

# **In God We Trust; the Dollar We Worship**

V. 2.0

**Because it's not what you earn; it's what you keep  
that matters, and it's all God's!**

**Donald A. Galade**

**Edited by: Danny DeMelfi  
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**Written in an attempt to change the financial landscape of the world, via God's will, God's way,  
and in God's time.**

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*In God We Trust; The Dollar We Worship V 2.0*

*Because It's not what you earn; It's what you keep and it's all God's!*

By: Donald A. Galade

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***Re-Dedicated to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ for whom I would still be lost but now, I am found.***

**In memory of my beloved sister: Lisa Marie Galade-Forish.**

**“Wealth is worthless in the day of wrath, but righteousness delivers  
From death”** **—Proverbs 11:4**

## About the Author



Donald A. Galade has been an income and retirement planning specialist since 1987. Once Christ got a hold of his life, things changed forever, including the way he ran the practice. His focus has changed from seeking fortune to telling the good news as it relates to how we are to utilize what God has given us.

Don is a licensed insurance professional in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Virginia. He also is President and CEO of GFS, Financial Advisors, LLC. A Registered Investment Advisor firm which performs wealth management and estate planning based in Drums, PA. Founded in 2004, Galade Financial Services, Inc. is a full service estate and income planning firm located in Northeast Pennsylvania, utilizes a Bible based approach to financial planning.

For many years he has helped those approaching or currently in retirement with a proactive conservative approach to saving. He specializes in tax planning, estate -planning, asset preservation and income planning for his clients.

By utilizing a combined dream team approach, Don works to develop a financial platform for his clients by working alongside their CPA, attorney and existing brokers. He is looked upon by others in this industry as a mentor, a coach, and a spiritual guide.

A biblical teacher and student of the Word. Don is co-owner and producer of River-Song Productions, Inc., a Christian media company. RSP has created a forensic Pro-Life documentary called: *The Voice of John* ([www.voiceofjohn.org](http://www.voiceofjohn.org))

He attended Wilkes College in Wilkes-Barre, PA where he studied classical musical performance, and is owner/operator of Genesys Productions (intentionally spelled that way), which specializes in the production of Christian music. He is a member of the band Less of Us. Less of Us which released their first CD "More of Him" on September 10, 2011 ([www.lessofus.org](http://www.lessofus.org))

The Lord has blessed him with a wonderful wife Cheryl and three amazing children this would not have been possible.

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The staff and teachers of my home church, Faith Assembly of God in, West Hazleton, PA for their dedication and courage to preach the Word of God. The ministries of: Perry Stone, Keith Moore, Gregory Dickow, John Bevere, Joyce Meyer, and many others who not only spoke to me through the Holy Spirit, but also formed my faith as it is today

In addition to my family I must also acknowledge: Danny DeMelfi, Carol Kurilko, Dennis Hinkle, Mark Reinhart, And Lynn M. Elko, for without their guidance, assistance, and prayers none of this would be possible. Thank you to all.

**—Donald A. Galade**

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## Preface

The purpose of this book is to show the will of the Lord to unlock blessings in our lives, as long as we do our part with what we are given by God. We learn in the Word that much is required of us in order to be in covenant blessings and abundance with God. May you be blessed as you read this, and may the power of the Holy Spirit open your ears and remove the scales from your eyes as it permeates and transforms you, in Jesus name.

It is our focus to assist those that do not know, or are confused about what Jesus did for us on Calvary with the truth. We have a lot to do with how much and when we receive from the Father. I will touch on some topics that others may have taught on with a slightly different slant.

When I realized there was more to life than making a buck; the Lord showed me how to not only provide for my family, but also sow into His Kingdom, and into his people as well. He showed me how to lead with the Word in everything I did. What makes this book truly a work from the Lord is that I did not grow up reading the Bible. Truth be told, I didn't even own one until 2001. Coming from a "religious" background, I had the same thought process as most Christians do today. Just be a "good person" and go to church, and maybe you'll make it to Heaven! Although I believed in God and knew who Jesus was, and what He did for us on the cross, I thought that was all I needed to know.

