The Source of His Strength

Pete Samra

Redondo Beach, California

Get a knife and gun. We're going to fight to the death."

Beady eyes glared back at me. I had a running feud with a fellow manager at the gym where I trained for body-building contests. But I never dreamed it would go this far.

"I don't fight with knives and guns," I shot back.

"Get a knife and gun," he repeated, whipping out a stiletto and waving it in the air. Wham! I kicked him to the floor, then whirled to grab him from behind.

But I had moved too close to the counter. I bumped into it and couldn't turn sideways. He lunged at my stomach.

"Somebody call an ambulance!"

Glancing at the floor I saw blood. Mine.

Adrenaline rushing, at first I didn't feel anything. But lying in an ambulance blazing down the street at 90 miles an hour, my whole life flashed before me.

"Everything I've worked for, everything I've done, has come to an end," I agonized. "All because of this jerk."

Where had my dream gone so wrong?

Growing up in Johannesburg, South Africa, I was a Catholic altar boy and participant in soccer, rugby and track. Though very enthusiastic, my skinny frame often led to injuries on the field.

That changed when I began working out. In sixth grade I had seen Reg Park, the South African bodybuilder who inspired Arnold Schwarzenegger.

"That's how I want to look one day," I declared.

A few years later my uncle offered to pay the gym fees if I lifted weights for at least three months. Training faithfully, over four years I grew from a 127-pound weakling to a finely-sculpted 208 pounds.

At age 23 I came to Los Angeles, looking to become Mr. America. I worked out at a large gym and eked out a living as a bouncer and painter.

Later the gym offered me a job. Thanks to my studies in business and naturopathy, I was able to help introduce their new line of vitamins and food supplements.

Seeing they could trust me, the owners promoted me to manager. On my way-up the ladder I even landed a bit role in Schwarzenegger's movie, "Pumping Iron."

Trouble came when another manager wanted to control everything. A drug addict, he hoped to skim some cash to feed his habit. I stood in the way.

Of course, he wasn't the only drug abuser there. My sheltered background clashed with West Coast lifestyles. Many bodybuilders used steroids and other drugs, drank, and hustled homosexuals to make money or lived off their girlfriends.

Healing Comes

Laying in the emergency ward, tubes up my nose and a hole in my stomach — where they looked for blood drainage — I cried out.

"God, I've been an athlete all my life," I said. "Please don't let me be crippled!"

Instantly the harsh overhead lights dimmed. A thick cloud surrounded my body. I believe someone was praying for me at that moment.

"Everything's going to be okay," I soothed the medical assistants as they wheeled me into surgery. Their eyes opened wide.

I surprised the doctors by recovering from my wounds in four days. When I got out, though, the stress mounted. I faced \$6,000 in medical bills, lingering psychological problems from the knife fight and job problems.

None of that was a help to my new marriage. Bugged by our continuing ups and

downs, a year after our wedding my wife had enough. We separated.

It was the last straw. In a year I battled three harsh setbacks: physical, spiritual and emotional. One afternoon I called Ray McCauley, who now pastors one of South Africa's largest churches. "Ray, my life's a mess," I



said. "I went to Mass today and asked God to take control."

"Don't ask God to take control, ask Jesus to come into your life," he answered.

"Ray, I'm so broken and hurt I'll do anything," I said.

"God will never leave you or forsake you if you will follow Him," Ray promised. "If you ask Him to forgive you of your sins, then the past will be gone."

I don't remember the exact words. It was a simple prayer. I said I believed Jesus was the Son of God, had died on the cross for my sins and that He is the way to eternal life. Instantly strong, positive feelings about the future overwhelmed me. I knew everything would be all right.

I also received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I cherished the gift of tongues when it came. I pray daily in my prayer language and it helps me understand what God is doing in my life.

However, it doesn't mean I'm perfect. Difficulties are part of human existence. More than once they have driven me to my knees to cry out, "God, why? What causes these problems?"

A New Vision

Before the Lord saved me and gave me eternal life, I knew what I wanted. At 16 I dreamed of becoming a bodybuilding champion. A year later I caught a vision of someday

owning a vitamin company.

But with my eyes opened, I said, "These things aren't important. If I never become a champion or have a vitamin company, it's not important. The most important thing is I have a relationship with Jesus."

Matthew 6:33 says if we seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, then all "these things" will be ours. When I gave up my worldly dreams, the Lord made them come true.

