this area as the Temple Mount was originally and still was a holy site that belongs to Israel. It was whilst on the following day (Friday September 29th, when our party were being shown around Caesarea Philippi), that our travel agents received a phone-call telling us to return to Jerusalem immediately, owing to Islamic rioting, with the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem Ekrima Sabn, calling for the shedding of the oppressor's blood. In the subsequent rioting four Islamists were killed, 100 injured and 58 arrested. Some areas of the old city were declared 'off limits' and many road blocks were speedily installed. The Saturday was meant to be a day of pilgrimage to various places written of in the Bible, but because of the increasing tension our programme was abandoned. Marwan Bharghouti, the head of the *Tanzim* Arab Palestinian terrorist group later declared: - **"Whoever thinks this intafada started as a result of Sharon's despicable visit to the mosque is in error. This intafada had been planned since Arafat's return from Camp David on July 25th where Arafat stood defiantly against Clinton's US terms."**

On the following day (*Rosh HaShanah* Sunday October 1st), I completed the first part of my assignment at the Wailing Wall. At 9:00 a.m. on walking to the Temple Mount early in the morning, I was repeatedly overtaken by military open-topped vehicles transporting soldiers carrying automatic weapons, and police vehicles carrying policemen with see-through body-shields and truncheons. The Temple Mount filled with an ever-increasing number of armed law enforcers ready to face down any rioters, having helicopters circling overhead. At the Wailing Wall I prayed for clear understanding. Jesus spoke to me:- **"You are witnessing the first minor skirmishes in a major insurrection that will escalate into the final international religious (ideological) war between Isaac and Ishmael in which the whole world will become embroiled. During the first Sabbath cycle (following Yovel in 2,000AD¹⁶), Israel will react against Hizballah's daily rocket attacks, by invading Lebanon.**

7 and the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre were destroyed by controlled explosion. It is equally obvious from the forensic evidence the technical truth that basically both buildings collapsed into their own foundations. The steel core columns could not have collapsed without the analytical placing of tens of thousands of cutter charges destroying the core columns. It is unlikely that terrorists could have carried out the laying of charges, which would have systematically taken months to fix in place. My reader should watch the video and the DVD's I have referred to. 'The Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth Movement' have sought funding to take the US Government to Court to force an enquiry by dint of electoral support. I doubt their achieving success, although the information of various government agencies of which I have written earlier in this article might cause my reader to doubt the veracity of any government explanations offered.

¹⁶ The diamond Jubilee year of Yovel always commences on *Nisan* 1 (in this instance on April 6th 2000). I received a revelatory 'word of knowledge' that during the first *Shemithah* year of the 21st Century, owing to continuous cross-border incidents and repeated rocket attacks, fired by various Islamic terrorist groups, who wanted to kill every Jew. Israel would carry out a counter-attack in response to the attacks by **Hamas, Hizballah, Fatah, Al Aqsa Martyrs Brigade, Islamic Jihad** and other arising armed militant groups, such as **Al Qaida** and what I consider as the greatest threat of all, to the non-Islamic nations, that is **ISIS**. Integration of former colonial families, and mostly peaceful fleeing asylum seekers from hostile invasion and occupation, seeking to escape the terror caused by invading militant Islamic army's extremists fighting in many parts of the non-Islamic world. Subsequently second and third generation births of 19th and 20th Century mainly

