

Testimony of George El Khoury

:: Resume of my past

mentioned as a testimony to the love and mercy of Jesus Christ who saved me out of the pit of destruction:

- Two medals of honor from the Republic Of France.
 - Founder and Chief Executive of Two banks in London.
 - Founder and Chief Executive of a bank in Bahrain.
 - Founder and in charge of a bank in Houston - Texas - U.S.A.
 - Member of the Board of Director of Three banks London, Geneva, Beirut.
 - Chairman of Three banking committees.
 - Founder Chairman of 'A.C.I. Lebanon'-Financial Market Association (80 Banks).
 - Founder Chairman of 'Inter-Arab Cambist Association' (250 Banks).
 - Fellow of ' The International Bankers Association F.I.B.A '.
 - Fellow of ' The Arab Bankers Association F.A.B.A.
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:: I was flying my rented aeroplane over Paris, suddenly I lost control of the plane and I was crashing at a drastic speed.



As few seconds separated me from hitting the ground, I was grabbed by two strong feelings; fear of death and curiosity of finding what's after death.

The fear and curiosity were quickly gone as I miraculously emerged from the crash with only one finger broken.

The only one who remained curious was the crowd who came running towards me after the crash, or that what I thought at first, only to discover that they

were feeling more sorry for the plane than for the pilot.

Never mind, at least I thought I was lucky. But today I know that luck had nothing to do with it. That accident did not bother me too much as flying was another attempt to try to do something different, something that will bring satisfaction to myself as I could not find anything in life that would bring me a long lasting satisfaction until I met Jesus....

:: My Childhood

I was raised in a very poor family and had to begin working at the age of 13 to help my parents in raising up our family.

I started working as a coffee boy at the Beirut Horse Racing Center.

All the little money I used to earn, I had to give it to my parents.

I was deprived of many things as a child. Even till now, I remember a man I once saw when I was a child.

He was eating a big red shining apple and I wished I would have had an apple like that, but I could not afford it. Our financial state kept me frustrated and left in me a residue of bitterness but longing for a change.

The situation got so bad that my parents could not afford paying for my education and wanted me to quit school. Yet there was a glimpse of hope. According to the school regulations, the student who is the first in the school exam will have a scholarship. So I studied hard and from being a mediocre student I became the first in my school and the first in the exam and got the scholarship.

I didn't want to live in poverty all my life. I wanted to go places in life.

:: Beginning of my professional career:

After school, I started working at a bank in Beirut, at the lowest of the scale.

Some years later, I got married and consequently had four children. Compared to my colleagues I was advancing well in banking.

I was beginning to settle well in life and many people would have longed to reach that situation. They used to envy me. But I wasn't satisfied. I was frustrated in both areas. I wanted to rise higher in banking and at the same time, marriage life and children became like a burden to me.

I wanted to be more free. I wanted to see the world. I wanted a change...

:: A door to the world:

One day, a wonderful but challenging opportunity arose.

I went to my manager and told him: "I am frustrated here. I can give much more, but things here seem very limited. Is there any opportunity in any of the branches of the bank abroad?"

He answered me: "I am travelling soon and I will see"

When he came back he told me: "There is an empty position in our branch in Belgium. However, it is a very difficult position. Many highly qualified people from the head office in Paris went there and tried to handle that position but they failed."

"I will take it," I said. But he replied: "But I warn you if you fail, I will not take you back."

"Deal, done!", I answered.

And not many days later, I was off to Belgium, free from any family bondage and work limitations.

:: The rise to power:

Although I was morally prepared, my new job was indeed very challenging and difficult. However, I thought hard, worked hard and within a short period of time I excelled in my job and the profits of the bank increased drastically. My reputation quickly spread across the banking center all over the world and specially in the Arab World. I began climbing the stairs of success very quickly. I was moved to our head office in Paris where my ranking became superior to tens of thousands of employees. My rank became even higher than the position of my ex-manager in

Lebanon and I was offered on two occasions to take that position, but I refused. My salary rocketed, reaching sky highs...

I became an expert in bank planting and established many banks all over the world. My dream of travelling all over the world became routine. I became an expert in bank planting and established many banks all over the world. My dream of travelling all over the world became routine. I received two medals of honor from the French Government 'Medailles d'Honneur du Travail, and had many powerful contacts all over the world.

