

George El Khoury

The Banker of God

- Two medals of honor from the Republic of France.
- Founder and Chief Executive of Two banks in London - U.K.
- 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 Directors 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.

THE BANKER OF GOD

**You Shall know the truth
and the truth Shall set you free**

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By
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ISBN: 0-0036-0-9953

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Full of faith and self confidence, I flew my rented plane over Paris.

As I expected, everything turned out as planned; the weather and the wind were perfect, and so was my pride and self-esteem. I felt like my future was of my own making; that I was lord of my life and that the whole world belonged to me. But suddenly the unexpected happened...

I lost control of the plane and found myself crashing at a drastic speed.

Within seconds I was completely helpless in a merciless plane so eager to hit the ground... as few seconds separated me from an imminent death, I was grabbed by two strong feelings; fear of death and curiosity to find out what happens after death.

I was afraid due to the unknown and I was curious due to the banality of the known.

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

The only ones that remained curious were the crowd who came running towards me after the crash – and they seemed to feel more sorry for the plane than for the pilot!

Never mind at least I was lucky. Or that was what I thought back then...

But today I know that luck has nothing to do with it.



*I miraculously emerged from the crash,
with only one finger broken*



Chapter 1

My Childhood

I was raised in a very poor home in Lebanon and had to begin working at the age of 13 to help my parents raise our family. I started working as a coffee boy and ticket salesman at the Beirut horse racing center during weekends and holidays. The small amount I earned, had to be given to my parents.

My mother was a very exceptional woman; She was very tough and at the same time extremely religious. Although we belonged to a religious and traditional Christian denomination, my mother was a woman of prayer and the Bible hardly left her hand.

I was deprived of many things as a child. Today I still remember, as a small boy, watching a man eating a big red shining apple, and longing for one. We could not afford such luxuries in our home! Our financial state kept me frustrated and I was determined that my family would not have to live like this!

The financial situation deteriorated so badly that my parents wanted me to leave school and find a permanent job at any cost. However, I discovered a glimmer of hope. According to the school's regulations, the top student in the school could win a scholarship.

Determined to rise out of my situation of poverty and to become successful, I studied hard and won the scholarship fee!

That experience taught me that I could achieve anything if I set my mind to it. I wanted to go places in life. I would not live in poverty. As I left school I had great self confidence –

«watch out big world, here I come...»



My first job

Chapter 2

Beginning In Banking

My first job was in a bank in Beirut.

I was very popular at the bank as well as amongst my friends.

I always wanted to be noticed and respected and would do anything to gain a good reputation whether at work or with the opposite sex.

I would be elected as president or leader at Inter-banks committees or projects.

I could reach any goal through fast thinking, tricks and manipulation.

I felt like nothing was impossible for me.

Even in my teens I had relationships with various girls, which was unusual and even risky in the Middle East, in the nineteen-forties.

One of them fell pregnant, begged me to marry her, and threatened to commit suicide. I did not care.

She did have the abortion and her photograph was on the front page of the newspapers shortly afterwards when she took her own life.

I was responsible for the death of mother and child, but it did not bother me too much at the time as my heart was still

made of stone...

Some years later, I got married and had four children.

Professionally, my career in banking was advancing well, and I had a comfortable lifestyle.

I had already outstripped my bank colleagues and many of them envied me – but I was not satisfied!

I always wanted more..

I was frustrated because I wanted to rise higher in banking and at the same time, married life and children became a burden to me.

**I wanted more freedom, I wanted more power,
I wanted more money, I wanted to see 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 demanding 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:

«I warn you, if you fail I will not take you back!»

«Deal done», I replied.

Not many days later I flew off to Belgium leaving behind a perplexed wife and four small children.

All I was concerned about was what lays ahead...



My 4 children when I left them:

Marwane 8 years old

Walid 7 years old

Zeina 6 years old

Fadi 4 years old

Chapter 3

The Rise To Power

Although I had lots of self-confidence, my new job was indeed very challenging and difficult.

Firstly, I could not understand what the employees were doing, and I was supposed to be their boss!

My previous education and experience did not prepare me for such responsibility. However, I quickly learned the rules of the game. I began the process of learning and educating myself whilst pretending to oversee the employees who were under my supervision. I learned by asking them questions and complementing them, and they thought I was such a caring and knowledgeable boss.

I studied hard, thought hard, worked hard and shortly afterwards experienced breakthrough!

After long nights of study, I discovered and engineered a formula based on interest rates.

I prepared a strategy and launched it at the right time.

It was not long before the branch of the Bank in which I was working pioneered a strategy all over Europe in the area of lending and borrowing money.

I excelled in my job and the profits of the bank increased drastically.

The head office of the famous French bank for which I was working sent a special team to investigate the sudden and extraordinary increase in the profits of their branch in Belgium.

At first they suspected fraud but after a long enquiry, the head of the investigating committee came and congratulated me.

In fact his report to management was so impressive that I was consequently promoted to the Head Office in Paris.

Now I found myself higher in rank than thousands of employees. My reputation quickly spread across the banking center all over the world and especially in Europe and in the Arab world. I began climbing the stairs of success very quickly.

It was satisfying to outstrip my ex General Manager's position in Lebanon and I was twice offered that position, but I would not even consider going back there.

My salary rocketed beyond my wildest dreams. And one success followed another as I became an expert in the area of 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 Republic for my achievements and had many powerful contacts all over the world. During my last professional position I was at the same time the Chief Executive of Two banks in London and responsible for a bank in Houston, USA. I was the

founder of these 3 banks.

I was also board member of 3 banks: in London UK, Geneva Switzerland, and Beirut Lebanon.

With success came authority...

I was so well known in the city of London that people had to be screened by assistants and secretaries before they could speak to me.

I just had to say one word to put people out of their jobs. When an employee came to me asking for a rise he would leave my office regretting the moment he stepped inside.

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

People use to queue to have the chance to meet me – many of them in trembling.

Once, John Major, the prime minister of England at that time, sent me an invitation for a dinner banquet which I declined. I sent someone else in my place.

With authority came money...

I was living in a huge house near London on the bank of the Thames River. The garden was the size of a football field and we could watch the boats going up and down the river at the end of my garden..

It was like a fairy tale house.

I also owned a wonderful apartment in ‘Avenue Foch’, the most expensive street of 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 constantly. 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 the hundreds. I think I had as many women in my life as King Solomon!

At one stage I had a different girlfriend for every day of the week except for Thursday which was my ‘day of rest’ – eventually however, even that day had to be filled.

I would fly on Concorde from Europe to New York to visit ‘the latest’ woman for just twenty four hours – money was no subject for a man in my position.

By that time I had divorced my wife. I thought I had it all in my life as a man – power, money and women. I thought I had finally attained happiness and meaning in life... but in fact I hadn’t!

Each time I reached the pinnacle of success, I discovered that there was nothing up there. I was empty on the inside.

The more I had, the more I wanted and the more I wanted, the more I ended up having. But nothing filled that space inside me.

I was a prisoner of my own making. I pondered, what was the difference between my childhood and my adult life? What difference was there between being poor and spiritually

empty or rich and spiritually empty?

I kept trying to prove to myself that I was happy and fulfilled.

There always had to be a new challenge, a new girlfriend, a new place...

I had everything I thought I could have but I was weary and bored with it all.

What was life about? Why had I been born?

I lied to myself as much as I could to find protection in myself, in my money, in my power, in women and in contacts.

I had everything I thought I could have.

I had everybody and everything under control.

But there was one thing only that I could not control and of which I was afraid – and that was death.

Chapter 4

A Father Meets His Son

I was away from Lebanon for 31 years and during that time my mother never stopped encouraging me to read the Bible, and praying that I would return to my wife.

She asked my son Walid to give me a Gospel in Arabic on a number of occasions but he never did.

My mother never stopped praying for me all the days of her life. And she lived to be 93 years old. I loved and respected my mother but prayer and religion meant nothing for me.

All I was concerned about was me, I, and myself. Anything apart from that was a needless burden.

My son Walid finished his studies in Lebanon and decided to join me in London hoping to find a job.

Suddenly, my comfortable lifestyle and freedom were threatened. What shall I do with my girlfriends while he was staying with me under the same roof? Why did he come? And how long will he stay?

After eighteen years of living abroad like a bachelor, my past was beginning to catch up with me. I had felt that I had done my duty if I occasionally called the family on the phone, and paid their monthly expenses.

Walid was seven years old when I left my family in Lebanon so he and I were only casually acquainted with one another.

He was now a young man of 25 and threatening to stay for an unlimited time. How should I cope with this problem, this big change?

What should I do with him?

Surprisingly however, my son turned out to be very flexible. He never complained when I sent him away while I was entertaining one of my girlfriends for a few days or a weekend.

If he had nowhere to go, I would lock him in his bedroom for 24 hours so that he would not interrupt these romantic liaisons.

It never occurred to me that his flexibility came from his fear to be once more rejected by a father who had never taken his role as father. Although we managed to adjust to one another, I was very difficult to live with, and my son suffered!

My chauffeur drove us to work each day in total silence because I hated conversations in the morning. I read two newspapers each morning 'The Herald Tribune' and 'The Financial Time'.

While I read one newspaper, he reads the other. But he had to be very alert. As soon as I finished mine he had to hand his over immediately without argument or fuss, whether he was mid sentence or not and whether he likes it or not!

On the way back when speaking was permissible, my

driver had to play my favorite Edith Piaf CD, song number 6, all the way home. For the first three years and during our daily sixty minutes drive home, he had to play the same song over and over again. That means that I would listen to the same song 16,500 times before moving to another one.

My son did not come with me each evening because he could not stand the heat, but the poor driver had no choice!

The one benefit for him was that his French was improving. I had two large dogs that also lived under my authoritarian regime. For nearly eight years they never went out of my garden, and ate the same dried food at the same time each day!

Imagine living with me!