During the second Sabbath cycle of the 21st Century, Israel 'will invade Gaza in response to continuous rocket attacks (which occurred and 'ended?' in August 2014). Initially Iran secretly has supplied the Palestinian Arabs with weapons and financial aid. Militant extremists living in Islamic nations will incite the more peaceable Muslims to demand their national leaders to declare war on My chosen people. An invasion by Arab mercenaries from other nations will soon follow Israel's Gaza incursion. Following Israeli action, that will be perceived internationally as an over-reaction or as an inhuman response, the nations will conspire to impose sanctions over the government of Israel and declare My holy city of Jerusalem an international city, and an army of foreign nationals will once again (temporarily) occupy Jerusalem. But take heart for these occurrences are ordained by Me and will lead to My return to rule sovereignly and to judge the offending nations. It is time for Me to unblock the deaf ears and open blind eyes of My chosen ones. Whilst plotting armed aggression against My legal chosen tenants, the nation's clamour for Israel to beat its swords into ploughshares, but do not despair, for the battle belongs to Me. I will respond to the challenge of My enemies who have assumed dominion over My chosen people and stolen their inheritance, which I will restore whilst devastating the resources of My enemies. You have been given an increase in spiritual awareness because you have proven obedient to your calling. Do not be afraid of the opposition against you; despite the clamour you will not be silenced in your testimony, says Your Lord, and saviour'.

I returned to Christchurch to attend the morning service, and collect my luggage before a previously hired taxi transported me to Allenby Gate, the official international border crossing into Jordan, where I had arranged to meet and prophesy over two of my home church brothers (evangelists Chris Clarke and Angus Freeman), who were studying the Arabic language and culture, as their joint intention was to minister in majority-run Islamic theistic countries; where both Jews and Christian Arabs needed both theological and economic support. Passing through the Mount of Olives the smell of burnt tyres from the previous night's rioting still hung in the air; Arab children busied themselves amassing tyres, and iron bed-bases that were to form barricades against the IDF soldiers and civil police, each night of the current disorder. Stones were being collecting into piles at distribution points, for throwing or firing at troops by catapult, or by sling-shot; troops attempting to dismantle the barriers and dispersing the rioting crowds. From the relative safety of taxis and buses, in which I had travelled throughout this mission, I witnessed much civil disorder in Jordan, and heard over the radio of some rioters being killed by the police and others arrested at roadblocks in Amman and Israel in various locations. Each day the radio broadcast in English, warning the tourists to observe the nightly curfews, thus avoiding the many street demonstrations supporting this 'new' (the second) *intifada*. King Abdullah of Jordan held discussions with a number of Middle-Eastern leaders. My senses suggested that this eruption of antagonism was what I had foreseen as beginning a third World (global) War by fundamental Muslims extremist against first the Jewish race and then against, what the extremist thought of as the Christian nations.

On Thursday October 12th I returned to Israel by air, and stayed in Tel Aviv for 3-nights, during which time I met up with Sasha, my Russian expatriate friend of earlier years. As a matter of routine, a bus on which I was travelling to the bus station shopping complex (from where I was travelling to Jerusalem was stopped by the police and searched for explosives), a necessary vigilant action in Israel, even prior to this latest *intifada*. Parcels or carrier bags filled with high explosives have often been deposited in crowded markets and building centres. On arrival at my hotel (from which I was to attend the FOT Conference), I learned from the TV news that the *intifada* rioting hadn't abated. I also analysed the prophecy received at the Wailing Wall in the previous month that confirmed the start of the third period of tribulation, which I recalled as being discerned by Sir Isaac Newton (many centuries earlier. Which he believed would occur during the 40th year from the 1967 liberation of Jerusalem. The 70th Jubilee year since Israel entered Canaan, which also marked the beginning of the 40th Jubilee cycle since Jesus Christ's ascension 2,000 years previously, supernaturally was realised in 2000AD), year that Jesus had highlighted to me in 1983!

My reader will have journeyed through this testimony with me, and recall my experiences. Perhaps the visions and prophecies only started after my conversion to Christ, but I have shown that The Lord Jesus has 'looked after' my future since my

commonwealth or economic migrants in 2017 (seeking to improve their circumstances), perceive the national societies of the non-Islamic world as 'Christian nations'. Many such children may have experienced racial persecution and disrespect from their school days, for many children often jeer at disabled or foreign-looking children, and even children who wear glasses etc. in 'Christian' lands, throughout their early life, that may have extending into adulthood. As their numbers increased at school and in their communities, and the mosques that their parents attended. Some may have listened to adults, who advocated violence against the endemic people of those nations, resulting in many becoming followers of *ISIS*, even travelling to the Middle East fighting for *ISIS* and often laying down their lives. Many have since returned to their birth 'Christian country', and have joined underground militant groups; whose numbers have also swelled through infiltrating *ISIS* soldiers, gaining entry through pretending to be part of the groups of fleeing asylum seekers.

