

**FROM
VICTIM
TO
VICTOR**

FROM VICTIM TO VICTOR

WALKING BY FAITH
AND NOT BY SIGHT

DR. DEANDRE COLLIER



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www.ambassador-international.com

From Victim to Victor

Walking by Faith and not by Sight

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ISBN: 978-1-62020-151-0

eISBN: 978-1-62020-666-9

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Cover Design & Typesetting by Hannah Nichols

Ebook Conversion by Anna Riebe Raats

AMBASSADOR INTERNATIONAL

Emerald House

411 University Ridge, Suite B14

Greenville, SC 29601, USA

www.ambassador-international.com

AMBASSADOR BOOKS

The Mount

2 Woodstock Link

Belfast, BT6 8DD, Northern Ireland, UK

www.ambassadormedia.co.uk

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INTRODUCTION

This book will introduce the reader to Jesus Christ through the author's testimony, use of Scripture, and discussion of Christian traditions. Further, the author will demonstrate, through his shared experiences, the meaning of the phrase *walking by faith, not by sight*. This spiritually inspired memoir argues that, even during the worst of times, maintaining faith can ensure that our best days lie ahead. Victimization presents opportunity for victory. With God all things are possible, because He is the essence of faith.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to begin by thanking God for His awesome and amazing grace and love. It is through Him that I am able to testify about the events described in the following chapters. I have been truly blessed to have been surrounded with some beautiful, God-sent people who have really been a blessing to me in so many areas and stages of my life. These individuals have helped me personally, psychologically, and, most importantly, spiritually.

They include my mother Deloris Calloway. She taught me so much about love, compassion, and understanding. My mother had a lot of obstacles to overcome, but what she was able to give me, she gave. She always saw the very best in me and the possibilities life offered. My mother raised me as a single parent. Those who grew up in similar environments know firsthand about the sacrifices often made by a single provider. What I especially appreciate is, when my father decided not to be in my life, my mother never put him down, nor did she complain about being on her own.

I also would like to acknowledge my father, Steve Calloway. I've been told that I have a lot of his physical traits, mannerisms, and demeanor and have been told that I look just like him. Although he was not around for most of my life, I do personally thank him for the gifts of compassion and sensitivity. Most importantly, I would like to thank my father for reuniting with me forty years after separating himself.

Thank you to one of my guardian angels and heroes, my grandmother, Mrs. Eliza Guinn. My grandmother and I didn't have the typical grandmother and grandson relationship. We had more of a parent-child bond. Grandma was my rock, my light, my hope, my comfort, my guide, my inspiration, and my disciplinarian. I thank her

for believing in me, even when I had nothing to believe in. This book was created on the spiritual foundations she provided in my life. She gave me much-needed stepping stones. Although my grandmother has gone home to be with the Lord, I still carry the love, passion, and values she instilled in my life.

I would like to acknowledge the positive contributions of my grandfather, Mr. Wayman Guinn. He was the first and foremost positive male role model I ever had. My grandfather taught me a lot of things to do in life, but also what not to do. He treated me like I was his very own child, and words cannot thank him enough for what he did for me. Although he went home to be with the Lord, I carry his spirit with me every day. It's because of him that I am able to call myself a man.

Thanks to Aunt Carolyn, like a second mother to me in so many ways, for all her encouraging and positive words. My aunt is one of my greatest cheerleaders. I could never repay her for all the support, along with that of her sons Terrence, Terrell, and Laron. These cousins are like my very own brothers, and God has blessed us to have beautiful, meaningful relationships.

Thank you to my cousin Gladys Norman. When my grandmother died, Gladys took me under her wing and has always been there for me, regardless of what I was dealing with. I can always count on Gladys to keep me spiritually and personally grounded.

I also would like to recognize Dr. Samuel Stephens, a man who is like a brother to me. When I have been down, he has been there to pick me up. When I've needed an ear, he has always listened. Dr. Stephens always pushed me to strive for excellence. I thank God for him and his lovely family: Rev. Mamie Stephens, who is like a big sister, and their daughters Rashida, Rahshell, and Rahnetta. These people hold a special place in my heart after taking me in as if I were a member of the family.

