

ESCAPE FROM THE GALLOWS

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I was born and brought up in Hungary. When at primary school I was taught about God, Jesus and the Bible, I accepted it all without questioning. In high school we were taught that the Bible is the absolutely reliable Word of God, however, when the Church was well established, the age of miracles was finished. I believed that too. Soon I began to experience unmistakable answers to my prayers, which helped to build up my faith and trust in the Lord. This process continued slowly. At this stage I had no idea what a close relationship with the Lord and life in His power really meant.

The time came when my faith was seriously challenged. During the war in 1944 I was in my first year at university when the Soviet army was pursuing the retreating Germans and their allies within Hungary. Men within the age bracket to be called up into military service, but were considered politically not reliable and not trusted to have weapons in their hands, were thrown into military labour camps, including myself and my cousin. The idea was: treat them as POW's, use them as long as they can work, but if they won't survive till the end of the war, all the better.

For five months we were stationed in and around the capital, Budapest. However, when the front approached Budapest, we were told that our unit would be transported to somewhere in the West. We anticipated that as Germany would be nearing collapse, there would be turmoil and political mass killings. So, better escape now, even risking the death penalty, if caught. God provided a convenient way of escape. We acquired new identities and found a job in a small biscuit bakery in a suburb. For accommodation a relative sent us to an old widow in an outer suburb, who took in lodgers, but she had no vacancy. She sent us on to her friend, who put us up in her lean-to laundry. Soon the authorities wanted every able-bodied man, who did not have an essential job, to join the army. Our bakery job did not qualify as such, but then we acquired forged documents that we were assistant firemen in another suburb.

The next day on the street we met a group of armed Nazi activists, who were encouraged to execute army deserters and draft dodgers. They suspected our true identity, promptly captured us and escorted us into their office to check our documents. We were in great danger, because we had also unfinished forged documents in our pockets. First we showed genuine documents, but their leader suspected them to be forgeries. At the same time another henchman interrogated a lad also captured. After being beaten he admitted he was an escaped labour camper. They told him he would be hanged. Then we showed another genuine paper certifying where we stayed, signed by our landlord and authenticated by the local police. At this the face of our interrogator turned into a friendly smile: "I see you're OK I am sorry." We were free!! Praise the Lord!! What happened, was that our landlord was a staunch Nazi, a trusted friend of this mob. Unbeknown to us the Lord had led us into a lion's den and hid us behind the lion's back! In this way He had made arrangements for our rescue long before we got into this danger. By then the besieging army advanced much faster at the opposite side of the city, in the area where a friend of our parents lived. We rang him up and he agreed to have us, so we decided to move over there. In the meantime aerial and artillery bombardment intensified and all public transport ceased; people had to walk.

On our way we had to cross a bridge over the river and the bridgehead was guarded by a sentry. After our incident with the Nazi mob this looked dangerous. About 2 metres in front of us two soldiers were walking and chatting, turning to each other. Seeing their faces, we were frozen stiff with terror: they were part of the team guarding us in the camp! What now? If they looked back for any reason, we were as good as dead. But turning round suddenly and going back would attract the sentry's attention, an even more dangerous possibility. We looked to the Lord for guidance and felt inspired to trust Him and go on. The soldiers stopped at the sentry, discussing something with him. So we walked past behind their backs, unnoticed. Praise the Lord!! After many more incidents, narrow escapes, the war was over. When I returned home, I found that my parents have been abducted by armed men and were never seen again.

Our house was ransacked and made uninhabitable. At the age of 19 I had to start a new life, make a living, looking after my ageing grandmother and somehow continue my university studies. An impossible task, only made possible by the Lord's ongoing help.