Confirmation (but perhaps from birth). During the week of visionary revelations following God's challenge to me in 1983, when He revealed that the Time of the Gentile's (secular) rule on Earth would come to an end in 2000 AD. Which God confirmed on the night of 21st September in 1992 on my 58th birthday over the **covenant of death** (See pages 13, 22-23, and 25) and my subsequent visit to Jerusalem in September 1993, where I learned a great deal more of the connection between **the Oslo Accord and the covenant of death**, and the 2,300 number of days between the signing of the Peace Accord and the omen's fulfilment on New Year's Day 2,000AD. Which in turn was followed by 'finger of God's prophesied occurrence of an earthquake in Izmit City in Turkey in 1999 in which 18,000 people died. That confirmed that it was necessary for me to respond to God's assignment by revisiting Turkey in 2,000AD, where my hands were used by Jesus to raise a dead man; whilst watching the vision of the Islamic war against the Western nations, but more specifically the USA. After which I received a subsequent commissioning to return to Jerusalem to visit the Wailing Wall at *Rosh HaShana* some months later. Where I was told that in the midst of death there is new life, and that despite the world-wide **covenant of death** that had been triggered to start the 21st Century. Many new converts to Christ would be made, prior to the Second Coming of Christ (reversing totally the numbers involved in the two events in Turkey in 1999 and 2,000, and what is now accepted as the Islamic invasion against America on September 11th 2,001AD. I have no knowledge of the dates prophesied surrounding the attack mentioned in Psalm 83, nor the occupation of Jerusalem of which Zechariah had prophesied. All I know for certain is that Jesus told me in 1983, that we would be drinking the new wine together 'very soon'.

I have thought long over the end times and '**the wrath of Jesus' during 'the Great Tribulation'** period (Revelation Ch6:16-17), and firmly believe that the true Gentile Christians will be 'raptured' before the punishing events of The Lamb's wrath are administered. All Gentiles alive at the time of the world-wide deterioration, who are or will be made aware of the warning given by God's emissaries, to refuse **the mark of the beast** (Revelation Ch14:6-11) may be martyred, but they will enter Heaven (eternal life). I also believe that on the anniversary of previous Biblical events, will occur on the anniversary dates of earlier (biblically prophesied and experienced or still awaited to occur) events. What is indisputable from my personal testimony is that we are living in the 'end days' before Christ's return. The dates of all occurrences have been established, the date of the Second Coming has been predestined. My considered opinion is that the rapture is likely to occur on the centennial celebrations of a massive event; perhaps emulating **the Balfour Declaration of 1917, or the Declaration of Israel's independence in 1948 I believe the Rapture of Gentile believers will begin on an anniversary of Rosh HaShanah (the Feast of Trumpet, aka Yom Teruah). I am aware by the initiation of the first day of the Great Tribulation on this final anniversary, has not as yet been confirmed by the specific and undoubted recognition of the antichrist**, by a judicial majority of believers in Christ Jesus (perhaps it has been recognised by a heavenly courtroom). Three **total solar eclipses** occurred consecutively on **Av1** (August 1st2008, repeated on July 22nd2009 and July 11th2010), that were followed by a triad of **total lunar eclipses** commencing on June 15th 2011 (with a rare blood moon central 'Bull's-Eye' eclipse, directly in line with Jerusalem), that was repeated in 2012 and 2013. Therefore, I confess I have no idea of the day (let alone the year) of the Lords descent onto the Mount of Olives, nor the date of the final battle on the plains of Gomorrah that precedes the millennial reign.

