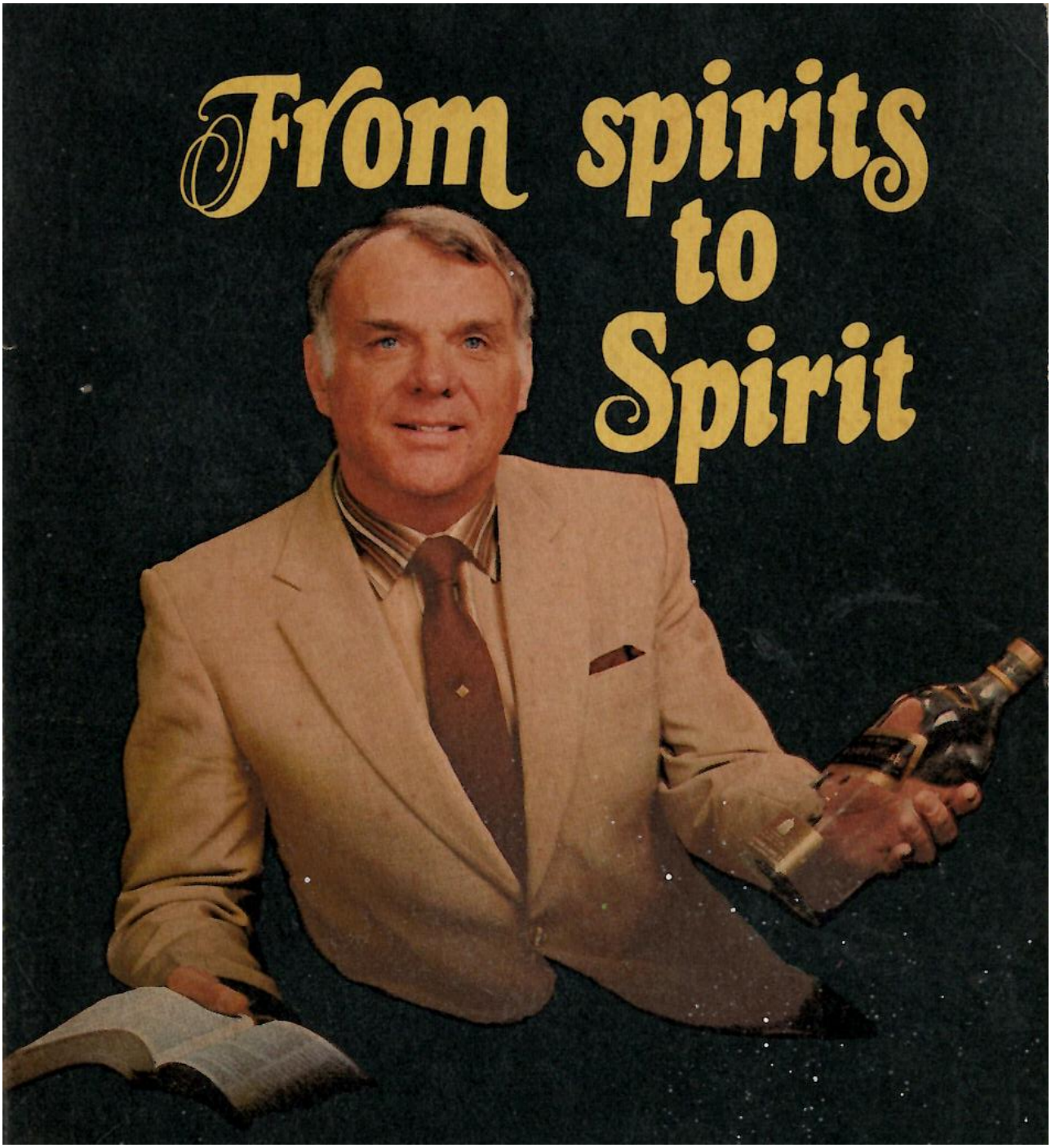


The remarkable life and Testimony of Pastor Tom Frew

www.therescueshop.org

Dedicated to my dear wife Aileen, a Servant of God, whose love and devotion kept me alive to write this book, and to Michael, our son, whose warmth and friendship is a treasure to a father.

But in all – To God be the glory for the things He has done.

Tom Frew

Reprinted from the original published by Tom Frew Ministries in 1983. All punctuation, paragraph lengths, and grammar are exactly as they were in the original. I was tempted to correct some obvious spelling mistakes, but felt that I should present the book exactly as it was originally given to the public. In some places, monetary amounts were given in pounds sterling, and, as I did not have the requisite symbol, I put pounds, in brackets, following these. Blessings, Bro Kevin.

(Cover photograph by Richard Wallace).

Contents

		Page
1.	In the beginning	5.
2.	I flee from the nest	9.
3.	The beginning of the fall	15.
4.	The beginning of the rise	18.
5.	Higher, higher, much much higher	24.

Prologue

I've tidied up the seats. Some had left their weekly newsletter lying on the floor. There were a few sweet wrappers on the back seat, where Wendy and Bob had held hands during the Service. I'm tired now. I always feel like this when the evening service is over and all have gone. They lingered long tonight, as if not wanting to leave the warmth, the peace, the friendship that this little church seems to hold for so many. I can understand, it is peaceful now. It seems days ago that the people were streaming in and yet it's just a mere three hours. So much has happened since I walked through the church praying, before the congregation arrived. I had carried out the Old Testament act of covering the whole building and its contents with the blood of Jesus. I had walked up and down the aisles, like the priests of old, sprinkling every seat with the imaginary blood of Christ, but knowing in my heart that the blessing was not imaginary, even if the blood was. I had found that this act was meaningful and powerful. The people who enter this church feel the power of the blood of Christ. They feel the presence of God. Often they can't say what they feel, but express it by saying, "There's a nice feeling in the church"; "I can feel love"; "There's a real feeling of warmth." They don't realise it, but, "There is power, power, wonder working power in the blood of the Lamb."

I sit for a minute in the back seat and drink in the peace and the beauty of this little house of God. Would that young man, for whom I had prayed at the end of the service, be a new person after tonight or would he be grasped by Satan at work tomorrow? Would that mother really find peace as she gave her wayward son to the care and keeping of God? Would that poor grieving woman ever get over the death of her husband? Would that man give up the alcohol that I could smell on his breath and which he denied emphatically? Is there any hope for him? I guess many in the congregation would say, "No." Even those who love the Lord and say, "Yes," have doubts deep down that God can do anything for many, because they do not want to do anything for themselves. "They could if they wanted," they say. "God helps those who help themselves." "They just don't want to." "We have heard all the promises before." "I've taken my last drink." "Pastor, I'm strong in the Lord now, I could go into a bar and witness to the other drinkers there." LIARS? No! When they say it, they actually believe it. Can God help them? I know He can.

My mind drifts back to a dirty back room of a little Irish pub. I can hear the voices and the clink of glasses, the laughter and the coughing, as an Irish labourer draws deeply on his cheap cigarette. I look around me and see that I have been sick and am lying in my own vomit. My expensive, pin-stripe, London tailored suit is creased and wet. The cuffs of my shirt are dirty. Someone has opened my collar. I wonder if my wife is asleep. Has my little son been asking why Daddy isn't home? How I long to go home, but how could I face my wife Aileen in this state? How could I look at the pain on her face once

again? I won't go home. "Hey Tom, you'll have to go now, I'm locking up." I struggle to my feet and go out into the dismal night. My car is nearby, but I can't sit in it in case the Police find me. I drive to a night-club. I get myself tidied up and throw some water over my face. The staff know me well. I'm a big tipper. That's really the only way I can get respect. A gin and tonic starts to warm my inside again. Four more and I'm almost back to my old self and the whole process begins again. Drink, sick, cure; drink, sick, cure. Will it ever end? No, it can't. I will just keep on till I die. The sooner the better for all concerned. But I'll go to hell. So what. It couldn't be worse than this.

Oh, thank God for this little church. Thank God, for its warmth and safety. Thank God, for my wife who is now making a hot cup of tea. Thank God for a 6ft 2in son who loves me and loves the Lord more. Thank God for real friends who don't want tips, but love.

Thank God, for the task He has given ma as Pastor of this congregation. Thank God, for the privilege of sharing their joys and sorrows. Thank God, for life in Jesus Christ.

It's a long way from 'spirits to Spirit.' It's a long way from being controlled by spirits from a bottle to being controlled by the Spirit of the living God. And yet! It's only a short step really. It's only a short step from sin to salvation; from "I can't," to "I can"; from "I won't," to "I will"; from "I'm a sinner," to "I repent"; from "I reject you God," to "I accept you Jesus." It's only a short step from darkness into light. Praise God for the day I took that short step.

1
In The Beginning

I was a timid child. Not very robust in body and with fine hands and features which drew comments like, “He’ll be a musician, look at his long fingers.” I wanted to be big and strong. I wanted to be able to drink like my father did with his friends. I wanted to be able to smoke a pipe like old Willie who lived nearby, and sit at the corner of the country road with all the others who gathered there and spit tobacco spittle in the dust. I wanted to be able to drink the whisky that was distilled in the mountains. I wanted to be grown-up enough to be able to swear like the rest, without being punished. I wanted breeches like the man who delivered our oil. I wanted leggings – those leather wrap-around ones that came up to the knee – but I was too thin. We could never get a size small enough.

The horses which my father owned were frightening to me. Our friends sons could ride the wildest and my father was always angry when I fell off. I was set on the horse’s back once again and in tears was made to hold on while the horse was whipped around the paddock. I wanted my father to be proud of me, but he was only proud of bravery, and I wasn’t brave.