The Lord would soon show me differently. I soon found out that there was a difference. In many churches money is a very emotional subject when discussed from the pulpit. In case the title had not given it away, this book is going to discuss these topics in great detail, all of which will be supported by the Bible. Please take each scripture and concept and search it for yourself. Study the context used in this book, and decide for yourself. Do not take my word for it; ask the Lord to prove my words true.

If you ask God for guidance with regard to His Word, it will never come back void! This book is designed to be an educational tool based on biblical and financial principles as it relates to economics in our world.



## Prologue

I grew up in a Catholic home with my brother Jim, and my sister Lisa, who has since gone home to be with the Lord. Mom's Italian, to my fellow "*Paisans*" I say: "nuff said?" You know you're Italian when you can bench press 325 pounds, shave twice a day and still cry when your mother yells at you for taking the plastic covers off of the furniture. Sunday was the international macaroni (not spaghetti or pasta) holiday. The sauce (not gravy) was made on a Saturday and slow cooked for *post-church* consumption on Sunday afternoon.

As soon as we got home from church, and before we sat down to eat, you grabbed a meatball out of the pot and "foonah" some Italian bread in the sauce, knowing you were going to get a "sca-shot" upside the head, since it was not time to eat yet. It was part of the Sunday ritual. Those who grew up in an Italian house know what it is like to have been hit with a wooden spoon or to have a shoe thrown at you for eating "before we sat down." Your mother never threw a baseball in her life, but she could hit you up-side the head with a shoe at fifty feet. In most Italian homes there is some sort of religious statue in the hallway, living room, bedroom, front porch and backyard. A portrait of the Pope and Frank Sinatra hung in the dining room. Church and macaroni were synonymous in my family every Sunday; boy we were confused.

Through adolescence and all of my adult life, I have had two different job descriptions. The first was that of a professional entertainer. As a third generation musician in my family, I had practically grown up "on the road." My father, an extremely talented guitarist, spent his life in the music industry, both performing and teaching. He passed a recessive musical gene to all of his children. The piano, my instrument of choice, was everything to me as a child and young adult. I had planned on earning a living in the music industry, and for much of my adult life, my God given musical talents had provided well for my family. For much of high school, I had plans to travel the world with my craft for a few years, and then settle down in Hollywood to generate music scores for the motion picture industry. I had it all planned out, yet it seems there was one thing I did not take into consideration. What did God want for my life? Before I knew it, things would change.

In college I found a new friend. His name was *Jack*. Jack Daniels. He and some of his friends, *Johnny* and *Jim*, quickly abbreviated my college career. About that time a lifelong friend, Tim Imbert, contacted me with a job offer. Tim sold life insurance. At first I was not overly impressed with the opportunity, but viewed it as a rebound from academia while awaiting the ultimate gig. Later, I realized this was a great opportunity. The most appealing aspect of the insurance industry was the opportunity to become your own boss. You could start work at four in the afternoon if you chose. A perfect fit for a musician who worked nights. The impact Tim had on my life was profound. I didn't realize it till many years later. Tim was not only my boss within the insurance organization; he was also the second best guitar player in the state of Pennsylvania. He was a former student of my father. What a coincidence! Tim became a musical, financial and later a spiritual mentor in my life. His wife passed away several years ago, and he also went to be with the Lord a short time later. Some say, "He died of a broken heart." He was a major force behind my career choice, and probably one of the main reasons I remained in the financial services field today. He is greatly missed.

Thus the second job description I have had is in the world of financial planning. At times one career was more lucrative than the other, depending upon the climate in both the financial and entertainment industries. Sometimes I considered myself a full-time musician who sold insurance on the side, and in other instances, my job description was that of a financial advisor who was just a part-time musician. In other instances, I vacillated closely between the two at the same time. For twenty of the past twenty-two years I saw no real connection between the two. "It's just what I do," I thought. No more, no less. It wasn't until I was forty years old (a big number with God as I would later find out) that I would realize nothing is a coincidence with God. As a friend and fellow author, Ned Dougherty once said, "It's a God incidence."

