

Redeemed

(My Testimony)

I really do cherish the love of all my brothers and sisters; but you would not have so easily loved the Wes I used to be. All through my past I was guilty of all those "deeds of the flesh" listed in Galatians 5, all summed up under one word, sin. And all I knew about God was that He was there to punish me; and I just couldn't be good. I had tried many times to accept Jesus into my heart, like I was told, but it didn't work. I just couldn't stop doing all those bad things.

I describe myself back then as a "beer-drinking, cigarette-smoking, cussing, foul-mouthed, backwoods country boy who dressed like a dusty old goat-roper." And I was no different at the time I got married except that I had gained an immediate sense of responsibility to my family. But still my greatest aspiration was to own my own go-cart track.

I was a very hard-worker and dedicated employee. My boss saw that I had potential and gave me a book called "Acres of Diamonds." Through it I learned that I could do something better with my life. I didn't have to stay on the bad side. My wife and I joined the Amway business. I saw that Amway people were happy all the time. They had love and respect for each other. They were upbeat and positive. They were going places with their lives. And they talked a lot. I wanted those things in my life. I hated people. I was sad and angry much of the time. I was inhibited and self-centered. I couldn't talk to one person let alone a group. Anger and hatred churning inside of me caused me to have a sick feeling in my stomach most of the time.

I discovered that most Amway people belonged to some Church. I decided I wanted to go to Church. But I didn't know anything about Church. My wife's aunt and uncle, who sponsored us into the Amway business, went to The Polytechnic Christian Church, so we went there for several Sundays.

One Sunday morning the preacher asked me, "Wes, don't you think it's about time?" I would not have known what he was talking about except that my wife and I had just been talking and she told me that people get baptized to belong to a Church. I wanted to belong to a church. So I said, "Yes, I think it's about time." I responded to the invitation that day, and my wife followed. They didn't keep their baptistery full and had to make arrangements for us to be baptized the following Sunday.

The preacher came to visit us at home during the week. He asked if I had any questions. I was too ignorant to know what to ask, so I said, "No." After he left, my wife and I talked about it and decided we didn't know what we were doing. We decided not to go back there. We wanted to go to a different Church the following Sunday. I didn't know the location of any Church. I remembered having seen The Meadowbrook Methodist Church high on a hill. I didn't know exactly where, but I put on my best goat-roper boots and we headed in that direction. In only a short distance I saw a Church. I said, "Look! There's a Church, and the parking lot is full, and people are going in. Let's stop here!" And so we did. And we stayed ten years.

Right after the service that day the Outreach Minister, invited himself to our house to study the Bible with us. When he arrived he said, "Wes, I need to ask you some questions to find out what you know so I'll know where to begin the study." I said, "Why don't we start at the beginning? I don't know anything!" I didn't even know where the beginning was. He started in John not Genesis.

Several weeks later I responded to the invitation knowing very little more than my sins were going to be forgiven, and my wife followed. We were both baptized that day by immersion in water for the forgiveness of our sins. And you know something? It worked this time! From that day on God began

molding and making me into the Wes I am today. It wasn't all easy going. And even after giving my heart to God there are some things I've done that I regret. But I never took my heart back, so God changed even that, and made all those things work together to bring about good.

Today I am satisfied with my life. I really love all the talents and abilities God gave me; and I use them to bless His people. I love people and I go about doing good like Jesus did. And you know that churning in my stomach? Gone! I lost it before it ever developed into an ulcer. The thing God taught me that changed my life more than anything else is that: My only purpose here is to give and receive love and forgiveness. When I practice that I'm walking in the steps of Jesus.

by Wes Allen
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5 to 7 minutes

The Memory Man from Fort Worth, Texas

Within the first few weeks of my walk with God, He gave me Memory Techniques. I didn't know at that time, that God had anything to do with that. That same Outreach Minister who baptized us invited my wife and me to a Positive Thinking Rally at the Fort Worth Convention Center.

We listened to motivational speakers like Earl Nightingale, Zig Ziglar, Dennis Waitley, Norman Vincent Peale, and others. Then it was Billy Burden's turn to speak. He had met 100 people coming in, locked their names to their faces, and gave them his business card. When he walked up on the stage, he had all the people stand to whom he had given a business card and a seat up front. As he called out each one by name they sat down until no one remained standing.