My mother was different. I believe she recognised other qualities in me. She taught me to sing and I guess I could sing almost as soon as I could talk. “Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so.” I didn’t know how the Bible told me so; it was never opened in our house. One didn’t even take it to church, in case people laughed. Each Sunday morning I was given a penny for the offering and sent to Sunday School. The first thing I learned to do was to get that penny changed into two half-pennies and buy a banana or a lollypop with one half-penny, the other one made a clink in the offering plate as it came round. The minister was a man for whom I had the highest respect. If he spoke to me, I was elated. If I saw him in the village, I would plan to meet him, just so that he might say, “Hello Tommy.” When I saw him stand up in the pulpit, I would think to myself, “Maybe some day, I’ll be a minister.” The Elders in my Presbyterian Church were stern men in black suits who served communion. I was afraid of them. Church was a bore as far as I was concerned. I never knew what anyone was talking about. It was just a place where everybody went to show off their new clothes and then come and ridicule each other. Everybody, that is, except Miss Evans the organist. She was, to me, the most beautiful of women. She always talked to me as if I was grown-up; as if I was important. The respect I had for her has remained with me all my life. In a way, she was like Miss Lee, my primary school teacher. I loved her from my first day at school, till the day she died. I was almost forty then, and even all those years didn’t dull my sense of loss when I heard she had died.

I guess it was probably my first day at school when I first fell in love. She was blond and blue-eyed. She eyed me from her desk and made up her mind that she was going to sit beside me, and she did. No matter how often she was moved, she always came back and if there was any hindrance, she cried until Miss Lee gave in and permitted her to move beside me again. I didn't argue, although it caused me some embarrassment at the time.

I was shy, withdrawn and not very clever. I was useless at most things, except quietly comforting those who were in trouble or deprived. I seemed to gravitate towards the poor and the deprived. I guess it was because they accepted me better. I was soft-hearted beyond understanding. I would hide when visitors were leaving, because I would cry. I always hid behind an old shed when an old lady visited us, because I cried when I saw her loneliness after the death of her husband. Crying was sissy, and I longed to be able to beat it. I never have, but I now thank God for the tenderness of heart which is part of my nature.

The first time Christ meant anything to me, was when some ladies came to our village. They were members of the *Faith Mission* and were called *The Pilgrims.* They wore smart uniforms, something like the Salvation Army. What beautiful people they were. They played a piano accordian, sang beautiful choruses and told us about Jesus. I attended their children's meetings and felt Jesus was real in my heart, but because of the taunts of the bigger boys, I soon gave this religion lark a bye.

I was introverted, shy and felt a nobody. I wrote poetry in secret. I wish now that I had kept it. It would probably have revealed much about my thoughts at that time. I was ashamed of my poetry. My father found some of the pieces. He thought it was rubbish, simply because he couldn't understand what it was saying. There was only one piece which he liked. This was a comical piece about a neighbour. To my embarrassment he would often get me to recite it. My shyness was a problem. I was lonely and unsure of myself. Then it happened. I got my first taste of show business. It was our school concert. When I stepped on to that stage, something clicked. People couldn't believe it. Suddenly, this shy, backward boy became a live-wire. I played to the audience. When they laughed or applauded something in particular, I did it again. The thrill of seeing an audience respond to me was exhilarating. I wanted to do it more and so I began to travel to church concerts all over the country. I had found something at which I was good. Something I could do which was recognised by others.

It was now wartime and the American soldiers were stationed in Northern Ireland in their thousands. I would be placed on the messroom table in the American camp and when I gave an after-dinner performance up and down the table, I was rewarded with chewing gum, cigarettes and candy. I was a professional entertainer at the age of nine.

My father was a poultry exporter. He had several trucks which travelled around the farms in Northern Ireland buying chickens. These were brought into a central processing plant and after plucking and dressing, they were shipped to the major hotels in London. The driver of one of these trucks was a man who liked his drink. My father liked his drink also, but he didn't like his drivers sitting around pubs, so at about the age of ten, I was sent out with this particular driver for the purpose of informing on him if he drank during his working hours. Old Mick was pretty clever and soon he would give me a little sip of his beer. The next step was for him to buy one for me. Now he had me under his control. If I told my father, then he would tell on me. He blackmailed me in everything and kept giving me alcohol. It developed from beer to whisky and by the time I was ready for high school I was a seasoned drinker. A new, daring attitude came out in my personality. Now I would do the more dangerous things, mostly to enhance my image with my peers. When I look back now, I can't help thinking that there was a suicidal spirit possessing me. It was to manifest itself many times through-out my life. I didn't want to do the dangerous things, but somehow I couldn't resist them. On two occasions I yielded to this inward pressure, almost to the point of my death.

Once I was standing in the middle of a large cooling room, where an electrician had been working and had left to go for lunch. I was standing on a concrete floor with nailed boots on my feet. I had two steel bars over my shoulder. I saw two wires hanging from the roof. I knew they were live and that if I touched them I ran the risk of being killed. In my mind I didn't want to touch them, but I couldn't resist. Something made me brace myself and touch the two wires with the steel bars. I was thrown around the room and eventually out of contact with the wires. I told my father it was accidental and he probably still believes this, till he reads this book! I had no control over my actions. I was being urged by something I didn't understand, until I realised that evil spirits, or demons, do exist and that they are active on this earth.

On another occasion, I was forced to put my thumb in a light socket, knowing that it could mean possible death, and although I tried my best to resist, I couldn't. That same inability to control myself from doing dangerous things remained with me into adult life and you will see this as you read further in this book.

At high school, I continued to drink when the opportunity presented itself. Today this would not be unusual, but in 1947 it was unknown for a schoolboy to drink alcohol. Some easily led boys were influenced by me to drink also and we would purchase pottery jars of a potent barley wine and drink it out in the fields and then lie around till we sobered up before going home. When I couldn't get the money, I would steal it from my parents. I had to have money to drink. It was at the same early age that I had my first sexual experience with the opposite sex. So at fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was a liar; a drunkard; a thief and a fornicator. My language was filthy and I was on my

way to a lost eternity. The name of Jesus was my most common swear word and yet I knew it was all wrong. I couldn't stop. I had climbed on to a slide and there was no getting off.

After failing exams at high school, I forged my father's signature on application forms for the Royal Navy, joining for thirty years. The day I left home, I hitched a ride on a large truck to the city of Belfast, telling the driver that I was on my way to the Royal Navy Training Ship. That same afternoon, the truck driver met my father and asked, "How do you like the idea of your son joining the navy?" My father came to Belfast where I was waiting for the night ferry to take me to England. After a few words with the recruiting officer, he walked out of the office and hitting me, he almost knocked me out on to the street. He proceeded to knock me from there to the car and this brought to an end a distinguished naval career. Another boy who ran away with me wasn't so lucky. His father didn't get to him in time. Some years later, when he was home on leave, he said to me, "I wish my father had heard about me in time." I still claim, to the amusement of my family, that I am a returned serviceman.

Around the age of eleven an incident happened which was to have a major influence on my life. It was August 12th, 1944. I went with my father to the city of Londonderry to see a big festival which takes place there every year.
On the way home by train we had to pass through a long, dark, railway tunnel. In the carriage with us was a family; mother, two grown-up daughters and a younger daughter of my age. She was blond and had the most beautiful blue eyes I have ever seen. We were sitting opposite each other and our legs were swinging with the movement of the train. My toe touched hers and we smiled at each other. The others saw the smile and started kidding us. As we came into the tunnel, they pushed the little girl into the seat beside me. When we emerged into daylight they cheered and laughed. However, what they didn't know was that I had kissed this newly found girlfriend in the darkness. That was it. For the rest of my life I would love her. No matter what other girl I met, I compared her with the girl on the train. We made a date on that train which we never kept. However, that was the girl I was eventually to marry and who is still my wife today.

2
I Flee From The Nest

Like many young men of seventeen, I was beginning to spread my wings. I wanted to be away from my parent's control. Not that they restricted me very much, but I wanted to find my own way. I found a position with a wholesale drug company. They supplied chemists with all their drugs and other products. I did well in this position, but my drinking, dancing and party life restricted my progress and soon I came to see that I had not future.

My uncle was a high-ranking officer in the Royal Ulster Constabulary, Northern Ireland's police force. He didn't want me to join the police force, but to finish my education, but I was to pay no heed to his advice and was soon on my way to the training college at Enniskillen on the shores of beautiful Lough Erne. I was eighteen years of age and weighed 136 pounds. I was going to be Inspector-General one day. I wasn't going to drink anymore. I was going to work hard. I was going to be like my uncle.

I arrived at the training college and on the 5th November, 1950, had my first taste of being an Irish policeman. We were issued with our recruits uniform and soon after tea we heard a mighty crowd of people approaching the college. It was a big Republican demonstration by those who disagreed with the government of Northern Ireland and whose desire it was to see Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland re-united into one country and to see Britain's claim to Northern Ireland ended. They endeavoured to batter down the gates of the college. They tried to burn the police vehicles and they caused heavy casualties in the ranks of the police. It was a happening that I was to see repeated many times in the next few years.

As new recruits, we were confined to barracks for two weeks, then we got out on the town for our first night. We were supposed to be back in the barracks by 10pm. I met some guys and arrived back at 2am, drunk. I was marched before the Commandant next morning and sentenced to five days kitchen duties. Washing dishes was a task which I was to perform many times during the next six months. I went through my training with many difficulties. I believe that if my uncle had not been an officer, I would have been dismissed before I had begun. I broke all the rules. I never came home at the right time. I played pranks on the guys whom I thought were stupid and who are today, high ranking officers. It was so cold that some wore long-legged drawers underneath their uniforms. I tied a pair by the ankles to radio mast – which was dangerously high to climb – and in the morning, there they flew, like an airport windsock. I cheated in almost everything. On one occasion it backfired slightly. During boxing and unarmed combat, we were expected to really be in earnest as we fought our comrades. One guy

(whom I knew from high school days) and I, arranged that we wouldn't hurt each other. Why should we hurt each other just to please our instructor? By accident, I hit my old friend and by instinct I said, "Sorry." The instructor heard me and he then took us into the ring separately and beat us black and blue.