By the time I graduated, the communists were firmly in power, making life again more difficult. Still, God provided a good job for me in the field I was most interested in: ultrasonic engineering. He also led me to Klara, a lovely Christian girl, and we got married. After many reorganisations I had another good job in ultrasonics with the State Railways. When I was able, I bought an old car. At the first Sunday afternoon we went on a trip to the hills on the far side of the city. On top of a hill I touched the brake the pedal and it hit the floor with no resistance! The handbrake had no effect either, but there the ground being level, when I switched off the engine, the car stopped. Not a drop of brake fluid was left! The family got out, while I tried in vain to work out in the middle of nowhere, what to do. Then I sat back and prayed simply: "Lord Jesus, help me somehow!"

Without thinking I stepped on the brake pedal again and it felt solid as normal. I could hardly believe it and tried it again: it was OK! I road-tested the brakes: perfect! So, trusting Jesus, I drove home down the steep hill, through city traffic, the brakes working perfectly every time when needed, without any fluid. Next weekend with my DIY friend we found the leak and repaired it. After some years I was transferred from my good position, which was under the supervision of one management Department, to another position, under another Department. Here the conditions were much less pleasant and I prayed desperately to find another job. But God said: "No. Stay put!" Later on this place turned out to be of indispensable advantage, a blessing in disguise.

An opportunity arose for me to give a paper at an international conference in Belgium. In connection with my talk God arranged an interview for me with a Professor at Birmingham University, who subsequently found a sponsor and offered me a year's fellowship. All I needed now was permission from the Hungarian authorities to take up this offer. My application had to be approved first by my immediate boss, then at every level up to the Minister of Transport. This took about 10 months. On one occasion, when I was in the Railways' Headquarters walking along a corridor, I passed by the boss of my previous Department in discussion with a colleague. During the few seconds I was within earshot, he said a short sentence from which I realised, he would never have signed my application. Thus God made it clear to me, why did He have me transferred to a position under another Department.

By then my grandmother was dead and shortly before I was due to leave, my mother-in-law died. My wife and son were not allowed to come with me, but I was promised, they shall join me for my last month in England. After they arrived, I went for immigration to the Australian High Commission. "O.K, but you must wait for in the queue for six months" they said. As our British visa expired in three weeks, this was not possible. With the help of God through too many complications to describe here, we got permission to stay in Britain indefinitely. Without searching, again by the Lord's arrangement, I was offered a job on a plate, one that suited me ideally: ultrasonic engineering at Loughborough University. After several years I learned from a visiting Evangelist that there was never such a thing as "age of miracles (i.e. in biblical times)". There is only a God of miracles, who never has, and never will, change! Soon we joined a charismatic house fellowship and I was baptised in the Holy Spirit. Then Jesus began to work in our lives more powerfully and obviously.

One night I woke up with a pain in the lower part of my body. As it grew excruciatingly strong, Klara woke up and, seeing the situation, rang the doctor on call. He made a tentative diagnosis and called an ambulance. By then I was paralysed from the waist down. In the hospital the doctor on night duty said, the local doctor's diagnosis was wrong, but she didn't have a clue, what it really was. Klara stayed at home. Praying, she bound Satan in the name of Jesus three times, then looked at the clock: it was 4 o'clock. Exhausted, she fell asleep. In the hospital my pain slowly eased and I dosed a bit on and off. Suddenly I realised, it was all over, and I was OK. I looked at the time: it was 4 o'clock! In the morning the registrar

examined me and couldn't find anything wrong. He ordered all possible tests. All were negative and I went home.

Then on a few occasions when walking our dog, Satan wanted to hurt me by a stronger dog threatening our dog. However, whatever I quietly commanded in the name of Jesus, like: "Go away!" "Don't come any closer!" etc., the strange dog had to obey. In our Bible study fellowship we gradually learned a great deal about life in the Spirit from Scripture passages which in my school days were never taught, in sermons never preached. We learnt also much about using the gifts of the Spirit and spiritual warfare in practice. Here are a few examples. A student of mine developed such a bad duodenal ulcer that in spite of two operations, medication and dieting, he suffered a lot. After our ministering the Lord healed him.

