

Ivo Sasek

# The Lord of Transformation

Gemeinde-Lehrdienst

**Elaion**

CH- 9428 Walzenhausen



Offered by  
Gemeinde-Lehrdienst  
Order No. 19 ENG  
Title of the original German edition:  
„Herr der Wandlungen”  
3. Auflage 2003

1<sup>st</sup> English edition 2004  
translated from American and  
German members of OCG  
edited by Gisela Matteson  
Familyphoto:  
Photographer: Christine Kocher  
Ch-9428 Walzenhausen  
Cover: Elisabeth Goebel  
Cover, typeset, printed and produced by  
Gemeinde-Lehrdienst, CH-9428 Walzenhausen

## **Table of Contents**

Note about the English Edition

**Sentenced to Death**

**Jesus, Our Destiny**

**God Yes, but Why Jesus?**

**The Revelation of God's Glory**

**God's Elect**

**Powerfully Transformed**

**Transformed Dimensions of Service and Life from A–Z**

**Epilogue**

### **Note about the English Edition:**

The scripture quotations were taken from the New American Standard Bible, if not mentioned otherwise. Differences to the familiar texts may also occur, when the author retranslated a passage from the original Greek and Hebrew texts. As the Greek or Hebrew words have a greater variety of meanings than the German or English words, there can be several possibilities to translate a certain single word. All of these possibilities are correct, but the one or the other might render the meaning of the word more profoundly. The passages in which this was the case were directly translated from German and bear the remark „[translated from German, translator's remark]“.

The translation work of our writings is continuing. With the Lord's help more books, brochures and messages on tape besides this present one will be completed. Do not hesitate to ask „Gemeinde-Lehrdienst“ by letter or fax, which translations are available.

We wish to point out that this book is a translation from German. By means of a thorough quality control it is our goal to present a perfect and precise translation of the German text. If the listener should find portions which are theologically or grammatically illogical or difficult to understand, please contact us at Elaion Publishing House (by way of letter or fax) and inquire as to whether the actual meaning of the things that were said was correctly understood. We thank you for your understanding. May you be richly blessed as you listen to the sermon.

February 2004

Gemeinde-Lehrdienst  
(teaching ministry for churches)

## Sentenced to Death

It was like a movie, except that I didn't play the part of the hero. I was lying stretched out on the floor of my small room in Zurich. Bathed in sweat, I worked my way centimeter by centimeter to the sofa across the room. There, on the gray upholstery, lay the object I had hated, disdained and mocked for so long and yet was unable to forget. There seemed to be no way to get past it. Only a few hours earlier I had slandered and made fun of it in front of my colleagues. Now it was there, on top of the sofa, as unapproachable and dead as anything could be. I stammered and cried out to God, but nothing seemed to remove this dreadful barrier between it and me. Like someone dying of thirst, I crawled to the sofa hoping to touch it, but nothing that dark night in 1977 was of help to me. As soon as my hand laid hold of it, I realized anew that I could never bring it to life. How did it happen that, without my wanting it, this thing had penetrated my life like some insolent intruder? I actually didn't know anything about it and, in fact, felt hatred toward it, so why couldn't I turn away from it? Why did someone come up with the crazy idea to write a Bible? This confounded, encrypted and yet so incredibly fascinating book! Up to that point in time no one had ever explained to me what Paul writes about in 1 Cor. 2:14, that a carnal man like me could never understand the Holy Scriptures unless God Himself in His mercy would reveal His Word to him. Because I was ignorant about this secret, my anger flared up again, I slammed the book shut and threw it against the wall.

All my defiance and whining and cursing amounted to nothing. Like every other sinner I was dependent on God's mercy to reveal Himself to me. No one had ever told me about demons or evil spirits, but I experienced them thoroughly in my body that hour. For twenty one years I had served sin and now, when in the secret depth of my heart I desired to turn my back on all evil, it mercilessly demanded its tribute. In that powerless, dark hour I came to realize that in the truest sense of the word I was a prisoner of sin, a slave of death and the devil, compelled to follow the evil one, and a helpless servant to the powers of darkness. "Death and corruption are the wages, the consequence of sin", says Rom. 6:23. With that word I was condemned to death, and that was about the one thing I could understand when I read the Bible. What help was that to me now when I did desire to find in that Bible the eternal life of which the young auto mechanic who worked next to me had so persistently told me about, but like dark thunderclouds Arthur's words kept coming to my mind. "God wants to give you eternal life in Christ Jesus," he would say, "but if you do not turn from your sinful life and change your way, you will have no standing on the Day of Judgment. The way you are, you cannot possibly get into heaven." Up to that day I could have cared less whether I was going to heaven or not. But what I went through that night was sheer hell, and, of course, that's not what I wanted either. I had never thought it possible that one day I would stomp on a Bible like a bull gone mad, yet here I was doing just that. But, although I was stomping on the Bible and severely cursing God, it was really my despair that drove me to act like that.

Until then I had always gotten my way in life, but here, for the first time, I hit upon divine granite. Here I was dealing with a medium, that is, a living God, who thoroughly broke my ego and with whom I could not simply push my way through. For the first time in my life I realized that from head to toe I was a lost sinner, because the more I tried to get away from my lust for cursing, for nicotine and sex in those days, the more I was hopelessly enmeshed in it. A single mishap at work would send me into a rage. When I tried to get away from my lust for nicotine, I helplessly discovered that I couldn't exist for two hours without a cigarette. "You have to improve yourself, Ivo!" I kept hearing my conscience say. But by what power? If I was successful to deny my body nicotine for two hours, my lust for it swelled to such an extent that it overwhelmed me like a broken dam. In those moments I had the urge to stuff a whole package of cigarettes into my mouth and to inhale them like vacuum cleaner. The same pattern repeated itself in all the other areas of my self indulgent, godless life. In my own body I experienced what is written in Rom. 7:21-24, "I find then the principle that evil is present in me, the one who wishes to do good. For I joyfully concur with

the law of God in the inner man, but I see a different law in the members of my body, waging war against the law of my mind, and making me a prisoner of the law of sin which is in my members. Wretched man that I am! Who will set me free from the body of this death?"

## Jesus, Our Destiny

For three months I argued with Arthur over the Bible during our coffee breaks. In order not to have to justify my lost condition before him, I stubbornly tried to convince him of all sorts of God-defying theories. But I lost every battle. Then, at the very time that I was getting used to this Christian, Arthur announced to our crew that he was planning to leave his work as an auto mechanic. “Where are you going and what are you planning to do?” we wanted to know. His answer shocked all of us, and it hit me like a bolt of lightning. Despite the fact that there was almost nothing that could surprise us about this person because he was about as easy to grasp as the wind and as traceable as the path of a bird carried by the currents of the air, this time he had gone too far. “I am going to give away all my money and go to Bible School.”

Since I had just recently made the decision to become a millionaire, the hopeful thought sprang up in me that, maybe, Arthur would like to give his money to me. With as friendly a face as I could, I asked him what he thought he might do with this hindering thing, his money. The disillusionment came promptly when he told me that his decision was firm to give the money wholly to God’s work. For months Arthur had tried skillfully to make Jesus Christ as my only salvation dear to me. He could not have imagined that it was this last act of his that was the real “checkmate” for me. When he said good bye, he gave me the book “Jesus, Our Destiny”. Looking me straight in the eye, he extracted from me, against my own principles, the promise to read it. I took the book home and thought continuously about the money thing. I, too, had extracted an answer from Arthur to tell me, probably against his own principles, too, the sum of money involved in his decision. Why had I been such a fool to dig it out of him, but my self reproach didn’t help me one bit. Trying to get it off my mind, I couldn’t think of anything better than to tell my mother about it at the dinner table. “Mom,” I told her, “I have met someone who is absolutely crazy. For the sake of his faith in Jesus Christ, this man is giving up his career, his savings and everything a soul could want, live in poverty and go to Bible School. At least he could have given his money to me! Can you understand something like that?” I don’t remember what my mother’s reply was, but I do remember that talking about it didn’t relieve me either. I could have defended myself successfully against any theology or point of argument, and any kind of threat of God’s impending judgment I could have neutralized or argued away. But this fact that a twenty one year old person, an attractive man my age, could voluntarily give up all comforts in order to put his life up for the service of his fellow men, this fact stuck in me like the barbed hook of a harpoon. Somehow I sensed that the book with the title “Jesus, Our Destiny” might have something to do with my own future, because in a sense Jesus had already become my inescapable destiny through Arthur’s testimony. I no longer could evade Him and pondered day and night over His person. Yet I had not even begun to understand why this Jesus was even necessary.

# God Yes, but Why Jesus?

Since I had lost the battle to read and understand the Bible, I decided that I would accommodate Arthur and read his book. Here, too, I understood almost nothing of the content and purpose of the writing, and yet somehow I felt that I had been brought nearer to God. I could not define what it was that fascinated me in the chapters I read, but I perceived how the author spoke just as convincingly and incessantly about Jesus as Arthur had. What kept repeating itself like a mantra was that Jesus died for our sins so that we could have life. The stories were written very realistically and held my attention, and I kept reading. Suddenly I came to a chapter I had not anticipated. It described the death of the author, Pastor Wilhelm Busch. As I was reading about his passing away, springs of realization and revelation broke open in me. All at once I knew with certainty that this man was now in the place that I would never see - heaven! Abruptly I realized what it was that so fascinated me about the book. It was that it was not theology or theory about God, but the relationship of the heart to Him, that unfeigned, undivided, pure surrender to Him who died for our sins and was raised again for our justification - Jesus, our destiny! Finally I could understand why Jesus was necessary. In his whole life Wilhelm Busch did not trust in his good works but in Jesus Christ. He was a man who made mistakes like any other, but in contrast to me he continuously brought all his sins in order before God, letting the blood of Jesus wash them away and trusting unceasingly in Him. I could literally sense in my spirit with what confidence this man had crossed over the gates of hell. Maybe accusing demons and the devil were present at his death, but I could hear him call out triumphantly, "Jesus is my righteousness! Jesus is my salvation! Jesus is my life! Jesus was my destiny!" In the face of such a testimony, such faith and such a walk of life, every power of hell had to capitulate, break down and flee. As I was seeing in my spirit how Wilhelm Busch entered triumphantly into heaven, I myself collapsed in a heap. His death was a mirror of truth over me. At once my own sin laden life rose up inexorably before me. Where was I, the godless and self righteous person that I was, to appear at my own death? I felt as if I was already standing before the white throne (Rev. 20:11-12)<sup>1</sup>. Without effort I could now understand words like those in Rom. 3:10-18, for example, which I had been unable to understand before. "There is none righteous, not even one; there is none who understands, there is none who seeks for God; all have turned aside, together they have become useless; there is none who does good, there is not even one. Their throat is an open grave, with their tongues they keep deceiving, the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood, destruction and misery are in their paths, and the path of peace have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes."

Not wanting to, I began to sob uncontrollably. I was bent over like a woman in labor and whined like a dog that had been kicked. All the sins of the past swelled like mighty waves over me and broke in merciless condemnation over my soul. Floods of memories followed one after another until in the end every cell and fiber of my soul cried out, "Woe is me, I perish, I am the worst of all sinners. Who will deliver me from the body of this death?!" As certain as I was that Wilhelm Busch was in heaven, I was as certain that when I died my soul would be in hell. Without really able to believe that Jesus was sufficient for such an amount of sinfulness as mine, in that dreadful hour I kept being reminded of the Holy Scriptures which both Arthur and Wilhelm Busch had tirelessly testified, "If we say that we have *no* sin, we are deceiving ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from *all* unrighteousness" (1 John 1:8-9).

I then simply confessed all the sins I could think of. For the first time there was nothing in me

---

<sup>1</sup> "And I saw a great white throne and Him who sat upon it, from whose presence earth and heaven fled away, and no place was found for them. And I saw the dead, the great and the small, standing before the throne, and books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged from the things which were written in the books, according to their deeds."

that wanted to whitewash them or play any of them down. Self justification or hiding had no place here. The only thing on the table was the unvarnished, naked truth. I called on the name of Jesus, as the Bible teaches. “Whoever will call upon the name of the Lord will be saved” (Rom. 10:13).

In that hour of mercy and judgment, I completely understood why every person needs Jesus. In the face of God’s holiness my whole life seemed mercilessly to go up in flames. Yet there was One who had paid for my sins: Jesus, the righteous. He, the righteous, died for me, the unrighteous. He took my guilt on Himself. He paid the price for my peace. Amid all those thoughts I also remembered Arthur’s words that one had to surrender one’s life wholly to Jesus in order to be saved. How one would actually do that, I did not yet know in that hour. But I did know that it was written, “He (Jesus) died for all that they who live should no longer live for themselves, but for Him who died and rose again on their behalf” (2 Cor. 5:15).

I did not understand right away what God could do with my catastrophic life, but I did cry out in near despair, “O.K., God, if you want my life, then take this damned mess and use it.” That was about the essence of my repentance prayer. To this day I can hardly believe that God heard such an almost blasphemous prayer. But He did! When at some point I finally got up from my tired knees, I was not aware that anything had changed, but some time later, in my nightly dreams, I would suddenly experience heavenly dimensions.