As it came towards the time to leave training college, we would try to guess which station we would be posted to. I always hoped to get back to Belfast where Aileen was living, after having lived for a few years in the United States. I still loved her, but found the attraction of other women hard to resist, so was continually unfaithful, although promising to be true to her when away. She was a very faithful girl. She was a regular church attender and lived a decent life, although she did not profess to be a Christian. On the morning we were posted I received the greatest shock of my life. I was posted to a little police station right on the border between Ulster and the Irish Republic. It was an old house situated on the edge of Lough Erne with the Donegal mountains rising on the other side. It was ten miles to the nearest village; sixty to the nearest big town. There was no bus service and at that time few had cars. I had a bicycle and that was my only means of transport. What a lonely place it was and, as well as everything else, it had a Christian constable. He sang little choruses and quoted Scriptures. He had an amazing peace about him and a smile that sickened me. You could say what you liked to him. Swear, hurt, tell dirty stories and he just smiled and said, "Och Tommy, you're not a bad fellow really." He listened to Radio Luxemburg and the Charles E. Fuller *Old Fashioned Revival Hour*, every night. He told me often of the love of Christ and what God had done for him. Often I went out on patrol with him and he would quote texts from the Bible. I would then impersonate a minister preaching and Stanley Steenson would say, "Tommy, if only you would give your heart to the Lord, He could use you mightily." I would simply laugh and rubbish his beliefs.

I soon discovered alcohol was much cheaper in the Republic than it was in Ulster and so I would volunteer for all the night duty. I would go to the border when I was off duty during the day and hide a civilian coat under the farmer's milk churn stands. Then, when I went out on duty at night, I would take off my police uniform coat and cycle to the nearest pub across the border. There I would spend most of the night drinking and return in time to finish my patrol and report that it had been a quiet night. On one occasion a couple of guys waited for me at the border and gave me a black eye. I drew my forty-five revolver and emptied it at them as they ran across the border, an act for which I could have been dismissed from the force immediately. I found a new friend there. He was a farmer's son of my own age and we drank and played together.

In Ireland when someone dies, they hold what's known as a *wake.* It's a get-together of family, friends and anyone who wants to pay their respects. They buy plenty of alcohol and anyone who calls just drinks as much as he or she wants. This young friend

and I soon discovered that here was a great way to get free drink, so we just watched the local papers for death announcements and then attended all the wakes. On many occasions we didn't even know the people, but nobody ever asked us who we were, or why we had come. Once we sympathised for two days and nights with a family on the death of their mother. It was only weeks later that we discovered that it was the father who had died.

I soon became bored with life at this small station and applied for a transfer. I went to a larger town which was also on the border. I quickly discovered that this was a reputed smuggling area. Livestock, pigs and cattle, fetched much higher prices in Northern Ireland than in the Irish Republic, and so large numbers of animals were smuggled across the border during the hours of darkness. The police force had a special branch to combat smuggling and there was also the Government Customs Department. However, the local police had a big responsibility to curb smuggling. I soon saw the potential in this smuggling racket and also discovered that many policemen, including many officers, were involved in helping the smugglers, receiving large amounts of money as bribes. I made myself available as soon as possible. I informed the smugglers as to when I would be on patrol and they brought the illegal cattle and pigs across during my term of duty. Money was plentiful and drinking was a daily and nightly occurrence.

Cattle could be brought in from the Republic, providing a declaration was made and duty paid. The forms for declaration were issued by the police. The policeman concerned filled in an application form, checked that the number of cattle imported were exactly as declared and filled the details in a register at the police station. I found a very simple way of falsifying the records. I filled in 20 on the register and 200 on the declaration form. This meant that the smuggler could bring in 180 extra cattle at no cost, except what he paid to me as the policeman falsifying the records. When an inspector arrived, he had only to see 20 cattle. The smuggler then imported illegally 180 and sold 200 to the abattoir. I made a lot of money in this way, but only for drinking. I didn't save it. However, it was discovered that the forms were being falsified and one of the honest officers sent to the Department of Agriculture a request for recent declaration forms issued. Immediately I contacted one of the smugglers who was a top member of the Masonic Order. One of his friends at the Department of Agriculture destroyed the forms and I could not be charged. I had to curtail my smuggling activities for a while, till the fuss died down.

About this time a new terrorist campaign broke out in Northern Ireland. Many of my comrades were being killed and the job was becoming a bit more dangerous. One night, a few days before the Queen's coronation, information was received that a nearby Customs office was going to be bombed. The local sergeant and I went out to wait for

the bombers. I mounted a bren-gun in the field next to the Customs office and waited. At about 2am we saw a car stop, then drive on. Two figures approached the customs post and inside the door I saw a match being struck. Believing that the fuse was being lit, I was about to open fire, when the sergeant decided we should first investigate. I rushed over and stuck my gun in a man's back. The man shouted with fright and a girl screamed. They had been dropped off by a couple of friends on the way home from a dance and had gone into the doorway for a goodnight kiss. I shuddered when I thought that I could have killed an innocent couple.

The terrorist campaign became more intense and more men were recruited for the special commando section of the police force, whose task it was to fight terrorists. Two types of people were called. Those who were ex-marines, ex-commandos, ex-army, navy and airmen. The second category were those who were pretty wild. Those who were almost expendable. I was one of the first to be called. I am still not sure whether it was because I had been a full day in the Royal Navy, or that I was expendable.

I went to train with the British Army at a big army camp, and was soon in trouble there. After a big party, someone stole the Regimental Sergeant-Major's cap badge – a very ornate crest, worth a lot of money. I was blamed. I didn't do it, but I think some officers always thought that I did. Near the soldiers camp was a Women's Royal Army Corp camp, so I arranged a raid on this camp. I took a party of men and in the early hours of the morning I arranged that one by one we would crawl into the huts and at a given signal we would throw all the girls out of bed. I went first, and when I had reached the far end of the hut (which slept about 40 girls), the next man was to crawl in. When these guys got me in position, they started to yell and run, leaving me at the no-exit end of a hut containing 40 irate women. I was lucky to escape with my life. I was, however, put on a disciplinary charge.

My suicidal spirit was still active. When we went out on patrols at night I would often stand out in the middle of the border roads shouting for the terrorists to come and get me. I was usually pretty drunk at the time. I always took a bottle or a flask of whiskey with me when I went on duty, or else we woke up a pub-owner to supply our booze. One night, while on patrol, we came upon a flock of farmyard ducks which were being reared by the farmer for their own use. I got into the stream and killed the ducks one by one and threw them out to my comrades. I stole the ducks without a thought of the sin I was committing.

By this time I had started to do some cabaret work. I was compering shows in working men's clubs and was in demand as an artist in all kinds of shows. I then spent almost two years in Prime Minister's bodyguard duty. This gave me a great opportunity to get all the free booze I wanted. I didn't buy it now, I simply drank the Prime Minister's

brandy and smoked the Prime Minister's cigars. I remember one of the instructions for the protection of Lord Brookborough. If terrorists started shooting I was supposed to make him lie on the ground and then lie on the side of him from which the bullets were coming. I would often walk behind him and say to myself, "Buddy, if they start shooting, I know which side of you I will be on." He was affine man. He treated me as an equal, unlike his wife, who was an English aristocrat and treated us like serfs.

The police were responsible for supplying their own firing at the guard station. I often stole buckets of coal from the Prime Minister's house. He had a big herd of deer, so we would often shoot one, bury the hide and entrails and eat the rest of our stolen venison. During my time with the Prime Minister, I had the pleasure of performing guard duties for Her Majesty, the Queen; H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh (who was a real man's man and treated everyone as equal); and Princess Alexandra, who was probably the nicest royal visitor at Colebrooke House, the Prime Minister's home. Many other British and well-known overseas visitors were regular callers during my time with the Prime Minister.

One of the Prime Minister's permanent bodyguard staff was a Sergeant Cross. Lady Brookborough always referred to him as *the Old Rugged.* For some time I didn't catch on as to what she meant. She was, of course, referring to his name, Cross, and *The Old Rugged Cross.* I had a great admiration for the Old Rugged, even though I hadn't much time for his religion. He was a well-known Christian, and I know that he resented, very much, the fact that the Prime Minister would read the lesson at the local Anglican Church on Sundays. He even had a little area in the church, surrounded by a little velvet fence-like partition, where he and his family sat, segregated from the rest of the congregation. It was a relic of the old land-lord system. He actually owned the church. One morning, MR Cross was scolded by the Prime Minister for not accompanying him on a trip the previous day. The Prime Minister said, "Were you afraid of being shot by terrorists?" My Cross politely said, "My Lord, when I was appointed to this job, I took an oath to protect you, with my life if necessary. That still stands, and if I were to be shot, at least I would know where I was going, you wouldn't." The Prime Minister almost ran to get away, because he knew that Mr Cross was going to tell him about Christ. As I went with the Prime Minister to various political meetings, my drinking grew heavier as it was always supplied free of charge to those who were on escort duty.

The next period of my life was a mixed bag. I spent a lot of time drinking and what was worse was the fact that I was the man who travelled around giving lectures on road safety! 'Don't drink and drive'. I made films for the B.B.C. Finding bombs on beaches and other safety films. Up until now I had no thought of God. I had never read the Bible. I didn't pray. I believed that God existed, but He was for children and old people. Then one night I had been drinking and I went to bed. In the middle of the night I had an

experience, and I still don't know if it was a vision or a dream. I was standing in a little slum street in Belfast. I was positioned at the closed end of a cul-de-sac and I could see that the ground was covered with dirt of all descriptions. Pieces of food, faeces and cans. Suddenly it started to snow. It fell like cotton wool, white and dry, and continued to fall till all the dirt was covered. When it was, a figure appeared at the end of the street, walking towards me. I knew it was Jesus. As He approached me a voice boomed out, "Behold, the Son of Man cometh." I was frightened beyond explanation. I was sweating and shaking and even though it was about 3am I got dressed and went to the nearest nightclub. I had to get this image out of my mind. For days it haunted me. I know now that God was trying to speak to me, but I wasn't listening.

By now I had been married to Aileen, my childhood sweetheart. She knew that I drank, but not that it had become a problem. Marriage didn't change my life one little bit. I continued to live my life exactly as before. I left my wife each night and carried on with my show business. I can't understand it, but everybody wants to drink with the guy on the stage. There's always somebody who wants the stage artist to come to their table for a drink or back home for a party. There's always some woman who wants you to go back to her place. I continued to live a life of dishonesty and sin. We never had enough money for the necessities, even though my wife was working and I was earning a lot of money doing my police job and my show business. I drank and gambled all the money I could find. I could gamble 300 (Pounds Ed.) on one horse, or lose my full month's pay playing poker.