A friend of one of us was deeply depressed even after two stints in hospital. Following ministering she threw away her tablets and never looked back. We were driving with Klara from England to Spain to attend a conference in Madrid. Approaching the French/Spanish border I had to pump the brakes more and more to make them work, a sure sign of imminent complete failure. Attempting to cross the mountains with unreliable brakes would be extremely dangerous. It was Saturday noon and not much chance to have the faulty part replaced before Monday, yet we had to arrive in Madrid by Sunday night. After prayer I felt Jesus saying: "Don't be afraid, just drive on. I am with you, nothing will happen." So we drove on, through mountains, Madrid streets, after the conference to a holiday resort, back home, about 3000 km, without any more pumping of the brakes.

A professor colleague of mine suddenly acted in an unreasonable way, obstructing the work of many of us. With a Christian colleague we recognised Satan's hand in the matter and bound him in the name of Jesus. Within a few days the professor came back completely changed and all problems were solved in a friendly atmosphere. When his marriage blew up, a student of mine asked me in despair to help. They were devout Buddhists from the Far East. I passed their problem on to Jesus, then had a counselling session with them. After a Spirit-led 90 minutes they left as a newly wed Christian couple with tears of joy. Three months later they were baptised.

A friend rang me. His sister was in hospital with liver cancer and three days earlier the doctor gave her four days to live. She couldn't eat and was only sustained by intravenous drip-feed. She was terrified, asking everyone possible to pray for her. I felt, Jesus wanted me not to simply pray *for* her, but *with* her, indeed to minister to her. My friend asked her whether she would agree and next day we visited her. This was the day the doctor expected her to die. She had been a Christian, but married an atheist and gradually neglected God. She was extremely weak, obviously very close to death. After prayers and Bible reading in the name of Jesus we laid our hands on her and anointed her with oil. After three days she began to eat, gaining strength. After three weeks she was home, walking up and down the stairs unaided! Subsequently she and her husband embraced Jesus as their Lord and Saviour! There were too many interesting incidents to describe here.

As the years went by I began thinking about retiring and at last leaving Europe for Australia. I already had a few relatives there. In the meantime our son, Paul, grew up and met a girl from New Zealand, whom he soon married. We all went to New Zealand for the wedding, then had a holiday in Australia. There Paul looked round for a job and found one which suited him ideally and the manager agreed to wait for him to arrange immigration. In the following year I took an opportunity to retire three years early, so we could follow them. Jesus arranged everything like clockwork. Our immigration was approved much sooner than we expected and when we put our house on the market, the estate agent found a buyer even before the first advert appeared. There was one hitch: my Head of Department insisted that I should work till the end of the academic year, i.e. the end of next June, but this was a blessing in disguise. I received my salary for another six months and had time to fight successfully for the redundancy payment I was entitled to. Because of the arrangements we had already made we had to leave before Christmas and I was to return early January and stay with a friend.

In Sydney we stayed with Paul while looking for a house. We found a nice house at an affordable price in a nice and convenient location and we signed the contract about an hour before I had to go to the airport. When a new Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship chapter was set up locally, I joined it. Over the years I served on the Committee in various positions, now as President.

Klara needed an eye examination. The ophthalmologist prescribed new spectacles, but said: "You may not notice it yet, but in the left eye there is an incipient cataract." I prayed regularly for healing. At the next eye test the optometrist prescribed new glasses, but couldn't see any trace of the cataract! A few years later a muscle in Klara's thigh caused recurrent problems. We saw another doctor further away, who found her right leg shorter than the left by about a centimetre.

Klara was sitting on a chair with legs outstretched, the doctor holding her heels. He prayed, then, as he commanded in the name of Jesus this leg to grow to the same length as the other, it shot out instantly to the right length! Many years have passed since then and the pain never returned.

Once Klara rapidly became weaker and weaker, tiring more and more quickly. We saw the same Christian doctor. He found a bad leak in the aortic valve, so much of the blood flowed back and the heart had to work a lot harder. E.C.G. confirmed the resulting enlargement of the left ventricle. Without implanting an artificial valve, within a year we can expect a massive heart failure. When he told the diagnosis, he added: "But don't worry, this illness is for the glory of God. First we will document it by x-rays and ultrasonic examination, then we will pray for a new heart valve." We went home and prayed, then made appointments for the specialist examinations. She began to improve straight away and x-rays, ultrasonics and a new E.C.G. all showed her heart had been healed.