Not long after I invited Jesus into my heart He gave me an idea to start a business. Despite my medical debts I talked to a company. They agreed to supply me with a private-label line of vitamins. That's how Samra Nutrition got started.

Besides the reality of Matthew 6:33, I learned the truth of Jesus' words in Luke 14:25-33, that we must "count the cost" of becoming His disciple.

In my case it cost millions of dollars to turn my back on mainstream



bodybuilding. It's a world of widespread steroid use, despite risky side effects, such as cancer, heart disease and high blood pressure.

Though I intended to forget bodybuilding to concentrate on business, a year later organizers invited me to the first Mr. Natural U.S.A. It was specifically for drug-free competitors.

I began training, yet wondered if it was the right thing. A week before the contest I prayed, "Lord, if this is something that's going to interfere with my walk with You, don't let me go."

Afterwards I walked outside the church. The pastor remarked, "Pete, you're in good shape."

"Yes, I have a bodybuilding contest coming up."

"You go and win it for the Lord,"

he encouraged. I felt that was my answer.

After winning the competition I gave the glory to God and a few months later captured the title of Natural Mid-America Bodybuilding Champion.

Though only competing for two more years, for a decade I promoted natural bodybuilding contests. They attracted national media coverage and we allowed Christian winners to share their testimony at events.

At one of our contests we prayed and the Holy Spirit's anointing was so strong that a reporter for a secular magazine wrote, "The contest was a success. There was a high-held holiness that radiated over the auditorium."

Ministry

While operating my business I also take time to share what God had done in my life. Besides speaking to Full Gospel Business Men's chapters in America and Australia, I've been on

the "700 Club" and many local radio and TV programs.

On one of my many trips, this one to my native country, Ray McCauley invited me to visit him. I felt the time I had available was too short to accomplish much. On

the flight over I argued, "God, what do You want me to do in 13 days? I don't have enough time."

However, when I spoke at Ray's church, a woman from South African broadcasting was in the audience. Afterward she asked me to do an interview. It lasted 13 minutes.

When we finished the Lord spoke quietly.

"What it would take months to do, what were you so worried about

Ian Samwell receives a platinum award

from Pete Samra for writing Britain's

first rock hit "Move It".

trying to do in 13 days?" He asked. "We reached the whole nation in 13 minutes."

I also formed an anti-drug team of bodybuilders to speak in public schools. We gave students a positive message and invited them to attend evening crusades in churches.

Three years ago He gave me an idea to form a business to import British music.

"Lord, why would You give me an idea when it's not Christian-oriented?" I asked. I prayed for six months about it before the Lord led me to Proverbs 13:22, which says the wealth of the wicked is stored up for the righteous. I was also influenced by a song from Cliff Richard, an English rock-and-roll singer. It asked, "Why should the devil have all the good music?"

So I decided to join the music

industry. We import popular music by artists like Richard, Tom Jones and Englebert Humperdinck and some nostalgic tunes.

Thanks to this endeavor I have had the chance to share Christ with unsaved music people. God has opened doors in secular newspapers, radio and TV for the word of my testimony.

I also feel led to help start a new Full Gospel Business Men's chapter in my area. My ministry is to businessmen because I understand the pressures and problems they face.

I know. He is the source of my strength.

Peter Samra is the president of Samra Nutrition and a music-import business called Best of the British. He is available for speaking engagements by calling 310-318-3949 or FAX 310-318-8455.



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INLAND EMPIRE'S SPIRITUAL RALLY JUN 16-17, 1995 Templin's Resort Motel Post Falls, ID % R. J. Rehwaldt	ZAIRE (Kenge) REGIONAL CONVENTION AUG 7-12, 1995 % Marcel Malenso, ID, NP	ZAIRE (Idiofa) REGIONAL CONVENTION AUG 21-26, 1995 % Michael Kayembe, IVP	SWITZERLAND NATIONAL CONVENTION SEP 15-16, 1995 % Urs Kaesermann Residence "Lev Vignes"
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INDONESIA NATIONAL CONVENTION IUN 20-23, 1995 % Joseph R. Chengberlin	Red Lion Hotel — Denver, Colorado % Elmer Lewis 1413 Monroe Street	AUG 25-26, 1995 Holiday Inn West Oklahoma City, OK % Alan M. Schmook 3555 N.W. 58th Street.	IOWA CONVENTION SEP 15-16, 1995 % Gary Bortz 515-682-7847
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