On May 18th 2004, I arrived at Ben Gurion Airport to undertake quite a lot of ministry (of which can be read in **Demographics**, pages 147-149, and footnote 188) that ended with me being given a commission to call an earthquake into being in Jerusalem on Pentecost Sunday May 30th 2004! I chose to reject the task for humanitarian reasons Christ sent me back to Israel in May 2005, where I fulfilled a week of prayer walking in Tiberius, whilst staying overnight nearby at the YMCA Hotel overlooking the shores of Lake Galilee before making my way to Jerusalem for Pentecost. I had read that an earth-shaking had occurred in Israel, and experienced in every place where I had visited in 2004, which encouraged me greatly!! At midday on *Shavuot* 2005, having spent the morning in prayer, I returned to the same spot on the Temple Mount on which I had stood, where I had received the vision and the command to call this earthquake into being. I began prophesying of my assigned task confidently, by shouting loudly for about 10-minutes, with my right hand on my Bible. I then demanded the retraction of the Islamic and Rabbinic assertions that God had no divine Son, and I cursed the spirit of evil that permeates Jerusalem, calling on all the evil demons to flee; whilst demanding the Israeli Jews and resident Arabs to unite in defiance against the evil that hung like a cloud above them. During my tirade, the Imams through the amplification systems in nearby minarets commenced the call of Muslims to prayer. I commanded the Imams to be silent (as I had done at the time of Pres Rabin's internment, whilst I was on the Mount of Olives testifying to my faith), and again they were silenced. Whilst walking back to Christchurch I was rewarded by a short shower of rain falling on me, that seemingly blessed me for my endeavours, as I strode confidently back to Christchurch! Perhaps that I fulfilled the task on this anniversary date was significant, I don't know? I cannot recall any other commissioned visits to Israel, other than the two visits I have since made as a handicapped ageing coach-guided tourist, just how to sense and pray for the Israeli Jews and their unification with Arabs who live at peace amongst them, who are not involved in the *intifada*.

In early February 2016, I caught what I thought to be a 'cold virus', that upon visiting my doctor's surgery I was initially assigned for specialist treatment at Addenbrooke's Hospital Respiratory Medicine Centre; where a CT scan suggested I was suffering from Hiatus Hernia, plus mild airway narrowing, implying pneumonia. A further CT scan in August confirmed to the consultant Dr. Ruparelia revealed that she believed my illness was lung cancer disguised as pneumonia. Dr Ruparelia assigned me to Papworth (cancer specialist) Hospital. At our 'men's prayer meeting', which is held in our church at 7.30am every Saturday morning, I shared with my fellow brother prayer-partners of the consultant's decision, and that I had been given an appointment at Papworth the following week. Where the surgeons confirmed the disease, which had increased into other invasive tumours, and suggested keyhole surgery to scrape out and remove the cancer from my right lung. I always believed that I would recover from this disease at the surgeon's hands. Prior to the Sunday morning service one of the brothers, Greg Kemm of South African origination (husband of Angela who is an internationally ministering Prophetic Evangelist of our City Church, and part of what is the New Frontiers International Charismatic Movement that has developed into the Relational Mission Group of Churches), who was talking with Ian Ormesher (recognised as a 'seer, read 1 Chronicles Ch29;29 for details of this Holy Spirit gift), Greg asked how my Papworth appointment had resulted, I told them of my imminent operation, who then prayed for the surgeon's hand's to heal me through Christ, which was in line with what God had revealed to me. Other church friends prayed prior to my admission for surgery, that Christ would remove the cancer, and it would prove unnecessary to have this invasive surgery, which although I said 'amen' to their prayers, for I was glad to receive consoling prayers from friends, even though I had been assured by Jesus, that He was going to heal me though the operation, to refute any suggestion of a 'spirit of death', depressively hanging over our Church. A further reason for my confidence was simply that as Jesus Christ had previously used my hands to raise a Muslim from the dead in Turkey, I believed in faith that He could certainly heal my 82-year-old body, even though I was the oldest male member of our church. Christ assured me that He was using my complete recovery, from this virulent lung cancer, in order to confirm His objective, which was denying that the early loss of two precious young female souls, and an equally young male from the growth-group (that Pauline and I attended every Thursday evening), had died of cancer. In my head, I did hear a satanic spiritual whisper suggesting that my impending death would extend the cloud of depression over our congregation. It is true that our house-group had suffered with the deaths of 3-young people recently, and our wider church congregation had experienced other recent, deaths; but as a body of believers, we had always regarded such deaths as a 'celebration of life', and that those who had departed from this life had 'gone to glory', and were with Our Lord in Heaven. Therefore I immediately rejected this whisper, as I always do with any such satanic attack.