1991 was a year that changed my life forever. It was the year I met my soul mate, Cheryl. Our meeting was not by chance. I just happened to have sold her parents life insurance. With a slight nudge from her mom, she

came out to a club where I was performing. Within two years we were married. I realized years later how she had changed my destiny, both here on earth and in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Cheryl also grew up Catholic, and so we attended Mass every week. In 1996 Cheryl became pregnant with our first child, Donald James, affectionately called D.J. He would be used by the Lord in-utero to stir something in us as parents, something bigger than we could even fathom. *Note: At the time of this writing, some ten years after this event, DJ is studying to be a pastor in the Assembly of God church!*

As we sat in Saint Gabriel's Roman Catholic Church one Sunday morning we noticed a document placed in the pew. It was a graphic sketch of a partial-birth abortion procedure. The depiction of the most horrific procedure known to man was illustrated on this card for all to see. It reduced us both to tears. At the time, Cheryl was four months pregnant.

Neither of us envisioned how or why anyone would participate in such a heinous act. It was at that moment that Cheryl decided she would become the voice of these children, and we would collectively do something about this.

The search commenced for someone who could assist us in what we thought would be our own grass roots effort to change this horrific law. We found an existing but practically defunct Pro-Life organization in our town. How naive we were to think we were the first to try such an effort. This is how we came to know MaryAnn Lawhon, a woman who would play a big part in our Christian reformation.

We joined a local chapter of an organization known as Pennsylvanians' for Human Life or PHL. We rallied support from other "Pro-Lifers" and attended the annual March for Life in Washington, D.C. The eradication of abortion became our obsession, and as a by-product we became seriously involved in politics. We believed our mission was to save the babies, as well as change the law. Over the next four years God blessed us with two more wonderful children, Sarah Elizabeth and Jacob Gabriel. It was no coincidence that God chose biblical names for them; we were just the first ones to know about it. All of our children would become soldiers for the Lord and the Pro-Life movement, as we would find out.

After missing a PHL meeting one evening, I soon learned that I had become vice president of this local chapter. The Lord said: "Son you've got a big mouth and I am going to use you to save the lives of innocent children." Thinking I was literally going insane I just said, "ah... ok," and kept that little nugget of information a secret for many years. This was the first time that I can say that the Lord spoke to me in what seemed like a clear fashion. I had no clue this was possible at this point in my life, so I didn't speak of it for many years.

A new chapter in our lives was born, (pun intended) and added to my previously mentioned job descriptions. I felt every fiber of my body telling me: "This is the reason you were put on this earth, to perform God's work." Confusion set in as I pondered who I was, and what is God's will for my life?" The Lord would tell me in the years to come that the three job descriptions would become a triple braided cord that cannot be broken and would work together in His plan for me.

The financial sector took prevalence as it proved to be the most lucrative. I studied economics and investment strategies intently. The knowledge God had given me allowed my practice to grow. Wall Street had an allure and intrigue. I was drawn to the hustle and bustle of the market and what it meant to potential clients. Soon I partnered with estate planning professionals, such as CPA's and attorneys. Puts, calls, IPO's, mutual funds, limited partnerships, wills, trusts, and the virtual alphabet soup of terms and descriptions associated with this field had become my new vernacular.

My practice excelled, but something was missing. I could not quite put a finger on it. Later God would reveal that my intentions and goals were not exactly what He had planned for me. What was missing was the true presence of the one who mattered most, the Lord. As I studied the Word, I realized that our words have power and that we have authority to talk to the evil things that the deceiver places in our paths on a daily basis. (Read 1 Peter 3, Mark 4:24 and Psalm 1:1.) As I sat in front of a potential client's house one summer morning, waiting to go give my pitch, I reflected on my life and prayed. This was the first time I prayed using the Rhema knowledge that God gives, this ability to call on His blessings. I prayed, "Lord my supply comes from you. You freely give us all things. I call upon your blessings right now to provide for my family." I left that clients house with a sizeable new account. But that is not the end of the story.