I left the police force after fifteen years and joined the staff of the Lord Thompson's Newspaper Group. I went to London to do my training and of course I visited every low-class nightclub in London. On one occasion I was almost knifed by a Chinese girl in a Soho club, just because I refused to pay $20 for a $2 drink. After training, I was based in Belfast, back in Northern Ireland. My drinking became heavier than ever. I had the right kind of job for an alcoholic. I travelled around the hotels in Ireland, doing reports and write-ups on their quality of service and food. Naturally, I was treated to the best at every hotel. One day a representative from a large American firm with its base in Dublin, called at the newspaper office to place an advertisement for a Northern Ireland representative. The girl behind the counter recommended me to him and he asked me to call and see him. I joined the company and in a short time became its Northern Ireland manager. I had a big expense account and a company car. I continued to drink and it was really uncontrollable. I was offered a job selling central heating and between my earnings at that and my show business, I was earning as much as a pop star and at the end of each month, in as much debt as ever.

3
The Beginning of the Fall

By now I was starting to suffer from loss of memory. I could remember Monday, and Tuesday and Thursday, but not Wednesday. I kept losing days. I was staying away from home at nights more regularly. I would go out with my wife and another couple for a meal. I would order a drink for each of us. After drinking my own, I would then make the excuse that I needed to go to the toilets and go through the public bar, drinking a large brandy as I went out, and another as I came back. On my return to the table I would urge my friends to get another drink. I stopped eating. I would get up at five in the morning, telling my wife that I would make my own breakfast. I would crack two eggs and put them down the sink, leaving the shells to convince Aileen that I had eaten breakfast. I then went to a large hotel not far from my home and tinkled the windows with my car keys. The night porter would open the door and without asking for my order, set up a tumbler full of gin and tonic. Five of these would leave me ready for work. I would crack the whip to get everyone else working and then drink all day and all night. Money was a problem. I had heard that Satan would give anything to anyone who gave their lives to him. I felt him saying it to me. “If you serve me, I will give you all the money you need.” I planned to give my life to Satan, formally, but somehow I couldn’t do it when the moment came.

I wanted to stop drinking now. We had a little baby son, Michael, and I loved him. So I set about stopping my drinking. I would promise my wife that I wouldn’t drink today. I would park my car as far as possible from a bar. I would be so sure in my mind that I wouldn’t drink that day, but before eleven in the morning I would find myself standing in a bar with a glass in my hand, unable to remember arriving at the bar, or ordering the drink. All I know is, at that point, I was beyond return. I had to drink that glass. It would burn my throat and I wondered what on earth I saw in this devil’s brew. Soon its warmth inside me changed my mind and I was ready for the next one. I had financial worries, but a few more drinks put an end to my worries. Then sickness would set in and I would retch till I felt as if part of my stomach came into my throat. Then I would drink more and the sickness would leave. On drinking more it would return and so on. People started avoiding me. Nobody wanted to drink with me because they were afraid that if they became involved, they wouldn’t be home for a week. When I walked into a pub everybody had to get drunk and I paid for it all. Soon it was only the lowest of the low who would drink with me. The winos and the prostitutes. Thank God I never was low enough to have any relationship with these women of the street, although I knew many of them from my days in the police force. They had been our best informants.

One day I knew it had to end. Someone advised me to go to a minister, so I went to see

a Presbyterian minister and he tried to help me to pray, but it was useless. My prayers didn't get any higher than the ceiling. Then I decided to see a doctor. He was a fine doctor, an ex-naval man who knew about alcoholics. He sent me to a hospital which specialised in this problem. They interviewed me each day for five weeks and then a very knowing doctor said, "Mr Frew, we have come to the conclusion that you are an alcoholic." Well, I didn't need five weeks of interviews to discover that. I tried attending Alcoholics Anonymous, but soon found that only about half of the men were genuinely off drink; the rest were waiting for someone coming in who had enough money for another drink. I tried hard on my own, but couldn't beat the craving for alcohol. There was only one thing left to do and that was to drink myself to death. I drew 300 (pounds Ed.) from my already overdrawn bank account, abandoned my car in a Belfast street and took a taxi to the city of Dublin. I filled my case with bottles of whisky and boarded a train for Cork city. How we ever got there, I will never know. As the ticket collector came around I offered him a drink. Then the driver came; then the guard; then the fireman. Soon everybody was drunk. We had to stop the train half-way through the night and knock up an old pub owner to get more bottles of whisky.

I booked into the Royal Hotel in Cork and began to drink. Within a few days all my organs were beginning to fail. Bowels, kidneys, stomach. My eyesight was gone till lunchtime each day. I could only see shadows till I got quite a few drinks down. When I woke up in the morning, I found large bruises all over my body. I found out later that it was caused by blood vessels bursting underneath my skin from alcoholic poisoning. I felt alone and miserable. One night, in a pub, I met three members of the Irish Republican Army who found out I was from Ulster and an ex-policeman. I discovered that they were going to do me in, so I had to change my drinking places. I walked down to the old river next day and tried to get up enough courage to jump in, but I couldn't. I even thought of going back to where the I.R.A. men were and letting them murder me, but I didn't relish a bullet through my head. I tried to find a church next day, but the only church I could find was a Catholic one. It was a pretty difficult thing for an Ulster Protestant to pray in a Catholic Church. I tried, but again my prayers seemed useless, so I left and got drunk again. Saturday night came along and I was walking down the street in a pretty drunken state, when I came upon a Brethren open-air meeting. These people had been preaching there every Saturday night for thirty years and in all that time they never knew that they had done the slightest bit of good for anyone. Then I came along. One of the men, I later discovered, was Mr Sweetman, who offered me a tract and asked me if I was alright. I said, "Yes, but I'm in the process of drinking myself to death." He urged me to wait and talk to his Pastor. "No," I said, "I want nothing to do with sky pilots." He talked to me and found out my name and where I was staying. I went to my hotel and after my usual night of falling asleep and then waiting with a start or cramp, I awoke to find a little parcel at the side of my bed. The parcel contained a little book and a card. I couldn't see what the title of the book was, so I threw it in my case. The card I put in

the top pocket of my suit. I went out for another day's drinking.

That night I was standing in a pub, drunk and lonely. I put my hand in my pocket and brought out the little card. It read – 'Call and see me', and had an address and a name. In my drunken state I thought, "Perhaps this is a party." I bought a bottle of brandy and a bottle of milk, because by now I couldn't keep the brandy down without milk. (This is an expression which is familiar to the members of my congregation as I preach today. I often frame my sermons with what I call 'the milk' and the main point which I want them to remember, I refer to as 'the brandy.' The milk is simply to help them keep the brandy down. Visitors may be shocked to hear the minister talk about brandy in his sermons, but the congregation know what the analogy is). So I arrived at the address on the card, rang the door bell and was greeted by the Brethren Pastor, Mr Pointen. He invited me to come into his home. I said, "As long as you don't mind me drinking." I drank and he prayed. He convinced me that I should contact my wife and let her know that I was alive. I sent a telegram that night. By now Aileen was almost at her wits end with worry. I was reported missing; the police were searching for me and many thought I had been assassinated.

When Aileen received my telegram, she set out to drive to Cork with my cousin, in an effort to find me. Where does one begin to look in a city as big as Cork? When she drove into Cork, the first person she saw was me! By now I was exhausted. I hadn't eaten for days and had had little sleep for weeks. I just wanted to go home and go to bed, and if possible, die there. I knew that in a few days when I escaped, I would get drunk again. We arrived at our home in a middle-class suburb of Belfast on a Sunday night. My wife phoned the hospital for alcoholics. "We do not admit patients on Sundays." "What will I do with him?" she asked in desperation. "Oh, give him some more drink till Monday." "Over my dead body," said my distraught wife. She phoned our family doctor and he came and gave me multi-vitamin injections and something to keep me asleep for a few days. I awoke with the longing for a drink welling up within me. Now I wanted to get well again – well enough to get out to get more alcohol.

4
The Beginning of the Rise

In two or three days time I started to feel a little better and my wife left me for the first time since I had returned home. She went to visit her mother who lived a short distance away. This was my chance to slip out for a drink. I lifted up a book which was on a little bedside table and read the title. It was 'God is for the alcoholic.' It was the little book that the Brethren open-air preacher had left in the Cork hotel. It was, as the title says, a book which attempts to convince a man that if he gives his life to Christ, he will have victory over alcohol. I read the book right through and now I had the desire to stop drinking for keeps. I believed that there was a God and I was about to see if He was real. I must say that if this book had said that I was to stand on my head, I would have done so. I wanted to stop drinking.

I got out of bed and as I knelt at the side of the bed I was suddenly overcome by emotion. I wept bitterly. I realised that I was filthy in sin. I had wallowed in it for over 30 years. I had broken the heart of a very wonderful woman, my life was in shambles. I don't remember much of what I said at that bedside. Something like "God help me." I just knelt there and the tears flowed from my eyes. I saw my life and I believe in a way, God showed me hell and gave me a glimpse of heaven. I was drained and submissive as I rose from my knees and got into bed again. The longing for alcohol had gone and I felt a peace within me. In a few moments the telephone rang. I had to go downstairs to answer it. It was the last voice I wanted to hear, my bank manager's. Anyone can imagaine what state an alcoholic's bank account is in. The manager said, "Tom, it's good to hear your voice again." I thought, "I bet it is, if you owed me as much money as I owe you, I would be glad to hear your voice too." He went on to say, "We in the bank have confidence in you, and we don't want you to worry about your finances. Just get well and we will get things straightened out later, and if you need a little more to tide you over, we will help you." I couldn't believe it. That phone call certainly lifted my spirits. I went back to bed and was only there a few minutes when the phone rang again. I went back downstairs and answered it. This time it was my boss. "Don't worry Tom, we will hold your position as long as it takes you to get well. Come back to work when you can and we will put as much business your way as possible to help you get on your feet again." Suddenly I realised what was happening. Things were starting to improve; God was starting to sort out my life. I got on my knees again and this time I really prayed. "Oh Jesus, I give you my life. Come into my life, come into my heart. Thank you, Lord. Thank you, Lord. Forgive me my sins." "Our Father, who art in heaven" – now I seemed to know Him. "Hallowed be Thy name" – His name suddenly meant something. "Thy Kingdom come" – when it does, I will be part of it. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven" – you demand that we obey you, I want to do that Lord. "Give us this day our daily bread" – Lord, I know you will provide for me. All my debts all my worries, you

will supply my every need. “Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us” – Oh God, help me to be forgiving and God forgive me for all the people I have hurt; all the foolish and sinful acts I have been involved in. If only I could go to all those I have harmed. The husbands of the married women; the farmer I stole the ducks from; the police authorities for the unfaithful service. Oh God, forgive me. “Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil” – Oh God, I’m weak, I don’t know if I have the strength to stand by all this. God help me, “For Thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory, forever.” I prayed the only prayer I knew to pray and for the first time in my life, it meant something.

