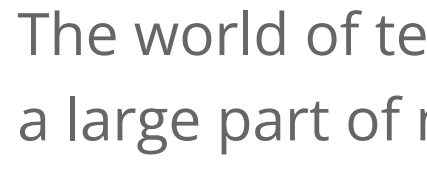




First person shooter or team player? Under the spell of the dream factories



The world of technology has fascinated me since childhood. For a large part of my youth I sat in front of the boob tube, fiddled with all kinds of game consoles and oriented myself towards the superheroes from the cinema. But the escape to the artificial wonderland almost cost me my life.



As a game tester, Guido Haus also visited the well-known European computer trade fair ECTS in London.
Source: zVg

It all started with Pong. In 1972, the Atari company released the slot machine of the same name in American arcades. The simple version of table tennis gave two people the opportunity to throw a square ball back and forth on the screen. Today, the concoction is considered the forefather of video games.

Two years later I saw the light of day. I was born into a time when the interactive entertainment industry was in its infancy. School was a big challenge for me. I stuttered, had knock knees and a kind of horse teeth. Because of my "deficits" I was laughed at, mocked and not taken seriously. Although my parents supported me and financed valuable things like braces, I was plagued by fears and feelings of shame. Sometimes I couldn't even stand my reflection in the mirror because I felt so inferior. Photos from the family album in which I was seen weighed on me.

Because of my language disability, my mother sent me to therapy. Without success. On special days in high school, I would lock myself in the toilet and wait for class to start while my classmates frolic in the playground. I was also afraid when I had to recite a poem or give a lecture. In my free time, I fled to colorful cyber worlds and had fun with Super Mario, Donkey Kong and other virtual characters. Shut off from my surroundings, immersed in electronic fairy tales, I lived through my youth.

Illusions of bits and bytes

Looking back, I'm shocked at how much precious lifetime I wasted on digital gimmicks. I gambled through the night, spent days and months playing role-playing, war, hopping, strategy or racing games. Depending on the game, it took me six to fifteen hours to save the princess, kill a dictator, or conquer a country. I flew over urban canyons in fighter jets, dismembered fire-breathing dragons and took part in Formula 1 behind the wheel of a super-bred car. Trophies, swords, pieces of gold, rims, clothes or fame beckoned as rewards.

In theory anyway. Because all things that one achieves or gains in virtual space are not real. There was a time when I played in a multiplayer clan via the Internet and killed legions of soldiers in "sporting" competitions. The reward for the effort: regularly updated statistics on any server on the World Wide Web.

Questionable role models

Hollywood also fascinated me. I admired personalities like Jean-Claude Van Damme or Arnold Schwarzenegger because they defeated their opponents with muscle power and large caliber weapons. I wanted to emulate such "heroes" and began to steel my body. I thought, if the outside is right, then the world is at my feet. My self-imposed yoke included four to six meals a day and lifting weights. The scales, which I consulted frequently, played a central role: if the pointer moved up, I felt good. At times, I forced myself to eat the amount of rice cakes, tuna, or whole wheat bread needed to gain weight.

Terrible were days when my milestones were thrown overboard, i.e. when I couldn't train or eat as much as planned. To speed up the building diet, I resorted to expensive preparations that were enriched with protein, carbohydrates and vitamins. Caught in muscle madness, I invested a lot of money in powder, ampoules and tablets. I accepted side effects such as skin rashes or digestive problems.

I didn't touch anabolic steroids or other growth hormones. Instead, I fell for bold advertising slogans and consumed (unnecessary) supplements for years. After all, I wanted to be beautiful and have a place in society, just like my role models from the cinema.

Fruits of body cult

Because I failed to work on my inner self and only tended to the outer facade, many areas of my life suffered. Acute fear of man and the temptations of the world often brought me to my knees. One of the catastrophes was the way women were treated. I consumed excessive amounts of pornography and reduced the female counterpart to the primary genitals. Although I did not exchange intimacies until the age of 24, I tripped over my desires.