I have to lift up Lorraine Stephens, Dr. Samuel Stephens' mom, who has blessed me in so many ways. I thank her for love, kindness,

humor, and support. She is an amazing lady of incredible knowledge, wisdom, and depth. Thank you to my pastor and spiritual leader, the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Bullock, Jr., of Detroit's Bethany Baptist Church, for playing a major role in shaping my spiritual growth and development. As a direct result of his guidance and direction, I am able to minister, and his mentoring taught me the significance of planning, process, and implementation.

Thank you to Erick Draper, Norman Gladden, Gertrude Byrd, Gloria Holmes, and Otis Holmes. This group of believers introduced me to the concept of evangelism. They befriended me in a time of need and taught me the value of honoring relationships, plus the richness of cultivating and nurturing those relationships. They taught me that the number one goal of Christianity is to foster relationship-building because, when all is said and done, all of humanity wants to love and to be loved by someone.

I would like to extend a great thanks to my cousin Eddie Allen, Jr. for assisting me with proofreading, editing, and devoting his time and attention to helping me successfully complete the writing of this book. Indeed, he has labored with me and "stretched" my thought process in several ways, and for that I am extremely grateful and humbled. I would also like to thank the following seminary professors for their support and encouragement: Anneliese Sinnott for stretching and challenging me socially, culturally, spiritually, and theologically; Brown Kinnard, who helped to increase and expand my knowledge, understanding, and skills in the field of pastoral care, counseling, and spiritual direction; and Mark Fisher, who was a mentor on my doctoral dissertation committee, gave me constant words of encouragement, and urged me to treat this project as an extension of ministry. Finally, thank you, Urias Beverly, for taking the time to show me all things are still possible and that, with God, every goal can be met. You poured a lot of yourself into me, making a valuable spiritual deposit.

A special thanks to Sam Lowry, Anna Raats, and the rest of the Ambassador International publishing family for their assistance in

making this book a reality. Also for giving me a platform and allowing me the humbling privilege and opportunity of sharing my faith journey, which prayerfully can inspire and motivate the reader to know that Jesus Christ is real and that, with faith, truly all things are possible.

FOREWORD

A determined mind that makes decisions pleasing to God in every way—that is the essence of walking by faith and not by sight. Why else were Adam and Eve created in the garden with eyes not opened to the distractions of good and evil, but with a single purpose to have daily fellowship with God? God led through trust in Him and not by things seen, like road signs or physical directions. The compass He provided was daily trust in the Creator.

The most important achievement is to say our lives are pleasing to God. It is difficult to trust completely in things that are not seen and to make life-changing decisions that sometimes defy logic, rhyme, or reason. Faith requires that we give God our total trust, and it is a growing and learning process. When we close our eyes, it seems almost impossible to navigate clear paths to educational pursuits, career achievements, and other goals of personal excellence. But in *From Victim to Victor*, Dr. Collier assures us that with God all things are possible, demonstrated through his personal journey with the Creator leading him while his eyes were completely shut!

Choosing to take this journey and to become a witness of God's power as He worked miracle after miracle in Dr. Collier's life was nothing short of experiencing angelic praise. Reading his work will inspire and motivate you by stirring up your gifts as you learn how God released His power into Dr. Collier's life. What an amazing journey of deliverance, provision, promotion, and victory. Dr. Collier's experience will leave you awestruck at God's ability to extract unrelenting faith from the human story.

This book is a manual for moving from denial into determination, from a victim mentality to victory! You will be inspired and influenced to expect more, know more, and believe God for more as you read about the ways God worked to guide Dr. Collier through his eventful life. Don't be surprised if you're made to feel a little guilty for not having greater trust in God while you are still in the midst of walking with your eyes wide open!