One day Walid asked me:

«Father where do you put your socks?»

I traveled a lot and during my absences, if he had run out of clean socks, he would sneak into my room to find a pair of mine. But he never managed to find any!

All he found was one black sock – not even a full pair.

For months he pondered this mystery – not daring to divulge the fact that he had been investigating my cupboard! However, one day his curiosity got the better of him and he asked me the question.:

«Father where do you put your socks? I was searching for a pair to borrow 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 only have one pair which I am wearing, plus one*

additional pair in case of emergencies. I wear them every day until a sock is torn, or when I see a hole in it, I just throw it away and replace it with another one from my spare pair of socks. That's the reason my son you found only one sock in my drawer.»

One thing led to another and I had to tell him about my shoes. I also had just two pairs of identical shoes.

For many years I never changed the kind of shoes I wore. Whenever they wore out I would use the spare pair and put the old ones in their original box and ask my driver to replace them with the same kind, same color and size from the same shop.

I was a solitary person who did not like or want to mix with people – so I never invited anyone to my home socially. Neither did I visit anyone.

My life consisted of work, women and T.V.

I never attended any of my children's weddings, I found a TV program more important.

I had no sense of family life or what it means to be a father. Yet my son and I became friends because he was prepared to listen to my endless stories of conquests at work and with women.

He seemed to be heading in the same direction as his father.

I enjoyed his company and he was in fact my only friend. When I became bored with a girlfriend and wanted to exchange her for the latest attraction (which happened frequently) he became an expert in sympathizing with

and counseling my heart-broken, ex-girlfriends. Two even threatened suicide.

I remember an incident where I received a phone call I shall never forget. One of the women dressed in a wedding dress threatened to take some deadly pills and die in my bed, whilst her mother hysterically declared that she would drown herself in the river at the bottom of the garden.

Guess what I did? Yes, called Walid who again negotiated me out of a wrangle!

I was difficult, proud, stubborn and heartless – what could become of such a man?

Chapter 5

An Unexpected Change Of Course

Despite my advices to my son, to remain single, my son got married and moved into the house next door to mine.

I was not happy about it, but I was still able to see him every day.

Everything seemed to be working perfectly well between my work, my girlfriends and my son when something disturbed the harmony...

Walid was gradually but drastically changing. His countenance, character, his way of talking were changing.

He used to laugh at my jokes. We always had such fun together. But not now. I saw him less and less.

How was this possible? What had happened? Yet he was peaceful, happy and relaxed.

Our conversation became one-sided. I did all the talking and he did not even respond.

One day in the car, he threw a bomb shell at me. The conversation went something like this:

«Dad I am sorry but I cannot listen to your stories anymore»

«Why? what has happened to you?»

«I have changed and I cannot stand listening to your stories anymore... »

«Why? Do you want to become a priest?»

«No I want to follow Jesus! I am no longer the son you knew. Since I met Jesus I am totally different».

«What do you mean? And why should it prevent us from having a laugh together?»

«You cannot understand now but I hope and pray that one day you will».

That conversation perplexed me greatly. My son was definitely very different and that disturbed me. From that moment on, Walid never stopped speaking to me about Jesus. Discussions that often ended in sharp arguments.

He said without Jesus I would be lost in hell forever.

«Why? What am I doing wrong?» I asked.

«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 would shake his head in sorrow and leave.

Our relationship became more and more difficult and I was relieved that we were no longer living together. 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...

Chapter 6

A Tough Nut To Crack

My son was part of a church ‘home group’ each week, and one evening the leader 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’ by the Catholics)

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

«Who? The Pope of the Vatican?»

In his mind there was more chance for the Pope to be in that meeting than I.

He was discouraged at my disinterest in God but never stopped praying for me for two whole years.

One day the Holy Spirit showed him a vision during a day of prayer and fasting. He visited me and said:

«I was praying yesterday and I saw a vision. I saw a boat full of people sailing quickly down the river. As I was standing up, I looked down and saw that the river was flowing under my legs and the boat floating on it. I looked into that boat to see who was on board. I saw a multitude of people laughing and having a party. They were not bothered where they were going, neither did they suspect where they were going. As I

looked closer, I saw you amongst the crowd of people. You were the leader of that party holding a glass of Champagne in your hand and women were all around you. 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 25 minutes I guess... I never prayed like that before...»

That story bothered and worried me, but I still refused to surrender my life to God.

I told Walid:

«Listen, I am willing to change my life and limit my girlfriends to the one I am living with right now».

«But dad, you cannot put conditions on God. This is not a banking transaction».

«I disagree with you», I replied.

My son persevered. He tried everything he could to convince me that I needed Jesus. He told me that Jesus died for me to give me eternal life, to cleanse my sins and give me a new life. But I refused to give God my life.

When Walid saw that his efforts were proving unsuccessful he changed tactics.

He stopped preaching to me directly and began to try to convince me to watch some Christian videos because I was addicted to television. He would choose the right time when I was bored with all the channels, to play one of his video

tapes. He would disappear on some pretext at the beginning of the message, leaving me no choice but to watch, while he prayed for me somewhere else. Even in the bathroom at times!

He tried to frighten me with teachings about the rapture and end times prophecies. He wanted me to hear what would happen to those who are not believers in Christ during the end times when Jesus comes again.

He wanted me to know that they will end up spending eternity in the fire of hell because they refused Jesus and the salvation that comes through Him. But I was still resistant. I was convinced that hell was just a story to scare weak people..

When this tactic failed as well, the emphasis shifted in favor of miracles and healing videos, which challenged my rational thinking and reasoning.

I was intrigued by Benny Hinn, the famous healing evangelist. I was amazed that in every crusade filmed, there were so many miracles before tens of thousands of people.

I thought, ‘How is it possible that no one has managed to discover his tricks, for surely they must be tricks. How could he fool so many people and get away with it?’ I used to think as any unbeliever would think...

I did not realize that Walid was preparing me for his next tactic: he casually mentioned that this same Benny Hinn was having a crusade at Earl’s Court in London.

«Dad, Benny Hinn is coming to London. Would you like to come with me to the crusade?»

To his surprise I answered:

«Yes of course I would go with you. I want to catch this man out in his tricks».

I went to the crusade chauffeur driven in my Mercedes. And while my son was seated in the back row, I went straight to the front. Amongst the 18,000 seats, I aimed at the first seat of the first middle row.

The first 50 rows were reserved for pastors, preachers and special guests but I did not care.

I was determined to be there – because I always sat with the honored guests and secondly I wanted to be as close to this preacher as possible in order to prove to myself and to my son that this guy was a phony.

My son was at the back laughing with his friends as one after the other, the leaders and organizers of the crusade were pleading with me to find another seat at the back, but I firmly refused.

«I have to be here», I said.

They were perplexed not knowing what to do with me. They probably thought I was an important preacher... or I was there to give a special donation for the event. So after 20 minutes of tough negotiation they conceded and I got one of the best seats.

The crusade started and Benny Hinn was right in front of me on the stage. I was waiting for him to finish his preaching and begin praying for the people. As he finished his sermon and began to minister to the people, he went down from the stage, came straight to the block of rows where I was and

began to lay hands on people on my left and right.

I was so embarrassed, not because of him, but because of all the cameras. One thing consumed my mind; what if someone who knows me, sees me on T.V. or on the morning news. There I was on the front row of a healing crusade – the subject of much criticism by the media at that time. As I tried to hide from the cameras, people all around me began to fall to the ground and on the chairs. I had no idea at the time about the power of the Holy Spirit.

I suddenly found myself trying to catch some as they fell. My intention was to catch Benny Hinn – but instead I became his catcher, while God was gradually catching me.

The crusade ended but I was still a sinner.

Chapter 7

God on my case

One day, Walid succeeded in winning one of my girlfriends to the Lord.

He prayed with her, she gave her life to Jesus and she was drastically changed.

Consequently she came to me and said:

«George, I cannot have any sexual relationship outside marriage anymore, either we get married, or otherwise we must just become good friends».

Walid and her became great friends. They had a lot of fun together – praying together, listening to tapes together... and there I was now living under the same roof with two crazy people!

I was indignant!

«How dare you do that? Why couldn't you leave her alone?» I rebuked him with fatherly authority. My pride was hurt at losing her – the first one to reject me!

One day a major problem occurred. I suddenly became the object of blackmail from a person whom I trusted with all my secrets. My sinful life of lust, passion and love for adventure had led me to have an affair with a woman placed in a very sensitive position. Our relationship was very

delicate should it become known. This person was now about to jeopardize my whole career. My job and reputation were at stake. My name would become the object of shame in the media. How could this person turn against me like that?

In the crisis I called Walid:

«Disaster, my son... I am finished!»

And I explained to him what was happening. He replied:

«Dad, I warned you what would happen to you when you give the devil room in your life. But this is your last chance. Will you give your life to Jesus if He solves this problem of yours?»

«I would!» I exclaimed in desperation.

«Are you willing to even give up your girlfriends for him, without even keeping one, if He solves your problem? »

«I am willing!» I replied.

And as I made this deal with God, Walid began to pray for me out loud:

«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 this person to change her mind and withdraw her threats. I pray Father, that when my dad calls her in a few minutes she will answer him in a kind, gentle and forgiving manner».

As I was staring at him, he started praying in a strange language. I did not understand what he was doing but I was willing to accept anything.

Then sure of himself, he told me to go and make the call. Trembling, I headed for the telephone. Then the unexpected

happened. I found at the other end of the line a kind, gentle and forgiving voice.

The conversation lasted only a few minutes and the worst was over! I could not believe it. This was nothing short of a miracle. I was shaken to the core.

During all my career I have not seen anything like it. You needed to be in my place to understand it. Immediately I honored my part of the deal and went down on my knees.

My son put his hands on my head and led me in the salvation prayer which I prayed with all my heart. In tears I gave my life to Jesus renouncing and repenting of my wicked life.