Because I conformed to worldly standards, I desperately wanted a sexual relationship and frantically sought opportunities. Motivated by my colleagues at the time, I threw myself into a handful of adventures that permanently damaged my feelings and perceptions. Because I gave my heart to one of these women, my courage to live disappeared when the whole thing fell apart. Destructive thoughts like suicide were circling in my head. Yet God has not given up on me.

Heavenly Salvation

Even as a child, my biological father told me about Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who died on the cross for our sins and rose from the dead on the third day. At the time, my ears seemed clogged. I had many problems and could not imagine that God really cares about me. I've found happiness in movies, video games, and the weight room.

Nevertheless, I occasionally accompanied my father on outreaches to old people's homes or helped distribute Bible tracts. His perseverance, his love and his dramatically changed lifestyle spoke a clear language. On the one hand I was ashamed in public when he spoke about Jesus, on the other hand I watched the wondrous events that we experienced. When I met my current partner (a gifted singer) in 2000, I had no idea what supernatural events Heaven was preparing. God had brought us together to help one another and to carry each other's burdens.

Brilliant Healing

The years that followed were filled with challenges that taught us to pray and brought us closer to heaven. Jesus showed me that I can cast all my worries on him and place my life under God's protection. We experienced healings from illness, addictions and anxiety. Today I can often speak fluently, whereas I used to fail with every sentence or, in extreme cases, with individual words.

When I thanked Jesus for creating me beautifully and promised him not to gossip about my looks anymore, the inferiority complex disappeared. I realized that the body is a gift from heaven and should be treated as such. Today I enjoy a relaxed relationship when it comes to video games and no longer feel addictive. God has also reduced my attitude towards training to a constructive level. While I used to stand on the scale every day and stuff myself with up to six portions, I no longer have a scale at all and sometimes only eat once a day.

In the meantime, I use the visit to the fitness center not only for sporting activities, but also for talking to other people. Jesus showed me that my previous life was all about ego satisfaction and I made countless mistakes. Through Christ I was able to experience the ingenious power of forgiveness, which erases all guilt and sinks me into the deepest sea. He shed His unique blood on the cross for me too, that I may live and be saved forever.

God wants me to forgive the people who have sinned against me. I even learned to pray for enemies. God removed the self-destructive hatred that I wanted to vent to in the weight room or at war games back then. The peace I feel in my heart now is amazing. I thank my Lord Jesus Christ for these glorious miracles that he performed on me. His love opened my eyes and transformed my fallen being into a new creature. Today I know that faith alone makes righteous and that we only live by the grace of God.

wondrous career

Professionally, my life went haywire. I completed secondary school and an office apprenticeship, stamped for several years at the employment office and received social assistance. Against all odds, God gave me an incredible career. In the past, among other things, I mutated customer data at UBS, guarded the US embassy in Bern, cataloged printers at HP and filled shelves at Migros.

When I was little, I dreamed of one day being a game tester. In fact, about a decade later, I was allowed to use my talent as a journalist. I've written hundreds of articles about computer and video games and their compatible peripherals. As a freelance author, I researched articles for over two dozen media in Germany and abroad. These include well-known names such as Neue Luzerner Zeitung, 20 Minuten, Tages-Anzeiger and Beobachter.

My partner supported me by acting as a proofreader, among other things. One of the highlights was the PONG as editor-in-chief of Switzerland's first official games magazine: PONG was printed and published in two national languages. In 2003, MicroSOFT presented the responsible publisher (7sky) and me with the X-Award, which was presented in the «Media» category. In addition, I worked for years as a Swiss correspondent for the largest German-language trade journal GamesMarkt and portrayed national events.

After about ten years, activities came to a standstill. God showed me which powers were hidden behind it and which games I should no longer promote in the future. I began to question my life again and was able to uncover more dark sides together with Jesus. Now I was critical of the gaming industry and called for legally anchored age guidelines in various projects - although I didn't just make friends with it. Following Christ also means that we are committed to justice and to the most vulnerable, even when economic losses threaten.