Dr. Collier has had a tremendous influence on my own life because of his personal faith and unrelenting pursuit of excellence. I first met him in seminary and quickly learned not to feel sorry for him because he had his eyes closed. I quickly saw this as a strength because his other senses were so much greater than those of the people around him. He could identify people by odor of cologne and could recognize who was standing behind him, even though he couldn't see. His memory was superb; he could take notes in real time without even needing paper and pen. Dr. Collier had an extraordinary ability to multi-task that baffled me, as he could carry on a conversation with one individual and, while completely engaged with that person, listen to an entirely different conversation and record things that were being said. I didn't even realize it was possible for the mind to function like that!

Dr. Collier's gifts amaze me because they remind me of how we are perfectly made in the image of God and rarely use more than a small percentage of the brain function he has given us. Dr. Collier gained these talents because he was walking through life with his eyes shut, moving and making decisions—again, by faith rather than by sight. I have been inspired and influenced by watching and walking with him, and my own personal faith has increased. At one point, we were going through a very rough time in our educational journeys. We were both working steady jobs and carrying full course loads in seminary. I was exhausted and somewhat stressed because I was also the full-time pastor of a church. Dr. Collier and I spent a lot of time together because we had two or three classes together a few nights a week. The classes were taxing, to say the least, and required a lot of

reading and writing. They were practically impossible to keep up with! I remember becoming overwhelmed with the burdens of work, ministry, church, and family. I felt like I had foolishly taken on far too much. So I decided to drop a couple of classes, relax, recoup, regroup, and get myself together. However, not only were these classes expensive at four- to five-thousand dollars, Dr. Collier and I had chosen them together, and we were friends. We ate dinner together, talked through difficult material, rode home together each night, and held one another accountable. I felt an obligation to let him know I was giving up two of the classes because I could no longer handle it.

“Deandre, I just cannot do this anymore,” I told him by telephone. “I am exhausted, my body is tired, and my mind is tired.” He listened intently without saying anything. I started thinking to myself, “This is going to be an easier decision than I thought.” I went on about not getting enough sleep, not being able to finish papers on deadline, not being able to read all the required material, not being able to devote enough time to ministry, etc. After I finished talking, he said something I didn’t expect.

“Shut up,” he told me. “I am taking just as many classes as you are, and two of my classes are in Chicago at Northern Baptist Theological Seminary.”

I was stifled in disbelief. I began to ask, “How do you get there? Who takes you?”

“I take the train,” he replied.

“How do you know where to go when the train gets there if there is no one with you?”

“I follow the footsteps, take a bus, and walk two blocks, then up the stairs to my classroom.”

I was blown away! Here he was traveling out of town, without eyesight, walking by faith, and I was complaining. My spirit leaped with joy, and I changed my mind about quitting. My faith had just doubled. I was able to finish the semester, and I never complained again.

As you read about Dr. Collier's life and relate it to your own journey, you will see what God is capable of doing, and it will inspire you to do more.

~ Dr. Samuel Stephens, Sr., Pastor
Pure Word Missionary Baptist Church Detroit, Michigan 2016

PREFACE

When I was in ninth grade, I took a swimming class. One day the teacher informed the class that each student would dive off the diving board and into the pool. The thought of this scared me half to death because of my lack of eyesight. If I dove off the board, I wouldn't necessarily know where in the water I might land. I wasn't convinced I wouldn't hurt myself in the process. Well, each student began to take their turns diving. Then came the moment.

"Okay, Deandre," the teacher said. "It's your turn."

I confessed in front of the class that I was petrified at the idea of diving. I explained that I felt like I would hurt myself from not knowing what would happen when I hit the water.

"Deandre, you will not hurt yourself," the teacher said. "Everything will be fine, trust me."

"You don't understand," I protested. "I am *scared*."

I must have held up the class for about ten minutes because I was determined to get out of this exercise. The swimming teacher got into the pool. She positioned herself right in front of the diving board and also directly in front of me. She said, "Deandre, follow my voice. When you dive, I will grab your hand."

