

With one set of X-rays in hand, I arrived at John Muir Hospital in Walnut Creek, California. I was greeted at the emergency ward by my medical doctor and an orthopedic surgeon whom I had never met before. With a new set of X-rays to compare, I heard the doctors confirm the broken back in two places and potential other damage.

I heard the orthopedic surgeon say, "I don't want to touch him until we run him through the bone scan machine." As God would have it, the machine was down and not expected to be running until the next day. This gave time for many FGBMFI and church friends to come by the hospital to lay hands on me and pray the prayer of faith.

When everyone had gone a nurse came into my room to say that the bone scan machine was fixed. They would be taking me down in about 20 minutes. I cried out to God, "Lord, I believe You want to heal me. What do You expect of me?"

I did not anticipate the answer I received from God, "Get off the drugs. They are blocking My healing for you!" I knew the pain my body was in and how the morphine was numbing that unbelievable pain. I wrestled with God on this until I said "Yes" to Him.

He then gave me two verses of scripture: "A righteous man may have many troubles, but the Lord delivers him from them all. He protects all his bones, not one of them will be broken" (Psalms 34:19-20).

I received the word and promise of the Lord for my need as they rolled me down the hall to the bone scan machine. The next morning the orthopedic surgeon came to my hospital doorway and said, "John, you can rise up and go home, you've been healed."

I had been a Spirit-filled Christian for about four years. This miracle reminded me of several times many years before, that God tried to get my attention by saving my life. But I brushed it off as just a coincidence or "knocks on my heart" and continued my downward spiral to the bottom.

I went to church most of my life. But it was just a place to go to see my friends. I quit going when I turned 18.

My family has been in the dairy industry for over 100 years, beginning in 1888 when my great grandfather operated a couple of ice cream and candy stores in Manhattan, New York, making his own ice cream and candy. My grandfather started the first dairy co-op in Tennessee. My uncle owned one of the largest ice cream novelty plants in America.

The only god I knew was the god of business. My life was way out of balance. I fooled myself into believing excessive travel commitment to business was for my family's best interest. This was and is a lie. It was a road that led to destruction without God.

I moved to Santa Barbara, California in 1978 from Atlanta with hopes that with less travel, I would have time to work on my rocky road marriage. But it wasn't the travel that was the key to my problems; it was the lack of having any kind of a relationship with my Creator.

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One of the choice accounts to have in my industry was the fast-growing Dreyer's Grand Ice Cream in Oakland, California. As I was calling on them, they shared a manufacturing problem they had. They asked if I would like to work on it. Their current supplier had said, "There is no way to solve this problem under current conditions."

I jumped at the chance. I prepared for several months on the formulation problem. I felt I was ready to go in and live at the plant until I solved the problem and got the business.

Not knowing the Lord, I did a strange thing, even for me. On the morning I was to start around midnight making ice cream mix, I asked Jesus to go with me and help me...and He did! Still an unbeliever, I sensed His presence with me for the four weeks I was there. I wound up with the business.

Little did I know that my problems were just beginning, due to my unbelief. I was a man going downhill fast. My life was out of control. I reached the bottom rung of the ladder of life. One year later, with a divorce, I resigned from my job and was contemplating suicide.

At this point in my life, I had not been to a church for twenty years except on holidays. Through a counselor, I was recommended to a local church. Several weeks later, I found myself knocking on the church door on a Sunday morning, as I had shown up too early. Soon, a stately woman opened the door and invited me into the kitchen. She looked exactly like my godly grandmother who had died 20 years earlier, but had always prayed for me.

Sitting on the back pew that Sunday in October, 1980, with tears streaming down my cheeks and my hand raised, I gave my life to Jesus. I discovered a peace, joy, and love that I cannot describe. I knew that I knew this was truly home. This was where I belonged and "like a tree planted by the waters, I shall not be moved."

A year later, the Lord instructed me to get back into the industry that He had trained me in. I sent out several resumes, but they came back with a red "NO". A couple of weeks later, with perfect timing and peace, I received a call from an executive with Dreyer's Grand Ice Cream who said, "We're looking for someone with your ability. Would you be available to come for an interview?"

The next week I found myself confessing Jesus before seven executives of Dreyer's Grand Ice Cream and giving Him the glory that was due Him for solving the manufacturing problem two years earlier. I soon accepted the position as flavor developer and official Taste Tester.

It was not long after that I joined the local FGBMFI chapter and was able to attend my first men's camp in Southern California. This was an awesome experience for me as I had never been with hundreds of men worshipping Jesus with such love in the Spirit before. Wow, I thought this must be what heaven is all about as it was the most glorious three days of men fellowshiping that I had ever experienced.

I saw for the first time the Body of Christ. There was such a sweet unity in the Spirit.

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