My operation had taken place on October 7th 2016, but the consultant surgeon had to open up my right-ribcage (rather than perform the 'keyhole' surgery he had hoped would be sufficient) in order to satisfactorily complete his operation, that required him to remove a third of my right lung. The Lord arranged for me to enjoy the use of a private recovery ward from my operation (having its own TV, telephone and en-suite bathroom). I recovered remarkably quickly, being discharged 3-days later. At my 'follow-up' examination a few weeks later, the surgeon paid particularly interest to my healing rib-cage, asking me to breathe deeply, whilst checking my pulse. When giving thanks to God that night I was reminded of God's reassurance to me following my 1990 rib-cage breakage through my 'near-death car-demolition experience'. I sensed God saying to me: ***"And now I will add to that earlier message of comfort, by confirming that no one can live even one hour longer than I have decreed."***

Since the cancer-removing lung operation, I am much slower when moving about, experiencing breathing difficulties, which should be expected from my having a smaller lung capacity; but I am still enjoying a full good night of sleep. In March 2017AD I had a cataract operation on my left eye, from which I have successfully emerged. I will have the right eye attended to in months to come. On Wednesday April 5th in 2017, Pauline and I flew to the Greek Island of Chios, to visit our son Daniel who met us at the airport. He is currently working for the Christian humanitarian organisation Samaritan Purse as a 'wash and shelter' co-ordinator of migrants, who have fled mainly from war-torn Syria; where he has been stationed since the New Year, having formerly spent several months serving in the migrant camps at Lesbos. He had to attend his work-place on the Thursday and Friday of our visit, leaving (about 8.00 p.m.) his perfectly positioned house, located on a mountain terrace amidst a verdant explosion of bushes and trees, dug from the mountainous slopes that overlooked the Aegean Sea and the city of Izmir in Turkey, some 4-miles away that can be clearly seen. We relaxed throughout each day until Daniel returned about 5pm each evening, when he would drive us, until the sun went down at 7.30 pm, around to the camps in which he worked, and to his favourite places of relaxation; before returning to his home for food and a game of Scrabble. On the Saturday, we took a 2-hour Ferryboat trip to Lesbos, staying overnight at an hotel. On the Sunday Daniel took us to a large building transformed into a church, that he had helped establish equipped and staffed by Samaritan's Purse employees and American Mennonite volunteers. Services were regularly attended by approximately 150 migrants and Christian social workers from many nations. Many of whom worked in the refugee camp that was on the opposite side of the road from the church. There were no pews or chairs, just rugs and cushions on the floor to sit upon. I would think there were as many migrants from Africa as there were from the Middle East;

most of the earliest arrivals to Lesbos had initially been quickly transferred to European destinations, but currently the authorities of the refugee camps expected to be immobilised for a year, before learning of their future destination. Until the evening when he returned by ferry to Chios, Daniel drove us around the Island's beauty spots enjoyed by tourists, and introduced us to a befriended local family, whilst we flew to Athens that evening, staying overnight in a hotel, before returning to the UK early on the Monday morning, truly an unforgettable experience. The trip confirmed to me why Jesus had so Biblically named our son Daniel who was fulfilling Christ's expectation of him. I trust my reader might catch from this résumé **'the flavour of the favour' of our sovereign king**¹⁷.