One of my greatest worries was meeting the public again. Tom Frew, living in a middle-class, suburban area with a good job, a nice home and car, a lovely wife and a fine son. Now everybody knew what I really was. How could I face them again? Now I seemed to have victory over what anybody thought. I seemed free of everything. I was like a bird which had been trapped and then released. I got out of bed, shaved, showered and dressed in my best suit. I headed straight for my mother-in-laws home to find my wife. As I walked down the avenue, some dear old ladies were working in their front gardens. They glanced up as I passed and I could see that the shock nearly gave them heart attacks. I smiled and waved to them, and as I did I could imagine them saying to themselves, “There’s Mr Frew drunk again,” but what they were seeing was MR Frew sober for the first time, and not only sober, but saved by the precious blood of Jesus. What a feeling! One hour ago, a sinner bound for hell; now a born-again Christian bound for glory. If there is a person reading this book who wants to be saved and you don’t know how to go about it, then remember the first prayer I prayed at my bedside – “God help me.” Not much of a prayer, was it? And yet God knew my heart. You see, it’s not so much what we say to God with our tongues, but what we feel for Christ in our hearts that counts. The thief who was crucified with Jesus didn’t say much to Jesus – “Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.” That’s all he said, but in that prayer there was everything. Christ knew the thief’s heart well enough to be able to say to him, “Today you shall be with me in Paradise.” If you really mean it, you don’t have to say much to Jesus to be saved. He sees your heart. Right now the words, “God help me,” can save your soul, if you don’t know this Saviour of mine.

I went to my in-laws home and there I told my wife and her mother what I had done. They said, “That’s nice Tom. It’s the only way to go.” Aileen told me afterwards that her thoughts were, “How long will this last?” Later she prayed and said, “God, if you can do anything with this man, then I will believe in you and will give my heart to you also.” God did change me and my wife kept her promise. She is part of my ministry and without her I couldn’t serve God as I am today.

The first thing I did, when Aileen and I got alone together, was tell her everything about

myself. All the women I had been with when drunk. All the times I had deceived her. All I could remember. I asked her to forgive me. “Tom, I love you and I forgive you.” From that day till this, Aileen has never mentioned them. That’s forgiveness, God’s way. When He forgives, He also forgets. He buries our sins in the sea of His forgetfulness, never to be seen again. What a joy it was to go to bed with my wife that night and feel clean, fresh and whole. I am glad that I exposed my complete past to Aileen, because in the years that followed we were amazed at how many people who tried to tell her things in my past. It was wonderful that she could come and put her arm around my waist and say with a smile, “Yes, I know, but let us tell you the rest of the story, which you probably haven’t heard.” When our son, Michael, was old enough, I told him too and asked Aileen to disclose her side of it to him. He forgave me too and we have a father and son relationship which we believe, could never be equalled.

I went back to work a short time later and worked very hard. I got my financial problems straightened out and started attending the local Presbyterian church regularly. The minister, Rev. Cowan Thompson, had been a great help to my wife when I had left her. His Christian love and comfort has been something which has come back to our minds often in the years since that time. He was, and is, a fine man of God, still serving the same congregation. I worked and studied day and night, and became a member of the ‘British Institute of Marketing’ and the ‘British Institute of Management’. I also became an ordained elder in the Presbyterian church in Ireland. I soon started my own business, with two men working in a garage making furniture. Soon I had two partners and a Limited Company and one of the most modern factories in the country. I was a big businessman. I had a new house; two new cars. I went to America each year and perhaps several times a year to London, Spain, Switzerland, Channel Islands and many other places on business and on vacation. My Christianity was on my back like a burden. I went to church every Sunday; I went to the prayer meeting on Tuesday, but the rest of the time I didn’t say much about being a Christian to anybody. Soon I started to think to myself, “Maybe I wasn’t an alcoholic at all, maybe I could handle a beer now.” Soon I was drinking a beer every day; then it was whisky, and soon I arrived home to my wife and son, drunk again.

Aileen was shattered. I think the effort to forgive this time was more difficult than the first. However, she did forgive. Life was booming. We had everything, when suddenly one day Aileen told me that she had discovered a large growth in her breast. She went to the doctor and he was quite worried that the growth might be cancer and Aileen went into hospital with the first sickness I have known her to have in her life. We prayed and cried and waited. The result – benign tumour. Praise God, it was only a fibrosistic disease.

About this time the terrorist campaign in Ulster was at a peak. We lived in the suburbs

of Belfast and nightly there were bombings and killings. I drank secretly, especially when I was away on business trips and all the time served as an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Many of my Christian friends didn't see anything wrong with drinking anyway. I was now as well-known as a businessman as I had been in cabaret and stage-productions. I was in demand as an after-dinner speaker and was on the crest of a wave in business and public life. I was arrogant and proud. I had fallen away from the Lord, but He was still there. I had no peace of mind. I knew what it was like to be saved and in fellowship with God. I was still saved, but out of fellowship with the Saviour. Praise God, when we give our hearts to Jesus and are truly and completely moved, we can get out of fellowship with Him, but never out of relationship with Him. Praise God, when we fall away from Him, He sets the hounds of heaven after us to bring us back again. I tried my best to get away, but He held on. I knew I was wrong in my drinking, which was now my only vice. The gambling, women and all previous sins had disappeared. I had a clean tongue and except for the alcohol, I was living what appeared to be a Christian life. I knew I had received a lot from God and I longed to put something back in. One evening, I lifted the national evening newspaper and read, 'Cancer research organisation requires top businessman to spearhead its operations in Ireland.' I asked my fellow directors to release me from the company for one year, except for the position as Chaiman of the Board of Directors, and soon I was the Chief Executive of 'Action Cancer.' Our patron was Lord Dunleith and we had the support of many of the country's top public figures and sportsmen. Dr George Edelstyn was our medical advisor, a man who dedicated himself to the furtherance of chemotherapy as a treatment for breast cancer. His work, in collaboration with many hospitals in Britain (which we co-ordinated), is recorded as making a major contribution to overall cancer research. 'Action Cancer' and all those concerned with it were, and still are, a dedicated team of people who sacrifice all in the fight against this dreaded disease. Dr George Edelstyn gave his all, he died from cancer a short time ago.

As a family, we had experienced the terrorist campaign in Ireland. As a policeman I had lain with a machine-gun along the border roads, my uniform froze on my body. My wife had stood trembling as machine-gun bullets raged over our home. She had sat night after night listening to the police wave band on radio, praying that I would get home safely. On one occasion I came through the centre of the city late at night and decided that I would take a chance coming through the city of Belfast. As I came down the street, a gun battle started up ahead of me. A crowd of people were behind me, so I could only stop. I was sure I was going to be shot, then God seemed to say to me, "I didn't save you from a life of alcoholism to have you shot by a terrorist bullet. I still have many things for you to do for me." I put my head down and drove through the flying bullets, without injury.

On another occasion, I was driving my wife's Mini down a main road in Belfast. My wife

was in the passenger seat and our little son was in his usual place – standing between us with a hand on each seat. There was a sudden bang, and I saw a hole in the windscreen. I looked at our son and my wife. I examined myself and saw no signs of blood. Soon the army arrived and we realised that a bullet had struck our car. We couldn't understand why our son hadn't been shot through the chest, as he was in direct line with the bullet hole. One young soldier came up with the idea that the bullet had come from inside the car, and they kept me at gunpoint. I rubbed a hand over the hole in the inside of the windscreen, smiled and said, "That's funny, there's no hole in the inside." A bullet had struck the windscreen, penetrated the first two layers of triplex glass, but had not penetrated the inside layer. Isn't God good? When He has a task for His servants to perform, terrorists, bullets, accidents or anything else cannot harm them. Another time, my wife and son had just passed a shopping arcade, when a terrorist bomb blew up five shops across the main road. Michael actually saw the terrorist plant the bomb.

Once, when my office was in central Belfast, the army ordered everyone out of the premises because of a telephoned bomb scare. A friend said to me, "Let's go to the little coffee bar down the next street and have a cup of coffee, till the scare dies down." I suggested we should go to a different one where the coffee was better. As we walked through the door of this coffee bar, the other one was blown to pieces. Five people were killed and many injured. I rushed back and saw them lift one of my ex-police friends. As they lifted him he fell apart. It was a sad sight. Such memories are hard to erase from one's mind. Once again God had led me in the right direction.

It was a nerve-wracking experience and yet it's surprising how the people of Ulster have become accustomed to living with it. I remember inly a few years ago, if someone was murdered in Ulster, there would have been a special edition of the evening news-paper printed, it was such a sensation. When the terrorist campaign started, we would be distraught by the deaths as we listened to the morning news. Soon we were saying, "It wasn't so bad last night, only three were killed." Isn't it just like sinning? At first, it's a sensation in your mind and soon it's acceptable and we convince ourselves that we are not as bad after all. We have many sins, but they are justifiable in this modern society and God understands. What fools we are! We can so easily kid ourselves into hell and a lost eternity.

Aileen and I decided that we should leave Ireland and make a new start in another country. Both her parents had now died. We could see very little future for our son, except a life of fear and worry. He was a nervous boy with no confidence, which was a product, I believe, of the continual fear in my wife and the situation in Ulster. How-ever, he knew the Lord as his Saviour. At about the age of four he said to me after he had been to Sunday School, "Daddy, what does it mean to be born again?" I explained it all

to him the best I could. His reply was, “Oh, is that all, I’ve always been like that.” In short, he doesn’t remember a time when he wasn’t saved. He always loved Jesus. He has done it formally since, and is now almost eighteen years old and a strength to me in my ministry. We thought we might go to the United States, where I had been offered several jobs, but as we prayed God seemed to say, “Go to New Zealand and I will make you rich.” Who could refuse an offer like that? I sold my shares in my business, believing I would arrive in New Zealand a rich man. When all was settled, I discovered that during the time spent away from my business, things hadn’t gone too well and so I arrived in New Zealand with 3500 (Pounds Ed.) in my pocket. No job, no home, NOTHING.