During my last professional position, I was in the same time, the Chief Executive of two banks in London and in charge of a bank in Houston, Texas, U.S.A. I also was a board member in other institutions, mainly one in Switzerland.

:: With success came authority...

I was so well known in the city of London that people had to wait a long time going through few people before having the chance of talking to me.

I just had to say one word to put people out of their jobs.

My personal driver would never dare to be a minute late.

People used to queue to have the chance to meet with me. Many of them with anxiety.

Once, John Major, the Prime Minister of England, sent me an invitation for a banquet dinner, which I declined. I had to send someone under me to attend it.

:: With authority came money...

I was living in a huge house in England. Only the garden of my house was like a football court. At the end of the garden was the river 'Thames'. You could see the boats going up and down from there. It was like a fairy tale house. I also had a wonderful apartment in Paris. In 'Avenue Foch', the most expensive street in Paris. My apartment in New-York was in one of the best buildings in the city; the 'Trump Plaza'.



:: With money came fame...

Women were around me at all time. I had many girlfriends at the same time. In fact, during the many years I spent abroad, the number of women I went out with numbered in the Hundreds. I think I had as much women in my life as King Solomon has had.

At some stage, I had a different girl friend

for every day of the week except for Thursday which was a day of rest. However, even that day had to be filled eventually.

I used to travel by Concord plane from Europe to New-York for just twenty four hours, to spend the time with my local girl friend in there.

I thought I had it all in life as a man, Power; Money and Women. I thought I finally attained happiness and meaning in life, but in fact, I didn't. I was empty from the inside.

The more I had, the more I wanted and the more I wanted, the more I ended up having but still that did not fill the emptiness that was on the inside of me. I was



a prisoner of my own making. What difference was there between my childhood and my adult life? What difference was there between being poor and spiritually empty or rich and spiritually empty?

:: A father meets his son:

My son finished his studies in Lebanon and came to London looking for a job. Suddenly, my well established life and freedom is threatened. What should I do with my girl friends while he was staying with me under the same roof? And how long will he stay? He was 6 years old when I left my family in Lebanon. I was satisfied calling them on the phone every now and then and sending them their monthly expenses while I was living my own life abroad far away. My son and I knew each other casually. He is now 24 and he is going to stay with me for an unlimited time. What a big problem! How shall I cope with this sudden change.



What shall I do with him ?

Surprisingly, my son turned out to be very flexible. He never complained when I used to send him out of the

house to stay in a hotel or with some friends when one of my girl friends used to come and spend the week-end with me in the house.

When he had no place to go, I used to lock him in his bedroom for 24 hours while I was having good time with my girl friend. I used to unlock him after she leaves.

Although we managed to adjust to the change, my son suffered a bit at first with my strict and difficult character.

We used to go to work together with my driver. We used to sit near each other at the back. In the morning he was not allowed to speak a word. I hated conversations in the morning. I used to read two news papers: 'The Herald Tribune' and 'The Financial Times'. While I was reading one newspaper, he would be reading the other. But he had to be very alert. As soon as I finished mine he had to submit his immediately without talking, whether he finished reading it or not and whether he

liked it or not.

On the way back where talking was allowed, my driver had to put my favourite CD: Edit Piaf, song number 6, for the first 3 years and during our daily 1 ½ hour drive back home, he had to put the same song over and over again.

Then after three years, we moved to another song for another 3 years approximately.

That means I used to listen to the same song 16,500 times before moving to another one. My son was not coming with me every evening because he could not stand the heat. My poor driver, however, had no choice but to listen. Nevertheless his French was improving because of this.

I had two big dogs. I had arranged a wonderful program for them. They lived for 8 years in my garden. For 8 years they never went out of the house. They had to eat the same dried food exactly, at the same hour everyday of their life. My son had to live with my character. One day he came to me asking:

”Father, where do you put your socks ?”

I used to travel a lot. And during my absence, whenever he was running out of clean socks he secretly used to look in my closet for a clean pair of socks, but he never managed to find any.

All he could find was one black sock, not even a full pair. For months he never dared to ask me where I do put my socks, knowing how upset I would be to know that someone is searching in my closet. But one day he was so puzzled and intrigued about it that he was willing to bear the consequences of his question and decided to ask me: “ Father, where do you put your socks ? I was looking if I could borrow a pair of socks of yours but I found only one single sock, not even a pair ?”