I have written very little of Britain's National Referendum held on June 23rd 2016, which resulted in a majority of the general public electing to leave the EU. It will take until 2019 before negotiations are finalised. However, PM Erdogan of Turkey has since been aiming towards joining the EU, which I see as the final stage of Islamic success in undermining the Christian Church (established centuries ago throughout Europe, when the Islamists in 732AD, had almost accomplishing Mohammed's successors objective. At which time French duke and political leader Charles Martel halted Islamic progress at **the Battle of Tours**). The '**Arab Spring**' that began in 2010, has now become the '**Arab Winter**', and has resulted in many thousands of Syrian and Iraqi migrants fleeing via Turkey from ISIS into Europe to escape from the tyranny, where they hoped to find acceptance as naturalised citizens. Turkey has a population of 77 million, the majority of whom are Sunni Muslims. Since the attempted Turkish military coup in July 2016, when as many as 160,000 political opponents were imprisoned. Erdogan's right-wing Sunni party (that essentially created ISIS), has completed his plan to re-institute the Caliphate with him as the Caliph. Despite ISIS' many atrocities, their invasion of the Middle East has been the ideal vehicle for Erdigan to promote himself as leader in the 3rd World War. I had originally believed that he had entered into a contract with Pres. Bashar Assad of Syria, that included no disruptive intervention of Syria with ISIS' invasion into Egypt, Iran, Libya, and through ideological interpretation of the Muslims who lived in Lebanon, Palestine, Jordan and Yemen. Isis has developed the largest Middle Eastern army of would-be 3rd generation jihadist (of Muslim migrant ancestors, who had settled into the EU nations decades earlier). ISIS leaders have grasped the opportunity of pretending themselves to be, part of the fleeing Arab migrants, thereby infiltrating into European nations, where the jihadists have integrated with those they formerly fought alongside who have returned to their parent's EU homelands, as hardened and experienced guerilla fighters. Such fighters are likely to become shadowy menacing figures throughout Europe, striking terror, individually or in small groups, as has already been experienced, throughout former acknowledged Christian lands, but will repeatedly regularly occur until Christ's Second Coming!

Owing to Turkey's dictator Erdogan obtaining manipulative leverage amongst European leaders, with regard to where and when the sub-Saharan African migrants seeking better lives or Eastern Arab refugees fleeing to save their lives are dispersed; they invariably enter the West through Turkey. Erdogan's officials 'control' the main refugee arrival point out of Syria, Iraq and Libya. He repeatedly belittles Europe's secular leaders as '**crusaders bent on a holy war**' Erdogan's many anti-Semitic outbursts in recent years, suggests that he is Satan's likely candidate to fulfil the role of the prophesied Gog (EzekielCh38:18), and specifically the patron behind the fulfilment of Psalm 83:5-8. Which elaborates on Israel's hateful menacing enemies from the surrounding nations attacking Israel's capital city of Jerusalem. Such an invasion is prophesied in ZechariahCh13:8 as occurring when half of the surviving domiciled Jews will be forcibly 'removed' from East Jerusalem, by UN appointed armies, whilst perhaps many Jewish residents may choose to follow Christ's advice of MatthewCh24:16, and flee to Petra, a refuge in nearby Jordan.