I found a position with a high salary and things were looking up. After six months the company decided that as things were going so well now, they didn’t need to pay me this high salary and gave me six weeks to find something else. I thought, “God, if you were going to make me rich, you are going a funny way about it.” What I didn’t realise was that I had heard God wrongly. He hadn’t said He would make me rich, He had said, “I will enrich you.” He revealed that to me and He kept His promise. You see, I could only see richness in material things and that wasn’t how God saw it. There’s a vast difference between ‘being rich’ and ‘being enriched’. If you ever have the choice, choose the latter. Fix your mind on things that last – eternal things, and forget about the material things.

By now I had become a member of the Baptist Church in New Zealand. I had realised my need to be baptised by immersion and had become a deacon in a local church. A Christian friend gave me a job in his business for a short time and then I started business with a friend of my wife’s. She put up the money, I put up the expertise. I couldn’t understand God. He had filled my heart with the desire to be an evangelist and yet here I was, stuck behind a counter, measuring curtain fabric. I remember saying to Arthur Finlay, a wise old saint of God, “Why, why, why?” He said, “Tom, maybe God wants to see what you can do with this, before He gives you something important to do.” How right he was.

5
Higher, Higher, Much Much Higher

The Christian life was still hard to live. It was still on my back like a burden. I was disciplining myself to read the Bible; I was disciplining myself to pray. I still felt the pull of many things of the world, but I wasn't yielding to them. I was living a Christian life (with a struggle). I began to hear of a church-splitting phenomenon called the *Charismatic Movement.* They were a group of *Holy Rollers* who clapped their hands and waved them in the air and who believed that people could be healed by prayer. That one could pray in some strange foreign language and God heard them. I hadn't heard much more, but it was enough for me to decide for myself, as well as being told by many knowing friends, that there was something wrong with the whole thing and it couldn't be of God. Then I started to meet some of these people. They seemed so alive. They seemed as though they were meeting this God daily; that I only knew as somebody in history. They talked about the power of the Holy Spirit, as if it was a newly discovered medicine or rejuvenating treatment. I had to learn more about it. After all, I was now preaching around a lot. Not seeing anybody saved, mind you, but that was up to the Lord and I was doing my bit for Him so why weren't all those things happening to me? I went to a Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship meeting in the Cambridge Town Hall and there I saw an American preacher rant and rave about all the things I had heard of. At the end of the meeting he prayed for people and as he prayed, they fell to the ground in a trance. I had seen the same thing years ago, when I worked with a hypnotist on the stage. I walked out of the meeting, making sure that everyone saw me. It was a public objection to this type of meeting and all those connected with it. That was a night I was to live to regret, not because of what those people did, but because of my action.

As I have already stated, I was preaching, giving testimony and nothing was happening. I decided to set the Easter week-end aside as a time of prayer and Bible study. I had a wonderful time in prayer and the Word and on Easter Monday morning I was on my knees at the side of my bed and God spoke to me quite clearly. "Go and see Mrs Beck." Mrs Beck was a lady in our Baptist Church. I had spoken to her a few times, but never more than, "Good morning, Mrs Beck." I knew that she was blind in one eye and that her other eye was going the same way. She wore dark glasses and could barely see to go about her housekeeping. Medical students would come to examine her rare eye disease. I felt an absolute fool as I phoned Mrs Beck to ask her if I could come to see her. She agreed that I should come and I felt an even bigger fool as I told her what God had said to me. Her face brightened and she cried, "God has sent you to pray for my eyesight." Could it be possible that this little woman, who had been a Christian and a Baptist all her life, believed that God still healed people through prayer? I said, "Do you

believe that God could heal your eyes?" She said, "Yes, I do." This put me in a fix, so I said, "If they didn't get any worse, would you be happy?" She said, a little disappointed, "Oh yes, I would." I jumped to the lesser of the two, and said, "Let's pray for that." She removed her glasses and I put my hands on her eyes and prayed the most profound prayer, "God, don't allow these eyes to get any worse. Amen," and left. About two hours later, Mrs Beck telephoned me. "Mr Frew, I think my eyes are a little better." I thought, "This is getting out of hand," and I said, "Now, don't jump to conclusions." The end of the story has been the greatest thrill of my life. In the middle of the same night, Mrs Beck tells how she was awakened by a severe pain in her eyes. She sat on the side of the bed and leaned forward. Water started to run from her eyes and the pain left. She went back to sleep and when she awoke in the morning her eyesight was perfect. Isn't God wonderful? He took an unbelieving Christian and showed him that He was real and that He was as active today as He was two thousand years ago. It blew my closed mind open. Now I believed in healing and that night I got out my Bible again. I knew nothing about the Charismatic movement or the Pentecostal movement. I had never heard of them before. I had read no books on the subject, I only turned to the word of God. I had always heard that healing was not for today. It was only to build up the early church, I was told. Then, as I read my Bible, I couldn't find anywhere that these things would end. I wondered how many of the other things I had heard were wrong. I put it from my mind. I had told Mrs Beck not to tell anyone about her eyes being healed. What a ridiculous thing to do. She told her family, who immediately said, "If God has healed you, then you must tell people." Soon people started to talk about it. Whereas Mrs Beck in the past had gone into a shop and handed over her purse for the shopkeeper to take the money, she was now writing cheques. People were amazed that she could see. Rumours spread around that Tom Frew had done something terrible. Mrs Beck just smiled and said, "All I know is, that once I was blind and now I can see." That dear lady is still alive today and has perfect eyesight. She prays for me continually and often phones us before a service just to give me her blessing. I love her dearly and know she was God's vessel to open MY eyes also.

The next week I went to preach in an Auckland church. At the end, eleven people responded for salvation. I went back to Auckland a few weeks later and saw, for the first time, that God has a sense of humour. In my motel, at 10am I prayed, "God, prepare one heart to receive you this morning." It was a big youth service. Hundreds of young people ready to hear the Word of God and, I thought, ready to respond to my preaching. I dressed like a teenager. I preached a really 'with it' youth sermon and at the end five women in their fifties were saved. Not one young person. God sure has a sense of humour. One of these women told me, in the midst of her tears, that at 10am that morning, she had been washing her face in the bathroom and that although she hadn't been to church for years, God had said to her, "Go to church this morning, I want you to give your heart to me." Haven't we a wonderful God?

A few weeks later I went to Mount Maunganui for a few days holiday. On Sunday night I went to the service at Mount Maunganui Baptist Church. At the end of the service, the Pastor, Rev. Graeme Coad, made an altar call for those with needs who wanted a prayer. A large number of people went forward and Graeme looked down into the congregation and said, "I see we have Tom Frew here. Tom, would you come and help me to minister to these people?" I went forward and the first man in the line asked me to pray for his painful back. I raised my hand to pray for him and I felt the power of God descend upon him and he fell to the ground. I thought, "I've killed him." My wife, who was in the congregation, was frightened. She hadn't seen this happen before. The evening ended with Graeme standing back watching while almost everyone fell to the ground. One lady later told the pastor that I had pushed her to the ground. I remember that I had never even touched her, but I could understand how she felt and what she wanted to feel. I remember some time later, when I fell to the ground myself under the power of God, I felt as if there was a pressure under which I couldn't stand. I knew all that was going on, but was unable to do anything. Many times since, I have been accused, and have heard others accused, of pushing people to the ground, but now I know that sometimes God deals with people in this way. I don't know why, but sometimes I believe God has to switch us off completely, in order that He can deal with us. It is possible also, that God uses the phenomenon to simply show His power and the signs that follow the anointed preaching of His word. I don't believe that the priests at the opening of Solomon's temple were pushed by anybody but God Himself (2 Chronicles 5:14). Certainly, John on the island of Patmos fell as if dead, in order that God could speak to him (Revelation 1:17).

I have seen all the work of God faked by man and I have seen young people fall to the ground with a smile on their faces, just because it was the thing to do. In these cases, I simply touch them on the cheek and say, "Alright dear, you can get up now." However, let's not throw the baby out with the bathwater. If God wants to work in this way, then I for one am not going to restrict Him. There seems to be no pattern in falling under the power of God. I have seen people healed from sicknesses, who didn't fall under the power of God and I have also seen people fall under the power of God and not receive a healing, at least not for the particular sickness which was being prayed for.

At first I would question God as to why I could pray for two people with the same sickness and see one healed and the other not. One day God seemed to say to me, quite distinctly, "Mind your own business. I will heal when, and who, I want to heal." I have never asked God for an explanation since. I have had the joy of seeing His healing power in a wonderful way over the past few years – from backache to bowel disease, from headache to Hodgkins disease; I have seen Him heal broken marriages and transform lives by the power of His Holy Spirit. I have seen Him deliver people from demons and have been privileged to be used in this ministry. I believe however, that

young Christians need to be careful in this area of deliverance. Early in this ministry, I had a young mother come to me with her young son, who had had a bed-wetting problem for two years. I prayed with him and he had no more prblems in this area. A few months later, the same woman brought another son to me. He had a very peculiar experience. He was about four or five years of age and even when he would be out playing with his young pals, he would suddenly start to tremble. His teeth would chatter and he would cry, "Mummy, the Devil is trying to get me." This had been going on for some months. I discerned that there was a spirit possessing him, cast out the demon in the name of Jesus and within a few days his mother phoned to say that the problem had gone. I had forgotten all about the matter and one night I was awakened by my whole body trembling. My teeth chattered and try as I would to control myself, I couldn't. My wife put on the electric blanket and eventually I calmed down. Next evening, before I went to bed, the same thing happened. I thought I was catching influenza and yet I had no fever. Then I started looking up medical books to find what the symptoms might be. I was now studying day and night. I had a hunger for God's Word that was insatiable. I couldn't read any other books but the Bible and I started to wonder if I was experiencing the beginning of a nervous breakdown. At this time I was getting up around 4am in order to pray and study and as I prayed, the Lord reminded me of the symptoms of the young boy I had dealt with a few months previously. I opened the ranchslider of our lounge and I commanded the spirit to leave me in the name of Jesus. I covered my wife and son with the blood of Jesus and commanded the spirit to go to a place of divine appointment, never to return. That was the end of my problem. We need to be careful and gain experience with mature Christians with this type of ministry, before we begin to dabble with something so powerful. I didn't believe that demons were real, till I experienced them myself. Not possessing Christians, but oppressing them. On another occasion I prayed for a girl in the manse lounge. There was another woman present and we saw numerous small monsters leave her body and go through an open window. Demons are real. Don't be misled by those who rubbish the whole idea.