# The Revelation of God's Glory

There was a man walking next to me whom I had never seen before but who was very familiar to me. Deeply absorbed in conversation with one another, he led me past fields up a mountain path from where I could see large fields ripe for harvest below me. I saw workers binding up sheaves, ready to be taken away, and other workers loading them onto a wagon. I was standing all alone on the mountain path to the right of the man who told me to look at all the things going on below. Suddenly I saw how, without the help of human hands, the wagon loaded with sheaves began to move. Amazed but not frightened, I watched the wagon roll down the fields into the deep, and it looked as if disaster was about to happen. But at the bottom the wagon rolled across some green meadows directly toward a great body of water. At the edge of the water I saw great, big trees whose crowns reached into the heavens. The wagon rolled between these trees directly into the water. Fear of what might happen came up in me, but a great, unknown calm surrounded me. I then saw how this wagon transformed itself in the water, changing from wagon into a ship and moving about on the water with greatest ease. Then I observed the crowns of the big trees and how they reached up to heaven. The heaven was of such clarity as my eyes had never seen. The crowns of the trees formed an arching train downward and were gently swayed back and forth by a wind of magnificent glory. The magnificence of this glory was so exceedingly glorious, marvelous and immense, that no human word could grasp it or describe it. I felt as if I were looking directly into the face of God. The whole surrounding was changed and had a clarity about it like the earth after a thunderstorm when everything is thoroughly cleansed. I awoke and jumped out of bed with a shout of joy. A ceaseless praise sprang from my heart: "God lives! He is real! God exists! I have seen His glory – God lives! God lives! God lives!" For hours I remained in this cloud of glory, and even to this day, twenty five years later, it is still so fresh in me as if I had experienced all this only yesterday. His glory was so fulfilling and satisfying that I could never forget Him again. Only later did I realize that the man whom I had been walking next to was the same whom I had offered my life to in such an unseemly manner. But because of His glory and loveliness no price shall ever be too high, no burden too great and no path too steep, that one day I may be received by His own dear arms.

At this point I would ardently like to encourage you, dear reader, to also put your life into His faithful hands. Only I would ask you to do it with more dignity than I did. Take this book and find a quiet place, if at all possible today, where you can kneel down in His holy presence. Do not look to your own strength or wisdom in the things I am about to tell you. In no way does it depend on what you are able or unable to do. If you have a desire to belong to this God who created heaven and earth, then make the following prayer your own today:

"Heavenly Father, I have sinned before you and your holy angels. My sins are as numerous as the hairs on my head and there is no way I can make up for one of them. Therefore I am coming to you to ask for your mercy. I have neither the strength to regret my sins sincerely, nor to change my way of life. I am through and through sinful in body, soul and spirit. But you say that you have so loved the world that you gave your only begotten Son, so that every one who believes in Him would not be lost but have eternal life (John 3:16)<sup>2</sup>. Heavenly Father, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. I believe that He died for my sins. And I believe that He was raised for my justification. Therefore, forgive me all my sins in Jesus' Name. But not only my sins, I also give you my whole life. As you gave your life for me, so I want to give my life to you. My whole body, soul and spirit shall belong to you. Heavenly Father, in the Name of Jesus I thank you that you are now fulfilling all your promises and that you *have* forgiven me all my sins. In gratitude I will get baptized at the next opportunity, so that I can testify about you before others and you would seal me with the Holy

---

<sup>2</sup> "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, abut have eternal life."



Spirit (Acts 2:38).<sup>3</sup> In the power of the Holy Spirit come into me, dwell in me, so that you would become me and I you. Dwell in me, Lord Jesus that I may receive your power and no longer have to serve sin and death and the devil. For all these promises and answers I thank you beforehand. In the Name of Jesus, Amen.”

After you have been able to pray this prayer with an honest heart, I beg you to honor your word and prepare for water baptism as soon as possible<sup>4</sup>.

---

<sup>3</sup> And Peter said to them, “Repent, and let each of you be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.”

<sup>4</sup> For additional information about baptism see the appendix on page 108.

## God's Elect

What I had not thought possible happened only too quickly. Just a few hours after that wonderful night vision, dark veils of sin began to spread over my life again. All my thinking and feeling was, of course, still interwoven with sinful urges and bondage. Although I desired nothing more than to stay in this glory, it was powerfully rivaled and thrown out by the flood of habitual, wicked and unclean thoughts. During the following weeks, this darkness was sometimes so overwhelming, that repeatedly I actually forgot that I had been converted and become a believer in God. In those days I did not yet understand that I was still lacking the strength and the gift of the Holy Spirit, because I had not yet been baptized. One evening I was again kneeling in my room, with a book in front of me. It had the mysterious title "God's Elect". The cover showed black and white contours of people. Those outlined in white were lit up by a beam of bright light from above. Once more my world collapsed within me. Having not yet learned how to stand in the reality, and claim that I had become a new creation in Christ, I wholly relied on my feelings and oriented myself according to my own disposition. Not surprisingly I once more fell into a deep sadness and resignation. "I have everything", I said to myself, "but the one thing that really matters, that I missed: I do not belong to God's elect." I had not yet understood what God says in Rom. 8:29. There He promises indeed that all those whom He foreknew He also predestinated to be made into the likeness of His Son Jesus Christ. I could not yet comprehend that God will bring to perfection all those whom He predestined. Just as God justified all those whom He called, He also will glorify all the justified ones, just as it is written, "Whom He justified, these He also glorified" (vs. 30). With tender care the Holy Spirit revealed to me all the faithfulness in which He had already protected and sealed my life through grace before my salvation. I could realize through Eph. 1:3, that I *had* already *been* blessed in Christ with *every* spiritual blessing in heavenly places, and that I *had* already *been* chosen in Christ *before* the foundation of the world. What joy filled my when I realized for the first time that I *am* a person drawn by God, called by God, and justified by God! The very fact that He had drawn me to Himself and justified me in His blood, was proof that I had been chosen *before* the foundation of the world, and that it was God's intention to complete the glorification of His Son in me. Like a thread woven through the fabric of my life, I could recognize the grace that had accompanied my life before my salvation. Nothing, not anything, had been left to random coincidence. Even in the times of my deliberate godlessness, His loving hand had guided and carried me through. In the following chapters I want to give a clear report of the effects which God's election has had in my everyday practical walk, and what a transforming force has been working in me since my conversion that summer in 1977. What I am writing is true, and I know that this same power of God wants to transform, and even entirely renew, your life also. I will start at the beginning, with the grace that preceded salvation.

### Grace Preceding Salvation

This early grace began already in my birth struggle. The umbilical cord was wound tightly two times around my neck and my mother suddenly stopped having contractions. Literally with hands and feet the physicians were kneeling on her belly to somehow get me out of there. A breath of death was in the air. It became dead silent. My tiny body had turned blue all over, and according to the physicians, I barely escaped death. But it is written in the Scriptures, "Yet You brought me out of my mother's womb" (Ps. 22:9 NIV). And through Ezekiel the Lord spoke, "When I passed by you and saw you squirming in your blood, I said to you while you were in your blood: 'Live!' I said to you while you were in your blood, 'Live!'" (Ez. 16:6). This same grace preceding salvation protected me when a man kidnapped me on a public street at about the age of four. He made me believe that he was my grandfather. By chance my mother, who was running a business errand at the opposite end of the city, saw me walking and holding that man's hand. She jumped out of the car and snatched me away from the kidnapper. Several years later, the preceding grace preserved

the lives of my brother and me when we loosened the hand brake of our car on a steep road, and the car was stopped only by the open door catching on something. At another time, I was standing with my brother on a long wooden dock jutting out into the Mediterranean Sea. A heavy thunderstorm arose, and a lightning bolt hit the water only a few meters away from us. Many years later we soberly realized the great grace that had been working that moment, because every law of physics teaches us that lightning will always hit the highest point. It was physically impossible that the lightning hit the water only a few meters away from us. One winter, when my parents were in an accident, our car spun out of control and was stopped only by a post. Fifty meters before or fifty meters farther, we would have fallen into the frozen waters of Lake Lauerz and drowned.

Can you also recognize God's grace preceding salvation in your life? Did you ever thank God from your heart for all the good He has done for you and your family? You may take it as a pledge that He also foreknew you before the foundation of the world, and that He predestined also you to grow into oneness with Jesus. Your destiny is to partake of and be fully joined to Him, to all His virtues and properties of character, to all His capacities and to all His strength! Take hold in faith of the fact that He *did* already call and justify you in Christ, according to His plan, in order to manifest His foreordained glorification of Christ in you, and your glorification in Him. Now is the time for you to claim in faith all these glorious facts, because I think our human life will hardly be long enough to take in all the fullness of glory and transformation in Christ. Hurry and save your soul! Pray the sinner's prayer, if you did not yet do it, as I prayed it for you in the fourth chapter. Set out on this journey with us to receive in power, as God's elect, the promised transformation.

# Powerfully Transformed

“But we all, with upwardly unveiled face *beholding the glory of the Lord*, are in this way being transformed into the same image from glory to glory, just as from the Lord, the Spirit” (2 Cor. 3:18) [translated from German, n.o.t.].

“... whoever loves the Father loves the child born of Him.” (1 John 5:1)

Our God is a God of transformations. As soon as He gets us in His hand, the powers of heaven begin to act on all levels of life to our absolute best. What changed first in my freshly consecrated life were my wickedness and my uncleanness. The Lord transformed them into an intense love for my fellow human beings, and awoke in me a strong inclination towards purity and holiness. With godly determination I immediately began, for example, to subdue my passion to swear. Since I had not yet been taught that it is possible to overcome every sin in Jesus' Name and in the power of His faith working in us, I tried at first to defeat the spirit of cursing in my own strength. This failed, of course, and because I lacked deeper understanding, I immediately decided to give up my job as an auto mechanic in order to avoid the constant temptation to curse. For this reason I changed to the area of car sales. Although this step in itself does not correspond to biblical principle, once more God rewarded my decision of faith. I was delivered of the spirit of cursing in such a way that for years I was unable to think of even the slightest curse. Through God's grace I was instantly and powerfully transformed. Similarly, the Lord right away transformed my relationship to the other sex. Not caring about any personal loss, I was able to bring my whole life in order. The transformation that was the most outstanding in the beginning, however, was the love of God which constantly caused me to long to meet and know other Christians. “... whoever loves the Father loves the child born of Him.” (1 John 5:1). If God who gives His grace to us would not also be the One to do His work in us from A to Z, we would be totally lost. After having been a person who disdained Christians, I now felt as if I were being drawn with cords of love towards other Christians. But where could I find some? Not even in my dreams would it have come to my mind that my newly found faith could have anything to do with church or any kind of institution. I was still too proud to talk about it with my grandmother who was a believer, because we had despised and mocked her for years. Arthur, meanwhile, had moved away to Bible school.

## Transformed Loneliness

During this time of inner seeking, I had to go to the army reserves once again. Because I did not yet have a very strong foundation, I quickly drifted off into an attitude of cockiness and all kinds of silly jokes. God allowed that I had an accident, and I had to be hospitalized for several days. There, ruefully, I took out a small book that my grandmother had given me. Since my grandmother never gave me anything except spiritual literature, I thought reading this book would be good for my soul. I had no idea what it was about. The story seemed to take place in Zurich, my home city, because the title read, “It Started in ‘Shop-Ville’”. I hardly had begun, when I was fully awakened by what I read: on almost every page I read how Christians walk together, how they pray together, hug each other, and how some had opened a café to have tea and cake with people to tell them about the gospel. It described how young men stood in the pulpit and preached, and how people would come from the street and believe in Jesus and start a new life. When I had finished reading the whole book, my overflowing heart was just longing for such a fellowship with other Christians. I wept and pleaded that God would have mercy on me. I suddenly remembered a slip of paper which Arthur had given me about a year before. When I came home again, I could hardly wait to look for that slip of paper. I searched my whole room and my desk, and actually found it. An address was written on it. Immediately I found out how to get there, as it seemed to relate to some kind of church service. When I got there and opened the door, I almost had a stroke. I found myself in exactly the place I

had read about in my grandmother's book! I recognized it from the numerous tables all around and the planks that were nailed to the walls. I recognized it from the pulpit and the young people who were preaching from it. The whole program was set up in the same way as in that book. There are dozens of Christian assemblies in Zurich, but the Lord had led me to exactly the church whose story was told in this book. Now I was not only born again, but I had also found a spiritual home. Hallelujah! The Lord had transformed my loneliness into the most delightful fellowship with other children of God. From that time on, things moved quickly.