This family soon referred me to their children, cousins and extended family members, all who later became clients. To show that God always has a bigger agenda than ours, the Lord then planted seeds of His love and grace within certain members of this particular household. I was able to share the Word with some of these people prior to and after the loss of a loved one, their father. This was a “first” for me as well, as I had never done that before. Little did I know that the little step of faith in that client’s driveway years prior would take my mustard seed faith to the level it had become. The Lord used me to bring comfort to this family in their darkest hour. I do not know if my client was saved before he went to be with the Lord. I sat by his bed as he gasped for his last breaths and prayed for him.

While I sat at his bedside, I felt the need to ask him if he had a relationship with Jesus, but I never did. This man died before I had the guts to ask that very simple question and it has bothered me since. After he passed, God gave me the courage to share the good news of Jesus with this family. This family was responsible for many “firsts” in my life. I gave God all the praise and glory for these events. It was He that was moving, “I was just the paperboy,” as my good friend Guy often says. My practice changed at that very moment. I was no longer ashamed of the Gospel, for the Lord tells us not to be.

At first my insurance career was something I thought I would “do for a while until something better came along.” By April of 2004 it became a way to tell people about the Lord. I showed my clients the scriptural foundations of investing and saving for the future, the future here on Earth and in Heaven! Along the way, I learned what it means to be in covenant with God, and what the Bible says about our authority over things not from God, as well as the power of our words.

Truth be told, Cheryl and I were not always good stewards of God’s resources. In fact we were like many people today, spending it before it was made by using plastic and finance companies to furnish our living in the lap of luxury. We had “Champagne taste on beer money.” In the early part of 2001, we experienced some major changes in our lives. A few years prior, I had started another business in addition to the financial services practice. What seemed to be a great opportunity nearly destroyed my family. Suffice to say, the endeavor was not one that was blessed by the Lord. I had acted strictly from the flesh and was driven by greed. The outcome was not pleasant. It was through this experience that I became truly saved. Intimate dealings with governmental authorities have a way of giving you a “come to Jesus” experience. The other business that I was involved with had failed. Not only did the business fail, but my family was almost ripped apart by the fallout of the company as it self- destructed. God can take a horrific circumstance and turn it for His good. He can use it to bring glory to His name. What was a horrific event in our lives became the building block for my salvation, and ironically this book. You see what toppled my empire was the “love of money”.

Many good things came from this event in retrospect. Cheryl and I, and our children found the Lord, and our opinions on life in general were changed forever. We realized our lives were full of sin as God clearly outlined several things in our past that He was unhappy with. My brother-in-law also met the woman of his dreams while working with this entity.

At a time in my life where the walls were tumbling in around me, a friend of mine, named John Yagalla invited me to a Pentecostal church that he had been attending, an Assembly of God Church in West Hazleton, Pennsylvania. I had known John for many years from the PHL organization, and I respected him greatly. I had no clue that the Lord was going to use him in such a powerful way to change my life, my job description and my eternity. Cheryl and I decided to attend his church since we were searching for answers that we could not get from our existing house of worship. This service was nothing like what we were used to in the Catholic Church, so we were taken aback initially.

For those of you who are not familiar, the Pentecostal denomination is quite different from Catholicism. A Pentecostal church emphasizes the workings of the Holy Spirit, teaches the Bible literally, and adopts an informal demonstrative approach to religious worship. The Holy Spirit drives and sometimes He drives hard and fast. Ever watch Oral Roberts? He was Pentecostal. The root of this denomination is based in the fact that Jesus is Lord and died for our sins, and the Holy Spirit works in us all, once we accept Him as Lord.

This seemed simple enough to me. My children enjoyed the Pentecostal service as well. They were in what is known as children’s church, where the message is tailored specifically to their individual age group. Thus,

they too were learning and growing in the Lord. When your kids fight with each other and suddenly one uses a Bible verse to point out why the other has wronged him, you start to think hard about the religious experience you are giving your family.