I replied:

“I don’t need to put them anywhere my son because I hardly have any socks beside the ones I am wearing.” In fact all I had is the pair of socks I am wearing plus an additional one which I used to keep as a spare in case something happens to the one I am wearing. From time to time, before going to bed , I used to take off my socks, wash them and put them to dry on the radiator only to wear them back in the morning. Whenever a sock is torn or when I see a hole in it, I just throw it away and replace it by one from my spare pair of socks. My son, that is the reason why you just found only one sock in my closet.

One thing led to another and I had to tell him about my shoes.

I also had just two pairs of the same shoes. For many years I never changed the kind of shoes I used to wear. Whenever my shoes used to wear out I would get the spare ones, wear them and put the old ones in their original box and give them to my driver to go to the same shop and buy exactly the same type, colour and size. I never used to like people or mix with them. I never wanted and never had any visitors at home. In fact, my life was work; women and TV.

I never went to any of my children’s wedding. I preferred to stay within my own world.

A TV program was more important to me then seeing my children getting married. I had no sense of family life or what it means to be a father. Yet my son and I be-

came friends and I used him as a listener to my conquests at work and specially with women. I used to enjoy his presence and he became my only friend. He became very useful when I used to change my girl friend. Every now and then I used to get bored from my girl friends and used to change them for younger ones. In their depression, it is on his shoulders that they used to cry.

He became an expert in counselling his father's ex-heartbroken girl friends.

Two of them turned to be difficult cases for him to handle as they were threatening to commit suicide.

:: An unexpected change of course;

Everything seemed to be working perfectly well among my work, my girl friends and my son when something disturbed the harmony...

My son was gradually but drastically changing. His countenance, character and his way of talking was changing. He used to be such a good listener to my relationship stories and adventures. He used to laugh at my jokes but not anymore.

How is it possible that my son was no longer interested in hearing my great stories and adventures?

Yet he was peaceful, happy and relaxed. I was seeing him less and less.

Our conversation became one-sided. I was doing all the talks but he was not responding. What has happened to him? We used to have such fun.

One day in the car, he threw the bomb shell and told me what had happened.

The conversation went something like that:

-- "Dad! I am sorry but I cannot listen to your stories any more."

- "Why? What happened to you?"

- "I have changed and I cannot stand it any more listening to your stories."

- Why? Do you want to become a priest?"

- "No, I want to follow Jesus! The son you knew is now a new creation since he met Jesus."

- "What do you mean? And does it prevent us from having funny conversations together?"

- "You cannot understand now but I hope and pray that you will understand in the future."

That conversation was indeed strange to me. My son was definitely, definitely different, and that bothered me. From that moment on, Walid never stopped talking to me about Jesus. We had many sharp discussions and even arguments about Jesus. He said: "Without him I would be lost in hell forever." "Why? What am I doing wrong?", I used to tell him. "I am a good man. I am not harming anybody. Do you think God is going to judge me if I go out with this or that girl. God created us this way."

Hearing my answers, Walid used to nod his head in sorrow for me and leave. At that time he lived in a house on his own almost next door to mine.

That was very practical for by now our relationship was getting more and more difficult and many times after a sharp discussion, I used to put on him so much

pressure that he used to leave in the middle of the conversation.

:: My only friend became a burden to me.

However, for two consecutive years my son never stopped praying for me. He tried so many times to get me to put my faith in Jesus and give him my life but I refused.

I was a difficult case, I knew it, my son knew it and God also knew it.

One day my son was attending a home group and the leader of the meeting asked him:

- "Why don't you bring your Dad to the next meeting?"

(The word 'Dad' in Arabic is 'Baba' and it is the same word used for The 'Pope' of the Catholics)

So my son unintentionally without realizing it, answered in a serious manner :

"Who? The Pope of the Vatican ? In his mind there was more chances for the Pope to be in that meeting than I.