## **Transformed Desires and Interests**

Right away I was invited to go with them into the streets of Zurich to testify to the gospel. Being a passionate sportsman and musician, my entire weekly schedule was full, but I freed myself one evening to be with the others in the street. When it started, I was so excited that my whole body was shaking. About fifteen young people my age began to sing, somewhat out of tune, but all the more boldly. One after the other came up front courageously and began to share about his life and to preach. Since I still lacked the courage to speak in public, I tried to support them by showing off my muscles a bit while standing in the group. I still had to learn that this way of impressing others was not at all asked for, and that which was crucial was a very different kind of example. Afterwards we invited crowds of people to the café. There also I had to learn that masculine charm was not the way with which to win people, because right away I had started a conversation with all the pretty girls. One clearly needs transformation on all levels of thought and life! Arriving at the café, the Word was preached once more, and then there were talks about the gospel of Jesus Christ, with tea and cookies. This way of living fascinated me so much, that I traded in one evening activity after the other for this. Increasingly, body building and seeking outward beauty did not interest me anymore. Because I was meeting people who possessed an inward beauty, I also began to aspire to this more and more. And as I had found an indescribably more profound kind of fellowship, even my band, which I had loved more than everything else, could not hold me back anymore. Finally, I was preaching the gospel with them much more than making music. Instead of striving towards a more professional standard in my music, I was drawn more and more to take my place among the believers and, despite public contempt, join them in singing gospel songs in the street. Nevertheless, my life was still marked by constant weakness. Again and again I felt that I was lacking the strength that some Christians had. My life was repeatedly swallowed up by evil works and by fear as well. I simply could not find the power, like the others, to preach freely in the street, to confess my faith, or to share the gospel. One day a faithful brother told me there was going to be a water baptism. I could not hear enough about this. Over and over I was told that one could put one's "old self" into the grave there, in order to rise with Christ. This was exactly what my innermost being was longing for! When the moment had finally come, in the year 1978, I went into the ice-cold waters of Lake Zurich. I was baptized into the Name of Jesus. After having left the water, joy and strength from above came over me, increasing from hour to hour. I hardly could comprehend it: all I had been longing for began to break out in me, like a spring of water. From that moment until today, one powerful transformation after the other is taking place in my life. In my baptism I experienced what Acts 2:38 speaks of, "Repent, and let each of you be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." From this time on, I was not only entirely certain of the forgiveness of my sins, but also of the power not to have to commit these sins ever again. Beginning like a tiny stream, this current of the Holy Spirit increased, until I could let myself be taken with Him into all areas of my life.

## **Transformed Ability to Love**

From the moment I had been baptized and received the Holy Spirit, no power of hell could prevent what God had planned from before the foundation of the world. Are you also living in the awareness that God completed a good plan for *your* life already before the foundation of the world

(Eph. 1:3-4)<sup>5</sup>? When this plan begins to be fulfilled, things happen in us and around us that we never could do out of our own strength. God's love urged me at once to testify to the gospel wherever I went. Every previous fear now gave way to the powerful working of the Holy Spirit. Now I did not want to miss any opportunity to testify to the gospel of Jesus Christ. When the day's work was finished, I went from one place to another, visiting people at home and meeting them in the streets. Wherever I arrived, the Spirit of the Lord had prepared the field already. What I now experienced was by far more beautiful than anything I had experienced so far in my life: to be delivered from sin and simply be able to flow with the current of the Spirit. The strangest and most wonderful things started to happen. I prayed the sinner's prayer with an alcoholic, not knowing that this was going to be his last chance to receive Jesus in his life. A few days later, God took him to Himself. My 91 year-old grandfather, who had been refusing to learn about God his whole life, came to repentance with tears as the anointing of the Holy Spirit was working. When I prayed with him the sinner's prayer (this means the conversion prayer, as I wrote it down in chapter four) and he repeated my words, I did not know that these would be the last words he would speak with me in his life. With great thankfulness, with tears in the eyes, we said good-bye to each other. A short time later, a fever gripped him, he lost consciousness, and the Lord took him to Himself.

Wherever I went, I was granted to see how people were moved by God, and how many became Christians and began a new life. Even at work God's love was urging so much, that I was not able and not willing to remain silent any more. In this way every single customer was confronted with the gospel, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The Spirit of the Lord was so effective that, in most cases, it took me only a few seconds or minutes to be in the middle of a conversation about Jesus with any kind of person. The whole company of about 120 employees heard the gospel in this way in a short time. From the lowest helper up to the board of directors, everyone had to hear it. The longing to testify of Jesus as the Life was working so strongly in me, that daily I also spent several hours in prayer. In the evening, after work, God's love constrained me to go out on the streets and city squares. Now there was nothing more beautiful than testifying everywhere to the life and the transforming power of God. Later in the night, when there was no one left in the streets, I frequently preached to the swans, the ducks and the frogs at the banks of the lake, just out of overflowing affection for God. One might wonder if this is normal. Of course it is normal! Jesus said, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks" (Matt. 12:34). Christ dwelling in us overflows with a Savior's love, with love to people and to the whole creation. He died for us out of sheer longing. It is His longing to now connect us to His overflowing life. I contend today: If a person does not have in their heart this same kind of Savior love, and if he is not an outflow of God's glory in the personal manner given to him or her, then this person did not really give their life to God, or he or she is still - or again - entangled in sin. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom. Freedom from all lusts and bondage, freedom from sins and greed, freedom from all wickedness and darkness. Jesus once said, "If any man is thirsty, let him come to Me and drink. He who believes in Me, as the Scripture said, 'From his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water.' But this He spoke of the Spirit, whom those who believed in Him were to receive" (John 7:37,38). We must not rest until we have become such a river of living water. For Jesus also said, "Whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up to eternal life" (John 4:14). Have you become a well of living water? I am not talking about outbursts of emotions, but of rivers of power in the Holy Spirit which keep on transforming you and your whole environment. Where there is no ongoing work of transformation taking place, there the Lord Jesus is not at work. Are you a confessing Christian and yet are never really progressing? Then you urgently need to participate in the evaluation we offer, to let yourself be thoroughly examined. You must become such a well! Never be just satisfied with only the forgiveness of sins. Besides your being ransomed (apolytrosis), reach out also for your release from sinful ways (aphesis). But do not remain satisfied even with

---

<sup>5</sup> "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ, just as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and blameless before Him."

this! Only when you, together with your entire Christian environment, have become a river of living water, are you in that which was prepared for you before the foundation of the world. Do not rest until you have found that river, and even more, until that river of life has taken hold of you!

## **Transformed Financial Conditions**

More and more the large automobile garage where I was employed, was changed into a kind of mission station. Employees of different departments had turned to Christ and preached the gospel to other co-workers. The business was prospering splendidly, and increasingly more and more customers thanked the directors that they had also received spiritual counsel when they purchased their car. As the directors were of Jewish origin, they were not pleased with all this, and I was asked not to speak about Jesus Christ to my customers any more. I knew that I would never be able to make such a promise with a clear conscience. Indeed, I was aware of such tremendous capacity of the power of the Spirit, that even this big company and all its customers seemed too narrow an area of ministry. So how could I bear such an added restriction? For several days I earnestly considered this matter before God. Already in the preceding months I had thought repeatedly about the possibility of full time ministry. Quite weak in myself, but nevertheless in full certainty of faith, I decided to give my notice to leave and to go the same way Arthur had. If anyone had said a year earlier, that that within twelve months I would be taking the same step as Arthur, I would have called him crazy. But all is possible in the power of the Holy Spirit. At that time I was praying all the more intensely and continually contemplated the most fundamental promises of the Holy Scriptures. For months it was an inner fight, particularly regarding God's words in Matthew 6:33 where it is written, "But seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things (all provisions of needs) shall be added unto you." Sermons about faith were frequent in our church, and dependence on God was demonstrated practically in the lives of the believers. When the time came to choose between two Bible schools, it seemed already written in stone that I was to choose one that granted me *no* financial support. This meant that the choice would be for the Bible school that belonged to our church. It was also clear from the start that I, like my role-model Arthur, had to liquidate all savings accounts at this beginning stage of my journey and put the money at the disposal of the Kingdom of God. I had earned a lot of money and had always set high goals, so quite a nice sum could be released for God's cause. I did this with delight and shouts of joy, and up to this day I have never had to regret it. All this had to be kept secret because even then my mother could not bear the news of my leaving my job and going to Bible school. The news had so affected her that she had a paralyzing seizure, and only with the help of a doctor and an injection could she be healed. For me it was a point of honor not to tell anyone that all my money was gone, although this step had by no means been easy for me. I arrived at it only after months of praying every free minute, fighting for it, and finally, under extreme pressure, had broken through to that step. Something like a holy law inside of me urged me to test all these promises of God while I was not yet married, so that the faith as well as the obligation to silence over my finances was proven to be pure and genuine. I was aware from the start that the years at the Bible school would just lay the foundation of this test of faith. But I was wholly for this, and firmly decided to take any risk in the Name of Jesus Christ. Although I had been a Christian for barely two years, I had experienced God so clearly in so many ways, that it seemed to me blasphemous not to fully trust in His promises in the Holy Scriptures or to not found my whole life on them. Nothing less than this seemed worthy to me. So I settled everything in my household, paid all outstanding bills, and gave my money away. From that time on, life became one big adventure. During the first Bible school summer mission trip, other students became motivated to also trust the Lord completely in financial matters. After we took that step, we were like children and at the same time like dreamers.

## **Transformed Bills**

During a short break in the summer mission work, one of our team members called out

spontaneously, “Who wants to go and have ice cream?” Almost everyone joined in right away and got up to go. My friend and I looked at each other, and both of us knew what the other was thinking. Without saying a word, each knew that the other wanted to go and eat ice cream, and, without saying word about it, we also knew that our wallets were empty. But filled with a light-hearted joy, we got up to go, full of anticipation of what the Lord would do. A short time later we sat together with the rest of the crowd in front of our dishes of ice cream and coffee. Our eyes met repeatedly, but except for a holy expectation, a kind of tension in the air, there were absolutely no other indications that God was going to do something for us. We certainly were not going to lose any appetite over this, though. As happy as small children, we joined animatedly in the conversation. As more and more time passed and we knew it would soon be time to pay, our stomachs became a bit uneasy after all. I had told this brother how God, until now, had always intervened, but for him this was a pioneer experience. While he could, in some sense, rest in my claims and experiences, I was completely dependent on God alone, and He actually let it go so far that I had to tell the waitress that we would like to pay. She turned and approached our table all too quickly, opening her large money purse. The time had come. Blood rushed to my head and drops of perspiration began to form on my forehead. Nevertheless, I felt clearly that I should, in faith, reach for the wallet in my pocket. It was like thrusting my hand into the middle of a fire. Just as I was taking my wallet out, the surprise happened. Someone else from the group called out, “Let me pay for this round.” Before I could open my empty wallet, the waitress had made her way to the other side of the table for the money. Our hearts were leaping like wild horses. We threw our arms around each others’ shoulders out of sheer joy over God’s faithfulness and the victory we had just experienced. In this way God began the first small steps in teaching us to trust and live by faith. It soon became an everyday experience to spend our last bit of money on people like the guests, for example, for whom I bought evangelical literature when I brought them to an evangelism meeting. The experience of how God would again and again send new “manna” from heaven was like rain on a freshly mowed meadow.

## **Transformed Emergency Situations**

This experience of God’s providing accompanied me continually, and in no way did it lead to an inner dullness. On the contrary, the Holy Spirit prepared me day by day with still more expectation to trust above and beyond my basic daily provisions. It became increasingly clear to me that God does far more signs and wonders when you live constantly in the expectation of being at the right place at the right time. One morning at the Bible school, the Holy Spirit unmistakably urged me to sit at a specific place during breakfast. Usually there were close to one hundred students in the over crowded dining hall. During the meal, I had no idea what would happen. I only felt very strongly and clearly that God would do something during this meal. So I prayed continuously and remained receptive. Suddenly I heard a loud scream behind me. I turned, and saw that a sister with long, curly, brown hair who was sitting directly behind me, had leaned too close to a candle so that her hair had caught on fire. A shock went through the room as a large flame rose up from her head. At that moment, without hesitation, the Holy Spirit drove me to hit her head with the palms of both my hands. With a single blow the flame was put out and her hair saved. Had a few more seconds passed, she probably would have had to be taken to the hospital with severe burns. If you would direct your attention to the Holy Spirit’s workings and movements in you at all times, your walk would become one of endless rejoicing.

During our first missionary trip (around the Mediterranean Sea) my Bible school friend and I prayed continuously for new opportunities to serve God. One evening God glorified Himself in a very special way. We were somewhere in an endless, lonely landscape. The road snaked its way through hundreds of kilometers of dry, sometimes heavily forested areas. Far and wide there was not a house to be seen. Somewhere along the way our convoy stopped to set up camp for the night. We felt the mysterious presence of the Lord in an unexplainable anticipation, a joyful inner tension;



an expectation in absolute certainty that something special would happen. But what could possibly happen in the middle of this lonely wilderness? We had just settled down for the night in our sleeping bags, under the stars, when it all started. From far in the distance came the sound of a vehicle approaching. A few hundred meters from our camp it suddenly began to squeak and rumble. It sounded as if an entire train was braking and sliding down the tracks. Just above our heads, it came to an abrupt stop. This was a sign for us. We both shot up like lightning bolts out of our sleeping bags and ran through the underbrush toward the vehicle. We were in the middle of Algeria, on Muslim territory, where we had previously been arrested as a whole class and forbidden, under threat of punishment, to practice any missionary activity. While my friend talked to the Muslims, I, being an auto mechanic by profession, started to look for the cause of the damage. Even before I had found out that a screw had come loose and lodged itself between the flywheel and the gear box, these Muslims had been thoroughly evangelized. The whole scenario lasted about a quarter of an hour. Naturally we testified to all the passengers that it was not just chance that their motor trouble had happened right at this spot. At any rate, there was no inhabited place for at least a hundred kilometers in both directions. We rejoiced that this had happened, and gave the Lord all the glory. In spite of it being the middle of the night, the holy anticipation did not let us rest. We sensed clearly that God still had something else planned. Intuitively I took my tool box and set it at the head of my sleeping bag. We prayed together and lay down again. But hardly had we laid down, when the sound of the next vehicle could be heard. A few meters from our camp we could hear loud rattling and banging noises. The machine coughed and sputtered and came to a stop near where we were lying. With a "Praise the Lord!" and a "Hallelujah", we jumped up and, this time with the tool box in hand, hurried through the bushes to this vehicle. Again, Muslims climbed out who could not believe their eyes: there they were in the middle of a forest with a serious motor problem, and half a minute after breaking down two men with a tool box are standing in front of them asking if they can help. I began to check the engine and my Bible school friend preached the Gospel of Christ. He told these people how, just half an hour earlier, the very same scenario had taken place at the very same spot. They could hardly believe what they were hearing. They certainly took notice, though. It was Jesus Christ, the Lord over heaven and earth, the Lord also over the Muslims, who had invited them to this talk about the Gospel. Just as I had finished repairing the damage to the carburetor, the evangelizing finished. We said good bye with gladness in our hearts, knowing that neither these nor the other Muslims will ever forget what happened.