I went down on my knees a sinner and stood up washed in the blood of Jesus. I felt a surge of power filling me. It was like waking up from a long, long nightmare. I felt immense relief, indescribable peace, deep joy – I could not cope with what was happening with me. Everything in me seemed so different. I was forgiven and I knew it.

Jesus suddenly became so real, the cross so pure...

I asked my son: *«What is happening to me?»*

He replied:

«You are now a new creation. You are now in Christ as the Bible declares:

“Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things become new”(2 Corinthians 5:17)...»

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 dad, but your heart was closed.

Before my conversion one of my most frequently used words was ‘stupid’. I must have called my son ‘stupid’ hundreds of times since he became a Christian...

But after God touched me that day, as I stood up filled by the warmth of the Holy Spirit, tears running down my cheeks, I asked him:

«Who of my children is not born again?»

«Everyone except your elder son Marwan» said Walid.

«How stupid he is». I replied. *«This is so real – so true. Surely This is the only reality»*.

That was the moment of my life I shall never forget. What a merciful God we serve. For 2 years I never stopped calling my son Walid “stupid”. Suddenly, for me stupidity had changed sides. I discovered that in fact it was on the side of the incredulous, on the side of people who believe themselves intelligent and enlightened, because they cultivate reason and scientific doubt, like myself, I had cultivated them for so long.

Chapter 8

The Beginning of a New Life

From that moment of salvation, drastic changes began to happen in my life.

God removed my heart of stone and gave me a warm heart of flesh. He put His Spirit in me who began to teach me to follow God's ways. I who never wept even at my father's death found myself crying tears of relief and joy.

I was going through a period of cleansing, deliverance and inner healing at the hand of the Holy Spirit. I was filled with joy and laughter for weeks and months. I laughed in the house, at work, in the car with Walid – and the driver wondered ... - what on earth happened to the boss!!

The atmosphere during the morning drive to work was drastically changed now.

We stopped reading the newspapers and the rule of silence was categorically broken. In fact the silence has turned into joy and laughter... I was often overwhelmed with what I call 'holy laughter' and I could not stop laughing and laughing for hours, crawling on the floor under the power of the Holy Spirit. I sometimes found myself in very embarrassing situations in my office at the bank, and on many occasions I had to lock myself for hours in my office trying to cope with

my hilarious laughter.

A few days following my conversion, 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.

The only visitors to my house had been my driver, my girlfriends, my dogs and my son Walid, but now it was filled with other believers, and friends of my son, enjoying wonderful times of prayer and worship and fellowship together.

Walid's friends who had never met me before were amazed to find a man so completely different to the one my son had described. There I was praying, laying hands and prophesying over them as they were being slain in the Spirit.

I was suddenly in a totally new world. New feelings were quickly growing within me. I began to love people... God was doing a drastic, fast work in me.

The case of Andree:

Just few days after I was saved, I accidentally heard that one of my ex girlfriends of long time ago was dying of cancer in Paris. I had known her for twenty years but only rarely saw her. Now, hearing of her plight, I felt a sense of urgency to share the Gospel with her before she died.

I who did not bother to go to my brother's funeral, who did not attend any of my children's weddings, and who shed no tear when my father died, 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. As I read what Walid wrote, I could not stop the tears flowing, and one of the air hostesses kept on coming to me asking:

«Is there anything wrong sir?»

«No I am happy» I replied.

I shall never forget that flight. Every word I read was like a revelation. The Word of God became alive to me. I was in love with the Bible and more than that I was in love with Jesus.

When I reached the hospital, I saw Andree laid on that bed; unrecognizable in that state without her hair.

I said to her daughter:

«Your mother is going to heaven».

But the daughter and her fiancé laughed at me skeptically. So I took Andree's hand and laid my other hand on her head. She was at such an advanced stage of the disease that she had lost her sight and her speech but she could hear a little. So I told her about Jesus. I told her that she needed to accept Jesus as her Lord and Savior. She knew my past and she knew how sincere I was then. 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 loudly yourself, I will pray on your behalf. If you agree with what I say, meaning you surrender your life to Jesus, just nod your head as a sign, ok!»

Then, Andree lifted her face in acceptance and as she was nodding her head, tears ran down her cheeks. A day later, she fell into a 'coma' and not long afterwards, she went to be with the Lord. When I came back to London the next day, God touched me in a new way. I felt a wonderful sense of pleasure inside my chest.

The feeling was so intense that I shouted:

«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 telling me that all my life I was running after pleasures but now what do you think of this one!?

No human pleasure I had ever experienced in my life could be compared to this!

Andree was my first convert but by no means the last as I gradually discovered that God was transforming this old banker into an evangelist! For many long years I worked for people, but from that moment on, I knew I shall be working for God.

From the earliest stage of my salvation God used me to bring many people to faith in Jesus Christ. Almost daily, people were repeating the salvation prayer after me; especially taxi drivers.

I kept my covenant with The Lord. I have never had a relationship with any women since, although since the moment I was saved, I began to receive phone calls and

visits from girls that I had pursued without success in the past.

The devil had never been so active and keen to make me break my covenant. One of these girls actually came to my home, stripped and tried to seduce me in a bedroom. I was 64 years of age and she was 33. I was tempted beyond the imaginable, but God reminded me of the covenant and I pushed her away shouting “NO” !!!

Chapter 9

A New Creation

A year before I became a Christian, Walid's mother in law came to visit her daughter in England.

Although Walid had been married to her daughter for many years, and their house was next door to mine, and had been staying with them for a while, we had never met.

One Friday evening as I prepared the champagne, lighting and music before a girlfriend arrived to spend the weekend with me... a disaster happened!

As I glanced into the large mirror in the sitting room, I was chocked! I had left my hair and my eyebrows dye on too long and it was now much darker than usual, my eyebrows looked like «Croucho Marks».

I panicked and ran to Walid's house, knocking strongly at the door:

«Walid open up! Open up quickly!»

The door opened and Walid's mother in law opened the door for me. Walid quickly introduced us:

«Dad this is Liliane's mother».

«Very nice». I replied, and then I said:

«And by the way Mrs, can you help me lighten my eyebrows? You must be good at that. It is urgent, my girlfriend

is coming any moment and she cannot see me like this – please hurry!»

So before she knew it, the mother in law found herself running all over the place trying to find the necessary products and started rubbing my eyebrows.

That was our first meeting, and a few days later, she left England and went back to Lebanon with memories she will never forget..

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

I was in one of those ‘Holy Spirit’ evenings when the pastor who does not know me, came and said:

«Brother, I see a vision where Jesus is standing right now in front of you with a sword in his hand asking you if you accept to take it?»

«Yes, yes, and I will use it with wisdom». I replied.

Then the pastor put his right hand on my chest and started shaking like a volcano while talking loudly in tongues. So I prophetically took the sword and hugged the pastor. As we were hugging each other we were trembling and groaning not knowing what was happening to us exactly.

I was feeling an awesome, holy and unbelievable sensation...

Through this vision, God was asking me if I would take His Word to the World.

God had taken away my sins, and was now asking me if I would be willing to go for Him.

«Yes Lord here I am! Send me!»

After that great experience I came running back to my son's house and began knocking strongly at his door. It was the same knock, the same time as the previous year when I first met Walid's mother in law - but a year later. But this time it was a different story! She again opened the door. So I ran into the sitting room where Walid, his wife and his brother in law were sitting 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. Repent! Repent».

Like a child so excited to have received a surprise gift from his father and who wants the whole world to know about it, I began preaching to them...

“Assuredly, I say to you, unless you are converted and become as little children, you will by no means enter the kingdom of heaven» (Matthew 18:3).”

The next day Walid's mother in law and his brother in law went on their knees and received Christ in their hearts. Walid's brother in law who had never met me before but knew about my past said to my son:

«If someone like your father is talking like that, then it must be true – especially since he seems so sincere and convinced».

Walid had prayed and believed the Lord for my salvation but he had not expected all this...

The day following my salvation he told his friends:

«If my father dies soon, that would make no difference to me because now I know he is saved».

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

Chapter 10

From The Bank To The Bible School

Life at the bank was gradually becoming intolerable. I suddenly found my working environment increasingly incompatible with my new faith. The devil tried hard through all kinds of ways to attack me.

Just three weeks after my conversion I had a clash with the board of directors which turned against me leading to my dismissal and breach of contract which I had to contest in court.

Within just a month, I lost my job, my friends, girlfriends and income.

During that period my son introduced me to «Kingdom Faith Church» in Horsham, England, where I found myself as a student in the Bible College at the age of sixty-five.

God was transforming this stubborn and proud banker into someone He could use for His glory. I found myself living in a 2x3 square meters room after having lived in luxurious houses and 5 stars hotels for twenty-five years.

Yet I was happier in that little room than in any of my precious houses.

From being wealthy and with many people under my authority, I was now serving in the cafeteria of the Bible

college. I was washing dishes, doing all kinds of work duties...and I had to pay for the privilege!

One day during a whole day conference I was on kitchen duty serving the guests who came from many countries. My son who was amongst them could not believe his own eyes as I served him food in the cafeteria.

Yet I was happier serving in the cafeteria than being served in luxurious houses and 5 stars hotels.

God was gradually proving to me that happiness cannot be found in the three main foundations I had built my life upon: **money, power and women.**

Chapter 11

The Court Case

While I was at the Bible school, Walid left England and went back with his family to Lebanon as a missionary. He planted a church and became the pastor of what is now «*King of Kings*» church in Lebanon.

Instead of living in London to fight the court case, God sent me to this remote Bible college in the country side in the middle of nowhere. I was not used to living like that, where I was not in control of everything. God wanted to teach me to trust Him.

Throughout the year at the Bible school, while working on my character, God spoke to me through prophetic utterances, dreams and especially visions.

He also spoke to me audibly once calling me by my name.