Together with the SP politician Roland Näf, the CPV (Christian Police Association) and the VGMG (Association Against Media Violence), I supported the efforts for nationwide youth media protection. Today it is clear to me that as an instrument of God I want to use my talents for meaningful tasks in order to bring good fruit and to help people. I believe that we only reach our potential when we have a living relationship with our Creator.

order in life

One thing that still bothers me today is tidying up and decluttering. In the past, computers, monitors, printers, hard drives, consoles and many other things were piled up in the apartment. God showed me impressively that I only need a fraction of it. Together with my partner, I started sorting things, throwing them away, giving them away or selling them. Even the basement was cleared out and cleaned.

This process is not always easy and can be painful. Together with the living God, who created us and knows what is good for us, the task succeeds. In addition, there is a secret in letting go, because this creates something new. If the caterpillar didn't shed its old clothes, it would never have the opportunity to become a beautiful butterfly.

Actually, the hopeful cleansing action also symbolizes our relationship with God. He is the light at the end of the tunnel that is waiting for us, so it is worth cleaning up life together with Jesus. In the Bible, Jesus Christ speaks the following words in the Gospel of John, chapter 12, verse 24: «Most truly, I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains alone; but when it dies, it bears much fruit».

On the topic:
[Getting to know Jesus](#)

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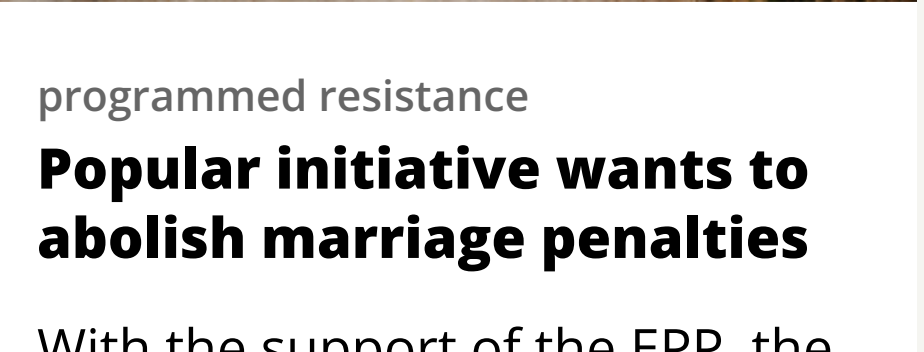