¹⁷ It was in 2014 that I first read of the research of political scientist and astronomer Luis Vega, who named the observations of his research in documenting the recent unique alignment of six planets as the (war) '**Star of David**' planetary alignment. The alignment appeared in the form of a geometric configuration of '**two interlocking equilateral triangles having six-equidistant positioned 60% angle points within a 360-degree circle. The apex of one triangle pointed skywards, whilst the other inverted inter-laced triangle bisected and interlocked mid-way through the other triangle pointing earthwards, having the overall appearance of a spinning top.**' Vega's research proves that planetary history repeats itself, under God's instruction. Vega has logistically proven that 12 of these '**Star of David alignments**' have been occurring since 1990, on the anniversaries of the Jewish New Year (*Rosh Hashanah*). The final series of constellations of the 20th century surrounding **Virgo's pregnancy**, appeared celestially every year from 1996 to 1999, on the same special Jewish days of celebration, with the 13th occasion of this series occurring on July 22nd 2013. The final 7-year solar-lunar pattern sequences will not be completed until July 27th 2018. It is possible that before the 2018 alignment that a planetary attack through electro-magnetic pulses (EMP) could strike Planet Earth (read **Demographics** for greater detail). The regularity of the spiritual rhythmic pattern provides details of a 'cosmic countdown', but definitely does not suggest 'a total eclipse' of planetary life in God's scheme of events. Astronomers interestingly declare that Biblical signs of solar eclipses provide celestial disclosure for astronomers of the Gentile nations to determine, whilst lunar eclipses primarily concerned the Jewish race (supporting the concept of first for the Jew, and secondly for the Gentile).

Surely today is the prophesied time of Christ Jesus to descend onto the Mount of Olives, to confirm His Second Coming, to rule the whole earth for 1,000-years, during His millennial reign. but also, to reassure his chosen race, and grafted-in Gentiles, of this and previous generations that He has returned to cleanse and sanctify His chosen race. Which will incite the unrighteous 'one-world' Gentile governments of the UN (or perhaps most or all nations, commercially trading through a world-wide credit system), gathering on the plains of Gomorrah for the battle that humanity could never win (as prophesied in RevelationCh's 20-21); the Bible doesn't indicate who threw down the challenge, but it does clearly state the result! During the 1991 scud bombing of Israel by Iraq, I had received much revelatory warning, that the 3-woes of the Book of Revelation applied not only to the end times, but had been rooted in ancient Hebraic history (invariably repeated and established at an earlier *Shemithah* cycle¹⁸).

¹⁸ I haven't received any revelation confirming dating surrounding the puzzling pattern of Daniel Ch5:12. The 3-woes referred to in Revelation Ch8:13, Ch9:12, Ch11:14 and Ch14:6-11, are a parallelism to the continuous invasions by the Philistines against Judah (2 Samuel Ch21:15-18), reminding me of the capture of **the Ark of the Covenant** by the Philistines, who for firstly the 7-months at Gath, and then for 20-years at Kiriath Jearim secreted the Ark. The 3-woes spoken of referred to the 3-deportations of the Northern Kingdom of Israel into Assyria over a 65-year period, and the 3-separate deportations of the Southern Kingdom of Judah by Nebuchadnezzar (the first [in 608BC] was recorded in DanielCh1, and the third deportation was fulfilled at the Temple's destruction in 586BC, 2 Kings Ch25). Similarly, the 3-woes are a parallelism to the 3-separate invasion and occupation of the invading Islamic forces of Islam in both Europe and the Slavonic nations, since Israel's re-establishment. Islam translates into English as 'submission to *Allah*,' and clearly identifies the distinctions between **the first woe** and **the latter woes**; each woe warning of the approaching latter-day **Great Tribulation** that are to follow. The first angel of (RevelationCh13:15-17- Ch14:1-4, flew around the world exalting the faithful to urge everyone to fear God, and worship Him only, as judgement was about to fall globally; and that Israelites and Gentile believers should not accept '**the mark of the beast**'. Two other angelic woeful testimonies in support were given completing the final warning for mankind to turn to Christ offering final repentance of past indecisive lives of sin of non-believers. This has or will occur during the 21st Century (that is substantiated through a series of lunar and solar eclipses, falling in 6-successive years on **Av1** occurring on the 1st year of the ending of the final Jubilee year), with the proclamation that I have probably mistakenly assumed to begin **on Tishrei 10-11, during the Day of Atonement, to coincide with the commencement of the 7-years of Great Tribulation**). The battle at Gomorrah of Revelation Ch20:10, **might be at the centenary of the Balfour Declaration**, but I accept that I am probably wrong, and that this battle could occur at some other anniversary-I wish I could be certain, but Jesus has not revealed the date of His return in advance to me!