My Outreach friend was very impressed with that and with all the Memory Feats Billy performed. And he wanted to purchase a Memory Course and learn it quickly so he could remember the names of everyone who came into the church. It cost \$120.00 and he didn't want to spend that much so he asked me if I'd go halves with him. I had not yet developed the ability to say, "No" so I said, "Ok."

He took the course home, copied all the tapes and literature, kept the copies, and gave me the originals. Now, when I spend \$60.00 on something, I'm going to check it out and see what I bought. I listened to the first tape and was immediately fascinated.

Within 30 minutes I had learned the first 50 memory hooks and was memorizing lists of items. I went around showing everyone what I could do. It boggled their minds. I memorized part numbers and parts lists. I memorized a list of the muscles in the human body. I memorized all the song titles in the church hymnal and knew on what page to find each one. I memorized all the books of the Bible and the number of chapters in each one. I began locking Scripture into memory. I had to adapt the Memory System to suit my needs.

Then I began to take classes in college. That too was from God. I "aced" everything because I knew how to picture it into memory. Professors would excuse me from taking tests and final exams at times saying, "You'll just get another "A" and an "F" wouldn't hurt your grade point average. After several years of classes, I graduated with high honors; but my grade point average had slipped down to 3.91. That's still pretty good, even for a perfectionist.

I was separated from my wife in 1989 and was divorced in 1991. I began attending Divorce Recovery at Richland Hills Church of Christ in May of 91. Three years later I was asked to leave Divorce Recovery.

I was using that group setting as a place to make people laugh. I thought they needed that. I certainly did! **I was devastated. I needed that group.** I told myself that I would never speak in front of a group again. I gave up all hope of becoming a public speaker. But I was on the schedule to give a 5-minute sharing talk in my Sunday school class the following Sunday. I called the class leader a week ahead of time and told him I couldn't do it. That night I was sharing, with two girls, the story I had been going to tell. They said, "Wes, you have got to tell this story to the class. We need to hear it." And they kept encouraging me to believe I could do it. But I refused. I told them the only way I would do that is for them to tell the class leader to just call on me and force me to get up there because I would not do it under my own initiative.

That's basically what happened. He called on me, told the class that I had a story to tell, and forced me to get up there. I had no notes. I didn't even bring a copy of the story I had written. I didn't think anyone would force me to get up in front of the class. After I told the story, with feeling and conviction, a class leader told me, "Wes, you're a natural." All that was from God. And those two girls worked for Him too.

So began my public speaking life. I was immediately able to give a talk with fervor and feeling and conviction without using notes. God just handed that to me as a gift, not that I deserved one. A few days later a friend invited me to visit his Toastmaster Club. I plunged full force into public speaking and began developing the gift. I have won lots of awards for my speaking and won several speaking contests.

Then God lead me to start memorizing long documents. I had no idea I could do that. I was just feeling bad one day, severely depressed; and I wanted to do something that most people thought was impossible to snap me out of it. So I memorized The Declaration of Independence. It's a long story, but that too was from God. I hated history. That was my worst subject in high school. Why would I want to memorize a historical document that no one would want to listen to anyway?

In July of 1996 I began giving presentations of the Declaration at Independence Day celebrations. I got standing ovations for that. At Christmas time that year, I put together "The Origin of The Night Before Christmas" and began presenting that along with the poem at Christmas parties; and I got standing ovations. I'm thinking, "Come on guys, this is only The Night Before Christmas." But I was thrilled that they loved it.

The day after Christmas of 96, I was working and thinking. I do that at times, think while I work. And I was talking to God. I said, "Wow, Father, that was spectacular, getting standing ovations for The Night Before Christmas, and for The Declaration of Independence. If I was ever to memorize anything else, what would it be?" And God said in a matter-of-fact tone, "You'll memorize The Sermon on the Mount."

I didn't even know fully what that was, I mean how long it was, how many chapters, how many words. When I got home that evening I checked it out in my Bible. When I saw all those red letters I said, "Wow, I'll do it!" I wanted that challenge. I wanted to see if I could do it. It turned out to be 2438 words while The Declaration was 1400.

Between Christmas and New Years I memorized it. It took three hours. I began practicing it, talking to myself in my apartment, talking to myself at work. A fellow employee asked me, "Hey, when you're lips are moving over there, who are you talking to?" When I told him, it didn't even phase him. If he really understood the significance of that, it would have boggled his mind.