However, as I was unyielding and as his prayers for me were becoming less and less fervent, the Holy Spirit showed him a vision as he was having a day of prayer and fasting. He came the next day and told me the vision. He said: "I was praying yesterday and I saw a vision. I saw a boat full of people sailing quickly in the river. As I was standing up, I bowed my head down and saw that the river was flowing under my legs and the boat floating on it. I looked into that boat and saw a multitude of people laughing and having a party, not knowing where they were heading. As I looked closer, I saw you among the crowd of people. I then looked back, further away to see where that boat was going. The river was heading toward a fall and at the bottom of the fall was hell. The boat was going to hell and no one on the boat realized it. Led by the Holy Spirit I began interceding and groaning for you in the spirit: OOH Jesus !! OOH Jesus !!.. It went like that for about 45 minutes I guess .I never prayed like that before." (2 weeks after that vision I got saved).

That story bothered and worried me, but not to the point of surrendering my life to Jesus. So I told my son: "Listen! I am willing to change my life and limit my girl friends to the one I am living with right now."

"But Dad, you cannot put conditions on God. This is not a banking transaction," he said. "I disagree with you," I replied.

My son was very perseverant. He tried everything he could to convince me that I needed Jesus and that he died for me to give me eternal life, to cleanse my sins and give me a new life freely, but I was not yielding.

One day he managed to get my, then, girl friend converted. He prayed with her and she gave her life to Jesus. Consequently she came to me and said: "I cannot have any sexual relationship outside marriage anymore. If you want us to get married fine, otherwise we remain good friend."

My ex-girl friend and my son became great friends. They were having a lot of fun together. They were praying together, listening to tapes together. I now have to live with two crazy people. I was upset to lose her but what bothered me even

more is the fact that she was the first girl friend and only one who left me. Usually, it was me who leaves them. That hurt my ego. However, eventually my ex-girl friend had to leave the house to be replaced with another normal one. My son kept on warning me but I did not yield.

:: Surprised by the power of God:

One day, a major problem occurred. I suddenly became the object of a blackmail from a person whom I trusted with all my secrets.

My sinful life of lust, passion and love for adventures led me to have an affair with a woman placed in a very sensitive position. Our relationship was very delicate should it be made known. This person was now about to jeopardize my whole career. My job, my reputation were at stake. My name was about to become the object of shame in the media. How could this person turn against me like that? Not knowing what to do I called Walid and told him: "Disaster, my son, I am finished." And I explained to him what was happening. He replied: "Dad I warned you what would happen when you give the devil room over your life. But this is our last chance. Would you give your life to Jesus if he solves this problem of yours?" "Yes, I would," he replied.

"Are you willing to even give away your girl friends for Him without having to keep not even one?", he asked.

I replied: "If he solves my problem I am willing."

I made a covenant with God, and Walid began to pray loudly:

"Heavenly Father, you heard my father. I pray in the name of Jesus that you touch the person who is causing him trouble. Please, cause him to change his mind and withdraw his threats. I pray Father that when my Dad is going to call this person in few minutes, he will find this person at home. I believe Lord that he is going to find a sweet gentle forgiving person at the other end of the line.

I nearly was about to stop him in the middle of his prayer. How could he be so specific in asking God for that person to be home??!! But anyway he looked so sure of himself even when he was praying in a strange language. So in trembling I headed for that phone.

And the unexpected happened. I found at the other end of the line a sweet gentle forgiving voice.

The conversation lasted just few minutes and the worst was over. I could not believe it. This is surely a miracle I thought.

Then immediately I honored my part of the deal and from the bottom of my heart I went down on my knees. My son put his hands on my head and led me into the salvation prayer. In tears I gave my life to Jesus.

I went down on my knees as a sinner and stood up washed by the blood of Jesus. I felt a surge of power filling me. It was like waking up from a long, long nightmare. I could not cope with what was happening to me. Everything in me seemed different. And I asked my son what is happening to me and he replied: "You are now a new creation. You are now in Christ. This is what Jesus meant when he said that

no one will see the kingdom of God unless he is born again, unless he is born of God.

That is what I have been trying to explain to you for the last two years.”

Before my conversion, one of my most frequently used word was ‘Stupid’. I must have called my son stupid probably 100’s of times since he became a Christian.

After God touched me that day, as I stood up filled by the warmth of the Holy Spirit, tears running down my chest and after Walid explained to me what had happened, I asked him: “Who of my children is not born again? Everyone is, except your elder son Marouan.” “How stupid he is!”, I replied.