## **Transformed Dogs**

Beside many other transformations we experienced on our mission trips, there was also the story of the wild dogs. Large packs of these dogs discovered the foreigners who had intruded into their area. We were all dog tired and longed solely for sleep, but these packs of wild dogs kept running up to our camp. Partially out of exhaustion, partially out of anger and also out of desperation, two students finally attacked these dogs with big sticks, hoping to chase them away. Unfortunately this had just the opposite effect, and it became obvious that the dogs would not rest until *they* had chased *us* off. Knowing that God had so often answered our prayers, we followed the prompting of the Holy Spirit and asked the Lord of transformations to intervene. Before a minute had passed, the whole dog pack was suddenly silent, and all the exhausted missionaries had a restful night.

## **Transformed Skepticism**

By far the most miracles which God worked were in the area of provision. A close friend of mine who was very skeptical concerning my means of provision, invited me to go skiing with him. He was skeptical about all the stories I had told, until he saw with his own eyes the precision with which God provided for me. Riding up on the ski-lift, we noticed that one of the main buckles of my ski boot was missing. We skied downhill a few times and I just went without it. But then we took a break and there, right before his eyes, I found a buckle lying in the snow. It was exactly the

size of my missing one, and it fit perfectly to my boot. From that hour my friend believed that the transformation of things comes from above and not out of my imagination.

## **Transformed Drug Addiction**

In those days I spent almost every free minute in prayer. One evening around nine o'clock, the Spirit of prophecy came over me in a clarity I had not yet experienced. God revealed Himself to me from a new side, a side which can only be grasped by those who trust and believe like children. I sensed with total clarity how the Holy Spirit wanted to use me that same night to lead someone to Christ. He revealed Himself like a playing companion. It was as if He said, "Run wherever you like, jump as fast as you can, hide wherever you want (I describe it on a human level). I challenge you; you will not get around this predestined person." "Do you really mean that?" I answered, and started off - first left, then right, up, then down, stood still, hid behind a hedge, ran as fast as I could, here and there and in another direction. I played like this before the Lord's face for around two hours. Finally, I think it was around midnight; I started to become a little tired and a faint doubt wanted to creep in: had I won the bet after all? Then, in the middle of a dark back street, a door opened directly in front of me and someone came out. I did not know where I was, but I realized that this person was someone I had had close contact with some years ago. At this unusual time of night he wanted to take his bicycle inside. We recognized each other in the dark, and an intense conversation began which led to this person kneeling down on his knees and giving his life to God. He was wonderfully saved out of heavy drug addiction. A friend (the one who experienced my ski-boot buckle) who personally knew this person and heard about his transformation, immediately and with great joy paid for part of a drug rehabilitation program for this saved soul. God won the bet, and I was the happiest loser on earth!

## **Transformed Bible School Students**

At the beginning of the 1980's, Anni enthusiastically sent me a book concerning revival. At that time we had no idea that we would one day marry, and that this book would have an influence on my whole life's direction. I read it both with dismay and with shock; because I realized that I was in a false line of teaching. We were being taught that there were no more gifts of the Holy Spirit, and that the time for signs and wonders was over. Yet in this book I read just the opposite. I read about the Holy Spirit being poured out and about innumerable signs and miracles. In addition to this book, Anni sent me teaching cassettes from America. For the first time in my life I thought I understood what faith really means. I caught the scent of my God in all these testimonies. I repented on the spot, and began to publicly testify and preach about the Holy Spirit and His gifts. I laid hands on sick Bible school students and experienced how they were instantly healed. Without giving a moment's thought to how my transformation might be affecting the school administration; I drove down to Lake Constance one morning and baptized a fellow Bible school student who had given his life to Christ. The word of faith had so touched him, that he never left my side. Before this he was the quietest and most shy person I knew at the Bible school. But already during the baptism, as I laid hands on him, he began to pray in other languages, and in the following days his spirit bubbled over in at least five new tongues. From this point on he was a totally transformed person. Within a few weeks half of his relatives were converted. He laid his hands on defect lawn mowers and saw how they began to work again. Ten horses could not have pulled him back into the old ways of lethargy, fear of people and small mindedness. But this and other events brought the whole school into an uproar. Because it became known that I spoke in new tongues, I was sent back to my local church in Zurich. There, in a kind of interrogation, the elders formed a circle around me and commanded the "evil spirit of tongues" to leave me. During their exorcist attempts, I prayed in blissful inner peace in tongues and experienced nothing but edification in the Lord. But because I was not willing to dissociate and separate from Christians of Pentecostal background and was not prepared to renounce the Lord's spiritual gifts, I was dismissed from the Bible school on the spot

and isolated from all the other churches. Until this happened, I was something like the prized pet. But from that day on I was treated like a leper. I had now also lost my spiritual home. This experience was, of course, extremely difficult for me, but in my spirit I was very much comforted and joyful. The presence of the Lord and His peace was all the more and continuously with me. Hallelujah!

### **Transformed Directors**

The church elder who had prayed over me that the “devil of tongues” leave me, told me later that a short time after this, while traveling on the train, the presence of the Holy Spirit flooded his heart. While he was reading a newspaper, a spiritual vision suddenly opened up before his eyes and, not intending to nor agreeing to it doctrinally, he began to pray out loud in tongues. After this he also was persecuted and expelled. According to later reports, about ninety percent of my former Bible school directors are said to have changed their position concerning the Holy Spirit and His gifts. Although the divisiveness of that incident was never dealt with openly and to this day causes the most terrible gossip about me, the inner peace and joy in the Lord of transformations increases continuously in me and in all of us. We look forward to the day when He who began this special transformation will direct our hearts and ways back to each other. For He is the One who is over us all.

### **Transformed Chief of Police**

After being expelled from the Bible school, I found refuge in a mission team in India and Nepal. For nine months we went through the villages and mountains of India and Nepal with hundreds and thousands of books and tracts to bring the good news of Jesus Christ to all the people there. In Nepal there were already several Christians in jail because of their faith. Converting someone to Christ resulted in a jail sentence, and if you would then also baptize the new convert, you had to count with several years in jail. During a 200 kilometer long foot march through the mountains of Nepal, I and the brother accompanying me were arrested three times within fourteen days. Yet every time a change took place, directed from above, so that we were released with only a warning. Once again we had been arrested and because the jail was already full, we were kept in custody in an old hotel. Our passports had already been taken away from us. We did not know what kind of penalty was awaiting us. The next day we were taken to the police chief. All of our tracts and books were carefully stacked up on his big desk. He spoke very severely with us, and we, as we usually did, tried not to understand a word of what he was saying. Then suddenly, after all the other police officers had disappeared from the office, he leaned forward and asked for the price of the individual books. We were shocked at first and feared a high fine or some other penalty based on the price of all the books we had distributed. We quickly added up the amount and told him the price. In a flash he pulled out his wallet, paid us the amount, took the entire stack, and hid it in his desk. After this he returned our passports, and with best wishes he let us go. We went on handing out hundreds of thousands of tracts, brochures and books to the people.

### **Transformed Houses**

Many years later I heard from a missionary that hundreds of house churches had come into existence in the mountains of Nepal, and that no one knew who had founded them. He described these church fellowships as still totally unspoiled and completely lacking all the typical theological divisions. Apparently there are no missionaries in close contact with them yet. His prayer was that they would be spared from falling into the hands of evil churches or church federations. Who is taking care of these churches, he wondered, and who brought them into existence? One thing is certain: it must have been the Lord of transformations, because hundreds of homes were transformed. In the years

before these house churches existed, only a few people were prepared to take upon themselves the long and difficult hike over the mountains for the sake of sowing the Word. Most of the missionaries we met were more concerned about their own stomachs and satisfying themselves with luxury items, and not one of them accompanied us on our difficult expedition. As for us, the words of Ecclesiastes 11:1 were fulfilled, "Cast your bread on the surface of the waters, for you will find it after many days." -Hallelujah!

## **Transformed Hearts**

When I landed on Swiss ground after nine months of missionary travels, I had exactly seventy Swiss francs in my pocket. My entire belongings fit into one suitcase. So there I was, without a church, without a permanent job, not knowing how things were going to turn out, and all this in our expensive Switzerland! But, from the beginning, I had placed my confidence and trust in God and not in people. So I simply began to flow with the Spirit again, and to do everything He showed me. Within a very short time, I once again had everything I needed for living. You may ask yourself at this point, how one "simply flows with the Spirit"? This is very simple and reachable, even for you. You only need to know the life and the peace of God. Jesus gave us a peace and a life which the world does not know. But if you do not know this life and peace for yourself, you will not be able to walk in this flow. The problem is that today almost everyone thinks he already has everything and knows everything, not realizing that Jesus spoke of a much deeper dimension of peace and life than most of us possess. Do you want to know more of this deeper life? Then we invite you to register for a visitors' day with us and to sign up for a time of evaluation. We would like to help anyone who cannot find this flow himself.

We often may have to spend many hours of inner suffering and perseverance until God unmistakably reveals Himself again. I remember the first time when a stack of bills for 1,000 francs piled up on my desk, and I did not have the faintest idea where the money would come from. My relatives and friends still thought that I had enough savings to keep myself above water during my years of study. While I lay face down, agonizing and waiting on the Lord, the doorbell rang and some visitors arrived. As they said good-bye, these people did something that they normally never would have done: they generously gave me money. Another guest, without realizing it, laid money for me directly on top of the envelope which concealed my bills. Someone else had it on his heart to give me a car.

God worked the most transformations of all, though, from the time that I turned my attention to Anni. As I became aware one day that this 16 year old girl had turned into a 21 year old young woman, and that there was no one comparable to her among all the hundreds of sisters I had met in the past years, I confirmed in my heart God's predestination of my life, and went courageously to her father to ask for her hand in marriage. Her father was shocked at first when I asked for a private conversation. "You see," he said in agitation, "I predicted years ago that you would come first thing after your studies to try and convert me and all of us." "But," I answered, "couldn't there be other topics for a conversation?" "Why, yes. Do you want to get married?" he asked somewhat perplexed. "Right, yes, you hit the nail on the head ... and guess who?" The Lord transformed the tense situation and his heart, and he gladly gave me his daughter's hand in marriage. Not a single person, friend or enemy has ever stood against my choice. Anni is the partner predetermined for me from before the foundation of the world. The Lord transformed every heart for her! Anni, like me, had pleaded continually with the Lord for years that she be protected from the wrong partner. Meanwhile, we have been married for nineteen years and have never, even for a second, regretted that we said yes to a life together. She is a true queen among women; the most incomparable person I have ever met in my life.

## **Transformed Honeymoon**

I am very much ashamed of myself when I think back to the beginning of our way together, and how I indulged being of little faith. In contemplating where we should spend our honeymoon, I considered booking a cheap trip, but the Lord of transformations did not permit making a decision based on my outward situation or poverty. I felt that God was challenging me with the question what trip I would book if I were successfully employed. Without hesitating I said, "The Maldives Islands, of course." Something happened then which I had not experienced in that way before. The same voice that had once said to me, "Give all your money away and follow me," now said, "Book this trip!" Only someone living in poverty can imagine the emotional reaction to such a proposition. In 1984 this trip, with all details, would cost approximately 7,000 francs. We were in need of furniture and a new car, as the old one had worn out; I had to finance the wedding celebrations, and, besides all this, I did not even dare to think of the cost of buying wedding rings. But the presence of the Lord was too strong to be stingy at this special hour. I talked with Anni about the Lord's proposal, and because we both felt peaceful about it, I booked the trip. After this decision I walked through the park for hours as in a daze, struggling and fighting with all conceivable doubts. But, as in past experiences, the Lord glorified Himself without my worry and intervention. Suddenly, we received gifts of money from various sources. We were utterly amazed and were able, just at the right time and hour, to pay each bill. We could book our honeymoon to the Maldives Islands, furnish our apartment, buy a better second-hand car, and pay for every need that arose during this intense time. In the end, when everything was over and we sat together in our new home, we had, as usual, about 100 francs left over and nothing more.