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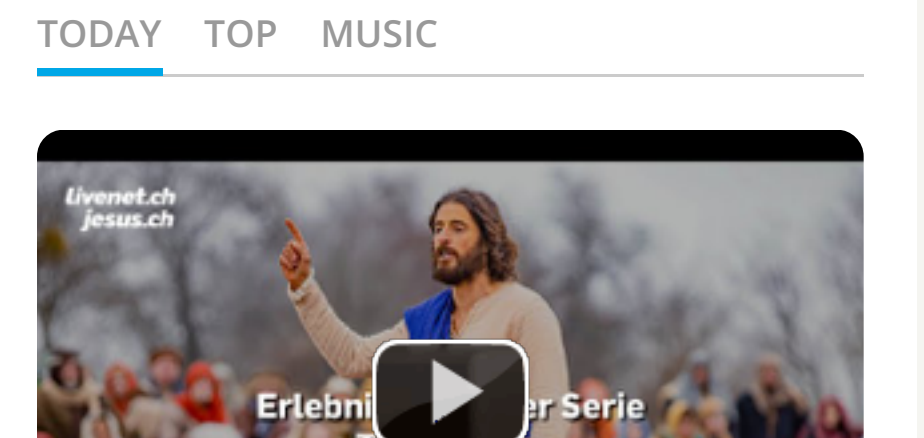
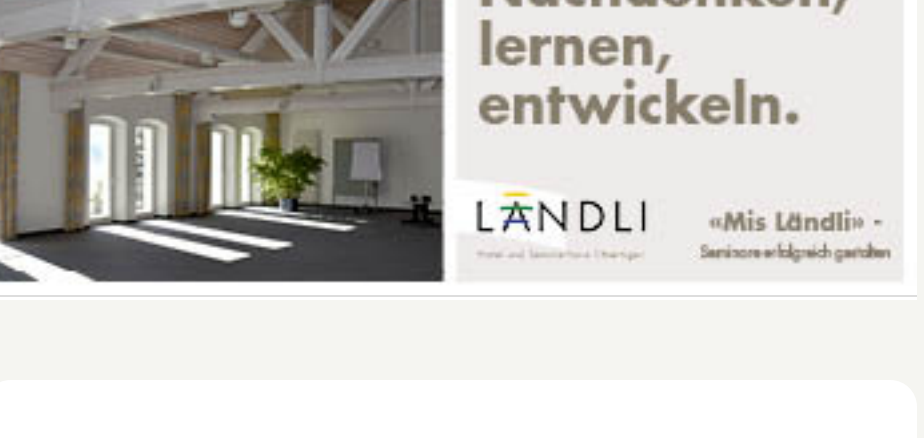
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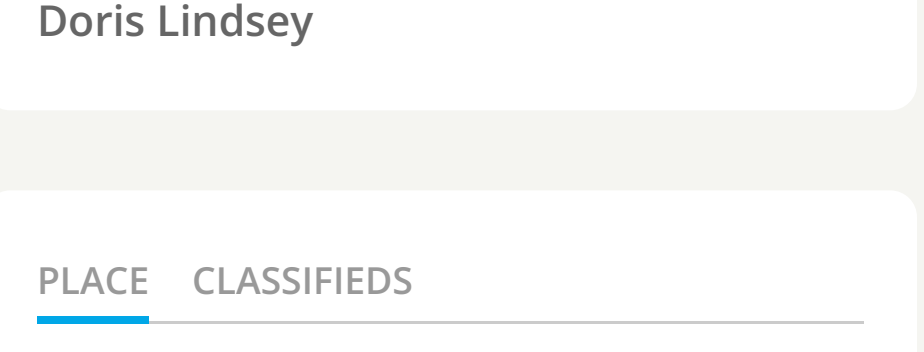
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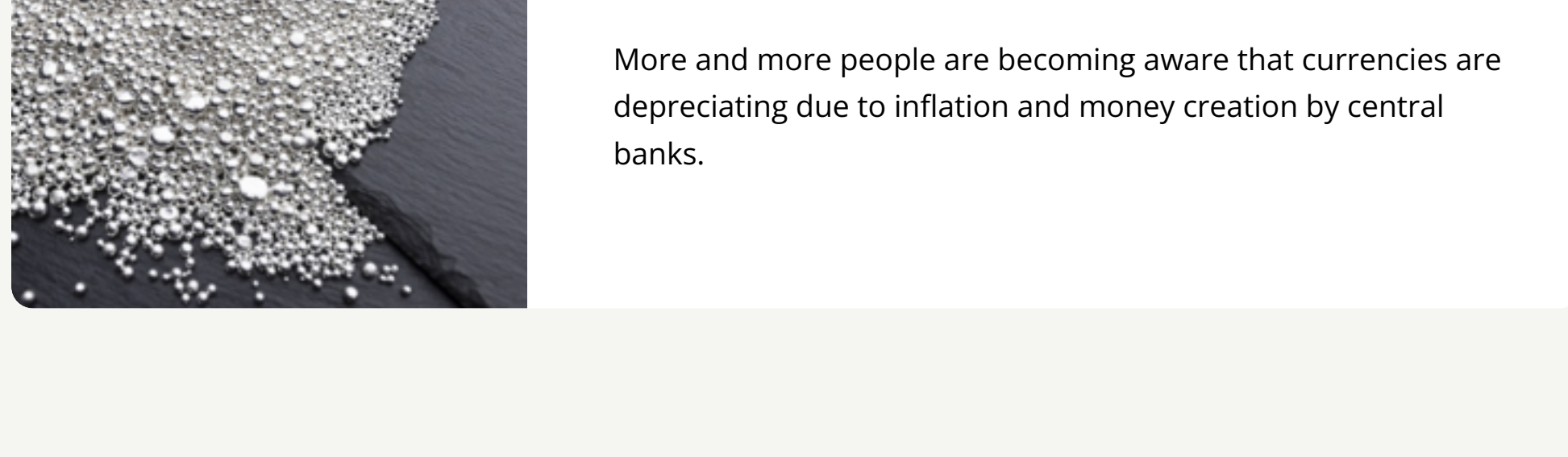


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