Since the moment I was saved, drastic changes began to happen to me. I was filled with joy and could not stop laughing. In the house, at work, in the car with Walid while the driver was wondering what had happened to the boss. The atmosphere during the morning drive to work was drastically changed now.

We stopped reading the newspapers and the rules of silence was categorically broken. In fact the silence has turned into joy and laughter.

Few days later, while alone in the house I was baptized by the Holy Spirit and began to speak in tongues, I could not stop praising and worshipping God.

My house which was never visited by any person except my driver, my girl friends, my dogs and my son Walid was now filled with other believers, friends of my son and we were having wonderful times of prayer and worship and fellowship.

Walid’s friends who never saw me before were amazingly surprised to find a man completely opposite to the description provided to them by him.

I was suddenly in a totally new world. New feelings were quickly growing within me. I began to love people.

:: The case of Andree:

Just one day after I was saved, I received a phone call late in the evening informing me that one of my ex-girl friends of long time ago was dying of cancer in Paris. I used to know Andree 25 years ago and since then I used to see her very rarely, may be once every 3 years to say hello.

When I heard this, I felt such an urge to go and preach to her before she dies.

I fell on my knees and asked the Lord Jesus to keep Andree alive until the next morning to enable me to take the first flight to Paris and minister to her.

I who did not bother to go to my brother’s funeral, who did not attend any of my children’s weddings, who did not shed a tear when my father died and I was now shouting: “Walid ! Andree is dying and she does not know the Lord. I need to get to her. How do you preach? teach me!”.

So Walid summarized the Gospel for me in three pages and I jumped on the early morning plane to Paris.

On my way to Paris as I was reading what Walid wrote, I could not stop the tears that were flowing abundantly from my eyes. One of the hostesses kept on coming to me asking: “Is there anything wrong sir ?” “No, but I am happy,” I replied.

When I reached the hospital, I saw Andree laying on that bed. I hardly recognized

her in that state without her hair. I said to her daughter: "Your mother is going to heaven." But the daughter and her fiance laughed at me ironically. So I took Andree's hand from one side and laid my other hand on her head.

She was at such an advanced stage that she lost her sight and her speech but she could only hear a little.

So I told her about Jesus, and how he touched me and saved me that she needed to accept Jesus as her Lord and Saviour.

After a while I said to her: "Andree, I know you cannot speak but I believe you can hear. I am going to pray the salvation prayer aloud. Since you cannot pray audibly yourself, you can use my tongue and my lips. I will pray on your behalf. If you agree with what I say, meaning you surrender your life to Jesus, just nod your head after each phrase that I speak, as a sign, Ok!"

Then Andree lifted her face in acceptance and as she was nodding her head, tears came running down her cheeks.

A day later, Andree fell in a 'coma' and few days later she went to be with the Lord.

As I came back to London the next day, God touched me in a new way as I was feeling a wonderful pleasure inside my chest. The pleasure was so intense that I was shouting: "Walid! what is this wonderful feeling, what is this wonderful pleasure?"

This indescribable feeling stayed with me for many days. I understood it to be like a token of what we will experience in heaven.

It was like God was telling me that all my life I was running after pleasure but now what do you think about this one?!!

No human pleasure I had ever experienced during my previous life could be compared to what I was feeling then.

Since then I was moving from glory to glory with the Lord. I kept my covenant with him. I never had relationship with any woman since, although I came very close to it one day.

In fact, since the moment I was saved, I began to receive phone calls and visits from girls I knew in the past and which I would have loved to have an affair with, but they were reluctant.

The devil had never been so active and keen to make me break my covenant. Indeed one of them came to my house, get all her clothes off, jumped on the bed and began begging me to have a relationship with her. I was 65 years of age and she was 30.

I nearly fell into the temptation but remembered the covenant.

I pulled her back and shouted as loudly as I could: "No!!!"

Shortly after my salvation I had to leave my job and join a Bible School for a year. I was suddenly living in a 2x2 square meter room after having lived in luxury houses for 25 years.

Yet I preferred to live in that little room than living in any of my precious houses!

:: The case of my son's mother in law:

One year before my conversion, Walid's mother-in-law had come to visit her daughter in England.

Although Walid had been married for many years, and although she had been staying with them next door to my house for many days, I had never met her up to that point.