## Transformed Dimensions of Service and Life from A–Z

Through fasting and prayer, we began our vocation at a Christian rehabilitation service for drug addicts, psychologically ill and other distressed people. Only after a few months of this kind of work, God permitted the enemy to destroy it. The founder and director of this ministry who was a dear friend of ours, had gone forward too fast trying to minister to people who needed to be freed from addiction without having the adequate foundation for it. He lost control of everything and became irreparably confused. People tried to help, but it seemed to be decided by the Lord that this ministry should collapse. Our friend not only lost clarity of mind, but also his wife and family. At times he could be found, down-and-out and confused, on the streets. Because of this breakdown, our team of sixteen persons suddenly found itself on the street, and, as always, without money. My first thought in this new situation was to go back to my job. But when we brought this before the Lord, I could not get around John 10:12, “He who is a hired hand, and not a shepherd, who is not the owner of the sheep, sees the wolf coming, and leaves the sheep and flees, and the wolf snatches them and scatters them. He flees because he is a hired hand and is not concerned about the sheep.” More than ten persons were in our care. They had been freed from drugs, alcohol, and psychological diseases. How could I leave them on the street and think only about ourselves? Anni had given birth to our first born son, Simon, a few weeks before. But in this great difficulty, I could not give our little family priority. I decided to take care of the sixteen persons. We cried out to the Lord, and God met our need in that we were able to rent a big house for three weeks. You will remember the story about my playful bet with the Lord of transformations one midnight when the young drug addict got saved. It so happened that he was now working in a nursing home whose director was the owner of the house that was now made available for us to rent for three weeks. Because the owner had heard about the mid-night conversion and greatly appreciated our help to the young man, he charged us a substantially lower rent for the house. The Lord bless him for this! At the same time my mother “accidentally” found an old childhood savings account of mine. She phoned to tell me that I could pick up the 1,500 francs. This was exactly the sum we needed for the three weeks. Although we were only volunteers in the ministry that had fallen apart, bad rumours quickly spread through Switzerland. God permitted the devil to circulate the rumor that I had brought down my director and seized control. The regional welfare department heard about this and withheld part of the financial aid which we were lawfully entitled to in caring for these persons. In this hopeless situation, we set out to buy our own house for future purposes. We poured over nearly all the newspapers of Switzerland. A member of our team came across a newspaper ad for the building which today is our central house in Walzenhausen. After we had looked at various projects, this was the only house worth considering. We hardly could believe that, of all places, this house was located in Walzenhausen in direct view of that Bible school which had forbidden its students to as much as speak to us. The house was old and very dilapidated. But there were old beds every where and a lot of needed furniture. We could move in within three weeks, because the owner was dying of cancer and wanted to get rid of the house just as much as we wanted to move in. In the beginning, the negotiations did not look good at all. Who wants to sell a house to somebody without one franc of his own capital, and what bank likes to act as his guarantor? But, with the power of God, everything is possible. The Lord of transformations changed their hearts toward us. The bank thought it could make a big deal, and the former owner also made the remaining sum available at the same interest rate as the bank. One day after the close of our contract, I learned that I had paid about 200,000 francs too much for this project. This meant, according to the economical and legal situation at that time, that I had no chance to get rid of this house for at least five years. But at least we had our own house, and after the three weeks of transition, could move in and continue caring for the needy. In spite of the bad rumors and some back and forth decisions with the welfare department, they finally consented to pay us our entitled monthly amounts. So we just kept ourselves above water. We had entered into a mutual, common destiny in life with these needy ones, because God had promised me through His Word that this would be the way in which He would reveal all the essential secrets of building the church. But first of all, He revealed to us

unceasingly new traits of His own character.

## **Transformed Strategy of Provision**

In the face of the slanderous rumors, it seemed that the Lord desired to receive the undivided honor Himself. As always, He did not first inform me of what He was about to do when He began to withdraw from me, step by step, all strength to bear the burden. Whenever I preached the Word of God, I realised my inclination to want to preach what people wanted to hear, but again and again, I had to preach messages with hard words of judgment. Because I never held back a word, we often experienced that people left us. For each person that left us, we received two to three thousand francs less income at the end of the month. It became an unbearable burden to me to be dependent on financial assistance in our work with these needy people. The day came when I realised that I could not bear this tension and burden any longer. I prayed and fasted for three days unto the Lord. I could not go back to my profession, for there was no open door. The matter of the “hired hand” remained the same, and besides all this, we were trapped in our dilapidated house. To continue as we had, was no longer possible for the previously mentioned reasons. So, there was no going forward or backwards. After three days of weeping and lying helpless before the Lord, the Holy Spirit began to speak to my heart. In absolute clarity He revealed once more the way out, the way which He had prepared for us before the foundation of the world. The solution was just as simple as it was shocking. At first, I thought I had heard incorrectly. But because it was unmistakably the voice of the Lord of all transformations, God’s way out made me so happy, that for the first time in months I was able to breathe freely again and to shout with joy and to sing. God said, “Remove all earthly securities, live before Me as you have lived all the previous years, cancel all future welfare money, provide and care for everyone free of charge, and tell no one except those in your own house about this, for I, the Lord, am your provider, I alone.”

I drove home like a dreamer. What was incomprehensible and threatening to the natural mind, was the most joyous gospel to my inner being. Arriving home, I immediately gathered my team together and presented them this new way. I asked everybody to take these words into their quiet times and to test them for one week. After one week, we would meet again and attest if this was the voice of God or not. To this day we follow the same procedure in all essential decisions, because feelings like this might come out of the natural mind or, in the worst case, be a suggestion from the devil himself. Only through the power of the Holy Spirit and recognising His divine peace, is it possible to discern distinctly the voice of God from another voice. When we met again, the humanly incomprehensible thing happened: each of the seven team members attested to having a “carefree joy”. With every thought to faithfully obey these words, the power of the Spirit led upwards, and with any kind of thought not to obey, our courage left us. So I wrote letters to all the agencies, and in solemn prayer brought them to the post-office. The agencies who did not want to support us at first were now the ones who answered our cancellation with a check and a written objection. So we again had to insist with another written objection that we did not want their money anymore. Because they were previously unwilling, God had planned for the check they sent us to cover the need of the upcoming month. By this, He made clear to us that He can transform enemies into friends, or state facilities to fatherly social workers.

## **Transformed Attitude of Faith**

Because we were not allowed to tell anyone outside of our ministry about the decision of our financial independence, it was now humanly impossible to keep ourselves above water for even one more month. The interest rate alone was more than 4,000 francs a month. Also there was insurance, oil, electricity, water and so forth to pay for, and besides all this, there was no bread on the table. The house was so run-down that the wind blew through everywhere. We could turn the heat up as much as we wanted to, it was still cold. So the bills piled up. At that time, nothing at all

seemed to work. My prayer walks became longer and longer, even far into the night. Sometimes I was unable to sleep all night, standing before God and waiting. In previous years I had learned to trust Him, but this new dimension surpassed all trials of my faith many times over. In these new circumstances, I sensed clearly that I desperately needed a deeper knowledge of God. Fear of death surrounded me from all sides. I still had not understood that in all of life's circumstances, God's aim was to teach us not to doubt Him but to come into rest in Him alone. As I exhausted myself in prayer with very little faith, I felt close to dying, but then, unexplainably, I would experience resurrection power and find myself in full consciousness of the presence of God. The situation outwardly had not changed, but I knew in my heart that my prayer was answered. I learned over and over again, to rise up from such hours of death and go home again in joy. Although I was admonished from various people to give up this ministry because it was so demanding on me, I could do nothing but rest confidently in God. Every person will find himself in situations which lay bare their whole powerlessness. If you are stuck in just such a situation where there is no going forward or backward, then don't forget what you have just read: wait patiently on the Lord with undivided heart and without doubting, and He will transform your restrictions into spaciousness, your need into abundance. It is *impossible* to fall deeper than to that inner point of dying. It is there that you will inevitably find yourself in resurrection.

## **Transformed Lack**

It happened again and again. Wonderful and fantastic experiences which human words cannot describe adequately. For instance, at the end of the month we opened our mail-box and found a large envelope. No one knew where it came from. Thousands of francs were found inside, exactly the sum needed for the end of the month. Another time we were sitting together to discuss our crisis of how to go on if God did not intervene. Suddenly, the café door opened, a stranger entered, handed us an envelope and disappeared without saying a word. When we opened the envelope, we found enclosed 500 francs. Another donation of over 4,000 francs was given to us, and we could hardly believe the story behind these donations. At some place in Zurich, a young girl had died because of drugs. Her sister inherited her small capital and decided to give this money to drug rehabilitation. While she thought about doing this, a Christian acquaintance met her on the Quai Bridge in Zurich and she asked her how to make the best use of the money. The Christian woman replied that she had heard that in Walzenhausen a new Christian rehabilitation center had been founded, and advised her to send the money to us. It again was the exact sum needed for the end of the month.

One day one of our team members told her brother that we needed 800 francs. He immediately pulled out his wallet and gave her the 800 francs. When she came, beaming with joy, to tell us that she had the money, a holy wrath inexplicably came over me. God had been teaching us constantly about His Kingdom principles and of His laws and order. "Lord, why do I feel a holy wrath in me?" I inquired exactly how it had happened that she got the donation. She confessed that she had broken the obligation of silence. I felt as if a sword pierced my soul. With holy zeal I reprimanded my team never to be negligent in this way again to let our needs be known. This team member immediately had to give back the 800 francs.

If you are really trusting God, the worst thing you can do for yourself is to try to help this process of waiting on the Lord in your own strength. Don't ever do this, because it tears down all your strength to trust, and paralyses you from taking further steps of trust. If we must wait, often until the last minute, there is no food more important for our spirit than to experience at the right time God's faithfulness to supply us. Only these experiences will give us the strength for longer strides of trusting. During the first fifteen years of our rehabilitation work, God let us learn in especially intensive ways the variety of possibilities to supply us. The special thing was that from day to day we always got the exact amount of money we actually needed to live on. Often, we only had five



francs to our disposal with sixteen persons sitting at the table. God supplied us not only with money, but quite often, when nothing more was there, a car would drive up and a man would bring food already prepared in big pots to set on our table. At the end of the month we often prepared a so-called “last meal”. It was the last evening team-meeting of the month, which usually coincided with the last period of waiting on the Lord. Because there was nothing else available, we had to take food from freezer. We usually laid aside the best pieces of meat for festive occasions. So it happened that just for this meal, we ate the most expensive cutlets and steaks.

But we never suffered need, not even for one hour. Sometimes God supplied us by opening our eyes to see what we overlooked. There was a time when we simply would run to a store to and buy a new paint-brush, or a hammer or whatever we felt we needed. One day, when the money had run out, someone wanted to buy new paint-brushes. So I sent someone else to look through the whole house for paint brushes. He came back with a bundle of brushes in his hand, and some of them were excellent paint brushes. Now we knew why God had not given us the money for new brushes.

## **Transformed House**

Even though we received only what met our basic needs from day to day, the Lord of transformations urged us to start remodelling our old house. At first I struggled with that and thought I should just tear down a few walls, install old carpets and hammer up the walls again. Also, none of us understood anything about construction work. But exactly at the right moment, God sent us two men who had some knowledge in construction work. They directed us to where we could make good buys and for weeks helped with the renovations. What not one of us could have imagined was beginning to happen. God began to transform our old house. In those years, I often thought about the comments from my relatives and people I knew who asked again and again, “How will you feed your family or even pay the rent for an apartment if you quit your job to serve God and mankind?” At that time I could only cling to the promises in the Bible which assured me that all my needs would be provided for. Every time the provocative reprimand had come, “Ivo, all this was written by men and not God. Think about it- anything can be written down on paper.” My reply to this tormenting was that experience would show who was right. For this reason I give God the glory here for how He answered all these questions in our experience. We noticed that every time another child was given to us, God enabled us to start a renovation project or even build a new house. “How will you ever feed your children?” I would be asked reproachfully. Here, based on our ten children, is the answer:



In 1984, just after the birth of Simon, we were able to buy the old hotel “Happy View”, which today we call “Panorama Center.” When David was born in 1986, we were able to remodel the run-down hotel rooms into a nice four room apartment. When Lois was born, we renovated the whole first floor, all six rooms. I do not need to mention specifically that in every stage God, always at the right moment, provided not only the right contacts, but sent also the needed finances and people willing to help. When Noemi was born in 1989, the attic rooms on the third floor had become too small. So we remodelled the old stage and dressing-rooms into a five room apartment. For this we needed a lot more building supplies, and had twenty people to take care of on a daily basis. Exactly at that time God provided a brother who wanted to tear down his carpentry shop who allowed us to take whatever we needed. We were able to procure heaters, pipes, plumbing, windows, and the doors that were needed. A big stairway hung on a rope in the old carpentry shop. We only had to untie the rope and install it into our building project. It fit to the centimetre into our design. Again at another time we were able to procure kitchen needs with very little cost, which normally would have been completely out of our reach. Besides this, God enabled us to complete the work ourselves. For all the things that we ourselves were not able to do, God sent various mature brothers who supported us by doing the work free of charge. In 1990, Sulamith, our fifth child, was born, and the apartment again became too small. At the same time I felt in my spirit that among our workers there was going to be a change. This feeling proved true, because two of the workers wanted to marry and required their own apartment. With the sense of God’s peace within, I felt compelled to sketch a completely new building design. I designed a house that could be built on top of our existing house. This was by far the biggest project so far. Exactly at that time, God provided us with a person whose profession was carpentry. Although this man was under medical treatment for stress, the Spirit of the Lord told me that I should entrust him with the full responsibility of the new building and that this, at the same time, would become his therapy and healing. No more said than done. The Lord transformed this stressed out man into a hard-working and healthy worker. When the drafts were finished, a preacher from the neighbouring village called me. He asked me if I could use a few supplies. I answered him, “A few supplies? We are just beginning to build a whole new building.” He told me that he was getting ready to tear down an old factory, and invited us to tear it down and take all materials which we could use. On that day, literally for the money we had in our pocket, we were able to take home a truck load of wood, a complete roof, and seventeen various heaters with all the piping. Everything was as if it had been cut to the measurements of our building plan. To report all the details would be too much. In any case, God moved forty people to volunteer to support us in building. The work was accomplished like bees in a beehive. In just a few months the house stood completely finished. Once again we did not suffer an unfulfilled need. In 1992 when Elias, our sixth child, came, we were able to renovate the entire hall. Basically, there was no more need to tell the sceptics about this practical proof. They were already silenced when the one house was built on top of the other. But God is not mocked. What He began, He continued in the same manner. When Joshua was born in 1993, we were able to remodel the complete café with its roof, the facade and the all-purpose room. With Jan-Henoch, the eighth child, we were able in 1995 to renovate the complete second floor and the stair-way from top to bottom. Not to forget the ninth child, Anna-Sophia (1997), and the tenth child, Ruth-Elpida (1999). To complete this glorious chain with Anna-Sophia, we were allowed to acquire our second guest house, the “Hofstadt” (City of Hope), and with Ruth-Elpida our third guest house. In the course of time when the space had become too small and the stream of people seeking help grew, it had become necessary to acquire more guest houses. During the years of negotiations and without even the slightest chance to acquire them in our price range, the Lord of transformations changed the whole housing market to our advantage. We were able to acquire these houses for a third of the initial price. Previously, these houses belonged to the Bible school where I was expelled because I would not deny the God who still gives the gifts of the Spirit and does signs and wonders today. This school no longer exists.

## **Transformed Teeth**

Beside all these events, God provided for our continually growing family through contacts with other ministries. There is an association of Christian sisters who, in the name of the Lord, have made it their life's work to offer a place of rest and recuperation to servants of the Lord free of charge. The Lord brought us into contact with these sisters who see their calling from the Lord in a different way than ours. They work, and they put their money together to serve those whom God has led to them, like us for example. They bought a very beautiful vacation house for this purpose approximately one and a half hours away from us, and we as a family have been able to spend time to relax there for many years. Again, other believers were moved in their heart to take care of our teeth. For many years a brother drives four hours from his home to ours and back again, to make braces for the children. He never accepts any money for all this. He made it his responsibility to take care of the children. Since I had neglected to take care of my teeth the first few years after I believed, the Lord laid it on my heart to get my teeth fixed. I had heard about a very good Christian dentist somewhere in Germany, and went to see him about my teeth. When I entered his office, he immediately told me that he had become a believer through one of my messages. He then spent many hours doing a complete dental work on me of the highest quality. Out of thankfulness and love he refused to let me pay the bill, which certainly would have come to well over 10,000 Marks. God also took care of my teeth in another way. While I was serving in the military, I had to sleep on a bench in a very crowded truck. Because of a sensation that my feet were cold I kept waking up; but realising that my feet were actually warm, I tried to go back to sleep. The sensation kept increasing and began to really upset me. I sat up a little angry and bent forward to check my feet. At that very moment something crashed behind me. Out of a height of approximately two and a half meters, a military typewriter (15-20 kg) fell exactly where a second before my head had lain. If I had remained in that spot, I would have certainly lost a few teeth and fractured my skull. Instantly the sensation of having cold feet disappeared. The Lord of transformations had decided that it should not happen as the enemy had wanted. Praise God for our healthy teeth!

## **Transformed Driving Direction**

On the 1<sup>st</sup> of September 1999, I and my wife and eight children were travelling to a performance in Zurich. At 12:30 we rushed into our white bus, because at 2:00 p.m. we were scheduled to sing and give a slide show "Höhere Gewalt" (Higher Power). Because I had not had enough time to prepare, I let my wife drive and made the preparations while we were travelling on the autobahn. The Holy Spirit bore witness in me that the people for whom we were to perform were extremely closed to the gospel. Therefore I told my family that we should pray. We prayed for protection while travelling and for the needed preparation of the hearts, so that God would break through.

While I was contemplating how the Lord would prepare the hearts of the people, we suddenly heard a big bang. Anni was on the passing lane driving 120 km/hr, when the left back tire burst. At the same time the back of the bus began to swerve mercilessly, so that she lost all control of it. "Jesus, Jesus!" she screamed loudly. In response to her cry I grasped the steering wheel to bring the bus back in the right direction, because by now it was sliding almost across both lanes. It did not help at all. Just as fast as we swerved to the right, we swerved to the left. At high speed we were heading toward the crash barrier. Inside the bus a spiritual battle began. Seconds short of an inescapable collision with the crash barrier, the Spirit of God in me commanded, "In Jesus name!" Instantly and against all natural laws, the bus was forced away from the crash barrier. Back and forth, my wife cried "Jesus! Jesus!" and I cried out "In the Name of Jesus! In the Name of Jesus!" With every cry of help we sensed that help came. We found ourselves in a monstrous power struggle. Our bus slid across the lanes at high speed, but it did not turn over. Finally the bus spun around completely so that now we were facing all the cars and trucks racing past us. After the last "Jesus! Jesus!" . . . "In the Name of Jesus", a miracle happened. Suddenly we found ourselves parked backwards a few centimetres away from and parallel to the crash barrier. All this was

without impact, without a massive collision or even a scratch, although the autobahn only had two lanes and there was a lot of traffic. We suffered only one small dent on the fender when I tried unsuccessfully to manoeuvre the bus out of a ditch where one of the wheels had gotten stuck. But even this did not have to happen, because the Lord had caused the bus to stop exactly at the end of a rest stop. With the amount of traffic, it was impossible to turn the bus around, but I was able to free the wheel from the ditch by driving the bus three meters backwards. We were now exactly at the rest stop. A truck driver who witnessed the whole scene drove over to us, let down his window and exclaimed how highly unusual all this was. I gave him the cassette “Höhere Gewalt” (Higher Power) and explained to him that we were just on our way to show this production. He looked at the title and said, “Yes, that was really Higher Power.” He drove away and I assembled the spare tire.

We arrived only one half hour late for our performance. Now I knew with what word I should begin the meeting. “Call on Me in the time of need, I will deliver you and you will glorify Me.” When our listeners saw the torn tire and heard our testimony, their resistance broke down and the performance turned out to be a blessing for everyone.

## **Transformed Back**

Not only is the Lord of transformations concerned for us, but also for our friends. On my 40<sup>th</sup> birthday, I invited all my friends whom I had known for the first twenty years of my life to a party. But of all people, Rolf Müller, who was my best friend at that time, was not to be found anywhere. I asked my mother if she would try to locate him for me. She searched for him all over Switzerland in vain. He was not listed in the telephone book and could not be found anywhere. My mother even went to look for him in the city of Zurich. But because she is weak and feeble, she gave up the search. When she returned to the apartment in resignation, she turned on the television to relax. The first thing she saw on the screen was a man standing on a ladder boarding up a window. Because of a demonstration that was going on, people were worried that stones would be thrown at the windows. Above the man hung a sign with the name “Rolf Muller” in big letters. My mother could hardly believe her eyes. Because she knew Rolf from my youth, she knew at once that this was the untraceable Rolf. She ran to the telephone and called the television station for the address where this program was filmed. Later, when Rolf arrived at the party, he told me that he had planned to be in America at this time if he hadn’t fallen from a ladder and broken his back. It was a miracle for all the doctors and even himself that he was not paralysed. This accident happened when he was standing on the ladder to board up the window. “How did your back heal in such a short time?” I asked Rolf. “I don’t know, and even the doctors are puzzled,” he replied. At that moment I could not refrain from witnessing about the Lord of transformations.

## **Transformation of Threatening Circumstances**

One day everything suddenly began to change in our house. As often as we gathered together for our meetings, we sensed strongly that the presence of God had left us. It was our habit to inquire first if something in our relationship with God was not right, if someone had a need, or if something stood in the way of our relationship with one another. But no one responded to any of this. The Spirit was so subdued that He granted no words for a message. Without resolving anything and under a lot of oppression, we had to end the meeting. At the same time all our means of provisions began to trickle away. Our daily provision which came to us like manna and usually flowed together from many different sources, suddenly stopped. God had turned off every “money faucet”. Day by day we met together, and day by day there was a repeat of this depressing situation. It went this way for about two weeks. When we could find no way out and had no strength to go on, we cried out to the Lord. We pleaded for mercy that He would give the word of knowledge and

prophecy so we could find the cause as to why He had withdrawn Himself (I Cor. 12:7-8)<sup>6</sup>. After this prayer a rather quiet sister felt urged to stand up and read the scripture portion, “He who has stolen, let him steal no more.” Two or three other verses were also laid on her heart, and they hit like a bomb. Scarcely had she finished reading, when a young man next to me broke down. He admitted with utmost shame that exactly two weeks ago he had stolen 150 francs from the cash register in the café. On the spot the presence of God returned to us, His Word began to flow again, and also the daily provisions of money. In such ways God confirmed His promise to us that we would learn His kingdom and the mystery of the church in the context of our life together in the common bond of fellowship. We realised increasingly that the fellowship of Jesus Christ is not simply an organization, but a spiritual growing organism one with another. My sorrow becomes yours and your destiny becomes mine. Everything that happens to the individual becomes part of the whole organism, be it sorrow or joy. Similar experiences happened in different aspects, but after some suffering and perseverance, God, always transformed these threatening circumstances into joyful confidence.

### **Transformed Revenue Authorities**

One day a big threat to our existence came as the Revenue authorities, contrary to all previous arrangements, demanded a lot of money from us. We always had exactly just enough money put aside as for the state, but suddenly they threatened us arbitrarily. Because we would have been ruined at once, I protested. They demanded 50,000 francs too much. It was a terrible and unbearable burden for us that month. A Christian was mainly responsible for our case. He knew our situation and how we lived, and that all we had and possessed was for the common use of all, but he gave us no mercy. Such trials from the state were not uncommon, and they brought me a lot of sleepless nights. The temptation to give up everything in this trying time was very big. I lay tortured in my bed and calculated again and again how many million Francs the state saved yearly through my services. Every time I thought about how right I was, my heart burned more. Should you also suffer wrongfully in such or similar situation, then let the Lord of transformations guide your eyes. At one point we simply began to take the blows of injustice, to accept the, and to commit our case to the Lord. Quickly He resolved all inner pressures – these are the worst. In this desperate circumstance, I began in faith to bring an “offering of righteousness.” By this I mean that, with the little bit of money I had, I paid the first bill. Suddenly, against all hope, a tax-exemption came from a higher federal level. When I asked the Christian how this happened, he told me he didn’t know. There was only one thing that he could say with certainty; he was not the cause of it. It was once again the Lord of transformations who changed this threat into jubilation.

### **Transformed Accusations**

In 1993 we experienced another terrible threat when slanderous people accused us of child abuse. Twice before we had encountered this kind of accusation. The first time it happened was when a doctor who was sent from the courts, suddenly rang our doorbell. We happened to be on the telephone, so he had a couple of minutes in which he could look through the open door into our living room. After we invited him in, he told us he was sent to investigate our children for signs of child abuse. However, he had now been able to observe our family with his own eyes, and never before had he seen such children. Of course he could not find any traces of child abuse. He characterized the atmosphere in our house as heavenly, and came to the conclusion that it must have been people with evil intentions who had made these slanderous accusations against us. With that we were given the best grades and let off the hook. The cost of the court investigation was paid by the state.