Here are some of the visions and prophesies:

Clarifications: concerning the area of dreams and visions. God deals with people differently. The Bible promises us that we shall see visions and dreams, however from experience I know that some people see visions and dreams and some do not, or see just a little of them. Why? I don't know. I personally

believe that in my case it was God dealing with me in a special way – perhaps because of my particular call and because I was a controlling, rational and stubborn man.

I believe that every dream, prophesy or vision needs to be carefully tested in the light of the Word of God – the Bible – and by respected men of God.

One should be quick to reject any vision that does not pass the test when checked with the word of God, with men of God and through confirmation.

Through prophesies, dreams and visions we can see and know only in part. Besides, there is also a devil who wants to confuse and mislead Christians through fake visions signs and wonders.

Nevertheless, the presence of the fake proves the real.

Sometimes it takes experience and spiritual maturity to reject the fake and embrace the real. However, dreams and visions that are from God are a great blessing. Common factors in most of my visions:

- They usually occur during my quiet time or during corporate worship.
- When a vision occurs I can see it whether my eyes are open or closed.
- They are very difficult to accurately describe in human terms.
- Shining stars, tangible clouds, sprinkling water, rays of light, the glory of God, are present in almost every vision.

The dreams visions and prophecies:

Regarding my court case; I prayed cried out to Him, wept at His feet for the heartache that all my ex friends and colleagues had turned against me. I had been born again just a few months, and I was struggling and aching about the court case and about my future. Then God spoke to me through a prophet who did not know me nor knew anything about my situation:

November 1996:

«Through you, I have broken strongholds at a time when you thought that you were on the verge of a great danger and defeat. Regardless of all the challenges facing you, it was me who gave you the grace so you will not be put to shame for I am the Lord your God. I made myself known to you, the God who is above all things. You have been agonizing and struggling on the inside crying out to me:

Lord! I want to draw closer to you but I am facing strong heaviness and struggles inside of me.

But I say to you that your later days shall be greater than your earlier days. I shall take care of your later days.

You are also telling me:

Oh Lord I do not deny that you have lifted me up, and honored me and broken strongholds through me and pushed aside my enemies but there is one thing my Lord: I do not have the energy and the alertness and the perfectness of

work that I use to have in the past and if you do not intervene yourself I shall be shaken.

But I tell you that I know what you are going through and I have a promise to you; I shall restore to you the energy you have lost and I shall touch you in a very special way. Although the devil is threatening to shake you but his plan shall never prosper.

Look at me, I shall show you my hand defending you for I am the just judge trust in my love. I shall vindicate you but after a period of time.»

As time passed things in the court were not turning in my favor as I lost two court hearings. I was consequently bitterly agonizing as I pleaded my case before God when He spoke to me again through a prophet:

«I know quiet well that many injustices happened to you because of the very bitterness in your past work. But I say to you that although the devil has succeeded to some extent to do you great harm, I will compensate you and prove to you that I AM the Lord, I AM the God of compensation. I will give you a proof that things will be changing for the better and not for the worse.»

A few days after this prophesy, I received mail from a high ranking officer of the bank where I use to work. In this envelope was another sealed envelope and attached to it was a small hand written note reading:

«It occurs to me that you would like this back to destroy it yourself! All good wishes».

This document (although ‘private and personal’) could have been misused by my opponents and would have been a decisive element against me in court should it have fallen into their hands.

My opponents through all kinds of investigations were scrutinizing all my files, for that kind of information.

The document in this sealed envelope was the cause of frantic concern in my life at the time. I had spent months praying and crying out to the Lord for it to somehow escape the eyes of my opponents.

God had said he would give me the proof that He was the Lord and that things would be changing for the better – and He did!

As soon as I opened this letter I fell on my knees praising the Lord and thanking Him.

Shortly afterwards, God confirmed to me what that prophet had said through a personal vision:

Monday 10th of June, 1996 (from my memoirs):

As I was in my room I could suddenly see the sky full of stars. Rays of lights were dancing and sprinkling everywhere above my head filling the sky. Mist appeared. It is an awesome, powerful and joyful atmosphere.

As I am trying to write this note I am grabbed by Holy laughter crawling on the floor unable to stand. Umbrellas of lights are filling the room and pouring their lights on me. Peaceful lights. I cannot hold myself from holy laughter. I

just heard in my spirit: «*The court case shall be won!*»

I am still crawling on the floor not able to stop the holy laughter. I took a moment to thank the Lord:

«*Thank you Jesus for you have spoken directly to me that the court case shall be won*».

That night, I crawled and laughed for two hours in the midst of stars, lights, mist...and glory.

As God pruned me and taught me to no longer rely on money, He began to lay on my heart an unexpected desire. He wanted me to sow into His church all the proceeds of the court case He was going to make me win and I pledged to give it all to Him.

Finally God vindicated me and honored me and I miraculously won the court case and received a compensation of about \$750,000.

So I obeyed Him and put all that was won from the court case into His kingdom.

Chapter 12

A Pressing Dilemma

I honored my deal with the Lord and I abandoned all my girlfriends. I also made Him the promise: «**No sex outside marriage**».

Few months after my conversion, this deal became a pressing dilemma for me and I cried out to the Lord:

«Lord I have a dilemma. I made you this promise, but this is very hard for me. I am only 65 years old, yet full of energy and physical desires. It is not my fault, for you created me this way. So find me a solution, this is your responsibility for I cannot take it anymore!

So find me a solution!

So please find me a wife, and quickly. I want this young beautiful lady from my past». So I told the Lord what I wanted and prayed. But there was no answer from the Lord.

Then I said to the Lord:

«I understand, she is not a believer. But Lord, use me to convert her and then I will marry her. And then both your problem and mine will be solved.»

I prayed & prayed but there was no answer. Then again I took my cause to the Lord:

«I understand, there is no certainty that she would be

converted, but Lord look at this other one, she is at the bible college, she is one of your daughters, she is also an intercessor, which could prove very helpful for my ministry. She will take care of intercession while I preach for you. We will serve you together as a team and what a testimony this shall be. So please give her to me as my wife. True she is older than the other one but I don't mind. Although she is 37, but I will accept».

I prayed and prayed but never heard a sound.

Then I said to the Lord:

«I understand from your silence that you want me to be courageous. You want me to take a bold step of faith. Fine with me».

I was not able to sleep that night meditating on the joy and excitement that were awaiting me the next day. So the next day, I went to her and said:

«The Lord told me that you are going to be my wife...»

She opened her big blue eyes in stupefaction and said:

«George, The Lord told me who is going to be my husband, and it is not you!»

My ego was deeply hurt that day as no one had said 'no' to me in the past.

One day I complained to the Lord:

«Lord I cannot stand it anymore! So I am going to open the Bible now, and you tell me from your Word, whom you are going to give me as wife»

(I know now that this is not the way one should expect God to speak. But I was a baby in the faith at that time and God exceptionally dealt with me according to the little knowledge I had).

I slowly opened the Bible and my finger went straight to Malachi 2:14:

«The Lord has been a witness between you and the wife of your youth, with whom you have dealt treacherously; yet she is your companion and your wife by covenant».

Then I heard in my heart God's voice speaking with fatherly authority:

«Go Back to the wife of your youth, the mother of your 4 children that you left and divorced 31 years ago».

«What'!. NO NO NO!», I shouted. «This is not you Lord, this is not you Lord»

I rebuked that thought and closed the Bible.

So I tried every possible way, knocking at one door after the other but all doors were shut in my face except one.

Finally I could not resist the Lord anymore. After 31 years of separation and divorce, I get remarried to the wife of my youth, the mother of my children.

The Lord reunited me with my wife, in England on the 31st March 1999 at the Registry Office followed by a blessing at Kingdom Faith Church in Horsham U.K.

God restored our family and most of my children as well as their families are now serving the Lord in Lebanon.

Our daughter Zeina attended the ceremony, and was the bridesmaid. I did not attend her wedding but she was so happy to attend mine.

God turned a pressing dilemma into a glorious family redemption for the Glory of His name and the blessing of so many.

Chapter 13

My Call

God spoke to me on many occasions through a vision and through various other means that he had called me primarily for the Middle East and the Arab World. However, in my flesh I did not favour the idea.

The following prophesy can best summarize the situation:

3rd of December, 1996:

«My son I say to you that I am well pleased with you. You thrill my heart, and I have this to say to you my son. Be and stay like a child. You shall become a mighty warrior, but you must remain like a child. This is like two sides of one coin. To be either you must be both. Stay as a child, come sit upon my lap, come rest your head upon my breast, come into my love. Come sit upon my lap often, come as a child. As you come I will make you a mighty tool in my hand and I will indeed use you among your brethren and in the 40/10 window. But you must come as a child and you must grow, you must allow time for Me to make you into that mighty warrior. I am well pleased with you my son and I want to tell you that you are right on track in My purposes for you. Keep walking in the

way that you are walking, you will fulfill my purposes for you, the works I have prepared especially for you.”

A vision in Lebanon

One of the clearest visions I saw was in Lebanon on a day when most of the few hundred Spirit filled Christians came together for a picnic and a joint service. I usually had those visions in England but now it happened in Lebanon – and it had never been so clear. I was there with the remnant of Lebanese Spirit filled believers.

As the praise and worship was going on and as the presence of God was filling that meeting that day, I saw, while my eyes were open, the same clouds, the same waters but there were millions of trees this time. Suddenly the trees turned into lights and were quickly spread all over the sky like stars who began to rain all over the region.

I knew it then and I am sure about it now that these visions have to do with the Middle East.

There is no doubt that revival is coming to the Middle East and the Arab world. A great multitude of people shall be saved in this part of the world and God is going to raise mighty warriors from Lebanon who shall travel all over the area (three hundred million people in this area have never heard the Gospel.)