A friend in his 70's developed a rapidly progressing angina. A by-pass operation was considered and a coronary catheter examination was performed. Unfortunately the procedure loosened and dislodged plaques from the aorta, which caused a major embolism in one kidney and a number of smaller ones in the other. The first kidney died and the other lost performance gradually. Because of this the by-pass was impossible. The doctors didn't expect him to survive and he was given the last rite. When I saw him in hospital, after Bible reading and praying with him I anointed him with oil and laid my hands on him. Jesus turned his spiritual and physical condition around. Jesus performed a wonderful healing: after a year or two his dead kidney came back to life and his kidney function reached almost 100 %. He felt his heart worked about 2.5 times better than at his low point, and it still continued improving. He also took up a new sport.

In May 2002 I heard that a friend of ours had just been diagnosed having multiple cancers in her brain, one of them 2.5 cm in size. Her estimated survival was only around three months. I offered to pray with her and to minister to her, which she accepted. In the evening, first to build up her faith I talked to her about some of my experiences of miraculous healings, etc. then she said the sinner's prayer of repentance and commitment. I thought let this sink in and I will come back the next day to do the ministering. However, Jesus didn't wait for that, but healed her the same night! Praise the Lord! Afterwards the oncologist thoroughly examined her again and found nothing wrong with her at all! Glory to the Lord! At the time of writing in May 2014, she has been fit as a fiddle ever since, enjoying her new life and working in her husband's business.

When preparing to give my testimony, as I reviewed more than 70 years of my life, I began to count the incidents in which God's hand was clearly obvious. After about 200, still more and more came back to my mind and I lost count of them. The above are just some of the most significant ones. I experienced His caring hand also in countless minor things and the number of greater and minor incidents is, of course, still growing. For example Klara had a few flare-ups of osteo-arthritis, a very painful disease. It is incurable, medication taken for life can only control the pain. However, after laying on of hands Jesus healed her without any medication. Then she had cervical spondylosis, a condition with similar grim prospect. Again, after laying on of hands Jesus healed her without any medication. On two occasions apparently somebody

was about to break into our house, but God somehow scared them off and they ran away at top speed. One even dropped his phone and his wallet in our front garden and as he did not dare to come back to claim his lost property, I gave it to the police. I experienced many more miracles, but I hope, these are enough to prove my point.

From my experience I concluded with absolute certainty that the Bible is true, if you do what it tells you, it works, God is real and loves you so much that His son Jesus died for you on the cross and rose from the dead. Jesus did not say, you will have a bed of roses, but He did promise never to leave you. He will be at your side to help you through any problems and difficulties you might have, as He helped me. In the literature I also found three compelling, quite different scientific proofs that it would have been absolutely impossible for human authors to write the Bible without direct inspiration by God. I cannot think of anything more relevant to my daily life than knowing God and Jesus personally, and trying to follow Him. This gives me such a peace of mind and joy that nothing and nobody else can give, nor take away. I am not an exception, you could see God's help also in countless other people's lives. You too can enjoy this loving, caring relationship and fellowship with God, if you turn to Him sincerely.

Concerning the proverbial "pie in the sky when you die", don't despise it or ridicule it. It means that some time after the death of your body you will have to face the Last Judgement. Then all those who have not asked forgiveness in faith in Jesus before they died, will be condemned for their wrongdoings to punishment in hell, that will last forever, but those who have turned to Him, will live in the glorious presence of God in wonderful happiness ever after. Life in this body is just a time of preparation for eternity. Now you must draw your own conclusion. I recommend you to turn to Jesus, in simple words ask him to forgive your past ignorance and wrongdoings and come into your heart. Even if you don't have faith at this point, but you are sincere in asking Him, He will do it and you will be changed for the better and wonderfully blessed.