Still, I wasn't trying to hear any of that noise. The teacher was being very patient with me, but I could tell that her patience was beginning to run short. So, slowly, one step at a time, I started to walk up the steps. My heart was racing. I got to the very last step and stopped. My fellow classmates were encouraging me to dive. A couple of the students said, "Go, Deandre! Go, Deandre!"

I told myself, "There is no way I am going to dive off this board!"

At that point I suppose one might say the teacher and I were in a standoff. She saw how serious I was about the matter, so she attempted a different technique.

“Deandre, sit down on the board and slide off into the water.” I listened to the directive and thought to myself, “Hmmm . . . I think I can do that. I don’t think I can hurt myself that way and, most importantly, I won’t hit my head on something.” After one or two more minutes, I slid down into the water where the teacher was waiting for me. As I heard the splash of my body, like she promised, she grabbed my hand, and then gave me a hug.

“Deandre, you will trust me the next time I tell you something,” she said. “I will not set you up only to fail.” This was truly a joyous moment between the swimming teacher and me.

This was also one of my early examples of walking by faith and not according to visible circumstances. One leap of faith can make all the difference in one’s life. I couldn’t predict the specific outcome of my dive into the water, but, through persuasion, I took the challenge. I share this story to convey that, with God, every leap of faith is possible. One should see life itself as a faith journey that is an ongoing process. We can rise from being victims in a situation to being victorious in life’s events, challenges, and struggles. This notion can apply to every aspect of an individual’s life. It is worth understanding that God can work in the midst of human fears, frailties, vicissitudes, anxieties, and unknowns. Through such variables, God performs some of His most outstanding and amazing feats.

I am sure some readers will agree when I say all of us, at one time or another, have faced obstacles that terrified us. For me back then, it was a diving board. For you or someone you know, it might have been something else. Regardless of what it was, we usually learned—if we took a leap of faith—that it wasn’t as bad as we initially thought it would be. God allows us to become the victors of our situations and not remain the victims of circumstance. It is His desire to free us from a state of bondage. Through the lens of my experience, I have

discovered that whatever God allows an individual to face, He will certainly bring that same individual to the opportunity to conquer. Keep one central thought in mind: We are conquerors because God said so. Through His divine touch, we can overcome all things. There is nothing that, through God, cannot be overcome.

There are some real, distinct advantages in traveling down life's roads in faith. When one thinks of a miracle, a lot of ideas come to mind. Sometimes miracles occur, and we don't recognize them. The primary reason is because we tend to think of miracles in some big, measurable way. However, whether big or small, they all are important to one's own spiritual growth and development. In my view, a miracle can best be defined as an experience or set of experiences where supernatural intervention is involved to achieve the ultimate goal of liberation. There are some rescuing, surrendering, submitting, delivering, and healing stages toward victory that take place to free a person or group from confinement. Last, but not least, in order for a miracle to occur, there must be a divine presence overlooking the situation. Humans are witnesses to miracles, but don't have the authority to create them.

I am a miracle. I say this because of all the wonderful things God has done in my life. I pray that, regardless of what God has done in yours, and no matter what you might still be waiting for God to do, faith brings you closer to Him. It's not always a simple process, and it can require honest self-reflection that causes you to work through fear and doubt in a real, practical manner. But God hasn't forgotten about you! The question becomes this: Are you willing to do the work that will reap your faith's rewards?

CHAPTER ONE

BEGINNING MY JOURNEY

My father was what you might call a “country boy.” He moved to Detroit from Jackson, Mississippi, in his early twenties. That’s when he got, as the phrase goes, “turned out.” It wasn’t a single habit that hooked him or a certain event that instantly changed his perspective. No, my father, like a lot of young boys coming from towns in the South, got turned out by big city life. The bright lights of Motown, drugs, women, money, and other social phenomena were all just too new for him.