In my healing ministry, I have seen many amazing things. Time after time, I would pray for a person's illness and would feel the actual pain in my own body. A man would ask me to pray for a pain in his leg and I would feel the pain in my back. Knowing then that the pain was travelling from his back, I would pray for that particular area and see his leg healed.

Soon I began to experience 'words of knowledge, from God. I want to relate just two instances of this wonderful act of God. My wife and I were standing in the middle of a church singing a hymn. The church was packed and we were in the middle of a pew. Suddenly, God laid a word of knowledge on my heart. It was for a woman who was somewhere on my right-hand side. I told Aileen and she said, "What can we do about

it, we can't go up and tell the minister." I said, "No, but we can ask God to reveal it to him." We closed our eyes and began to pray. Aileen saw him before I did. She saw the minister leave the pulpit and make his way down through the congregation. He came right down to our row and Aileen thought, "He couldn't possibly be coming here." I opened my eyes and he was standing right in front of me. He said, "Tom, you have a word of knowledge from God." I was taken up to the front and he announced that I had a word of knowledge for a lady to the right of where I was sitting who was suffering from palpitations of the heart. The lady was there; she came forward immediately. She had been sitting right beside me, on my right.

I was asked to preach in an Auckland church once. About three weeks before the appointed date, I had been praying that God would instruct me as to what I should preach on. Each time I prayed, God would say to me, "There will be a woman sitting in the right-hand corner of the church who thinks she has cancer of the stomach, but she hasn't. Tell her so." A week before my visit I walked into a shop in Hamilton. The owner, who is a friend of mine, said, "Hey Tom Frew, come and meet a friend of mine from Auckland." His friend turned out to be a commercial traveller, who was a member of the church I was going to preach in. I told him about the lady in the church for whom I had the word of knowledge. On the Sunday morning when I preached in Auckland, I spoke on the many wonderful things God was doing by His Holy Spirit. I said, "Just let me show you one example of God's power." I walked to the back right-hand corner of the church and said, "Would the lady who thinks she has cancer of the stomach please come out." Immediately a lady stepped out into the aisle. I told her God's message for her. I then asked her if she was a member of this congregation. She said, "No, I have never been here before, I was just passing this church on my way to the church I usually attend and seeing so many cars outside, I thought I would come here for a change." Suddenly, a beautiful young girl rushed to the front of the church and said, "I want to give my heart to Jesus. A God who can do that must be real." Isn't God wonderful? He has had so much patience with me. I didn't believe in healing, so He showed me healing; I didn't believe in the phenomenon of people falling under the power of God, so He showed me; I was dubious about words of knowledge, so He allowed me to experience some that shocked me into belief. He allowed me to experience the reality of demons.

He promised in His Word that He would give His Holy Spirit to those who asked Him. But – He did when we were saved. That's what I believed, that I got all I could from Christ when I got saved, but then why was the question asked in Acts 19:2 – "Did you receive the Holy Spirit when you first believed?" Here were people whom I believed were saved. According to verse 4 they had repented and they believed in the one who was to follow John the Baptist. If you repent and believe, I would say you are saved. But they still hadn't received the Holy Spirit. So I reached up my hands to God and I said, "Lord, I have assurance of salvation and now I ask you to fill me with your Holy Spirit. I

receive Him now by faith in the name of Jesus." I received the empowering of God's Spirit by faith, just in the same way as I had received Jesus for salvation. No flashing lights, no speaking in tongues, but don't let anybody tell me I wasn't filled by the Holy Spirit. My life took off. In the next year, I had the joy of leading perhaps two hundred people to Jesus. I have stated that for some years I had carried my religion on my back like a burden. It was still on my back, but now like wings. I was in full flight in my Christian life. I was filled, empowered, baptised in the Holy Spirit.

I said that I didn't speak in tongues and I believe this is one of the greatest hindrances to many people failing to move on in their Christian lives. They ask for, and receive the Holy Spirit, but because they don't immediately speak in tongues, they are told, "You haven't come through." I believe that this makes a liar of Christ. He says in Luke 11:13 – "If you then who are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will the heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him." To ask Him as a born-again Christian, for His Holy Spirit and they say He didn't do so, is to make a liar of Jesus. Ask, receive by faith, and believe that Christ has done what He says He will do. Leave the manifestation to Him. However, let me say this. Speaking in tongues is a sign of being filled and empowered by the Holy Spirit. It was the common manifestation in every case in the New Testament 'They began to speak in other tongues'. The only reason I didn't for a year was that I waited for a little tape-recorder to switch on inside me. Then I saw what the Bible said, "THEY BEGAN', so I just began. I opened my mouth and I moved my tongue and I began to say words I had never heard before. As I did, I was exhilarated. The Bible says, "it edifies the speaker' (1 Corinthians 14:4). It certainly does! When I am in a situation where I do not know what to pray, I allow the Spirit of God to move my tongue. I believe however, that too many people think of tongues as being the Holy Spirit, but it's only part of the manifestation of the Spirit of God. Too many people are becoming Holy Spirit worshippers, to the exclusion of the Father and the Son. This is as great a mistake as the exclusion of the Holy Spirit in many churches.

Churches are not split by the Charismatic movement. Churches are not split by releasing the power of God's Holy Spirit. Churches are split by lack of love. By lack of respect for one anothers feelings. When Aileen and I came to our present church, we discovered a dryness which was causing negative thinking. Progress was stunted because of fear that nothing could be done. Finance had always been a struggle. The attitude was, "Thank God for what we have and what we are doing. This is what God wants us to have and do." We went into that little church together; we knelt down at the front steps of the platform. As we raised our hands to God and I prayed, "Lord, we give your Holy Spirit full sway in this church. Tell us what to do and we will be obedient. Flood every heart with your love and give us a love for these people which will help us to bear every hurt, every criticism and every failure." The Lord filled us with love for these people; a love which could only be supernatural. As I stand in the pulpit

sometimes and see them greeting each other, hugging each other and fellowshipping together, I wish I had arms forty feet long, that I could just embrace them all at one time. I never realised that my heart could love so much. Their failings, their sins, their problems, their fears, their financial burdens. They seem to be all mine. I know what the family of God is like. It's just like our own family. We know each others faults. We squabble, we argue, we criticise, we fail each other, yet at the end of the day our love for each other hasn't changed a bit. If one lady in the pew wants to raise her hands in worship or clap her hands to the choruses, that's fine by the next lady who doesn't react that way. She enjoys her time with God in a different way. Quietly and without demonstration. In one of my early sermons in the church, I talked about this very thing. I said, "If raising your hands is not symbolic of raising and submitting your whole lives to Jesus, then keep your hands in your pockets." Some people started raising their hands; and some people stopped.

The Holy Spirit brought love and unity to our church. Not division and hatred. It all boils down to LOVE. I fail my people every day in some way. Don't let any reader of this book think we have a perfect church and that I am a perfect pastor! Aileen and I have spent sleepless nights. I have knelt before God and wept for hours as rumours, lies and criticism filtered back to us from the congregation. They have been angry in the early days, because it seemed as if I was rushing ahead and doing things too quickly. Many problems in churches are caused by people making decisions without knowing the full facts. I have done it. My congregation have done it. We have seen certain actions which appeared to be so wrong, or at least suspicious. Many times, I have had to allow my people to go on thinking a wrong thing, simply because I couldn't tell them the reasons. However, as trust slowly builds and congregations see that their pastor can't be as foolish as they thought, as they see that actions taken by him result in the work being enhanced, they soon start to relax and pray for him. If there is a person reading this book and you are not happy with your pastor, start praying for him, RIGHT NOW. I have never been to Theological College; I have so many faults and failings that I just can't understand how God could use me at all, but we have the biggest little church in New Zealand, because I have a congregation who prays for me. We have a congregation who love each other, warts and all.

I sometimes look back in amazement, at how God brought me into the ministry. Earlier, I related how I started a business with a partner. This partner owned a foodmarket and business was growing so rapidly in the new venture, that they decided to sell the foodmarket. I wanted to leave the business and go into full-time ministry. How could I tell them? How could I leave them? One night I prayed, "Lord, if you want me to serve you, then you will have to work it all out." Next morning, my partner said to me, "Tom, I know your heart is in God's work. If you have an opportunity to serve Him, don't let the business stop you." I would stand in that shop measuring material, longing to leave

and preach the Gospel. As I measured the material metres I didn't count one, two, three, four on the counter tape-measure. As I measured each metre I said in my mind, "For God – so loved – the world – that He gave His only – begotten Son – that whosoever – believeth in Him – should not perish – but have – everlasting life. That was ten metres. I had opportunities to witness every day of the week. I was preaching at weekends. In one church, many of the senior youth were baptised in the Holy Spirit; people were healed; people saved; people delivered from many bondages; and at the end the organist resigned and two other people left the church. The power of God took over in that church and it has grown continually since.

The foodmarket was sold and I was free to take up a pastorate, should God lead in that direction. I knew that there was a church vacant, but I didn't want to go there. Neither did my wife and son. So I prayed, "Lord, you know I want to serve you and will go anywhere you want me, but please Lord, don't send me to… Next day I received a letter asking me to consider this very church! We were shocked and the immediate reaction was, "No, no, no." Then as I prayed, I felt so guilty. As a family, we talked it over and realised that when we committed ourselves to serve God, we didn't put any conditions on it. So I wrote saying that if this church wanted me, then I was willing to go. Next day, I got another letter saying, "On second thoughts, we don't really think it is the right place for you." Do you see what God was doing? He wanted to test me, to see if I was willing. When He saw that I was, He then sent me to the place of His choosing. When my shares in the business were sold, I had exactly enough money to pay all my debts and buy a new car. I arrived in my new pastorate with exactly $900 in my bank account. I still have it and I have lacked for nothing. God has provided for our every need. He has sustained us through many trying times. My wife has had a mastectomy. We have had the burden of sickness often, as if Satan was trying to discredit my healing ministry, but through it all every attack has only served to glorify God more and to teach us something new.