I wept at His feet:

I saw this vision a few years after I graduated from the Bible school and after having been struggling in Lebanon during those years. I was in my Paris apartment weeping at His feet. I was crying out to Him and complaining about the hard time I was going through without seeing any considerable fruit and reminding Him of His visions and promises and purposes for me. I said:

«Lord, I am going to remain on my knees, weeping at your feet, until you tell me the meaning of these daily visions you are giving me.»

February 16th, 2000

I was weeping at His feet desperate to hear His voice... Then I saw the usual vision: stars, mist (white cloud), sprinkling water appeared stronger than usual and God spoke into my heart:

«The stars you see, these are the souls which will be saved through you. The mist is my Spirit which will be with you. The sprinkling water is for cleansing for I will be cleansing you.»

I had other visions that day which refreshed me and encouraged me greatly.

Chapter 14

Adventures With Jesus

I graduated from the Bible school full of zeal and fire. I never knew how much God had worked on me and changed me until I left the Bible college. God had called me to Lebanon and I knew it. However, I had to move between Europe, New York and Lebanon for a transitional period in order to sort out things from my previous life (like selling my house in England) before being based in Lebanon.

It was during that period that I learned to live in the miraculous: putting into practice what I had learned. Wherever I went, I led people to the Lord. Hardly a day passed by without having introduced at least one person to Jesus. The anointing for evangelism was clearly upon me.

Here are some of the stories:

A high ranking British clergyman receives Christ:

As I was in my house in Twickenham, trying to sell it and remove my furniture, all kinds of people were coming in and out on a daily basis, especially estate agents and potential buyers for my house.

One of those buyers was a high ranking clergyman. As we

were talking about the house, he introduced himself to me:

«I am Reverend... master of the royal Foundation of St. Catherine which was founded in 1184. I have 30 years of service and I report directly to my boss, to the Queen mother of the United Kingdom..»

«No the Queen Mother is not your boss...!» I replied, *«Jesus is your boss».*

Realising he was not born again, I challenged him to a debate. I said:

«You have been a clergyman for 30 years and I am a year old believer. Let us lock ourselves in a room until one of us convinces the other, who is walking in the truth».

So after a long chat I led this cleric in the salvation prayer. He raised his arms to the sky and praised Jesus! I laid my hand on his head and prayed for him. Once he was saved we continued the negotiation regarding the selling of the house.

He first offered me £440.000.- but I refused replying:

«No! The Lord said £460.000.»

Then later on he called me again through the estate agent offering me £450.000.- and I said to the estate agent:

«No The Lord said £460.000».

Then finally he offered me £460,000 and I accepted.

That evening the Lord gave me a wonderful vision and I was on the floor crawling and laughing and I knew that God was happy with me.

A Lebanese family received Christ:

Shortly after my encounter with that cleric, two Lebanese people knocked at my door. They had read the ‘SOLD’ sign but they were still interested in buying my house.

George and Honeine began to use all kinds of Lebanese tricks (of which I was expert prior to my salvation!) to persuade me to cancel my word to that “foreign English Clergyman” and sell the house to them, fellow Lebanese. They offered me a higher purchase price and told me I could save the agent’s fees also...and I would be patriotic.

However, each time I replied: *«No, I gave my word to him. And Jesus taught us, ‘Let your yes be yes and your no be no’. So no! I will not go back on my word.»*

And I shared Christ with them.

As George was leaving my house, he took my hand, kissed it and said:

«I believe in you!»

I immediately rebuked him:

«Shame on you! I am nobody don’t ever kiss the hand of any man!»

«What I mean is that I believe in the God in whom you believe», he replied.

George and Honeine gave their life to Christ and we became good friends. They visited me regularly each time with someone new who would receive Christ in his heart. One day they came to visit me with a member of the family

named Zeina and two children, aged four and five. They asked for my special coffee. But I replied:

«No! Salvation first and then coffee to celebrate».

So I preached Jesus to Zeina and within a few minutes she was repeating the salvation prayer after me.

Then I turned to the little girl and boy asking them if they wanted to receive Christ in their hearts. But they were frozen, silent, their lips sealed.

I went on my knees praying:

“Dear Lord! These beautiful children are your blessed children, touch them in Jesus name”.

Then the Holy Spirit placed a word on my lips and I heard myself saying to them: *«cakes»*. So I went to the kitchen looking for some cakes and guess who followed? the little girl. So I asked her:

«Do you want to receive Jesus in your heart?»

«Yes», she replied. She repeated the salvation prayer after me; and then I gave her the piece of cake.

When the little boy came to the kitchen, exactly the same thing happened.

As I was now joyfully preparing the coffee for the celebration, I heard some wonderful music coming from the sitting room. What could that be? The only musical instrument I had in the house was an old piano that Walid had bought before his salvation for just 90 pounds and sold it to me for 200 (making a profit out of his own father!).

I went to the sitting room and discovered to my amazement and to their parents' amazement a miracle: the two little

children playing on that piano.

I have never heard such glorious music. The music was heavenly and the glory of God filled the living room that day.

Within two weeks and through that family about twenty-two people were saved and I still have that old piano as a souvenir. My grand children now enjoy playing on it. After all it was worth paying 200 pounds for it.

A beggar and a leading French lawyer receive Christ

On my last day in Paris before travelling to Lebanon, I went to buy the usual newspaper and ice cream. I was walking down the street when the sight of a homeless beggar attracted my attention. He was sitting on the pavement, like a typical beggar except that his foot was bleeding, and he looked very gloomy and miserable even for a beggar.

So I turned around and sat next to him on the pavement while he was still begging:

«What is the matter? Why are you so sad?»

*«Sad! If only I can catch that ***** beggar!».*

«Why? What did he do to you?»

«He came yesterday pretending to be my friend and sat next to me. Then seeing the condition of my foot, he took advantage of the situation and grabbed the money I had collected for the day and ran off with it. I was sitting there unable to run after him.. That...»

At this time, the beggar had one purpose in life and one

purpose alone; «to catch the culprit and get his revenge». So I began to preach to him about the love of God and about forgiveness:

«*You are loved*» I said, «*Jesus loves you*».

At the end of the conversation he loudly forgave the other beggar and in tears repeated the salvation prayer after me, and surrendered his life to the Lord. Then despite his smell, his breath and his bleeding feet, we hugged each other warmly.

The sensation I felt was more than anyone can describe; as if Jesus has a particular love for beggars.

As I was leaving the Holy Spirit whispered in my ear:

«*Have you not forgotten anything?*»

«*Yes Lord*». I replied.

So I came back towards him, emptied my pockets and gave him all the money, which was much more than what he had lost the previous day.

As I hugged him again to leave, the Holy Spirit whispered again in my ears:

«*There is still one last thing you need to do*».

«*Yes Lord*». I replied.

He told me to buy a bible for that beggar. Not having anymore money left, I went to the bank to withdraw some cash and then found a bookshop to buy the Bible.

As I headed towards the till to pay for it, a well dressed man jumped the queue ahead of me. Feeling guilty, he turned around and told me:

«*I am sorry, but I am in such a hurry*», and he continued

his payment.

I replied:

«Do not worry at all. Take all the time you need, I have no problem whatsoever».

He turned around again with a question mark on his face:

«How can that be? I did not know that there are still people like you in Paris!»

«Do you want to know my secret?» I asked.

«Yes I do. he replied».

«Then pay and wait for me outside», I told him.

Suddenly, he was no longer in a hurry. We spent a long time having coffee together and then he invited me to his house. He turned out to be a rich leading lawyer on retirement. We became friends immediately and he later prayed the salvation prayer. For God there is no difference whether rich or poor, famous or rejected; everyone needs Jesus. I spent so much time with the lawyer that the beggar had left his usual spot. However, I managed to find him on another trip, still excited about the Lord and I gave him the bible. Serving God is so exciting!

Where did the anointing go?

Leading people to Christ had become a daily passionate routine. Taxi drivers were my favorites. It is very difficult to communicate with some taxi drivers in England. There is a window separating the clients from the driver, and there is a good distance between the client's seat facing the driver and

the driver himself. For one to preach to the driver, he needs to sit on the seat closer to him, bend towards him and then ask him to open the window separating the two.

That is not an easy exercise. However, many of the drivers would stop on the left, at the end of the ride. They would turn around and come and sit next to me repeating the salvation prayer after me and surrendering their lives to Jesus.

For some reasons, I feel I have a special anointing for taxi drivers. I remember on a visit to the UK, long after I had settled in Lebanon, I took a taxi and began to speak to the driver. Suddenly, the Holy Spirit gave me a word of knowledge for him and I said:

«I have come from Lebanon to tell you that Jesus loves you and he wants you back».

A few minutes later, at the end of the ride, he parked the car on the side of the road and Freddy, sitting next to me and all in tears, gave his life to Christ. Shortly afterward, on another visit to England, I called Freddy to pick me up at the airport, since he had become my disciple now.

On the way he said:

«George, many years ago I used to love God and was studying to become a priest. Then unexpectedly my father died, and then my sister followed him. I was so sad and bitter against God and I told Him: ‘God, for me you do not exist. I do not want to have anything to do with you’. Many years have gone by since. But two weeks before I met you, as I was going through a difficult period, I prayed the following prayer: ‘Lord if you exist, and if you want me to come back

to you, prove it to me!'. And God proved it to me the day I met you for the first time and you told me: 'I have come from Lebanon to tell you that Jesus loves you and he wants you back'».

Although I knew I was an evangelist, one day I fell into pride and God had to teach me a lesson. I was preaching to a taxi driver and a Christian friend was sitting next to me.

I was so proud of myself and as the driver was almost ready to receive Christ, I turned to the person next to me and told her: «*Finish it up*».

The moment I said these words, the whole spiritual atmosphere changed and the driver lost interest. For two weeks I felt dry... I could not lead any person to Christ. The anointing had lifted. I could not find the right words. It was horrible. I asked the Lord why and immediately the Holy Spirit reminded me of the day I grieved Him with my fleshly remark. So I went on my knees crying and repenting of my boasting and pride. Then the anointing came back. Ever since I am very careful not to grieve the Holy Spirit for without Him I am nothing. And I would go anywhere, at any time, to anyone, to tell him about Jesus.