Maybe that’s why my life began the way it did. I was an only child. My mother worked hard to make ends meet. I have memories of my father before he decided to go his own way. He had a close friend named Bo, who constantly encouraged him to live and enjoy himself. I can remember hearing Bo say over and over again, “Man, you better come on and make this money! It’s enough out there for everybody to get some. Don’t be scared,” Bo would say. “Think about it: You’re broke. What do you have to lose by making a little side money?”

Bo was a drug dealer, in case you hadn’t figured it out. He dressed real “clean,” and he was extremely flamboyant. Bo was a slick talker, good at the street game, and he talked my father into running his drug errands. Once my father saw good money coming into his possession, he decided that was the life for him, and he simply couldn’t let the opportunity pass him by. But this lifestyle put him at odds with my mother. Even though she’d already lived and grown up in Detroit and seen the things that were so new to him, she preferred a nice, quiet life at home. She wasn’t interested in what my father’s new opportunities

might offer. I could hear her from my bedroom sometimes, chastising him: "I am sick and tired of you running the streets all day and night. You keep on coming in and out of the house, like it is okay, but this has got to stop." There were several days when I'd hear similar types of discussions, and the verbal back and forth could get pretty heated.

Ultimately, to my mother's disdain, he simply wasn't willing to leave the fast and wild life alone. He chose the streets over keeping his family. My mother eventually filed for a divorce, due to irreconcilable differences. At age five I didn't know I wouldn't see my biological father again for forty years.

His exit devastated me. I couldn't understand why he chose to stay out of my life. I can remember waiting by the telephone, hoping one day he'd call. I even dreamed of seeing him and spent a lot of waking hours hoping he would come see me.

My father's relatives felt bad that he had abandoned us. My mother had off-and-on communication with my father's youngest sister, Lucille. From time to time, they would talk on the telephone and seemed to get along pretty well. I was told Lucille fussed with my father about being absent from my life. She was the only one of his relatives to really befriend my mother since my father didn't have much of a relationship with his other siblings.

"My brother should have never come to Detroit," Aunt Lucille said. "The streets made him into somebody I don't know." After she made unsuccessful attempts to get through to my father, she grew weary and stopped talking to him about me. "I am all talked out," she told my mother. "There is nothing else I can do." What confused me was, on one hand, she appeared concerned about my father and me having a relationship, but on the other hand Aunt Lucille never made a direct effort to establish a bond with me as her nephew. In my mind she was full of baloney, talking out of "both sides of her neck." I didn't know these words at the time, but she was being condescending and hypocritical, to say the least, since she lived in the same city as I did.

Then when I was a teenager, the strangest thing happened. To my surprise, Lucille resurfaced, making phone contact with my grandmother. Lucille told her there were family members who'd be visiting Detroit the following week.

"Can I get your address so they can stop and see Deandre?" she asked. My grandmother gave Lucille the address, then she told me my father's oldest sister and two of my cousins would be in town.

"How come they want to see me?" I wondered.

On a Saturday evening the three stopped by to visit, as promised. I was sitting upstairs in the attic, watching television, feeling anxious and sweating profusely. My heart was literally racing. Would they reject me like I felt my father had? My grandmother called me to come downstairs to meet these people I'd never seen in my whole life. I slowly walked into the living room and Mary Evelyn was the first to greet me.

"Hi, I am your father's oldest sister, and these are my two daughters. It is so nice to finally meet you. I see you look a lot like your father."

I remember asking, "Really?" I wasn't sure what to say to any of them. Mary Evelyn saw that I was nervous and she tried to calm me down. "Come sit down next to me," she said. "I want to talk with my nephew." At that moment I began feeling overwhelmed. Mary Evelyn showed great affection and care toward me, and I began to feel, for the first time, that I was accepted into the Calloway family.

During this time my grandmother was sitting in the room, more or less, observing what was going on. She contributed small talk. How long would they be in Detroit? There were compliments regarding dress apparel. This really helped to break the ice, because I still really didn't know what to say. We took a lot of pictures together. Our visit lasted for about an hour and, as they were leaving, they said, "Now that we know where you live and we got your phone number, we will stay in touch."