On one occasion, when we were going through a time of criticism in the church and we had health problems, I was really being attacked by Satan. He was getting to me through my mind. I knew that my preaching was drying up. I just couldn't seem to get the fire going in my Christian life. The fact that I would often go for seven weeks without a day off, was taking its toll. I wasn't spending time with my family. Satan was saying, "You didn't really expect it to last, did you? Don't you realise that because you haven't been trained you are drying up. Did you really expect that God would continue to use a guy with a sinful past like you have, after He had done what He wanted with you?" My sins came flooding back and at 4 o'clock in the morning, I fell to my knees on the floor weeping. I prayed the same prayer as I had prayed when I got saved, "God help me." Suddenly, a vision started to take shape before my tear-filled eyes. It was like a film strip in frames. The first part I couldn't understand at the time, but now I do and

will disclose the meaning later. I saw the outline of a coffin, flashing on and off and in it was our son Michael. I was frightened and said out loud, "I reject that in the name of Jesus." As I did the flashing coffin disappeared and I saw Michael standing smiling, tall and strong. The next scene was Jesus hanging on the cross, with the blood pouring down from His body. The blood flowed into the next frame of the film and in this frame was a man. The blood flowed over his feet and started to crawl up his legs and body, then over his head, till he was completely covered in blood. I looked at the scene and saw that it was myself. I fell on my face on the floor and cried, "Thankyou Jesus, thankyou Jesus." I knew that He was telling me this, "Your sins are forgiven. I will not allow your ministry to fail because of your past life." I was filled afresh with God's Spirit. I wanted to shout with joy. I was restored, renewed and refreshed in the Lord. The vision continued and then I saw myself standing on a high platform. The hall before me was packed with people, all standing. I had a sword in my hand and the point of the sword was stuck through a Bible. I was holding it out over the people and they were clamouring to get it. They were reaching up their hands and almost fighting each other to get it. God seemed to say, "You will continue to take my Word to the people." As I preached next Sunday, a man from the congregation came to me and said, "Tom, what has come over you, there is something different about you, you seem to be on fire. It's as if something new had come into your life." I was able to share the wonder of God's workings with him.

As I write this on May 21st, 1982, I now know what the first part of that vision was preparing me for. Our son Michael is a big, strong, seventeen-year-old. He can run eight miles and not even be breathless. He broke his High School high jump record last year. He plays three games of squash in a row. He has never had a day's sickness. He is about to begin employment in a bank. He was interviewed and told that the job was his, provided that he was alright medically. We laughed, because of his excellent health and strength. He went for his medical and suddenly discovered that he had many of the symptoms of cancer. Swollen glands and other symptoms. His blood pressure was worrying and he would have to see a specialist. Many who had experienced cancer, were broken-hearted and things looked black. But God brought back to my mind, the vision of the flashing coffin and reminded me that I had rejected it. Michael knew what the symptoms could mean. I shared it with the congregation at the evening service. The deacons of the church laid their hands on him and the whole congregation prayed. I have never felt the love of God so real. We all loved each other, there was a genuine caring. Nothing else mattered to anyone at that time, but this young man. We got a new peace after that, but naturally we were concerned. Michael talked to me openly about his future. He said, "Dad, I know it could be serious, but if it is, I want you to know that no matter how good life is for me down here, it will be better with Jesus. Should the worst come, I want your permission to travel around with you, witnessing to the power of God in my life, and, if it is to be, in my death." I was so ashamed of my

doubts and fears. My wife had been going through deep depression over the past two years and was a person who had always worried about our financial state and the fact that in ten years we will reach retirement age and have no home or money. Suddenly, none of these things had meaning anymore. We just prayed together and played together. I can never remember a week in the past when as a family, we were so close, or indeed, when we laughed so much. Michael was a bundle of fun. I guess he was being like that for his mother's sake. We went to the specialist and to our joy, he discovered that the symptoms were perfectly innocent and that our son was abounding in health. Was there a reason for it all? Of course there was. The simple problem with Michael's health can be cleared up and not allowed to lead on to something worse. Aileen will never allow worries, fears or depression to enter her life again. She now knows that God will provide a home for retirement and a mansion for glory. I have a new love and respect for a son who is now a man, not a boy. Michael has had to face a big problem and discovered the strength of God in times of tremendous pressure. Isn't God good? He has taught us so much in one week. We are better people; we are stronger people. God has a purpose in everything. All things work together for good for those who love the Lord and are called according to His purpose.

Epilogue

It's Sunday again. I check over the little new church which God has provided for us. I have just left a beautiful new manse, which God has made possible. Soon I will look down into the congregation and see the faces of people who have grown to positions of responsibility. That young man whom God is preparing for full-time ministry. That young husband and wife who, a few years ago, were on the verge of breaking up, living a life of sin and disorder. Today he is a youth leader and God is using his wife in an exciting ministry. Those young people who have come to know Jesus. The people who, like myself, didn't believe in the healing power of God and have since been healed by Him. I love them, every one. They are my family. It's a family that every person on the earth can belong to. It's simply a matter of accepting the same Father – Father God.

As you come to end of this story of an arch-sinner who has been changed by the power of God, don't let Satan tell you that it can't happen to you or your loved ones. It can! That doesn't mean that every person who accepts Christ as their Saviour is going to enter full-time ministry. That doesn't mean that every person is going to become a Baptist pastor, indeed, you may not want to, BUT it does mean this. Every person who recognises that they are a sinner, who repents (or turns away from their sin), and accepts that Jesus Christ died on the cross at Calvary as an atonement for their sin, and who confesses that sin before God and confesses Jesus before men, shall be saved. They will discover that in Christ there is victory over sin, whether it be a lying tongue,

unclean thoughts, lust of the flesh, stealing, a dishonest heart or alcoholism. Whether it be a grieving heart, a wounded spirit, a violent temper, an inferiority complex or a lack of love. Whether it be a nervous disorder or a lump on the elbow. Jesus Christ is the answer. Now, that doesn't mean that suddenly there is no temptation, no problems with our personality or no sickness with our body. The Christian will experience all those things, but now he knows how to handle them. He lays them all at the foot of the cross, at the feet of Jesus. He brings them all to a new-found, loving heavenly Father, Jesus Christ. Christ may heal the problem instantly. He may permit it for a time to chastise us because, remember this: Nothing happens in the life of a Christian, except by the permission of God. We can blame Satan, or our enemies for many of our situations, but to do that takes away the Kingship of God. It takes away God's sovereignty. Neither Satan nor our enemies can do anything except it is permitted by God. He is Lord. He has all dominion and all authority. So many new Christians think that on the night they give their heart to Jesus, all the hassles disappear and they need to realise that Christ didn't promise that. He only promised that He would never leave you nor forsake you. He only promises that as we go through life He will continually prepare us for that day when He will return to take His own people (those who have accepted Him as Saviour and Lord), to be with Him for eternity. From the day we accept Christ into our hearts, that preparation begins. Sometimes it's heavy upon us; sometimes it's light and easily borne, but in it all Christ strengthens us, Christ comforts us, Christ enables us to handle life and every situation pertaining to it.

The greatest difficulty after conversion, as I see it in the world today, is the difficulty the Christian seems to have in shaking of the old way of life. The predominant cause of Christians falling back, is Satan's lie, that they can still continue in the old ways and by it, serve God. Now often I hear, "You know Pastor Tom, I went to the pub last Friday night with the boys, and over a beer I was able to witness to them about Jesus." "I still run around with my old friends. After all, Jesus was the friend of publicans and sinners." He sure was, but He was Jesus. He was God. He was tempted in all things and proved that He was beyond sinning. Too many Christians today make excuses for retaining the worldly friends they once had. Be honest, Christian. In the company of your worldly friends, who does the compromising? Is it your friends, or is it you? When you become a Christian, it's a complete new ball game and with new players. You don't join a new football team and now and again play for the opposition.

The service is over now. I go to the door. "Thank you, Pastor, that was a good message." "What you said really spoke to me tonight." The words of a great man of God comes floating back to me. This man was a Pastor, like me. He had just preached a mighty sermon and was congratulated by one of his congregation. "That was a mighty sermon Pastor," she said. "I know," said the man of God, "Satan told me that before I left the pulpit." The words of that pastor have served to keep me humble. Satan says, "YOU

really socked it to them today. You were great." The day that I think Tom Frew is great, that I have done something in my own power, then that is the day I believe my ministry will end. I didn't beat sin. I didn't win the victory over alcohol, Christ did. I don't preach, Christ does. I don't heal, Christ does. I can't save, Christ does. One must never look to a pastor for healing, one must look to the Healer. One must never look to a pastor for salvation, he must seek the Saviour.

I am home now, the talking has finished. My wife and I have sipped our tea and wondered why Jim wasn't at church today. She never asks why Mary came forward for prayer, or why Patrick was crying. As a Pastor's wife, she must live in many dark areas, not knowing why, not condemning those in sin, but just loving them. Not understanding many things, but just accepting that I know the facts and that I will deal with the problem through the counsel of the Holy Spirit.

I am quiet now. She knows that I am pondering in my mind, the problems and the needs of my people. Those whom God has placed in my care. She knows that she may awaken in the darkness of the night to find that she is alone. The chink of light under the door conveys to her that I am with the Lord, seeking His will for my life. Seeking His will for His church. She has never said, but I know by her words of comfort and encouragement, that she has seen my tear-stained face as I wrestled before God over the problems of the congregation, over the hurtful lie or rumour, over that remark made in error.

Thank you, Lord, for saving me. A liar, a thief, an adulterer, a blasphemer, an alcoholic. Thank you, Lord, that even though I fail you day by day, I can still have your forgiveness. Thank you, Lord, that I have your assurance that I will spend eternity with you.