

With God, all things are possible

Marx

With God,  
all things  
are possible  
(the Victor Marx story)

by Victor Marx,  
with Wayne Atcheson  
and James Werning

Is there room in God's family for an angry, nun-chuck swinging swamp boy who has never known true love? Victor's wild ride took him from a pimp father and a stepfather who turned out the lights with bullets ...to lucrative karate studios and rubbing elbows with celebrities. He barely escaped death at the hands of child abusers, helicopters, drugs, thugs, and alligators.

Why was Victor playing so hard and fast? ...and could love melt the rage in his stony heart? It was humanly impossible, but...

*...With God All Things Are Possible!*  
The true to life story of Victor Marx.

"The greatest thing that could happen to a tough guy like Victor Marx is that he was defeated by God's love. Amazing."

- Nicky Cruz

Former gang member and author of *Run Baby Run*

"His belief and passion for our youth is honorable. I believe in Victor Marx and his mission. I hope you will be touched by his commitment like I have."

- Frank Shamrock,

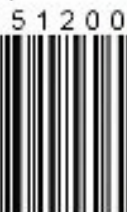
Five-time UFC Undefeated Champion and Actor



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chapter twenty one

## **ANOTHER NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE**

In the Marines I became proficient with a .45 caliber pistol and M16 rifle. I could put ten rounds into a target that was five and a half football fields away with no scope. This ability enabled me to graduate at the top of the class at the Primary Marksman Instructor School, and go on to compete as a competitive shooter in the First Marine Division Matches. Then I accepted an invitation to become a weapons instructor. My duty was to train Marines to properly shoot and handle M16A1 / A2 service rifles and the .45 caliber pistol. I also began teaching hand-to-hand combat and performing different kinds of martial arts demonstrations.

I had the privilege of being promoted to Sixth Degree by Professor Wally Jay, a Jiu-jitsu legend. Jiu-jitsu is Japanese for "the gentle art of fighting." It was originally an unarmed style of combat for Samurai warriors, and it's the oldest of all martial arts. It involves striking with hands, feet and

elbows, using choke holds, throws and bone breaks, with wrist, leg, and arm locks. You learn to use your opponent's strengths against him in combat, and you learn escape and evasion tactics.

Since 1970, karate has become the primary martial art taught in America. Karate is performed with an empty hand, using blocks, punches, and kicks. I perfected a maneuver where I could hit a person nine different ways in less than two seconds. That included hitting a person's side, disabling his knife hand, breaking his elbow, chopping his bicep, chopping the side of his neck, bringing a hammer fist to his jaw, elbowing his temple, punching his groin, and then kicking his knee. As you read this, it might be hard for you to imagine how it all works. Would you like me to show you? I only want to help you understand.

I already told you how crazy I was about fighting. It had definitely become an obsession with me. What's worse, I began to misuse my skills in street and bar fights. I had the physical tools but not the moral strength to act responsibly with my newly acquired power. I guess you could say that I was getting a big head and I had a bad temper.

I had a lot going for me in the Marines. I had accomplished so much through martial arts, but I couldn't attain the inner peace that should have been my primary goal in the first place. It was as if I was searching for something that was always out of reach ... just around the corner. I didn't even know what I was searching for. I got a punching board and hit it over and over to build up my hands and knuckles for fighting. I would meditate to a point where I could hit the board until the flesh ripped off my hands and still barely experience any pain. I abused my hand so much that I couldn't move it for three weeks. The result of that ongo-

ing punishment still shows on my knuckles to this day.

One day I had a life changing experience that I will never forget. I was sitting on a CH 46 Sea Knight helicopter in full gear with my M16 rifle. Suddenly a crew chief I'd never seen before ran up and yelled, "Get out! Get out of there!"

I motioned, "Me?"

He nodded so I jumped out of the chopper. The man directed me to a second bird that was standing by. The blades were whirring and dust was blowing everywhere. We lifted off with the other helicopter behind us as we practiced maneuvers. As we crossed a mountain range I noticed that the other chopper was no longer following us, and then we were immediately grounded. That's when we learned that the other helicopter had crashed, killing everyone on board. I couldn't believe it! I had been on that helicopter and God had rescued me! I guess it wasn't my time to die. Once more I couldn't ignore the message.

It was as if God's voice was saying, "I've kept you alive, Victor, because I have something planned for you." I couldn't help but remember the prophecies that had been given to me.

I didn't know the Marine Corps crew chief who had ordered me off the doomed helicopter, and I still don't know why he did it. Neither helicopter was overcrowded. I cried that day for the Marines who died in the crash. I almost died with them. A wave of sadness still sweeps over me when I think about those men.



Shooting snakes  
in 8th grade



Teaching Marines to  
be deadly marksmen



My Marine  
buddies

With God All Things Are Possible



With Master Cho  
- check out our  
knuckles

My razor-sharp  
samurai sword





Catching Air with a flying sidekick

Dad throwing me



My competitive nature pays off