During a second slanderous attack in 2001, the police investigated the neighbourhood and school

---

<sup>6</sup> But to each one is given the manifestation of the spirit for the common good. For to one is given the word of knowledge according to the same Spirit.

to collect evidence. One morning there was a knock on my office door and we were all taken into custody. Six officers from the criminal, state and city police, along with a court investigator, blocked off all escape routes in the house and separated our family from each other. They locked me in a car and brought me into custody where for hours I had to give answers to the accusations which wicked people had maliciously made against me. During that time the children underwent an embarrassing medical examination. In the end, however, even the police came to the conclusion that all those accusations were nothing but a tempest in a teacup. They even told us, "If all families were like yours, we'd be out of work!" Nevertheless, I was treated like a dangerous criminal. My finger prints, a saliva DNA test as well as a numbered photograph were taken of me. Humanly speaking, the lies about the way we raise our children can never be erased, and everywhere in Germany and Switzerland the media has quoted this misrepresentation of our family life. God however answered these threats by sending thousands of visitors to our yearly family productions since then. Six of our children teach their own children's church, three of them since 1999. They teach other children how to be an example at home, how to live in submission at school and in society, how to obey their parents, and to walk in Christ. We do not know the end of these persecutions, but one thing we can say with certainty: as long as we remain loyal to the God of transformations, He will turn every attack to our greatest advantage and not leave us in the hands of our accusers for ever. It is written, "Behold, all those who are angered at you will be shamed and dishonoured; those who contend with you will be as nothing, and will perish. You will seek those who quarrel with you, but will not find them, those who war with you will be as nothing, and non-existent. For I am the Lord your God, who upholds your right hand, Who says to you, 'Do not fear, I will help you'" (Is. 41:11-13). You will see that this word will wholly be fulfilled, even though now it is not yet fully manifested. At any rate, the court declared us not guilty. Shortly after that incident we were summoned before the school faculty and the church elders. An evil accuser slandered us for over an hour in front of this audience. I received only ten minutes to defend myself. The Lord of transformations, however, moved many hearts that hour to be on our side. Very often since then teachers have expressed their oneness with us and their disgust about that evening. Once God begins to bring down our enemies before us, He will do it to the very last slanderer. Hallelujah! How restful is the life of the believer whose identity is found in the Lord of transformations!

### **Transformation of an Enemy**

We never need to harbor thoughts of revenge. God can also destroy our enemies by turning them into friends.

One day a brother who was at enmity with me realized that he was wrong and, repenting of his slander against me, decided to try and find me. Because he was afraid of the encounter with me, he fervently prayed as to what he should do. He was somewhere in Basel and decided to call me from a pay phone. As he got closer to the phone booth, doubt began to rise up him. He was afraid to talk to me, fearing that I would reject or be bitter against him. When he finally stood in the phone booth, his eyes caught some scribble on the wall which read, "Ivo loves you!" As soon as he read that, his fear was gone. He called me and I confirmed to him that what he read there was really true. With a little sign from above God transformed an old enemy into a new friend.

### **Transformation of the Entire Ministry**

The biggest of all the transformations that God wrought, was during the time of my nervous breakdown. For over sixteen years I had worked almost day and night both on the inward and to the outside. Because we had a small staff, I was required to work on a number of levels at the same time. I repaired all of our cars, installed all of the radiators, and did the plumbing during our remodeling. Five times a week I taught at our small church in Walzenhausen. Once a month I

would take four or five days and preach in other places. By 1994 I had written my first five books by hand and sometimes had spent the entire night typing them into the computer, afterwards printing them myself. One night shift after another, thousands of sermons, counseling sessions and staff meetings, and uncountable trials lay behind me. On top of that, I lacked spiritual clarity on a number of issues which greatly burdened me. The ministry with drug addicts and those with psychological problems, often also with people who were simply obstinate, had undermined all of my strength. One night on November 11, 1994, when I was working on the revision of my fifth book, my whole life collapsed in one hour. My biological nervous system went out of order and caused me unspeakable distress with freezing, sweating, and pressure in my head and chest. All feelings of life completely left me, and an acute insomnia set in. After three months of severe insomnia, an ambulance was called for in the middle of the night. The doctor gave me some medicine, but it didn't help. If I tried to speak even a few sentences or read, it was as if a storm was loosed in my body, as if an electrical current was running from my head down to my feet, causing me to feel very sick. Every attempt to help myself failed miserably. It was a death spiral which constantly went deeper and deeper. I counted a total of about 1,000 sleepless nights, and about 700 of those were so disturbed that I had less than two hours of uninterrupted sleep. I was not able to read my Bible and could only pray very short prayers. Everything I did only led to more breaking down both within and without. I became so addicted to the medicine that been prescribed to me in Holland, that when the time came to stop taking them, I knew that I would have to count on at least fourteen days of insomnia. From the moment my breakdown began, I was not able to lead my family or take care of my ministry any longer. It was a great trial for all of us, and it lasted almost three years. When we realized that neither medicine nor precautionary measures were going to help, and I felt literally at the edge of the abyss, I decided to leave my family and the work and to fight for my life with God alone. I called my team together, my family, and my dear wife and gave them my last instructions. I commanded them in the Name of God not to cry, because I felt that if we were to cry, I would not be able to endure to the end. So we all exhorted one another, looked firmly at each other, and said good bye. In the days that followed, I simply remained before God and waited for His resurrection power. I told myself over and over that I had nothing more to lose, and that unless God would have mercy on me, certain death awaited me. At last I was able to look completely away from my beaten body and look in faith to the God of transformations. I realized that I had used my body irresponsibly. I felt guilty about it. But that didn't help me now. So I clung to the saving blood of Jesus and claimed His healing and His resurrection power. My body burned like fire, I was reeling with dizziness, and nothing in my body was functioning. I had no other way: God needed to speak, and He needed to do something. At that lowest moment, God finally answered my prayer. He revealed to me the fundamental errors that I had made in the way I had led others. He told me that I had spared sinners when I should have judged them. From all sides we had always been taught not to judge others, so even when people were not willing to repent, I always tried to bear them only in love. This proved to be the main reason spiritually why my strength had been broken. It seemed to me that I had to promise God never to be obligated again to live to this false form of love, and in the future I was to preach the judgment of God more untarnished than ever. I grabbed hold of God's hand and agreed to obey His command. This essentially became the birth hour of our evaluation ministry, and the entire ministry which today we call the OCG. Countless times in the past the Holy Spirit had tried to move me into this judgment ministry, but I always chose "the way of love", which in the eyes of God has actually nothing to do with real love. Only there, at the edge of sure ruin and complete weakness, was I able to obey this leading of the Spirit. From the hour of surrender, I felt my strength coming back to me. I climbed into my car and drove back to Walzenhausen. The first thing I did was to dismiss several people from our midst, to charge them to turn back to the presence of God and to repent. Every judgment which I exercised according to the Spirit of God brought with it an inner rising up. Although this caused a dramatic decrease in our midst and my team shrunk to only a few co-workers, the power of God proved to be strong and a perceivable movement of salvation began to manifest itself outwardly. The less people we had, the more gifts of the Spirit we experienced in our midst, and we became more effective in every way. It reminded us all very much of Gideon's decrease. Never be afraid to lose people, even

if it is your closest and most important staff member. When God has determined to separate because of sin, then it is better to stand against everyone than to be united with everyone and have God against you! From the hour that we began to thoroughly separate ourselves from sin and from all who were unrepentant, a steadily growing stream of co-workers has come to be with us.

## **Transformed Machines**

Within just a few weeks I was once again able to lead and work. With every judgment that I exercised, I received back a little more of my sleep, and God began to pour out blessings upon us in unusual ways. For our printing press He gave me the ability to invent, so that within three weeks' time and at a cost of only 2,000 franks, I was able to invent my own book binding machine, a packaging machine and a machine for relief printing. All these machines came from material that we already possessed, some of it junk, yet we printed tens of thousands of books and hardly had even the smallest problems with them.

## **Transformed Meetings**

A short time later we began our visitors' day. The first visitors' day two people showed up. The next one four people came. Then eight, twenty, forty, and so on. The unending flow of people seeking help began to swell. We started our monthly evaluation ministry in which people from all different countries have taken part over the last few years. By this time our monthly visitors' days have grown to over four hundred visitors. In 1999 the OCG, the Organische Christus-Generation (Organic Christ Generation) was called into existence. After nearly twenty years of working inwardly, always knowing that one day we would be ministering to the outside, we had finally reached that point – but only after the nervous breakdown. God did not call us to this ministry when we were feeling strong and up to the task, rather He called us when our strength was buried so far in the dust that no one even in his wildest dreams would have dared to think of having any type of future ministry. We constantly experienced the fulfillment of 2 Cor. 12:9, "And He said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for you, for My power is perfected in weakness.'"

God continuously revealed to us the ordinances and laws of cause and effect within His kingdom. With the breakdown came the transformation from the inside to the outside. All the discoveries which we had painstakingly brought together over the last twenty years, we were now allowed to apply to thousands of people. Ten thousand have come into contact with this ministry in the last few years. We have sent out more than 100,000 books and annually more than 30,000 tapes and CDs. Continuously the Holy Spirit is urging us to call Christians from all denominations and churches into co-laboring with us. Hundreds of the most valuable co-workers have responded in just these past few years. This ministry can be found in two hundred forty cities in twelve countries. My books are at the present time (2002) being translated into over eight different languages. Thousands have come to hear our musicals and see our summer mission trips. The most beautiful thing of all is that we are witnesses of how God in the shortest amount of time has restored hundreds of families from the ground up and to cause them grow as a family into living organisms in Christ. With overflowing joy we are privileged to provide thousands of meals each month, and experience how all of our houses cannot accommodate all of the guests that we receive. Many help out and take the guests into their home, and those who are left over have to find accommodations for themselves. The next transformation which we are expecting with anticipation is the transformation of our small auditorium into a bigger one. We don't know yet how this will happen practically. In order to accommodate all the people who come to the meetings, we have been renting public halls and auditoriums because our auditorium can only seat just over 300 people. That is barely enough room to facilitate the training of our co-workers. Although these co-workers come from all different backgrounds, our fellowship is grounded in the unity of the Spirit which far



surpasses all theological questions and personal opinions. For more than twenty years we never had to stagnate over any theological questions. The flow of life and peace has conquered us all! This unity is founded in the power of God and spiritual reality, not in human theology. The true Christ organism is a unity of spirit and of power, a unity of love and of life, a unity of grace and truth, of consummate righteousness and peace in the Holy Spirit.

## Transformed Readers?

Dear reader, now that you have read this book, I ask you from the depths of my heart in the name of Christ: come and follow after Him. If you do not know Jesus Christ personally and have not experienced Him, then turn back to the prayer at the end of chapter four and make it your own. Create a new heart within you by calling on His name, and lay your life on His altar as a living sacrifice. Come and be baptized in water and in the Holy Spirit, and then come and stand together with us in the ministry of the living God. Do not be satisfied only with the forgiveness of sins. Jesus Christ has much more in store for you. Your life is to be transformed from one glory to another. Do not receive forgiveness of sins only, but also the release from the power of sin, from the control of the devil and of darkness. You are to become a partaker of the person of God Himself by the power of His faith operating in you. As I wrote in this book, if you always keep in step with the working of His Holy Spirit in you, then you, too, will be transformed from one glory to another, even into the very likeness of Christ. In the truest sense of the Word you will become a part of Him, because He who has said, "Behold I make all things new", will penetrate deeper and deeper into your life to make Himself you, and you Him. He will furnish you with new character traits, with His desires and His ambitions. He will transform you into His own virtues, into His abilities and perfection. More and more you will find things to be wonderful which you used to hate and despise, and you will increasingly hate and despise things which now you consider necessary and indispensable. What is big to Him, He will make big to you, and what is small to Him, He will make small in your eyes. Not a single thing, however, will take place under pressure, coercion or by violating your person. In everything He will work into you His own will and perfection, and by His voluntary will operating in you, He will weave you into His life. You will learn to see with His eyes, hear with His ears and understand with His heart. Your feet will become His and His will become yours. All this He will work in you, if you will not be satisfied with the forgiveness of sins only, but if you will stretch yourself toward your union with God in Christ. By revelation He will open your understanding to see that in Him, in Christ, you have *already* arrived at the fullness of God. In him you have *already been made complete*" (Col. 2:9-10a)<sup>7</sup>.

The true meaning of your life is to be transformed in your spirit, soul and body by Yahweh God, the Lord of all transformations. Reach out for this purpose, and let Him pull you into the flow of His wonderful life and, together with us, let us reach the highest goal of our faith. The highest goal is not only the salvation of our souls, but also the salvation of our bodies. According to Romans 8:19ff, even creation itself is anxiously longing for the revelation of the sons of God, "For the creation was subjected to futility, not of its own will, but because of Him who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself will be set free from the slavery to corruption into the freedom of the glory of the children of God."

If you would like to hear more of these glories as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, then come to one of our visitors' days. Come to an evaluation week, and let your life flow in an accountable working together with us in the Christ organism. The great transformation that is progressing in our days is the transformation of the individual into the fellowship dimension of the organism in Christ. Not only you as an individual are to be transformed, but we all are to be transformed and built together corporately in one common process into the complete organism of God. (Eph. 4:13)

---

<sup>7</sup> "For in Him all the fullness of Deity dwells in bodily form, and in him you have been made complete."

If you have a desire to be led into all these mysteries, pray with me now:

“Loving Father in heaven, in the Name of your Son, Jesus Christ, I commit to you my life – my body, soul and spirit. Make me into what I should be in You, and become what You want to be in me. Grant me the spirit of wisdom and revelation, and lead my steps into the ways and works which you have before prepared. Work in me what is pleasing to You. I want to be Your child through all eternity, and by Your power I want to be transformed into You, from one glory to another. Amen.”



## **Epilogue**

### **Water baptism**

(refer to page 22)

Teaching material about water baptism can be ordered from Elaion Publishing House in Switzerland, 9428 Walzenhausen.