During that period, God was training me and teaching me. Not only through dreams and visions, and evangelism but also in deliverance and healing.

Many people, possessed by evil spirits, were delivered with strong manifestation and vomiting as I laid my hands on them.

The invisible dagger:

Once I was preaching about spiritual warfare in an African church and the power of God was very strong.

Amongst those who came forward was a sorcerer who was weeping. Straight after the service he went to see the pastor in his office with a terrifying confession:

«When the preacher George made the altar call, I heard God telling me clearly:

“If you don’t repent now and give me your life you are going to die now on the spot”.

So I went to the altar, repented of my actions and gave my life to Jesus».

Suddenly, the man took off his clothes and the pastor was shocked to find a naked man in his office. But before he could do anything, the naked sorcerer put his hand into the inside of his body and took out a dagger out of his stomach without any sign of bleeding, and surrendered it to the pastor saying:

«With this dagger I killed many people...»

Few years later

As I was in the process of writing the book I decided to include the photo of the dagger in it.

Since it was filmed with a “video 8” handy camera I went to a special studio in Paris to transfer some photos of the dagger out of the tape.

Jerome the technician in charge set his various machines in order and fixed his screen on the photo of the dagger.

Everything seemed in perfect order but when he pushed the right button, nothing happened. Nothing printed... Nothing came out! He tried again and again but still nothing...

Jerome was amazed and said:

«This is impossible, this has never happened before, all the machines are in order».

«Do not be astonished this is spiritual» I replied;

«Do you see this dagger on the screen with this strange inscription? This is a demonic instrument». I then told him the story of that dagger.

«Look! The devil is trying to prevent the picture of that dagger appearing in my book as a testimony to the glory of God. I am going to pray now in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, and everything is going to work perfectly well. Do you believe in that?»

«No I am an atheist» he replied.

So I ignored his reply, put my hands on the machines and began rebuking the devil in the name of Jesus. But to my astonishment nothing happened.

So Jerome began changing cameras, switching machines without success. Pushing the right button without success.

Jerome was astonished as his machines were not working and I was even more astonished for neither were my prayers working. He changed his machines again, and I prayed again and we both failed.

As I was praying I could not avoid noticing an indescent

program being broadcast on a separate TV set. I seized the moment, turned to Jerome and told him:

«Listen to me very well, this is spiritual and you will never succeed by switching machines. Only the power of God can break it. However God cannot intervene in an atmosphere of sin and immortality. Switch the TV off and everything shall work immediately».

Jerome switched the TV off and instantly the machines worked and the photos finally came out. Consequently, the devil was defeated, Jesus was Glorified and Jerome the atheist gave his life to Jesus, on the spot.

An unexpected opposition

During the day I would be working for My Lord but at night He would be working on me.

From the first day I was saved, every night, in the bedroom where I happen to be, no matter what country it is, the room is filled by the Glory of God, in the form of a cloud. The density of the cloud is different every night. Sometimes it is light and sometimes it is very dense. It is like a living awesome moving cloud. Sometimes the cloud is so thick that I can barely see my hand behind it.

The nightly cloud experience is still puzzling my son Walid, but at least he does not tell me to go and have my eyes checked by an eye doctor anymore; especially since his own daughter Jennifer, and his sister Zeina and her two daughters Joelle and Danielle, can see the cloud when they enter my room.

I preach the none compromising word of the Lord, without fearing men, nor being embarrassed by people, nor bothered by those who are embarrassed because of me. My only concern is fearing the Lord and serving him obediently. I even rebuke my son when he is embarrassed because of me. I will let him share this story.

This is me Walid.

Every time I accompany my father to ministry I end up compelled by a strong conviction to repent as God is still doing His work of delivering me from my human wisdom. One day I went with my father to visit my cousin. It was not a normal visit of course, for there is nothing such as '*normal visits*' with my father. He either goes with the specific purpose of witnessing and ministering or he never leaves his room at all, to the exception of going to the Sunday service to the church I am pasturing, where he ends up ministering at the end anyway whether I ask him or not. And being my father I can never refuse of course. So I went alongside my dad and his strong determination but someone there was strongly determined to prevent him from leading my cousin and his friend to the Lord.

To his surprise the opposition did not come from a religious person, or fanatic atheist as is often the case but from my cousin's dog.

My dad reached the stage where he had my cousin, his friend, myself and him standing up, all holding hands. Whoever is receiving the Lord with my dad had to kneel but

on some rare occasions he will lead them to the Lord's prayer standing up as long as hands were being held; otherwise the salvation of the person might be in question.

One day as my dad was leading someone to Christ on the phone, which is a regular daily happening with him, the person at the other end of the line said to my father when he was asked to kneel:

«I cannot do it.»

«And why not», replied my dad with a serious tone.

«Because I am in the bus». answered the man.

There are no middle ground with my dad.

That day, at my cousin's house, whenever my dad was starting the salvation prayer, my cousin's dog would start barking in a strange way.

This happened three times. Whenever my dad had us close our eyes to repeat the salvation prayer after him, the dog would start barking at the exact place after my dad had uttered just few words. On the third series of barking, my dad could not take it anymore and I knew what he was about to do. I dared not open my eyes but I felt his hand leaving mine as he said to us:

«Stay standing up I will be back in few seconds».

Then I heard my dad rebuking the dog in his face with unprecedented vigor and authority:

«God gave us dominion over you, I command you to shut up (in Jesus name)».

My dad came back to the previous position while my eyes were still half closed out of embarrassment. I felt I needed to

repeat the salvation prayer myself after dad alongside my cousin and his friend.

Till today I am still not sure whether my cousin and his friend accepted the Lord out of fear or conviction.

Later on I asked my dad in the car on the way back:

«Dad why did you do that? I am sure my cousin and his friend did not understand what you did».

«But the one that needed to understand, understood», replied my dad.

Leaving the Ninety Nine

Jesus put humanity on hold for just few seconds for the sake of that criminal crucified next to him. Jesus compassion overcame his agony as He turned to the thief next to Him and said:

«Today you will be with me in Paradise».

There was so much Joy in heaven for that repentant thief. How often we get so involved and active in ministry that we cannot find the time to attend to the need of a one crying soul. But not with Jesus who leaves the ninety nine for the sake of one sinner. This is His compassionate heart, His loving nature. He is never too busy for anyone. I remember when I was on an evangelistic tour in Africa. I asked to minister in the main prison in Kinshasa, (Congo). The authorization was granted; and a precise date and time was fixed.

I was on my way to preach at this big prison where I was expected. I was so eager to be there on time and minister to

the men and women in prison. And as it is often the case, the devil tries by all means to stop God's plans. This time he decided to delay me by having the car that was taking me stop in the middle of nowhere. I heard a dreadful noise; a piece of equipment fell from the car to the ground and the car stopped.

This is not the first time that something goes wrong with the vehicle I am in. As a matter of fact this happens with me frequently, and every time I discover that God allows that to happen for a purpose. So when your car stops at some unexpected place, before you start rebuking the devil, try to ask what is God's purpose behind it. For God can easily prevent my car from breaking or stop moving.

I remember one day when I had come from a long drive on the highway and as soon as I parked my car, in front of my house, I heard a strange noise. The steering wheel was suddenly loose and came off in my hands as screws came falling between my feet.

The steering wheel box did not break on the highway but just after I was safely parked. The devil meant to harm me but God protected me all the way and showed me that He is in control.

I kept those screws as a souvenir

Anyway, the first thing that came to my mind in that desert place was that I cannot be late for the prisons.

I got out from the car and saw a piece of equipment broken

on the ground below the car. «*I am stuck*» I said to myself, when I noticed a little shop not far away from me.

A man came from that shop, looked at the car and said:

«*Hu Hu, I am a mechanic and I can repair this car in 20 minutes*».

While I was still wondering why God allowed my car to be broken just in front of that shop, I found myself surrounded by around thirty people who appeared from the middle of nowhere.. I was struck by the sight of a man with a big medallion around his neck with some demonic symbols engraved on it.

«*Come here, my friend, what is your name?*» I asked.

«*My name is Problem*», he replied.

«*Problem!*» I answered in astonishment.

«*Yes, that is the name my parents chose for me.*» he answered.

He took off the medallion and I trampled it under my foot, and prayed for him.

I led him to the Lord; and broke every curse upon his life and ordered the evil spirits to leave him by the authority and the name of My Lord Jesus Christ. He was freed and delivered, and found peace and joy that comes with salvation.

Then I said to him:

«*From now on your name is no longer 'problem' but your name shall be called 'blessing'*».

I ministered to the thirty men who all accepted Jesus as their Lord and Savior. It was not the devil but the Lord who made my car stop at that specific place.

He made thousands wait for the sake of these 30 souls looking for him, and especially the one particular soul whom God wanted to tell that he might be a problem for his parents, but for Him he is not a problem but a blessing.

The same way the Lord through a series of divine circumstances, mobilized Peter and caused him to stop everything for the sake of Cornelius, God caused me to leave the thousands for the sake of one person.

Chapter 15

My Daily Tour

Whenever I am in Paris, coming back from a crusade somewhere in the world, I drink my coffee at the same bistro, buy my vegetables from the same market etc..

I enjoy my daily tour because every time I leave my residence with expectation that somewhere someone is going to be led to Christ.

The Lord never failed to use me, although I fail Him every now and then by not being sensitive to his voice. There are more people crying out to God than our mind can think of, or eyes can meet. They are all around us and we need to pray for a spirit of wisdom and revelation every day before we leave our home for we are called to be fishers of men.