One Friday evening my girl friend was coming to spend the week-end at my house. As I was preparing the champagne; putting everything in order; the right music; the right lightings, a disaster happened. As I was passing in front of a large mirror which was hung on the wall of my sitting room, I saw a shocking scene.

I forgot the hair colouring material on my eyebrows for too long, and as a consequence the colour of my eyebrows became much darker than usual.

I panicked and not knowing what to do I ran to my son's house and began knocking at the door.

"Walid open up! open up quickly," I said. The door opened but it was not Walid who opened it but his mother-in-law. So Walid quickly came and introduced her to me: "Dad, this is Liliane's mother." "Very nice," I replied and I told her: "by the way Mrs. Will you help me clean my eyebrows? You must be good at that. It is urgent. My girl friend is coming any moment and she cannot see me like that, please hurry!" So the mother-in-law before realizing it, found herself running all over the place trying to find the right cleaning material. That is how I met his mother-in-law for the first time. Few days later she left England and went back to Lebanon with memories she would never forget.

A year later, during the same time, she came back to England for a second visit. Just prior to her arrival I was saved.

It was during the period when the revival which later came to be known as the 'Toronto blessing' because it started in Toronto, was beginning to affect many churches in England.

I was in one of those 'Holy Spirit' evenings when the Pastor came to me and said: "Brother, I see a vision where Jesus is standing in front of you with a sword in His hand asking you if you like to take it."

"YES and I will use It with wisdom," I replied. So the Pastor laid his right hand on my chest and started praying in tongues, he was trembling strongly like a volcano, shaking and groaning. I was overwhelmed by an awesome sensation, knowing with absolute certainty that I have received in my hand the Sword of the Lord.

So I took the sword and hugged the Pastor and came running to my son's house and began to knock at his door.

It was the same knock, the same time as the previous year where I first met Walid's mother-in-law, but a year later.

It was the same knock, the same time but with a different story this time.

So the door opened and this time too, my son's mother-in-law opened.

So I ran into the sitting room where Walid, his wife and his brother-in-law happened to be staying and I began to shout:

“I have a sword, I have a sword! Jesus gave me a sword and I promised to use it wisely.” And I began preaching to them.

The second day, Walid’s mother-in-law and his brother-in-law went on their knees and received Christ in their heart for the first time.

Walid’s brother-in-law who knew my past said to my son:

“If someone like your father is talking like that it must be true. Especially that he looks so sincere and convinced.”

Walid prayed and believed for my salvation but he did not expect and was not ready for the outcome.

The next day after I had been saved, he told his friends: “If my father dies soon, it will make no difference to me because now I know he is saved.”

He thought that the story would end here, and I would get a pie in the sky when I die. However, that was just the beginning.

God began to speak to me on many occasions and he is still speaking to me through visions, dreams, circumstances,...

:: One day as I was

in New-York, my blood pressure began to rise suddenly to dangerous levels. I had to be rushed by ambulance in and out of the hospital about 4 times. As soon as I was out I had to go back in.

The last time my blood pressure went again rocketing high (23.5 / 13.5) I could see it on my blood pressure machine.

As the ambulance was on its way to pick me up this time, I called my son Walid to Lebanon at 2:00 a.m. his time, and I began to dictate him my will.

But my son rebuked this, refused to take notes seriously and went interceding for me.

However, I miraculously made it to the hospital where doctors began to work on my high blood pressure but without success at first. Then in desperation, they increased the medication excessively and my blood pressure went straight to zero. In solving one problem they were now facing another more serious.

Any doctor will tell you that this means imminent death or at least permanent brain damage. I found myself surrounded by doctors and nurses getting agitated and doing so many things on me. It was exactly that what you see in the movies. I knew that I was dying. I looked to heaven and said to Jesus: “I will be seeing you in few seconds, glory to Your Holy Name, I surrender to you my spirit and my soul.”

I hereby testify that when a born again believer is facing death two things are certain:

1: There is no fear of death.

2: There is no doubt about salvation.

I knew without a shadow of doubt that I am saved and that I will be in Heaven with the Lord in the twinkling of an eye.

Amazingly while all this was going on, I was laughing, I was happy and I felt the

Lord saying: “Son, do you want to go to your eternal home in Heaven or do you want to go and serve me in your temporary home in Lebanon where I called you to be?”