Beginning in February of 97 I did presentations of The Sermon on the Mount for groups wherever I could. I did dozens of presentations. I got standing ovations at times for that too. From then on it was more history and more scripture. I feel that God assigned everything I have memorized. I didn't decide to

do any of it on my own. I started researching American history and writing about it. Everything I memorized, I typed up. I began getting faster and faster at typing too. I used to type a hundred words...in about a week. Now I type 50 or 60 words a minute, I think, but who's counting?

So now I have seven historical documents in memory: The Mayflower Compact, Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death, The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, The Declaration of Independence, The Gettysburg Address, I Have a Dream, and Awakened to Danger and Called to Defend Freedom. And the scripture I have memorized is: The Sermon on the Mount, the book of Philippians, the book of Romans, The Sermon on the Mount in Spanish, and I started memorizing Revelations. And now I have the 23rd Psalm.

I memorized eleven chapters of Revelation, and then I quit and put it on the back burner for now. I didn't respond immediately when God told me to memorize The Sermon on the Mount in Spanish either. I procrastinate at the hard stuff. But God always provides a way to do it. Revelation is hard because in order to present it properly, I have to understand it. I have to know what I'm talking about. I have to know why I'm saying what I'm saying. But God opens my mind to understand everything.

In 2002, I wrote a letter to George Bush and told him what I do with history, leading people to a deeper love for our country, our heritage, and to God who gave us our freedom here. I told him what I do with Memory Techniques and how they would really revolutionize our education system and make America the smartest nation on Earth.

A month after that I received a call from the White House. That was on November 11 of 2002. I was at work and they had to leave a message. I'm hearing impaired. I couldn't listen to my answering machine back then. On the 26th of November a friend listened to my messages. She said, "Did you know you have a call from the White House?"

"Really! What does it say?"

"It's from Tom Delay's office. It's Lisa Van Slyke. They want you to fill out a questionnaire for a press release because they want to honor you with the National Leadership Award."

I said, "Call her back. Ask her what I should do now." She called and we were told to go to a website and fill out the questionnaire. I was brand new on the Internet back then. I managed to find the website, but not the questionnaire.

I said, "Call her again. See what I should do now."

My friend said, "Just calm down and wait patiently. You don't have to do anything. They are just going to give you that award." Well, I'm still waiting. I can't have everything. But it would be nice.

At times I conduct seminars and classes to give people some of the techniques I use to memorize. Anyone can arrange to schedule a seminar, the bigger the group the better. And it can be free if I have a chance of selling memory courses to pay for my time. If you had Memory Techniques, what would you do with them? What would your specialty be? If you decide you want something, go after it with all your heart. God will honor that. He will make things happen in your life. If you know what I know, you can do what I do.

It wasn't until 2003 that it finally dawned on me that I was speaking God's word and our history; and that's what He had His prophets in the Old Testament doing, speaking His word and their history. I didn't decide to do that. God lead me into it. God is in our history just like He was in the

history of the Israelites. Speaking about our history can lead people to God.

God is the one who draws hearts to Himself; and no one can come to Jesus unless God calls him.

God began to call me through the book called “Acres of Diamonds” by Earl Nightingale. My boss gave me that book. Earl Nightingale wrote it. So who is responsible for leading me to God? Under the influence of the book, I joined the Amway business, started going to church, and started taking classes in college. I started memorizing things. I started speaking. Though all these things, seeds were planted and they were watered, but God was causing the growth in me.

We don’t get to see everything God does through our lives. But He is working, in my life and in yours too. Maybe someone who learned Memory Techniques from me is doing something fabulous with them. Maybe someone who heard me speaking about our history was called into God’s family. Our only purpose is to give and receive love and forgiveness. In doing so, we share God’s love with all those around us. Our mission, should we decide to accept, is to take this life and live it. And give it all we’ve got until the day that the Lord calls us home.

Would you allow me to teach you Memory Techniques? I’ll plant some seeds. Someone else will water. God will cause the growth.

The Memory Specialist

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Here’s a newspaper article about the Roanoke Memory Man:
www.PatrioticAmericanMemoryTraining.com/RoanokeMemoryMan.pdf

Here’s a link to an article called “Student Memory.” It will give you many Memory Techniques that I used to ace all my classes in college. You can use it on the computer or print it.
www.PatrioticAmericanMemoryTraining.com/StudentMemory.pdf