One day during my regular daily tour, I approached the lady cashier to pay for my vegetables. She is in her sixties but her misery made her look much older. This lady was suffering from a broken arm which for several month was not healing. When my turn in the queue came, knowing that my time was limited, I went straight to the point:

«It is not normal for you to suffer when I know someone who can heal you. His name is Jesus Christ. Would you accept Him as Lord and Savior?»

«Yes», she said to my surprise, without any hesitation.

While she was repeating the salvation prayer after me, I heard the cracking of the bones of her arm. God restored her bones and she began to move her arm in all directions to the astonishment of everyone there. One of her colleagues shouted, as I was leaving:

«*Bravo Monsieur!*».

I turned and immediately answered:

«*No! no! no! Not Bravo Monsieur!, but Bravo Jesus!*».

He nearly stole my joy by trying to steal the glory from Jesus and give it to a human vessel.

During the same tour on another day, when I reached ‘Place Victor Hugo’, a young prostitute approached me.

Before my conversion I would insult or turn my face from such women, but not anymore.

Now I wait for such an occasion as I have a more powerful proposal to offer women like that and deliver them from their misery. Before she could have the chance to speak I began to tell her about the Love of Jesus towards her; how loved and accepted she is if she only receives it for free. It was nearly a one sided conversation and it did not take too long before her eyes began watering. Nothing brings me more joy than seeing sinners being transformed by the power of the truth before my very eyes. Jesus hates sin but loves sinners. He came for them for as he said it is the sick that needs a doctor and not the healthy ones.

She received the Lord and renounced prostitution. I made sure she is followed up by a good church. She witnessed to

other prostitutes to the Glory of The Lord whose grace, love and mercy were greater than she ever could have imagined. She was suddenly overtaken by grace that day.

Chapter 16

And He Healed Them All

I noticed that often after God had used me in a powerful way during the day or after a crusade or a healing meeting that He visits me in a special way during the night. On some special nights, the presence of God in my room would be awesome. The cloud would be dense and a strong wind would be blowing above my head and in front of my eyes. It is like a strong wind, except that you can see the wind. I could spend hours with the wind and the cloud, until I fall asleep. Sometimes the special presence in this way happens the night before the Lord getting ready to use me the next day. That is why I know that something special is reserved for me the next day.

On May, 2009, I was asked to come to the home of a lady in the city of Jounieh in Lebanon. Four guests were with her. She had just left the hospital suffering from various problems and was unable to walk on her own. She had one leg shorter than the other further to an accident. She also had amongst other problems few diseases like diabetes. I held her two feet in my hand and prayed. While still holding her feet, we all saw the shorter leg grew to the level of the other one as the Lord was healing the lady. She stood up on

her own and walked normally to the amazement of all those present. Consequently all five people accepted the Lord as their savior and the Lord healed them all from various diseases. After few days the lady went to the Hospital for blood test. The results confirmed that the diabetes disappeared.

Praise The Lord.

“And the whole multitude sought to touch him: for there went virtue out of him, and healed them all»(Luke 6:19).”

This is not the first time when God healed all those present or healed all the diseases from a same person.

On November, 2009, I was preaching in a Church in France with an attendance of 100 people and God healed most of those present and needing healing.

A Lady of 86 years old came forward with two crutches. Her back was bending and one of the legs was shorter than the other due to a car accident. In addition she had arthritis. As soon as I laid my hand on her head, the shorter leg grew to the level of the other one. The arthritis was instantly healed and her back straightened. She came bent, hardly able to walk and full of diseases and left totally healed, walking straight and praising God. The Pastor's daughter could not attend that special meeting as she was at home suffering from asthma. She had an attack just before coming to the meeting. The Lord did not forget about her. I went

to the pastor's house prayed for her and she was instantly healed. She could not come to the meeting but God met her where she was.

I remember one time when I was ministering at a church in Atlanta. The Lord was healing people everywhere amongst the crowd.

The Cameraman was filming the service and those giving their testimonies. Then he left his camera and came forward to give his testimony:

«As I was filming all these people being healed and giving their testimonies I felt I was being left out and I said to the Lord: -I wish I was not filming so I could come forward for prayer, for I desperately need healing for my leg. As soon as I said this, the healing power of God touched my leg and was instantly healed».

Chapter 17

Obedience Is The Key

I enjoyed that period of transition traveling freely between Europe, New York and Lebanon. I enjoyed it so much in fact that when the time came for me to settle in Lebanon, I did not want to move. I always knew that God wanted me in Lebanon and the Middle East for something special but I always tried to stay in Europe. I was reluctant to go back to Lebanon. I had fled from Lebanon 34 years ago, never to come back again. Just as I resisted God before I gave Him my life, now I resisted His call upon my life. I wanted to do it my own way, place and time.

I wanted to serve him in Europe and the United States, but certainly not in Lebanon...

God did a great job on me, changing my heart, anointing me, teaching me to trust Him, however, He still had to work on my stubbornness. The old banker was still alive! There is protection in obedience. The best and safest place is in the will of God and His protection in a tangible way. He once saved me from a lethal accident on the motorway. I was driving my old Mercedes Benz on the M25 at 80 mph. Suddenly at full speed I bumped into the car on my right. While I was still turning the steering wheel to the right, the

car started moving to the left in the opposite direction, against my will – avoiding the contact of the crash.

After a short distance we both stopped at the side of the highway. Neither car were damaged nor was anyone hurt – only a small scratch on my car as a reminder – like my broken finger in the plane crash. I hugged the astounded englishman shouting:

«See what a miracle God has done!».

Stories like that were common to me as long as I walked in obedience.

All the time in my heart I knew that God had called me for the Middle East.

While in Lebanon, Walid was urging me to come to Beirut where I was so badly needed, but I refused. I used to visit him every few months to give him a helping hand, but after a short while I would go back to either Paris, London or New York.

However, during that period something strange was happening to me. Every time I disobeyed God, every time I was outside Lebanon, I would be sick and as soon as I came back to Lebanon I would be healed instantly.

God was warning me clearly but still I was resisting Him. I was still very stubborn. I did not take the warning seriously, even after seeing God's protection being lifted off me while I was outside Lebanon...

In October 1997 in New York, my blood pressure began to rise suddenly until it reached 23.5 - 13.5. I was rushed in and out of the hospital by ambulance three times. As soon

as I was out my blood pressure rocketed up and I had to go back in. As the ambulance was on its way to fetch me for the third time, I felt like I was going to die, and I was shaking like a leaf. I called my son Walid in Lebanon at 2:00 a.m., his time, and I began to dictate to him my will...

But he rebuked me, refused to take notes seriously, cut the conversation short and started interceding and groaning for me in the Spirit. 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 five over zero. By solving one problem they were now facing another more serious one. That meant imminent death or permanent brain damage.

I found myself surrounded by doctors and nurses getting agitated and doing so many things to me. It was exactly as 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, to you I surrender my soul and my spirit».

I hereby testify that when a born again believer is facing death, two things are certain: there is no fear of death and there is no doubt about salvation. I knew without a shadow of doubt that I am saved and that I would 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 in my spirit the Lord telling me:

«Son, do you want to go to your eternal home in heaven

now, or do you want to go and serve me in your temporary home in Lebanon where I called you to be? ».

«*Ok Lord*», I replied «I will serve you in Lebanon, I will go back to Lebanon for good this time».

I had to stay another 4 days in the hospital before being dismissed. During this time the Lord allowed me an experience that would remain with me always.

I was in a very small room in the emergency wing, in pain, unable to move, with tubes running into my body. I was alone, with friends and family thousands of miles away. They did not even know which hospital I was in or how they could reach me.

I was not totally alone in that small room and just half a meter away, was another patient. A patient who shouted and asked the nurse for some painkillers, but the nurse refused for his condition would not permit him to take any medicine. They argued for a while and when the nurse asked him to give her some urine in order to perform some tests he refused. He began to bargain with her trying to strike a deal.

He told her he would give her some urine only if she would give him some painkillers first. The two argued while I lay there suffering physically, spiritually and emotionally. The tragedy did not stop there and I was transferred to another tiny room in the hospital. Although the tiny room could barely fit one person, I became aware that there was another patient a few centimeters from me with a tiny curtain between us.

This patient had brought his boyfriend to spend the night in the same bed with him... that did not seem to bother the

nurse too much.

And they spent the night together while I was awake and unable to sleep, move or find enough air to breathe. That long night I meditated on God's warning...

The following day my situation improved drastically and my other son Fady came unexpectedly from Lebanon to join me in New York. He miraculously made his way to me in the hospital. Within a few days, as soon as I recovered, I booked on the first plane to Beirut.

As my son helped me to prepare for my departure to Beirut, I began to shake like a leaf for the last time. I did not know whether I should board the plane or head for the hospital. It was a hard decision to make. However, I trusted God, prayed, took a step of faith, went to the Kennedy Airport and boarded the plane on a wheelchair.

If God said '*Lebanon*' he would take me safely back there. I arrived to Lebanon with my various blood controlling medicine which I was now supposed to be taking all my life. Soon after my arrival, my blood pressure improved drastically and to the amazement of my doctors I took a step of faith and stopped all the medicines, and my blood pressure remained like that of a young boy!

However, not even that lesson was enough for me as I kept looking back, finding a deal or a compromise with God. The old banker was still alive in me.

I was interpreting God's words my own way. Maybe God did not meant it this way. Maybe he wanted me in Lebanon for just a short while, I used to say to myself. I was stubborn

and always wanting to twist God's arm. And God had to teach me obedience the hard way.

In September 1998 I received terrible news! 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 he would advise me to operate and operate now to discover whether it could be contained and removed or whether it was too late to prevent the spreading of the disease.

I was shocked – I had cancer in my body. What about my call! The visions...

Chapter 18

Divine Appointment at Hospital

I knew that I should not take any step without consulting God and making sure that I was walking in obedience. The greater the call the greater the obedience required. So I asked my son and the whole church to pray for me. I repented and surrendered completely to God.