Over the next year, we alternated between our Catholic church and the newly found AG church. You see we were growing in the AG church and learning what the Bible says, but we grew up in the Catholic faith and had a hard time with the change. We just were not ready to “let go” of our religious practices, and besides. “What would our parents say?”

Since we vacillated between the two churches on a bi-weekly basis, Cheryl and Sarah said, “We were *Protholic*” a mix between Catholic and Protestant. I personally liked “*Roman Cathastant*” as a name for our new branded denomination.

What I did not yet realize was God had a much bigger plan for us, a plan that would include teaching us how to effectively pray in the name of Jesus. I soon learned that Satan’s goal is to steal, kill and destroy, and if you start learning what’s in the Bible, his plans become thwarted. The Lord later pointed out very clearly to me that it doesn’t matter what team “you’re batting for” as long as you’re in the right league and have the right rule book.

One day, as we are getting ready to attend a service at the AG church, my oldest son and I got into what we call an “aggressive negotiation.” I’m talking a good old-fashioned father-son knock down drag ‘em out “negotiation.” To this day I cannot recall what it was over, but the enemy had a specific plan in mind for this attack, to keep us from attending this church and learning what God had in store for us. You see D.J., my oldest son and I were in deep feud mode during our pilgrimage to the AG church. The interesting point about D.J. and the AG experience is to this point, was that he refused to attend children’s church. He wanted to stay upstairs with the adults. He said he was learning a lot from the messages that were being preached. Cheryl always believed her oldest boy had some form of a religious calling, up to this point the word priesthood was murmured often. Anyway, D.J. and I sat in the pew next to each other shooting dagger eyes at each other from our recent father-son mishap on the way to church.

The message that day was on the book of Ephesians. I had no clue who or what an Ephesian was at this point, but as the pastor preached these words came up on two big screens in front of the church:

**“Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is the right.”**

**—Ephesians 6:1 (KJV)**

Well that was all I needed to hear. I looked at D.J. and gloated. God just said I was right! All I needed was someone to high-five and scream “up top” right?” Suddenly my words of victory faded from the screen, as another verse was came up. I was on the edge of my seat, waiting for the next verse where God would vindicate me as the winner of the Biblical joust. Here it comes. It read:

**“Honor thy Father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise;”**

**--Ephesians. 6:2 (KJV)**

Yes, another point for dad! Another verse coming up, I almost heard timpani roll in anticipation:

**“That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.”**

As I relished my parental victory vindicated by the Word, the tone changed as the next verse in this chapter was about to come up on the screen. Something weird happened. The pastor, who did not know me from Adam, pun intended, looked me in the eye. He was staring right at me; giving a long dramatic pause and raising one eyebrow like a quarterback picking his next call, and then he pointed at me. Yes, he pointed right at me! It was as if he had witnessed our little Biblical ping pong match. The Pastor raised his voice sharply as he pointed right at me and actually wagged his finger a little and said the next verse out loud:

**“And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”**  
—Ephesians. 6:4 (KJV)

What just happened? I looked over at my son who was smiling out of half of his face like Elvis. As I felt myself sinking in the pew, I realized I was wrong. I knew it. This pastor knew it, and most of all God knew it too. As the message went on D.J. and I bonded at that moment even though not a single word had been spoken between us. To this day it has never been spoken of.

At the end of the service the pastor had an altar call. It wasn't just any old altar call. This was a Holy Spirit driven specific altar call. He said, “If there are parents and children in this room that have issues that they need to resolve, they need to be here at this altar,” again looking right at us. My first born son, who is quiet, shy, reserved and generally totally compliant by nature, grabbed me by the hand and said, “Come on daddy,” as he led me to that altar. He looked me in the eye and said, “I'm sorry Daddy.” I said, “No son, it is I who must apologize.” We cried, we hugged, and as we prayed, the pastor walked over and prayed over us. I felt the ground move that day in that Pentecostal church in West Hazleton, Pennsylvania. I still had no idea what God had in store for us, but I knew one thing, this was our church. This was where God wanted us and it could not have been clearer. We went home and held a family meeting. The vote was unanimous. We were no longer Protholic. We were Protestant, but more importantly we realized the power of the Word. We realized how the Word can transform, cultivate and prune our lives, but that was just the beginning for what God had planned for us. Over the next few years God had big plans for us. We needed to learn a very important lesson before He could use us. How to obey!