Because a baptism service may not be taking place within the next weeks or months, please make use of our other ministry offers. Ask for our newsletter and an order form for all our books and teaching tapes. Everything we send comes from the heart and is free of charge. The best thing would be for you to take part in our visitors' day and introduce yourself to us, so that we can give you a big hug, and warmly welcome you into the family of our great God. In the mean time, consider the cost well, because God will only take the life that is surrendered to Him in such a way that He can use it unconditionally later. He will only give His Holy Spirit to those whose hearts' intention is to truly obey Him (Acts 5:32)<sup>8</sup>.

### **What is the purpose and goal of the OCG?**

At some point in time researchers realized for the first time that people can infect each other with viruses and germs. They realized that there was something akin to an invisible network which existed between all humans. This discovery was both revolutionary and dramatic, because this law of infection rules over the entire human population. The fight against AIDS gives a picture of what kind of problem we face until all of those involved have recognized and acknowledged the necessary measures and precautions to be taken. Especially those who are the most at risk are the most difficult ones to convince that they need to change their thinking, and more importantly their actions. In the same sense there is a desperate need for an OCG and for your help; because the OCG is proclaiming the message that we Christians are, in fact, interwoven in one spiritual network. True Christianity does not live in independently separate in organizations, but rather in a true, spiritual organism. This means that each individual's sin works as a type of virus or germ on the entire organism. Just as there are different levels of infection in diseases, so it is also with regard to sins. The apostle John spoke of sins that are unto death and others that are not unto death (I John 5:16). Over the past centuries Christianity has underestimated this spiritual reality and did not live in the necessary exercise of it, that is, in an absolute separation from sin. As a result of this negligence we see that a world wide catastrophe is upon us. To say it more plainly: this worldwide, spiritual catastrophe is well under way, because most Christians no longer have any sensitivity for the voice of God and the workings of His Spirit. Spiritually speaking, there exists a world wide epidemic of spiritual blindness, spiritual insensitivity and spiritual death among Christians. The worst thing about this epidemic is the "full stomach" syndrome. With that I mean that those who are affected by this epidemic think that they are quite all right and do not realize they have been infected with this virus. Jesus said it best when He described this "full stomach" syndrome in Rev. 3:17-18, "Because you say, 'I am rich, and have become wealthy, and have need of nothing' and you do not know that you are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked, I advise you to buy from Me gold refined by fire, that you may become rich, and white garments, that you may clothe yourself, and that the shame of your nakedness may not be revealed; and eye salve to anoint your eyes, that you may see. The commission of the OCG is to bring back the practice of this "spiritual hygiene" both in theory and in practice. OCG, which stands for Organische Christus Generation (Organic Christ Generation), is an interdenominational, world wide move whose commission is to restore the organic church life in theory and practice. All of our ministry offers, including work books and teaching materials, are given to all who are interested free of charge. The OCG works within the churches, that is, to bring in, not to bring out. The Organic Christ

---

<sup>8</sup> "And we are witnesses of these things; and so is the Holy Spirit, whom God has given to those who obey Him."

Generation is not a movement founded in Walzenhausen, but rather a spiritual reality which started with the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost and is finding its fulfillment in our time. The Organic Christ Generation is a ministry of love within the church of Jesus Christ. If the desires of the OCG are the desires of your heart, then come and stand in the gap together with all those who have the same calling and desire. OCG is an international ministry to families. It must begin in your own home.

*Ivo Sasek*

## **More Literature from Ivo Sasek**

At this time - February 2004 - the following books are available in German only , unless they bear the remark "English Edition available". The translation work is progressing!

### **Books**

#### **"Gläubig oder glaubend?"**

("Professing Faith or Living by Faith?")

*Order No. 1*

This book calls for a living and dynamic walk in faith and at the same time it applies the measuring rod to our faith. "If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk" (Gal. 5:25 ASV). To put it symbolically: Since we already have wings, let us fly! Useful for evangelistic work! (152 pgs.)

#### **"Teach me, Lord!"** (English edition available)

*Order No. 2 ENG*

A fundamental teaching aid with easy, understandable and practical teachings for the Christian walk in everyday life. It may be viewed as a continuation to the book "Professing Faith or Living by Faith?" and may be especially useful to those Christians, who are longing for a more consistent and steadfast Christian life. (213 pgs.)

#### **"Laodiceas Verhängnis"**

("Laodicea's Trouble")

*Order No. 3*

The terrible fall of Christendom is illuminated in the light of prophesy from extremely differing perspectives. And yet also shown are ways of escape out of this distress. Beyond that, the book points to the final goal of all things. This book should only be passed on to those who love the truth! (164 pgs.)

#### **"Die Wiederherstellung aller Dinge"**

("The Restoration of all Things")

*Order No. 4*

The question of the restoration requires uncomfortable and weighty decisions from us. Again and again we have to make the choice: God or man? Heavenly or earthly things? Finite or eternal things? In view of the perfection of the church and the restoration of all things, the challenge comes to its climax in the question: Concepts or perfection? This book is also meant only for those who love the truth and are advanced in the faith. (148 pgs.)

#### **"Krieg in Gerechtigkeit"**

("War in Righteousness")

*Order No. 5*

This book is a summary of spiritual warfare. It deals with the "aeonic" war, which God is fighting for His Honor's sake. It gives a view of the history of salvation and of mankind and brings the spiritual warfare of every day life into the big picture of God's ultimate goals. The question of the origin and goal of all spiritual warfare is explored in detail. This should only be read by those whose hearts are burdened with the establishment of the reign of God. (324 pgs.)

#### **"Apostolisch Beten"**

("Apostolic Praying")

*Order No. 7b*

The author takes the prayers of the Apostle Paul under a microscope and comes to the breathtaking conclusion that they reveal the way into "nuclear" prayer dimensions. (234 pgs.)

#### **"Erziehe mit Vision!"**

("Educate with a Vision!")

*Order No. 8*

At school I was taught just about everything except one lesson - the vision of what all this was for! Because of that the subsequent struggles seemed to be endless. Only when I held my diploma in my hands, did I then understand for the first time that all those struggles had not been in vain.

Founding a family and raising children is a life long work with unforeseen heights and depths. But no price will be too high for us, no path too steep and no destiny too hard, if we take up this life's work with what I was lacking for such a long time - a vision! This book is intended to fill this deficit, thus the title, "Educate with a Vision!" (176 pgs.)

### **"Die Königsherrschaft"**

("The King's Reign")

*Order No. 9*

A sample reading containing excerpts from the books 1 through 5. Together with "Professing Faith or Living by Faith?", No. 1 it is useful to new readers of Ivo Sasek's books. The content is especially oriented to the up-to-date needs of our time. It is light in the darkness, orientation in a time of confusion, foundation and ultimate goals of our faith and show practical ways out of present and coming trials. (198 pgs.)

### **"The Knowledge of God"**

(English edition available)

*Order No. 15 ENG*

To know God does not mean to accumulate knowledge about God, but to touch Him, to become more and more one with Him in your being. This writing shows us from three perspectives, how and under what conditions we can become one with God. The reader may find brand new aspects in the interpretation of the Tabernacle. (232 pgs.)

### **"Reich Gottes zwischen Kochherd und Wäschekorb"**

("The Kingdom of God in the Midst of Cooking and Laundry")

*Order No. 22*

(by Anni Sasek)

Time and again it happens that the author encounters God while standing in front of the stove, facing a mountain of laundry or during one of the many day to day situations with her ten children. Suddenly spiritual realities are revealed, difficult things become easy or a sermon is given practical application through the children.

These anecdotes of the family's experiences will help everyone, who desires to have the Kingdom of God take shape in their practical, every day lives in deed and truth and not just in words. (165 Pages)

### **"Die Erlösung des Leibes"**

("The Redemption of the Body")

*Order No. 23*

"I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in Me shall live (a) even if he dies; and (b) everyone who lives and believes in Me shall never die. Do you believe this?" (John 11:25-26)

This book calls to mind misunderstood promises and realities of exceptional proportions. It shows that overcoming physical death should be our highest organic obligation, and that the expectation of death is a threatening and insidious epidemic. – A book for everyone who desires to live ... (319 pgs.)

### **"Erschütterung"**

("Tribulations")

*Order No. 27*

This book displays the causes, effects and ways of escape out of crises.

"Christ has not only been given to us with the aim of leading us out of crises, however all crises are given to us with the aim leading us into Christ." (172 pgs.)

### **"Israel, Schatten oder Wirklichkeit?"**

("Israel - Shadow or Reality?")

*Order No. 30*

"For you (Jews and Gentiles) have not come to a mountain that may be touched. ... But you have passed over (literally) to Mount Zion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem ..." (Heb. 12:18,22)

This book thoroughly examines, in theological depth, the meaning of this scripture passage in its practical consequence. It establishes an order in the relationships between Israel, the Church, and God's kingdom. Result: Neither Israel fanaticism nor replacement theology (the doctrine that we non-Jews have replaced Israel) leads to the goal. (145 pgs.)

## **Brochures**

### **“Apostolische Gebete”**

(“Apostolic Prayers”)

*Order No. 7a*

These passages of prayers were newly translated from the Greek by Ivo Sasek.

They are the foundation for the book “Apostolic Praying” (see No. 7b). (A6 format, 60 pgs.)

### **“Geistliche Satzbrüche”**

(“Spiritual Equations”)

*Order No. 10*

Spiritual equations are realities of God’s Kingdom, which have been collected in a “nutshell”.

This pamphlet is an introduction into the teaching about formulas expressing principles of God’s Kingdom, which at the same time motivates and teaches one how to take part in completing this book of spiritual formulas. Never before were the people of God so desperately dependent on brief and information-filled biblical teaching. (44 pgs.)

### **“Die Waffenrüstung Gottes”**

(“The Armor of God”)

*Order No. 11*

(excerpt from the book, “Tribulations” Order No. 27)

One’s personal fight or a spiritual fight? The armor of God is not an object, it’s a Person! (A6 format, 53 pgs.)

### **“The Appointed Times”**

(English edition available)

*Order No. 12 ENG*

As there are appointed times in nature, which offer certain opportunities or adversities (e.g. spring, summer, fall and winter, or fertile days of the woman, etc.), so we find these in the spiritual life. It is therefore important a) to recognise and b) to correctly use these times (Greek: kairos) when the opportunity is there. (A6 format, 80 pgs.)

### **“Manchmal ist weniger mehr”**

(“Sometimes Less is More”)

*Order No. 13*

A collection of brief quotations from Ivo Sasek’s sermons and teachings at home and abroad. An ideal way to get acquainted with the thinking, teaching and works of the author. (miniature booklet, 112 pgs.)

### **“Abraham’s Faith”**

(English edition available)

*Order No. 14 ENG*

(Excerpt from the book “Professing Faith or Living by Faith?” order No. 1)

The faith of Abraham reminds us of the big secret, that acceptance of all situations in life through trust in God, always brings more power of change within itself, than a rejection in strong faith or manipulation.

This writing will have achieved its goal with us, when it is no longer we who make history with God, but rather when God again makes history with us. (A6 format, 30 pgs.)

### **“Rest On Every Side”** (English edition available)

*Order No. 20 ENG*

(excerpt from the book, “Educate with a Vision” order No. 8)

“Rest on every side”! A promising and unusual title for a family instruction booklet. Is it chosen too ambitiously? By rest on every side, we do not mean a life free of problems. Rest on every side depicts a community life that remains successfully above the problems and has them under co-operatively control. This is a practical possibility. Our family of now twelve members, has experienced this for years. The present brochure is an excerpt from the book “Educate with a vision”. There is rest on every side for all who not only hear this word, but also do it! (A6 format, 76 pgs.)

### **“Partnerwahl”**

(“Choosing a Mate”)

*Order No. 21*

(excerpt from the book, “Educate with a Vision” order No. 8)

Choosing a life's mate is one of the deepest mysteries of life because as Ephesians 5 points out, it is a shadow of the mystery of Christ. It is of utmost importance in order to reach perfection in Christ. If one looks at the modern mentality of choosing a mate, one could think it has become a matter of trivial importance. This topical study from the Bible aims to show anew that choosing the right mate is and must come from the hand of the Lord. (A6 format, 69 pgs.)

### **“The Roaring Sea”** (English edition available)

*Order No. 31 ENG*

(excerpt from the book, “Tribulations”, order No.27)

“I am the Lord, and there is no other. The One forming light and creating darkness, Causing well-being and creating calamity; I am the Lord who does all these things.” (Is. 45:6b-7 NASB)

Causes, effects and ways of escape out of the tribulations of this age. (A6 format, 98 pages)

## **Tracts**

**“A Prophetic Word to the Christian Assemblies”** (by Ivo Sasek) (English edition available)

### **“Die Brandkatastrophe zu Kaprun“**

(“The Fire Catastrophe of Kaprun/Austria”)

Suitable for evangelistic use and for Christians.

(by Ivo Sasek)

### **“Das Gesetz der Blutschuld”**

(“The Effects of Capital Crime”)

Concerning abortion (by Ivo Sasek)

**“And They Ask Why ...”** (English edition available)

Rousing and informative- concerning present day events.

### **“Der Schatz der unsichtbaren Welt”**

(“The Treasure of the Invisible World”)

(by Loisa Sasek, 12 years old, evangelistic)