Two nights before the operation was due, my son baptized me in the bathroom of the church. I who had planned to get baptized nowhere else except at Pensacola in the US, at the 'Assembly of God' Church which was in revival. I wanted to be baptized before thousands of people but I found myself being baptized in that little bathroom before a handful of people.

The operation went perfectly well, the spread was caught just on time. The doctor on whom we laid hands and prayed before the operation was amazed and admitted that God's hand was in it. I recovered quickly, perfectly healed. Since then I know the importance of my obedience and the importance of my call.

As long as you walk in obedience making yourself available to serve God, He will use you constantly and sometimes in the most amazing circumstances. A day after

the four hour operation, I was lying on my bed, unable to move without assistance and attached to many wires and tubes. Around 9:00 p.m. that evening while sleeping, I was awakened abruptly.

«Is that you Lord? What do you want from me?» I asked.

But there was no answer. My body was exhausted from the operation and crying out for rest, so I slept again. For the second time I woke up suddenly, only to fall asleep again.

When the same thing happened for the third time, I paused and asked the Lord:

«Oh Lord why are you awakening me like this?»

As I asked him the question I realized that the light in the room was still on and I rang the bell for the nurse to come and switch it off. As I waited for the nurse, a man came by instead and said to me:

«I am not supposed to answer your call, but I was passing by, so I came myself. By the way, sir, can I ask you a question?»

«Yes». I replied.

«Are you a priest?»

«No I am not. Why are you asking?»

«Well, I am the one who pushed your trolley to the operating theater yesterday and I could not help noticing the wooden cross attached to your white gown. I also noticed that until you lost consciousness in the operating theatre, you never stopped praying in a strange language that nobody understood. And the second you came around from the operation, while still dizzy you mumbled, ‘Jesus

was present during the operation guiding the hands of the surgeon'. That was the first thing you said! Besides, you removed all the pictures in your room and put up a cross instead – not to mention the Bible which is always on your bed. That is why I asked whether you are a priest».

«I am not a priest. I am an evangelist» I replied. And I started to talk to him about the love and power of Jesus.

Intrigued, he told me:

«Sir, I studied Theology for six years in order to become a priest, but I did not complete the seventh and final year for ordination. However, I never heard words like these before. I am a teacher of religion in four schools during the day, and during the night I work in this hospital. My job is to sleep for the night on the couch in the room of the newly operated people who require company or assistance. I would like to hear more from you but I cannot as I am on duty. But if you want to book me for tomorrow night, then I can come back and sleep in your room and the hospital will charge you \$40. This way I can listen to more of your strange teaching!»

«You are booked» I replied.

On the way out, he popped his head around the door and said:

«By the way sir, why did you ring the bell? What was it you wanted?»

«To ask you to switch the light off.»

He did so and this time I slept like a baby, uninterrupted the whole night.

He came back the following evening but this time he was

officially on duty to stay with me all night. So I ministered to him for over an hour and then asked him:

«Do you want to surrender your life to Jesus and make Him Lord of your life?»

«No not yet» he replied; *«I want to think about this whole matter. I am not sure I am ready.»*

«Fine, sleep on the couch, and If, and when you are ready, wake me up any time».

At around 4:00 a.m. he woke me up saying:

«Sir, I am ready now».

«Okay, then please help me to sit up», I replied.

He carefully and gently lifted me up in the bed without dislodging any of the tubes that were attached to my body. Then he knelt, bowing his head and said:

«I am ready now to receive Jesus».

I put my hand on his head and led him through the ‘salvation prayer’ to give his life to the Lord.

Then he stood up, born again, tears in his eyes and a smile on his face and said with deep sincerity:

«My eyes are opened now».

And he began teaching, in the four schools where he works, on the salvation by Jesus Christ and the new birth.

Chapter 19

Religion The First Enemy

Since boyhood and even before my salvation, I always had very high regards for my mother – my father having died. I always took care of her and visited her each time I was in Lebanon. I believe this love for my mother was the only thing to my credit through those years.

My brothers and sister had remained in Lebanon and were living a relatively normal life. I was the only one in the family who had challenged the status quo and left Lebanon for a better life elsewhere – and succeeded. I was considered by the family as the big adventurer, the rebel who rejected traditions and religion, the hero who succeeded and the godfather of all. When God invaded my life in March 1995, I immediately called my mother, brother and sister and asked them to go gather their families and their children's families for a meeting. I went to Lebanon especially to tell them my testimony of what God had done for me.

I arrived, my Bible under my arm with total confidence that they would all be converted in an instant. I could not wait to see them crying tears of joy as they fell on their knees accepting the Lord and shouting in amazement. «*George! you are a hero!*». Amazed they were indeed! So amazed

that they took me for a fool and it wasn't long before I was being rejected, rebuked, mocked and ridiculed by them all that day. I was surrounded by angry faces, I don't blame them as I realized that the traditions and rituals of religion can hide the Word of God and blind the eyes of good people. Nevertheless, shortly after this historical family meeting, the prodigal son knelt beside his 90 years old mother and led her in the salvation prayer.



With Elias Sarkis the President of Lebanon



With Isabella PERON, President of Argentina



My home in Twickenham near London



The end of my garden bordering the river Thames



I had it all: Power, Money and Women





A life of luxury





Meeting of the Board of Directors of one of the Banks that I founded



Meeting of the Management Committee of another of the Banks that I founded



*The dagger extracted by the naked sorcerer from inside his body
without any sign of bleeding*



My ordination by Reverend Colin Urquhart





The remarriage ceremony, to my previous wife, the mother of my children, after 31 years of separation and divorce.



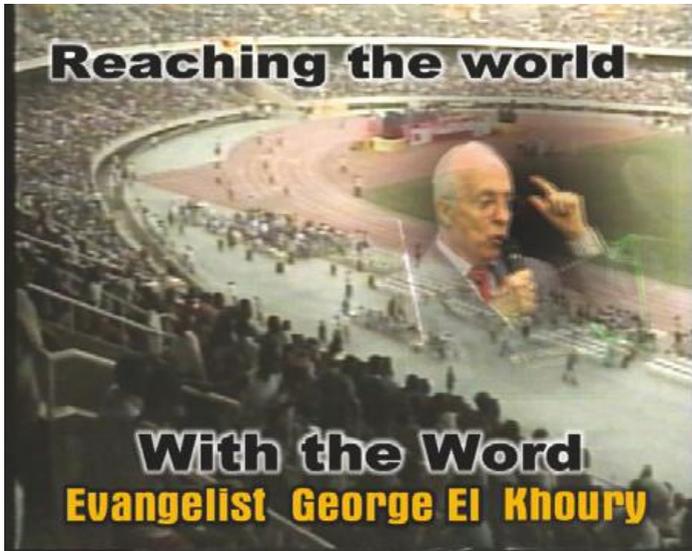
Our daughter Zeina was the bridesmaid



*God restored my family:
My wife, my 3 sons, my daughter and their families.*



A happy Grandfather with My seven grandchildren



*The Lord is sending me all over the world to preach
His Word and my testimony*

Chapter 20

What no eye has seen

Twenty two years have passed since I gave my life to Jesus and decided to follow him from the bottom of my heart. I was 65 years old then, still full of energy and on fire for the Lord, travelling the whole world for my master.

But today I am 87 years old... Yet I can identify with Caleb when he said to Joshua:

«I am this day 85 years old. Yet I am as strong today as I was the day Moses sent me; as my strength was then, so is my strength now for war and to go out and to come in» (Joshua 14:10-11).

I am as on fire today as I was the very first day I was born again, and signs and wonders are following me everywhere I go ministering in the name of Jesus, as His spirit is continually renewing my strength like the eagles. I preached to hundreds of thousands of people, in large crusades, and every time, God confirms His Word by signs and wonders, by salvation, deliverances and miracles of healings. Every time I see the hand of the Lord when people on wheelchair start walking and crippled people throwing their crutches.

Most of the healing happens on a one to one prayer, as I lay my hands on them. Most of the people who come forward

are healed but few are not. Why? only God knows.

I even saw in some of the meetings God Healing all the sick and crippled people present.

Although I preached to hundreds of thousands of people whether in person or on TV, I never refuse a request to come and share my testimony or preach to anyone who is willing to listen.

If a day or two passes without ministering to someone somewhere whether for a huge crowd or just one soul I get bored, tired and purposeless.

I find power and energy in ministry even when it lasts for many hours at times. It is not unusual for me to minister in meetings for 9 hours in a row. And even then, people did not want to leave.

Nothing else means anything to me. I feel like Jesus when he told His disciples:

«My food is to do the will of the Father who sent me».

This is the only thing that quenches my thirst and bring satisfaction to my spirit.

When I am ministering, rivers of living water flows out of me and I am never thirsty again, only for my spirit to start panting for water the next day if I am not ministering. I will summarize my life with the Lord by the following verse:

“What no eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man imagined what God has prepared for those who love him” (1 Corinthians 2:9).

**To God be
all glory and honor
and praise**

Yes oh Lord, I will be Your Banker on earth.

The Choice is yours now...

Do you want God to reveal Himself to you, touch you with His power, fill you with His joy and peace that surpasses understanding; and wash away all the sins of your past?.

Do you want to be born again by the Spirit of God and become a new creature and have the assurance of salvation, knowing that when you die you will go to be with the Lord for ever in Glory?

Then pray this prayer from the bottom of your heart:

«Lord Jesus, I believe that you are the son of the Living God. That you came on to earth as a man and died on the cross for the forgiveness of my sins. I believe that you arose from the dead and you live forever. Lord Jesus, I am a sinner, I open my heart to you and ask you to forgive me all my sins. I give you my life and want to follow you all the days of my life».

If you prayed this prayer from the bottom of your heart,
you can contact me on the following:

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THE BANKER OF GOD

**You Shall know the truth
and the truth Shall set you free
John 8:32**