The next week we walked through the doors of that AG church in the sleepy little town in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania, and my son surprised me again. He said, “Hey dad, I'm gonna go downstairs today. See ya,” and he never looked back.

From that point on my life had been fundamentally changed. Within a few years, I was doing work for His Kingdom. The Lord had me doing things that I did not think I was capable of, including writing a book about His Word. It is in daily thanksgiving that I offer up praise and worship to Him for all He has done in my life.

A few months later my failing ancillary business took another nose dive. The business ended in a legal battle. As I faced this storm of turmoil, I turned to my friend John for advice. We were attending the annual Pro-Life March in Washington D.C. at the time. We made this pilgrimage every year to prayerfully protest the 1973 decision of Roe vs. Wade. While waiting to board the bus on our return trip, I started to complain to John about my life. With love and discernment, he spoke words into my heart that changed my life. He told me what the Word says about how we talk. (James Chapter 3) He shared some basic principles about who God is and the “authority” we have over darkness by using the name of Jesus. I may have found God in that AG Church previously to that day with my son, but this day the Lord found me. I asked Jesus to come into my heart, and my life was changed forever. From that point forward, the Lord was in the driver's seat. We were on the ultimate road trip, and although I will never have all the answers, He is always there to help.

In order to unpack the scenario of what God was going to have me do next, I must take you back to a time a few years prior. Prior to this event, I took a job as the music director at a Methodist church. I met the pastor of

the Methodist Church via another pastor friend. He offered the position and I accepted. While working on staff at this church I met a man named Angel. Angel was a conga player from Cuba. I can't make this stuff up! This man would become and always be an integral part of my life as well as one of my closest friends. I was employed by the Methodist Church to lead their worship team. Unfortunately at the time I treated it merely as a "paying gig." I was not saved or filled with the Holy Spirit, but was leading this church in worship. After about a year the Holy Spirit convicted me of my heresy of taking money for a position within a church when I did not adopt the fundamental values and precepts of that church; so I resigned as the music director.

On my first visit to Faith AG, I saw a familiar face. Angel was part of the worship team at Faith Assembly of God. I had not seen him for a few years, yet it was as if no time had lapsed since we last worked together. Needless to say, I was asked to join the worship team at Faith. The request came from the same pastor who wagged his finger at me and scolded me weeks before: I agreed. I had no clue at that time that God had bigger plans for this chapter of my life. My triad of job descriptions would soon unfold bringing music, finances and the Pro-Life ministry into one triple braided cord, with God as the center.

A year later the church witnessed personnel changes. Two worship leaders and the lead pastor had left; the same pastor who spoke to me that bright Sunday morning. I was now asked to lead the worship team as the director of music for the church, except this time I was saved and knew the importance of this position.

In another life altering moment that stopped time, God filled me with his love and power of the Holy Spirit one Sunday evening. I could do nothing but weep and shake as the power of God vibrated every cell of my body. He spoke to me at that moment. The second time I heard His voice. It was calm, a peace that cannot be described.

The Holy Spirit reassured me of what I am to do with my life. "Follow Him and teach! Teach through song, teach through His Word." I did not know it at the time but I was to teach through this book and evangelize. Dazed and confused, "Surely you got the wrong guy Lord," I thought. "I'm a musician who makes a good living by marketing financial products; I'm not worthy or capable of this." Sometime later the Lord showed me how I was a modern day Jonah by running from him. He laid it upon my heart that I was to deliver a message to our church. This was an eye opening event that actually took place while I was getting gas in my vehicle. I felt the Holy Spirit nudging me toward Him as I was in the process of pulling away in fear. He told me I was to teach a class at my church on the end times. I was obedient and did so accordingly.