That was something I most definitely wanted to hear. If my father wasn't going to be around, I needed to feel like, at least, I was loved by

his family. As they drove off, I can remember standing in the doorway, wondering to myself, “Did this really happen, or was I dreaming?” I even dared to wonder what it would be like to meet the rest of my father’s relatives. My mind was racing all over the place.

To my disappointment, their words had no substance behind them. I never spoke to them again. I think of the visit as a bittersweet experience that’s hard to put into words. I felt like my aunt and cousins were now rejecting me, as my father had. Why? Was there something wrong with me? If so, what is it? I needed to know. My emotions took flight in a number of ways. Some days I was hurt. Some days I was angry. What I eventually discovered after a lengthy thought process was that I had no reason to feel bad. I wasn’t going to continually question myself about what I had done wrong. What helped me through it was a spiritually strong support system from my mother’s side of the family. Besides, the thought rang over and over again in my head that you can’t *force* people to do anything.

Through this experience I was learning the true meaning of the commonly spoken colloquial expression, “It is what it is.” Some things are out of one’s control. I didn’t have the spiritual understanding I would eventually gain, but today I know:

- There are times when there is no other course of action in life except to pray and ask God for some divine intervention.
- It is crucial to not internalize other people’s faults or issues when they have no reflection on you.
- True emotional and spiritual freedom comes from letting go of things that disturb our peace; hanging on to those things shackles us.

WORDS OF VICTORY

“As your faith is strengthened you will find there is no longer the need to have a sense of control, that things will flow as they will, and that you will flow with them, to your great delight and benefit.”

~ Emmanuel Teney

“The antidote to frustration is a calm faith, not in your own cleverness, or in hard toil, but in God’s guidance.”

~ Norman Vincent Peale

“Faith isn’t the ability to believe long and far into the misty future. It’s simply taking God at His word and taking the next step.”

~ Joni Eareckson Tada

“Faith is a record of great risks taken.”

~ Winkie Pratney

“Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement. Nothing can be done without hope and confidence.”

~ Helen Keller

“I would rather err on the side of faith than on the side of doubt.”

~ Robert Schuller

“My job is to take care of the possible and trust God with the impossible.”

~ Robert Burns

“Fear ends where faith begins.”

~ Georgio A. Dano

“Fear knocked at the door and faith answered. No one was there.”

~ Old English Proverb

“There are only two ways to live. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as if everything is.”

~ Albert Einstein

“Faith is daring the soul to go beyond what the eyes can see.”

~ William Newton Clark

“Faith is taking the first step even when you don’t see the whole staircase.”

~ Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

“Faith expects from God what is beyond all expectation.”

~ Augustine

“Faith is a sounder guide than reason. Reason can go only so far, but faith has no limits.”

~ Blaise Pascal

“Faith takes God without any ‘ifs.’”

~ D. L. Moody

“Faith doesn’t wait until it understands; in that case it wouldn’t be faith.”

~ Vance Havner

“Your deepest valleys lead you to your highest mountaintops.”

~ Matshona Dhliwayo

“If you think that you can win, you can. Faith is necessary to victory.”

~ William Hazlitt

“Limitations live only in our mind. But if we use our imaginations, our possibilities become limitless.”

~ Jamie Paolinetti

“To love means loving the unlovable. To forgive means pardoning the unpardonable. Faith means believing the unbelievable. Hope means hoping when everything seems hopeless.”

~ G. K. Chesterton

“You are on the eve of a complete victory. You can't go wrong. The world is behind you.”

~ Josephine Baker

“When a friend falls, dare to be the first to extend a hand.”

~ Steve Maraboli

“Throughout life, people will make you mad, disrespect you and treat you bad. Let God deal with the things they do, 'cause hate in your heart will consume you, too.”

~ Will Smith

“Hold your head high, stick your chest out. You can make it. It gets dark sometimes, but morning comes. Keep hope alive. Don't you surrender! Suffering breeds character, character breeds faith. In the end faith will not disappoint.”

~ Jesse Jackson

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