“Ok Lord! I will serve you, I will go back to Lebanon for good this time,” I said. My other son Fady came from Lebanon to join me in New-York and as he was helping me to go to the airport to board the plane that was taking me to Beirut, I began to shake like a leaf for the last time.

I knew that my blood pressure was very high at that time. I did not know whether I should board the plane or head for the hospital. However, I trusted God, I prayed and took a step of faith.

If God said Lebanon then He will take me safe back there. I was boarded on the plane on a wheel chair.

I arrived to Lebanon with my various pressure controlling medicines which I was now supposed to be taking all my life.

Soon after my arrival, my blood pressure was improving drastically and to the amazement of my doctors, I took a step of faith and stopped all the medicines, my blood pressure remained like that of a young boy.

However, even that lesson was not enough for me as I kept looking back, finding a way in the middle, a deal, a compromise with God. The old banker was still alive in me. I was stubborn and learning the hard way, always wanting to twist God’s arm when a terrible news broke out.

I went to the doctor for a routine check when by coincidence I ended up diagnosed with cancer in the prostate. I could not believe it.

The doctor said that he would advice me to operate and operate now. Only the outcome would tell us how spread the cancer was.

Whether it could be contained and cut off or it was too late and we could not stop the spreading of the disease.

I knew this was the last warning. I knew that I should not take any step without consulting God and make sure I am walking in obedience. The greater the call is, the greater the obedience is required. So I got my son and the whole church to pray.

I repented and surrendered completely to God and got baptised in the bathroom of the church by my son Walid surrounded by members of the church praising the Lord with praise and worship.

The operation went perfectly well. The spread was caught just on time. The doctor on whom we laid hands and prayed for before the operation was amazed and admitted that God’s hand was on it.

I knew since then the importance of obedience and the importance of my call. I recovered quickly, perfectly healed.

I had left my wife, my children, my country 34 years ago pledging never to come back again.

My wife was miserable and my children were spread in various countries. My daughter Zeina and her husband lived in the USA. My son Fady lived in Paris. My

son Walid lived in England and my elder son Marwan lived between various countries. The family was spread all over the world.

But today after 34 years of wasting my life in the world, God in a short period of time has restored those years. I remarried my previous wife, the mother of my 4 children in England on the 31st March of 1998 at the registry office followed by a blessing at Kingdom Faith Church in Horsham. God restored our family and most of my children as well as their families are now serving the Lord with me in Lebanon.

Our daughter attended the remarriage ceremony, and was the bridesmaid.

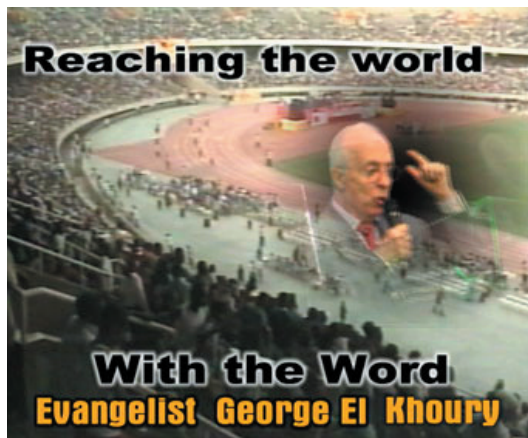
I did not attend her wedding but she was so happy to attend mine. The Lord led me to establish “**Spirit Channel**” a satellite TV station over the Middle east, North Africa and Europe. He is opening new doors for me on a wider and international scale.



A happy grand father with my seven grand children

God is sending me preaching and testifying all over the world.

He is connecting me with influential people and preachers from the four corners of the world. God has now made the mighty call and vision He has prepared for me very clear. To God be all the Glory honor and praise.



:: If you want God to make Himself known to you, to touch you with His power, to give you the joy and peace which surpass all understanding; to cleanse you from you sins and you past and make you nwe creation; if you want to be born again of the Spirit of God and to immediately know thw

assurance of your salvation and the fact that when you die you will go to heaven and live forever with Him in glory; then

:: Pray from your heart the following:

“ My Lord Jesus, I believe that you are the son of the living God, taht you came on earth as a man and died on the cross for forgiveness of my sins, and that you arose from the dead and live forever more. My Lord Jesus, I am a sinner, please forgive me my sins, and come and live in my heart. I give you my life. Amen. “