Ironically my practice soon changed over the years with my new found freedom grounded in the Word. God has changed not only how I do business, but also how I react and interact with clients, and more importantly, He has shown me to love and teach about Him to everyone I can; something I could never do without the power of the Holy Spirit. There were times I would meet a prospective client who may have not been a match for my investment strategies, one of no risk! Prior to being saved, I would get annoyed and look for the next prospect. I now find myself with more patience and a genuine concern for all people with whom I come in contact. Sometimes God uses me to talk to potential and existing clients about Him. Sometimes I find myself spending more time praying for and with these people than discussing their 401(k) and income strategies.

I have listened to and studied many learned scholars, preachers and pastors while writing this book. All of those who have had an impact on my Bible education for this study are listed in the reference section after the last chapter. The Spirit has prompted me to send all proceeds of this publication to the organizations mentioned on that list. My goal is to educate and spread the Word of God via this work, not to turn a profit from it. Those who have sown into my ministry by giving me the information through books, tapes, lectures, and internet or by the power of The Holy Spirit shall witness the blessings of all profit this book provides. In turn I know I will experience the Lord's blessing in my life for my obedience to Him.

My musical career soon took a new direction as well. The Christian rock band known as Less of Us was born from members of the worship team from our church. The band played venues where previously God was not welcome. The presence of the Lord was felt via the Christian music of this group, a group I was given the privilege and honor of leading. So the financial world, music world, and God's world finally came together as the Lord prompted me to build a recording studio in my home. The studio's mission statement is

“to save the lost, and feed His sheep.” I call the room Genesys (intentionally spelled that way). The Lord used this triple braided cord to tether my soul to Him. I am forever thankful of that and thus the reason for this book.

Several members of this team assisted in the creation of a recording studio in my home. The Lord had placed in my heart a burning desire to teach, evangelize and write music that would bring glory to His name. Along the journey, He had to deal with me on some things. I did not realize it at first, but I was full of pride, so much so that for a while everything I touched did not turn out well. I was blocking the blessings the Father had for me by my own words and actions. Blessings that should have arrived in our life did not because of what I had done and what I had failed to do.

This was a humbling moment in my life. Things became abundantly clear after I was called to fast and reflect on, “What do I want to be when I grow up.” If you seek His voice you must listen for the answer. We are so busy in our daily activities we never stop to listen to the Lord. He is speaking to us. Many times He is answering our prayers; we are just too busy to act upon what we need to do to activate His blessings.

At the inception of this writing, my darling wife, whose social anxiety had her in anaphylactic shock just from ordering a pizza, was on a missions trip in Africa. The Lord has seriously stretched us. “Go into the world and prophesy,” He said. If we can’t go we must find other ways to tell the world about him, such as financing those who can. I was playing Mr. Mom in her absence as the Lord spoke to me again. Up to this point, each time I opened the Bible I was drawn to a scripture that spoke of money. If I listened to a Christian program on radio or TV, money seemed to be the topic. In everything I read, I saw it- there it was- money. I asked God, “What is up with this?” He said, “You are going to write a book that will be used as an instructional vessel for those who are worshipping money and refuse to listen to my Word.” “Not again God,” I said. “You’ve got the wrong guy here. Just a few years ago I was punishing a fifth of Jack Daniels every three days, and fought to have enough funds to keep the “band truck” running and surely you can’t think I am qualified for such a task. I can’t even spell.” As my children slept and my wife was in Africa, like Jacob, I wrestled with the Lord. This encounter lasted awhile. I felt the Holy Spirit say, “Just open the laptop and type.” So I did, and three chapters were born in a few hours. I learned at that moment that all God cares about is our obedience to Him. Nothing else matters. When we are true to the Lord with our humble obedience, He opens the flood gates of Heaven for us, and we will witness quite the harvest, which we will talk about greatly.

